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



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img: 43-a

sig: F2v

ln 0001

Tamburlaine, the great.
[portrait of Tamburlaine]

img: 43-b

sig: F3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

THE SECOND PART OF

*The bloody Conquests
of mighty Tamburlaine.*

With his impassionate fury, for the death of
his Lady and love, fair Zenocrate: his form
of exhortation and discipline to his three
sons, and the manner of his own death.

wln 0008

The Prologue.

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

*The general welcomes Tamburlaine received,
When he arrived last upon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp.
And murd'rous Fates throws all his triumphs down,
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
He celebrated her said funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.*

wln 0018

Actus. 1 Scaena. 1

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

wln 0028

*Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, viceroy of
Byron, Uribassa, and their train, with drums
and trumpets.*

Orcanes-

*EGregious Viceroy of these Eastern parts
Placed by the issue of great Bajazeth:
And sacred Lord the mighty Callapine:
Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave,
Which kept his father in an iron cage:
Now have we marched from fair Natolia*

img: 44-a

sig: F3v

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

wln 0032

wln 0033

wln 0034

Two hundred leagues, and on *Danubius*' banks,
Our warlike host in complete armour rest,
Where *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What? Shall we parley with the Christian?
Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field.

wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060

img: 44-b
sig: F4r

Byron King of *Natolia*, let us treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians' blood,
And have a greater foe to fight against,
Proud *Tamburlaine*, that now in *Asia*,
Near *Guiron's* head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes:
'Gainst him my Lord must you address your power.
Uribassa Besides, king *Sigismond* hath brought
from Christendom,
More than his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes,
That with the Halberd, Lance, and murdering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Though from the shortest Northern Parallel,
Vast *Gruntland* compassed with the frozen sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as huge *Polypheme*:
Millions of Soldiers cut the Arctic line,
Bringing the strength of *Europe* to these Arms.
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,
Danubius' stream that runs to *Trebizond*,
Shall carry wrapped within his scarlet waves,
As martial presents to our friends at home.
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.
The Terrene main wherein *Danubius* falls,

wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082

Shall by this battle be the bloody Sea.
The wand'ring Sailors of proud Italy,
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tide,
Beating in heaps against their Argosies.
And make fair *Europe* mounted on her bull,
Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and wear a woeful mourning weed.
Byron Yet stout *Orcanes*, Prorex of the world,
Since *Tamburlaine* hath mustered all his men,
Marching from *Cairon* northward with his camp,
To *Alexandria*, and the frontier towns,
Meaning to make a conquest of our land:
'Tis requisite to parley for a peace
With *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*:
And save our forces for the hot assaults
Proud *Tamburlaine* intends *Natolia*.
Orcanes Viceroy of *Byron*, wisely hast thou said:
My realm, the Centre of our Empery
Once lost, All Turkey would be overthrown:
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
Slavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes
Fear not *Orcanes*, but great *Tamburlaine*.

wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092

img: 45-a
sig: F4v

Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Sorians, black Egyptians,
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
Enough to swallow forceless *Sigismond*
Yet scarce enough t'encounter *Tamburlaine*
He brings a world of people to the field,
From *Scythia* to the Oriental Plage
Of *India*, where raging *Lantchidol*

wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100

Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
That never seaman yet discovered:
All *Asia* is in Arms with *tamburlaine*,
Even from the midst of fiery *Cancer*'s Tropic,
To *Amazonia* under *Capricorn*.
And thence as far as *Archipelago*.
All *Afric* is in Arms with *tamburlaine*.
Therefore Viceroyes the Christians must have peace.

wln 0101

Act. 1 Scaena. 2,

wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122

*Sigismond, Frederick, Baldwin, and their train
with drums and trumpets.*

Sigismond

ORcanes (as our Legates promised thee)
We with our Peers have crossed *Danubius*' stream
to treat of friendly peace or deadly war:
Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans used
I here present thee with a naked sword,
Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me,
If peace, restore it to my hands again:
And I will sheathe it to confirm the same.
Orcanes Stay *Sigismond*, forget'st thou I am he
That with the Cannon shook *Vienna* walls.
And made it dance upon the Continent:
As when the massy substance of the earth,
Quiver about the Axle-tree of heaven.
Forget'st thou that I sent a shower of darts
Mingled with powdered shot and feathered steel
So thick upon the blink-eyed Burghers' heads,
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,
The king of *Boheme*, and the *Austric* Duke,

img: 45-b
sig: F5r

wln 0123
wln 0124

Sent Heralds out, which basely on their knees

wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

img: 46-a
sig: F5v

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171

In all your names desired a truce of me?
Forget'st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent:
Stamped with the princely Foul that in her wings
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of *Jove*,
How canst thou think of this and offer war?
Sigismond *Vienna* was besieged, and I was there,
Then County Palatine, but now a king:
And what we did, was in extremity:
But now *Orcanes*, view my royal host,
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the Desert of *Arabia*.
To those that stand on *Bagdad's* lofty Tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Traveller
That rests upon the snowy Apennines:
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king?
Byron Kings of *Natolia* and of *Hungary*,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,
And not to dare each other to the field:
A friendly parley might become ye both.
Frederick And we from *Europe* to the same intent,
Which if your General refuse or scorn,
Our Tents are pitched, our men stand in array.
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.
Natolia So prest are we, but yet if *Sigismond*
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
Here is his sword, let peace be ratified
On these conditions specified before,
Drawn with advice of our Ambassadors.
Sigismond Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,

Never to draw it out, or manage arms
Against thyself or thy confederates:
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.
Natolia But (*Sigismond*) confirm it with an oath,
And swear in sight of heaven and by thy Christ.
Sigismond By him that made the world and saved my
soul
The son of God and issue of a Maid,
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest,
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.
Natolia By sacred *Mahomet*, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Closed in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately *Mecca's* Temple roof,
I swear to keep this truce inviolable:
Of whose conditions, and our solemn oaths

wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

img: 46-b
sig: F6r

wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194

Signed with our hands, each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
Now *Sigismond*, if any Christian King
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
Send word, *Orcanes* of *Natolia*
Confirmed this league beyond *Danubius*' stream,
And they will (trembling) sound a quick retreat,
So am I feared among all Nations.

Sigismond If any heathen potentate or king
Invade *Natolia*, *Sigismond* will send
A hundred thousand horse trained to the war,
And backed by stout lancers of *Germany*.
The strength and sinews of the imperial seat.

Natolia I thank thee *Sigismond*, but when I war,
All *Asia Minor*, *Africa*, and *Greece*

Follow my Standard and my thund'ring Drums:
Come let us go and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chief of my army hence
To fair *Natolia*, and to *Trebizond*,
To stay my coming 'gainst proud *Tamburlaine*
Friend *Sigismond*, and peers of *Hungary*,
Come banquet and carouse with us a while,
And then depart we to our territories.

Exeunt.

wln 0195

Actus. 1 Scaena. 3

wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216

Callapine with *Almeda*, his keeper.

Callapine

Sweet *Almeda*, pity the ruthless plight
Of *Callapine*, the son of *Bajazeth*,
Born to be Monarch of the Western world:
Yet here detained by cruel *Tamburlaine*.

Almeda My Lord I pity it, and with my heart
Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign Lord, renowned *tamburlaine*.
Forbids you further liberty than this.

Callapine Ah were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words, what I'll perform in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

Almeda Not for all *Afric*, therefore move me not.

Callapine Yet hear me speak my gentle *Almeda*.

Almeda No speech to that end, by your favour sir.

Callapine By *Cario* runs.

Almeda No talk of running, I tell you sir.

Callapine A little further, gentle *Almeda*.

Almeda Well sir, what of this?

Callapine By *Cario* runs to *Alexandria* Bay,

img: 47-a
sig: F6v

wln 0217 *Darotes'* streams, wherein at anchor lies
wln 0218 A Turkish Galley of my royal fleet,
wln 0219 Waiting my coming to the river side,
wln 0220 Hoping by some means I shall be released,
wln 0221 Which when I come aboard will hoist up sail,
wln 0222 And soon put forth into the Terrene sea:
wln 0223 Where twixt the Isles of *Cyprus* and of *Crete*,
wln 0224 We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
wln 0225 Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
wln 0226 Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
wln 0227 Amongst so **many** crowns of burnished gold,
wln 0228 Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
wln 0229 A thousand Galleys manned with Christian slaves
wln 0230 I freely give thee, which shall cut the straits,
wln 0231 And bring Armadoes from the coasts of Spain,
wln 0232 Fraughted with gold of rich *America*:
wln 0233 The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
wln 0234 Skilful in music and in amorous lays:
wln 0235 As fair as was *Pygmalion's* Ivory girl,
wln 0236 Or lovely *Io* metamorphosed.
wln 0237 With naked Negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
wln 0238 And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
wln 0239 The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
wln 0240 With Turkey Carpets shall be covered:
wln 0241 And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,
wln 0242 Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
wln 0243 A hundred Bassoes clothed in crimson silk
wln 0244 Shall ride before thee on Barbarian Steeds:
wln 0245 And when thou goest, a golden Canopy
wln 0246 Enchased with precious stones, which shine as bright
wln 0247 As that fair vail that covers all the world:
wln 0248 When Phoebus leaping from his Hemisphere,

img: 47-b
sig: F7r

wln 0249 Descendeth downward to th' Antipodes.
wln 0250 And more than this, for all I cannot tell.
wln 0251 *Almeda* How far hence lies the Galley, say you?
wln 0252 *Callapine* Sweet *Almeda*, scarce half a league from
wln 0253 hence.
wln 0254 *Almeda* But need we not be spied going aboard?
wln 0255 *Callapine* Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
wln 0256 And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
wln 0257 The sails wrapped up, the mast and tacklings down,
wln 0258 She lies so close that none can find her out,
wln 0259 *Almeda* I like that well: but tell me my Lord, if I
wln 0260 should let you go, would you be as good as your
wln 0261 word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?

wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277

Callapine As I am *Callapine* the Emperor,
And by the hand of *Mahomet* I swear,
Thou shalt be crowned a king and be my mate,
Almeda Then here I swear, as I am *Almeda*,
Your Keeper under *Tamburlaine* the great,
(For that's the style and title I have yet)
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprise,
Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
And die before I brought you back again.
Callapine Thanks gentle *Almeda*, then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and ling'ring let us both.
Almeda When you will my Lord, I am ready,
Callapine even straight: and farewell cursed
Tamburlaine.
Now go I to revenge my father's death.

