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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

Tamburlaine

ln 0002

the Great.

ln 0003

*Who, from a Scythian Shepherd,*

ln 0004

*by his rare and wonderful Conquests,*

ln 0005

became a most puissant and mighty

ln 0006

Monarch.

ln 0007

And (for his tyranny, and terror in

ln 0008

War) was termed,

ln 0009

*The Scourge of God.*

ln 0010

*Divided into two Tragical Discourses,*

ln 0011

as they were sundry times

ln 0012

*showed upon Stages in the City*

ln 0013

of London.

ln 0014

*By the right honorable the Lord*

ln 0015

*Admiral, his servants.*

ln 0016

Now first, and newly published.

ln 0017

LONDON.

ln 0018

*Printed by Richard Jones: at the sign*

ln 0019

*of the Rose and Crown near Holborn*

ln 0020

*Bridge. 1590.*

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

To the Gentlemen Readers:

ln 0002

*and others that take pleasure*

ln 0003

*in reading Histories.*

ln 0004

Gentlemen, and courteous Readers whosoever:

ln 0005

I have here published in print for

ln 0006

your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of

ln 0007

the Scythian Shepherd, *Tamburlaine*, that

ln 0008

became so great a Conqueror, and so mighty

ln 0009

a Monarch: My hope is, that they will be now

ln 0010

no less acceptable unto you to read after your

ln 0011

serious affairs and studies, than they have been

ln 0012

(lately) delightful for many of you to see, when

ln 0013

the same were showed in London upon stages:

ln 0014

I have (purposely) omitted and left out some

ln 0015  
ln 0016  
ln 0017  
ln 0018  
ln 0019  
ln 0020  
ln 0021  
ln 0022  
ln 0023

img: 3-a  
sig: A2v

fond and frivolous Gestures, digressing (and in my poor opinion) far unmeet for the matter, which I thought, might seem more tedious unto the wise, than any way else to be regarded, though (happily) they have been of some vain conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities: nevertheless now, to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would

ln 0024  
ln 0025  
ln 0026  
ln 0027  
ln 0028  
ln 0029  
ln 0030  
ln 0031  
ln 0031  
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ln 0033  
ln 0034

prove a great disgrace to so honorable and stately a history: Great folly were it in me, to commend unto your wisdoms, either the eloquence of the Author that writ them, or the worthiness of the matter itself; I therefore leave unto your learned censures, both the one and the other, and myself the poor printer of them unto your most courteous and favorable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall evermore bind me to employ what travail and service I can, to the advancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

img: 3-b  
sig: A3r

Yours, most humble at  
commandment,

ln 0037

R. J. Printer

wln 0001  
wln 0002  
wln 0003

*The two tragical Discourses  
of mighty Tamburlaine, the  
Scythian Shepherd. etc.*

wln 0004

The Prologue.

wln 0005  
wln 0006  
wln 0007  
wln 0008  
wln 0009  
wln 0010  
wln 0011  
wln 0012

*FRom jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lead you to the stately tent of War.  
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine:  
Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms  
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword  
View but his picture in this tragic glass,  
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.*

wln 0013

*Actus. 1. Scaena. 1.*

wln 0014  
wln 0015

*Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,  
Ceneus, with others.*

wln 0016  
wln 0017  
wln 0018  
wln 0019  
wln 0020  
wln 0021  
wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
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wln 0030

img: 4-a  
sig: A3v

wln 0031  
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wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062

*Mycetes.*

BRother *Cosroe*, I find myself aggrieved,  
Yet insufficient to express the same:  
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech:  
Good brother tell the cause unto my Lords,  
I know you have a better wit than I.

*Cosroe* Unhappy *Persia*, that in former age  
Hast been the seat of mighty Conquerors,  
That in their prowess and their policies,  
Have triumphed over *Afric*, and the bounds  
Of *Europe*, where the Sun dares scarce appear,  
For freezing meteors and congealed cold:  
Now to be ruled and governed by a man,  
At whose birthday *Cynthia* with *Saturn* joined,  
And *Jove*, the Sun and *mercury* denied

To shed his influence in his fickle brain,  
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at **thee**  
Meaning to mangle all thy Provinces,

*Mycetes* Brother, I see your meaning well enough.  
And through your Planets I perceive you think,  
I am not wise enough to be a king,  
But I refer me to my noble men,  
That know my wit, and can be witnesses:  
I might command you to be slain for this,  
*Meander*, might I not?

*Meander* Not for so small a fault my sovereign Lord

*Mycetes* I mean it not, but yet I know I might,  
Yet live, yea, live, *Mycetes* wills it so:  
*Meander*, thou my faithful Counselor,  
Declare the cause of my conceived grief,  
Which is (God knows) about that *Tamburlaine*.  
That like a Fox in midst of harvest time,  
Doth pray **upon** my flocks of Passengers.  
And as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes,  
Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

*Meander* Oft have I heard your Majesty complain,  
Of *Tamburlaine*, that sturdy Scythian thief,  
That robs your merchants of *Persepolis*,  
Treading by land unto the Western Isles,  
And in your confines with his lawless train,  
Daily commits incivil outrages.  
Hoping (mised by dreaming prophecies)  
To reign in *Asia*, and with barbarous Armies,  
To make himself the Monarch of the East:  
But ere he march in *Asia*, or display  
His vagrant Ensign in the Persian fields,  
Your Grace hath taken order by *Theridamas*,

img: 4-b

wln 0063 Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend  
wln 0064 And bring him Captive to your Highness throne,  
wln 0065 *Mycetes* Full true thou speakst, and like thyself my lord  
wln 0066 Whom I may term a *Damon* for thy love.  
wln 0067 Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,  
wln 0068 To send my thousand horse incontinent,  
wln 0069 To apprehend that paltry Scythian.  
wln 0070 How like you this, my honorable Lords?  
wln 0071 Is it not a kingly resolution?  
wln 0072 *Cosroe* It cannot choose, because it comes from you.  
wln 0073 *Mycetes* Then hear thy charge, valiant *Theridamas*  
wln 0074 The chiefest Captain of *Mycetes*' host,  
wln 0075 The hope of *Persia*, and the very legs  
wln 0076 Whereon our state doth lean, as on a staff,  
wln 0077 That holds us up, and foils our neighbor foes,  
wln 0078 Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,  
wln 0079 Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain,  
wln 0080 Have sworn the death of wicked *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0081 Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,  
wln 0082 As did Sir *Paris* with the Grecian Dame,  
wln 0083 Return with speed, time passeth swift away,  
wln 0084 Our life is frail, and we may die today.  
wln 0085 *Theridamas* Before the Moon renew her borrowed light,  
wln 0086 Doubt not my Lord and gracious Sovereign,  
wln 0087 But *Tamburlaine*, and that Tartarian rout,  
wln 0088 Shall either perish by our warlike hands,  
wln 0089 Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.  
wln 0090 *Mycetes* Go, stout *Theridamas*, thy words are swords  
wln 0091 And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes:  
wln 0092 I long to see thee back return from thence,  
wln 0093 That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.  
wln 0094 All laden with the heads of killed men,

wln 0095 And from their knees, even to their hooves below,  
wln 0096 Besmeared with blood, that makes a dainty show.  
wln 0097 *Theridamas* Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave. *Exit*.  
wln 0098 *Mycetes* *Theridamas* farewell ten thousand times,  
wln 0099 Ah, *Menaphon*, why stayest thou thus behind,  
wln 0100 When other men press forward for renown:  
wln 0101 Go *Menaphon*, go into *Scythia*,  
wln 0102 And foot by foot follow *Theridamas*:  
wln 0103 *Cosroe* Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater  
wln 0104 Fits *Menaphon*, than warring with a Thief:  
wln 0105 Create him Prorex of *Africa*,  
wln 0106 That he may win the Babylonians' hearts,  
wln 0107 Which will revolt from Persian government,  
wln 0108 Unless they have a wiser king than you.

wln 0109  
wln 0110  
wln 0111  
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wln 0126

img: 5-b  
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wln 0153  
wln 0154  
wln 0155  
wln 0156

*Mycetes* Unless they have a wiser king than you?  
These are his words, *Meander* set them down.

*Cosroe* And add this to them, that all *Asia*  
Lament to see the folly of their King.

*Mycetes* Well here I swear by this my royal seat.

*Cosroe* You may do well to kiss it then.

*Mycetes* Embossed with silk as best beseems my state.  
To be revenged for these contemptuous words.

O where is duty and allegiance now?

Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?

What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,

Monster of Nature, shame unto thy stock,

That dar'st presume thy Sovereign for to mock.

*Meander* come, I am abused *Meander*.

*Exit.*

*Manent Cosroe and Menaphon.*

*Menaphon* How now my Lord, what, mated and amazed  
To hear the king thus threaten like himself?

*Cosroe* Ah *Menaphon*, I pass not for his threats,

The plot is laid by Persian Noble men,  
And Captains of the Medean garrisons,  
To crown me Emperor of *Asia*,  
But this it is that doth excruciate  
The very substance of my vexed soul:  
To see our neighbors that were wont to quake  
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,  
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorn,  
And that which might resolve me into tears:  
Men from the farthest equinoctial line,  
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern *India*:  
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones:  
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

*Menaphon* This should entreat your highness to rejoice,  
Since Fortune gives you opportunity,  
To gain the title of a Conqueror,  
By curing of this maimed Empire,  
*Afric* and *Europe* bordering on your land,  
And continent to your Dominions:  
How easily may you with a mighty host,  
Pass into *Graecia*, as did *Cyrus* once.  
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,  
lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.?

*Cosroe* But *Menaphon* what means this trumpet's sound

*Menaphon* Behold, my Lord *Ortygius*, and the rest,  
Bringing the Crown to make you Emperor.

*Enter Ortygius and Conerus bearing a Crown  
with others.*

*Ortygius* Magnificent and mighty Prince *Cosroe*,  
We in the name of other Persian states,

wln 0157  
wln 0158

img: 6-a  
sig: A5v

And commons of this mighty Monarchy,  
Present thee with th' Imperial Diadem.

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wln 0160  
wln 0161  
wln 0162  
wln 0163  
wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166  
wln 0167  
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wln 0187  
wln 0188  
wln 0189  
wln 0190

*Ceneus* The warlike Soldiers, and the Gentlemen,  
That heretofore have filled *Persepolis*  
With *Afric* Captains, taken in the field:  
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,  
With costly jewels hanging at their ears,  
And shining stones upon their lofty Crests,  
Now living idle in the walled towns,  
Wanting both pay and martial discipline.  
Begin in troops to threaten civil war.  
And openly exclaim against the King.  
Therefore to stay all sudden mutinies,  
We will invest your Highness Emperor:  
Whereat the Soldiers will conceive more joy,  
Then did the Macedonians at the spoil  
Of great *Darius* and his wealthy host.

*Cosroe* Well, since I see the state of *Persia* droop,  
And languish in my brother's government:  
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,  
And vow to wear it for my country's good:  
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

*Ortygius* And in assurance of desired success,  
We here do crown thee Monarch of the East,  
Emperor of *Asia*, and of *Persia*,  
Great Lord of *Medea* and *Armenia*:  
Duke of *Africa* and *Albania*,  
*Mesopotamia* and of *Parthia*,  
East *India* and the late discovered Isles,  
Chief Lord of all the wide vast *Euxine* sea,  
And of the ever raging Caspian Lake:  
Long live *Cosroe* mighty Emperor.

*Cosroe* And *Jove* may never let me longer live,  
Than I may seek to gratify your love,

img: 6-b  
sig: A6r

wln 0191  
wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194  
wln 0195  
wln 0196  
wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199  
wln 0200  
wln 0201

And cause the soldiers that thus honor me,  
To triumph over many Provinces.  
By whose desires of discipline in Arms,  
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,  
And with the Army of *Theridamas*,  
Whether we presently will fly (my Lords)  
To rest secure against my brother's force.

