

Tamburlaine

the Great.

*Who, from a Scythian Shepherde,
by his rare and wonderfull Conquests,
became a most puissant and might-
tye Monarque,*

*And (for his tyranny, and terrour in
Warre) was tearmed,*

The Scourge of God.

*Deuided into two Tragicall Dis-
courses, as they were sundrie times
shewed vpon Stages in the Citie
of London,*

*By the right honorable the Lord
Admirall, his seruantes.*

Now first, and newlie published.



LONDON.

*Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe
of the Rose and Crowne neere Hol-
borne Bridge, 1590.*

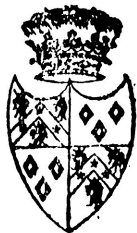
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To the Gentlemen Readers: and others that take pleasure
in reading Histories.

Gentlemen, and curteous Readers who soeuer: I haue here published in print for your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of the Scythian Shepheard, **Camburlaine**, that became so great a Conquerour, and so mightie a Monarque: My hope is, that they will be now no lesse acceptable vnto you to read after your serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene (lately) delightfull for many of you to see, when the same were shewed in London vpon stages: I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some fond and friuolous Iectures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were shewed vpon the stage in their graded deformities: neuertheles now, to be mixtured in print wih such matter of worth, it wuld
A 2 prouoe

To the Reader.

prooue a great disgrace to so honorable & stately a historie: Great folly were it in me, to commend vnto your wisdomes, either the eloquence of the Authour that writ them, or the worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore leaue vnto your learned censures, both the one and the other, and my selfe the poore printer of them vnto your most curteous and fauourable protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall euermore binde mee to imploy what trauell and seruice I can, to the aduancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble at commaundement,

R. I. Printer

The two tragical

courses of mighty Tamburlaine, the

Scythian Shepheard. &c.

The Prologue.

From iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
Wee leaue you to the stately tent of War,
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatning the world with high astounding tearme
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

Actus. 1. Scena. 1.

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

Mycetes.

Brother Cosroe, I find my selfe agreed,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundering speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.
Cos. Unhappie Persea, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their pollicies,
Haue triumpht ouer Affrike, and the bounds
Of Europe, wher the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing meercors and concaled colde:
Now to be rulde and gouerned by a man,
At whose byrth-day Cynthia with Saturne ioinde,
And Ioue, the Sun and Mercurie denied

A 3

To

To shed his influence in his sickle baine,
Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swordes at th.
Meaning to mangle all thy Province,
Myccet. Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
And though your Planets I perceiue you thinke,
I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
But I refer me to my noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to be slaine for this,
Meander, might I not:

Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord
Myccet. I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
Yet liue, yea, liue, Mycetes wils it for:
Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued grieke,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,
That like a Foxe in midst of harvest time,
Dooth pray vpon my flockes of Passengers.
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. O't haue I heard your Maiestie complain,
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawlesse traue,
Daily commits inuicill outrages.
Doping (misled by dreameing prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His varrant Enigne in the Persean fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridimas,

Chardg'd

the Scythian Shepheard.

Chardg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your highnesse throne,
Myccet. Full true thou speakest, & like thy selfe my Lord
Whom I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it lik you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paleerie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords,
Is it not a kingly resolution;

Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

Myccet. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridimas
The chiefest Captaine of Mycetes holte,
The hope of Perse, and the verie legges
Wheron our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose soming galle with rage and high disdain,
Hauc sworne the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
So frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fragile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Befoze the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perill by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.

Myccet. Go, stout Theridimas, thy words are swordes
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white sheedes of mine.
All laden with the heads of killed men.

A 4

A

And from their knees, euen to their hooves belov'd,
Be smir'd with blood, that makes a vainety show.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leave,

Myc. Therid. farewell ten thousand times, (Exit,
Ah, Menaphon, why staest thou thus behind,
When other men yeate forward for renowne?
Go Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Therid. amast

Col. Nay, may you let him stay, a greater
Fits Menaphon, than warr ny with a Thiefe:
Create him Protector of Affrica,
That he may win the Babylonians hearts,
Which will revolt from Persean government,
Unless they haue a wiser king than you.

Myc. Unless they haue a wiser king than you:
These are his words, Meander let them downe.

Col. And ad this to them, that all Asia
Lament to see the follie of their King.

Myc. Well here I sweare by this my royal seat,

Col. You may doe well to kille it then.

Myc. Embost with silke as best becomes my state,
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.

Where is dutie and alleageance now:

Fled to the Calpean or the Decan maine:
What shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,
Houster of Nature, blame vnto thy stocke,
That darst presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am about Meander. Exit,

Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord, what mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus threaten like himselfe:

Col. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threats,
The

the Scythian Snpacato.

The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Hydem garrisons,
To crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth exccruciate
The verie substance of my bered soule:
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now las and laughs our regiment to come,
And that which might resolue me into teares:
Den from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne Indias
Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.

Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the tytle of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maimed Emperie,
Affrike and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
Passe into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,

And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Least you subdue the pride of Christendome. (Sound

Col. But Menaph. what means this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Binging the Crowne to make you Emperour.

Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne
with others.

Ort. Magnificent and mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean States,
And commons of this mightie Monarchie,
Present thee with thy Imperiall Diadem.

Con. The

the Conquerors of Tamburlaine,

Cene. The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
 That heretofore haue sild Persopolis
 With Affrike Captaines, taken in the field:
 Whose ransome made them march in coates of gold,
 With costly iewels hanging at their eares,
 And shining stones vpon their lofty Crestes,
 Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
 Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
 Begin in troopes to threaten euill warre.
 And openly exclaime against the King.
 Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
 We will inuict your Highnesse Emperour:
 Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue moze ioy,
 Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
 Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.

Cosr. Wel, since I see the state of Persia droope,
 And languish in my brothers gouernment:
 I willingly receiue th'imperiall crowne,
 And bow to weare it for my countreis good:
 In spight of them shall malice my estate.

Ortyg. And in assurance of desire'd successe,
 We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
 Emperour of Asia, and of Persia,
 Great Lord of Medea and Armenia:
 Duke of Affrica and Albania,
 Mesopotamia and of Parthia,
 East India and the late discouered Isles,
 Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea,
 And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:
 Long liue Cosroe mighty Emperour.

Cosr. And loue may neuer let me longer liue,
 Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,

And

the Scythian Shepheards.

And cause the souldiers that thus honour me,
 To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
 By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
 I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
 And with the Arme of Theridamas,
 Whether we presently will sic (my Lords)
 To rest secure against my brothers foze. (crowne)

Ortyg. We knew my Lord, before we brought the
 Intending your inuention so neere,
 The residence of your disputed brother,
 The Lord would not be too crasperate,
 To intire or suppress your woorthy tytle.
 Or if they would, there are in readines
 Ten thousand horse to carie you from hence,
 In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cosr. I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all,

Ortyg. Sound by the trumpets then,
 God saue the King. Excunt.

Actus. i. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate; T echelles, Vsa-
 meafane, other Lords and Souldiers loden
 with treasure.

Tam. Come lady, let not this appal your thoughts
 The iewels and the treasure we haue tang
 Shall be refer'd, and you in better state,
 Than if you were arriv'd in Siria,
 Etten in the circle of your Fathers armes:
 The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,
 (It

(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to enrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide.
Who traouelling with these Hebean Lords
To Memphis, from my vnckles country of Medea,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand:
To safe conduct vs thozow Affrica:

Mag. And since we haue arriue'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.

Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes,
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And though my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keepe your treasure safe,
But since I loue to liue at liberty,
As easely may you get the Souldans crowne,
As any prizes out of my ppecinct.
For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Paddam, is your grace betroch'd:

Zen. I am my Lord, for so you do import.

Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall pprooue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Put grace his bed that conquers Asia:
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie

By

the Scythian Shepheard.

By East and west, as Phœbus doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtle-are:
Are adiuncts moze besecming Tamburlaine,
And Paddam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vballued,
Both may inuelt you Emperesse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of so great an host,
As with their waight shall make the mountains quake,
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their pawes, and threathing heardes of
Beastes,

So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine:
He thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery looks,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads,
Vsum. And making thee and me Techelles, kings,
That euen to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scozne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempred spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit bear Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughtes coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our foyled followers,
Till with their eyes they view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended prizes,
Till this ourselfe becometh your ppassengers.

There

Therefore at least admit vs liberall,
Euen as thou hop'it to be eternized,
By liuing Asias mightie Emperour.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our libertyes:
Returne our Hules and empty Camels backe,
That we may traueile into Siria,
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidas,
Expects th'arruall of her highnesse person.

Mag. And wheresoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Disbaines Zenocrate to liue with me:
Or you my Lordes to be my followers:
Thinke you I way this treasure more than you:
Not all the Gold in Indias wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the Loue of loue,
Brighter than is the siluer Rhodolfe,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more woorth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian Crowne.
Which gracious starres haue promist at my birch,
A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than Pegafus.
Thy Garments shall be made of Hebean silke,
Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates.
With milke-white Hartes vpon an Iuoric sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen Pools,
And scale the ylie mountaines lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be soone resold.
By marriall prizes with five hundred men,

The Scythian souldiers,

What on the fittie headed Vuolgas waues,
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now? In loue?
Tamb. Techelles, women must be flater'd.
But this is she with whom I am in loue.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Jewes, newes.
Tamb. How now, what's the matter?
Sould. A thousand Persian hozsmen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.
Tamb. How now my Lordes of Egypt & Zenocrate:
Now must your ielues be restor'd againe:
And I that triumpht so be ouercome.

How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?
Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore the.
Tamb. Such hope, such fortune haue the thousand
Soft ye my Lordes and sweet Zenocrate. (hope.)

You must be forced from me ere you goe:
A thousand hozsmen: We five hundred foote:
An ods too great, for vs to stand against:
But are they rich: And is their armour good?
Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with
(beaten golde.)

Their swords enamell'd, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the walle,
In euery part exceeding braue and rich.

Tamb. Then shall we fight couragiously with them:
Or looke you, I should play the Orator?

Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawates,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.
Our swordes shall play the Orators for vs.

Vlum. Come

Vlum. Come let vs meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their hozses headlong down the hill.

Tech. Come let vs march.

Tam. Stay Techelles, as ke a parlee first,
The Souldiers enter.

Open the Gates, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Perseans,
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
Wheele fight sune hundred men at armes to one,
Befoze we part with our possession.
And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords,
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Spanackles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shal we encounter them?

Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamberlaine?

Tam. Who seekst thou Persean? I am Taburlain,

Ther. Tamberlaine? A Scythian Shepheard,
(So imbellished

With Natures pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eyes are fire vpon the earth.
As if he now deuil'd some Stratagemie:
Or meant to pierce Auernas darksome vaults,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

To hunt the triple headed dog from hell.
Tech. Noble and milde this Perseau seemes to be,
His outward habit iudge the inward man,
Tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
Tech. What a maiesty he rears his looks:
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand hozse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deserit to haue the leading of an hoste:
Forsake thy king and do but ioin with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Sphære,
Than Tamberlaine be slaine or overcome.
Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man at Armes,
Intending but to rafe my charmed skin:
And Ioue himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen,
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harme,
See how he raines down heaps of gold in showers,
As if he meant to giue my Souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East.
He sends this Sculdans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and poorely Emperesse,
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,
And lead thy thousand hozse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prise,
These thousand hozse shall sweat with martiall spoile
Or conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt,

B

Both

Both we wil walke vpon the lofty clifts,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow by huge furrowes in the Caspian sea.
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,
And mightie kings shall be our Senators,
Ioue sometime walked in a Shepheards weed,
And by these keys that he hath feat'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane estate,
(I cal it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations far remou'd admyre me not)
And when my name and honoz shall be spread,
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
O faire Bot'es lends his cheerefull light.
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine. in all his maiestie.

Ther. Not Hermes Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions moze patheticall.

Tam. Not are Apollos Oracles moze true,
Then thou shalt find my vauants substantiall.

Tec. We are his friends, and if the Persian king
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successe.

Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect.
Besides the honoz in assured conquestes:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hostes of souldiers stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
These are the men that all the world admyres, (scule

Ther. What strange enchantments tice my yeelding
Are

the Scythian Shepheard.

Are these resolu'd noble Scythians?

But shall I prooue a Traitor to my King?

Tam. No, but the trustie friend of Tamburlaine.

Ther. Won with thy wordes, & conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee: (looks,

To be partaker of thy good or ill,

As long as life maintaines Theridamas.

Tam. Theridamas my friend, take here my hand.

Which is as much as if I swoze by heauen,

And call'd the Gods to witness of my vow,

Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,

Untill our bodics turne to Elements:

And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.

Techelles, and Casane, welcome him.

Tech. Welcome renowned Persian to vs all.

Cas. Long may theridamas remaine with vs.

Tam. These are my friends in who I moze reioice,

Thar dooth the King of Persia in his Crowne:

And by the ioue of Pyllades and Orestes,

Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,

Thy selfe and thers shall neuer part from me,

Before I crowne you kings in Asia.

Make much of them gentle Theridamas,

And they will neuer leave thee till the death.

ther. Not thee, nor them, thrice noble Tamburlain

Shal want my heart to be with gladnes pierc'd

To do you honoz and securitie.

Tam. A thousand thanks worthy theridamas:

And now faire Adam, and my noble Lords,

If you will willingly remaine with me,

You shall haue her oze, as your merits be:

O els you shall be toy'd with slauerie.

B a

Agid. We

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Agid. We peeld into thee happie Tamburlaine
tamb. For you then Goddam, I am out of doubt
Zeno. It must be please perforce, wretched
(Zenocrate. Excuse)

Actus. 2. Scœna. 1.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with
other Souldiers,

Cosroe.

Thus farre are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renoume and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, Menaphon,
What stature wields he, and what personage:
Mena. Of stature tall, and straighely fashioned,
Like his desire, v'st upwards and diuine,
So large of lims, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainely beare
Olde Atlas burthen, twirt his manly pitch,
A pearle moze worth, then all the world is plasse:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are set his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cycles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honor sits inuested royally:
The of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thyrring with souerainty with loue of armes,
His lonly browes in faldes, do figure death,

And

the Scythians

And in their smoothness, amittie and lace:
About them hangs a knot of Amber beads,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it daunce with wanton maletie:
His armes and fingers long and snowy,
Betokening valour and excelle of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

Col. I haue thou pertraid in thy tearms of life,

The face and personage of a woondrous man:
Nature doth streame with fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht woorth:
And well his merits show him to be made:
His fortunes miter, and the king of men.
That could perswade at such a sedaine pitch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand swoyne and ouermatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are loind
And close in compasse of the killing bulle,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerway his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Perseas noble tamburlaine
Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King:

Ort. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honor,
In toying with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best,

B 3

Cc. He

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Gen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in violence of tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainst a Monarchie.
What will he doe supported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentle men and Lords,
And stufte with treasure for his highest thoughts,

Cof. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine,
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and braue Theridamas
Shall meet vs by the riuers Araris;
And all conuinc'd to meet the wisest King,
That now is marching neer to Parthia.
And with unwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seek reuenge on me and Tamburlaine.
To whom sweet Menaphon, direct me straight,
Mena. I will my Lord. Exeunt,

Act. 2. Scena. 2.

Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords
and Souldiers,

Mycetes.

Come my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is twolue with wrath,
On this same treachy villaine tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my traiterous brother
Would it not grieue a King to be so abused,
And haue a thousand hoysmen tane away;
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not;
I thinke it would; wel then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her boozes,

But

the Scythian

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

Mean. Then hauing past Armenian defarts now,
And pitch our tents vnder the Scorgean hills,
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thieues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes:
Least if we let them lye here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies,
This countrey swarmes with vile outrageous men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with gates and pponises,
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere by your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter tamburlaine,
Shall rule the Province of Albania,
Who brings that Traitors head theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Medeat
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with tamburlaine,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

A Spy. An hundred hoysmen of my company
Scouring abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

W 4

Meand.

Mean, Suppose they be in number infinite,
Per being void of Martiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:
And more regarding gaine than victory:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Spouting of the teeth of Dragons venomous,
Their carelesse swords shal launch their fellows threats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That spouting of teeth of Dragons venomous,
Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Myc. And tis a pretty toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a iewel sure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mean. Then noble souldiours, to increas these theques,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall sing in euery corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it by,
You fighting more for honoz than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues.
And when their scattered armes is subb'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equally the gold that brought their liues,
And lue like Gentlemen in Persia,
Strike by the Drum and march cozrag'ously,
Fortune yer selfe dooth sit vpon our Crests.

Myc. He tels you true, my maisters, so he does.
Dumz, why sound ye not whe Meand. speaks, Excunt

ACTUS. 2. SCENA. 3.

Colroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vm-
meafane, Ortygius, with others.

Colroe.

Now worship Tamburlaine, haue I repolde,
In thy approued Fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man, shal come of our at-
(temptes.

For euen as from assured oracle,
I take thy doome for satisfaction.

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne,
To retaille the beebes of tamburlaine:
And make them blest that share in his attemptes.
And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deeds,
The world will striue with hostes of men at armes,
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,
The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue.
Our quivering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Loues dreadfull Thunderbolts,
Enrolde in flames and fiery smelndering miltes,
Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopien warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march,
Weel chase the Stars from heauen, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admyred armes.
therid. You see my Lord, what woozking woozdes
(he hath.

But

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excus'd
For turning my poore charge to his direction,
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and strike to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

tech. Which durie not wish amitie we yeeld
Our vamoil seruire to the faire Colroe.

Col. Which I esteeme as portion of my crown,
Vlumeasane and techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shall make me safely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your merces and vallours be abundant
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. Then haste Colroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men,
May triumph in our long expected fate,
The King your Brother is now hard at hand,
Dette with the foole, and rid you: rayall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as outwaies the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discouered the enemy
Ready to charge you with a mighty armie.

Col. Come tamburlain, now whet thy winged saour
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Persias crowne,
And set it safe on my virtuous head.

tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle are.
That ere made passage thowow Persian Armes,
These are the wings shall make it like as swift,

As

the Scythian Shepheard.

As with the lightning; or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Col. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
So valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King,
tamb. Vlumeasane and techelles come,
We are enough to scare the enemy,
And more than needes to make an Emperour.

To the Battaille, and Mycetes comes out alone with
his Crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. It will be he that first invented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How these were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quivering Aspen leafe,
Feating the force of Boreas boillrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisdomes loze?
For Kings are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleaue,
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowen, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlain.

tam. What fearful coward stragling from the camp
When Kings themselves are present in the field.

Myc. Thou liest.

tam. Vaine villaine, darst thou giue the lie?
Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Enter

Thou breakst the law of Armes vntlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.

Tam. Are you the witty King of Persea?

Myce. I marie am I: haue you any suite to mee?

Tam. I would intreat you to speak but thre wordes.

Myce. So I can when I see my time.

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?

Tam. You will not sell it, wil ye?

Myce. Such another word, and I will haue thee executed.

Come giue it me.

Tam. No, I tooke it prisoner.

Myce. You lie, I gaue it you.

Tam. Then tis mine.

Myce. No, I meane, I let you keep it.

Tam. Well, I meane you shall haue it againe.

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,

Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.

Then shall thou see me pull it from thy head:

Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine.

Myce. O Odds, tis this tamburlaine the thiefe,
I marueile much he stole it not away.

Sound trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon,
Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Vsumecafane,
with others.

Tam. Halde these Cosroe, weare two imperiall
Crownes,

Thinke

the Scythian Shepheard.

Thinke thee trusted now as royally,
Guen by the mighty hand of tamburlaine,
As many kinges as could encompass thee,
With greatest pompe had crownd thee Emperour.