Exeunt

img: 48-a
sig: F7v

wln 0278

Actus. I Scaena. 4

wln 0279

*Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sons,
Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus with
drums and trumpets.*

wln 0280

wln 0281

wln 0282

Tamburlaine

wln 0283

NOW bright *zenocrate*, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air
And clothe it in a crystal livery,
Now rest thee here on fair *Larissa* Plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Between thy sons that shall be Emperors,
And every one Commander of a world.

wln 0284

wln 0285

wln 0286

wln 0287

wln 0288

wln 0289

wln 0290

wln 0291

zenocrate Sweet *tamburlaine*, when wilt thou leave these arms
And save thy sacred person free from scathe:
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war.

wln 0292

wln 0293

wln 0294

Tamburlaine When heaven shall cease to move on both the poles
and when the ground whereon my soldiers march
Shall rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,
And not before my sweet *zenocrate*:

wln 0295

wln 0296

wln 0297

wln 0298

Sit up and rest thee like a lovely Queen.

wln 0299

So, now she sits in pomp and majesty:

wln 0300

When these my sons, more **precious** in mine eyes

wln 0301

Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued:

wln 0302

Placed by her side, look on their mother's face,

wln 0303

But yet methinks their looks are amorous,

wln 0304

Not martial as the sons of *Tamburlaine*

wln 0305

Water and air being symbolised in one:

wln 0306

Argue their want of courage and of wit,

wln 0307

Their hair as white as milk and soft as Down.

Which should be like the quills of Porcupines.

wln 0309

As black as Jet, and hard as Iron or steel,

wln 0310

Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars.

wln 0311

Their fingers made to quaver on a Lute,

wln 0312

Their arms to hang about a Lady's neck:

wln 0313

Their legs to dance and caper in the air:

wln 0314

Would make me think them Bastards, not my sons,

wln 0315

But that I know they issued from thy womb,

wln 0316

That never looked on man but *Tamburlaine*.

wln 0317

zenocrate My gracious Lord, they have their mother's looks

wln 0318

But when they list, their conquering father's heart:

wln 0319

This lovely boy the youngest of the three,

wln 0320

Not long ago bestrid a Scythian Steed:

wln 0321

Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove:

wln 0322

Which when he tainted with his slender rod,

wln 0323

He reigned him straight and made him so curvet,

wln 0324

As I cried out for fear he should have fall'n,

wln 0325

Tamburlaine Well done my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance

wln 0326

Armour of proof, horse, helm, and Curtle-axe

wln 0327

And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,

wln 0328

And harmless run among the deadly pikes.

wln 0329

If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,

wln 0330

Thou shalt be made a King and reign with me.

wln 0331

Keeping in iron cages Emperors.

wln 0332

If thou exceed thy elder Brothers' worth,

wln 0333

And shine in complete virtue more than they,

wln 0334

Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed

wln 0335

Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb

wln 0336

Celebinus Yes father, you shall see me if I live,

wln 0337

Have under me as many kings as you,

wln 0338

And march with such a multitude of men,

wln 0339

As all the world shall tremble at their view.

wln 0340

tamburlaine These words assure me boy, thou art my son,

wln 0341

When I am old and cannot manage arms,

wln 0342

Be thou the scourge and terror of the world,

wln 0343

Amyras Why may not I my Lord, as well as he,

wln 0344

Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?

wln 0345

tamburlaine Be all a scourge and terror to the world,

wln 0346

Or else you are not sons of *Tamburlaine*.

wln 0347

Calyphas But while my brothers follow arms my lord

wln 0348

Let me accompany my gracious mother,

wln 0349

They are enough to conquer all the world

wln 0350

And you have won enough for me to keep.

wln 0351

tamburlaine Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's loins:

wln 0352

And not the issue of great *Tamburlaine*,

wln 0353

Of all the provinces I have subdued

wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373

img: 49-b
sig: G1r

Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear
A mind courageous and invincible:
For he shall wear the crown of *Persia*,
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most
wounds,
Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes.
And in the furrows of his frowning brows,
Harbours revenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluities
Is covered with a liquid purple veil,
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanced:
And he that means to place himself therein
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.
zenocrate My Lord, such speeches to our princely sons,
Dismays their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords.
Celebinus No Madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood,
I would prepare a ship and sail to it.

wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395

Ere I would lose the title of a king,
Amyras And I would strive to swim through pools
of blood,
Or make a bridge of murdered Carcases,
Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king.
tamburlaine Well lovely boys, you shall be Emperors both
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west:
And sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish Deputy
And all his Viceroyes, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his **Pericranium** with thy sword.
Calyphas If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel with my sword,
tamburlaine Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee
For we will march against them presently.
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promised to meet me on *Larissa* plains
With hosts apiece against this Turkish crew,
For I have sworn by sacred *Mahomet*,
To make it parcel of my Empery,
The trumpets sound *Zenocrate*, they come.

wln 0396

Actus: 1 Scaena. 5

wln 0397
wln 0398

*Enter Theridamas, and his train with Drums
and Trumpets.*

wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403

img: 50-a
sig: G1v

Tamburlaine
WELCOME *Theridamas*, king of *Argier*
Theridamas My Lord the great and mighty
Tamburlaine,
Arch-Monarch of the world, I offer here,

wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416

My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
tamburlaine Thanks good *theridamas*.
theridamas Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks
And of *Argier* and *Afric's* frontier towns,
Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms,
All which have sworn to sack *Natolia*:
Five hundred Brigandines are under sail,
Meet for your service on the sea, my Lord,
That launching from *Argier* to *Tripoli*,
Will quickly ride before *Natolia*:
And batter down the castles on the shore.
tamburlaine Well said *Argier*, receive thy crown again.

wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435

img: 50-b
sig: G2r

Actus. 1 Scaena. 6
Enter Techelles and Usumcasane together.
Tamburlaine
Kings of *Moroccus* and of *Fez*, welcome.
Usumcasane Magnificent and peerless *Tamburlaine*,
I and my neighbour King of *Fez* have brought
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
A hundred thousand expert soldiers:
From *Azamor* to *Tunis* near the sea,
Is *Barbary* unpeopled for thy sake,
And all the men in armour under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.
tamburlaine Thanks king of *Moroccus*, take your crown again.
techelles And mighty *Tamburlaine*, our earthly God,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of *Fez*,
And with an host of Moors trained to the war,
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal *Jove*

wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442

Meaning to aid them in this Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell,
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:
From strong *Tesella* unto *Biledull*,
All *Barbary* is unpeopled for thy sake.
tamburlaine Thanks king of *Fez*, take here thy crown again

wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467

img: 51-a
sig: G2v

Your presence (loving friends and fellow kings)
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy,
If all the crystal gates of *Jove's* high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight.
Now will we banquet on these plains a while,
And after march to Turkey with our Camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall
When *Boreas* rends a thousand swelling clouds,
And proud *Orcanes* of *Natolia*,
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at *Deucalion's* flood,
Were turned to men, he should be overcome:
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That *Jove* shall send his winged Messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword, and leave the field:
The Sun unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in *thetis's* watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fair *Bootes's* charge:
For half the world shall perish in this fight:
But now my friends, let me examine ye,
How have ye spent your absent time from me
Usumcasane My Lord our men of *Barbary* have marched
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,

wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490

And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more,
For since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdued the Southern *Guallatia*,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain.
We kept the narrow strait of *Gibraltar*,
And made *Canarea* call us kings and Lords,
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.
Tamburlaine They shall *Casane*, and 'tis time i' faith.
Techelles And I have marched along the river *Nile*
To *Machda*, where the mighty Christian Priest
Called *John* the great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple Mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
From thence unto *Cazates* did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I vouchsafed a league,
And with my power did march to *zanzibar*
The Western part of *Afric*, where I viewed.
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes:
But neither man nor child in all the land:
Therefore I took my course to *Manico*.

wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499

img: 51-b
sig: G3r

Where unresisted I removed my camp:
And by the coast of *Byather* at last,
I came to *Cubar*, where the Negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to *Nubia*,
There having sacked *Borno* the Kingly seat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chains
Unto *Damasco*, where I stayed before.
Tamburlaine Well done *Techelles*: what saith
Theridamas

wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519

theridamas I left the confines and the bounds of Afrique
And made a voyage into *Europe*,
Where by the river *Tyros* I subdued
Stoka, *Padalia*, and *Codemia*.
Then crossed the sea and came to *Oblia*.
And *Nigra Silva*, where the Devils dance,
Which in despite of them I set on fire
From thence I crossed the Gulf, called by the name
Mare magiore, of th' inhabitants
Yet shall my soldiers make no period
Until *Natolia* kneel before your feet.
tamburlaine Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us eats,
And glut us with the dainties of the world,
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common Soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Ay, liquid gold when we have conquered him.
Mingled with coral and with oriental pearl:
Come let us banquet and carouse the whiles. *Exeunt.*
Finis Actus primi.

wln 0520

Actus. 2 Scaena. 1

wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529

Sigismond, Frederick, Baldwin,
with their train.

Sigismond

NOW say my Lords of *Buda* and *Bohemia*,
What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?
Frederick Your Majesty remembers I am sure
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heath'nish Turks and Pagans lately made,

img: 52-a
sig: G3v

wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532

Betwixt the city *Zula* and *Danubius*
How through the midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*
And almost to the very walls of *Rome*,

wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560

img: 52-b
sig: G4r

They have not long since massacred our Camp,
It resteth now then that your **Majesty**
Take all advantages of time and power,
And work revenge upon these Infidels:
Your Highness knows for *Tamburlaine's* repair,
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest part
Of all his army, pitched against our power
Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius'* mount:
And sent them marching up to *Belgasar*,
Acantha, *Antioch*, and *Caesaria*,
To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Jerusalem*.
Now then my Lord, advantage take hereof,
And issue suddenly upon the rest:
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
We may discourage all the pagan troop,
That dare attempt to war with Christians.
Sigismond But calls not then your Grace to memory
The league we lately made with king *Orcanes*,
Confirmed by oath and Articles of peace,
And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence,
Against the grace of our profession.
Baldwin No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
We are not bound to those accomplishments,
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin:
But as the faith which they profanely plight
Is not by necessary policy,

wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581

To be esteemed assurance for ourselves,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
Our liberty of arms and victory.
Sigismond Though I confess the oaths they undertake,
Breed little strength to our security,
Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honours, and their religion,
Should not give us presumption to the like,
Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate,
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.
Frederick Assure your Grace 'tis superstition
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith:
And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to venge our Christians' death
And scourge their foul blasphemous Paganism
As fell to *Saul*, to *Balaam* and the rest,
That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the highest
And jealous anger of his fearful arm
Be poured with rigour on our sinful heads,

wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586

If we neglect this offered victory.
Sigismond Then arm my Lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
With expedition to assail the Pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given.