*Ortygius* We knew my Lord, before we brought the crown,  
Intending your investion so near,  
The residence of your despised brother,  
The Lord would not be too exasperate,

wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205  
wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208

To injure or suppress your worthy title.  
Or if they would, there are in readiness  
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,  
In spite of all suspected enemies.  
*Cosroe* I know it well my Lord, and thank you all.  
*Ortygius* Sound up the trumpets then,  
God save the King.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0209

*Actus. 1. Scaena. 2:*

wln 0210  
wln 0211  
wln 0212

*Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Usumcasane,  
other Lords and Soldiers laden  
with treasure.*

wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219

*Tamburlaine* COMe lady, let not this appall your thoughts  
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en  
Shall be reserved, and you in better state,  
Than if you were arrived in *Syria*.  
even in the circle of your Father's armies:  
The mighty Sultan of *Egyptia*.  
*Zenocrate* Ah Shepherd, pity my distressed plight,

img: 7-a  
sig: A6v

wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
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wln 0244  
wln 0245

(If as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man)  
And seek not to enrich thy followers,  
By lawless rapine from a silly maid.  
Who traveling with these Medean Lords  
To *Memphis*, from my uncle's country of *Medea*,  
Where all my youth I have been governed,  
Have passed the army of the mighty Turk:  
Bearing his privy signet and his hand:  
To safe conduct us through *Africa*:  
*Magnetes* And since we have arrived in *Scythia*,  
Besides rich presents from the puissant *Cham*,  
We have his highness' letters to command  
Aid and assistance if we stand in need.  
*Tamburlaine* But now you see these letters and commands,  
Are countermanded by a greater man:  
And through my provinces you must expect  
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,  
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.  
But since I love to live at liberty,  
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown,  
As any prizes out of my precinct.  
For they are friends that help to wean my state,  
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it:  
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.  
But tell me Madam, is your grace betrothed?  
*Zenocrate* I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.



wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249  
wln 0250  
wln 0251

img: 7-b  
sig: A7r

*Tamburlaine* I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prove,  
And yet a shepherd by my Parentage:  
But Lady, this fair face and heavenly hue,  
Must grace his bed that conquers *Asia*:  
And means to be a terror to the world,  
Measuring the limits of his Empery

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wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
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wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283

By East and west, as *Phoebus* doth his course:  
Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear,  
This complete armor, and this curtle-axe  
Are adjuncts more beseeming *Tamburlaine*.  
And Madam, whatsoever you esteem  
Of this success, and loss unvalued,  
Both may invest you Empress of the East:  
And these that seem but silly country Swains,  
May have the leading of so great an host,  
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake.  
even as when windy exhalations,  
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.  
*Techelles* As princely Lions when they rouse themselves,  
**Stretching** their paws, and threat'ning herds of  
Beasts.  
So in his Armor looketh *Tamburlaine*:  
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,  
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,  
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.  
*Usumcasane* And making thee and me *Techelles*, kings,  
That even to death will follow *Tamburlaine*.  
*Tamburlaine* Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers,  
These Lords (perhaps) do scorn our estimates:  
And think we prattle with distempered spirits,  
But since they measure our deserts so mean,  
That in conceit bear Empires on our spears,  
Affecting thoughts co-equal with the clouds,  
They shall be kept our forced followers,  
Till with their eyes thee view us Emperors.  
*Zenocrate* The Gods, defenders of the innocent,  
Will never prosper your intended drifts,  
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.

img: 8-a  
sig: A7v

wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290

Therefore at least admit us liberty,  
Even as thou hop'st to be eternized,  
By living *Asia's* mighty Emperor.  
*Agydas* I hope our Lady's treasure and our own,  
May serve for ransom to our liberties:  
Return our Mules and empty Camels back,  
That we may travel into *Syria*,

wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
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wln 0299  
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wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315

img: 8-b  
sig: A8r

wln 0316  
wln 0317  
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wln 0336  
wln 0337  
wln 0338

Where her betrothed Lord *Alcidamus*,  
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.  
*Magnetes* And wheresoever we repose ourselves,  
We will report but well of *Tamburlaine*.  
*Tamburlaine* Disdains *Zenocrate* to live with me?  
Or you my Lords to be my followers?  
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?  
Not all the Gold in India's wealthy arms,  
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.  
*Zenocrate*, lovelier than the Love of *Jove*,  
Brighter than is the silver *Rhodolfe*,  
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,  
Thy person is more worth to *Tamburlaine*,  
Than the possession of the Persian Crown.  
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth,  
A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,  
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than *Pegasus*.  
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silk,  
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own:  
More rich and valorous than *Zenocrate's*.  
With milk-white Hearts upon an ivory sled,  
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Pools,  
And scale the icy mountain's lofty tops:  
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.  
My martial prizes with five hundred men,

Won on the fifty headed *Volga's* waves.  
Shall all we offer to *Zenocrate*,  
And then myself to fair *Zenocrate*.  
*Techelles* What now? In love?  
*Tamburlaine* *Techelles*, women must be flattered.  
But this is she with whom I am in love.  
*Enter a Soldier*.  
*Soldier* News, news.  
*Tamburlaine* How now, what's the matter?  
*Soldier* A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,  
Sent from the King to overcome us all.  
*Tamburlaine* How now my Lords of *Egypt* and *Zenocrate*?  
Now must your jewels be restored again:  
And I that triumphed so be overcome.  
How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?  
*Agydas* We hope yourself will willingly restore them.  
*Tamburlaine* Such hope, such fortune have the thousand horse.  
Soft ye my Lords and sweet *Zenocrate*.  
You must be forced from me ere you go:  
A thousand horsemen? We five hundred foot?  
An odds too great, for us to stand against:  
But are they rich? And is their armor good?  
*Soldier* Their plumed helms are wrought with

wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347

img: 9-a  
sig: A8v

beaten gold.  
Their swords enamelled, and about their necks  
Hangs massy chains of gold down to the waist,  
In every part exceeding brave and rich.  
*Tamburlaine* Then shall we fight courageously with them.  
Or look you, I should play the Orator?  
*Techelles* No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways,  
Look for orations when the foe is near.  
Our swords shall play the Orators for us.

wln 0348  
wln 0349  
wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352  
wln 0353  
wln 0354  
wln 0355  
wln 0356  
wln 0357  
wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367

*Usumcasane* Come let us meet them at the mountain foot,  
And with a sudden and an hot alarm  
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.  
*Techelles* Come let us march.  
*Tamburlaine* Stay *Techelles*, ask a parley first,  
*The Soldiers enter.*  
Open the Mails, yet guard the treasure sure,  
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,  
That their reflections may amaze the Persians.  
And look we friendly on them when they come:  
But if they offer word or violence,  
We'll fight five hundred men at arms to one,  
Before we part with our possession.  
And 'gainst the General we will lift our swords.  
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat,  
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve  
For Manacles, till he be ransomed home.  
*Techelles* I hear them come, shall we encounter them?  
*Tamburlaine* Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot,  
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

wln 0368

*Enter Theridamas with others.*

wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377

*Theridamas* Where is this Scythian *Tamburlaine*?  
*Tamburlaine* Whom seek'st thou Persian? I am *Tamburlaine*.  
*Theridamas* *Tamburlaine*? A Scythian Shepherd,  
so embellished  
With Nature's pride, and richest furniture,  
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods,  
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth.  
As if he now devised some Stratagem:  
Or meant to pierce *Avernus* ' darksome vaults.

img: 9-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.  
*tamburlaine* Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,  
If outward habit judge the inward man,  
*techelles* His deep affections make him passionate.

wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
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wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409

img: 10-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
wln 0429

*tamburlaine* With what a majesty he rears his looks:  
In thee (thou valiant man of Persia)  
I see the folly of thy Emperor:  
Art thou but Captain of a thousand horse,  
That by Characters graven in thy brows,  
And by thy martial face and stout aspect,  
Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?  
Forsake thy king and do but join with me  
And we will triumph over all the world.  
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,  
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about,  
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Sphere,  
Than *Tamburlaine* be slain or overcome.  
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at Arms,  
Intending but to raze my charmed skin:  
And *Jove* himself will stretch his hand from heaven.  
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harm,  
See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers.  
As if he meant to give my Soldiers pay,  
And as a sure and grounded argument,  
That I shall be the Monarch of the East.  
He sends this Souldan's daughter rich and brave,  
To be my Queen and portly Empress,  
If thou wilt stay with me, **renowned** man,  
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,  
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,  
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil  
Of conquered kingdoms, and of Cities sacked,

Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,  
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems  
Plow up huge furrows in the Caspian sea.  
Shall vail to us, as Lords of all the Lake.  
Both we will reign as Consuls of the earth,  
And mighty kings shall be our Senators,  
*Jove* sometime masked in a Shepherd's weed,  
And by those steps that he hath scaled the heavens,  
May we become immortal like the Gods.  
join with me now in this my mean estate,  
(I call it mean, because being yet obscure,  
The Nations far removed admire me not)  
And when my name and honor shall be spread,  
As far as *Boreas* claps his brazen wings,  
Or fair *Boötes* sends his cheerful light.  
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,  
And sit with *Tamburlaine* in all his majesty.  
*Theridamas* Not *Hermes* Prolocutor to the Gods,  
Could use persuasions more pathological.  
*Tamburlaine* Nor are *Apollo's* Oracles more true,

wln 0430  
wln 0431  
wln 0432  
wln 0433  
wln 0434  
wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437  
wln 0438  
wln 0439  
wln 0440  
wln 0441

img: 10-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
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wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473

img: 11-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0474

Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

*Techelles* We are his friends, and if the Persian king  
Should offer present Dukedoms to our state,  
We think it loss to make exchange for that,  
We are assured of by our friend's success.

*Usumcasane* And kingdoms at the least we all expect.  
Besides the honor in assured conquests:  
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords,  
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us,  
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess  
These are the men that all the world admires,

*Theridamas* What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul

Are these resolved noble Scythians?

But shall I prove a Traitor to my King?

*Tamburlaine* No, but the trusty friend of *Tamburlaine*.

*Theridamas* Won with thy words, and conquered with thy looks,  
I yield myself, my men and horse to thee:  
To be partaker of thy good or ill,  
As long as life maintains *Theridamas*.

*Tamburlaine* *Theridamas* my friend, take here my hand.

Which is as much as if I swore by heaven,  
And called the Gods to witness of my vow,  
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine,  
Until our bodies turn to Elements:  
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.

*Techelles*, and *Casane*, welcome him.

*Techelles* Welcome **renowned** Persian to us all.

*Usumcasane* Long may *theridamas* remain with us.

*Tamburlaine* These are my friends in whom I more rejoice,

Than doth the King of Persia in his Crown:

And by the love of *Pylades* and *Orestes*,

Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,

Thyself and them shall never part from me,

Before I crown you kings in *Asia*.

Make much of them gentle *Theridamas*,

And they will never leave thee till the death.

*theridamas* Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble *Tamburlaine*

Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced

To do you honor and security.

*Tamburlaine* A thousand thanks worthy *theridamas*:

And now fair Madam, and my noble Lords,

If you will willingly remain with me,

You shall have honors, as your merits be:

Or else you shall be forced **with** slavery.

*Agydas* We yield unto thee happy *Tamburlaine*

wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478

*tamburlaine* For you then Madam, I am out of doubt  
*Zenocrate* I must be pleased perforce, wretched  
*Zenocrate*.

*Exeunt*

*Actus. 2. Scaena. 1.*

wln 0479  
wln 0480

*Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with  
other Soldiers.*

wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
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wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502

*Cosroe*.  
THus far are we towards *Theridamas*,  
And valiant *Tamburlaine*, the man of fame,  
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,  
Bears figures of renown and miracle:  
But tell me, that hast seen him, *Menaphon*,  
What stature wields he, and what personage?  
*Menaphon* Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,  
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine,  
**So** large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,  
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear  
Old *Atlas* ' burden, 'twixt his manly pitch,  
A pearl more worth, than all the world is placed:  
Wherein by curious sovereignty of Art,  
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:  
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed  
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their Spheres:  
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.  
Where honor sits invested royally:  
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,  
**Thirsting** with sovereignty with love of arms,  
His lofty brows in folds, do figure death,

img: 11-b  
sig: B3r

wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506  
wln 0507  
wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
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wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520

And in their smoothness, amity and life:  
About them hangs a knot of Amber hair.  
Wrapped in curls, as fierce *Achilles* was,  
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,  
Making it dance with wanton majesty:  
His arms and fingers long and **snowy**,  
Betokening valor and excess of strength:  
In every part proportioned like the man,  
Should make the world subdued to *Tamburlaine*.  
*Cosroe* Well hast thou portrayed in thy terms of life,  
The face and personage of a wondrous man:  
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars,  
To make him famous in accomplished worth:  
And well his merits show him to be made:  
His Fortune's master, and the king of men.  
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,  
With reasons of his valor and his life,  
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes:

wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534

img: 12-a  
sig: B3v

Then when our powers in points of swords are joined  
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,  
Though straight the passage and the port be made,  
That leads to Palace of my brother's life,  
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.  
And when the princely Persian Diadem,  
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,  
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,  
In fair *Persia* noble *tamburlaine*  
Shall be my Regent, and remain as King:  
*Ortygius* In happy hour we have set the Crown  
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honor,  
In joining with the man, ordained by heaven  
To further every action to the best.

wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550

*Ceneus* He that with Shepherds and a little spoil,  
Durst in disdain of wrong and tyranny,  
Defend his freedom 'gainst a Monarchy.  
What will he do supported by a king?  
Leading a troop of Gentlemen and Lords,  
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts,  
*Cosroe* And such shall wait on worthy *Tamburlaine*.  
Our army will be forty thousand strong,  
When *Tamburlaine* and brave *Theridamas*  
Have met us by the river *Araris*:  
And all conjoined to meet the witless King.  
That now is marching near to Parthia.  
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,  
To seek revenge on me and *Tamburlaine*.  
To whom sweet *Menaphon*, direct me straight.  
*Menaphon* I will my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0551

*Act. 2. Scaena. 2,*

wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561  
wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564

*Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords  
and Soldiers.*

*Mycetes.*

COme my *Meander*, let us to this gear,  
I tell you true my heart is swoll'n with wrath,  
On this same thievish villain *tamburlaine*.  
And of that false *Cosroe*, my traitorous brother  
Would it not grieve a King to be so abused.  
And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?  
And which is worst to have his Diadem  
Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?  
I think it would: well then, by heavens I swear,  
*Aurora* shall not peep out of her doors,

img: 12-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
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wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596

img: 13-a  
sig: B4v

But I will have *Cosroe* by the head,  
And kill proud *Tamburlaine* with point of sword.  
Tell you the rest (*Meander*) I have said.

*Meander* Then having passed Armenian deserts now,  
And pitch our tents under the Georgian hills.  
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,  
That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey:  
What should we do but bid them battle straight,  
And rid the world of those detested troops?  
Lest if we let them linger here a while,  
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.  
This country swarms with vile outrageous men,  
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,  
Fit Soldiers for the wicked *Tamburlaine*.  
And he that could with gifts and promises.  
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,  
And make him false his faith unto his King,  
Will quickly win such as are like himself.  
Therefore cheer up your minds, prepare to fight,  
He that can take or slaughter *tamburlaine*,  
Shall rule the Province of *Albania*.  
Who brings that Traitor's head *theridamas*,  
Shall have a government in *Medea*:  
Beside the spoil of him and all his train:  
But if *Cosroe* (as our 'Spials say,  
And as we know) remains with *tamburlaine*,  
His Highness' pleasure is that he should live,  
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.

