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Tamburlaine
the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepherd,
by his rare and wonderful Conquests,
became a most puissant and mighty
Monarch.

And (for his tyranny, and terror in
War) was termed,
The Scourge of God.

Divided into two Tragical Discourses,
as they were sundry times
showed upon Stages in the City
of London.

By the right honorable the Lord
Admiral, his servants.

Now first, and newly published.

LONDON.
Printed by Richard Jones: at the sign
of the Rose and Crown near Holborn
Bridge. 1590.

To the Gentlemen Readers:
and others that take pleasure
in reading Histories.

GEntlemen, and courteous Readers whosoever:
I have here published in print for
your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of
the Scythian Shepherd, Tamburlaine, that
became so great a Conqueror, and so mighty
a Monarch: My hope is, that they will be now
no less acceptable unto you to read after your
serious affairs and studies, than they have been
(lately) delightful for many of you to see, when
the same were showed in London upon stages:
I have (purposely) omitted and left out some
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 mixed up in print with such matter of worth, it would

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.

Yours, most humble at commandment,

R. J. Printer

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

The Prologue.

From jigging 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.

Actus. 1. Scaena. 1.

Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Ceneus, with others.
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 (misled 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,
Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captive to your Highness throne,

\textit{Mycetes} Full true thou speakest, and like thyself my lord
Whom I may term a \textit{Damon} for thy love.
Therefore ’tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?

\textit{Cosroe} It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

\textit{Mycetes} Then hear thy charge, valiant \textit{Theridamas}
The chiepest Captain of Mycetes’ host,
The hope of \textit{Persia}, and the very legs
Whereon our state doth lean, as on a staff,
That holds us up, and foils our neighbor foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain,
Have sworn the death of wicked \textit{Tamburlaine}.
Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir \textit{Paris} with the Grecian Dame,
Return with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is frail, and we may die today.

\textit{Theridamas} Before the Moon renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Sovereign,
But \textit{Tamburlaine}, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercy at your highness’ feet.

\textit{Mycetes} Go, stout \textit{Theridamas}, thy words are swords
And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All laden with the heads of killed men,

And from their knees, even to their hooves below,
Besmeared with blood, that makes a dainty show.

\textit{Theridamas} Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave. \textit{Exit.}

\textit{Mycetes} \textit{Theridamas} farewell ten thousand times,
Ah, \textit{Menaphon}, why stayest thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown:
Go \textit{Menaphon}, go into \textit{Scythia},
And foot by foot follow \textit{Theridamas}:

\textit{Cosroe} Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater
Fits \textit{Menaphon}, than warring with a Thief:
Create him Prorex of \textit{Africa},
That he may win the Babylonians’ hearts,
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.
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 contumacious 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.

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

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 malicious 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,

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,
Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scaena. 2:

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

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,
(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.
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

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.

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.

And making thee and me Techelles, kings,
That even to death will follow 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.

The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.

Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop’st to be eternized,
By living Asia’s mighty Emperor.

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,
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
The Soldiers enter.

Enter Theridamas with others.

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.

Tamburlaine  Then shall we fight courageously with them.

Techelles  Come let us march.

Tamburlaine  Stay Techelles, ask a parley first,
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.

Enter Theridamas with others.

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.

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.

Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,

If outward habit judge the inward man,

Techelles  His deep affections make him passionate.
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 pathetical.

Tamburlaine   Nor are Apollo’s Oracles more true,
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
tamburlaine  For you then Madam, I am out of doubt

Zenocrate  I must be pleased perforce, wretched

Zenocrate.

Actus. 2. Scaena. 1.

Cosro, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with
other Soldiers.

Cosro.

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 yields 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,

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.

Cosro  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:
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.

    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.

Act. 2. Scaena. 2,

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,
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.