Cosr. So do I thrice renowned man at armes,
And none shall keepe the crowne but tamburlaine:
Thee doo I make my Regent of Persea,
And Generall Lieutenant of my Armes.
Mean der, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefest Counsaillor in all his acts,
Since he is yeelded to the stroke of War,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.

Mean. Most happy Emperour in humblest tearms
I vow my seruice to your Maestie.
With utmost vertue of my faith and dutie.

Cosr. Thanks good Meander, then Cosroe raigh
And gouerne Persea in her former pompe:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,
And let them know the Persean King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King should do,
To one that can command what longes thereto:
And now we will to faire Persopolis,
With twenty thousand expert souldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With little slaughter take Meanders course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
Ortygius and menaphon, my trustie friends,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your stat., all hand it to seru'd,

So

So will we watch our powers and our liues,
Inde uoy to preserve and prosper it.
Cos. I will not thank thee (sweet Ortigius)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.
And now Lord tamburlaine, my brothers Camye
I leaue to thee, and to theridamas;
To follow me to faire Persepolis.
Then will we march to all those Indian Pines,
By wickeste brother to the Christians lost
And ransome them with fame and vsurie.
And till thou ouertake me tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scatter'd troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happie friends;
I long to sit vpon my brothers throne,
Mena. Your Gaeltie shall shortly haue your wits;
And ride in triumph through Persepolis. Exeunt
Mattent Camb, Tech, Ther, Vsum.
tamb. And ride in triumph through Persepolis:
Is it not braue to be a King, techelles:
Vsumeasane and theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis:
tech. O my Lord, tis sweet and full of pompe.
Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.
ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they enjoy in heauen
Can not compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchar'd with pearle and golde,
Whose vertues carie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: command, and be obeyed.
When looks breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize;
Such power attractiue shines in princes eyes.

tamb

The Scythian Shepheard.

tamb. Why say theridamas, wilt thou be a king?
ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.
tamb. What saies my other friends, wil you be kings?
tec. If I could with all my heart my Lord.
tamb. Why, that's wel said techelles, so would I.
And so would you my maisters, would you not?
Vsum. What then my Lord?
tamb. Why then Calanes shall we wish for ought
The world ascribes in greatest noueltie,
And rest attempleste faint and destitute:
He thinks we should not, I am strongly mou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,
I could attaine it with a woondrous ease,
And would not all our souldiers soone consent,
If we should aime at such a dignitie:
ther. I know they would with our perswasions.
tamb. Why then theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Medea,
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,
As if the Turke, the Pope, Affrike and Greece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.
tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing King,
And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne:
Vsum. Nay quickly then, befoze his roome be hot.
tamb. Will procure a pretie iest (in faith) my friends,
the. A iest to charge on twenty thousand men:
I Iudge the purchase more important far.
tamb. Iudge by thy selfe theridamas, not me,
For presently techelles here shall haste,
To bid him battaile ere he passe too farre,
And lose more labor than the gaine will might.

Then

The Conqueits of Tamburlaine,

Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a test to win the Persian crowne,
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his back to war with vs,
That onely made him King to make vs sport,
We will not scale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and moze warriors,
Waste the Techelles, we will follow thee,
What saith Theridamas?
ther. Goe on for me,

Exeunt.

Actus, 2. Scena, 6.

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with
other Souldiers,

Cos.

What means this diuelli^{sh} shepheard to aspire
With such a Grandly presumption,
To call vpon hils against the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angry Iupiter,

But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils,
And prest out fire from their burning lawest,
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shall euer feed vpon his soule.

mean. Some powres diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was neuer sprung of humane race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares so doubtlesly resolute of rule,
And by profession be ambitious,

Ort. What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

Or

the Scythian Shepheard,

Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
What star or fate soeuer gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meet incountering mindes,
And in detelling such a diuelli^{sh} Chief,
In loue of he: or defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he growe,

Cos. Nobly resolu'd, my good Ortygius,
And since we all haue suckt one wholesome aire,
And with the same proportion of Clementes,
Resolute, I hope we are resembled,
Clowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our souldiers to incounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirster after Soueraingtie:
And burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quence but blood and Emperie,
Resolute my Lords and louing souldiers now,
To saue your King and countrey from decay:
Then strike vpon Dum, and all the Starres that make
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scoynes the Powers that gouerne Persia.

Enter to the Battell, & after the battell, enter Cosroe
wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles,
Vsumecane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
Thus to deppriu: me of my crowne and life,
Treacheraus and faithles Theridamas,

C

Exit

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Even at the morning of my happy state,
 Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
 To worke my downfall and untimely end,
 An uncouth paine tormentes my grieued soule,
 And death arrests the organ of my voice.
 Who entering at the breach thy sword hath made,
 Sackes euery vaine and artier of my heart,
 Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine.

cam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crowne,
 That causde the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
 To thrust his doeing father from his chaire,
 And place himselfe in the Imperiall heauen,
 Hoo'd me to manage armes against thy state,
 What better president than mightie loue:
 Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
 Warring within our brealls for regiment,
 Doth teach vs all to haue aspiring minds:
 Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous Architecture of the world:
 And measure euery wandring planets course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And alwaies moouing as the reflex Spheres,
 Wills vs to weare our selues and neuer rest,
 Untill we reach the ripst fruit of all.
 That perfect blisse and sole felicitie.
 The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to tome with tamburlaine
 For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
 That mooues not bywards, nor by princely deeds
 Doth meane to soare about the highest fort.

Tec. And that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine.
 To lift our swords against the Persian King.

Vsum.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn downe,
 Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a Crowne.
 So do we hope to raigne in Asia,
 If tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

Col. The strangest men that euer nature made,
 I know not how to take their tyrannies.
 My bloodlesse body wareth chill and colde,
 And with my blood my life slides through my wound,
 My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
 And summons all my senses to depart:
 The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
 For want of nourishment to feed them both,
 Is drie and colde, and now dooth gally death
 With greedy talents gripe my bleeding hart,
 And like a Harpyz tites on my life.
 Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
 And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

cam. Not all the curses which the furies breath,
 Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:
 Theridamas, techelles, and the rest,
 Who thinke you now is king of Persia?

All. Tamburlaine, tamburlaine. (armes)
 Tamb. Though Mars himselfe the angrie God of
 And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
 To dispossesse me of this Diadem;
 Yet will I weare it in despite of them,
 As great commander of this Eastern world,
 If you but say that tamburlaine shall raigne.

All. Long liue tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.

C 2

Tam.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Tamb. So, now it is more sure on my head,
Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
And all pronounce me king of Persia.

Finis Actus 2.

Actus. 3. Scena, 1.

Baiazeth, the kings of Fess, Morocco, and Argier,
with others, in great pompe,

Baiazeth.

Great Kings of Barbary, and my worthy Vassals,
We heare, the Tartars & the Eastern theucers
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:

And thinks to rouse vs from our dreadfull siege

Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.

You know our Armie is invincible:

As many circumcised Turkes we haue,

And warlike bands of Christianerced,

As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea

Small drops of water, when the Flood begins

To ioine in one her semi-circled hozes:

Yet would we not be brau'd with forrain power,

Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yeeld.

Or breathles lie before the citie walles.

Fess. Renowned Emperour, and mighty Generall

What if you sent the Vassals of your guard,

To charge him to remaine in Asia.

Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,

As from the mouth of mighty Baiazeth.

Bai. Hee thee my Vassal fast to Persia,

Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,

Dead Lord of Asstrike, Europe and Asia,

Great

the Scythian Shepheard.

Great King and conquerour of Grecia,

The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole-blacke sea,

The high and highest Monarke of the world.

Will and commands (for say not I intreat)

Not once to set his foot in Affrica,

Or spread his colours in Grecia.

Least he incurre the furie of my wyath,

Tell him, I am content to take a truce,

Because I heare he beares a valiant mind,

But if presuming on his silly power,

He be so mad to manage Armes with me,

Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.

And if before the Sun haue measured heauens

With triple circuit thou regret vs not,

We meane to take his moynings next arise.

For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,

And meane to fetch thee in despight of him.

Bass. Most great and puissant Monarke of the earth,

Your Vassal will accomplish your behest:

And show your pleasure to the Persian.

As sits the Legate of the statelie Turk. Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of Persia,

But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,

Twere requisite he should be ten times more,

For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Bai. True (Argier) and tremble at my looks.

Moro. The spring is hindered by your smothering

For neither rain can fall vpon the earth, (ho)

Nor Sun restere his vertuous beames ther eon,

The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,

And all the trees are blasted with our breathes.

C 3

Fess.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Fell. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchieu'd
In pursuit of the Treies euertlow:
Bai. I wil the captiue Prisoners of Argier,
Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the citie from the mountain Carnon,
Two thousand hoyle shall forrage vp and dolone,
That no reliefe or succour come by Land.
And all the sea my Gallies countermaund,
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulle
Batter the walles, and we will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered. Exeunt

Actus. 3. Scena. 2.

Agidas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with
others.

Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these inquiet fits:
That worke such trouble to your wonted rest:
Tis more then piety such a heavenly face
Should by hearts sorrow war so wan and pale.
When your offensue rape by tamburlaine,
(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.

Zen. Although it be digested long agoe
As his exceeding fauours haue deseru'd,
And might content the Queene of heauen as well
As it hath chang'd my first conceit d' disdain.
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,
With ceaselesse and disorderate conceits,

Which

the Scythian Shepheard.

Which dies my looke so liuelesse as they are,
And might, if my extreames had full euents,
Make me the gally counterfeite of death.

Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolud,
And all that pierceth Phoebes siluer eye,
Before such hap fall to zenocrate,
zen. Ah, life, and soule still houer in his breath.
And leaue my body sencelesse as the earth,
Or els unite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with tamburlaine.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agid. With tamburlaine: Ah faire zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despight,
And keeps you from the honoz of a Queene,
Being suppos'd his wortlesse Concubine,
Be honozed with your loue, but for necessity,
So now the mighty Souldan hears of you,
Your Highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.

Zen. leaue to wound me with these words,
And speake of tamburlaine as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or seruitude.

And might in noble minds be counted princely,
Agid. How can you fancie one that looke so fierce,
Onely disposed to martiall Stratagemes:
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

C 4

And

the Conquest of Camburaine:

And when you looke for amorous discourse,
 Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
 Too harsh a subject for your dainty eares.
 Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing stream,
 Or when the morning holds him in her armes,
 So lookes my Lordly loue, faire camburaine:
 His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,
 They sing for honoz gaunt Pierides,
 Or when Minerua did with Neptune striue,
 And higher would I reare my estimate,
 Than Iuno sister to the highest God,
 If I were matcht with mightie camburaine.
 Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
 But let the young Arabian line in hope,
 After your rescue to enioy his choise.
 You see though first the King of Persea
 (Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you most,
 Now in his matelty he leaues those lookes,
 Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
 And giues no more than common courtesies.
 Zen. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
 Fearing his loue through my vntworthynesse.

Camburaine goes to her, & takes her away louing-
 ly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas,
 and sayes nothing.

Agid. Betrayde by fortune and suspitious loue,
 Threatned with frowning wrath and iealousie,
 Surpris'd with feare of hideous reuenge.
 I stand agast: but most affonied
 To see his choller shut in secreete thoughtes,
 And wapt in silence of his angry soule.

Upon

the Scythian Shepheard.

Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,
 And in his eyes the furie of his hart.
 That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
 And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
 As when the Sea-man sees the Hyades
 Gather an armie of Cemerian clouds,
 (Auster and Aquilon with winged Steads
 All sweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
 With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclays.
 And from their shields strike flames of lightening)
 All fearefull folde his sailles, and sounds the maine,
 Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,
 Against the terrour of the winds and waues,
 So fares Agydas for the late felt frownes
 That sent a tempest to my dautted thoughtes,
 And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.
 tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you.
 He bids you prophesie what it imports. Exit.
 Agid. I prophesied before and now I prooue,
 The killing frownes of iealousie and loue.
 He needed not with words confirme my feare,
 For words are vaine where working cooles present
 The naked action of my threatned end.
 It saies, Agydas, thou shalt surely die.
 And of extremities elect the least,
 More honoz and lesse paine it may procure,
 To dy by this resolu'd hand of thine,
 Than stay the tormentes he and heauen haue sworne,
 Than haste Agydas, and preuent the plagues:
 Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee:
 Go wander free from feare of Tyrrans rage.

Remoo-

the Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Remoued from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule,
And let Agidas by Agidas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally,
tech. Vsumefane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vsum. Faith, and techelles, it was manly done
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence,
And craue his triple worthy buriall.
tech. Agreed Casane, we will honoꝝ him,

Act. 3. Scena. 3.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumefane, Theridamas,
Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others,

Tamburlaine,

BAssoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in Bichynias
see how he comes: Tush, Turkes are full of braggs
And menace more than they can wel perfozmes:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence:
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is to weake,
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine,
T'ew well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Doo not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer Africa.

Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrefie his mightie hoste,
My Lord, the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fiftene contributozic kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janifarics,
Spouered on lussy Paucitanian Steeds,

Brought

the Scythian Shepheard

Brought to the war by men of Tripoly.
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons,
T'ichozaw as many more to follow him.
tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to leate our footmen on their Steeds,
And rife all those stately Janifars.
tam. But will those Kings accompany your Lord:
Bass. Such as his Diuinitie please, but some must
To rule the pꝛouinces he late subdued. (Say
tam. The first couragiously, their crowns are yours
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of Asia,

Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
T' encompass Westerne Africa and Greece:
Yet we assure vs of the victorie,

tech. Euen he that in a trice vanquish't two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armes til they peeld or die,

tamb. Well said theridamas, speake in that mood,
For Well and Shall best fitteth Tamburlain,
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meete his foes:
I that am tearm'd the S:ourge and Wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the worlde,
Well first subdue the Turke, and then enlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Surdening their bodies with your heauie chames.

And

the Conqueits of Tamburlaine,

And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terrene sea,
And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,
Are punish't with Ballones so grievously,
That they lie panting on the Gallies side,
And strue for life at euery stroke they giue,
These are the cruell pirates of Argeire,
That damned traine, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with stragling Rummagates,
That make quick hauock of the Chistian blood,
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That Tamburlaine set foot in Affrica:

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contri-
butorie Kinges.

Bai. Bassoes and Janisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.

Tam. Techelles, and the rest prepare your Swordes
I meane t'incounter with that Baiazeth.

Bai. Kings of Fesse, Morococcus and Argier,
He calls me Baiazeth, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
Haue to their names cycles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth:

Tam. And know thou Turke, that those which
(lead my horse,

Shall lead thee Captiue thowow Affrica,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me tamburlaine:

Bai. By Mahomet, my Kinsmans sepulcher.

And

the Scythian Shepheard:

And by the holy Alcaron I sweare,
He shall be made a chaff and lustlesse Cenuke,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Emperesse,
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.

Tamb. By this my sword that conquer'd Persea,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how Ile handle thee,
But euery common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

Fell. What meanes the mighty Turkish Emperoz
To talk with one so base as tamburlaine.

Moro. Ye Doozes and balliant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities.

Arg. Leauw words and let them seele your lances
(pointes,

Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.

Bai. Well said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base bozne Perseans,
tech. Puissant, renowned and mighty tamburlain,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their liues:
ther. I long to see those crownes won by our Swordes
That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.

Vlum. What Coward wold not fight for such a prize:
Tamb. Fight all couragiously and be you kings,
I speake it, and my words are oracles.

Bai. Zabina, nupther of three brauer boies,
Thou Hercules, that in his infancie

Did pass the iawes of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gr:pe a warlike Lance.

Their

the Conqueits of Tamburlaine,

Their Shoulders broad, for compleat armour fit,
 Their limbs more large and of a bigger size
 Than all the brats spring from Typhons loins:
 Who, when they come unto their fathers age,
 Will batter Currets with their manly silts.
 Sit here vpon this royall chaire of state,
 And on thy head weare my Emperiall crowne,
 Thence I bring this sturpy tamburlaine,
 And all his Captains bound in captiue chaines.

zen. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth,
 Tam. zenocrate, the loueliest Guide aliuē,
 Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
 The onely Paragon of tamburlaine,
 Whose eyes are brighter than the Lamps of heauen.
 And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
 That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Sky:
 And calme the rage of thundring Iupiter:
 Sit downe by her: adorned with my Crowne,
 As if thou wert the Emperesse of the world.
 Sit not zenocrate vntill thou see
 Me march victoriously with all my men,
 Triumphyng ouer him and these his kings,
 Which I will bring as Cassals to thy feete.
 Till then take thou my crowne, baunt of my worth,
 And manage words with her as we will armes.

zen. And may my Loue, the king of Persea
 Returne with victorie, and free from bound.
 Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
 Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
 I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Jewes
 Enough to couer all Bychonia,
 Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carcasses

Shall

the Scythian Shepheard.

Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
 And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
 Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
 If they should yeeld their necks vnto the sword,
 Thy souldiers armes could not endure to strike
 So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
 Thou knowest not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
 What tis to meet me in the open field,
 That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.

Tam. Our conquering swords shall march by the
 side vnto march vpon the slaughtered foe (way)
 Trampling their bowels with our horses hooves:
 Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hills:
 My Campe is like to Julius Cæsars Hoste,
 That neuer fought but had the victorie:
 For in Pharsalia was there such hot war,
 As these my followers willingly would haue:
 Legions of Spirits fleeing in the aire,
 Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
 And make our strokes to wound the senselesse iure,
 And when she sees our bloody Colours spread,
 When Victorie begins to take her flight,
 Rolling her selfe vpon my milk-white Cent:
 But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall.
 The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.

Exit, with his followers.

Bai. Come Kings and Barbares let vs glut our swords
 That thirst to drinke the feeble Perseans blood.

Exit, with his followers.

zen. Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
 That am the Emperesse of the mighty Turke:
 zen. Disdainful Turkie and dreuerend Bolle,

Call

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Call it thou me Concubine that am bet roach'd
Unto the great and mighty tamburlaine?

Zab. To tamburlaine the great Tartarian thiefe?

Zen. Thou wilt repent these laushy words of thine,
When thy great Balloe, maister and thy selfe,
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Advocates.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landyesse to my waiting maid.
How lik'it thou her Ebea, will she serue?

Ebea, Madame, she thinks perhaps she is too fine,
But I shall turne her into other weedes,
And make her daintie fingers fall to wooyke.

Zen. hearest thou Anippe, how thy vudge doth talk,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth.
Both for their saunnesse shall be employed,
To dzelle the common souldiers meat and dzink,
For we will scozne they should come nere our selues.

Anip. Yet sometimes let your highnesse send for the
To do the work my chamber maid disdaines.

They found the battell within, and stay

Zen. Ye Gods and powers that governe Persea,
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkill Baiazeth,
And let his foes like flockes of fearfull Roes,
Pursude by hunters, flie his angrie lookes,
That I may see him illine Conquer our.

Zab. Now Mahomet, sollicit God himselfe,
And make him raine down murthering shot fro heauen
To dash the Scythians bzaines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offerd iewels to thy sacred bzine.

When

the Scythian Shepheard.

When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battell againe.

Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood
And tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica: (Sound,

Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumppets
As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:
And led them Captiue into Affrica.
Straight will I ble thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.

Zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen and
My royall Lord is slaine or conquered. (Sweare,
Yet should he not perswade me other wise.
But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him.
The battell short, and they enter,
Baiazeth is ouercome.

Tam. Now king of Balloes, who is Conqueror?
Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned soile,
Tam. Where are your stout contributozie kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeafane.

Tech. We haue their crownes their bodies strowe
(the siebe.

Tam. Each man a crowne: why kingly fought sleaith
Deliuier them into my treasure.

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall Crowne againe, so highly won:
tam. Nay take the Turkish Crowne from her, zen.
And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.

Zab. No tamburlaine, though now thou gat the best
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

D

ther.