*A Spy.* An hundred horsemen of my company  
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains,  
Have viewed the army of the Scythians,  
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
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wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611

*Meander* Suppose they be in number infinite,  
Yet being void of Martial discipline,  
All running headlong after greedy spoils:  
And more regarding gain than victory:  
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,  
Sprung of the teeth of Dragons venomous,  
Their careless swords shall lance their fellow's throats  
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

*Mycetes* Was there such brethren, sweet *Meander*, say  
That sprung of teeth of Dragons venomous.

*Meander* So Poets say, my Lord.

*Mycetes* And 'tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.  
Well, well (*Meander*) thou art deeply read:  
And having thee, I have a jewel sure:  
Go en my Lord, and give your charge I say,



wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
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wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629

img: 13-b  
sig: B5r

Thy wit will make us Conquerors today.  
*Meander* Then noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,  
That live confounded in disordered troops,  
If wealth or riches may prevail with them,  
We have our Camels laden all with gold:  
Which you that be but common soldiers,  
Shall fling in every corner of the field:  
And while the base-born Tartars take it up,  
You fighting more for honor than for gold,  
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaves.  
And when their scattered army is subdued:  
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,  
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,  
And live like Gentlemen in *Persia*,  
Strike up the Drum and march courageously,  
Fortune herself doth sit upon our Crests.  
*Mycetes* He tells you true, my masters, so he does.  
Drums, why sound ye not when *Meander* speaks.

*Exeunt*

wln 0630

*Actus. 2. Scaena. 3.*

wln 0631

*Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane,  
Ortygius. with others.*

wln 0632

wln 0633

*Cosroe.*

wln 0634

NOw worthy *Tamburlaine*, have I reposed,  
In thy approved Fortunes all my hope,  
What think'st thou man, shall come of our  
attempts.

wln 0635

wln 0636

wln 0637

wln 0638

For even as from assured oracle,  
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

wln 0639

wln 0640

*Tamburlaine* And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.

wln 0641

For Fates and Oracles, heaven have sworn,

wln 0642

To royalize the deeds of *tamburlaine*:

wln 0643

And make them blessed that share in his attempts.

wln 0644

And doubt you not, but if you favor me,

wln 0645

And let my Fortunes and my valor sway,

wln 0646

To some direction in your martial deeds,

wln 0647

The world will strive with hosts of men at arms.

wln 0648

To swarm unto the Ensign I support,

wln 0649

The host of *Xerxes*, which by fame is said

wln 0650

To drink the mighty Parthian *Araris*,

wln 0651

Was but a handful to that we will have.

wln 0652

Our quivering Lances shaking in the air,

wln 0653

And bullets like *Jove's* dreadful Thunderbolts,

wln 0654

enrolled in flames and fiery smoldering mists,

wln 0655

Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopien wars,

wln 0656

And with our Sun-bright armor as we march,

wln 0657

We'll chase the Stars from heaven, and dim their eyes

wln 0658

That stand and muse at our admired arms.

wln 0659  
wln 0660

img: 14-a  
sig: B5v

wln 0661  
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wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
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wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692

img: 14-b  
sig: B6r

wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703

*theridamas* You see my Lord, what working words  
he hath.

But when you see his actions stop his speech,  
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,  
As I shall be commended and excused  
For turning my poor charge to his direction.  
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,  
Would make one thrust and strive to be retained  
In such a great degree of amity.

*techelles* With duty not with amity we yield  
Our utmost service to the fair *Cosroe*.

*Cosroe* Which I esteem as portion of my crown.  
*Usumcasane* and *techelles* both,  
When she that rules in *Rhamnus*' golden gates,  
And makes a passage for all prosperous Arms:  
Shall make me solely Emperor of *Asia*,  
Then shall your meeds and valors be advanced  
To rooms of honor and Nobility.

*Tamburlaine* Then haste *Cosroe* to be king alone.  
That I with these my friends and all my men,  
May triumph in our long expected Fate,  
The King your Brother is now hard at hand,  
Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders  
Of such a burden, as outweighs the sands  
And all the craggy rocks of *Caspia*.

*Messenger* My Lord, we have discovered the enemy  
Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

*Cosroe* Come *tamburlaine*, now whet thy winged sword  
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,  
That it may reach the King of *Persia*'s crown,  
And set it safe on my victorious head.

*tamburlaine* See where it is, the keenest *Curtle-axe*.  
That ere made passage thorough *Persian Arms*,  
These are the wings shall make it fly as swift,

As doth the lightning: or the breath of heaven,  
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

*Cosroe* Thy words assure me of kind success:  
Go valiant Soldier, go before and charge  
The fainting army of that foolish King.

*tamburlaine* *Usumcasane* and *techelles* come,  
We are enough to scare the enemy,  
And more than needs to make an Emperor.

*To the Battle, and Mycetes comes out alone with  
his Crown in his hand offering to hide it.*

*Mycetes* Accursed be he that first invented war,

wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
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wln 0723

img: 15-a  
sig: B6v

wln 0724  
wln 0725  
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wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
wln 0747

They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,  
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,  
Stand staggering like a quivering Aspen leaf,  
Fearing the force of *Boreas* ' boisterous blasts.  
In what a lamentable case were I,  
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore?  
For Kings are clouts that every man shoots at,  
Our Crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave,  
Therefore in policy I think it good  
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,  
And far from any man that is a fool.  
So shall not I be known, or if I be,  
They cannot take away my crown from me.  
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

*Enter Tamburlaine.*

*tamburlaine* What fearful coward straggling from the camp  
When Kings themselves are present in the field.

*Mycetes* Thou liest.

*tamburlaine* Base villain, dar'st thou give the lie?

*Mycetes* Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Thou break'st the law of Arms unless thou kneel.  
And cry me mercy, noble King.

*Tamburlaine* Are you the witty King of *Persia*?

*Mycetes* Ay marry am I: have you any suit to me?

*Tamburlaine* I would entreat you to speak but three wise  
words.

*Mycetes* So I can when I see my time.

*Tamburlaine* Is this your Crown?

*Mycetes* Ay, Didst thou ever see a fairer?

*Tamburlaine* You will not sell it, will ye?

*Mycetes* Such another word, and I will have thee  
executed.

Come give it me.

*Tamburlaine* No, I took it prisoner.

*Mycetes* You lie, I gave it you.

*tamburlaine* Then 'tis mine.

*Mycetes* No, I mean, I let you keep it.

*tamburlaine* Well, I mean you shall have it again.

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,  
Till I may see thee hemmed with armed men.  
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:  
Thou art no match for mighty *Tamburlaine*.

*Mycetes* O Gods, is this *tamburlaine* the thief,  
I marvel much he stole it not away.

wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750

*Sound trumpets to the battle, and he runs in.  
Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon,  
Meander, Ortygius, Techelles. Usumcasane,*

wln 0751

wln 0752

wln 0753

img: 15-b  
sig: B7r

wln 0754

wln 0755

wln 0756

wln 0757

wln 0758

wln 0759

wln 0760

wln 0761

wln 0762

wln 0763

wln 0764

wln 0765

wln 0766

wln 0767

wln 0768

wln 0769

wln 0770

wln 0771

wln 0772

wln 0773

wln 0774

wln 0775

wln 0776

wln 0777

wln 0778

wln 0779

wln 0780

wln 0781

wln 0782

wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785

img: 16-a  
sig: B7v

wln 0786

wln 0787

wln 0788

wln 0789

wln 0790

wln 0791

wln 0792

wln 0793

wln 0794

wln 0795

*with others.*

*Tamburlaine* Hold thee *Cosroe*, wear two imperial  
Crowns.

Thinks thee Invested now as royally,  
Even by the mighty hand of *tamburlaine*,  
As if as many kings as could encompass thee,  
With greatest pomp had crowned thee Emperor.

*Cosroe* So do I thrice renowned man at arms,  
And none shall keep the crown but *tamburlaine*:  
Thee do I make my Regent of Persia,  
And General Lieutenant of my Armies.  
*Meander*, you that were our brother's Guide,  
And chiefest Counselor in all his acts,  
Since he is yielded to the stroke of War,  
On your submission we with thanks excuse,  
And give you equal place in our affairs.

*Meander* Most happy Emperor in humblest terms  
I vow my service to your Majesty.  
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

*Cosroe* Thanks good *Meander*, then *Cosroe* reign  
And govern Persia in her former pomp:  
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,  
And let them know the Persian King is changed:  
From one that knew not what a King should do,  
To one that can command what longs thereto:  
And now we will to fair *Persepolis*,  
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.  
The Lords and Captains of my brother's camp,  
With little slaughter take *Meander's* course,  
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule:  
*Ortygius* and *menaphon*, my trusty friends,  
Now will I gratify your former good,  
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

*Ortygius* And as we ever and at your behoof,  
And sought your state, all honor it deserved,

So will we with our powers and our lives,  
Endeavor to preserve and prosper it.

*Cosroe* I will not thank thee (sweet *Ortygius*)  
Better replies shall prove my purposes.  
And now, Lord *tamburlaine*, my brother's Camp  
I leave to thee, and to *theridamas*,  
To follow me to fair *Persepolis*.  
Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,  
My witless brother to the Christians lost:  
And ransom them with fame and usury.

wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817

img: 16-b  
sig: B8r

And till thou overtake me *tamburlaine*,  
(Staying to order all the scattered troops)  
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happy friends,  
I long to sit upon my brother's throne,  
*Menaphon* Your Majesty shall shortly have your wish.  
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*. *Exeunt.*  
*Manent Tamburlaine Techelles Theridamas Usumcasane*  
*tamburlaine* And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?  
Is it not brave to be a King, *techelles*?  
*Usumcasane* and *theridamas*,  
Is it not passing brave to be a King,  
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?  
*techelles* O my Lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.  
*Usumcasane* To be a King, is half to be a God.  
*theridamas* A God is not so glorious as a King:  
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven  
Can not compare with kingly joys in earth,  
To wear a Crown enchased with pearl and gold,  
Whose virtues carry with it life and death,  
To ask, and have: command, and be obeyed.  
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize.  
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes.

wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843

*tamburlaine* Why say *theridamas*, wilt thou be a king?  
*theridamas* Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.  
*tamburlaine* What says my other friends, will you be kings?  
*techelles* Ay, if I could with all my heart my Lord.  
*tamburlaine* Why, that's well said *techelles*, so would I,  
And so would you my masters, would you not?  
*Usumcasane* What then my Lord?  
*tamburlaine* Why then *Casane* shall we wish for ought  
The world affords in greatest novelty,  
And rest **attemptless** faint and destitute?  
Methinks we should not, I am strongly moved,  
That if I should desire the Persian Crown,  
I could attain it with a wondrous ease,  
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,  
If we should aim at such a dignity?  
*theridamas* I know they would with our persuasions.  
*tamburlaine* Why then *theridamas*, I'll first assay,  
To get the Persian Kingdom to myself:  
Then thou for *Parthia*, they for *Scythia* and *Medea*.  
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,  
As if the Turk, the Pope, *Afric* and *Greece*,  
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.  
*techelles* Then shall we send to this triumphing King,  
And bid him battle for his novel Crown?  
*Usumcasane* Nay quickly then, before his room be hot.  
*tamburlaine* 'Twill prove a pretty jest (in faith) my friends.

wln 0844  
wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849

img: 17-a  
sig: B8v

*theridamas* A jest to charge on twenty thousand men?  
I judge the purchase more important far.  
*tamburlaine* Judge by thyself *theridamas*, not me,  
For presently *techelles* here shall haste,  
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,  
And lose more labor than the gain will quite.

wln 0850  
wln 0851  
wln 0852  
wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859

Then shalt thou see the Scythian *tamburlaine*,  
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.  
*techelles*, take a thousand horse with thee,  
And bid him turn his back to war with us,  
That only made him King to make us sport.  
We will not steal upon him cowardly,  
But give him warning and more warriors.  
Haste thee *techelles*, we will follow thee.  
What saith *theridamas*?

*theridamas* Go on for me.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0860

*Actus. 2. Scaena. 6.*

wln 0861  
wln 0862

*Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with  
other Soldiers.*

wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879

*Cosroe*  
What means this devilish shepherd to aspire  
With such a Giantly presumption.  
To cast up hills against the face of heaven:  
And dare the force of angry *Jupiter*.  
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,  
And pressed out fire from their burning jaws:  
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,  
Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.  
*meander* Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed  
Their angry seeds at his conception:  
For he was never sprung of human race,  
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,  
He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule.  
And by profession be ambitious.

*Ortygius* What God or Fiend, or spirit of the earth,  
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

img: 17-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886

Or of what mold or metal he be made,  
What star or state soever govern him,  
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds,  
And in detesting such a devilish Thief,  
In love of honor and defense of right,  
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,  
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906

*Cosroe* Nobly resolved, my good *Ortygius*.  
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,  
And with the same proportion of Elements,  
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,  
Vowing our loves to equal death and life,  
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,  
That grievous image of ingratitude:  
That fiery thirster after Sovereignty:  
And burn him in the fury of that flame,  
That none can quench but blood and Empery.  
Resolve my Lords and loving soldiers now,  
To save your King and country from decay:  
Then strike up Drum, and all the Stars that make  
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,  
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,  
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,  
And scorns the Powers that govern *Persia*.