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,
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 carcases,
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**

***Actus. 2. Scaena. 3.***

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

*Cosroe.*

NOW worthy *Tamburlaine*, have I reposed,
In thy approved Fortunes all my hope,
What think’st thou man, shall come of our attempts.
For even as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

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

For Fates and Oracles, heaven have sworn,
To royalize the deeds of *tamburlaine*:
And make them blessed that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not, but if you favor me,
And let my Fortunes and my valor sway,
To some direction in your martial deeds,
The world will strive with hosts of men at arms.
To swarm unto the Ensign I support,
The host of *Xerxes*, which by fame is said
To drink the mighty Parthian *Araris*,
Was but a handful to that we will have.
Our quivering Lances shaking in the air,
And bullets like *Jove’s* dreadful Thunderbolts,
enrolled in flames and fiery smoldering mists,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopian wars,
And with our Sun-bright armor as we march,
We’ll chase the Stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.
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.

techeles  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 techeles 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 techeles 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,
Enter Tamburlaine.

Sound trumpets to the battle, and he runs in.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander, Ortygius, Techelles. Usumcasane,

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 cloths 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.

Sound trumpets to the battle, and he runs in.
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.
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.

Menant 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.

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

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.

Actus. 2. Scaena. 6.

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

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,

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.
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, Theridasas, tamburlaine, Techelles,
Usumcasane, with others.

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

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.
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.

*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.

He takes the Crown and puts it on.

*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.

*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.
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 Grecians 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
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.

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.

Exeunt

Actus. 3. Scaena. 2.

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

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.

Which dies my looks so liveless as they are.
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agydas  Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved.
And all that pierceth Phoebe’s silver eye,
Before such hap fall to zenocrate.

zenocrate  Ah, life, and soul still hover in his Breast.
And leave my body senseless as the earth.
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with tamburlaine.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agydas  With tamburlaine? Ah fair zenocrate.
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queen.
Being supposed his worthless Concubine.
Be honored with your love, but for necessity.
So now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your Highness needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaine’s destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

Zenocrate  leave to wound me with these words.
And speak of tamburlaine as he deserves:
The entertainment we have had of him,
Is far from villainy or servitude.
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

Agydas  How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,
Only disposed to martial Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood.
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

Zenocrate  As looks the sun through Nilus’ flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her arms.
So looks my Lordly love, fair tamburlaine:
His talk much sweeter than the Muse’s song,
They sung for honor ’gainst Pierides.
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive,
And higher would I rear my estimate,
Than Juno sister to the highest God.
If I were matched with mighty tamburlaine.

Agydas  Yet be not so inconstant in your love,
But let the young Arabian live in hope,
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.
You see though first the King of Persia
(Being a Shepherd) seemed to love you much,
Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,
Those words of favor, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zenocrate    Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.

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 astonied
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapped in silence of his angry soul.

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.

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.
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.

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.

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.
Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoes and contributory Kings.

_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.

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:

Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoes and contributory Kings.

_Bajazeth_  Bassoes 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.
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.

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,
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 Carcasses

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.
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,
My royal Lord is slain or conquered.
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise.
But that he lives and will be Conqueror.

_Tamburlaine_ Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?
_Bajazeth_ Thou, by the fortune of this damned soil,
_Tamburlaine_ Where are your stout contributory kings?

_Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usuncasane._

_Techelles_ We have their crowns their bodies strew the field.
_Tamburlaine_ Each man a crown? why kingly fought i’ faith
Deliver them into my treasury.
_Zenocrate_ Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.
His royal Crown again, so highly won:
_tamburlaine_ Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, _zenocrate_
And crown me Emperor of Africa.
_Zabina_ No _tamburlaine_, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Africa.

_theridamas_ Give her the Crown Turkess you were best.

_He takes it from her, and gives it_ Zenocrate,
_zabina_ Injurious villains, thieves, runagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Majesty?
_theridamas_ Here Madam, you are Empress, she is none.
_tamburlaine_ Not now _theridamas_, her time is past:
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,
Are fall’n in clusters at my conquering feet.
_zabina_ Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:
_tamburlaine_ Not all the world shall ransom _Bajazeth_.
_Bajazeth_ Ah fair _zabina_, we have lost the field.
And never had the Turkish Emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells:
And making bonfires for my overthrow.
But ere I die those foul Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
For though the glory of this day be lost.
_Afric and Greece_ have garrisons enough
To make me Sovereign of the earth again.
_Tamburlaine_ Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great Lord of _Africa_:
So from the East unto the furthest West,
Shall _tamburlaine_ extend his puissant arm.
The Galleys and those pilling Brigandines,
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:

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, think'st 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 Turkess 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.