Exeunt

wln 0587

Actus, 2 Scaena, 2

wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591

Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa with their train.
Orcanes
GAzellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud *Orminus* ' mount

img: 53-a
sig: G4v

wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612

To fair *Natolia*, where our neighbour kings
Expect our power and our royal presence,
T'incounter with the cruel *tamburlaine*,
That nigh *Larissa* sways a mighty host,
And with the thunder of his martial tools
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heaven,
Gazellus And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores will bid him arms,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score:
Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out off the bowels of the clouds
And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crests,
And numbers more than infinite of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.
Uribassa Methinks I see how glad the christian King
Is made, for joy of your admitted truce:
That could not but before be terrified:
With unacquainted power of our host.

wln 0613

Enter a messenger.

wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621

Messenger Arm dread Sovereign and my noble Lords
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on us, and determines straight,
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.
Orcanes Traitors, villains, damned Christians,
Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we have both confirmed,

img: 53-b
sig: G5r

wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652

img: 54-a
sig: G5v

wln 0653
wln 0654

wln 0655
wln 0656

wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667

He by his Christ, and I by *Mahomet*
Gazellus Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,
And cares so little for their prophet Christ.
Orcanes Can **there** be such deceit in Christians
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:
If he be son to everliving *Jove*,
And hath the power of his outstretched arm,
If he be jealous of his name and honour,
As is our holy prophet *Mahomet*,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servant's perjury.
Open thou shining veil of *Cynthia*
And make a passage from the imperial heaven
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscribable,
But everywhere fills every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
May in his endless power and purity
Behold and venge this Traitor's perjury.
Thou Christ that art esteemed omnipotent,
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
Be now revenged upon this Traitor's soul,
And make the power I have left behind
(Too little to defend our guiltless lives)
Sufficient to discomfort and confound
The trustless force of those false Christians.

To arms my Lords, on Christ still let us cry,
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

*Sound to the battle, and Sigismond
comes out wounded.*

Sigismond Discomfited is all the Christian host,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accursed and hateful perjury.
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deserved wound,
End all my penance in my sudden death,
And let this death wherein to sin I die,
Conceive a second life in endless mercy.

*Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa,
with others.*

wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681

img: 54-b
sig: G6r

Orcanes Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ or *Mahomet* hath been my friend.

Gazellus See here the perjured traitor *Hungary*,
Bloody and breathless for his villainy.

Orcanes Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree,
Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That *zoacum*, that fruit of bitterness,
That in the midst of fire is engraft,
Yet flourisheth as *Flora* in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned Fiends,

wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705

The Devils there in chains of quenchless flame,
Shall lead his soul through *Orcus* ' burning gulf
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end:
What sayest thou yet *Gazellus* to his foil:
Which we referred to justice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of *Cynthia* to the clearest sight?

Gazellus 'Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whose power is often proved a miracle.

Orcanes Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not doing *Mahomet* an injury,
Whose power had share in this our victory:
And since this miscreant hath disgraced his faith,
And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,
We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
Amidst these plains, for Fowls to pray upon.
Go *Uribassa*, give it straight in charge.

Uribassa I will my Lord.

Exit Uribassa

Orcanes And now *Gazellus*, let us haste and meet
Our Army and our brother of *Jerusalem*,
Of *Soria*, *Trebizond* and *Amasia*,
And happily with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate.

Exeunt.

wln 0706

Actus. 2 Scaena ultima.

wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711

*The Arras is drawn and Zenocrate lies in her bed
of state, Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Physicians
about her bed, tempering potions. Theridamas,
Techelles, Usumcasane, and the three
sons.*

img: 55-a

wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
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wln 0728
wln 0729
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wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743

Tamburlaine,

BLack is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver waves:
Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams
And all with faintness and for foul disgrace,
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night:
Zenocrate that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their Ivory bowers,
And tempered every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose jealousy admits no second Mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As Sentinels to warn th'immortal souls,
To entertain divine *Zenocrate*.
Apollo Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine *Zenocrate*.
The crystal springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver runs through Paradise
To entertain divine *zenocrate*.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine *Zenocrate*.
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls:

wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757

Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine *Zenocrate*.
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts,
Up to the palace of th'imperial heaven:
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet *Zenocrate*:
Physicians, will no physic do her good?
Physician My Lord, your Majesty shall soon perceive
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.
tamburlaine Tell me, how fares my fair *Zenocrate*
zenocrate I fare my Lord, as other Empresses,
That when this frail and transitory flesh,
Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,

wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

img: 56-a
sig: G7v

Wanes with enforced and necessary change.
tamburlaine May never such a change transform my love
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence beautified with health,
Gives light to *Phoebus* and the fixed stars,
Whose absence make the sun and Moon as dark
As when opposed in one Diameter:
Their Spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train:
Live still my Love and so conserve my life,
Or dying, be the anchor of my death.
zenocrate Live still my Lord, O let my sovereign live,
And sooner let the fiery Element
Dissolve, and make your kingdom in the Sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happiness
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,

wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
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wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805

Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast
And fury would confound my present rest.
But let me die my Love, yet let me die,
With love and patience let your true love die:
Your grief and fury hurts my second life,
Yet let me kiss my Lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my Lord.
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
And of my Lords whose true nobility
Have merited my latest memory:
Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,
And in your lives your father's excellency.
Some music, and my fit will cease my Lord.

They call music.

tamburlaine Proud fury and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Love,
And scourge the Scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those Spheres where *Cupid* used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
Whose darts do pierce the Centre of my soul,
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven,
And had she lived before the siege of *Troy*,
Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
Had not been named in *Homer's* Iliads:
Her name had been in every line he wrote:
Or had those wanton Poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,

wln 0806
wln 0807

img: 56-b
sig: G8r

Nor *Lesbia*, nor *Corinna* had been named,
zenocrate had been the argument

wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
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wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839

Of every Epigram or Elegy.
The music sounds, and she dies.
tamburlaine What, is she dead? *Techelles*, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hail the fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of Hell,
For taking hence my fair *zenocrate*.
Casane and *theridamas* to arms,
Raise Cavalieroes higher than the clouds:
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven,
Batter the shining palace of the Sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament:
For amorous *Jove* hath snatched my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Queen of heaven,
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here divine *zenocrate*,
Raving, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of *Janus*' Temple doors,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war:
To march with me under this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest *Tamburlaine* the great,
Come down from heaven and live with me again.
theridamas Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live,
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air,
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth:
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood
Nothing prevails, for she is dead my Lord.
tamburlaine For she is dead thy words do pierce my soul

img: 57-a
sig: G8v

wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850

Ah sweet *theridamas*, say so no more,
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where'er her soul be, thou shalt stay with me
Embalmed with Cassia, Ambergris and Myrrh,
Not lapped in lead but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
Then in as rich a tomb as *Mausolus*,
We both will rest and have one Epitaph
Writ in as many several languages,
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword,

wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857

This cursed town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Love:
The houses burnt, will look as if they mourned
And here will I set up her stature,
And march about it with my mourning camp,
Drooping and pining for *zenocrate*.

The Arras is drawn.

wln 0858

Actus. 3 Scaena. 1,

wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864

*Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bringing
a sword, and another a sceptre: Next Natolia
and Jerusalem with the Imperial crown: After
Calapine, and after him other Lords: Orcanes
and Jerusalem crown him, and the other give
him the sceptre.*

wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869

Orcanes
*Allepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son
and successive heir to the late mighty Emperor
Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend
Mahomet, Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem,*

img: 57-b
sig: H1r

wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893

Trebisond, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia
And all the hundred and thirty Kingdoms late contributory
to his mighty father. Long live *Callepinus*,
Emperor of Turkey.
Callapine Thrice worthy kings of *Natolia*, and the rest,
I will requite your royal gritudes
With all the benefits my Empire yields:
And were the sinews of th'imperial seat
So knit and strengthened, as when *Bajazeth*
My royal Lord and father filled the throne,
Whose cursed fate hath so dismembered it,
Then should you see this Thief of *Scythia*,
This proud usurping king of *Persia*,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the book of base-born infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
Hath so provided for this cursed foe,
That since the heir of mighty *Bajazeth*
(An Emperor so honoured for his virtues)
Revives the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,

wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901

img: 58-a
sig: H1v

But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long
The martial sword of mighty *Tamburlaine*,
Will now retain her old inconstancy,
And raise our honours to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunate encounter,
For so hath heaven provided my escape,
From all the cruelty my soul sustained,
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,

wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933

That *Jove* surcharged with pity of our wrongs,
Will pour it down in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of cursed *tamburlaine*.
Orcanes I have a hundred thousand men in arms,
Some, that in conquest of the perjured Christian.
Being a handful to a mighty host,
Think them in number yet sufficient,
To drink the river *Nile* or *Euphrates*,
And for their power, enow to win the world.

Jerusalem And I as many from *Jerusalem*,
Judaea, *Gaza*, and *Scalonian's* bounds,
That on mount *Sinai* with their ensigns spread,
Look like the particoloured clouds of heaven,
That show fair weather to the neighbour morn.