*Enter to the Battle, and after the battle, enter Cosroe  
wounded, Theridamas, tamburlaine, Techelles,  
Usumcasane, with others.*

wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909

*Cosroe* Barbarous and bloody *Tamburlaine*,  
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life.  
Treachorous and false *theridamas*,

img: 18-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925  
wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928  
wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933

Even at the morning of my happy state,  
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,  
To work my downfall and untimely end.  
An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,  
And death arrests the organ of my voice.  
Who ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,  
Sacks every vain and artier of my heart,  
Bloody and insatiate *Tamburlaine*.  
*tamburlaine* The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,  
That caused the eldest son of heavenly *Ops*,  
To thrust his doting father from his chair,  
And place himself in the Imperial heaven,  
Moved me to manage arms against they state,  
What better precedent than mighty *Jove*?  
Nature that framed us of four Elements,  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:  
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous Architecture of the world:  
And measure every wand'ring planets course.  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless Spheres.  
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest.  
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941

img: 18-b  
sig: C2r

That perfect bliss and sole felicity.  
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.  
*Theridamas* And that made me to join with *tamburlaine*  
For he is gross and like the massy earth,  
That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds  
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.  
*Techelles* And that made us the friends of *Tamburlaine*.  
To lift our swords against the Persian King.

wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957  
wln 0958

*Usumcasane* For as when *Jove* did thrust old *Saturn* down,  
*Neptune* and *Dis* gained each of them a Crown.  
So do we hope to reign in *Asia*,  
If *tamburlaine* be placed in Persia.  
*Cosroe* The strangest men that ever nature made,  
I know not how to take their tyrannies.  
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,  
And with my blood my life slides through my wound.  
My soul begins to take her flight to hell.  
And summons all my senses to depart:  
The heat and moisture which did feed each other,  
For want of nourishment to feed them both.  
Is dry and cold, and now doth ghastly death  
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,  
And like a Harpy tires on my life.  
*Theridamas* and *Tamburlaine*, I die,  
And fearful vengeance light upon you both.

wln 0959

*He takes the Crown and puts it on.*

wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971

*tamburlaine* Not all the curses which the furies breathe,  
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this:  
*Theridamas*, *techelles*, and the rest,  
Who think you now is king of *Persia*?  
All. *Tamburlaine*, *tamburlaine*.  
*Tamburlaine* Though *Mars* himself the angry God of arms,  
And all the earthly Potentates conspire,  
To dispossess me of this Diadem:  
Yet will I wear it in despite of them,  
As great commander of this Eastern world,  
If you but say that *tamburlaine* shall reign.  
All Long live *tamburlaine*, and reign in *Asia*.

img: 19-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976

*tamburlaine* So, now it is more surer on my head,  
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:  
And all pronounced me king of Persia.

*Finis Actus 2.*

*Actus. 3. Scaena. 1.*



wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986  
wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002

img: 19-b  
sig: C3r

wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014  
wln 1015  
wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023

*Bajazeth, the kings of Fez. Morocco, and Argier.  
with others, in great pomp.*

*Bajazeth.*

Great Kings of *Barbary*, and my portly Bassoes,  
We hear, the Tartars and the Eastern thieves  
Under the conduct of one *Tamburlaine*,  
Presume a bickering with your Emperor:  
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege  
Of the famous Grecian *Constantinople*.  
You know our Army is invincible:  
As many circumcised Turks we have,  
And warlike bands of Christians renayed,  
As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea  
Small drops of water, when the Moon begins  
To join in one her semicircled horns:  
Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,  
Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yield.  
Or breathless lie before the city walls.

*Fez* Renowned Emperor, and mighty General  
What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard.  
To charge him to remain in *Asia*.  
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms,  
As from the mouth of mighty *Bajazeth*.

*Bajazeth* Hie thee my Basso fast to *Persia*,  
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperor,  
Dread Lord of *Afric*, *Europe* and *Asia*.

Great King and conqueror of Grecia,  
The Ocean, Terrene, and the coal-black sea,  
The high and **highest** Monarch of the world.  
Wills and Commands (for say not I entreat)  
Not once to set his foot in *Africa*,  
Or spread his colors in Grecia.  
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.  
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,  
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind.  
But if presuming on his silly power,  
He be so mad to manage Arms with me,  
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.  
And if before the Sun have measured heaven  
With triple circuit thou regret us not,  
We mean to take his morning's next arise.  
For messenger, he will not be reclaimed,  
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.  
*Basso* Most great and puissant Monarch of the earth,  
Your Basso will accomplish your behest:  
And show your pleasure to the Persian.  
As fits the Legate of the stately Turk.

*Exit Basso*

wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034

img: 20-a  
sig: C3v

*Argier* They say he is the King of *Persia*.  
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,  
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,  
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.  
*Bajazeth* True (*Argier*) and tremble at my looks.  
*Morocco* The spring is hindered by your smothering host,  
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,  
Nor Sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon.  
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.  
*Bajazeth* All this is true as holy *Mahomet*,  
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037  
wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046  
wln 1047

*Fez* What thinks your greatness best to be achieved  
In pursuit of the City's overthrow?  
*Bajazeth* I will the captive Pioneers of *Argier*,  
Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes  
Runs to the city from the mountain *Carnon*,  
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,  
That no relief or succor come by Land.  
And all the sea my Galleys countermand.  
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,  
And with their Cannons mouthed like *Orcus' gulf*  
Batter the walls, and we will enter in:  
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.  
*Actus. 3. Scaena. 2.*

*Exeunt*

wln 1048  
wln 1049

*Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with  
others.*

wln 1050  
wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063

MAdam *Zenocrate*, may I presume  
To know the cause of these unquiet fits:  
That work such trouble to your wonted rest:  
'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face  
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale.  
When your offensive rape by *tamburlaine*,  
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)  
Hath seemed to be digested long ago.  
*Zenocrate* Although it be digested long ago,  
As his exceeding favors have deserved,  
And might content the Queen of heaven as well:  
As it hath changed my first conceived disdain.  
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,  
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits.

img: 20-b  
sig: C4r

wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066

Which dies my looks so liveless as they are.  
And might, if my extremes had full events,  
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

wln 1067                    *Agydas*    Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved.  
wln 1068                    And all that pierceth *Phoebe's* silver eye,  
wln 1069                    Before such hap fall to *zenocrate*.  
wln 1070                            *zenocrate*    Ah, life, and soul still hover in his Breast.  
wln 1071                    And leave my body senseless as the earth.  
wln 1072                    Or else unite you to his life and soul,  
wln 1073                    That I may live and die with *tamburlaine*.

wln 1074    *Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.*

wln 1075                            *Agydas*    With *tamburlaine*? Ah fair *zenocrate*.  
wln 1076                    Let not a man so vile and barbarous,  
wln 1077                    That holds you from your father in despite,  
wln 1078                    And keeps you from the honors of a Queen.  
wln 1079                    Being supposed his worthless Concubine.  
wln 1080                    Be honored with your love, but for necessity.  
wln 1081                    So now the mighty Soldan hears of you,  
wln 1082                    Your Highness needs not doubt but in short time,  
wln 1083                    He will with *Tamburlaine's* destruction  
wln 1084                    Redeem you from this deadly servitude.  
wln 1085                            *Zenocrate*    leave to wound me with these words.  
wln 1086                    And speak of *tamburlaine* as he deserves:  
wln 1087                    The entertainment we have had of him,  
wln 1088                    Is far from villainy or servitude.  
wln 1089                    And might in noble minds be counted princely.  
wln 1090                            *Agydas*    How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,  
wln 1091                    Only disposed to martial Stratagems?  
wln 1092                    Who when he shall embrace you in his arms,  
wln 1093                    Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

img: 21-a  
sig: C4v

wln 1094                    And when you look for amorous discourse,  
wln 1095                    Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood.  
wln 1096                    Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.  
wln 1097                            *Zenocrate*    As looks the sun through *Nilus'* flowing stream,  
wln 1098                    Or when the morning holds him in her arms.  
wln 1099                    So looks my Lordly love, fair *tamburlaine*:  
wln 1100                    His talk much sweeter than the Muse's song,  
wln 1101                    They sung for honor 'gainst *Pierides*.  
wln 1102                    Or when *Minerva* did with *Neptune* strive,  
wln 1103                    And higher would I rear my estimate,  
wln 1104                    Than *Juno* sister to the highest God.  
wln 1105                    If I were matched with mighty *tamburlaine*.  
wln 1106                            *Agydas*    Yet be not so inconstant in your love,  
wln 1107                    But let the young Arabian live in hope,  
wln 1108                    After your rescue to **enjoy** his choice.  
wln 1109                    You see though first the King of *Persia*  
wln 1110                    (Being a Shepherd) seemed to love you much,  
wln 1111                    Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,  
wln 1112                    Those words of favor, and those comfortings,

wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115

And gives no more than common courtesies.  
*Zenocrate* Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,  
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.

wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124

*Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away lovingly  
by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas,  
and says nothing.*  
*Agydas* Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love.  
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy.  
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge.  
I stand aghast: but most astonished  
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,  
And wrapped in silence of his angry soul.

img: 21-b  
sig: C5r

wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156

Upon his brows was portrayed ugly death,  
And in his eyes the fury of his heart.  
That shine as Comets, menacing revenge,  
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.  
As when the Seaman sees the *Hyades*  
Gather an army of Cemerian clouds,  
(*Auster* and *Aquilon* with winged Steeds  
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,  
With shivering spears enforcing thunderclaps.  
And from their shields strike flames of lightning)  
All fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,  
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid,  
Against the terror of the winds and waves.  
So fares *Agydas* for the late felt frowns  
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,  
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

*Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.*

*techelles* See you *Agydas* how the King salutes you.  
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

*Exit.*

*Agydas* I prophesied before and now I prove,  
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.  
He needed not with words confirm my fear,  
For words are vain where working tools present  
The naked action of my threatened end.  
It says, *Agidas*, thou shalt surely die.  
And of extremities elect the least,  
More honor and less pain it may procure,  
To die by this resolved hand of thine,  
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn.  
Then haste *Agydas*, and prevent the plagues:  
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:  
Go wander free from fear of Tyrant's rage.

img: 22-a  
sig: C5v

wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167

Removed from the Torments and the hell:  
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul.  
And let *Agydas* by *Agydas* die.  
And with this stab slumber eternally.  
*techelles* *Usumcasane*, see how right the man  
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.  
*Usumcasane* Faith, and *techelles*, it was manly done:  
And since he was so wise and honorable,  
Let us afford him now the bearing hence.  
And crave his triple worthy burial.  
*techelles* Agreed *Casane*, we will honor him.

wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187

*Act. 3. Scaena. 3,*  
*Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, Theridamas,*  
*Basso, Zenocrate, with others.*

*Tamburlaine.*

*Basso*, by this thy Lord and master knows,  
I mean to meet him in *Bithynia*:  
see how he comes? Tush. Turks are full of brags  
And menace more than they can well perform:  
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence?  
Alas (poor Turk) his fortune is too weak,  
T' encounter with the strength of *Tamburlaine*.  
View well my Camp, and speak indifferently,  
Do not my captains and my soldiers look  
As if they meant to conquer *Africa*.

*Basso.* Your men are valiant but their number few,  
And cannot terrify his mighty host,  
My Lord, the great Commander of the world,  
Besides fifteen contributory kings,  
Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries,  
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.

img: 22-b  
sig: C6r

wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203

Brought to the war by men of *Tripoli*.  
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served  
In two set battles fought in *Grecia*:  
And for the expedition of this war,  
If he think good, can from his garrisons,  
Withdraw as many more to follow him.  
*techelles* The more he brings, the greater is the spoil,  
For when they perish by our warlike hands,  
We mean to seat our footmen on their Steeds.  
And rifle all those stately Janisars.  
*tamburlaine* But will those Kings accompany your Lord?  
*Basso* Such as his Highness please, but some must stay  
To rule the provinces he late subdued.  
*tamburlaine* Then fight courageously, their crowns are yours  
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads:  
That made me Emperor of *Asia*.

wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219

img: 23-a  
sig: C6v

*Usumcasane* Let him bring millions infinite of men,  
Unpeopling Western *Africa* and *Greece*:  
Yet we assure us of the victory.  
*theridamas* even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,  
More mighty than the Turkish Emperor:  
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue  
His scattered army till they yield or die.  
*tamburlaine* Well said *theridamas*, speak in that mood,  
For Will and Shall best fitteth *Tamburlaine*,  
Whose smiling stars gives him assured hope  
Of martial triumph, ere he meet his foes:  
I that am termed the Scourge and Wrath of God,  
The only fear and terror of the world,  
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge  
Those Christian Captives, which you keep as slaves,  
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains.

wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231

And feeding them with thin and slender fare,  
That naked row about the Terrene sea.  
And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,  
Are punished with Bastones so grievously,  
That they lie panting on the Galley's side.  
And strive for life at every stroke they give,  
These are the cruel pirates of *Argier*,  
That damned train, the scum of *Africa*.  
Inhabited with straggling Runagates,  
That make quick havoc of the Christian blood.  
But as I live that town shall curse the time  
That *Tamburlaine* set foot in Africa:

wln 1232  
wln 1233

*Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoos and contributory  
Kings.*

wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249

*Bajazeth* Bassoos and Janissaries of my Guard,  
Attend upon the person of your Lord,  
The greatest Potentate of *Africa*.  
*Tamburlaine* *Techelles*, and the rest prepare your swords  
I mean t' encounter with that *Bajazeth*.  
*Bajazeth* Kings of *Fez*, *Moroccus* and *Argier*,  
He calls me *Bajazeth*, whom you call Lord.  
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave:  
I tell thee villain, those that lead my horse  
Have to their names titles of dignity,  
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *Bajazeth*?  
*Tamburlaine* And know thou Turk, that those which  
lead my horse,  
Shall lead thee Captive through Africa.  
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *tamburlaine*?  
*Bajazeth* By *Mahomet*, my Kinsman's sepulcher.