The Conquells of Tamburlaine;

ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkeſſe you wer beſt.
 He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate,
 zab. Amirious villaines, thieues, rumpagates,
 How dare you thus abuſe my Maiety:
 ther. Here Madam, you are Empreſſe, ſhe is none,
 tam. Not now theridamas, her time is paſt:

The pillers that haue bolſtered vp thoſe tearmes,
 Are falne in cluſters at my conquering feet.

zab. Though he be priſoner, he may be ransomed:
 tamb. Not all the world ſhall ransom Baiazeth.

Bai. Ah faire zabina, we haue loſt the field.
 And neuer had the Turkiſh Emperour
 So great a ſoile by any foraine foe.

Now will the Chriſtian miſcreants be glad,
 Ringing with ioy their ſuperſtitious belles:
 And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.
 But ere I die thoſe foule Idolaters
 Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,
 For though the glorie of this day be loſt.
 Affrik and Greece haue garrifons enough
 To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

Tam. Thoſe walled garrifons wil I ſubdue,
 And write my ſelfe great Lord of Affrica:
 So from the Eaſt vnto the furtheſt Weſt,
 Shall tamburlain extend his puſant arme.
 The Gallies and thoſe pilling Wiggawines,
 That peerelely ſaile to the Venetian gulfe,
 And houer in the ſtraighes for Chriſtians wpacke,
 Shall lie at anchor in the Iſle Afant.
 Untill the Perſean flecte and men of war,
 Sailling along the Oriental ſea,
 Haue ſeecht about the Indian continens:

Euch

the Scythian Shepheard.

Even from Perſepolis to Mexico,
 And thence vnto the ſtraighes of Iubalcert
 Where they ſhall meete, and ioine their foice in out:
 Keeping in alw the Bay of Portingale,
 And all the Ocean by the Britiſh Hoze:
 And by this meanes Ile win the world at laſt.

Bai. Yet ſet a ranſome on me tamburlaine.

Tam. What, thinkeſt thou tamburlain eſteems thy
 Ile make the kings of India ere I die, (gold,
 Offer their mines (to ſew for peace) to me,
 And dig for treasure to appeale my wrath:
 Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.
 The Turkeſſe let my Lones maid lead away.

They bind them.

Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my ſacred armes;
 O Mahomet, O ſleepe Mahomet,
 zab. O curſed Mahomet that makeſt vs thus
 The ſlaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.

Tam. Come bring them in, & for this happy conquell
 Triumph, and ſolemnize a martiall feaſt.

Excunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus. 4. Scena. 1.

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin
 Souldan.

Take ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
 Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Baſilif kecs,
 That roaring, ſhake Damalcus turrets downe,
 The rogue of Volga holds zenocrate,
 The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,
 And with a troope of theues and bagabondes,

D 2

Part

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace:
 While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
 Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of Nile,
 As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
 While thundring Cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnes see
 The crowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
 That with his terrour and imperious eies,
 Commandes the hearts of his associates,
 It might amaze your royall maiesty.

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

Mess. Mightie Lord,
 Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
 Upon their prancing Steeds, disdainfully
 With wanton paces trampling on the ground,
 Five hundred thousand footmen threatening hot,
 Shaking their Swords, their speares and piron bills,
 Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
 As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.
 Their warlike Engins and munition
 Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soul. Nay could their rificers counteruail the stars
 Or euer dilling drops of April showres,
 Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh downe.
 Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power:
 So scatter and consume them in his rage,
 That not a man should liue to rue their fall,

Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to foze
 Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste.

But

the Scythian sneyneato.

But tamburlaine, by expedition
 Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.

Soul. Let him take all th'aduantage he can,
 Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
 Nay, were he Deuill, as he is no man,
 Yet in reuenge of faire Zenocrate,
 Whom he detameth in despight of vs,
 This arme should send him downe to Erebus.
 To shroud his shame in darknes of the night.

Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
 His resolution far exceedeth all:
 The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
 White is their heu, and on his siluer crest
 A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
 To signify the mildnesse of his minde,
 That satiate with spoile resteth blood:
 But when Aurora mounts the second time,
 As red as scarlet is his furniture,
 Then must his kindled wrath bee quencht with blood,
 Not shaming any that can manage armes:
 But if these threats mooue not submission.
 Black are his collours, blacke Pavillion,
 His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
 And Jetty Feathers menace death and hell,
 Without respect of Sex, degree or age.
 He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.

Soul. Mercilesse villaine, Desart ignorant,
 Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
 Pillage and murder are his vnaill trades.
 The slave usurps the glorious name of war,
 Set Capolin the faire Arabian king,
 That hath bene disapointed by this slaw:

D;

Df

the Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loe:
Shall haue fresh warning to go war with vs,
And be reueng'd for her disparagement.

ACTUS. 4. SCENA. 2.

Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsmeafane,
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baa-
zeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tamb.

Ring out my foot-stoole.

They take him out of the cage.
Bai Ye holy Priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood:
Make heauen to frowne and euery fixed Starre
To sucke by poison from the moorish Fens,
And poure it in this glorious Tyrants throat.
I am. The chiefest God first moouer of that Spheare,
Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamys,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen.
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow.
But Villaine, thou that wilhest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth.
And be the foot-stoole of great Tamburlain,
That I may rise into my royall throne.

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yeeld to such a slaue ry.

Tamb. Vaine villaine, basfall, slaue to Tamburlaine:
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That beares the honoy of my royall waight.

Stooy

the Scythian Shepheard.

Stooy villaine, stooy, stooy for he bids,
That may command thee peccemeale to be toyne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Stroke with the voice of thundring Iupiter.

B. Then as I look downe to the damned Feends,
Feends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell,
With Eban Scepter strike this hatfull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tamb. Now cleare the triple region of the aere,
And let the maiestie of heauen beholde
Their Scourge and Terror tread on Emperours,
Smile Stars that raig'n'd at my nativity:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbor Lamps,
D. loaine to borrow light of Cynthia,
For I the chiefest Lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with milde aspect,
But fired now in the Peridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrowe light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of Steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I took this Turke:
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloude,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I march to wealthy Persea,
Or leaue Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymeus brain-sicke sonne,
That almost bent the Arctree of heauen.

D 4

So

1 ne Conqueits of Tamburlaine:

So shall our Swords, our lances and our shot,
Fill all the aere with fiery meteors.
Then when the Skye shall waue as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy crueltie,
Unlawfully vsurp'st the Persian seat:
Dart thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,
That roothes of golde, and sun-bright Pallaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace:
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa haue kist.

tech. You must deuise some torment worse, my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.
tam, zenocrate, looke better to your slaue:
zen. She is my Handmaids slaue, and she shall looke
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.

Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.

Bai. Great tamburlaine, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.
For treading on the back of Baiazeth,
That should be hoised on fower mightie kings.

tam. Thy names and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.
Put him in againe,

Bai.

the Scythian Shepheard.

Bai. Is this a place for mighty Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
tam. There whiles he liues, shall Baiezeth be kept,
And where I goe he thus in triumph dworne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring the from my boord.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starue to death himselfe.
This is my munde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kings and Emperours of the Earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlain,
Euen from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Hyes that drew him from Bythimia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs wheresoere we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
How may we see Damascus losty towerns,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Scythion fields?
The golden stature of their feathered birds
That spreads her wings vpon the citie walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes-men make in silke and cloath of gold.
And euery house is as a treasure.
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.

Ther. Your tentes of white now pitch'd before the
And gentle flags of amitie displaid. (gates)
I doubt not but the Guernour will peeld,
Offering Damascus to your Haicly.

tamb.

the Conquers of Tamburlaine,

I am. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest,
But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long,
And when they see me march in black aray,
With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,
Were in that citie all the world contain'd.
Not one should scape: but perish by our Swords.
zen. Yet would you haue some pitle for my sake,
Because it is my countreyes, and my Fathers,
I am. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue sworn
Come hving in the Turke, Execut.

Act. 4. Scena. 3.

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with steaming collors
and Souldiers.

Souldan.

ME thinks we march as Meliager did,
Emuironed with braue Argolian knightes:
To chase the sauage Caldonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with lustie Thebane youths.
Against the Woollfe that angrie Themis sent,
To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes.
A monster of fise hundred thousand heades,
Compact of Rapine, Pyzacte, and spoile.
The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Rauens in Egyptia, and annopeth vs,
By Lord it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A Turky Felon and a base-bred Chiefe.
By murder raised to the Persian Crowne,
That dares controll vs in our Territories.

3

the Scythian Shepheard:

To tame the pride of this presumptuous Beast,
Joine your Arabians with the Souldans power:
Let vs vnite our royall bandes in one,
And hasten to remooue Damafcus siege,
It is a blemish to the Palestne
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.
Ara. Renowned Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bythinia?
The slauerie wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse.
Soul. I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe
But noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the haue when the Pilot stands
And beewes a strangers ship rent in the winds,
And shivered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with his holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hower,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong,
Vnto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the faire zenocrate so long.
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust.
Ara. Let griefe and furie hasten on reuenge,
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him.
I long to breake my speare vpon his crest,

Act

And proude the waight of his vice ozious armes:
For Fame & feare hath bene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partall praile:
Soul, Capolin, hast thou suruaid our powers,
Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia;

The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, braue men at armes,
Couragious and full of hardinelle:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desert woods.

Arab, My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The vicer ruine of thy min and thee.

Soul, Then reare your standardes, let your four-
(ding Drummes

Direct our Souldiers to Damasus walles,
Now Tamburlaine, the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoile,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crew,
Of Scythians and slauih Persians, Excunt.

ACTus: 4. SCENA 5.

The Banquet, and to it commeth Tamburlaine al in
scarlet, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumeasane, the
Turke, with others,

Tamb.

Now hang our bloody colours by Damasens.
N Reflexing beues of blood vpon their heads.

While

the Scythian Shepheard.

While they walke quiuering on their citie walles,
Walle dead for feare before they seele my wyathe:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fill your helmets full of gobets
And make Damasus spoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden fleere.

And now Baiazeth, hast thou any stomacke?

Bai. I, such a stomacke (cruel tamburlaine) as I
Willingly feed vpon thy blood-raw hart. (could
t.n. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, plucke
(out that,

And twil serue thee and thy wife: Wel zenocrate,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest,

Ye Furies that can make inuisible,

Due to the bottome of Auernas poole,

And in your hands bying hellish poison by,

And squeale it in the cup of tamburlaine.

Oz winged snakes of Lerna cast your stings,

And leaue your venoms in this Tyrants dish.

zab. And may this banquet prouue as omenous,

As Progres to th'adulterous Thracian King.

That fed vpon the substance of his child.

zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous

By these slaues of yours? (curles

tam. To let them see (diuine zenocrate)

I glorie in the curses of my foes,

Hauiug the power frō the Emperiall heauen,

To turne them al vpon their proper heades.

tech. I pray you giue them heare Hadam, this

speech is a goodly refreshing to them,

ther.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Ther. But if his highnesse would let them be fed, he would doe them inoze good.

tam. Sirra, why fall you not too, are you so daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

Bai. First legions of deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Chilmaine, knowest thou to whom thou speakest

tam. O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my wordes point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

ther. He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

tam. Take it vp Chilmaine and eat it, or I will make thee slice the hawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eat them.

vlu. May, were better he kild his wife, & then she shall be sure not to be staru'd, & he be prouided for a monthes victuall befoze hand.

tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she lue but a while longer, shee will fall into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not bee woorth the eating.

ther. Dooest thou think that Mahomet will suffer this teeb. 'Tis like he wil, when he cannot let it.

tam. Go to, sal to your meat: what not a bit: helike he hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke.

They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Faste and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat. How now zenocrate, dooth not the Turke and his wife make a goodly shoue at a banquet?

Zen. Yes, my Lord.

ther. He thinks, us a great deale better than a court of muslicke.

the Scythian Shepheard:

tam. Yet muslicke would doe well to cheere by zenocrate: pray thee tel, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voice: but why is it?

Zen. My lord, to see my fathers towne besiegd, the countrie wasted where my selfe was borne,

How can it but afflict my vertie soule:

If any loue remaue in you my Lord,

O if my loue vnto your maiesty

May merit fauour at your highnesse handes,

Then raise your siege from faire Damascus walles,

And with my father take a friendly truce.

tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Ioues owne land,

Yet would I with my sword make Ioue to stoop,

I will confute those blind Geographers

That make a triple region in the world,

Excluding Regions which I meane to trace,

And with this pen reduce them to a Map.

Calling the Prouinces, Citties and townes

After my name and thine zenocrate:

Here at Damascus will I make the Point

That shall begin the Perpendicular.

And wouldst thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue

With such a losse: Tell me zenocrate:

Zen. Honor still waight on happy tamburlaines

Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,

And all the friends of faire Zenocrate,

If with their liues they will be pleasde to yeeld,

O may be forc'd to make me Emperour.

For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

the Conquers of Tamburlaine,

Feed you flauie, thou maist thinke thy selfe happy to be
fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes bloody humours from my feeble partes,
Preferring life, by halting cruell death,
My vaines are pale, my knowes hard and drie,
My iointes benumb'd, while I eat, I die.

Tam. Cat Baizereth, Let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happy powder will pittie and enlarge vs.
tam. Here Turk, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher:

Bai. I Crant, and more meat.

tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
will make you surfeit.

ther. So it would my lord, specially hauing so smal
a walke, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes,

tam. Theridamas, techelles and Casane, here are
the cates you desire to finger, are they not:

ther. If (my Lord) but none saue kinges must feede
with these.

tech. 'Tis enough for vs to see them, and for tam-
burlaine onely to eniey them.

tam. Well, Here is now the Soubane of Egypt
the King of Arabia, and the Gouvernour of Damalcus.
Now take these three crownes, and pledge me, my con-
tributorie Kinges.

I crowne you here (Theridamas) King of Arriers:
Techelles King of Felle, and Vsmeasane King of
Morocus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not
your contributorie Kinges.

Bai.

the Scythian Shepheard,

Bai. Now shall they long be thine, I warrant them:
tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Felle,

You that haue martcht with happy Tamburlaine,
As far as from the frozen place of heauen.
Unto the watry moznings ruddy bowen.
And thence by land unto the Cozrid Zone,
Deserue these cytles I endow you with.
By valur and by magnanimity.

Your byzthes shall be no blemish to your fame.

For vertue is the fount whence honoz springs.

And they are worthy the inuicteth kinges,
ther. And since your highnesse hath so well bought,

If we deserue them not with higher meeds

Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,

Take them away againe and make vs slaues.

Tam. Well said Theridamas, when holy Fates
Shall stablish me in strong Egyptia.

We meane to traueile to th' Antatique Pole,

Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.

And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were,

zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,

Until with greater honoys I be grac'd.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

The Gouvernour of Damasco, with three or foure
Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches
of Laurell in their hands.

Gouer. your.

SCENE. Both this man or rather God of war,
Shall beat our walles, and beat our Citiees downe.
And

And to resist with longer stubbousnesse,
 Or hope of rescue from the Souldans power,
 Were but to bring our willfull earth to now,
 And make vs desperate of our threated liues:
 We see his tents haue now bene altered,
 With terrours to the last and cruell hew:
 His cole-blacke collours euery where aduauist,
 Threaten our citie with a generall spoile:
 And if we should with common rites of Armes,
 Offer our safeties to his clemencie,
 I feare the custome proper to his sword,
 Which he obserues as parcell of his fame:
 Intending so to terrifie the world,
 By any inuocation or remoyle,
 Will neuer be dispenc'd with til our deathe,
 Therefore, for these our harmlesse virgines sake,
 Whose honours and whose liues relie on him:
 Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted prayers
 Their blubbered cheekes and hartie humble moues
 Will melt his furie into some remoyle:
 And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.

Virg. If humble suites or imprecations,
 (uttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
 Shear from the heads and hearts of all our Sex,
 Some made your wiuces, and some your children)
 Might haue increas'd your charitable breast,
 To entertaine some care of our seruities,
 Whiles only danger beat vp our walles,
 These more than dangerous warrants of our deare
 Had neuer bene erected as they be,
 Nor you depend on such weakc helps as we
 Go, Wel, louely Virgins, think our countreys care
 Our

the Scythian Shepheard;

Our loue of honoz loth to be enzhald
 To forraine powers, and rough imperious pokes
 Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
 Before all hope of rescue were denied,
 Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
 Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
 Your honours, liberties and liues were weigh'd
 In equall care and ballance with our owne,
 Endure as we the malice of our stars.
 The wrath of Tamburlain, and power of warres,
 Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens
 Haue kept to quallifie these hot extreames.
 And bring vs pardon in your chearfull lookes.

2. Virg. Then here before the maiesty of heauen,
 And holy Patrones of Egyptia,
 With knees and hearts submissiue we intreate,
 Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes
 That this deuile may prooue propitious,
 And through the eyes and eares of tamburlaine,
 Conuey euents of mercie to his heart:
 Graunt that these signes of victorie we see
 May bind the temples of his conquering head,
 To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
 And shadow his displeas'd countenance,
 With happy looks of ruche and lenity,
 Leave vs my Lord, and louing countreinen,
 That simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go, farewell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe return
 Depends our citie, libertie, and liues. Exeunt.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Actus, 5. Scena, 2.

Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Vsmeafan,
with others; Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie
melancholy.

Tarb.

What, are the Turtles fraide out of their
(neastes:
Alas poore fooles, must you be first that feele
The swozne destruction of Damascus.

They know my custome: could they not as well
Haue sent ye out, when first my milkewhite flags
Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beames:
Restering them on your disdainfull eyes:
As now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents,
And tels for truce, submissions comes too late.

1. Virgin, Most happy King and Emperour of the
(earth.

Image of Honor and Nobilitie,
For whome the Powers diuine haue made the world,
And on whose thzone the holy Graces sit.
In whose sweete person is compriz'd the Sum
Of naturres Skill and heauenly maiestie,
Pittie our plights, O pittie poore Damascus:
Pittie olde age, within whose siluer haire
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd,
Pittie the marriage bed, where many a Lord
In prime and glorie of his louing toy,
Embraceth now with teares of ruth and blood,
The iealous bodie of his fearefull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,

Co

the Scythian Shepheard,

To thinke thy pusant neuer staid arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now ware all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grieue our ruthlesse Souernour
Haue thus refused the mercie of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kille, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues,
O then for these, and such as we our selues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourish thought against thy rule,
Pittie, O pittie, (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne,
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto ech man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as woorthie subjects happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.

cam. Virgins, in vaine ye laboure to preuent
That which mine honor sweares shall be perform'd
Behold my sword, what see you at the point:

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall Steele my Lord.
cam. Your fearefull minds are thicke and mistie then
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge,
But I am pleasde you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my hozsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshlesse bodie seides,
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them
To charge these Dames, and shew my seruant death:
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.

Omnes. O pittie vs.

C 3

amb.

the Conquents of Amburlaine.

cam. Away with them I say and shew them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my Partiaall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waues.
O for the loue of Venus, would she leaue
The angrie God of Armes, and lie with me.
They haue refused the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or deliui.

Enter Techelles.

What, haue your horsmen shewen the virgins Death?
Tech. They haue my Lord, and on Damalcus wals
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcasses.

cam. A sight as banefull to their soules I think
As are Chelalian drugs or Hithadate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Execunt,
Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faile is too soule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheueld wipst thy watery cheeks:
And like to Flora in her meynings pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the aire.
Rain it on the earth resolved pearle in showers,
And spet.blest Sapphyrs on thy shining face,
Ther Beauty, mother to the Piles lies,
And commens bolliues with her Purpy pens:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eies when that Ebena steps to heauen.
In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk.
Daking the mantle of the richest night.

W, e

the Scythian Shepheard.