Trebizond And I as many bring from *Trebizond*,
Chio Famastro and *Amasia*,
All bord'ring on the *Mare-major sea*:
Riso, *Sancina*, and the bordering towns,
That touch the end of famous *Euphrates*.
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The cursed Scythian sets on all their towns,
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

Soria From *Soria* with seventy thousand strong
Ta'en from *Aleppo*, *Soldino*, *Tripoli*,
And so unto my city of *Damasco*,
I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings,
All which will join against this *Tamburlaine*,
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

Orcanes Our battle then in martial manner pitched,
According to our ancient use, shall bear
The figure of the semicircled Moon:
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air,

img: 58-b
sig: H2r

wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938

The poisoned brains of this proud Scythian.
Callapine Well then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foe:
I think it requisite and honourable,
To keep my promise, and to make him king,

wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946

That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.
Almeda That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For *Tamburlaine* came up of nothing.
Jerusalem Your Majesty may choose some 'pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full:
'Tis naught for your majesty to give a kingdom.
Callapine Then will I shortly keep my promise *Almeda*
Almeda Why, I thank your Majesty. *Exeunt.*

wln 0947

Actus. 2 Scaena. 2

wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963

*Tamburlaine with Usumcasane, and his three sons,
four bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the
drums sounding a doleful march, the Town
burning.*

Tamburlaine
SO, burn the turrets of this cursed town,
Flame to the highest region of the air:
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may presage,
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants
Over my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heaven be dissolved,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threat'ning a death and famine to this land,
Flying Dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
sing these fair plains, and make them seem as black

img: 59-a
sig: H2v

wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983

As is the Island where the Furies mask
Compassed with *Lethe*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,
Because my dear *Zenocrate* is dead.
Calyphas This Pillar placed in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ
*This town being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.*
Amyras And here this **mournful** streamer shall be placed
Wrought with the Persian and Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born,
And wife unto the Monarch of the East.
Celebinus And here this table as a Register
Of all her virtues and perfections.
tamburlaine And here the picture of *zenocrate*,
To show her beauty, which the world admired,
Sweet picture of divine *Zenocrate*,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heaven:
And cause the stars fixed in the Southern ark,
Whose lovely faces never any viewed,
That have not passed the Centre's latitude.

wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995

img: 59-b
sig: H3r

As Pilgrims travel to our Hemisphere.
Only to gaze upon *Zenocrate*.
Thou shalt not beautify *Larissa* plains.
But keep within the circle of mine arms.
At every town and castle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent.
And when I meet an army in the field,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my camp,
As if *Bellona*, Goddess of the war
Threw naked swords and sulphur balls of fire,
Upon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lords, advance your spears again,

wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027

Sorrow no more my sweet *Casane* now:
Boys leave to mourn, this town shall ever mourn,
Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.
Calyphas If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustain.
Amyras As is that town, so is my heart consumed,
With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.
Celebinus My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.
Tamburlaine But now my boys, leave off, and **list** to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war:
I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour through watery Fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adjuncts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next, the way to fortify your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For with the *quinquangle* form is meet,
Because the corners there may fall more flat:
Whereas the Fort may fittest be assailed,
And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.
The ditches must be deep, the Counterscarps
Narrow and steep, the walls made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cavaleroes and thick counterforts,
And room within to lodge six thousand men.
It must have privy ditches, countermines,
And secret issuings to defend the ditch.
It must have high Argins and covered ways

img: 60-a
sig: H3v

wln 1028

To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,

wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059

img: 60-b
sig: H4r

And Parapets to hide the Muscatiers:
Casemates to place the great Artillery,
And store of ordinance that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the Fort,
Dismount the Cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the Foe and save their walls from breach.
When this is learned for service on the land,
By plain and easy demonstration,
I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
And make a Fortress in the raging waves,
Fenced with the concave of a monstrous rock,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of *Tamburlaine* the great,
 Calyphas My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.
 tamburlaine Villain, art thou the son of *Tamburlaine*,
And fear'st to die, or with a Curtlee-axe
To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound
Hast thou beheld a peal of ordinance strike
A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as heaven,
Hang in the air as thick as sunny notes,
And canst thou Coward stand in fear of death
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,

wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076

That being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds:
View me thy father that hath conquered kings,
And with his host march round about the earth,
Quite void of scars, and clear from any wound,
That by the wars lost not a dram of blood,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

He cuts his arm.

A wound is nothing be it ne'er so deep,
Blood is the God of War's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chair of gold enamelled,
Enchased with Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies
And fairest pearl of wealthy *India*
Were mounted here under a Canopy:
And I sat down, clothed with the massy robe,

wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091

img: 61-a
sig: H4v

That late adorned the Afric Potentate.
Whom I brought bound unto *Damascus*' walls.
Come boys and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
Now my boys, what think you of a wound?
Calyphas I know not what I should think of it,
Methinks 'tis a pitiful sight.
Celebinus 'Tis nothing: give me a wound father.
Amyras And me another my Lord.
tamburlaine Come sirrah, give me your arm.
Celebinus Here father, cut it bravely as you did your own
tamburlaine It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound
My boy, Thou shalt not lose a drop of blood,
Before we meet the army of the Turk.

wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111

But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds and death:
And let the burning of *Larissa* walls
My speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boys to bear courageous minds,
Fit for the followers of great *tamburlaine*.
Usumcasane now come let us march
Towards *Techelles* and *Theridamas*,
That we have sent before to fire the towns,
The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
And hunt that Coward, faint-heart, runaway,
With that accursed traitor *Almeda*,
Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.
Usumcasane I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betrayed my gracious Sovereign,
That cursed and damned Traitor *Almeda*.
Tamburlaine Then let us see if coward *Callapine*
Dare levy arms against our puissance,
That we may tread upon his captive neck,
And treble all his father's slaveries. *Exeunt.*

wln 1112

Actus. 3 Scaena. 1,

wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121

Techelles, Theridamas and their train.
Theridamas
THus have we marched Northward from
Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier point of *Soria*:
And this is *Balsera* their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
techelles Then let us bring our light Artillery,
Minions, Fauc'nets, and Sakers to the trench,

img: 61-b
sig: H5r

wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130

Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
And enter in, to seize upon the gold:
How say ye Soldiers, Shall we not?
Soldiers Yes, my Lord, yes, come let's about it,
theridamas But stay a while, summon a parley, Drum,
It may be they will yield it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friend to *tamburlaine*,
Stand at the walls, with such a mighty power.
Summon the battle.

wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152

Captain with his wife and son.
Captain What require you my masters?
theridamas Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.
Captain To you. Why, do you think me weary of it?
Techelles Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
If thou withstand the friends of *Tamburlaine*.
theridamas These Pioneers of *Argier* in Africa,
Even in the cannon's face shall raise a hill
Of earth and faggots higher than thy Fort,
And over thy Argins and covered ways
Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordinance till the breach be made,
That with his ruin fills up all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heaven itself
Shall ransom thee, thy wife and family.
Techelles Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden
pipes,
That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench before thy castle walls:
That no supply of victual shall come in,
Nor issue forth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captain, yield it quietly.

img: 62-a
sig: H5v

wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165

Captain Were you that are the friends of *Tamburlaine*
Brothers to holy *Mahomet* himself,
I would not yield it: therefore do your worst.
Raise mounts, batter, entrench, and undermine,
Cut off the water, all convoys that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.
theridamas Pioneers away, and where I stuck the stake,
Entrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast up the earth towards the castle wall,
Which till it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.
Pioners We will my Lord.
Techelles A hundred horse shall scout about the plains

Exeunt.

wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181

To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
Both we (*theridamas*) will entrench our men,
And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carry full point blank unto their walls.
theridamas Then see the bringing of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will have **Gabions** of six foot broad,
To save our Canoneers from musket shot,
Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth,
And with the breaches fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
The crack, the Echo and the soldiers' cry
Make deaf the air, and dim the Crystal Sky.
techelles Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And soldiers play the men, the holds is yours.

wln 1182
wln 1183

*Enter the Captain with his wife and
son.*

img: 62-b
sig: H6r

wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212

Olympia Come good my Lord, and let us haste from hence
Along the cave that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to save this conquered hold.
Captain A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Lies heavy on my heart, I cannot live.
I feel my liver pierced and all my veins,
That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bathed
In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I die.
Olympia Death, whither art thou gone that both we live
Come back again (sweet death) and strike us both:
One minute end our days, and one sepulchre
Contain our bodies: death, why com'st thou not
Well, this must be the messenger for thee,
Now ugly death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carry both our souls, where his remains.
Tell me sweet boy, art thou content to die?
These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy Ivory throat,
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.
Son. Mother dispatch me, or I'll kill myself,
For think ye I can live, and see him dead
Give me your knife, good mother) or strike home:
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.

wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215

img: 63-a
sig: H6v

Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.
She stabs him.
Olympia Ah sacred *Mahomet*, if this be sin,

wln 1216
wln 1217

Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,
And purge my soul before it come to thee.

wln 1218
wln 1219

*Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all
their train.*

wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245

theridamas How now Madam, what are you doing?
Olympia Killing myself, as I have done my son,
Whose body with his father's I have burnt,
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.
techelles 'Twas bravely done, and like a soldier's wife,
Thou shalt with us to *Tamburlaine* the great,
Who when he hears how resolute thou wert,
Will match thee with a Viceroy or a king.
Olympia My Lord deceased, was dearer unto me,
Than any Viceroy, King or Emperor.
And for his sake here will I end my days.
theridamas But Lady go with us to *Tamburlaine*,
And thou shalt see a man greater **than** *Mahomet*.
In whose high looks is much more majesty
Than from the Concave superficies.
Of *Jove's* vast palace the imperial Orb,
Unto the shining bower where *Cynthia* sits,
Like lovely *thetis* in a Crystal robe,
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
And makes the mighty God of arms his slave:
On whom death and the fatal sister's wait,
With naked swords and scarlet liveries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lion's back)
Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men
By whose proud side the ugly furies run.

img: 63-b
sig: H7r

wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255

Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
Over whose zenith clothed in windy air,
And Eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,
Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden Trump:
That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heaven,
The name of mighty *Tamburlaine* is spread:
And him fair Lady shall thy eyes behold. Come.
Olympia Take pity of a Lady's ruthless tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay,

wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276

And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.
techelles Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this.
In frame of which, Nature hath showed more skill,
Than when she gave eternal *Chaos* form,
Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heaven.
theridamas Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us, no remedy.
Olympia Then carry me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.
techelles No Madam, but the beginning of your joy,
Come willingly, therefore.
theridamas soldier's now let us meet the General,
Who by this time is at *Natolia*,
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold, the silver, and the pearl ye got,
Rifling this Fort, divide in equal shares:
This Lady shall have twice so much again,
Out of the coffers of our treasury.

Exeunt.

img: 64-a
sig: H7v

wln 1277

wln 1278
wln 1279

wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299

Actus: 3 Scaena. 5

*Callepine, Orcanes, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Soria Almeda
with their train.*

Messenger.