img: 23-b  
sig: C7r

wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281

And by the holy *Alcoran* I swear,  
He shall be made a chaste and lustless Eunuch,  
And in my Serail tend my Concubines:  
And all his Captains that thus stoutly stand,  
Shall draw the chariot of my Empress.  
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.  
*Tamburlaine* By this my sword that conquered *Persia*,  
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:  
I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,  
But every common soldier of my Camp  
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.  
*Fez* What means the mighty Turkish Emperor  
To talk with one so base as *tamburlaine*.  
*Morocco* Ye Moors and valiant men of *Barbary*.  
How can ye suffer these indignities.  
*Argier* Leave words and let them feel your lances'  
points.  
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.  
*Bajazeth* Well said my stout contributory kings,  
Your threefold army and my hugy host,  
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians,  
*techelles* Puissant, renowned and mighty *tamburlaine*,  
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?  
*theridamas* I long to see those crowns won by our swords  
That we may reign as kings of Africa.  
*Usumcasane* What Coward would not fight for such a prize?  
*Tamburlaine* Fight all courageously and be you kings.  
I speak it, and my words are oracles.  
*Bajazeth Zabina*, mother of three braver boys,  
Than *Hercules*, that in his infancy  
Did pash the jaws of Serpents venomous:  
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance.

img: 24-a  
sig: C7v

wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294

Their shoulders broad, for complete armor fit,  
Their limbs more large and of a bigger size  
Than all the brats y-sprung from *Typhon's* loins:  
Who, when they come unto their father's age,  
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.  
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,  
And on thy head wear my Imperial crown,  
Until I bring this sturdy *tamburlaine*,  
And all his Captains bound in captive chains.  
*zabina* Such good success happen to *Bajazeth*,  
*Tamburlaine zenocrate*, the loveliest Maid alive,  
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,  
The only Paragon of *tamburlaine*,

wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313

img: 24-b  
sig: C8r

Whose eyes are brighter than the Lamps of heaven.  
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:  
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened Sky:  
And calm the rage of thund'ring *Jupiter*:  
Sit down by her: adorned with my Crown,  
As if thou wert the Empress of the world.  
Stir not *zenocrate* until thou see  
Me march victoriously with all my men,  
Triumphing over him and these his kings.  
Which I will bring as Vassals to thy feet.  
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,  
And manage words with her as we will arms.  
*zenocrate* And may my Love, the king of *Persia*  
Return with victory, and free from wound.  
*Bajazeth* Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,  
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear:  
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors and Jews  
Enough to cover all *Bithynia*,  
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carcases

wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317  
wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342

Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest:  
And as the heads of *Hydra*, so my power  
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:  
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,  
Thy soldiers arms could not endure to strike  
So many blows as I have heads for thee.  
Thou knowest not (foolish hardy *Tamburlaine*)  
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,  
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.  
*Tamburlaine* Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way  
We use to march upon the slaughtered foe:  
Trampling their bowels with our horses hoofs:  
Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hills:  
My Camp is like to *julius Caesar's* host,  
That never fought but had the victory:  
Nor in *Pharsalia* was there such hot war,  
As these my followers willingly would have:  
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the air,  
Direct our Bullets and our weapons' points  
And make our strokes to wound the senseless lure,  
And when she sees our bloody Colors spread.  
Then Victory begins to take her flight,  
Resting herself upon my milk-white Tent:  
But come my Lords, to weapons let us fall.  
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.  
*Exit, with his followers.*  
*Bajazeth* Come Kings and Bassoes let us glut our swords  
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.  
*Exit, with his followers.*



wln 1343

wln 1344

wln 1345

img: 25-a  
sig: C8v

wln 1346

wln 1347

wln 1348

wln 1349

wln 1350

wln 1351

wln 1352

wln 1353

wln 1354

wln 1355

wln 1356

wln 1357

wln 1358

wln 1359

wln 1360

wln 1361

wln 1362

wln 1363

wln 1364

wln 1365

wln 1366

wln 1367

wln 1368

wln 1369

wln 1370

wln 1371

wln 1372

wln 1373

wln 1374

wln 1375

wln 1376

wln 1377

img: 25-b  
sig: D1r

wln 1378

wln 1379

wln 1380

wln 1381

wln 1382

wln 1383

wln 1384

wln 1385

wln 1386

wln 1387

*zabina* Base Concubine, must thou be placed by me  
That am the Empress of the mighty Turk?

*zenocrate* Disdainful Turkess and unreverend Boss,

Call'st thou me Concubine that am betrothed  
Unto the great and mighty *tamburlaine*?

*Zabina* To *tamburlaine* the great Tartarian thief?

*Zenocrate* Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,  
When thy great Basso, master and thyself.  
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,  
And sue to me to be your Advocates.

*Zabina* And sue to thee? I tell thee shameless girl,  
Thou shalt be Laundress to my waiting maid.  
How lik'st thou her *Ebea*, will she serve?

*Ebea.* Madam, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.  
But I shall turn her into other weeds.  
And make her dainty fingers fall to work.

*Zenocrate* hear'st thou *Anippe*, how thy drudge doth talk,  
And how my slave, her mistress menaceth.  
Both for their sauciness shall be employed,  
To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink.  
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves.

*Anippe* Yet sometimes let your highness send for them  
To do the work my chamber maid disdains.

*They sound the battle within, and stay*

*Zenocrate* Ye Gods and powers that govern Persia.  
And made my lordly Love her worthy King:  
Now strengthen him against the Turkish *Bajazeth*,  
And let his foes like flocks of fearful Roes,  
Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,  
That I may see him issue Conqueror.

*Zabina* Now *Mahomet*, solicit God himself,  
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven  
To dash the Scythians brains, and strike them dead,  
That dare to manage arms with him,  
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine.

When first he warred against the Christians.

*To the battle again.*

*Zenocrate* By this the Turks lie welt'ring in their blood  
And *tamburlaine* is Lord of *Africa*:

*Zabina* Thou art deceived, I heard the Trumpets sound,  
As when my Emperor overthrew the Greeks:  
And led them Captive into Africa.  
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:  
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

*Zenocrate* If *Mahomet* should come from heaven and swear,

wln 1388

My royal Lord is slain or conquered.

wln 1389

Yet should he not persuade me otherwise.

wln 1390

But that he lives and will be Conqueror.

wln 1391

*Bajazeth flies, and he pursues him.*

wln 1392

*The battle short, and they enter,*

wln 1393

*Bajazeth is overcome.*

wln 1394

*Tamburlaine* Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?

wln 1395

*Bajazeth* Thou, by the fortune of this damned soil,

wln 1396

*Tamburlaine* Where are your stout contributory kings?

wln 1397

*Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane.*

wln 1398

*Techelles* We have their crowns their bodies strew  
the field.

wln 1399

*Tamburlaine* Each man a crown? why kingly fought i' faith  
Deliver them into my treasury.

wln 1400

*Zenocrate* Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.

wln 1401

His royal Crown again, so highly won:

wln 1402

*tamburlaine* Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, *zenocrate*

wln 1403

And crown me Emperor of Africa.

wln 1404

*Zabina* No *tamburlaine*, though now thou gat the best

wln 1405

Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Africa.

wln 1406

wln 1407

img: 26-a

sig: D1v

wln 1408

*theridamas* Give her the Crown Turkess you were best.

wln 1409

*He takes it from her, and gives it Zenocrate,*

wln 1410

*zabina* Injurious villains, thieves, runagates,

wln 1411

How dare you thus abuse my Majesty?

wln 1412

*theridamas* Here Madam, you are Empress, she is none.

wln 1413

*tamburlaine* Not now *theridamas*, her time is past:

wln 1414

The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,

wln 1415

Are fall'n in clusters at my conquering feet.

wln 1416

*zabina* Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:

wln 1417

*tamburlaine* Not all the world shall ransom *Bajazeth*.

wln 1418

*Bajazeth* Ah fair *zabina*, we have lost the field.

wln 1419

And never had the Turkish Emperor

wln 1420

So great a foil by any foreign foe.

wln 1421

Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,

wln 1422

Ringling with joy their superstitious bells:

wln 1423

And making bonfires for my overthrow.

wln 1424

But ere I die those foul Idolaters

wln 1425

Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,

wln 1426

For though the glory of this day be lost.

wln 1427

*Afric* and *Greece* have garrisons enough

wln 1428

To make me Sovereign of the earth again.

wln 1429

*Tamburlaine* Those walled garrisons will I subdue,

wln 1430

And write myself great Lord of *Africa*:

wln 1431

So from the East unto the furthest West,

wln 1432

Shall *tamburlaine* extend his puissant arm.

wln 1433

The Gallies and those pilling Brigandines,

wln 1433

wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439

img: 26-b  
sig: D2r

That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,  
And hover in the straits for Christians' wrack,  
Shall lie at anchor in the Isle *Asant*.  
Until the Persian Fleet and men of war,  
Sailing along the Oriental sea,  
Have fetched about the Indian continent:

wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456  
wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460

Even from *Persepolis* to *Mexico*,  
And thence unto the straits of *Jubalter*:  
Where they shall meet, and join their force in one.  
Keeping in awe the Bay of *Portingale*.  
And all the Ocean by the British shore:  
And by this means I'll win the world at last.  
*Bajazeth* Yet set a ransom on me tamburlaine.  
*Tamburlaine* What, thinkst thou tamburlaine esteems thy gold,  
I'll make the kings of *India* ere I die,  
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,  
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:  
Come bind them both and one lead in the Turk.  
The Turckess let my Love's maid lead away.

*They bind them.*

*Bajazeth* Ah villains, dare ye touch my sacred arms.  
O *Mahomet*, O sleepy *Mahomet*.

*zabina* O cursed *Mahomet* that makest us thus  
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous.

*Tamburlaine* Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest  
Triumph, and solemnize a martial feast.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

wln 1461

*Actus. 4. Scaena. 1.*

wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469

*Soldan of Egypt with three or four Lords, Capolin*

*Soldan.*

Awake ye men of *Memphis*, hear the clang  
Of Scythian trumpets, hear the Basilisks,  
That roaring, shake *Damascus*' turrets down,  
The rogue of *Volga* holds *zenocrate*,  
The Soldan's daughter for his Concubine,  
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds.

img: 27-a  
sig: D2v

wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476

Hath spread his colors to our high disgrace:  
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,  
Lie slumbering on the flow'ry banks of *Nile*,  
As Crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,  
While thund'ring Cannons rattle on their Skins.  
*Messenger* Nay (mighty Soldan) did your greatness see  
The frowning looks of fiery *Tamburlaine*,

wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501

img: 27-b  
sig: D3r

wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524

That with his terror and imperious eyes,  
Commands the hearts of his associates,  
It might amaze your royal majesty.

*Soldan* Villain. I tell thee, were that tamburlaine,  
As monstrous as *Gorgon*, prince of Hell,  
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.  
But speak, what power hath he?

*Messenger* Mighty Lord,  
Three hundred thousand men in armor clad,  
Upon their prancing Steeds, disdainfully  
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.  
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,  
Shaking their swords, their spears and iron bills,  
Environing their Standard round, that stood  
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.  
Their warlike Engines and munition  
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

*Soldan* Nay could their numbers countervail the stars  
Or ever drizzling drops of April showers,  
Or withered leaves that autumn shaketh down.  
Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power:  
So scatter and consume them in his rage,  
That not a man should live to rue their fall,

*Capolin* So might your highness, had you time to sort  
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host.

But tamburlaine, by expedition  
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

*Soldan* Let him take all th'advantages he can,  
Were all the world conspired to fight for him,  
Nay, were he Devil, as he is no man,  
Yet in revenge of fair *Zenocrate*,  
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,  
This arm should send him down to *Erebus*.  
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

*Messenger* Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,  
His resolution far exceedeth all:  
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,  
White is their hue, and on his silver crest  
A snowy Feather spangled white he bears,  
To signify the mildness of his mind.  
That satiate with spoil refuseth blood:  
But when *Aurora* mounts the second time,  
As red as scarlet is his furniture,  
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood.  
Not sparing any that can manage arms:  
But if these threats move not submission.  
Black are his colors, black Pavilion,  
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armor, plumes,

wln 1525  
wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533

img: 28-a  
sig: D3v

And Jetty Feathers menace death and hell,  
Without respect of Sex, degree or age.  
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.  
*Soldan* Merciless villain, Peasant ignorant,  
Of lawful arms, or martial discipline:  
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.  
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.  
See *Capolin* the fair Arabian king,  
That hath been disappointed by this slave:

wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536

Of my fair daughter, and his princely Love:  
May have fresh warning to go war with us,  
And be revenged for her disparagement.

wln 1537

*Actus. 4. Scaena. 2.*

wln 1538  
wln 1539  
wln 1540  
wln 1541

*Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane,  
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moors drawing Bajazeth  
in his cage, and his wife following him.*

wln 1542

*Tamburlaine*

BRing out my footstool.

wln 1543

*They take him out of the cage.*

wln 1544

*Bajazeth* Ye holy Priests of heavenly *Mahomet*,

wln 1545

That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,

wln 1546

Staining his Altars with your purple blood:

wln 1547

Make heaven to frown and every fired star

wln 1548

To suck up poison from the moorish Fens,

wln 1549

And pour it in this glorious Tyrant's throat.

wln 1550

*tamburlaine* The chiefest God first mover of that Sphere,

wln 1551

Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,

wln 1552

Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven.

wln 1553

Then it should so conspire my overthrow.

wln 1554

But Villain, thou that wishest this to me,

wln 1555

Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth.

wln 1556

And be the footstool of great *Tamburlaine*,

wln 1557

That I may rise into my royal throne.

wln 1558

*Bajazeth* First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,

wln 1559

And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,

wln 1560

Before I yield to such a slavery.

wln 1561

*tamburlaine* Base villain, vassal, slave to *Tamburlaine*:

wln 1562

Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground.

wln 1563

That bears the honor of my royal weight.

img: 28-b  
sig: D4r

wln 1564

Stoop villain, stoop, stoop for so he bids,

wln 1565

That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,

wln 1566

Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,

wln 1567

Struck with the voice of thund'ring *Jupiter*.

wln 1568  
wln 1569  
wln 1570  
wln 1571

*Bajazeth* Then as I look down to the damned Fiends.  
Fiends look on me, and thou dread God of hell.  
With Ebon Sceptre strike this hateful earth,  
And make it swallow both of us at once.

wln 1572

*He gets up upon him to his chair.*

wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581  
wln 1582  
wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593

*Tamburlaine* Now clear the triple region of the air,  
And let the majesty of heaven behold  
Their Scourge and Terror tread on Emperors,  
Smile Stars that reigned at my nativity:  
And dim the brightness of their neighbor Lamps,  
Disdain to borrow light of *Cynthia*,  
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,  
First rising in the East with mild aspect,  
But fired now in the Meridian line,  
Will send up fire to your turning Spheres,  
And cause the Sun to borrow light of you.  
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steel,  
Even in *Bithynia*, when I took this Turk:  
As when a fiery exhalation  
Wrapped in the bowels of a freezing cloud,  
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin crack,  
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.  
But ere I march to wealthy *Persia*,  
Or leave *Damascus* and th' Egyptian fields,  
As was the fame of *Clymene's* brainsick son,  
That almost brent the Axle-tree of heaven,

img: 29-a  
sig: D4v

wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596  
wln 1597  
wln 1598  
wln 1599  
wln 1600  
wln 1601  
wln 1602  
wln 1603  
wln 1604  
wln 1605  
wln 1606  
wln 1607  
wln 1608  
wln 1609  
wln 1610  
wln 1611  
wln 1612  
wln 1613

So shall our swords, our lances and our shot.  
Fill all the air with fiery meteors.  
Then when the Sky shall wax as red as blood,  
It shall be said, I made it red myself,  
To make me think of naught but blood and war.