The Poone, the Planets, and the Petcozs light,
Ther Angels in their chysical armours fight
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorowes lay moze siege vnto my soule,
Than all my Army to Damalcus walles.
And neither Persians Soueraign, nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foile,
So much by much, as dooth zenocrate.
What is beauty such my sufferings then?
If all the pens that euer poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughtes,
And euery sweetness that buspir'd their hartes,
Their minds, and musles on admizd theames:
If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
From their immoztall flowers of Poesy,
Theremin as in a myzroure we perceiue
The highest reaches of a humane wit.
If these had made one Poems period
And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
Yet should ther houer in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can dig. it:
But how vnseemly is it for my Ser
My discipline of armes and Chiuallrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name.
To harbour thoughtes effeminate and faine:
Saue onely that in Beauties iust applaunt,
Which whose instinct the soule of man is toucht,
And euery warrour that is rapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victoery

E 4

But

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceits,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the temple of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the lonely warmth of Shepherds flames,
And march in cottages of throwed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byzeth,
That Vertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three,

Path Baiazeth bene sed to day:

An. I, my Lord,

tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne
be ransackt.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumecan & others.

tech The towne is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs:
tam. Thats wel techelles, what's the newes?
tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
March on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.
tam. No more there is not I warrant thee techellee
They bring in the Turke.
ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.
tam. That will we chiefly see vnto, theridamas,
For sweet zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery hart:

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

And now my footstool, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Here let him stay my maysters from the tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field,
Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going. **Exeunt.**
Bai. So, neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompasse thee about.
And goze thy body with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy hozle:
Furies from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake by the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes.
Cloyes of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin,
And euery bullet dypt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons seuer all thy ioints.
Making thee mount as high as Eagles bare.
zab. Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Sticke in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery poze let blood comme dropping forth.
That lingering paines may massacre his heart.
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.
Bai. Ah faire zabina, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods.
More than Cymerian Sixoz Distinie:
And then shall we in this detested gypse,
With shame, with hungar, and with hozroz ale
Gripping our bowels with rectorque thoughts,
And haue no hope to end our extalies.
zab. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, no hope of end:

To

the Conquests of Tamburlaine,

To our infamous monstrous slaughters:
 Ope earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
 As hell, as hopelesse and as full of feare
 As are the blasted banks of Erebus:
 Where shaking ghosts with euer howling groanes,
 Houer about the ugly Ferriman, to get a passage to E-
 why should we liue, O wretches, beggars slaves (likia
 Why liue we Baiazeth, and build by neasts,
 So high within the region of the aire,
 By liuing long in this oppression,
 That all the world will see and laugh to scoyne.
 The former triumphes of our mightines,
 In this obscure infernall seruitude:

Bai. O life more loathsome to my vered thoughts,
 Than noisome parbreack of the Strygian Snakes,
 Which fills the nookes of Hell with standing aire,
 Infecting all the Ghosts with curelesse griefs:
 O deary Engines of my loathed sight,
 That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
 Thrust vnder yoke and thraldom of a thicke.
 Why feed ye still on daies accursed beams,
 And sink not quite into my toyce d soule.
 You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
 Brought by and propped by the hand of fame,
 Queen of fiteene contributoyy Queens,
 Now thpouen to roomes of blacke abiection,
 Smear'd with blots of basest vjbugery:
 And Willanesse to shame, disdaine, and misery:
 Accursed Baiazeth, whose words of ruth,
 That would with pity chear zabinas heart:
 And make our soules resolute in ceasles teares,
 Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the root:

From

the Scythian Shepheard:

From whence the Issues of my thoughts doe breake,
 O poore zabina, O my Queen, my Lucen,
 Fetch me some water for my burning bzeast,
 To coole and conuoyt me with longer date,
 That in the shortned sequel of my life,
 I may poure forth my soule into thine armes,
 With words of loue: whose morning enter coule
 Hath hether to bin staid, with wraich and hate
 Of our eryzellesse band inflictious:
 Zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
 As long as any blood or sparke of bzeach
 Can quench or coole the tormentes of my griefe.

She goes out:

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abrydge thy banefull daies,
 And heat thy bzaines out of thy conquest d head:
 Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
 That may be ministers of my decay.
 O highest Lamp of euerliuing loue,
 Accursed day infected with my griefs,
 Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
 And shut the windows of the lightsome heaucns,
 Let ugly darknesse with her rury coach
 Enzyrt with tempests wraipt in pitchy clouds,
 Smother the earth with neuer fading mists:
 And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
 Rebellious winds and deadfull thunderclaps:
 That in this terrour tamluraine may liue.
 And my pir'd soule resolu'd in liquid ay,
 May styl eretruicat his tormentes thoughts,
 Then let the stony dart of sencelesse colde,
 Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
 And make a passage for my loathed life.

He brains himself against the cage.

Zab

Enter Zabina,

Zab. What do mine eyes behold, my hus band dead?
His Skul at ruin in twain, his braines dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my hus band and my Lord,
O Baiazet, O Turk, O Emperoz, giue him his liquor
Hot I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him
again, teare me in peeces, giue me the sward with a
ball of wildfire vpon it. Downe with him, downe with
him. Goe to my child, away, away, away. Ah, saue that
Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the
Sun was downe, Streamers white, Red, Blacke, here
here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine,
tamburlaine, Let the souldiers be buried. Hel, death,
tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coach, my chaire, my
jewels, I come, I come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and braines her selfe

Zenocrate wyth Anippe,

Wretched Zenocrate, that liuelt to see,
Damascus walles di'd with Egyptian blood,
Thy fathers subiects and thy countreimens
Thy streets strowed with disfigured iointes of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.
But most accurst, to see the Sun-bright troope
Of heauenly vyrgins and unspotted maides,
Whose looks might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,
On hozsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,
And guiltlesly endure a cruell death,
For euery fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

That

the Scythian Shepheard.

That stamp on others with their thumping boones
When al their ridders charg'd their quivering speares
Began to checke the ground, and rain themselves;
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this
That tearm'd Zenocrate thy dearest loue?
Whose liues were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue.
But see another bloody spectacle.
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my hart,
How are ye gluttet with these grieuous objects,
And tell my soule moe tales of bleeding ruth?
See, se Anippe if they breathe or no.

Anip. No breath nor sence, nor motion in them boof:
Ah Madam, this their slauery hath Enfoz'd,
And ruthlesse cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth call by fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deatnes:
Shake with their waight in signe of feare & griefes
Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous,
Whose that are proud of sickle Empery,
And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.
Ah tamburlaine, my loue, sweet tamburlaine,
That fights for Scepters and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
And yet wouldst shun the wauering turnes of war,
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.

Ah

the Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Oh myghty Loue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contemnt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pittie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursue
Be equally against his life incunt,
In this great Turk and haplesse Emperesse,
And pardon me that was not mood'd with ruche,
To see them liue so long in misery:
Oh what may chance to thee zenocrate:

Amir, Hadam content your self and be resolu'd,
Your Loue hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honoz to adome your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heaute news now brings Philemus?

Phi. Hadam, your father and th' Arabian king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
Armed with lance into the Cyprian fields,
Ready for battaile gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorowes to my martyred soule:
Whom should I wish the fatall victory,
When my pooze pleasures are deuided thus,
And rackt by dutie from my curst heart:
My father and my first betroched loue,
Shall fight against my life and present loue:
Wherin the change I vse condemne my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world,
But as the Gods to end the Trojans toyle,
Preuented Turnus of Launima.

And

the Scythian Shepheard:

And fatallly curicht Eneas loue.
So for a small Illue to my griefes,
To pacifie my countrie and my loue,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honoz to my hope,
Then as the powers deuine haue preceivde,
With happy tast of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They found to the battaile.

And Tamburlaine enioyes the victory, after Arabia
enters wounded.

Ar. What curst power guides the murdering hands,
Of this infamous Tyrants souldier,
That no escape may saue their enemies:
Nor fortune keep them selues from victory.
Lye down Arabia, wounded to the death,
And let Zenocrates faire eyes beholde
That as for her thou beart these wretched armes.
Euen so for her thou diest in these armes:
Leaving thy blood for witness of thy loue.

zen. Too deare a witness for such loue my Lord,
Behold Zenocrate, the curst object
Whose Fortunes neuer mastered her griefs:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld deuine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not bin wounded as I am.

Oh

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

That the deadly panges I suffer now,
Would lend an howers license to my tongue
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bondage,
And that I might be priuy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To dye all sorrow from my fainting soule:
Since Death denies me further cause of ioy,
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies.
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

Enter Tamburlain leading the Souldane, Techeles,
Theridamas, Vsumecafane, with others.

Tam. Come happy Father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldans name:
Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmd the furie of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bathed in streames of blood,
As fast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

Zen: O sight thrice welcome to my ioyful soule,
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.

Soul. Wel met my only deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown,
tam. 'Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrow.
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And ad more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd thy Egyptian Crown.

The

the Scythian Shepherd.

The God of war resignes his rounne to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue die wing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Feareing my power should pull him from his throne,
Where ere I come the fatal sisters sweat,
And grieu'd death by running to and fro,
To doo their ceaseles homag to my sword:
And here in Africk where it seldom raines,
Since I arriu'd with my triumphat hoste,
Haue swelling cloudes dyawen from wide gasping
woundes.

Vene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteoꝝ that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at eury drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the back returne of Charons boat,
Hell and Elishan swarime with ghoſts of men,
That I haue sent from lunny foughten fields.
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heaues:
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,
Left to themselves while we were at the fight.
Haue desperatly dispatcht their slauiſh liues:
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All sights of power to grace my victory:
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine,
Wherein as in a mirrour may be scene,
His honor, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.

Soul. O right hath God of Mahomet made thy hand
(Renowned tamburlain) to whom all kings

f

of

The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
And I am please with this my ouerthrow:
As beleeues a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor vsbe Zenocrate,
Tamb. Her state and person wantes no pomp you see,
And for all blot of soule in chastity,
I record heauen, but heauenly selfe is cleare:
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely Temples with the Persian crowne:
But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:
And haue bene crown'd for proud worthynesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioining at their hands with mine,
Inuest her here my Queene of Persia,
What saith the noble Souldane and Zenocrate:
Soul. I yeeld with thanks and protestations
Of endless honor to thee for her loue.
Tamb. Then doubt I not but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfy vs both,
Zen. Els should I much forget my self, my Lord,
Ther. Then let vs set the crowne upon her head,
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deed,
For now her marriage time shall worke vs rest:
Vium. And her's the crown my Lord, help set it on
Tam. Then sit thou downe diuine Zenocrate,
And here we crowne thee Queene of Persia,
And all the kingdomes and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdewd:
As Iuno, when the Titans were suppress,
That darc'd mount aines at her brother loue:
So lookes my Loue, shadowing in her browes

Triumphes

the Scythian Shepheard.

Triumphes and Trophies for my victories:
Or as Latona's daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To greatly the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia,
From Barbarie into the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Spire.
And from the boundes of Affrick to the banks
Of Ganges, shall his mighty arme extend.
And now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by your martiall deeds,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet robes,
Point by your royall places of estate,
Emuoned with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
Hang by your weapons on Alcides poste,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with al the world.
Thy first betrothed, Loue Arabia,
Shall we with honor (as beleeues) entombe,
With this great Turke and his faire Emperesse:
Then after all these solemne Crequies,
We wil our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize,

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi huius
primæ partis.

Tamburlaine, the great,



THE SECOND PART OF
The bloody Conquests

of mighty Tamburlaine.

With his impassionate fury, for the death of
his Lady and loue, faire Zenocrate : his fourme
of exhortation and discipline to his three
sons, and the maner of his own death.

The Prologue.

THe generall welcomes Tamburlain receiv'd,
When he arriv'd last vpon our stage,
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,
Wher death cuts off the progres of his pomp,
And murderous Fates throwes all his triumphs down,
But what became of faire Zenocrate,
And with how manie cities sacrifice
He celebrated her said funerall,
Himselfe in prefrence shal unfold at large.

Actus. 1. Scena. 1.

Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, vice-roy of
Byron, Vpibassa, and their traine, with drums
and trumpets.

Orcanes-

Egregious viceroyes of these Eastern parts
Plac'd by the issue of great Baiazeth :
And sacred Lord the mighty Calapine:
Who liues in Egypt, prisoner to that slave,
Which kept his father in an yron cage:
Now haue we marche from faire Natolia

Exit

The bloody Conquests of

Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius banks,
Our warlike hoste in compleat armour rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary
Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What? Shall we parle with the Christian?
O' crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.

Byr. King of Natolia, let vs treat of peace,
We all are glutted with the Christians blood,
And haue a greater foe to fight against,
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia,
Hecce Guyrons head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes:

Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power.

Vpibal. Besides, king Sigismond hath brought
(from Christendome,

Hope then his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Puffes, and Danes,
That with the Holbard, Lance, and murdering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
Though from the shortest Northzen Paralell,
East Gruntland compass with the frozen sea,
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Gyants as big as hugie Polypheme:
Millions of Soulbiers cut the Artick line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these Armes.
Our Turkey blades shal glide through al their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,
Danubius stream that runs to Tebizon,
Shall carie wrayt within his scarlet waues,
As martiall presents to our friends at home.
The slaughtered bodie of these Christians,
The Terrene main wherin Danubius falls,

Shall

mighty Tamburlaine. Part, 2.

Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.
The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,
Be ating in heaps against their Argosies.
And make faire Europe mounted on her bull,
Crayt with the wealth and riches of the world,
Alight and weare a woful mourning weed.

Byr. Pet stout Orcanes, Prorer of the world,
Since Tamburlaine hath mustred all his men,
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp,
To Alexandria, and the frontier townes,
Meaning to make a conquest of our lands:
T's requisite to parle for a peace:

With Sigismond the king of Hungary;
And saue our forces for the hot assautes
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

Orc. Uiceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said:
My realme, the Center of our Empery
Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne:
And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.
Sclauonians, Almains, Rutters, Puffes, and Danes
Feare not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine.
Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.
We haue revolted Grecians, Albanes,
Cicilians, Jewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
Natolians, Sozians, blacke Egyptians,
Allicians, Chzicians, and Bychinians,
Enough to swallow forcelesse Sigismond
Pet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine,
He brings a world of people to the field,
From Scythia to the Dyent all Wage
Of India, wher raging Lantchudol

F 4

Printed

Beates on the regions with his boopictous blowes,
That neuer sea-man yet discovered:
All Asia is in Armes with tamburlaine,
Euen from the midst of fiery Cancers Tropicke,
To Amazonia vnder Capricorne,
And thence as far as Archipelago.
All Affrike is in Armes with tamburlaine.
Therefore Ciceroes the Chyistians must haue peace.

Act. 1. Scena. 2.

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwin, and their traine
with drums and trumpets.

Sigif.

O Reanes (as our Legates promise thee)
Whee with our Decrees haue cross'd Danubius,
to treat of friendly peace or deadly war: (Stream
Take which thou wilt, so) as the Romans vnde

I here present thee with a naked sword,
Whee thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,
If peace, restore it to my hands againe:
And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

Orc. Stay Sigismond, forgett thou I am he
That with the Cannon thooke Vienna walles,
And made it dance vpon the Continent:
As when the massy substance of the earth,
Quauer about the Arctree of heauen.
Forgett thou that I sent a shower of darters
Winged with powdered shot and feathered Steele
So thicke vpon the blink'd Burgers heads,
That thou thy self, then Countie Pallatine,
The king of Boheme, and the Aultrich Duke,

Sent

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 1.

Sent Heralds out, which basely on their knees
In all your names desire a truce of me:
Forgett thou, that to haue me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent:
Stamp't with the princely Foule that in her wings
Carries the fearfull thunderbolts of loue,
How canst thou think of this and offer war:

Sig. Vienna was besleg'd, and I was there,
Then Countie Pallatine, but now a king:
And what we did, was in extremity:
But now Orleans, view my royall hoste,
That hides these plaines, and seems as vast and wide,
As booth the Desart of Arabia.

To those that stand on Badgeths lofty Tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Traueller
That restes vpon the snowy Appennines:
And tell me whether I should stoop to lots,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king:

Byr. Kings of Natolia and of Hungarie,
We came from Turky to confirme a league,
And not to dare eeh other to the field:
A friendly parle might become ye both.

Fred. And we from Europe to the same intent,
Which if your General refuse or scoyne,
Our Tents are pitch't, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

Nat. So prest are we, but yet if Sigismond
Speake as a friend, and stand not vpon tearmes,
Here is his sword, let peace be ratified
On these conditions specified before,
Drawn with aduise of our Ambassadors.

Sig. Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,
De-

THE DUBIOUS CONQUERORS OF

Wetter to draw it out, or manage armes
Against thy selfe or thy confederates:
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.

Nat. But (Sigismond) confirme it with an oath,
And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.

Sig. By him that made the world and sau'd my
(soule

The soune of God and issue of a Mayd,
Sweet Iesus Christ, I solemnly protest,
And vow to keepe this peace inuolable.

Nat. By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
Close in a coffyn mounted by the aire,
And hung on stately Meccas Temple roote,
I sweare to keepe this truce inuolable:
Of whose conditions, and our solenne othes
Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle
As memorabable witnesse of our league.
Now Sigismond, if any Christian King
Encroche vpon the confines of thy realme,
Send word, Orcaes of Natolia
Confirm'd this league beyond Danubius streame,
And they will trembling sound a quicke retreat,
So am I fear'd among all Nations.

Sig. If any heathen potentate or king
Inuade Natolia, Sigismond will send
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,
And backt by stout Lances of Germany.
The strength and sinewes of the imperfall seat.

Nat. I thank thee Sigismond, but when I war'
All Asia Minor, Affrica, and Greece

Follow

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Follow my Standard and my thundring Dymes:
Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:
I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence
To saire Natolia, and to Trebizon,
To stay my comming gainst proud Tamburlaine,
Freend Sigismond, and peeres of Hungary,
Come banquet and caroule with vs a while,
And then depart me to our territories. Exeunt.

ACTUS. I. SCENA. 3.

Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.

Callap.

Sweet Almeda, pity the ruckfull plight
Of Callapine, the sonne of Baiazeth,
Borne to be Monarch of the Western world:
Yet here detain'd by cruell Tamburlaine.

Alm. My Lord I pittie it, and with my heart
With your release, but he whose wrath is death,
My soueraigne Lord, renowned tamburlain,
Forbids you further liberty than this.

Cal. Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent
To paint in words, what Ile perforce in deeds,
I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

Al. Not for all Affrike, therefore moue me not.

Cal. Yet heare me speake my gentle Almeda.

Al. No speech to that end, by your fauour sir.

Cal. By Cario runs.

Al. No talkie of running, I tell you sir.

Cal. A little further, gentle Almeda.

Al. Well sir, what of this?