REnowned Emperor, mighty *Callepine*,
God's great lieutenant over all the world:
Here at *Aleppo* with an host of men
Lies *Tamburlaine*, this king of *Persia*:
In number more than are the quivering leaves
Of *Ida*'s forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry pursues the wounded Stag:
Who means to girt *Natolia*'s walls with siege,
Fire the town and overrun the land.
Callapine My royal army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of *Phrigia* to the sea
Which washeth *Cyprus* with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys and the plains.
Viceroy and Peers of Turkey play the men,
Whet all your swords to mangle *Tamburlaine*
His sons, his Captains and his followers,
By *Mahomet* not one of them shall live.
The field wherein this battle shall be fought,
For ever, term, the Persians' sepulchre,

wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305

img: 64-b
sig: H8r

wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336

img: 65-a
sig: H8v

wln 1338
wln 1339

wln 1340

wln 1341
wln 1342

In memory of this our victory.

Orcanes Now, he that calls himself the scourge of *Jove*,
The Emperor of the world, and earthly God,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell:
Where legions of devils knowing he must die

Here in *Natolia*, by your highness' hands)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their
teeth.

And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

Callapine Tell me Viceroy's the number of your men,
And what our Army royal is esteemed.

Jerusalem From *Palestina* and *Jerusalem*,
Of Hebrews, three score thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed your majesty.

Orcanes So from *Arabia* desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave Metropolis
Re-edified the fair *Semiramis*,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbered to your Majesty.

trebizond From *trebizond* in *Asia* the less,
Naturalised Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my bands full fifty thousand more,
That fighting, knows not what retreat doth mean,
Nor ere return but with the victory,
Since last we numbered to your majesty.

Soria Of Sorians from *Halla* is repaired
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbered to your majesty:
So that the Army royal is esteemed
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Callapine Then welcome *Tamburlaine* unto thy
death.

Come puissant Viceroy's, let us to the field,
(The Persians' Sepulchre) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to *Mahomet*.

Who now with *Jove* opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actus. 2 Scaena. 1

*Tamburlaine with his three sons, Usumcasane
with other.*

wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367

img: 65-b
sig: Ilr

wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390

Tamburlaine
HOW now *Casane* See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.
Usumcasane My Lord, your presence makes them
pale and wan.
Poor souls they look as if their deaths were near.
tamburlaine Why, so he is *Casane*, I am here,
But yet I'll save their lives and make them slaves.
Ye petty kings of Turkey I am come,
As *Hector* did into the Grecian camp.
To overdare the pride of *Græcia*.
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce *Achilles*, rival of his fame,
I do you honour in the *simile*.
For if I should as *Hector* did *Achilles*,
(The worthiest knight that ever brandished sword)
Challenge in combat any of you all,
I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
And fly my glove as from a Scorpion.
Orcanes Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight,
But Shepherd's issue, base-born *tamburlaine*,
Think of thy end, this sword shall lance thy
throat.
Tamburlaine Villain, the Shepherd's issue, at whose birth

Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
And joined those stars that shall be opposite,
Even till the dissolution of the world
And never meant to make a Conqueror
So famous as is mighty *Tamburlaine*:
Shall so torment thee and that *Callapine*,
That like a roguish runaway, suborned
That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
To false his service to his Sovereign,
As ye shall curse the birth of *Tamburlaine*.
Callapine Rail not proud Scythian, I shall now revenge
My father's vile abuses and mine own.
Jerusalem By *Mahomet* he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoil:
And turn him to his ancient trade again.
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.
Callapine Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain,
That most may vex his body and his soul
Tamburlaine Sirrah, *Callapine*, I'll hang a clog about
your neck for running away again, you shall not trouble
me thus to come and fetch you.

wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399

img: 66-a
sig: 11v

But as for you (Viceroy) you shall have bits,
And harnessed like my horses, draw my coach:
And when ye stay, be lashed with whips of wire,
I'll have you learn to feed on provender,
And in a stable lie upon the planks:
Orcanes But *Tamburlaine*, first thou shalt kneel to us
And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.
trebizond The common soldiers of our mighty host
Shall bring thee bound unto the General's tent.

wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
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wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431

img: 66-b
sig: 12r

Soria And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,
Or bind thee in eternal torment's wrath.
tamburlaine Well sirs, diet yourselves, you know I shall
have occasion shortly to journey you.
Celebinus See father, how *Almeda* the Jailor looks
upon us.
tamburlaine Villain, traitor, damned fugitive,
I'll make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee:
Seest thou not death within my wrathful looks.
Go villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,
T'appease my wrath, or else I'll torture thee,
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons,
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
Be racked and beat asunder with the wheel,
For if thou livest, not any Element
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of *tamburlaine*
Callapine Well, in despite of thee he shall be king:
Come *Almeda*, receive this crown of me,
I here invest thee king of *Ariadan*,
Bordering on *Mare Roso* near to *Mecca*.
Orcanes What, take it man.
Almeda Good my Lord, let me take it.
Callapine Dost thou ask him leave here, take it.
tamburlaine Go to sirrah, take your crown, and make up the
half dozen.
So sirrah, now you are a king you must give arms.
Orcanes So he shall, and wear thy head in his Scutcheon:
tamburlaine No, let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard,
to put him in remembrance he was a Jailor, that
when I take him, I may knock out his brains with
them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come

wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435

sweating from my chariot.
trebizond Away, let us to the field, that the villain may
be slain.
tamburlaine Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot

wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
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wln 1447
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wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463

to my Tent: For as soon as the battle is done, I'll
ride in triumph through the Camp.

*Enter Theridamas, Techelles and
their train.*

How now ye petty kings, lo, here are Bugs
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet.
Welcome *theridamas* and *techelles* both,
See ye this rout, and know ye this same king
theridamas Ay, my Lord, he was *Callapine's* keeper.
tamburlaine Well, now you see he is a king, look to him
theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his
crown as the foolish king of *Persia* did.

Soria No *Tamburlaine*, he shall not be put to that
Exigent, I warrant thee.

tamburlaine You know not sir:
But now my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like Conquerors,
The glory of this happy day is yours:
My stern aspect shall make fair Victory,
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loaden with Laurel wreathes to crown us all.
techelles I smile to think, how when this field is fought,
And rich *Natolia* ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs,
tamburlaine You shall be princes all immediately:
Come fight ye Turks, or yield us victory.

Orcanes No, we will meet thee slavish *tamburlaine*. *Exeunt*

img: 67-a
sig: I2v

wln 1464

wln 1465
wln 1466

wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

Actus. 4 Scaena. I

*Alarm: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent
where Calyphas sits asleep.*

NOw in their glories shine the golden crowns
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of heaven:
Now brother follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings,
Celebinus Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.
Amyras Brother, ho, what, given so much to sleep
You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears

wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493

img: 67-b
sig: I3r

wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
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wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525

img: 68-a
sig: I3v

Our proper ruin, and our father's foil
Calyphas Away ye fools, my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valorous than manly wise:
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
My father were enough to scare the foe:
You do dishonour to his majesty,
To think our helps will do him any good.
Amyras What, dar'st thou then be absent from the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes to flesh our taintless swords.
Calyphas I know sir, what it is to kill a man,

It works remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
Celebinus O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come forth.
Thou dost dishonour manhood, and thy house.
Calyphas Go, go tall stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second *Mars*,
'Twill please my mind as well to hear both you
Have won a heap of honour in the field,
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.
Amyras You will not go then
Calyphas You say true.
Amyras Were all the lofty mounts of *Zona mundi*,
That fill the midst of farthest *Tartary*,
Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father:
When made a victor in these haughty arms.
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he proposed for us.
Calyphas Take you the honour, I will take my ease,
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice:
I go into the field before I need
Alarm, and Amyras and Celebinus run in.
The bullets fly at random where they list.
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that never fights.
And should I go and do nor harm nor good,
I might have harm, which all the good I have
Joined with my father's crown would never cure.

wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
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wln 1533
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wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557

img: 68-b
sig: 14r

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570

I'll to cards: *Perdicas*.

Perdicas Here my Lord.

Calyphas Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive
away the time.

Perdicas Content my Lord, but what shall we play for?

Calyphas Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' Concubines
first, when my father hath conquered them.

Perdicas Agreed i' faith. *They play.*

Calyphas They say I am a coward, (*Perdicas*) and I
fear as little their *taratantaras*, their swords or their
cannons, as I do a naked Lady in a net of gold, and
for fear I should be afraid, would put it off and come
to bed with me.

Perdicas Such a fear (my Lord) would never make ye
retire.

Calyphas I would my father would let me be put in the
front of such a battle once, to try my valour.

Alarm.

What a coil they keep, I believe there will be some
hurt done anon amongst them.

*Enter Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane,
Amyras, Celebinus, leading
the Turkish kings.*

Tamburlaine See now ye slaves, my children stoops your pride
And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword.

Bring them my boys, and tell me if the wars

Be not a life that may illustrate Gods,

And tickle not your Spirits with desire

Still to be trained in arms and chivalry:

Amyras Shall we let go these kings again my Lord
To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
That they may say, it is not chance doth this,

But matchless strength and magnanimity.

tamburlaine No, no *Amyras*, tempt not Fortune so,
Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies:

And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,

But where's this coward, villain, not my son,

But traitor to my name and majesty.

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and and picture of a slave,

The obloquy and scorn of my renown,

How may my heart, thus fired with mine eyes,

Wounded with shame, and killed with discontent,

Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands

From martial justice on thy wretched soul.

wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
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wln 1577
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wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

img: 69-a
sig: 14v

wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
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wln 1600
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wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618

theridamas Yet pardon him I pray your Majesty.
techelles and Usumcasane Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon
tamburlaine Stand up, ye base unworthy soldiers,
Know ye not yet the argument of Arms?
Amyras Good my Lord, let him be forgiven for once,
And we will force him to the field hereafter.
tamburlaine Stand up my boys, and I will teach ye arms,
And what the jealousy of wars must do.
O *Samarcanda*, where I breathed first,
And joyed the fire of this martial flesh,
Blush, blush fair city, at thine honour's foil,
And shame of nature with *Jaertis*' stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distained brows.
Here *Jove*, receive his fainting soul again,
A Form not meet to give that subject essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of *Tamburlaine*,
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof of thyself consists.

Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to levy power against thy throne,
That I might move the turning Spheres of heaven,
For earth and all this airy region
Cannot contain the state of *Tamburlaine*.
By *Mahomet*, thy mighty friend I swear,
In sending to my issue such a soul,
Created of the massy dregs of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength or wit,
But folly, sloth, and damned idleness:
Thou hast procured a greater enemy,
Than he that darted mountains at thy head.
Shaking the burden mighty *Atlas* bears:
Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air.
Clothed with a pitchy cloud for being seen.
And now ye cankered curs of *Asia*,
That will not see the strength of *Tamburlaine*,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.
Now you shall feel the strength of *Tamburlaine*,
And by the state of his supremacy,
Approve the difference twixt himself and you.
Orcanes Thou showest the difference twixt ourselves
and thee.
In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.
Jerusalem Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly heaven, filled with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,

wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621

img: 69-b
sig: 15r

Will pour down blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.
Tamburlaine villains, these terrors and these tyrannies

wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
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wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653

(If tyrannies war's justice ye repute)
I execute, enjoined me from above:
To scourge the pride of such as heaven abhors,
Nor am I made Arch-monarch of the world,
Crowned and invested by the hand of *Jove*,
For deeds of bounty or nobility:
But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terror of the world,
I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,
And plague such Peasants as resisting me,
The power of heaven's eternal majesty.
Theridamas, *techelles*, and *Casane*,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines.
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common Soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best,
Meanwhile take him in.
Soldiers We will my Lord.
Jerusalem O damned monster, nay a Fiend of Hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yet imposed, with such a bitter hate.
Orcanes Revenge it *Rhadamanth* and *Aeacus*,
And let your hates extended in his pains,
Expel the hate wherewith he pains our souls.
trebizond May never day give virtue to his eyes,
Whose sight composed of fury and of fire
Doth send such stern affections to his heart,
Soria May never spirit, vein or Artier feed

img: 70-a
sig: 15v

wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662

The cursed substance of that cruel heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorseful blood)
Dry up with anger, and consume with heat.
tamburlaine Well, bark ye dogs, I'll bridle all your tongues
And bind them close with bits of burnished steel,
Down to the channels of your hateful throats,
And with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth

wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682

The far resounding torments ye sustain,
As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian Bulls,
Run mourning round about, the Females' miss,
And stung with fury of their following,
Fill all the air with troublous bellowing:
I will with Engines, never exercised,
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
Your cities and your golden palaces,
And with the flames that beat against the clouds
Incense the heavens. and make the stars to melt,
As if they were the tears of *Mahomet*
For hot consumption of his country's pride:
And till by vision, or by speech I hear
Immortal *Jove* say, Cease my *Tamburlaine*,
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning Lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pavilion.

Exeunt.

img: 70-b
sig: I6r

wln 1683

Actus. 4 Scaena. 3,

wln 1684

Olympia alone.

wln 1685

Distressed *Olympia*, whose weeping eyes
Since thy arrival here beheld no Sun,
But closed within the compass of a tent,
Hath stained thy cheeks, and made thee look like death
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life.
Rather than yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee.
And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells, and vapours to infect thee,
Nor thy close Cave a sword to murder thee,
Let this invention be the instrument.

wln 1686

wln 1687

wln 1688

wln 1689

wln 1690

wln 1691

wln 1692

wln 1693

wln 1694

wln 1695

wln 1696

wln 1697

wln 1698

Enter Theridamas.

wln 1699

Theridamas Well met *Olympia*, I sought thee in my tent

wln 1700

But when I saw the place obscure and dark,

wln 1701

Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,

wln 1702

Enraged, I ran about the fields for thee,

wln 1703

Supposing, amorous *Jove* had sent his son,

wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711

img: 71-a
sig: I6v

The winged *Hermes*, to convey thee hence:
But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
Tell me *Olympia*, wilt thou grant my suit?
Olympia My Lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
With whom I buried all affections,
Save grief and sorrow which torment my heart,
Forbids my mind to entertain a thought
That tends to love, but meditate on death,

wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
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wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743

img: 71-b
sig: I7r

A fitter subject for a pensive soul.
Theridamas *Olympia*, pity him, in whom thy looks
Have greater operation and more force
Than *Cynthia's* in the watery wilderness,
For with thy view my joys are at the full,
And ebb again, as thou depart'st from me.
Olympia Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soul,
Which beats against this prison to get out,
And meet my husband and my loving son.
theridamas Nothing, but still thy husband and thy son?
Leave this my Love, and listen more to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queen of fair *Argier*,
And clothed in costly cloth of massy gold,
Upon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to *Venus* in her chair of state,
Commanding all thy princely eye desires,
And I will cast off arms and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.
Olympia No such discourse is pleasant in mine ears,
But that where every period ends with death,
And every line begins with death again:
I cannot love to be an Emperess.
theridamas Nay Lady, then if nothing will prevail,
I'll use some other means to make you yield,
Such is the sudden fury of my love,
I must and will be pleased, and you shall yield:
Come to the tent again.
Olympia Stay good my Lord, and will you save my honour,
I'll give your Grace a present of such price,
As all the world cannot afford the like.
theridamas What is it.

wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748

Olympia An ointment which a cunning Alchemist
Distilled from the purest Balsamum,
And simplest extracts of all Minerals,
In which the essential form of Marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphysical,

wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

img: 72-a
sig: 17v

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786

wln 1787

wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794

And Spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,
With which if you but 'noint your tender Skin,
Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.
Theridamas Why Madam, think ye to mock me thus
palpably?

Olympia To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,
Which when you stab, look on your weapon's point,
And you shall see't rebated with the blow.

theridamas Why gave you not your husband some of it, if
you loved him, and it so precious?

Olympia My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,
But was prevented by his sudden end.
And for a present easy proof hereof,
That I dissemble not, try it on me,

theridamas I will *Olympia*, and will keep it for
The richest present of this Eastern world.

She 'noints her throat.

Olympia Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapon's point
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

theridamas Here then *Olympia*.
What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself:
Cut off this arm that murdered my Love:
In whom the learned Rabbis of this age,
Might find as many wondrous miracles,
As in the Theoria of the world.
Now Hell is fairer than *Elysian*,
A greater Lamp than that bright eye of heaven,

From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference,
And now the damned souls are free from pain,
For every Fury gazeth on her looks:
Infernal *Dis* is courting of my Love,
Inventing masks and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury,
To entertain this Queen of chastity,
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp
The treasure of my kingdom may afford.

Exit, taking her away.

Actus. 4 Scaena. 4

*Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizond
and Soria with bits in their mouths, reins in
his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which
he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane,
Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and Jerusalem
led by with five or six common soldiers.
Tamburlaine*

wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806

img: 72-b
sig: 18r

Holla, ye pampered Jades of *Asia*:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a Coachman as great *Tamburlaine*
But from *Asphaltis*, where I conquered you,
To *Byron* here where thus I honour you
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate above the clouds,
Are not so honoured in their Governor,
As you (ye slaves) in mighty *Tamburlaine*.
The headstrong Jades of *Thrace*, *Alcides* tamed,

wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
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wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838

That King *Aegeus* fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valour more divine,
Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest Muscadel:
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds:
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal Ravens.
Thus am I right the Scourge of highest *Jove*,
And see the figure of my dignity,
By which I hold my name and majesty.
Amyras Let me have coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn with these two idle kings.
tamburlaine Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall tomorrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be refreshed,
Orcanes O thou that swayest the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as *Jove*,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
Surveying all the glories of the land:
And as thou took'st the fair *Proserpina*,
Joying the fruit of *Ceres*' garden plot,
For love, for honour, and to make her Queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.
theridamas Your Majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,

img: 73-a
sig: 18v

wln 1839

That like unruly never-broken Jades,

wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870

img: 73-b
sig: K1r

wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887

Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixed bounds exceedingly.
Techelles Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures,
Usumcasane Your Majesty already hath devised
A mean, as fit as may be to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.
Celebinus How like you that sir king? why speak you not?
Jerusalem Ah cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins,
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practise taunts and bitter tyrannies?
Tamburlaine Ay Turk, I tell thee, this same Boy is he,
That must (advanced in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsacked.
If *Jove* esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair *Aldebaran*,
Above the threefold Astracism of heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,
I will prefer them for the funeral
They have bestowed on my abortive son.
The Concubines are brought in.
Where are my common soldiers now that fought
So Lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?
Soldiers Here my Lord.
Tamburlaine Hold ye tall soldiers, take ye Queens apiece
(I mean such Queens as were kings' Concubines)
Take them, divide them and their jewels too,
And let them equally serve all your turns.
Soldiers We thank your majesty.
tamburlaine Brawl not (I warn you for your lechery,

For every man that so offends shall die,
Orcanes Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame
The hateful fortunes of thy victory,
To exercise upon such guiltless Dames,
The violence of thy common Soldiers' lust.
Tamburlaine Live content then (ye slaves) and meet not me
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels
Ladies O pity us my Lord, and save our honours.
tamburlaine Are ye not gone ye villains with your spoils?
They run away with the Ladies.
Jerusalem O merciless infernal cruelty.
Tamburlaine Save your honours? 'twere but time indeed,
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.
theridamas It seems they meant to conquer us my Lord,
And make us jesting Pageants for their Trulls.
tamburlaine And now themselves shall make our Pageant,
And common soldiers jest with all their Trulls,

wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902

img: 74-a
sig: K1v

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,
Till we prepare our march to *Babylon*,
Whether we next make expedition.
techelles Let us not be idle than my Lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it.
tamburlaine We will *techelles*, forward than ye Jades:
Now crouch ye kings of greatest *Asia*,
And tremble when ye hear this Scourge will come,
That whips down cities, and controlleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store,
The Euxine sea North to *Natolia*,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north north-east,
And on the south *Sinus Arabicus*.
Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to *Persia*.

wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929

wln 1930

Then shall my native city *Samarcanda*
And crystal waves of fresh *Jaertis* ' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,
For there my Palace royal shall be placed:
Whose shining Turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of *Ilion* 's Tower to hell.
Through the streets with troops of conquered kings,
I'll ride in golden armour like the Sun,
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the air,
To note me Emperor of the threefold world.
Like to an almond tree y-mounted high,
Upon the lofty and celestial mount,
Of every green *Selinus* quaintly decked
With blooms more white than *Erycina* 's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath that thorough heaven is blown:
Then in my coach like *Saturn* 's royal son,
Mounted his shining chariots, gilt with fire.
And drawn with princely Eagles through the path,
Paved with bright Crystal, and enchased with stars,
When all the Gods stand and gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through *Samarcanda* streets,
Until my soul dissevered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.
To *Babylon* my Lords, to *Babylon*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

img: 74-b
sig: K2r

wln 1931

Actus. 5 Scaena. 1

wln 1932

*Enter the Governor of Babylon upon the walls
with others.*

wln 1933

Governor

wln 1934

WHat saith *Maximus*

wln 1935

Maximus My Lord, the breach the enemy hath made

wln 1936

Gives such assurance of our overthrow,

wln 1937

That little hope is left to save our lives,

wln 1938

Or hold our city from the Conqueror's hands.

wln 1939

Then hang out flags (my Lord of humble truce,

wln 1940

And satisfy the people's general prayers,

wln 1941

That *Tamburlaine's* intolerable wrath

wln 1942

May be suppressed by our submission.

wln 1943

Governor Villain, respects thou more thy slavish life,

wln 1944

Than honour of thy country or thy name?

wln 1945

Is not my life and state as dear to me,

wln 1946

The city and my native country's weal,

wln 1947

As any thing of price with thy conceit?

wln 1948

Have we not hope, for all our battered walls,

wln 1949

To live secure, and keep his forces out,

wln 1950

When this our famous lake of *Limnaspaltis*

wln 1951

Makes walls afresh with every thing that falls

wln 1952

Into the liquid substance of his stream,

wln 1953

More strong strong than are the gates of death or hell

wln 1954

What faintness should dismay our courages,

wln 1955

When we are thus defenced against our Foe,

wln 1956

And have no terror but his threat'ning looks?

wln 1957

Enter another, kneeling to the

wln 1958

Governor.

wln 1959

My Lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,

wln 1960

And now will work a refuge to our lives,

wln 1961

img: 75-a

sig: K2v

wln 1962

Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,

wln 1963

That *Tamburlaine* may pity our distress,

wln 1964

And use us like a loving Conqueror,

wln 1965

Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,

wln 1966

Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,

wln 1967

Yet are there Christians of *Georgia* here,

wln 1968

Whose state he ever pitied and relieved:

wln 1969

Will get his pardon if your grace would send.

wln 1970

Governor How is my soul environed,

wln 1971

And this eternized city *Babylon*,

wln 1972

Filled with a pack of faintheart Fugitives,

wln 1973

That thus entreat their shame and servitude?

wln 1974

Another. My Lord, if ever you will win our hearts,

wln 1975

Yield up the town, save our wives and children:

wln 1976

For I will cast myself from off these walls,

wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993

img: 75-b
sig: K3r

Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wrath of *Tamburlaine*.
Governor villains, cowards, Traitors to our state,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains,
I care not, nor the town will never yield
As long as any life is in my breast.

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles,
with other soldiers.*

Thou desperate Governor of *Babylon*,
To save thy life, and us a little labour,
Yield speedily the city to our hands,
Or else be sure thou shalt be forced with pains,
More exquisite than ever Traitor felt.

Governor Tyrant, I turn the traitor in thy throat,
And will defend it in despite of thee.

wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001

Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.
techelles Yield foolish Governor, we offer more
Than ever **yet** we did to such proud slaves,
As durst resist us till our third day's siege:
Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
And that shall bide no more regard of parley.
Governor Assault and spare not, we will never yield.
Alarm, and they scale the walls.

wln 2002
wln 2003

*Enter Tamburlaine, with Usumcasane. Amyras, and
Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.*

wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022

Tamburlaine The stately buildings of fair *Babylon*,
Whose lofty Pillars, higher than the clouds,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep.
Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
Now fill the mouth of *Limnasphaltis*' lake,
And make a bridge unto the battered walls,
Where *Belus*, *Ninus* and great *Alexander*
Have rode in triumph, triumphs *Tamburlaine*,
Whose chariot wheels have burst th' Assyrians' bones,
Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcasses,
Now in the place where fair *Semiramis*,
Courtied by kings and peers of *Asia*,
Hath trod the Measures, do my soldiers march,
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian Dames
Have rid in pomp like rich *Saturnia*,
With furious words and frowning visages,
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing
the Governor of Babylon.*

wln 2023

img: 76-a
sig: K3v

Who have ye there my Lords?

wln 2024

wln 2025

wln 2026

wln 2027

wln 2028

wln 2029

wln 2030

wln 2031

wln 2032

wln 2033

wln 2034

wln 2035

wln 2036

wln 2037

wln 2038

wln 2039

wln 2040

wln 2041

wln 2042

wln 2043

wln 2044

wln 2045

wln 2046

wln 2047

wln 2048

wln 2049

wln 2050

wln 2051

wln 2052

wln 2053

wln 2054

wln 2055

img: 76-b
sig: K4r

wln 2056

wln 2057

wln 2058

wln 2059

wln 2060

wln 2061

wln 2062

wln 2063

wln 2064

wln 2065

wln 2066

wln 2067

Theridamas The sturdy Governor of *Babylon*,
That made us all the labour for the town,
And used such slender reckoning of **your** majesty.

tamburlaine Go bind the villain, he shall hang in chains,
Upon the ruins of this conquered town,
Sirrah, the view of our vermillion tents,
Which threatened more than if the region
Next underneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth
Could not affright you, no, nor I myself,
The wrathful messenger of mighty *Jove*,
That with his sword hath quailed all earthly kings
Could not persuade you to submission,
But still the ports were shut: villain I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple-headed *Cerberus* would howl,
And wake black *Jove* to crouch and kneel to me.

But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made,

Governor Nor if my body could have stopped the breach,
Shouldst thou have entered, cruel *tamburlaine*:
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the highest,
For though thy cannon shook the city walls,
My heart did never quake, or courage faint.

tamburlaine Well, now I'll make it quake, go draw him up,
Hang him up in chains upon the city walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

Governor Vile monster, born of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
Do all thy worst, nor death, nor *Tamburlaine*,

Torture or pain can daunt my dreadless mind.

tamburlaine Up with him then, his body shall be scarred.

Governor But *Tamburlaine*, in *Limnaspaltis*' lake,
There lies more gold than *Babylon* is worth,
Which when the city was besieged I hid,
Save but my life and I will give it thee.

tamburlaine Then for all your valour, you would save your life,
Where about lies it?

Governor Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Western gate of *Babylon*.

tamburlaine Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution,

wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087

img: 77-a
sig: K4v

Away with him hence, let him speak no more:
I think I make your courage something quail,
When this is done, we'll march from *Babylon*,
And make our greatest haste to *Persia*:
These Jades are broken-winded, and half-tired,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse:
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both up presently.
Trebizond Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody *Tamburlaine*
Tamburlaine Take them away *Theridamas*, see them
dispatched.
Theridamas I will my Lord.
tamburlaine Come Asian Viceroy, to your tasks a while
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.
Orcanes First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs
Rather than we should draw thy chariot.
And like base slaves abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.
Jerusalem Rather lend me thy weapon *Tamburlaine*,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine,

wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
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wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115

A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.
Amyras They will talk still my Lord, if you do not
bridle them.
tamburlaine Bridle them, and let me to my coach.
They bridle them.
Amyras See now my Lord how brave the Captain
hangs.
tamburlaine 'Tis brave indeed my boy, well done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.
theridamas Then have at him to begin withal.
Theridamas shoots.
Governor Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great *Tamburlaine*.
tamburlaine No, though *Asphaltis*' lake were liquid gold,
And offered me as ransom for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.
They shoot.
So now he hangs like *Bagdad's* Governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Go now and bind the Burghers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the city's lake:
Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
And to command the city, I will build
A Citadel, that all Africa
Which hath been subject to the Persian king,

wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119

img: 77-b
sig: K5r

Shall pay me tribute for, in *Babylon*.

techelles What shall be done with their wives and children
my Lord.

tamburlaine Techelles, Drown them all, man, woman, and child,
Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151

img: 78-a
sig: K5v

techelles I will about it straight, come Soldiers.

Exit

tamburlaine Now *Casane*, where's the Turkish *Alcoran*,
And all the heaps of superstitious books,
Found in the Temples of that *Mahomet*
Whom I have thought a God, they shall be burnt.

Usumcasane Here they are my Lord.

tamburlaine Well said, let there be a fire presently,
In vain I see men worship *Mahomet*,

My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell.

Slew all his Priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,

And yet I live untouched by *Mahomet*:

There is a God full of revenging wrath,

From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,

Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.

So *Casane*, fling them in the fire.

Now *Mahomet*, if thou have any power,

Come down thyself and work a miracle,

Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,

That suffers flames of fire to burn the writ

Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.

Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down,

To blow thy *Alcoran* up to thy throne,

Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himself,

Or vengeance on the head of *Tamburlaine*,

That shakes his sword against thy majesty.

And spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish laws.

Well soldiers, *Mahomet* remains in hell,

He cannot hear the voice of *Tamburlaine*,

Seek out another Godhead to adore,

The God that sits in heaven, if any God,

For he is God alone, and none but he.

techelles I have fulfilled your highness' will, my Lord,

wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159

Thousands of men drowned in *Asphaltis*' Lake,

Have made the water swell above the banks,

And fishes feed by human carcasses,

Amazed, swim up and down upon the waves,

As when they swallow *Assafoetida*,

Which makes them fleet aloft and gasp for air,

tamburlaine Well then my friendly Lords what now remains

But that we leave sufficient garrison

wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170

And presently depart to *Persia*,
To triumph after all our victories.
theridamas Ay, good my Lord, let us in haste to *Persia*,
And let this Captain be removed the walls,
To some high hill about the city here.
tamburlaine Let it be so, about it soldiers:
But stay, I feel myself distempered suddenly.
techelles What is it dares distemper *Tamburlaine*?
tamburlaine Something *techelles* but I know not what,
But forth ye vassals, whatso'er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me.