*Zabina* Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty,  
Unlawfully usurpest the Persian seat:  
Dar'st thou that never saw an Emperor,  
Before thou met my husband in the field,  
Being thy Captive, thus abuse his state,  
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,  
That roofs of gold, and sun-bright Palaces,  
Should have prepared to entertain his Grace?  
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,  
Whose feet the kings of *Africa* have kissed.

*techelles* You must devise some torment worse, my Lord  
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

*tamburlaine zenocrate*, look better to your slave:

*zenocrate* She is my Handmaid's slave, and she shall look  
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:

wln 1614  
wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617  
wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
wln 1622  
wln 1623  
wln 1624  
wln 1625

img: 29-b  
sig: D5r

Chide her *Anippe*.

*Anippe* Let these be warnings for you then my slave,  
How you abuse the person of the king:  
Or else I swear to have you whipped stark naked.

*Bajazeth* Great *tamburlaine*, great in my overthrow,  
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.  
For treading on the back of *Bajazeth*,  
That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

*tamburlaine* Thy names and titles, and thy dignities  
Are fled from *Bajazeth*, and remain with me,  
That will maintain it against a world of Kings.  
Put him in again.

wln 1626  
wln 1627  
wln 1628  
wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631  
wln 1632  
wln 1633  
wln 1634  
wln 1635  
wln 1636  
wln 1637  
wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
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wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657

*Bajazeth* Is this a place for mighty *Bajazeth*?  
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.

*tamburlaine* There whiles he lives, shall *Bajazeth* be kept,  
And where I go be thus in triumph drawn:  
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps  
My servitures shall bring thee from my board.  
For he that gives him other food than this:  
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself.  
This is my mind, and I will have it so.  
Not all the Kings and Emperors of the Earth:  
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,  
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.  
The ages that shall talk of *Tamburlaine*,  
Even from this day to *Plato's* wondrous year,  
Shall talk how I have handled *Bajazeth*.  
These Moors that drew him from *Bithynia*,  
To fair *Damascus*, where we now remain,  
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.  
*Techelles*, and my loving followers,  
Now may we see *Damascus's* lofty towers,  
Like to the shadows of *Pyramids*,  
That with their beauties graced the Memphian fields:  
The golden stature of their feathered bird  
That spreads her wings upon the city walls,  
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.  
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold.  
And every house is as a treasury.  
The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.  
*Theridamas* Your tents of white now pitched before the gates  
And gentle flags of amity displayed.  
I doubt not but the Governor will yield,  
Offering *Damascus* to your Majesty.

img: 30-a  
sig: D5v

wln 1658

*Tamburlaine* So shall he have his life, and all the rest.

wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666  
wln 1667  
wln 1668  
wln 1669

But if he stay until the bloody flag  
Be once advanced on my vermilion Tent,  
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.  
And when they see me march in black array,  
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,  
Were in that city all the world contained.  
Not one should 'scape: but perish by our swords.  
*zenocrate* Yet would you have some pity for my sake,  
Because it is my country's, and my Father's.  
*Tamburlaine* Not for the world *Zenocrate*, if I have sworn:  
Come bring in the Turk. *Exeunt.*

wln 1670

*Act. 4. Scaena. 3,*

wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675  
wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683  
wln 1684  
wln 1685  
wln 1686  
wln 1687

*Soldan, Arabia, Capoline, with streaming colors  
and Soldiers.*

*Soldan.*

MEthinks we march as *Meleager* did,  
Environed with brave Argolian knights:  
To chase the savage Caldonian Boar,  
Or *Cephalus* with lusty Theban youths.  
Against the Wolf that angry *Themis* sent.  
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields.  
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,  
Compact of Rapine, Piracy, and spoil.  
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,  
Raves in *Egyptia*, and annoyeth us.  
My Lord it is the bloody *Tamburlaine*.  
A sturdy Felon and a base-bred Thief.  
By murder raised to the Persian Crown.  
That dares control us in our Territories.

img: 30-b  
sig: D6r

wln 1688  
wln 1689  
wln 1690  
wln 1691  
wln 1692  
wln 1693  
wln 1694  
wln 1695  
wln 1696  
wln 1697  
wln 1698  
wln 1699  
wln 1700  
wln 1701  
wln 1702  
wln 1703  
wln 1704

To tame the pride of this **presumptuous** Beast,  
join your Arabians with the Soldan's power:  
Let us unite our royal bands in one,  
And hasten to remove *Damascus*' siege.  
It is a blemish to the Majesty  
And high estate of mighty Emperors,  
That such a base usurping vagabond  
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.  
*Arabia* Renowned Soldan, have ye lately heard  
The overthrow of mighty *Bajazeth*,  
About the confines of *Bithynia*?  
The slavery wherewith he persecutes  
The noble Turk and his great Empress.  
*Soldan* I have, and sorrow for his bad success:  
But noble Lord of great *Arabia*,  
Be so persuaded, that the Soldan is  
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,



wln 1705  
wln 1706  
wln 1707  
wln 1708  
wln 1709  
wln 1710  
wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714  
wln 1715  
wln 1716  
wln 1717  
wln 1718  
wln 1719

img: 31-a  
sig: D6v

Than in the haven when the Pilot stands  
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,  
And shivered against a craggy rock,  
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,  
A sacred vow to heaven and him I make,  
Confirming it with *Ibis*' holy name,  
That *Tamburlaine* shall rue the day, the hour,  
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong.  
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,  
Or kept the fair *zenocrate* so long.  
As Concubine, I fear to feed his lust.  
*Arabia* Let grief and fury hasten on revenge,  
Let *Tamburlaine* for his offenses feel  
Such plagues as heaven and we can pour on him.  
I long to break my spear upon his crest,

wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
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wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742

And prove the weight of his victorious arm:  
For Fame I fear hath been too prodigal:  
In sounding through the world his partial praise:  
*Soldan Capolin*, hast thou surveyed our powers.  
*Capolin* Great Emperors of *Egypt* and *Arabia*.  
The number of your hosts united is,  
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,  
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men at arms,  
Courageous and full of hardiness:  
As frolic as the hunters in the chase:  
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.  
*Arabia* My mind presageth fortunate success,  
And *tamburlaine*, my spirit doth foresee  
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.  
*Soldan* Then rear your standards, let your sounding  
Drums  
Direct our Soldiers to *Damascus*' walls.  
Now *Tamburlaine*, the mighty *Soldan* comes,  
And leads with him the great *Arabian* King.  
To dim thy baseness and obscurity.  
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil,  
To race and scatter thy inglorious crew,  
Of Scythians and slavish Persians.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1743

*Actus: 4. Scaena 5.*

wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749

*The Banquet, and to it cometh Tamburlaine all in  
scarlet, Theridamas. Techelles, Usumcasane, the  
Turk, with others.*  
*Tamburlaine*  
NOW hang our bloody colors by *Damascus*.  
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads.

img: 31-b

wln 1750 While they walk quivering on their city walls,  
 wln 1751 Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath:  
 wln 1752 Then let us freely banquet and carouse  
 wln 1753 Full bowls of wine unto the God of war,  
 wln 1754 That means to fill your helmets full of gold:  
 wln 1755 And make *Damascus*’ spoils as rich to you,  
 wln 1756 As was to *Jason Colchos*’ golden fleece.  
 wln 1757 And now *Bajazeth*, hast thou any stomach?  
 wln 1758 *Bajazeth* Ay, such a stomach (cruel *tamburlaine*) as I could  
 wln 1759 Willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.  
 wln 1760 *tamburlaine* Nay, thine own is easier to come by, pluck  
 wln 1761 out that,  
 wln 1762 And ’twill serve thee and thy wife: Well *zenocrate*,  
 wln 1763 *techelles*, and the rest, fall to your victuals.  
 wln 1764 *Bajazeth* Fall to, and never may your meat digest.  
 wln 1765 Ye Furies that can mask invisible,  
 wln 1766 Dive to the bottom of *Avernus*’ pool,  
 wln 1767 And in your hands bring hellish poison up.  
 wln 1768 And squeeze it in the cup of *tamburlaine*.  
 wln 1769 Or winged snakes of *Lerna* cast your stings,  
 wln 1770 And leave your venoms in this Tyrant’s dish.  
 wln 1771 *zabina* And may this banquet prove as ominous,  
 wln 1772 As *Progne*’s to th’adulterous Thracian King.  
 wln 1773 That fed upon the substance of his child.  
 wln 1774 *zenocrate* My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous curses  
 wln 1775 By these slaves of yours?  
 wln 1776 *tamburlaine* To let them see (divine *zenocrate*)  
 wln 1777 I glory in the curses of my foes.  
 wln 1778 Having the power from the Imperial heaven,  
 wln 1779 To turn them all upon their proper heads.  
 wln 1780 *techelles* I pray you give them leave Madam, this  
 wln 1781 speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

wln 1782 *Theridamas* But if his highness would let them be fed, it  
 wln 1783 would do them more good.  
 wln 1784 *tamburlaine* Sirrah, why fall you not too, are you so daintily  
 wln 1785 brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?  
 wln 1786 *Bajazeth* First legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.  
 wln 1787 *Usumcasane* Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest  
 wln 1788 *tamburlaine* O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my  
 wln 1789 sword’s point, or I’ll thrust it to thy heart.  
 wln 1790 *He takes it and stamps upon it.*  
 wln 1791 *theridamas* He stamps it under his feet my Lord.  
 wln 1792 *tamburlaine* Take it up Villain and eat it, or I will make  
 wln 1793 thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes,  
 wln 1794 and eat them.  
 wln 1795 *usumcasane* Nay, ’twere better he killed his wife, and then she shall

wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798  
wln 1799  
wln 1800  
wln 1801  
wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811  
wln 1812

img: 32-b  
sig: D8r

wln 1814  
wln 1815  
wln 1816  
wln 1817  
wln 1818  
wln 1819  
wln 1820  
wln 1821  
wln 1822  
wln 1823  
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wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844

be sure not to be starved, and he be provided for a month's victual beforehand.

*tamburlaine* Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

*theridamas* Dost thou think that *Mahomet* will suffer this

*techelles* 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

*tamburlaine* Go to, fall to your meat: what not a bit? belike he hath not been watered today, give him some drink.

*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*

Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat.  
How now *zenocrate*, doth not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?

*Zenocrate* Yes, my Lord.

*theridamas* Methinks, 'tis a great deal better than a consort of music.

*tamburlaine* Yet music would do well to cheer up *zenocrate*: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice: but why is it?

*Zenocrate* My lord, to see my father's town besieged, The country wasted where myself was born, How can it but afflict my very soul? If any love remain in you my Lord, Or if my love unto your majesty May merit favor at your highness' hands, Then raise your siege from fair *Damascus*' walls, And with my father take a friendly truce.

*tamburlaine* *Zenocrate*, were Egypt *Jove*'s own land, Yet would I with my sword make *Jove* to stoop, I will confute those blind Geographers That make a triple region in the world, Excluding Regions which I mean to trace, And with this pen reduce them to a Map. Calling the Provinces, Cities and towns After my name and thine *zenocrate*: Here at *Damascus* will I make the Point That shall begin the Perpendicular. And wouldst thou have me buy thy Father's love With such a loss? Tell me *zenocrate*?

*Zenocrate* Honor still weight on happy *tamburlaine*: Yet give me leave to plead for him my Lord.