Cal. By Cario runs to Alexandria Bay,

Darotes

The bloody Conquests of

Darotes streames, wherin at anchor lies
 A Turkish Gallie of my royall fleet,
 Waiting my comming to the riuer side,
 Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd,
 Which when I come aboard will hold by faste,
 And soon put forth into the Terrene sea:
 Where twirt the Isles of Cyprus and of Creete,
 We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue,
 Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more
 Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
 Amongst so many crownes of burnisht gold,
 Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,
 A thousand Gallies man'd with Christian slaues
 I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,
 And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,
 Fraughted with golde of rich America:
 The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
 Skillful in musicke and in amorous lutes:
 As faire as was Pigmaliions Iuoy gylt,
 Or louely Io metaniophosed.
 With naked Negroes shall thy coach be drayen,
 And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
 The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheels
 With Turky Carpets shall be coliered:
 And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,
 Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce,
 A hundred Balders cloath'd in crimson silk
 Shall ride before thee on Barbarian Steeds:
 And when thou goest, a golden Canaple
 Encha'd with precious stones, which shine as bright
 As that faire vail that couers all the world:
 When Phebus leaping from his Hemi-Sphere,
 Dis-

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Discendeth downward to th' Antipodes.
 And more than this, for all I cannot tell.
 Alm. How far hence lies the Galley, say you?
 Cal. Sweet Almeda, scarce halfe a league from
 (hence,
 Alm. But need we not be spied going aboard?
 Cal. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill
 And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
 The sailes wrape vp, the mast and tacklings downe,
 She lies so close that none can find her out,
 Alm. I like that well: but tel me my Lord, if I
 should let you goe, would you bee as good as your
 word? Shall I be made a king for my labour?
 Cal. As I am Callapine the Emperour,
 And by the hand of Mahomet I swear,
 Thou shalt be crown'd a king and be my mate,
 Alm. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
 Your Keeper vnder Tamburlaine the great,
 (For that's the style and tytle I haue yet)
 Although he sent a thousand armed men
 To intercept this haughty enterprize,
 Yet would I venture to conduct your Grace,
 And die before I brought you backe again.
 Cal. Thanks gentle Almeda, then let vs haste,
 Least time be past, and lingering let vs both.
 Al. When you will my Lord, I am ready,
 Cal. Euen straight: and farewell curst Tambur-
 (laine.
 Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death, Exeunt
 Actus

The bloody Conquests of

Actus. 1. Sczna. 4.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his three sonnes,
Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with
drummes and trumpets.

Tamb.

Now bright zenocrate, the worlds faire etc,
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauē,
Whose chearful looks do cleare the cloudy aire
And cloath it in a chrysell liuerie,
Now rest thee here on faire Larissa Plaines,
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours,
And euery one Commander of a world.

zen. Sweet tamburlain, when wilt thou leaue these
And saue thy sacred person free from scathe: (armes
And dangerous chances of the wretched war.

Tam. When heauen shall cease to moue on both the
& when the ground wheron my souldiers march (poles
Shal rise aloft and touch the hozned Moon,
And not before my sweet zenocrate:
Sit vp and rest thee like a lowly Queene,
So, now she sits in pompe and maiestic:
When these my sonnes, more pious in mine eyes
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I subdewd:
Plac'd by her side, looke on their mothers face,
But yet me thinks their looks are amorous,
Not martiall as the sons of Tamburlaine,
Water and ayre being simbole in one:
Argue their want of courage and of wit,
Their haire as white as milke and soft as Downe,
Which should be like the quilles of Porcupines.

As

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 2.

As blacke as Ieat, and hard as Iron or steel,
Beuiales they are too vaine for the wars.
Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute,
Their armes to hang about a Ladies neckt
Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:
Would make me thinke them Ballards, not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy wombe,
That neuer look'd on man but Tamburlaine.

zen. O my gracious Lord, they haue their mothers
But whe they list, their conquering fathers hart: (looks
This lovely boy the youngest of the three,
Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steeds
Crotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue:
Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
He raignd him straight and made him so curuet,
As I cried out for feare he should haueaine,

Tam. Well done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and
Armour of proofe, horse, helme, & Curle: are (lance
And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
And harnesseless run among the deadly pikers.
If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,
Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me,
Keeping in yron cages Emperours.
If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth,
And shine in compleat vertue more than they,
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.

Cel. Yes father, you shall see me if I liue,
Haue vnder me as many kings as you,
And march with such a multitude of men,
As all the world shall tremble at their view.
tam. These words assure me boy, thou art my terme,
When I am old and cannot maniage armes,

The bloody Conquests of

Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world,
 Amy. Why may not I my Lord, as well as he,
 Be fear'd the scourge and terrour of the world:
 tam. Be al a scourge and terroz to the world,
 O? els you are not sons of Tamburlaine.
 Cal. But while my brothers follow armes my lord
 Let me accompany my gracious mother,
 They are enough to conquer all the world
 And you haue won enough for me to keep.
 tam. Gallantly boy, syong frō some cowards loins:
 And not the issue of great Tamburlaine,
 Of all the prouinces I haue subdued
 Thou shalt not haue a foot, unless thou beare
 A mind corragious and inuincible:
 For he shall weare the crowne of Persea,
 Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose brest most
 (woundes,
 Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eyes,
 And in the furrowes of his frowning browes,
 Warboys reuenge, war, death and cruelty:
 For in a field whose superfluities
 Is couered with a liquid purple beile,
 And sprinkled with the bzaines of slaughtered men,
 My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd:
 And he that meanes to place himselfe therein
 Must armed wade by to the chin in blood.
 zen. My Lord, such speeches to our princely sonnes,
 Dilinates their mindes befoze they come to prooue
 The wounding troubles angry war affoordes.
 Cal. No Spahan, these are speeches fit for vs,
 For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,
 I would prepare a ship and saile to it.

Ere

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

Ere I would loose the cyle of a king,
 Amy. And I would strue to swim through pooles
 (of blood,
 O? make a bidge of murdered Carcales,
 Whole arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,
 Ere I would loose the cyle of a king.
 tam. Well louely boies, you shall be Emperours both
 Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:
 And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,
 When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie
 And all his Viceroies, snatch it from his head,
 And cleaue his Pericranion with thy sword.
 Cal. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
 And cleaue him to the channell with my sword,
 tam. Hold him, and cleaue him too, or Ile cleaue
 For we will mactch against them presently. (they
 Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
 Promise to meet me on Larisa plaines:
 With hostes apiece against this Turkish crue,
 For I haue swozne by sacred Mahomet,
 To make it parcel of my Empery,
 The trumpets sound Zenocrate, they come,

Actus: 1. Sczna. 5.

Enter Theridamas, and his traine with Drums
 and Trumpets,

Tamb.

WELCOME Theridamas, king of Argier,
 Ther. My Lord the great and mighty
 (ty Tamburlain,
 Arch Monarke of the world, I offer here,

Ⓞ

Ⓞ

The bloody Conquests of

My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

cam. Thanks good theridamas,

ther. Under my colloz march ten thousand Greeks

And of Argier and Affriks frontier townes,

Twice twenty thousand balliant men at armes,

All which haue swooue to sacke Natolia:

Five hundred Buggandines are vnder saile,

Meet for your seruite on the sea, my Lord,

That lanching from Argier to Tripoly,

Will quickly ride befoze Natolia:

And batter downe the castles on the Shoze,

cam. Well said Argier, receiue thy crowne againe.

Actus. 1. Scena. 6.

Enter Tcehellcs and Vsumeafane together.

Camb.

Kings of Morocus and of Fesse, welcome.

Vsu. Magnificent & peerlesse Tamburlaine,

I and my neighbor King of Fesse haue brought

To aide thee in this Turkish expedition,

A hundred thousand expert souldiers:

From Azamor to Cunys neare the sea,

Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,

And all the men in armour vnder me,

Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (gain.

cam. Thanks king of Morocus, take your crown a-
tech. And mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly God,

Whose lookes make this inferiour world to quake,

I here present thee with the crowne of Fesse,

And with an hoste of Moores traunde to the war,

Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,

And quake for feare, as if infernall Loue

Spanking

mighty Tamburlaine Part 2

Spanking to aid them in this Turkish exmes,

Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,

With vgly furies bearing fiery flags,

And millions of his strong tormenting furies

From strong Cesella vnto Biledull,

All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

cam. Thanks king of Fesse, take here thy crowne &

Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings) (gain

Makes me to surfeit in conceiuing ioy,

If all the chystal gates of Loues high court

Were opened wide, and I might enter in

To see the state and maiesty of heauen,

It could not moze delight me than your sight.

How will we banquet on these plaines a while,

And after march to Turky with our Campe,

In number moze than are the drops that fall

When Boreas rents a thousand swelling cloudes,

And proud Orca nes of Natolia,

With all his viceroyes shall be so affraide,

That though the stone, as at Deucalions flood,

Were thende to men, he should be ouercome:

Such launth will I make of Turkish blood,

That Ioue shall send his winged Messenger

To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:

The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,

Shall hide his head in thiers watery lap,

And leaue his seedes to faire Boetes charge:

For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:

But now my friends, let me examine ye,

How haue ye spent your absent time from me?

Vsum. My Lord our men of Barbary haue martcht

four hundred miles with armour on thier backs,

Q 2

And

The bloody Conquers of

And laine in leaue fifteen moneths and more,
For since we left you at the Souldans court,
We haue subdu'd the Southerne Guallatia,
And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine,
We kept the narrow straight of Gibraltar,
And made Canarea cal vs kings and Lords,
Yet neuer did they recreate themselves,
Of teale one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.

I am. They shal Casane, and tis time faith,
Tech. And I haue march'd along the riuier Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian Prince
Cal'd Iohn the great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple Crowne I did take by force,
And made him weare obedience to my crowne.
From thence vnto Cazates did I march,
Wher Amazons met me in the field:
With whom (being women) I boughlast a league,
And with my power did march to zansibar
The Westerne part of Affrike, where I view'd
The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes:
But neither man nor child in all the land:
Therefore I tooke my course to Manico.
Wher vntrested I remou'd my campe:
And by the coast of Byather at last,
I came to Cubar, where the Negros dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia,
There hauing sackt Borno the Kingsly seat,
I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines
Vnto Damasco, where I staid before.

I amb. Well done Techelles: what saith
(The eridamas:

The

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

cher. I left the confines and the bound of Affrike
And made a voyage into Europe,
Wher by the riuier Tyros I subdu'd
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.
Then cross the sea and came to Oblis,
And Nigra Silua, where the Devils dance,
Which in despight of them I set on fire:
From thence I cross the Gulfe, call'd by the name
Mare magiore, of th' inhabitantes;
Yet shall my souldiers make no perill
Vntill Natolia kneele before your feet,
I amb. Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cooke shall haue pensions to provide vs eates,
And glut vs with the dainties of the world,
Lachrima Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common souldiers drinke in quaffing bottles,
I, liquid golde when we haue conquer'd
Dungled with corall and with orientall pearls:
Come let vs banquet and carouse the whiles, Esteuie.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwin,
with their traine.

Sigif.

Now say my Lords of Buda and Bohemia,
What moe is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valures to such sodaine armes:
Fred. Your Paicety remembers I am sure
What cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heathnish Turks and Pagans lately made,

Welure

The bloody Conquests of

Betwixt the riu Zula and Danubius,
 Now through the midst of Verna and Bulgaria
 And almost to the very walles of Rome,
 They haue not long since massacred our Camp,
 It reflecth now shew that your Majesty
 Take all advantages of time and power,
 And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:
 Down Dignelle knowes for Tamburlaines reuenge,
 That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,
 Nacolia hath dismiss the greatest part
 Of all his armie, pitcht against our power
 Betwixt Cushcia and Orminius mount:
 And sent them marching by to Belgasar,
 Acantha, Antioch, and Calaria,
 To aid the kings of Soria and Ierusalem.
 Now when my Lord, aduantage take hereof,
 And issue suddenly vpon the rest:
 That in the fowle of their ouerthrow,
 They may discourage all the pagan troope,
 That dare attempt to war with Christians.

Sig. But cald not then your Grace to memorie
 The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
 Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,
 And calling this for reuenge of our kinnes?
 This should be treacherie and violence,
 Against the grace of our profession.

Bald. No doubt my Lord: for with such Infidels,
 In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
 We are not bound to those accomplishments,
 The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:
 But as the faith which they prophaneely plight
 Is not by necessary policy,

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,
 So what we vow to them should not infringe
 Our liberty of armes and victorie.

Sig. Though I confesse the othes they undertake,
 Freed little strength to our securitie,
 Yet those infirmitie that thus defame
 Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,
 Should not giue vs presumption to the like.
 Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate,
 Religious, righteous, and inuolate.

Fred. Assure your Grace tis superstition
 To stand so strictly on dispensing faith:
 And should we lose the opportunity
 That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death
 And scourge their soule blasphemous Paganisme:
 As fell to Saule, to Balaam and the rest,
 That would not kill and curse at Gods command,
 So surely will the vengeance of the highest
 And icalous anger of his fearefull arme
 Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,
 If we neglect this offer'd victorie.

Sig. Then arme my Lords, and issue suddenly,
 Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,
 With expedition to assaile the Pagan,
 And take the victorie our God hath giuen. *Exeunt.*

Actus, 2. Scena, 1.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribaba with their traine,
 Orcanes.

G. Azellus, Vribaba, and the rest,
 Now will we march from proud Orminius mount

The bloody Conquests of

To faire Natolia, where our neighbour Kings
Expect our power and our royall presence,
T'incounter with the cruell camburlain,
That nigh Larissa waies a mighty hoste,
And with the thunder of his martial tooles
Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen,

Gaz. And now come we to make his sinowes shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt,
An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes,
And hundred thousands subiects to each score:
Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should bryake out off the bowels of the cloudes
And fall as thicke as halle vpon our heads,
In partiall aid of that proud Scythian,
Yet should our courages and steeled crestes,
And numbers moze than infinite of men,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

Vrib. He thinks I see how glad the christian King
Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce:
That could not but before be terrified:
With vnaquainted power of our hoste.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Arme vhead Soueraign and my noble Lords
The treacherous army of the Christians,
Taking aduantage of your slender power,
Comes marching on vs, and determines straight,
To bid vs battaile for our dearest liues.

Orc. Traitors, villaines, damned Christians,
Vne I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we haue both confirm'd,

He

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet:

Gaz. Wel and confusion light vpon their heads,
That with such treason seek our ouerthrow,
And rates so litle for their prophet Christ.

Orc. Can there be such deceit in Christians,
Or treason in the fleshy 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 euerliuing Loue,
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,
If he be ielous of his name and honoz,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy seruants peritury.
Open thou shining baile of Cynthia
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen
That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscripible,
But euery where fills euery Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigoz,
May in his endlesse power and puritie
Behold and venge this Traitors peritury.
Thou Christ that art esteem'd omnipotent,
If thou wilt prooue thy selfe a perfect God,
Worthy the worship of all faithfull hearts,
Be now reueng'd vpon this Traitors soule,
And make the power I haue left behind
(Too litle to defend our guiltlesse liues)
Sufficient to discoinfort and confound
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.

Ed

Conquers of
To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crye,
If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.

Sound to the battell, and Sigismond
comes out wounded.

Sig. Discouraged is all the Christian hoste,
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high,
For my accurst and hatefull periurie.
Just and dreadfull punisher of sinne,
Let the dishonor of the paines I feele,
In this my mortall well deserued wound,
Ere all my penance in my sodaine death,
And let this death wherein to sinne I die,
Conceiue a second life in endlesse mercie.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa,
with others.

Or. Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,
And Christ of Mahomet hath bene my friend.

Gaz. See here the periur'd traitor Hungary,
Bloody and breathlesse for his villany.

Or. Now shall his barbarous body be a pray
To beasts and foules, and at the winds shall breath
Through shady leaues of euery fencelesse tree,
Murmures and hisses for his hairy sin.
Now scaldes his soule in the Tartarian streames,
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,
That zoacum, that fruit of byxternesse,
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned Scends,

The

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 2.

The Pyrels there in chaunces of quencelesse flame,
Shall lead his soule through Orcus burning gulfe,
From paine to paine, whose change shal neuer end:
What fatest thou yet Gazellus to his toll:
Which we refer to iustice of his Christ,
And to his power, which here appeares as full
As raies of Cynthia to the clearest light:

Gaz. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,
Whose power is often vpon'd a miracle.

Orc. Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,
Not dooing Mahomet an iniurie,
Whose power had share in this our victorie:
And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,
And died a traitor both to heauen and earth,
We wil both watch and ward shall keepe his trunk
Amidst these plaines, for foules to pray vpon.
Go Vribassa, giue it straight in charge.

Vri. I will my Lord. Exit Vrib.

Orc. And now Gazellus, let vs haste and meete
Our Army and our brother of Ierusalem,
Of Soria, Trebizon and Amasia,
And happily with full Anatolian bowles
Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate
Our happy conquest, and his angry fate. Exit.

Actus. 2. Scena vltima.

The Arras is drawn and Zenocrate lies in her bed
of state, Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Physi-
tians about her bed, tempering potions. Theris-
damas, Techelles, Vsumecane, and the three
sonnes.

Tamb.

The bloody Conquests of

Tamburlaine,

Lacke is the beauty of the brightest day,
The golden baile of heauens eternal fire,
That danc'd with gloiue on the silver waues:
Now wanes the fewell that enflamde his beames
And all with faintnesse and for soule disgrace,
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,
Ready to darcken earth with endlesse night:
Zenocrate that gaue him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their Iuoy bowers,
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,
Whose lealouise admits no second Hate,
Dyames in the comfort of her latest breath
All balled with the hellish mists of death,
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaslesse lamps
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no moze, but deck the heauens
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
The chrystall springs whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternall light,
Like tried silver runs through Paradise
To entertaine diuine zenocrate.
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins,
That sing and play before the king of kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate.
And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this musick to our soules:

And

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. V.

Holds out his hand in highest maiesty
To entertaine diuine Zenocrate,
Then let some holy trance conuay my thoughts,
To the pallace of th'imperiall heauen:
That this my life may be as hozt to me
As are the daies of sweet Zenocrate:
Phisitions, wil no phisicke do her good?
Phil. My Lord, your Maiesty shall soone perceiue
And if he passe this fit, the worst is past.
tam. Tell me, how fares my faire Zenocrate:
zen. I fare my Lord, as other Emperesses,
That when this fraile and transitory flesh,
Hath suckt the measure of that bit all aire
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wanes with enforst and necessary change.
tam. May neuer such a change transfourme my
In whose sweet being I repose my life, (long
Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,
Gives light to Phoebus and the fixed stars,
Whose absence make the sun and Moone as darke
As when opposde in one Diamiter:
Their Spheraes are mounted on the serpents head,
Or els descended to his winding traine:
Liue still my Loue and so conserue my life,
Or dieng, be the anchoz of my death.
zen. Liue still my Lord, O let my soueraigne liue,
And sooner let the fiery Clement
Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,
Than this bale earth should shroud your maiesty:
For should I but suspect your death by mine,
The comfort of my future happynesse
And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,

Cur'd

The bloody Conquests of

Turn'd to dispaire, would break my wretched heales
And furie would confound my present rest,
But let me die in Loue, yet let me die,
With loue and patience let your true loue die:
Your grieffe and furie hurtes my second life,
Yet let me kisse 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 leaue of these my louing sonnes,
And of my Lords whose true nobilitie
Haue merited my latest memorie:
Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,
And in your liues your fathers excellency.
Some musicke, and my fit wil cease my Lord.

They call musicke.

ram. Proud stirie and uncollozable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Loue,
And scourge the scourge of the immortall God:
How are those Sypheres where Cupid vsbe to sit,
Wounding the world with woonder and with loue,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
Whose darts do pierce the Center of my soule,
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heauen,
And had she liu'd before the siege of Troy,
Hellen, whose beauty sommond Greece to armes,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not bene nam'd in Homers Iliados:
Her name had bene in euery line he wrote:
Or had those wanton Poets, for whose bytch
Oude Rome was proud, but gasbe a while on her,
For Lesbiz, nor Corinna had bene nam'd,
zenocrate had bene the argument

mighty Tamburlaine. Part 2.

Of euery Epigram or Epigie.