Actus. 4. Scaena. 1.

_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.

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,
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,
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:

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

Actus. 4. Scaena. 2.

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

Tamburlaine
BRing out my footstool.

Bajazeth Ye holy Priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heaven to frown and every fired star
To suck up poison from the moorish Fens,
And pour it in this glorious Tyrant’s throat.

tamburlaine The chiefest God first mover of that Sphere,
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven.
Then it should so conspire my overthrow.
But Villain, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth.
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.

Bajazeth First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

tamburlaine Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine:
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground.
That bears the honor of my royal weight.

Stoop villain, stoop, stoop for so he bids,
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Struck with the voice of thund’ring Jupiter.
He gets up upon him to his chair.

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.

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,

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.

techeles 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:
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.

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’ 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.

Tamburlaine  So shall he have his life, and all the rest.
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanced on my vermillion 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.

Yet would you have some pity for my sake,
Because it is my country's, and my Father's.
Not for the world Zenocrate, if I have sworn:
Come bring in the Turk.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scaena. 3,

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

Soldan.

MEnthinks 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.

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,
Exeunt.


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

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.
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.

_Enter a second course of Crowns._

_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.

_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
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.*

*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

And to resist with longer stubbornness,
Or hope of rescue from the Soldan’s soldan’s power,
Were but to bring our willful 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.
While only danger beat upon our walls,
These more than dangerous warrants of our death
Had never been erected as they be,
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 counrymen,
What simple Virgins may persuade, we will.

Governor    Farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
Depends our city, liberty, and lives.    Exeunt.
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,

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,
Where to each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wished as worthy subjects happy means,
To be investers 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:
They take them away.

Enter Techelles.

Exeunt.

Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.

Omnes. O pity us.

tamburlaine Away with them I say and show them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martial observations,
For all the wealth of Gihon’s golden waves.
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry God of Arms, and lie with me.
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful Planets, death, or destiny.

Enter Techelles.

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

techelles They have my Lord, and on Damascus’ walls

Have hoist up their slaughtered carcases.

tamburlaine A sight as baneful to their souls I think

As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate.

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

Ah fair Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Fair is too foul an Epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country’s love,
And fear to see thy kingly Father’s harm,
With hair disheveled wip’s thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her morning’s pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air.
Rain’st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments volumes with her Ivory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heaven.
In silence of thy solemn Evening’s walk.
Making the mantle of the richest night.

The Moon, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
There Angels in their crystal armors fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts,
For Egypt’s freedom and the Soldan’s life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my Army to Damascus’ walls.
And neither Persians Sovereign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil,
So much by much, as doth zenocrate.
What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
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

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?

_Here 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.

_Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane and others._

_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._
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:

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.

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.
Volleyes 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
Gripping 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?

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
She goes out:

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,
Infesting 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 Vileness 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:

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,
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.*

**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*

**Zenocrate with Anippe,**

Wretched *Zenocrate*, that livest to see,
*Damascus*’ walls dyed with Egyptian blood.
Thy Father’s subjects and thy countrymen:
Thy streets strewn 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,

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:
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.
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.

And fatally enriched Aeneas’ love.
So for a final Issue to my grieves,
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.

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

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Soldan, Techelles,
Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others.

Tamburlaine  Come happy Father of Zenocrates,
A title higher than thy Soldan’s name:
Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword.
Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood,
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

Zenocrates  O sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul.
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battle of my conquering Love.

Soldan  Well met my only dear Zenocrates,
Though with the loss of Egypt and my Crown.

Tamburlaine  ’Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow.
Since I shall render all into your hands.
And add more strength to your dominions
Then ever yet confirmed th’ Egyptian Crown.

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

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

Finis Actus quinti et ultimi huius
primae partis.
Textual Notes

1. **1 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *Tamburlaine* is supplied for the original *Tamburlainf*.
2. **32 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *thee* is supplied for the original *thf*.
3. **48 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *upon* is amended from the original *vpnnon*.
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 *wtth*.
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 *eioy*.
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*.