*Tamburlaine* Content thyself, his person shall be safe. And all the friends of fair *Zenocrate*, If with their lives they will be pleased to yield, Or may be forced to make me Emperor. For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

img: 33-a  
sig: D8v

wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848  
wln 1849  
wln 1850  
wln 1851  
wln 1852  
wln 1853  
wln 1854  
wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859

Feed you slave, thou may'st think thyself happy to be  
fed from my trencher.  
*Bajazeth* My empty stomach full of idle heat,  
Draws bloody humors from my feeble parts,  
Preserving life, by hasting cruel death.  
My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry,  
My joints benumbed, unless I eat, I die.  
*Zabina* Eat *Bajazeth*, Let us live in spite of them,  
Looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.  
*tamburlaine* Here Turk, wilt thou have a clean trencher?  
*Bajazeth* Ay Tyrant, and more meat.  
*tamburlaine* Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating  
will make you surfeit.  
*theridamas* So it would my lord, specially having so small  
a walk, and so little exercise.

wln 1860

*Enter a second course of Crowns.*

wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874

*tamburlaine* *Theridamas*, *techelles* and *Casane*, here are  
the cates you desire to finger, are they not?  
*theridamas* Ay (my Lord) but none save kings must feed  
with these.  
*techelles* 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for *tamburlaine*  
only to enjoy them.  
*tamburlaine* Well, Here is now to the Soldan of *Egypt*  
the King of *Arabia*, and the **Governor** of *Damascus*.  
Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory  
Kings.  
I crown you here (*Theridamas*) King of *Argier*:  
*Techelles* King of *Fez*, and *Usumcasane* King of  
*Moroccus*. How say you to this (Turk) these are not  
your contributory kings.

img: 33-b  
sig: E1r

wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887

*Bajazeth* Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.  
*tamburlaine* Kings of *Argier*, *Moroccus*, and of *Fez*.  
You that have marched with happy *Tamburlaine*,  
As far as from the frozen place of heaven.  
Unto the wat'ry morning's ruddy hour.  
And thence by land unto the Torrid Zone,  
Deserve these titles I endow you with.  
By value and by magnanimity.  
Your births shall be no blemish to your fame.  
For virtue is the fount whence honor springs.  
And they are worthy she investeth kings.  
*theridamas* And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,  
If we deserve them not with higher meeds

wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898

Then erst our states and actions have retained,  
Take them away again and make us slaves.  
*Tamburlaine* Well said *Theridamas*, when holy Fates  
Shall 'stablish me in strong *Egyptia*.  
We mean to travel to th' Antarctic Pole,  
Conquering the people underneath our feet.  
And be renowned, as never Emperors were.  
*zenocrate*, I will not crown thee yet,  
Until with greater honors I be graced.  
*Finis Actus quarti.*  
*Actus: 5. Scaena. 1.*

wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904

*The Governor of Damasco, with three or four  
Citizens, and four Virgins with branches  
of Laurel in their hands.*

*Governor.*  
still doth this man or rather God of war,  
Batter our walls, and beat our Turrets down

img: 34-a  
sig: E1v

wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909  
wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927  
wln 1928  
wln 1929  
wln 1930  
wln 1931  
wln 1932  
wln 1933  
wln 1934

And to resist with longer stubbornness,  
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's soldan's power,  
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,  
And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives:  
We see his tents have now been altered,  
With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue:  
His coal-black colors everywhere advanced,  
Threaten our city with a general spoil:  
And if we should with common rites of Arms,  
Offer our safeties to his clemency,  
I fear the custom proper to his sword,  
Which he observes as parcel of his fame:  
Intending so to terrify the world,  
By any innovation or remorse,  
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths,  
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,  
Whose honors and whose lives rely on him:  
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers  
Their blubbered cheeks and hearty humble moans  
Will melt his fury into some remorse:  
And use us like a loving Conqueror.  
*Virgin* If humble suits or imprecations,  
(uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood,  
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our Sex.  
Some made your wives, and some your children)  
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts.  
To entertain some care of our securities.  
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,  
These more than dangerous warrants of our death  
Had never been erected as they be,

wln 1935  
wln 1936

img: 34-b  
sig: E2r

wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940  
wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965

Nor you depend on such weak helps as we  
*Governor* Well, lovely Virgins, think our country's care

Our love of honor loath to be enthralled  
To foreign powers, and rough imperious yokes:  
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,  
Before all hope of rescue were denied,  
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.  
Therefore in that your safeties and our own  
Your honors, liberties and lives were weighed  
In equal care and balance with our own,  
Endure as we the malice of our stars.  
The wrath of *Tamburlaine*, and power of wars.  
Or be the means the overweighing heavens  
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes.  
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.  
2. *Virgin* Then here before the majesty of heaven,  
And holy *Patrons of Egyptia*,  
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat,  
Grace to our words and pity to our looks  
That this device may prove propitious,  
And through the eyes and ears of *tamburlaine*,  
Convey events of mercy to his heart:  
Grant that these signs of victory we yield  
May bind the temples of his conquering head,  
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,  
And shadow his displeased countenance,  
With happy looks of ruth and lenity,  
Leave us my Lord, and loving countrymen,  
What simple Virgins may persuade, we will.  
*Governor* Farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return  
Depends our city, liberty, and lives. *Exeunt.*

img: 35-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1966  
  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978

*Actus. 5. Scaena. 2.*

*Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Usumcasane,*  
*with others: Tamburlaine all in black, and very*  
*melancholy.*

*Tamburlaine*

WHAT, are the Turtles frayed out of their  
nests?  
Alas poor fools, must you be first shall feel  
The sworn destruction of *Damascus*.  
They know my custom: could they not as well  
Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags  
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams  
Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes:

wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983  
wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
wln 1994  
wln 1995  
wln 1996

img: 35-b  
sig: E3r

As now when fury and incensed hate  
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents.  
And tells for truth, submissions comes too late.  
    *1. Virgin.* Most happy King and Emperor of the  
    earth.  
Image of Honor and Nobility.  
For whom the Powers divine have made the world.  
And on whose throne the holy Graces sit.  
In whose sweet person is comprised the Sum  
Of nature's Skill and heavenly majesty.  
Pity our plights, O pity poor *Damascus*:  
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs  
Honor and reverence evermore have reigned,  
Pity the marriage bed, where many a Lord  
In prime and glory of his loving joy.  
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood,  
The jealous body of his fearful wife,  
Whose cheeks and hearts so punished with conceit,

wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010  
wln 2011  
wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
wln 2018  
wln 2019  
wln 2020  
wln 2021  
wln 2022  
wln 2023  
wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026

To think thy puissant never-stayed arm  
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls  
From heavens of comfort, yet their age might bear,  
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,  
As well for grief our ruthless Governor  
Have thus refused the mercy of thy hand,  
(Whose sceptre Angels kiss, and Furies dread)  
As for their liberties, their loves or lives,  
O then for these, and such as we ourselves,  
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,  
That never nourished thought against thy rule,  
Pity, O pity, (sacred Emperor)  
The prostrate service of this wretched town.  
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath,  
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,  
And wished as worthy subjects happy means,  
To be investors of thy royal brows,  
Even with the true Egyptian Diadem.  
    *tamburlaine* Virgins, in vain ye labor to prevent  
That which mine honor swears shall be performed:  
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?  
    *Virgin* Nothing but fear and fatal steel my Lord.  
    *tamburlaine* Your fearful minds are thick and misty then  
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death.  
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.  
But I am pleased you shall not see him there,  
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears:  
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.  
*Techelles*, straight go charge a few of them  
To charge these Dames, and show my servant death:

wln 2027

wln 2028

img: 36-a  
sig: E3v

Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.

*Omnes.* O pity us.

wln 2029

*tamburlaine* Away with them I say and show them death.

wln 2030

*They take them away.*

wln 2031

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.

wln 2032

Nor change my Martial observations,

wln 2033

For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves.

wln 2034

Or for the love of *Venus*, would she leave

wln 2035

The angry God of Arms, and lie with me.

wln 2036

They have refused the offer of their lives,

wln 2037

And know my customs are as peremptory

wln 2038

As wrathful Planets, death, or destiny.

wln 2039

*Enter Techelles.*

wln 2040

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

wln 2041

*techelles* They have my Lord, and on *Damascus*' walls

wln 2042

Have hoist up their slaughtered carcasses.

wln 2043

*tamburlaine* A sight as baneful to their souls I think

wln 2044

As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate.

wln 2045

But go my Lords, put the rest to the sword.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2046

Ah fair *Zenocrate*, divine *Zenocrate*,

wln 2047

Fair is too foul an Epithet for thee,

wln 2048

That in thy passion for thy country's love,

wln 2049

And fear to see thy kingly Father's harm,

wln 2050

With hair disheveled wip'st thy watery cheeks:

wln 2051

And like to *Flora* in her morning's pride,

wln 2052

Shaking her silver **tresses** in the air.

wln 2053

Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,

wln 2054

And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,

wln 2055

Where Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,

wln 2056

And comments volumes with her Ivory pen:

wln 2057

Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,

wln 2058

Eyes when that *Ebena* steps to heaven.

wln 2059

In silence of thy solemn Evening's walk.

wln 2060

Making the mantle of the richest night.

img: 36-b  
sig: C4r

wln 2061

The Moon, the Planets, and the Meteors light,

wln 2062

There Angels in their crystal armors fight

wln 2063

A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,

wln 2064

For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life:

wln 2065

His life that so consumes *Zenocrate*,

wln 2066

Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,

wln 2067

Than all my Army to *Damascus*' walls.

wln 2068

And neither Persians Sovereign, nor the Turk

wln 2069

Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,

wln 2070

So much by much, as doth *zenocrate*.

wln 2071

What is beauty saith my sufferings then?



wln 2072  
wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075  
wln 2076  
wln 2077  
wln 2078  
wln 2079  
wln 2080  
wln 2081  
wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092

img: 37-a  
sig: E4v

If all the pens that ever poets held,  
Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
Their minds, and muses on admired themes:  
If all the heavenly Quintessence they still  
From their immortal flowers of Poesy,  
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive  
The highest reaches of a human wit.  
If these had made one Poem's period  
And all combined in Beauty's worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,  
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,  
Which into words no virtue can digest:  
But how unseemly is it for my Sex  
My discipline of arms and Chivalry,  
My nature and the terror of my name.  
To harbor thoughts effeminate and faint?  
Save only that in Beauty's just applause,  
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched.  
And every warrior that is rapt with love,  
Of fame, of valor, and of victory

wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107

Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits,  
I thus conceiving and subduing both:  
That which hath stopped the tempest of the Gods,  
Even from the fiery spangled veil of heaven,  
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,  
And march in cottages of strewed weeds,  
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,  
That Virtue solely is the sum of glory,  
And fashions men with true nobility.  
Who's within there?

*Enter two or three.*

Hath *Bajazeth* been fed today?

*Anippe* Ay, my Lord.

*tamburlaine* Bring him forth, and let us know if the town  
be ransacked.

wln 2108

*Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane and others.*

wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116

*techelles* The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply  
Of conquest, and of spoil is offered us:

*tamburlaine* That's well *techelles*, what's the news?

*techelles* The Soldan and the Arabian king together  
March on us with such eager violence,  
As if there were no way but one with us.

*tamburlaine* No more there is not I warrant thee *techelles*  
*They bring in the Turk.*

wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122

img: 37-b  
sig: E5r

*theridamas* We know the victory is ours my Lord,  
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,  
For fair *Zenocrate*, that so laments his state.  
*tamburlaine* That will we chiefly see unto, *theridamas*.  
For sweet *zenocrate*, whose worthiness  
Deserves a conquest over every heart:

wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149  
wln 2150  
wln 2151  
wln 2152  
wln 2153  
wln 2154

And now my footstool, if I lose the field,  
You hope of liberty and restitution:  
Here let him stay my masters from the tents,  
Till we have made us ready for the field.  
Pray for us *Bajazeth*, we are going. *Exeunt.*  
*Bajazeth* Go, never to return with victory:  
Millions of men encompass thee about.  
And gore thy body with as many wounds,  
Sharp forked arrows light upon thy horse:  
Furies from the black *Cocytus* ' lake,  
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands,  
Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes.  
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin.  
And every bullet dipped in poisoned drugs,  
Or roaring Cannons sever all thy joints.  
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soar.  
*zabina* Let all the swords and Lances in the field,  
Stick in his breast, as in their proper rooms,  
At every pore let blood come dropping forth.  
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart.  
And madness send his damned soul to hell.  
*Bajazeth* Ah fair *zabina*, we may curse his power,  
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,  
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,  
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods.  
More than Cimmerian *Styx* or Destiny:  
And then shall we in this detested guise,  
With shame, with hunger, and with horror aye  
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,  
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.  
*zabina* Then is there left no *Mahomet*, no God,  
No Fiend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?

img: 38-a  
sig: E5v

wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161

To our infamous monstrous slaveries:  
Gape earth, and let the Fiend's infernal view,  
As hell, as hopeless and as full of fear  
As are the blasted banks of *Erebus*:  
Where shaking ghosts with ever howling groans,  
Hover about the ugly Ferryman, to get a passage to *Elysian*  
why should we live, O wretches, beggars slaves

wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178  
wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181  
wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186

img: 38-b  
sig: E6r

Why live we *Bajazeth*, and build up nests,  
So high within the region of the air,  
By living long in this oppression,  
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn.  
The former triumphs of our mightiness,  
In this obscure infernal servitude?  
*Bajazeth* O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,  
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,  
Which fills the nooks of Hell with standing air,  
Infecting all the Ghosts with cureless griefs:  
O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,  
That sees my crown, my honor and my name,  
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief.  
Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams,  
And sink not quite into my tortured soul.  
You see my wife, my Queen and Empress,  
Brought up and propped by the hand of fame,  
Queen of fifteen contributory Queens,  
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,  
Smeared with blots of basest drudgery:  
And Villeiness to shame, disdain, and misery:  
Accursed *Bajazeth*, whose words of ruth,  
That would with pity cheer *Zabina's* heart:  
And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears,  
Sharp hunger bites upon and gripes the root:

wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
wln 2196  
wln 2197  
wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201  
wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209