The musicke sounds, and she dies,
tam. What is she dead? Echelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,
And we descend into th' infernall baults,
To haile the fatall Sifters by the haire,
And throw them in the triple mote of Well,
For taking hence my satre zenocrate,
Cafane and theridamas to armes,
Raile Cavalieros higher than the cloudes:
And with the cannon breake the frame of heauen,
Watter the shining pallace of the Sun,
And thiuere all the starry firmament:
For ambitious Loue hath snatcht my loue from hence,
Meaning to make her stately Duene of heauen,
What God so euer holds thee in his armes,
Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
Behold me here diuine zenocrate,
Rauing, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rully beames of Ianus Temple doores,
Letting out death and tyrannising war:
To march with me vnder this bloody flag,
And if thou pitiest Tamburlain the great,
Come downe from heauen and liue with me againe,
cher. Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her liue,
If woords might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,
If teares, our eyes haue watered all the earth:
If grieffe, our murdered hearts haue straid forth blood
Not;ing preualles, for she is dead my Lord,

tam. For she is dead: thy woords doo pierce my soule

Ah

A MIGHTY CONQUERS OR

Oh Sweet cheridamas, say to no more,
Though he be dead, yet let me think the lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me
Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Spire,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tombe as Mausolus,
We both will rest and haue one Epitaph
Writ in as many severall languages,
As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword,
This curld towne will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Loue:
The houses burnt, will looke as if they mourn'd
And here will I set up her stature,
And march about it with my mourning campe,
Drooping and pining for zenocrate.

The Arras is drawn.

Actus. 3. Scena. 1.

Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bringing a sword, & another a scepter: Next Natolia and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After Calapine, and after him other Lordes: Orcanes and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue him the scepter.

Orca.

CAlepinus Cyricelibes, other wise Cybelius, son and successiue heire to the late mighty Emperour Baiazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem,

Tre

mighty Tamburlaine. Part. 2

Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmo-
nia And al the hundred and thirtie Kingdomes late con-
tributory to his mighty father. Long live Callepinus,
Emperour of Turky.

Cal, Thrice worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royall graces
With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:
And were the sinowes of th' imperiall seat
So knit and strengthened, as when Baiazeth
My royall Lord and father sate the throne,
Whose curld fate hath so dismembred it,
Then should you see this Thiese of Scythia,
This proud blurping king of Persea,
Do vs such honoz and supremacie,
Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
Out of the booke of bale bozne infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royall cares
Hath so provided for this curld foe,
That since the heire of mighty Baiazeth
(An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)
Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish heartes,
In grieuous memorie of his fathers shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long
The martiall sword of mighty Tamburlaine,
Will now retaine her olde inconstancie,
And raise our honozs to as high a pitch
In this our strong and fortunat encounter,
For so hath heauen provided my escape,
From al the crueltie my soule sustaine,
By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,

h

Chat

That Ioue surchar'd with pity of our wrongs,
Will poure it downe in showers on our heads:
Scourging the pride of curled Tamburlaine,

Orc. I haue a hundred thousand men in armes,
Some, that in conquest of the periur'd Christian,
Being a handfull to a mighty hoste,
Thinke them in number yet sufficient,
To drinke the riuer Nile of Euphrates,
And for their power, growe to win the world.

Ier. And I as many from Ierusalem,
Iudra, Gaza, and Scalonians bounde,
That on mount Sinay with their ensignes spread,
Looke like the parti-colour'd cloudes of heauen,
That shew faire weather to the neighbor moone.

Treb. And I as many bying from Trebizon,
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,
All bordering on the Mare-maior sea:
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering townes,
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
Whose courages are kindled with the flames,
The curst Scythian sets on all their townes,
And bow to burne the villaines cruell heart.

Sor. From Soria with seventy thousand strong,
Came from Aleppo, Soldimo, Tripoly,
And so vnto my citie of Damasco,
I march to meet and aide my neighbor kings,
All which will ioine against this Tamburlaine,
And bying him captiue to your highnesse seat.

Orc. Our battaile then in martiall maner pitcht,
According to our ancient vs, shall beare
The figure of the ferm-circled Hoone:
Whose hoynes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,

The

The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.

Cal. Well then my noble Lords, for this my friend,
That freed me from the bondage of my foes:
I thinke it requisite and honorable,
To keep my promise, and to make him king,
That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.

Alm. That's no matter sir, for being a king,
For Tamburlaine came by of nothing.

Ier. Your Faithfull may choose some pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full:

'Tis nowght for your maiesty to giue a kingdom.

Cal. Then wil I shortly keep my promise Almeda.

Alm. Why, I thank your Faithfull. Exeunt.

ACTUS. 2. SCENA. 2

Tamburlaine with Vsumecane, and his three sons,
four bearing the hearle of Zenocrate, and the
drums founding a dolefull march, the Towne
burning.

Tamb.

So, burne the turrets of this curst towne,
Flame to the highest region of the aire:
And kinde heaps of exhalations,
That being fiery meteors, may preface,

Death and destruction to th'inhabitants
Quer my Zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till heauen be dissol'd,
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dreggs,
Threatning a death and famine to this land,
Flying Dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
Andge these faire plaines, and make them seeme as black

H 2

A 3

The bloody Conquests of

As is the Island where the Furies make
Compass with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegeton,
Because my deare Zenocrate is dead.

Cal. This Waller plac'd in memorie of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ
This towne being burnt by Tamburlaine the great,
Forbids the world to build it vp againe.

Amy. And here this mournful streamer shal be plac'd
Wrought with the Persian and Egyptian armes,
To signifie she was a princesse, voyne,
And wife vnto the Monarke of the East.

Celib. And here this table as a Register
Of all her vertues and perfections.

tam. And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beautie, which the world admire,
Sweet picture of diuine Zenocrate,
That hanging here, will draw the Gods from heauen
And cause the stars sit in the Southern arke,
Whose louely faces neuer any biewed,
That haue not past the Centers latitude.
As Pilgrimes trauelle to our Hemisphere,
Onely to gaze vpon Zenocrate.
Thou shalt not beautifie Larissa plaines.
But keep within the circle of mine armes,
At euery towne and cattle I besiege,
Thou shalt be set vpon my royall tent.
And when I meet an armie in the field,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my campe,
As if Bellona, Goddess of the war
Threw naked swords and sulphur bals of fire,
Vpon the heads of all our enemies.
And now my Lozds, aduance your heares againe,

Horror

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Horror no more my sweet: Casane now:
Hopes leaue to mourne, this towne shall euer mourne,
Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.

Ca. If I had wept a sea of teares for her,
It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine.

Amy. As is that towne, so is my heart consumed,
With griefe and sorrow for my mothers death.

Cel. My mothers death hath mortified my mind,
And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

Tamb. But now my voyces, leaue off, and ill to me,
That meane to teach you rudiments of war:
He haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,
March in your armour throue watery fens,
Sustaine the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adiuincts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wal,

Besiege a fort, to undermine a towne,
And make whole cyties caper in the aire.
Then next, the way to fortifie your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,
For with the quincque-angle fourme 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 deepe, the Countercarps
Narrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cavalieros and thicke counterfortes,
And roome within to lodge fire thousand men.
It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,
And secret illings to defend the ditch.
It must haue high Argins and covered waies

43

Co

A bloody Conquest of

To keep the bulwark fromes from battery,
 And Parapets to hide the Muskaters:
 Calenaces to place the great Artillery,
 And scope of ordnance that from euery flanke
 May scoure the outward curtaines of the Fort,
 Dismount the Cannon of the aduerser part,
 Further the Foe and saue their walles from breach,
 When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,
 By plaine and easie demonstration,
 He teach you how to make the water mount,
 That you may by foot march through lakes & pooles,
 Deep rivers, hauiens, creekes, and litle seas,
 And make a foyresse in the raging waues,
 Fenc'd with the concave of a monstrous rocke,
 Inuincible by nature of the place.

When this is done, then are ye souldiers,
 And worthy sonnes of Tamburlaine the great,

Cal. My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,
 We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.

tam. Villain, art thou the sonne of Tamburlaine,
 And fear'st to die, or with a Curle-are
 To bend thy flesh and make a gaping wound?
 Hast thou beheld a peale of ordnance strike
 A ring of pikes, mingled with hot and hoyle,
 Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,
 Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,
 And canst thou Toward stand in feare of death?
 Hast thou not seene my horsmen charge the foe,
 Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the bands,
 Dieng their lances with their streaming blood,
 And yet at night carroude within my tent,
 Filling their empty haies with aery wine,

That

mighty Tamburlaine. Part. 2.

That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,
 And wilt thou shun the field for feare of wounds?
 View me thy father that hath conquered kings,
 And with his holte march round about the earth,
 Quite boide of Mars, and cleare from any wound,
 That by the warres lost not a dram of blood,
 And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

He cuts his arme.

A wound is nothing be it nere so deepe,
 Blood is the God of Mars rich liuery,
 Now look I like a souldier, and this wound
 As great a grace and maiesty to me,
 As if a chaire of gold enauiled,
 Enchac'd with Diamondes, Sapphyres, Rubies
 And fairest pearle of welthie India
 Were mounted here vnder a Canapie:
 And I sat downe, cloth'd with the masse robe,
 That late adon'd the Affrike Potentate,
 Whom I brought bound vnto Damasus walles,
 Come boyes 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 boyes, what think you of a wound?
 Cal. I know not what I should thinke of it,
 He thinks tis a pitifull sight.

Cal. 'Tis nothing: giue me a wound father,

Amy. And me another my Lord.

tam. Come strva, giue me your arme,

Cal. Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own
 tam. It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound
 My boy, Thou shalt not loose a dram of blood,
 Before we meet the armie of the Turke.

P 4

Exit

1 he bloody Conquests of

But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
Dreadfull of blowes, of bloody wounds and death:
And let the burning of Larissa wals
By speech of war, and this my wound you see
Teach you my boyes to beare couragious wounds,
Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine,
Vfumeafane now come let vs march
Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
That we haue sent befoze to fire the townes,
The towres and cities of these hatefull Turks,
And hunt that Coward, faint heart, run away,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,
Til fire and sword haue found them at a bay.

Vf. A long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betrayed my gracious Soueraigne,
That curst and damned Traitor Almeda,

Tam. Then let vs see if coward Calapine
Dare leuie armes against our puifance,
That we may tread vpon his captiue necke,
And treble all his fathers slauieries. Exeunt.

Actus. 3. Scena. 1,

Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.

Therid.

Thus haue wee marche Northwarde from
(Tamburlaine,
Unto the frontier point of Soria:
And this is Balsera their chiefest hold,
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.
Tech. Then let vs bring our light Artillery,
Pinions, Fauknets, and Sakars to the trench,

. fil.

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,
And enter in, to seaze vpon the golde:

How say ye Souldiers, Shal we not:

Soul. Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it,
ther. But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,

It may be they will yee lo it quietly,
Knowing two kings, the friend to Tamburlain,
Stand at the walles, with such a mighty power,

Summon the battell,

Captaine with his wife and sonne.

Cap. What requier you my maisters:
ther. Captaine, that thou yeele by thy hold to vs.

Cap. To you. Why, do you thinke me weary of it:
Tech. Nay Captaine, thou art weary of thy life,

If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlain,
ther. These Prisoners of Argier in Africa,

Then in the caruvs face shall raise a hill
Of earth and fagots higher than thy Fort,
And ouer thy Argins and covered waies
Shal play vpon the bulwarks of thy hold
Volleys of ordnance til the breach be made,
That with his ruine fills vp all the trench.
And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe
Shall ransom thee, thy wife and family.

Tech. Captaine, these Spoopes shall cut the leade:
(pipes,

That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
And lie in trench befoze thy castle walles:
That no supply of victuall shall come in,
Nor issue forth, but they shall die:
And therefore Captaine, yeele it quickly.

Captaine

The bloody Conquests of

Cap. Were you that are the friends of Tamburlaine
Brothers to help Mahomet himselfe,
I would not yeld it: therefore doo your worst.
Rasse mountains, batter, intrench, and vndermine,
Cut off the water, all conioies that can,
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

cher. Pioners away, and where I stuck the stake,
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:
Cast by the earth towards the castle wall,
Which til it may defend you, labour low:
And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pion. We will my Lord. Execut.

Tech. A hundred horse shall scout about the plaines
To spy what force comes to relieue the holde.
Both we (theridamas) wil intrench our men,
And with the Jacobs staffe measure the height
And distance of the castle from the trench,
That we may know if our artillery
Will carie full point blancke vnto their wals.

cher. Then see the bynging of our ordinance
Along the trench into the battery,
Where we will haue Gallions of fire foot broad,
To saue our Cannoniers from musket shot,
Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth,
And with the breaches fall, smoake, fire, and dust,
The cracke, the Echoe and the souldiers crye
Shake deafe the aire, and dim the Chrystall Sky.
tech. Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,
And souldiers play the men, the hold is yours.

Enter the Captaine with his wife and
sonne.

Olimpia

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 2.

Olym. Come good my Lord, & let vs haste too hence
Along the caue that leads beyond the foe,
No hope is left to saue this conquered hold.

Cap. A deadly bullet gliding through my side,
Ales heavy on my heart, I cannot liue.
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,
That there begin and nourish euery part,
Hangled and tozney, and all my entrals bath'd
In blood that straineth from their orifer.
Farewell sweet wife, sweet son farewell, I die.

Olym. Death, whether art thou gone that both we
Come back again: (sweet death) & strike vs both: (liue):
One minute end our dates, and one sepulcher
Containe our bodies: death, why com'st thou not:
Which must be the messenger for thee,
Now by death stretch out thy Sable wings,
And carie both our soules, where his remains.
O thou sweet boy, art thou content to die:
These barbarous Semythians full of cruelty,
And Hodes, in whom was neuer pittie found,
Will ierue vs peccemiale, put vs to the wheele,
Or els inuent some torture worse than that,
Therefore die by thy louing mothers hand,
Who gently now wil lance thy Troop throat,
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

Son. Mother dispatch me, or Ile kill my selfe,
For think ye I can liue, and see him dead:
Gue me your knife, good mother: or strike home:
The Semythians shall not tyrannise on me.
Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.
She stabs him.

Olym. Oh sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,

Fin

In treat a pardon of the God of heauen,
And purge my soule before it come to thee.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all
their traine,

ther. How now Madam, what are you doing?
Olim. Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,
Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,
I cast cruell Scepters should dismember him.
Tech. Was brauely done, and like a souldiers wife,
Thou shalt with vs to Tamburlaine the great,
Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,
Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

Olim. My Lord deceall, was dearer vnto me,
Than any Viceroy, King or Emperour.
And for his sake here will I end my daies,
ther. But Lady goe with vs to Tamburlaine,
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,
In whose high lookes is much more manly
Than from the Concaue superlaties.

Of Loues vast pallace the Imperiall Dybe,
Vnto the shining bowler where Cynthia sits,
Like louely cheis in a Christall robe,
That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feete,
And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue,
On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,
With naked swordes and scarlet lieries:
Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)
Rhammusia beares a helmet full of blood,
And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men
By whose proud side the vgly suries run.

Harkening

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars 2.

Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
Duer whose Zenith cloth'd in windy aire,
And Eagles wings sol'd to her feathered breast,
Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:
That to the aduerse poles of that straight line,
Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,
The name of mightie Tamburlaine is spread:
And him faire Lady shall thy eyes behold. Come.

Olim. Take pittie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,
That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,
And cast her bodie in the burning flame,
That feeds vpon her somes and hyl handys flesh.
Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,
Then scorch a face so beautilful as this.

In frame of which Nature hath shewed more skill,
Than when the gaie eternall Chaos forme,
Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heauen.
ther. Madam, I am so far in loue with you,
That you must goe with vs, no remedy.

Olim. Then carie me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal iourney,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

Tech. No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,
Come willingly, therfore.

ther. Souldiers now let vs meet the Generall,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
Ready to charge the army of the Turke.
The gold, the silver, and the pearle ye got,
Rising this Fort, deuide in equall hates:
This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,
Out of the coffers of our treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus

Ine bloody Conquests of

Actus: 3, Scena. 5.

Callopine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soris; Al
meda, with their traine.

Messenger.

R Enownd Emperour, mighty Callopine,
Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:
Here at Alepo with an hoste of men
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Perse
In number moze than are the quivering leaues
Of Idas forrest, where your highnesse hounds,
With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:
Who meanes to gyt Natolias walles with siege,
Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

Cal. My royal army is as great as his,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which walseth Cyprus with his bynisch waues,
Covers the hills, the ballesies and the plaines.
Vicerioes and Peeres of Turkey play the men,
Whet all your swordes to mangle Tamburlain
His somes, his Captaines and his followers,
By Mahomet not one of them shal liue.
The field wherin this batcalle shall be fought,
For euer, terme, the Perleans sepulchze,
In memorie of this our victooy.

Orc. Now, he that calls himselfe the scourge of Ioue,
The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,
Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,
And traueile hedlong to the lake of hell:
Where legions of deuils knowing he must die

Here

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 7.

Here in Natolia, by your highnesse handes)
All brandishing their handes of quenchelesse fire,
Screching their monstrous pawes, grin with their
(teeth,

And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.

Cal. Tel me Vicerioes the number of your men,
And what our Army ropall is esteem'd.

Ier. From Palestina and Ierusalem,
Of Hebrewes, thzee scoze thousand fighting men
Are come since last we shewed your maicesty.

Orc. So from Arabia desart, and the boundes
Of that sweet land, whose braue Perropolis
Reedified the faire Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbzed to your Maicesty.

Treb. From trebizon in Asia the lesse
Naturalized Turks and stout Bythintans
Came to my handes full fifty thousand moze,
That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,
For ere returne but with the victooy,
Since last we numbzed to your maicesty.

Sor. Of Sorians from Hala is repair'd
And neighbor cities of your highnesse land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbzed to your maicesty:
So that the Army ropall is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Callop. Then welcome Tamburlaine into thy
(death.

Come pullant Vicerioes, let vs to the field,
(The Perleans Sepulchze) and sacrifice
Spountaines of breathlesse men to Mahomet,

THE DIOVOY CONQUETS OF

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

ACTUS. 2. SCENA. 1.

Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumecafane
with other.

Tam.

How now Cafane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles,
Vnu. My Lord, your presence makes them
(pale and wan.

Wooze soules they looke as if their deaths were neere,
camb. Why, so he is Cafane, I am here,

But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues,

Ye petty kings of Turkye I am come,

As Hector did into the Grecian campe.

To ouer dare the pride of Greeceia.

And set his warlike person to the victo

Of fierce Achilles, riual of his fame,

I doe you honoz in the simile.

For if I should as Hector did Achilles,

(The wozechiest knight that euer brandisht sword)

Challenge in combat any of you all,

I see how fearfully ye would refuse,

And fly my gloue as from a Scorpion.

Orc. How thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,

Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,

But Shepheards issue, base bozne tamburlaine,

Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy

(throat,

Tamb. Chailain, the shepheards issue, at whose byrth
Heauen

mighty Tamburlaine Part. 2

Heauen did affoord a gracious aspect,
And ioind those stars that shall be opposit,
Euen till the dissolution of the world,
And neuer meent to make a Conquerour,
So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine:
Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
That like a rogusly runnaway, suborn'd
That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,
To falsse his seruice to his Soueratgne,
As ye shal curse the byrth of Tamburlaine.

Cal. Raile not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge
My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.

Ier. By Mahomet he shal be tied in chaines,
Rowing with Chylstians in a Bygandine,
About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoile:
And turne him to his ancient trade againe.
He thinks the slaue should make a lusty cheefe.

Cal. Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,
And sit in counsell to inuent some paine,
That most may ver his body and his soule.

Tam. Sirha, Callapine. Ile hang a clogge about
your necke for running away againe, you shall not trouble
me thus to come and fetch you.

But as for you, Cliceroy you shal haue bits,
And harness like my horses, byaw my coche:
And when ye stay, be lash't with whips of wicr,
Ile haue you learne to feed on prouander,
And in a stable lie vpon the planks:

Orc. But Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneele to vs
And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.

Ier. The common souldiers of our mighty holle
Shal bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.

I

Sor,

1 he bloody Conquests of

Sor. And all haue ioinely sworne thy cruell death,
 D^r bind thee in eternall tormentz w^rath,
 tam. Wel sirs, diet your selues, you knowe I shall
 haue occasion shortly to iourney you.