Exeunt

wln 2171

Actus. 5 Scaena. 4

wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.
Callapine
King of *Amasia*, now our mighty host,
Marcheth in *Asia major* where the streams,
Of *Euphrates* and *Tigris* swiftly runs,
And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with *Limnasphaltis*' Lake,
Where *tamburlaine* with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
we may lie ready to encounter him.

img: 78-b
sig: K6r

wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204

Before his host be full from *Babylon*,
And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or *Mahomet* send any aid.
Amasia Doubt not my lord, but we shall conquer him
The Monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile Carcass drawn by warlike kings,
The Fowls shall eat, for never sepulchre
Shall grace that base-born Tyrant *tamburlaine*.
Callapine When I record my Parents' slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My Viceroy's bondage under *tamburlaine*,
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths,
To be revenged of all his Villainy.
Ah sacred *Mahomet*, thou that hast seen,
Millions of Turks perish by *Tamburlaine*,
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sacked and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee.
And thy obedient servant *Callapine*
And make him after all these overthrows,
To triumph over cursed *Tamburlaine*.
Amasia Fear not my Lord, I see great *Mahomet*

wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213

img: 79-a
sig: K6v

Clothed in purple clouds, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than *Apollo's* crown,
Marching about the air with armed men,
To join with you against this *Tamburlaine*.
Renowned General mighty *Callapine*,
Though God himself and holy *Mahomet*,
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
And pull proud *Tamburlaine* upon his knees,

wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232

To sue for mercy at your highness' feet,
Callapine Captain the force of *Tamburlaine* is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismayed the world,
Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,
Yet when the pride of *Cynthia* is at full,
She wanes again, and so shall his I hope,
For we have here the chief selected men
Of twenty several kingdoms at the least:
Nor ploughman, Priest, nor Merchant stays at home.
All Turkey is in arms with *Callapine*.
And never will we sunder camps and arms,
Before himself or his be conquered.
This is the time that must eternize me,
For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
Come Soldiers, let us lie in wait for him
And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoined again at full,
Assail it and be sure of victory.

Exeunt.

wln 2233

Actus. 5 Scaena. 6

wln 2234

Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane.

wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242

Weep heavens, and vanish into liquid tears
Fall stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth.
And shed their feeble influence in the air.
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
For hell and darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death with armies of Cimmerian spirits

img: 79-b
sig: K7r

wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245

Gives battle 'gainst the heart of *Tamburlaine*.
Now in defiance of that wonted love,
Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne,

wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274

And made his state an honour to the heavens,
These cowards invisibly assail his soul,
And threaten conquest on our Sovereign:
But if he die, your glories are disgraced,
Earth droops and says, that hell in heaven is placed,
techelles O then ye Powers that sway eternal seats,
And guide this massy substance of the earth,
If you retain desert of holiness,
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,
Bear not the burden of your enemy's joys,
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanced,
But as his birth, life, health and majesty
Were strangely blessed and governed by heaven,
So honour heaven till heaven dissolved be,
His birth, his life, his health and majesty.
Usumcasane Blush heaven to lose the honour of thy name,
To see thy footstool set upon thy head,
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast,
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence:
To see the devils mount in Angels' thrones,
And Angels dive into the pools of hell.
And though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as *Jove's*,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of *Tamburlaine*,
Thy instrument and note of **Majesty**.
Is greater far than they can thus subdue.
For if he die, thy glory is disgraced,

img: 80-a
sig: K7v

wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293

Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.
tamburlaine What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty *Tamburlaine*,
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been termed the terror of the world?
Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shall I do I cannot stand,
Come carry me to war against the Gods,
That thus envy the health of *Tamburlaine*.
theridamas Ah good my Lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady.
tamburlaine Why shall I sit and languish in this pain,
No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
Come let us charge our spears and pierce his breast,
Whose shoulders bear the Axis of the world,

wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306

img: 80-b
sig: K8r

That if I perish, heaven and earth may fade,
theridamas, haste to the court of *Jove*,
Will him to send *Apollo* hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.
techelles Sit still my gracious Lord, this grief will cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.
tamburlaine Not last *techelles*, no, for I shall die,
See where my slave, the ugly monster death
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Villain away, and hie thee to the field,

wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338

I and mine army come to load thy bark
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses,
Look where he goes, but see, he comes again
Because I stay, *techelles* let us march,
And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.
Physician Pleaseth your Majesty to drink this potion.
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.
tamburlaine Tell me, what think you of my sickness now?
Physician I viewed your urine, and the Hypostasis
Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,
Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,
The *Humidum* and *Calor*, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the Elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguished and spent.
Which being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides my Lord, this day is Critical,
Dangerous to those, whose Crisis is as yours:
Your Artiers which amongst the veins convey
The lively spirits which the heart engenders
Are parched and void of spirit that the soul
Wanting those Organons by which it moves,
Can not endure by argument of art.
Yet if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt, but you shall soon recover all.
tamburlaine Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
And live in spite of death above a day.
Alarm within.
Messenger My Lord, young *Callapine* that lately fled from
your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh Army, and

img: 81-a
sig: K8v

wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

img: 81-b
sig: L1r

wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386

hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon us presently.

Tamburlaine See my Physicians now, how *Jove* hath sent,
A present **medicine** to recure my pain:
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight.

Usumcasane I joy my Lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

Tamburlaine I know it will *Casane*: draw you slaves,
In spite of death I will go show my face.

*Alarm, Tamburlaine goes in, and comes out
again with all the rest.*

Thus are the villains, cowards fled for fear,
Like Summer's vapours, vanished by the Sun.
And could I but a while pursue the field,
That *Callapine* should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent,
In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
That mean t'invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.

Give me a Map, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boys may finish all my wants,

One brings a Map.

Here I began to march towards *Persia*,
Along *Armenia* and the Caspian sea,
And thence unto *Bithynia*, where I took
The Turk and his great Empress prisoners,
Then marched I into *Egypt* and *Arabia*,
And here not far from *Alexandria*,

Whereas the Terrene and the red sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to *India*.
From thence to *Nubia* near *Borno* Lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropic line of *Capricorn*,
I conquered all as far as *Zanzibar*,
Then by the Northern part of *Africa*.
I came at last to *Graecia*, and from thence
To *Asia*, where I stay against my will,
Which is from *Scythia*, where I first began,
Backward and forwards near five thousand leagues,
Look here my boys, see what a world of ground,
Lies westward from the midst of *Cancer*'s line,
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,

wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402

img: 82-a
sig: L1v

Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes:
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Lo here my sons, are all the golden Mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than *Asia*, and the world beside,
And from th' Antarctic Pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which never was descried,
Wherein are rocks of Pearl, that shine as **bright**
As all the Lamps that beautify the Sky,
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Here lovely boys, what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.
Amyras Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding hearts
Wounded and broken with your Highness' grief,
Retain a thought of joy, or spark of life?

wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
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wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434

Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects.
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.
Celebinus Your pains do pierce our souls, no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives,
tamburlaine But sons, this subject not of force enough,
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
must part, imparting his impressions,
By equal portions into both your breasts:
My flesh divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally:
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son:
First take my Scourge and my imperial Crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crowned before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remove.
theridamas A woeful change my Lord, that daunts our thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls.
tamburlaine Sit up my son, let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.
They crown him.
Amyras With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life, and burden of my soul,
If not resolved into resolved pains,
My body's mortified lineaments
should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierced with the joy of any dignity?
O father, if the unrelenting ears
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spiteful influence of heaven.

img: 82-b
sig: L2r

Deny my soul fruition of her joy,

wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466

How should I step or stir my hateful feet,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that only strives to die,
And plead in vain, unpleasing sovereignty.
tamburlaine Let not thy love exceed thine honour son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity,
That nobly must admit necessity
Sit up my boy, and with those silken reins,
Bridle the steeled stomachs of those Jades.
theridamas My Lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.
Amyras Heavens witness me, with what a broken heart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
And send my soul before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.
tamburlaine Now fetch the hearse of fair *Zenocrate*,
Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.
Usumcasane Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
Nor may our hearts all drowned in tears of blood,
Joy any hope of your recovery?
tamburlaine *Casane* no, the Monarch of the earth,
And eyeless Monster that torments my soul,
Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
And therefore still augments his cruelty.
techelles Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenched hate,
May be upon himself reverberate.
They bring in the hearse.
tamburlaine Now eyes, enjoy your latest benefit,
And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,

img: 83-a
sig: L2v

wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477

Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.
So, reign my son, scourge and control those slaves
Guiding thy chariot with thy Father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
As that which *Clymen's* brainsick son did guide,
When wand'ring *Phæbe's* Ivory cheeks were scorched
And all the earth like *Etna* breathing fire:
Be warned by him, then learn with awful eye
To sway a throne as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts

wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494

wln 2495

As pure and fiery as *Phyteus*’ beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling Jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest hair,
And draw thee piecemeal like *Hippolytus*,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian cliffs.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than heaven’s coach, the pride of *Phaeton*.
Farewell my boys, my dearest friends, farewell,
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For *Tamburlaine*, the Scourge of God must die.
 Amyras Meet heaven and earth, and here let all things end
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heaven consumed his choicest living fire.
Let earth and heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **87 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Illyrians* is amended from the original *Illicians*.
2. **227 (47-a)**: The regularized reading *many* is amended from the original *mady*.
3. **300 (48-a)**: The regularized reading *precious* is amended from the original *procious*.
4. **385 (49-b)**: The regularized reading *Pericranion* is amended from the original *Pecicranion*.
5. **534 (52-a)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maiesly*.
6. **626 (53-b)**: The regularized reading *there* is amended from the original *there*.
7. **655 (54-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *ro*.
8. **971 (59-a)**: The regularized reading *mournful* is amended from the original *mourful*.
9. **1005 (59-b)**: The regularized reading *list* is supplied for the original *[*]ist*.
10. **1174 (62-a)**: The regularized reading *Gabions* is amended from the original *Galions*.
11. **1232 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original *[...]*.
12. **1243 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *Rhamnusia* is amended from the original *Rhammusia*.
13. **1996 (75-b)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *pet*.
14. **2026 (76-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *you*.
15. **2272 (79-b)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maisty*.
16. **2342 (81-a)**: The regularized reading *medicine* is amended from the original *medicince*.
17. **2395 (81-b)**: The regularized reading *bright* is amended from the original *kright*.

18. **2448 (82-b)**: The regularized reading *And* is supplied for the original [***]nd.
19. **2486 (83-a)**: The regularized reading *Farewell* is supplied for the original *Fa[...]*l.