From whence the issues of my thoughts do break,  
O poor *zabina*, O my Queen, my Queen,  
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,  
To cool and comfort me with longer date,  
That in the short'ned sequel of my life,  
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms,  
With words of love: whose moaning intercourse  
Hath hitherto been stayed, with wrath and hate  
Of our expressless banned inflictions inflictions:  
*zabina* Sweet *Bajazeth*, I will prolong thy life,  
As long as any blood or spark of breath  
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.  
*She goes out:*  
*Bajazeth* Now *Bajazeth*, abridge thy baneful days,  
And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head:  
Since other means are all forbidden me,  
That may be ministers of my decay.  
O highest Lamp of everliving *Jove*,  
Accursed day infected with my griefs,  
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,  
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens,  
Let ugly darkness with her rusty coach  
Engirt with tempests wrapped in pitchy clouds,

wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213  
wln 2214  
wln 2215  
wln 2216  
wln 2217  
wln 2218  
wln 2219

img: 39-a  
sig: E6v

Smother the earth with never-fading mists:  
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe  
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunderclaps:  
That in this terror *tamburlaine* may live.  
And my pined soul resolved in liquid **ay**,  
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts.  
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold,  
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,  
And make a passage for my loathed life.  
*He brains himself against the cage.*

wln 2220  
wln 2221  
wln 2222  
wln 2223  
wln 2224  
wln 2225  
wln 2226  
wln 2227  
wln 2228  
wln 2229  
wln 2230  
wln 2231  
wln 2232  
wln 2233  
wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236

*Enter Zabina.*  
*zabina* What do mine eyes behold, my husband dead?  
His Skull all riven in twain, his brains dashed out?  
The brains of *Bajazeth*, my Lord and Sovereign?  
O *Bajazeth*, my husband and my Lord,  
O *Bajazeth*, O Turk, O Emperor, give him his liquor  
Not I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him  
again, tear me in pieces, give me the sword with a  
ball of wildfire upon it. Down with him, down with  
him. Go to my child, away, away, away. Ah, save that  
Infant, save him, save him. I, even I speak to her, the  
Sun was down. Streamers white. Red, Black, here  
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. *Tamburlaine*,  
*tamburlaine*, Let the soldiers be buried. Hell, death,  
*tamburlaine*, Hell, make ready my Coach, my chair, my  
jewels, I come, I come, I come.  
*She runs against the Cage and brains herself*

wln 2237

*Zenocrate with Anippe,*

wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249

Wretched *Zenocrate*, that livest to see,  
*Damascus*' walls dyed with Egyptian blood.  
Thy Father's subjects and thy countrymen:  
Thy streets strewed with dissevered joints of men,  
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.  
But most accursed, to see the Sun-bright troop  
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,  
Whose looks might make the angry God of arms,  
To break his sword, and mildly treat of love,  
On horsemen's Lances to be hoisted up,  
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death.  
For every fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

img: 39-b  
sig: E7r

wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252

That stamped on others with their thund'ring hooves  
When all their riders charged their quivering spears  
Began to check the ground, and rein themselves:

wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281

img: 40-a  
sig: E7v

wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300

Gazing upon the beauty of their looks:  
Ah *Tamburlaine*, wert thou the cause of this  
That term'st *Zenocrate* thy dearest love?  
Whose lives were dearer to *Zenocrate*  
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love.  
But see another bloody spectacle.  
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,  
How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,  
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth?  
See, see *Anippe* if they breathe or no.  
*Anippe* No breath nor sense, nor motion in them both  
Ah Madam, this their slavery hath Enforced,  
And ruthless cruelty of *Tamburlaine*.  
*Zenocrate* Earth cast up fountains from thy entrails,  
And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths:  
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief:  
Blush heaven, that gave them honor at their birth,  
And let them die a death so barbarous.  
Those that are proud of fickle Empery,  
And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp:  
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.  
Ah *tamburlaine*, my love, sweet *tamburlaine*,  
That fights for Sceptres and for slippery crowns,  
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,  
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,  
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows,  
And yet wouldst shun the wavering turns of war,  
In fear and feeling of the like distress,  
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.

Ah mighty *Jove* and holy *Mahomet*,  
Pardon my Love, oh pardon his contempt,  
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pity,  
And let not conquest ruthlessly pursued  
Be equally against his life incensed,  
In this great Turk and hapless Emperesse.  
And pardon me that was not moved with ruth,  
To see them live so long in misery:  
Ah what may chance to thee *zenocrate*?  
*Anippe* Madam content yourself and be resolved,  
Your Love hath fortune so at his command,  
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,  
As long as life maintains his mighty arm,  
That fights for honor to adorn your head.  
*Enter a Messenger.*  
*Zenocrate* What other heavy news now brings *Philemus*?  
*Philemus* Madam, your father and th' *Arabian* king,  
The first affecter of your excellence,  
Comes now as *Turnus* 'gainst *Aeneas* did.

wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305  
wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313

img: 40-b  
sig: E8r

Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,  
Ready for battle 'gainst my Lord the King.  
*Zenocrate* Now shame and duty, love and fear presents  
A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul:  
Whom should I wish the fatal victory,  
When my poor pleasures are divided thus,  
And racked by duty from my cursed heart:  
My father and my first betrothed love,  
Must fight against my life and present love:  
Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,  
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.  
But as the Gods to end the Trojans' toil,  
Prevented *Turnus* of *Lavinia*.

wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322

And fatally enriched *Aeneas*' love.  
So for a final Issue to my griefs,  
To pacify my country and my love,  
Must *Tamburlaine* by their resistless powers,  
With virtue of a gentle victory,  
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,  
Then as the powers divine have preordained,  
With happy safety of my father's life,  
Send like defense of fair *Arabia*.

wln 2323  
wln 2324  
wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
wln 2328  
wln 2329  
wln 2330  
wln 2331  
wln 2332  
wln 2333  
wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344

*They sound to the battle.*  
*And Tamburlaine enjoys the victory, after Arabia*  
*enters wounded.*

*Arabia* What cursed power guides the murdering hands,  
Of this infamous Tyrant's soldiers.  
That no escape may save their enemies:  
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory.  
Lie down *Arabia*, wounded to the death,  
And let *Zenocrate*'s fair eyes behold  
That as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms.  
Even so for her thou diest in these arms:  
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.  
*zenocrate* Too dear a witness for such love my Lord,  
Behold *Zenocrate*, the cursed object  
Whose Fortunes never mastered her griefs:  
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,  
As much as thy fair body is for me.  
*Arabia* Then shall I die with full contented heart,  
Having beheld divine *Zenocrate*,  
Whose sight with joy would take away my life,  
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,  
If I had not been wounded as I am.

img: 41-a  
sig: E8v

wln 2345 Ah that the deadly pangs I suffer now,  
wln 2346 Would lend an hour's license to my tongue:  
wln 2347 To make discourse of some sweet accidents  
wln 2348 Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage.  
wln 2349 And that I might be privy to the state,  
wln 2350 Of thy deserved contentment and thy love:  
wln 2351 But making now a virtue of thy sight,  
wln 2352 To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul:  
wln 2353 Since Death denies me further cause of joy.  
wln 2354 Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies.  
wln 2355 Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

wln 2356 *Enter Tamburlaine leading the Soldan, Techelles,*  
wln 2357 *Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others.*

wln 2358 *Tamburlaine* Come happy Father of *Zenocrate*,  
wln 2359 A title higher than thy Soldan's name:  
wln 2360 Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee  
wln 2361 Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.  
wln 2362 She that hath calmed the fury of my sword.  
wln 2363 Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood,  
wln 2364 As vast and deep as *Euphrates* or *Nile*.  
wln 2365 *Zenocrate* O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul.  
wln 2366 To see the king my Father issue safe,  
wln 2367 From dangerous battle of my conquering Love.  
wln 2368 *Soldan* Well met my only dear *Zenocrate*,  
wln 2369 Though with the loss of Egypt and my Crown.  
wln 2370 *tamburlaine* 'Twas I my lord that gat the victory,  
wln 2371 And therefore grieve not at your overthrow.  
wln 2372 Since I shall render all into your hands.  
wln 2373 And add more strength to your dominions  
wln 2374 Then ever yet confirmed th' Egyptian Crown.

img: 41-b  
sig: F1r

wln 2375 The God of war resigns his room to me,  
wln 2376 Meaning to make me General of the world,  
wln 2377 *Jove* viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,  
wln 2378 Fearing my power should pull him from his throne,  
wln 2379 Where'er I come the fatal sisters sweat,  
wln 2380 And grisly death by running to and fro,  
wln 2381 To do their ceaseless homage to my sword:  
wln 2382 And here in Afric where it seldom rains,  
wln 2383 Since I arrived with my triumphant host,  
wln 2384 Have swelling clouds drawn from wide gasping  
wln 2385 wounds.  
wln 2386 Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,  
wln 2387 A meteor that might terrify the earth,  
wln 2388 And make it quake at every drop it drinks:  
wln 2389 Millions of souls sit on the banks of *Styx*,  
wln 2390 Waiting the back return of *Charon's* boat,

wln 2391  
wln 2392  
wln 2393  
wln 2394  
wln 2395  
wln 2396  
wln 2397  
wln 2398  
wln 2399  
wln 2400  
wln 2401  
wln 2402  
wln 2403  
wln 2404  
wln 2405  
wln 2406

img: 42-a  
sig: Flv

Hell and *Elysian* swarm with ghosts of men,  
That I have sent from sundry foughten fields.  
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven:  
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,  
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet,  
The Turk and his great Empress as it seems,  
Left to themselves while we were at the fight.  
Have desperately dispatched their slavish lives:  
With them *Arabia* too hath left his life,  
All sights of power to grace my victory:  
And such are objects fit for *Tamburlaine*.  
Wherein as in a mirror may be seen,  
His honor, that consists in shedding blood,  
When men presume to manage arms with him.  
*Soldan* Mighty hath God and *Mahomet* made thy hand  
(Renowned *tamburlaine*) to whom all kings

wln 2407  
wln 2408  
wln 2409  
wln 2410  
wln 2411  
wln 2412  
wln 2413  
wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417  
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wln 2419  
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wln 2433  
wln 2434  
wln 2435  
wln 2436  
wln 2437  
wln 2438

Of force must yield their crowns and Emperies,  
And I am pleased with this my overthrow:  
If as beseems a person of thy state,  
Thou hast with honor used *Zenocrate*.  
*tamburlaine* Her state and person wants no pomp you see,  
And for all blot of foul in chastity,  
I record heaven, her heavenly self is clear:  
Then let me find no further time to grace  
Her princely Temples with the Persian crown:  
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:  
And have been crowned for proved worthiness,  
Even by this hand that shall establish them,  
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,  
Invest her here my Queen of *Persia*,  
What saith the noble *Soldan* and *Zenocrate*?  
*Soldan* I yield with thanks and protestations  
Of endless honor to thee for her love.  
*Tamburlaine* Then doubt I not but fair *Zenocrate*  
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.  
*Zenocrate* Else should I much forget myself, my Lord,  
*Theridamas* Then let us set the crown upon her head,  
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.  
*Techelles* My hand is ready to perform the deed,  
For now her marriage time shall work us rest:  
*Usumcasane* And here's the crown my Lord, help set it on  
*Tamburlaine* Then sit thou down divine *Zenocrate*,  
And here we crown thee Queen of *Persia*,  
And all the kingdoms and dominions  
That late the power of *Tamburlaine* subdued:  
As Juno, when the Giants were suppressed,  
That darted mountains at her brother *Jove*:  
So looks my Love, shadowing in her brows



wln 2439 Triumphs and Trophies for my victories:  
wln 2440 Or as *Latona's* daughter bent to arms,  
wln 2441 Adding more courage to my conquering mind,  
wln 2442 To gratify the sweet *zenocrate*,  
wln 2443 Egyptians, Moors and men of Asia,  
wln 2444 From *Barbary* unto the Western *Indie*,  
wln 2445 Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Sire.  
wln 2446 And from the bounds of *Afric* to the banks  
wln 2447 Of *Ganges*, shall his mighty arm extend.  
wln 2448 And now my Lords and loving followers,  
wln 2449 That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,  
wln 2450 Cast off your armor, put on scarlet robes.  
wln 2451 Mount up your royal places of estate,  
wln 2452 Environed with troops of noble men,  
wln 2453 And there make laws to rule your provinces:  
wln 2454 Hang up your weapons on *Alcides'* post,  
wln 2455 For *Tamburlaine* takes truce with all the world.  
wln 2456 Thy first betrothed, Love *Arabia*,  
wln 2457 Shall we with honor (as beseems) entomb,  
wln 2458 With this great Turk and his fair Emperesse:  
wln 2459 Then after all these solemn Exequies,  
wln 2460 We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize.

wln 2461  
wln 2462

*Finis Actus quinti et ultimi huius  
primae partis.*

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## Textual Notes

1. **1 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *Tamburlaine* is supplied for the original *Tamburlain[·]*.
2. **32 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *thee* is supplied for the original *th[·]*.
3. **48 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *upon* is amended from the original *vpon*.
4. **265 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *Stretching* is amended from the original *Stretthing*.
5. **370 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Tamburlaine* is amended from the original *Taburlain*.
6. **405 (9-b)**: The regularized reading *renowned* is amended from the original *renowmed*.
7. **456 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *renowned* is amended from the original *renowmed*.
8. **473 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *with* is amended from the original *wth*.
9. **490 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *So* is amended from the original *Sa*.
10. **501 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Thirsting* is amended from the original *Thirsting*.
11. **508 (11-b)**: The regularized reading *snowy* comes from the original *snowy*, though possible variants include *sinewy*.
12. **624 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *equally* is amended from the original *equally*.
13. **629 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *when* is amended from the original *whe*.
14. **827 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *attemptless* is amended from the original *attemplesse*.
15. **1005 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *highest* is amended from the original *higest*.
16. **1108 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *enjoy* is amended from the original *eiroy*.
17. **1688 (30-b)**: The regularized reading *presumptuous* is amended from the original *presumotuous*.
18. **1868 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *Governor* is amended from the original *Gouernout*.
19. **2052 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *tresses* is amended from the original *treshes*.
20. **2214 (38-b)**: The regularized reading *ay* comes from the original *ay*, though possible variants include *air*.