Cel. See father, how Almeda the Taylor looks
 vpon vs.

tam. Killaine, traitor, damned fugitive,
 He make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee
 Seest thou not death within my w^rathfull looks,
 Doe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock,
 D^r rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,
 T^r appeale my w^rath, or els He torture thee,
 Searing thy hatefull flesh with burning yrons,
 And drops of scalding lead, while all thy ioints
 Be racked and beat alunder with the wheele,
 For if thou liuest, not any Element
 Shall shrowde thee from the w^rath of tamburlaine.

Cal. Wel, in despight of thee he shall be king:
 Come Almeda, receite this crowne of me,
 I here inuest thee king of Ariadan,
 Bordering on Mare Roso nere to Mecca.

Or. What, take it man.

Al. Good my Lord, let me take it.

Cal. Doo^t thou aske him leaue: Were, take it.

tam. Go too sirha, take your crowne, and make by the
 halfe dozen.

So sirha, now you are a king you must giue armes.

Or. So he shall, and weare thy head in his Scutchion:
 tam. No, let him hang a bunch of keies on his stan-
 derd, so put him in remembrance he was a Tailor, that
 when I take him, I may knocke out his braines with
 them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come
 sweating

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

Cweating from my chariot.

teeh. Away, let vs to the field, that the villaine may
 be slaine.

tamb. Sirha, prepare whips, and bring my chariot
 to my Tent: For as soone as the battaile is done, He
 ride in triumph through the Camp.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and
 their traine.

How now ye pery kings, loe, here are Bugges
 We make the haire stand vpright on your heads,
 And cast your crownes in slavery at their feet.

Welcome theridamas and techelles both,
 See ye this rout, and know ye this same king:
 ther. I, my Lord, he was Calapines keeper.

tam. Wel, now you see hee is a king, looke to him
 theridamas, when we are fighting, lea^t hee hide his
 crowne as the foolish king of Persea did.

Sor. No Tamburlaine, hee shall not be put to that
 Erigent, I warrant thee.

tam. You knowe not sir:

But now my followers and my louing friends,
 Fight as you euer did, like Conquerours,
 The glorie of this happy day is yours:

By sterne aspect shall make faire Victory,
 Howering betwixt our armies, fight on me,
 Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

teeh. I smile to thinke, how when this field is fought,
 And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
 With carrieng pearle and treasure on their backes,

tamb. You shall be princes all immediately:
 Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

Or. No, we wil meet thee slautly taburlain. Exeunt

The bloody Conquests, of

Actus. 4. Scena. 1.

Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent
where Caliphaz sit, & sleepe.

Now in their glories shine the golden crownes
Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That halfe diluay the maiesty of heauen:

Now brother, follow we our fathers sword,
That flies with swiftnesse swifter than our thoughts,
And cuts down armies with his conquering wings,

Cal. Call forth our laishe brother from the tent,
For if my father misse him in the field,
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightening to his heare.

Amy. Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleepe
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums
And raeling camons thunder in our eares
Our proper ruine, and our fathers soile:

Cal. Away ye fools, my father needs not me,
Nor you in faith, but that you wil be thought
More chidish valourous than manly wise:
If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me,
My father were enough to scar the foe:
You doo dishonoz to his maiesty,

To think our helps will doe him any good.

Amy. What, dar'st thou then be absent froe the fight,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardise,
And oft hath warn'd thee to be still in field,
When he himselte amidst the thickest troopes
Beats downe our foes to flesh our taintlesse swordz.

Cal. I know sit, what it is to kil a man,

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mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

It works remorse of conscience to me,
I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

Cal. O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come forth.
Thou doost dishonoz manhood, and thy house.

Cal. Oe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prouoe a second Mars,
I will please my mind as wel to heate both you
Haue won a heape of honoz in the field,
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

Amy. You wil not goe their:

Cal. You say true.

Amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona mundi,
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary,
Turn'd into pearle and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the furie of my father:
When made a victoz in these hautie arms,
He comes and findes his sonnes haue had no shares
In all the honozs he proposde for vs.

Cal. Take you the honoz, I will take my ease,
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardise:
I goe into the field before I need:

Alarme, and Amy, and Celeb. run in.

The bullets fly at random where they list,
And should I goe and kill a thousand men,
I were as soone rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that neuer fights.
And should I goe and doo noz harme noz good,
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue
I can't wish my fathers croune would neuer cure.

39

39

He to cardes: Perdicas.

Perd. Here my Lord.

Cal. Come, thou and I wil goe to cardes to vyue away the time.

Per. Content my Lord, but what shal we play for?

Cal. Who shal kisse the fairest of the Turkes Concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

Per. Agreed yfaith, They play.

Cal. They say I am a coward, (Perdicas) and I feare as litle their tere, tantaras, their swordes or their cannoz, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and for feare I should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed with me.

Per. Such a feare (my Lord) would neuer make yee retire.

Cal. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battaile once, to trie my valour.

Alarme.

What a cople they keepe, I beleue there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter Tamburlain, Theridamas, Techelles, Vfus meafane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading the Turkish kings.

Tam. See now ye slaues, my childe scoops your pryde And leads your glories shep-like to the sword. Bring them my boyes, and tel me if the warres Be not a life that may illustrate Gods, And tickle not your Spirit's with desire Still to be train'd in armes and chivalry:

Amy. Shal we let goe these kings again my Lord To gather greater numbers gainst our power, That they may say, it is not chance doth this,

But

mighty a

But matchlesse strength and magnanimity.

tamb. No, no Amyras, tempt not Fortune so, Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies: And glut it not with stale and daunted foes, But wher's this coward, villaine, not my soune, But traitor to my name and maesty.

He goes in and brings him out.

Image of sloth, and and picture of a slaue, The obloque and s hozne of my renowne, How may my hart, thus fired with mine eyes, Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent, Shrowd any thought may holde my struing hands From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule.

ther. Yet pardon him I pray your Maesty. (don tech. & Vfu. Let al of vs increat your highnesse paratam. Stand by, ye base unworthy souldiers, Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?

Amy. Good my Lord, let him be forgiven for once, And we wil force him to the field her eafter.

tam. Stand by my boyes, and I wil teach ye arms, And what the icalousie of warres must doe.

O Samarcanda, where I bzeathed first, And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh, Blush, bluish faire citie, at thine honours soile, And shame of nature with Iaertis streame, Embracing thee with deepest of his loue, Can neuer wash from thy distained byowes. Here loue, receiue his fainting soule againe, A forme not meet to giue that lubiect essence, Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlain, Wherein an incorporeall spirit mooues, Spave of the mould whercof thy selfe consistis.

T 4

Which

Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,
Ready to leuie power against thy throne,
That I might moue the turning Sphaeres of heaues,
For earth and al this aery region
Cannot containe the state of Tamburlaine.
By Mahomet, thy mighty friend I sweare,
In sending to my issue such a soule,
Created of the massy drugges of earth,
The scum and tartar of the Elements,
Wherein was neither courage, strength or wit,
But follie, sloth, and damned idlenesse:
Thou hast procur'd a greater enemy,
Than he that darted mountaines at thy head.
Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas beares:
Whereat thou trembling hidst thee in the aire,
Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being scene.
And now ye cankred curres of Asia,
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,
Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.
Now you shall feele the strength of Tamburlaine,
And by the state of his supremacie,
Appooue the difference twixt himself and you.

Orc, Thou shalt see the difference twixt our selues
(and thee.

In this thy barbarous damned tyranny,
Thy victories are growne so violent,
That shortly heauen, fill'd with the meteors
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,
Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy scorching braines,
And with our bloods, reuenge our bloods on thee.

Tamb. Alliances, these terrours and these tyrannies
(If

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

(If tyrannies wars iustice ye repute)
I execute, enioind me from aboute
To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,
Nor am I made Arch-monark of the world,
Crown'd and inuict'd by the hand of loue,
For deeds of bounty or nobility:
But since I exercise a greater name,
The Scourge of God and terrour of the world,
I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes,
In war, in blood, in death, in crueltie,
And plague such Infantes as resisting me,
The power of heauens eternall maiesty.
Theridamas, techelles, and Casane,
Ransacke the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turkes, and take their Concubines,
Making them burie this effeminate brat,
For not a common Souldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And Ile dispose them as it likes me best,
Heane while take him in.

Soul. We will my Lord.

Ier O damned monster, nay a fiend of Hell,
Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,
Nor yett impo'se, with such a bitter hate.

Orc. Reuenge it Radamanch and Facus,
And let your hates extended in his paines,
Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.
treb. Nay neuer day giue vertue to his eyes,
Whose sight composes of furie and of fire
Doth send such sterne affections to his heart,
Soe. Nay neuer spirit, vaine or Artier seed

The

The curst substance of that cruel heart,
 But wanting moisture and remorsefull blood)
 Die by with anger, and consume with heat.
 tam. *Alas, bark ye dogs. Ile bide al your tongues*
 And bind them close with bites of burnisht Steele,
 Downe to the channells of your hatefull throats,
 And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,
 Ile make ye roare, that earth may echo forth
 The far resounding torments ye sustaine,
 As when an heard of lusty Cymbrian Bulls,
 Run mourning round about, the Femals milke,
 And stung with furie of their following,
 Fill all the aire with troublous bellowing:
 I will with Engines, neuer exercise,
 Conquer, lacke, and vterly consume
 Your cities and your golden pallaces,
 And with the flames that beat against the cloudes
 Incense the heauens, and make the starres to melt,
 As if they were the teares of Mahomet
 For hot consumption of his countreys pride:
 And til by vision, or by speech I heare
 Immortall loue say, Cease my Tamburlaine,
 I will persist a terrour to the world,
 Making the Meteors, that like armed men
 Are scene to march vpon the towers of heauen,
 Run rising round about the firmament,
 And breake their burning Lances in the aire,
 For honoz of my wooddous victozies.
 Come bying them in to our Paultion,

Exeunt.

Actus

migny 1 amourant. Act. 24

Actus. 4. Scena. 3.

Olympia alone.

Darest Olympia, whose weeping eyes
 Since thy arriual here beheld no Sun,
 But clobe within the compasse of a tent,
 Hath stain'd thy cheekes, & made thee look like
 Deafie some meanes to rid thee of thy life. (death
 Rather than yeeld to his detected suit,
 Whose drift is onely to dishonoz thee,
 And since this earth, dew'd with thy byinish teares,
 Affords no heartes, whose taste may poison thee,
 Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,
 Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,
 Nor thy close Cause a sword to murder thee,
 Let this inuention be the instrument.

Enter Theridamas.

Thee, *Alas* met Olympia, I sought thee in my tent
 But when I saw the place obscure and darke,
 Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,
 Strag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,
 Supposing, amozous loue had sent his sonne,
 The winged Hermes, to conuay thee hence:
 But now I finde thee, and that feare is past,
 Tell me Olympia, wilt thou graunt my suite?

Olym. My Lord and hus bandes death, with my
 With whom I buried al affections, (Sweete sonne,
 Same griefe and sorow which torment my heart,
 Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought
 That tends to loue, but meditate on death,

4

The bloody Conquerors of

A fitter Subject for a peniue soule.

Ther. Olympia, pittie him, in whom thy looks
Haue greater operation and moze force
Than Cynthias in the watery wilbernes,
For with thy view my toyes are at the full,
And eb againe, as thou departst from me.

Olim. Ah, pry me my Lord, and draw your sword,
Making a passage for my troubled soule,
Which beates against this prison to get out,
And meet my hus band and my louing soune.

ther. Nothing, but stil thy hus band and thy sonne:
Leaue this my Loue, and listen moze to me,
Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire Argier,
And cloth'd in costly claath of massy gold,
Vpon the marble turrets of my Court
Sit like to Venus in her chaire of state,
Commanding all thy princely eie desires,
And I will cast off armes and sit with thee,
Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.

Olim. No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,
But that where euery period ends with death,
And euery line begins with death againe:
I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.

ther. Nay Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile,
Ile vse some other means to make you yeeld,
Such is the sodaine fury of my loue,
I must and wil be please, and you shall yeeld:
Come to the tent againe. (honor)

Olim. Stay good my Lord, and wil you saue my
Ile giue your Grace a present of such price,
As all the world cannot afford the like.

ther. What is it.

Olim.

mighty Tamburlaine. Part 2.

Olym. An ointment which a cunning Alchemist
Distilled from the purest Balsamum,
And simplest extracts of all Minerals,
In which the essentiall soume of Marble stone,
Tempered by science metaphisicall,
And Spels of magick from the mouthes of Spirits,
Which whels if you hit not your tender Skin,
Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.

Ther. Why Hadam, thinke ye to rocke me thus
palpably?

Olim. To prooue it, I wil not my naked throat,
Which when you stab, looke on your weapons point,
And you shall se't rebated with the blow.

ther. Why gaue you not your hus band some of it, if
you loued him, and it so precious?

Olim. My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,
But was preuented by his sodaine end,
And for a present cause prooue herrof,
That I dissemble not, trie it on me.

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

She noints her throat.

Olim. Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons
That will be blunted if the blow be great. (point)

ther. Here then Olympia,
What haue I slaine her? Killaine, stab thy selfe:
Cut off this arthe that murdered my Loue:
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,
Might find as many woonderous myrtles,
As in the Theopsta of the world.
Now Hell is fairer than Elysian,
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen;

From

The bloody Conquests of
From whence the Satyres doe borrow all their light,
Wanders about the black circumference,
And now the damned soules are free from paine,
For euery Fury gazeth on her lookes:
Infernal Dis is courting of my Loue,
Inuenting malices and stately shames for her,
Opening the doores of his rich treasure,
To entertaine this Queene of chastitie,
Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe
The treasure of my kingdome may afford.

Exit, taking her away.

Actus. 4. Scena. 4.

Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon
and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in
his left hand, in his right had a whip, with which
he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsu-
measanc, Amyras, Celebinus; Natolia, and Ieru-
salem led by with five or six common souldiers.

Tam.

Howe pamper'd Jades of Asia:
What can ye draw but twenty milles a day,
And haue so many a chariot at your heeles,
And such a Coachman as great Tamburlaine:
But from Aphaltis, where I conquer'd you,
To Byron here where thus I honor you:
The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate about the cloudes,
Are not so honoured in their Governour,
As you (ye slaves) in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong Jades of Thrace, Alcides tam'd,
That

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 2.

That King Egeus fed with humane flesh,
And made so swanton that they knew their strength,
Were not subb'd with valour more diuine,
Than you by this unconquered arme of mine,
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drinke in pailles the strongest Mustardell:
If you can liue with it, then liue, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:
If not, then dy like beasts, and sit for nought
But perches for the black and fatall Ravens.
Thus am I right the scourge of highest Loue,
And see the figure of my dignitie,
By which I hold my name and maiesty.

Ami. Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn with these two idle kings.
tam. Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,
They shall to morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow kings may be retreat,
Orc. O thou that dwalest the region vnder earth,

And art a king as absolute as loue,
Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,
Surrendering all the glories of the land:
And as thou tookst the faire Proserpina,
Noying the fruit of Ceres garden plot,
For loue, for hono, and to make her Queene,
So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdew
This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power,
Come once in furie and suruay his pride,
Faling him headlong to the lowest hell.

cher. Your Paicty must get some byes for these,
To vnbidle their conceytnous cursing tongues,

That

A ne bloody Conquers of

That like vnruly neuer broken Iades,
Breake through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,
And passe their fixed boundes exceedingly.

Tech. Nay, we wil break the hedges of their mouth
And pul their kicking colles out of their pastures,

Vsu your Maiesty already hath deuilde
A meane, as fit as may be to restraine

These coltish coach-horse tongues from blaspemy.

Cel. How like you that sir king: why speak you not?

Ier. Ah criet! What spring from a tyrants loines,
How like his cursed father he begins,

To practize tauntes and bitter tyrannies:

Tam. I Turke, I tel thee, this same Boy is he,

That must aduance in higher pompe than this)

Rise the kingdoms I shall leaue vnackt:

If loue esteeming me too good for earth,

Raise me to watch the faire Aldeboran,

Above the thyetold Afracisme of heauen,

Before I conquere all the triple world.

From fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,

I will prefer them for the funerals

They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.

The Concubines are brought in.

Where are my common souldiers now that fought

So Lion-like vpon Asphaltis plaines:

Soul. Here my Lord.

Tam. Holy ye tal souldiers, take ye Queens aperece
(I meane such Quicens as were kings Concubines)

Take them, deuilde them and their iewels too,

And let them equally serue all your turnes.

Soul. We thank your maiesty.

tam. Wawle not (I warne you) for your lechery,

For

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2

For euery man that so offends shall die,

Orc. Inturious tyrane, wilt thou so defame

The hatefull fortunes of thy victory,

To exercise vpon such guiltlesse Dames,

The violence of thy common Souldiours lust.

Tam. Live content then (ye slaues) and meet not me
With troopes of harlots at your sloothful heeles

Lad. O pity vs my Lord, and saue our honours.

tam. Are ye not gone ye villaines with your spoiles:

They run away with the Ladies.

Ier. O mercilesse infernall cruelty.

Tam. Saue your honours: were but time indeed,
Lok long before you knew what honour meant.

ther. It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,

And make vs teasting Pageants for their Trulles.

tam. And now themselves shal make our Pageant,

And common souldiers iest with all their Trulles,

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoiles,

Till we prepare our march to Babylon,

Whether we next make expedition.

tech. Let vs not be idle then my Lord,

But presently be prest to conquer it.

tam. We wil recheles, forward then ye Iades

Now crouch ye kings of greatest Asia,

And tremble when ye heare this Scourge wil come,

That whips downe cities, and controwleth crownes,

Adding their wealth and treasure to my stoze,

The Eurine sea North to Natolia,

The Terrene west, the Caspian north north-east,

And on the south Senus Arabicus,

Shal al be loden with the martiall spoiles

We will conuay with vs to Persea,

R

Then

Then shall native city Samarcanda
 And chafall waues of fresh laerts, straine,
 The pride and beautie of her princely seat,
 Be famous through the furthest continents,
 For there my Pallace royal shall be plac'd:
 Whose shining Curtains shall diluine the heauens,
 And cast the fame of Lyons Tower to hell.
 Thow the streets with troops of conquered kings,
 He ride in golden armour like the Sun,
 And in my helme a triple plume shall spring,
 Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,
 To note me Emperour of the three fold world,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted high,
 Upon the lofty and celestiall mount,
 Of euery greene Selimus queinely bect
 With bloomes more white than E'ricinas horettes,
 Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,
 At euery little breath that thow heauen is blowers
 Then in my coach like Saturnes royal son,
 Mounted his shining chariots, gilt with fire,
 And drawn with princely Eagles through the path,
 Par'd with bright Chrystall, and enchar'd with starres,
 When all the Gods stand gazing at his pomp.
 So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
 Until my soule disincor'd from this flesh,
 Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.
 To Babylon my Lozds, to Babylon. Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti,

Actus

mighty Tamburlaine Part 3

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Enter the Governour of Babylon vpon the walles
 with others.

Gouern.

What saith Maximus? (hath made)
 Max. My Lord, the breach the enimie
 Cities such assurance of our ouerthrow,
 That little hope is left to saue our liues,
 Or hold our citie from the Conquerours hands.
 Then hang out flagges (my Lord of humble truce;
 And sacrifice the peoples generall priers;
 That Tamburlains intolozable wrath
 May be suppress'd by our submission.

Gov. Willaine, respects thou more thy slaue life;
 Than honor of thy countrie or thy name:
 Is not my life and state as deere to me,
 The citie and my native countries weale;
 As any thing of price with thy conceit:
 Haue we not hope, for all our battered walles,
 To liue secure, and keep his forces out,
 When this our famous lake of Limna sphaltis
 Makes walles a flesh with euery thing that fallies
 Into the liquid substance of his streame,
 More strong than are the gates of death or hel.
 What faintnesse should diluine our courages,
 When we are thus defend'd against our foe,
 And haue no terrour but his threacning lookes:

Enter another, kneeling to the
 Governour.

My Lord, if euer you did deed of ruth;
 And now will we seek a refuge to our liues,

R 2

Dist

The bloody Conquests¹¹²⁴ of

Offer submission, hang by flags of truce,
That Tamburlaine may pittie our distresse,
And be vs like a louing Conquerour,
Though this be held his last daies dyedfull siege,
Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,
Whose state he euer pitied and relieu'd:
Will get his pardon if your grace would send.

Gouer. How is my soule enuironed,
And this eternall citie Babylon,
Fill'd with a packe of faineheart fugitiues,
That thus intreat their shame and seruitude:

Another. Oh Lord, if euer you wil win our hearts,
Peeld by the towne, saue our wiues and children:
For I wil cast my selfe from off these walles,
Or die some death of quickest violence,
Before I bide the wraich of Tamburlaine.

Gouer. Villaines, cowards, Traitors to our state,
Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hell,
That legions of tormenting spirits may be
Your slaught' bofomes with continuall paines,
I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld
As long as any life is in my breast.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles,
with other souldiers.

Thou desperate Governour of Babylon,
To saue thy life, and vs a litle labour,
Yeeld speedily the citie to our hands,
Or els be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,
More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.

Gou. Tyrant, I curne the traitor in thy throat,
And wil defend it in despite of thee.

Call

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Call by the souldiers to defend these walles.
Tech. Yeeld foolish Governour, we offer more
Than euer yet we did to such proud slaues,
As durst resist vs till our third daies siege:
Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault,
And that shal bide no more regard of parlie.
Gou. Assault and spare not, we wil neuer yeeld,
Alarme, and they scale the walles.

Enter Tamburlaine, with Vsumecane, Amyras, and
Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings,

Tam. The stately buildings of faire Babylon,
Whose lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deepe.
Being caried thither by the canons force,
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltes lake,
And make a brydge vnto the battered walles,
Where Belus, Nimus and great Alexander
Hauc rode in triumph, triumphing Tamburlaine,
Whose chariot wheeles haue burst th' Assirian bones,
Drawen with these kings on heaps of carkasses,
Now in the place where faire Semiramis,
Court'd by kings and peeres of Asia,
Hath trode the Heilures, do my souldiers march,
And in the streets, where haue Assirian Dames
Hauc rid in pompe like rich Saturnia,
With furious words and frowning visages,
Oh ho! men brandish their brenny blades.

Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing
the Governour of Babylon,
Who haue ye there my Lordes:

3

ther

The bloody Conquests of

Ther, The sturdy Governour of Babylon,
That made vs all the labour for the towne,
And vsbe such slender reckning of you maiesty,
cam. Go bind the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,
Upon the ruines of this conquered towne,
Sir ha, the view of our vermilion tents,
Which threatened more than if the region
Were vnderneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets and of blazing stars,
Whose flaming traines should reach down to the earth
Could not affrighte you, no, no? I my selfe,
The wrathfull messenger of mighty Ioue,
That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,
Could not perswade you to submission,
But sith the ports were shut: villaine I say,
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
The triple headed Cerberus would howle,
And wake blacke Ioue to crouch and kneele to me,
But I haue sent volleys of shot to you,
Yet could not enter till the breach was made,
Gou. Nor if my body could haue slopt the breach,
Shouldst thou haue entred, cruel Tamburlaine:
Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,
Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest,
For though thy cannon thooke the citie walles,
My heart did neuer quake, or courage faint.
cam. Well, now I'll make it quake, go draw him vp,
Hang him by in chaines vpon the citie walles,
And let my souldiers shooe the slaue to death.
Gouern. A le monster, borne of some infernal hag,
And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,
Do all thy worst, no? death, no? Tamburlaine,
Co:

mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.

Coypse or paine can daunt my vnspeakable mindes.
cam. Thy wish him then, his body shall be leard.
Gou. But Tamburlaine, in Lymnosphalcis lake,
There lies more gold than Babylon is worth,
Which when the citie was besiegd I hid,
Surre by my life and I will get it thre. (life,
cam. Then for all your valour, you would saue you:
Where about lies it?
Gou. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
Against the Westerne gate of Babylon.
cam. Go thither some of you and take his gold,
The rest forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him speake no more:
I think I make your courage something quaille,
When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest hate to Persea:
These Iades are broken windeed, and halfe cryd,
Unharness them, and let me haue fresh hozles:
So, now their best is done to honour me,
Take them, and hang them both by presently.
Tre. Alas Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlaine
Tamb. Take them away Theridamas, see them
(dispatche).
Ther. I will my Lord.
cam. Come: Alan Ciceroies, to your talces a while
And take such fortune as your fellows seke.
Orc. First let thy Scythian hozle ceare both our
Richer then we should draw thy chariots. (Linnen
And like base slaues abiect out princely mindes
To vile and ignominious seruitude.
Ier. Rather lend me thy weapon Tamburlaine,
That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,
R 4

A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this dooth bere our souls.
Amy. They will talk still my Lord, if you doe not
briidle them.

tam. Briidle them, and let me to my coach.
They briidle them.

Amy. See now my Lord how haue the Captaine
(hangs.

tam. 'Tis haue indeed my boy, wel done,
Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow,
ther. Then haue at him to begin withall.

Theridamas shootes,

God Yet saue my life, and let this wound appeale
The mortall furie of great Tamburlain.

tam. No, though Asphaltis lake were liquid gold,
And offer v me as ranfome for thy life,
Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.

They shoote.

So now he hangs like Bagdets Gouvernour,
Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,
As there be breaches in her battered wall.
Goe now and bind the Burglers hand and foot,
And cast them headlong in the cities lake:
Tartars and Perseans shall inhabit there,
And to command the citie, I will build
A Cytadell, that all Affrica

Which hath bene subiect to the Persean king,
Shall pay me tribute for, in Babylon.

tech. What shal be done with their wiues and chil-
dren my Lord.

tam. Techelles, Dytone them all, man, woman,
Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne. (and child,
Tech.

mignty Tamburlaine

tech I will about it straight, come Souldiers. Exit
tam. Now Casane, wher's the Turkish Alcaron,
And all the heapes of superstitious booke,
Found in the Temples of that Mahomet:
Whom I haue thought a God, they shal be burnt.
Cal. Here they are my Lord.

tam. Al said, let there be a fire presently,

In vaine 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 liue vntaucht by Mahomet:
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
Whole scourge I am, and him will I obey.
So Casane, sling them in the fire.

Now Mahomet, if thou haue any power,
Come downe thy selfe and worke a myracle,
Thou art not woorthy to be worshipp'd,
That suffers flames of fire to burne the wyie
Wherein the fun of thy religion rests.
Why sendst thou not a furious whylwind downe,
To blow thy Alcaron by to thy throne,
Where men report, thou sitt'st by God himselfe,
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlain,
That shakes his sword against thy maicesty.
And spurs the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.
Al souldiers, Mahomet remaines in hell,
He cannot heare the voice of Tamburlain,
Secke out another Godhead to adore,
The God that lies in heauen, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.
tech. I haue fulfill'd your highnes wil, my Lord,
Then

Thousands of men dyon'd in Asphaltis Lake,
 Drie made the water swell abg te the bankes,
 And fishes feed by humane carkasses,
 And asbe, swim by and downe byon the wayes,
 As when they swallow A. Africa,
 Which makes them fleet aloft and gaspe for aire,
 tam. Al then my friendly Lorde, what now res
 But that we leaue sufficient garrison (maines
 And presently depart to Persea,
 To triumph after all our victories,
 ther. I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to Persea,
 And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,
 To some high hill about the citie here.
 tam. Let it be so, about te souldiers:
 But stay, I feele my selfe distemper'd suddenly,
 tech. What is it dares distemper Tamburaine:
 tam. Something techelles but I know not what,
 But soothlye vassals, what so ere it be,
 Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me. Exeunt

ACTUS. 5. SCENA. 4.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.
 Callap.

King of Amasia, now our mighty hoste,
 Marcheth in Asia maior where the streames,
 Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly runs,
 And here may we behold great Babylon,
 Circled about with Limnaphalis Lake,
 Where Tamburlaine with all his armie lies,
 Which heire faint and weary with the siege,
 We may lie ready to encounter him,

Before

mighty Tamburlaine. Part. 4.

Before his hoste be kill'd from Babylon,
 And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,
 If God or Mahomet send any aide.

Am. Doubt not my Lord, but we shal conquer him
 The Hoster that hath dunke a sea of blood,
 And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
 Our Turkish swordes shal headlong send to hell,
 And that vile Carkalle byawne by warlike kings,
 The Foyles shal eate, for neuer sepulchre
 Shall grace that base-boone Tyrant tamburlaine,

Cal. When I recorde my Parents slavish life,
 Their cruel death, mine owne captiuitie,
 My Uicerioies bondage vnder tamburlaine,
 He thinks I could sustaine a thousand deathes,
 To be reueng'd of all his Villanie.
 A sacred Mahomet, thou that hast serue,
 Millions of Turkes perissh by Tamburlaine,
 Kingdomes made waste, byane cities sackt & burnt,
 And but one hoste is left to honoz thee.
 And thy obedient seruant Callapine,
 And make him after all these ouerthrowes,
 To triumph ouer cursed Tamburlaine.

Am. Feare not my Lord, I see great Mahomet
 Clothed in purple cloudes, and on his head
 A Chaplet brighter than Apollos crowne,
 Marching about the ayer with armed men,
 To ioine with you against this Tamburlaine,
 Renowned Generall mighty Callapine,
 Though God himselve and holy Mahomet,
 Should come in person to resist your power,
 Yet might your mighty hoste incounter all,
 And pull prouid Tamburlaine vpon his knees,

En

... in bloody conquests of

To sue for mercie at your highnesse teete,
 Cal. Captaine the force of Tamburlaine is great,
 His fortune greater, and the victories
 Wherewith he hath so loze dismaide the world,
 Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,
 Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
 She waines againe, and so shall his hope,
 For we haue here the chiefe selected men
 Of twenty leuerall kingdomes at the least:
 Not plowman, Priest, nor Merchant staies at home,
 All Turkie is in armes with Callapine.
 And neuer wil we sinder camps and armes,
 Before himselfe or his be conquered.
 This is the time that must eternize me,
 For conquering the Tyrant of the world.
 Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him
 And if we find him absent from his campe,
 Or that it be retourn'd againe at full,
 Assault it and be sure of victorie.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 6.

Theridamas, Techelles, Vsmeafane.

Weepe heauens, and banish into liquid teares
 Fal Arres that gouerne his natiuity,
 And common al the shining lamps of heauen
 To cast their bootlesse lires to the earth,
 And shed their feeble influence in the aire,
 Husse your beauties with eternall cloudes,
 For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchy tentes,
 And Death with armies of Cymertian spirits

Enter

mighty Tamburlaine: Pars. 2.

Giues battile gainst the heart of Tamburlaine,
 Now in defiance of that mounted loue,
 Pour sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,
 And made his state an honoz to the heauens,
 These towards inuisible assaile hys soule,
 And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne:
 But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,
 Earth vtroopes and saies, that hell in heauen is plac'd
 tech. Then ye Powers that sway eternal seates,
 And guide this massy substance of the earth,
 If you retaine desert of holinesse,
 As your supream estates instruct our thoughtes,
 Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,
 Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,
 Triumphant in his fall whom you aduanc'd,
 But as his birth, life, health and maiesty
 Were strangely blest and governed by heauen,
 So honour heauen til heauen dissolued be,
 His spirit, his life, his health and maiesty.

Cal. Blush heauen to loose the honoz of thy name,
 To see thy foot-stoole set vpon thy head,
 And let no basenesse in thy haughty breast,
 Sustaine a shame of such excellence:
 To see the devils mount in Angels throanes,
 And Angels diue into the pooles of hell,
 And though they think their painfull date is out,
 And that their power is puissant as Ioues,
 Which makes them manage armes against thy state,
 Yet make them seele the strength of Tamburlain,
 Thy instrument and note of Haillty,
 Is greater far, than they can thus subdue.
 For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,

Earth

1. Medooy Conquerts of

Earth doopes and saies that hel in heauen is plac'd
 tam. What daring God torments my body thus,
 And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine,
 Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,
 That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world:
 Techelles and the rest, come take your swords,
 And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
 Come let vs march against the powers of heauen;
 And see blacke streamers in the firmament,
 To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,
 Oh friends, what shal I doe I cannot stand,
 Come carie me to war against the Gods,
 That thus iniure the health of Tamburlaine;
 ther. Ah good my Lord, feare these impatient words,
 Which ad much danger to your malladie.
 tam. Why shal I sit and languish in this paine,
 No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this,
 Come let vs charge off speares and pierce his breast,
 Whose shouldrs beare the Axis of the world,
 That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade,
 theridanus, haste to the court of Ioue,
 Will him to send Apollo hether straight,
 To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe. (cease.
 tech. Sit still my gracious Lord, this grieke will
 And cannot last, it is so violent.
 tam. Not last techelles, no, for I shall die,
 See where my slauce, the vgly monster death
 Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for feare,
 Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
 Who flies away at euery glance I giue,
 And when I look away, comes stealing on:
 Killature away, and hie thee to the ste. b,

31

mighty Tamburlaine. Part 2.

I and myne armie come to lode thy barke
 With soules of thousand mangled carkasses,
 Lo, ke where he goes, but see, he comes againe
 Because I stay, techelles let vs march,
 And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.
 Phi. Pleaseth your Maiesty to drinke this potion,
 Which wil abate the furie of your fit,
 And cause some milder spirit's gouerne you.
 tam. Tell me, what think you of my sickness now?
 Phi. I view'd your urine, and the Hippocates
 Thick and obscure both make your danger great,
 Your baines are full of accidentall heat,
 Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,
 The Humidum and Calor, which some holde
 Is not a parcell of the Elements,
 But of a substance more diuine and pure,
 Is almost cleane extinguished and spent.
 Which being the cause of life, imports your death,
 Besides my Lord, this day is Criticall,
 Dangerous to those, whose Chyphis is as yours:
 Your Artiers which amongst the baines conuey
 The lively spirits which the heart ingenders
 Are parcht and void of spirit, that the soule
 Wanting those Organons by which it mooues,
 Can not indure by argument of art,
 Yet if your maiesty may escape this day,
 No doubt, but you shal soone recouer all.
 tam. Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
 And liue in spight of death about a day.
 Alarme within,
 Mess. My Lord, yong Callapine that lately fled from
 your maiesty, hath now gathered a fresh Arme, and
 bearing

32

The bloody Conquests of

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

Tam. See my Positions now, how Ioue hath sent
A present medicine to recure my paine:
My looks shall make them flie, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villaines powe
Lue to giue offer of another fight.

Vsum. I ioy my Lord, your highnesse is so strong,
That can endure so well your royall presence,
Which onely will dismay the enemy.

Tam. I know it will Calane: draw you slaues,
In spight of death I will goe show my face.

Alarime, Tamb. goes in, and comes out
again with al the rest.

Thus are the villaines, cowards fled for feare,
Like Summers vapours, banisht by the Sun.
And could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slaue againe.
But I perceiue my martiall strength is spent,
In vaine I striue and raile against those powers,
That meane t'innest me in a higher thronne,
As much too high for this vildainfull earth.
Giue me a Day, then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world,
That these my boies may finishe all my wantes,

One brings a Map.

Here I began to march towards Persea,
Along Armenia and the Caspian sea,
And thence vnto Bythina, where I tooke
The Turke and his great Emperesse prisoners,
Then marcht I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here not far from Alexandria,

Where

mighty Tamburlaine Part

Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,
Being distant lesse than sit a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channell to them both,
That men might quickly saile to India.

From thence to Nubia neere Bornò Lake,
And so along the Ethiopian sea,
Cutting the Tropicke line of Capricorne,
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar,
Then by the Noztherne part of Affrica.

I came at last to Creacia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will,
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backward and forwards nere siue thousand leagues,
Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground,
Lies westward from the midst of Canners liue,
Vnto the rising of this earthly globe,

Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antypodes:
And shall I die, and this unconquered?

Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden Mines,
Inestimable duges and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world besides,
And from th' Antartique pole, Eastward behold
As much more land, which neuer was descriced,
Wherein are rocks of Pearle, that shine as kight
As all the Lamps that beautifie the Sky,
And that I die, and this unconquered:

Here liuely boies, what death forbids my life,
That let your liues commaund in spight of death.

Amy. Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding hart
Wounded and broken with your kighnesse grieft,
Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?

Pro

Your soul giues essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

Cel. Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur-
For by your life we entertaine our liues, (liues,
tam. But long, alas subject not of force enough,

To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
must part, imparting his impetions,
By equall portions into both your breads:
By flesh deuicid in your precious hapes,
Shal still retaine my spirit, though I die,
And liue in all your seedes immortally:

Then now remooue me, that I may resigne
My place and proper tytle to my sonne:
First take my scourge and my imperiall Crowne,
And mount my royall chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crown'd before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remooue.

ther. A woful change my Lord, that daunes our
Hope than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,
tam. Sit by my sonne, let me see how well

Thou wilt become thy fathers maieitie.
They crowne him.

Ami. Wish what a stony bosome should I loy.
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,
If not resolu'd into resolu'd paines,
My bodie mortified lineaments
should exercise the wondrous of my heart,
Pierc'd with the top of any dignity:
O fat her, if the breasting cares
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spightfull influence of heauen,
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,

How

How should I weep of thee my hateful teete,
Against the inward powers of my heart,
Leading a life that onely stricks to die,
And plead in vaine, bypleasing souerainie,
tam. Let not thy loue exceed thine honoz Sonne,

For bar thy mind that magnanimitie,
That nobly must admit necessity;

Sit by my boy, and with those sicken raines,
Bible the steeled stomachs of those Ianes.
ther. My Lord, you must obey his maieisty,
Since fate commands, and proud necessity.

Ami. Heauens witness me, with what a broken hart
And daunted spirit I ascend this seat,
and send my soule before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.

tam. Now fetch the hearle of faire Zenocrate,
Let it be plac'd by this my fatal chaire,
And serue as parcell of my funerall.

Cel. Then seeles your maieisty no soueraigne care,
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,
Nor any hope of your recovery:

tamb. Calane no, the Monarke of the earth,
And eielesse Monster that torments my soule,
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,
And therefore shal augment his cruelty.
tech. Then let some God oppose his holy power;

Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his teare-thirsty and vnquenched hate,
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.

They bring in the hearle.
tam. Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,

L 2

Pierce

Pleas'd thy will, to see him and the sheet of gold,
And let your longings with a heauen of ioy.
Soylaigne my sonne, scourge and controlle those slaues
Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand,
As precious is the charge thou undertake
As that which Clymeus braine sicke soune did guide,
When wandring Phocbes Iuoy cheeks were scorcht
And all the earth like Aetna breathing fire:
We warn'd by him, then learne with awfull eie
To sway a thyoane as dangerous as his:
For if thy body thine not full of thoughtes
As pure and fiery as Phytus beames,
The nature of these proud rebelling Iades
Will take occasion by the slenderest haire,
And draw thee peece meale like Hyppolitus,
Though rocks more keepe and sharp than Caspian
The nature of thy chariot will not beare (cliftes,
A guide of baser temper than my selfe,
Soze then heauens coach, the pride of Phaeton,
Farewell my boies, my dearest friends, farewell,
My body feelles, my soule dooth weepe to see
Your sweet desires depriu'd my company,
For Tamburlaine, the Scourge of God must die.

Almy. Heet heauen & earth, & here let al things end
For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And heauen confirm'd his choicest liuing fire.
Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deploze,
If as both their wozychs will equall him no more,

FINIS.