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



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img: 43-a  
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ln 0001

Tamburlaine, the great.  
[portrait of Tamburlaine]

wln 0001  
wln 0002  
wln 0003  
wln 0004  
wln 0005  
wln 0006  
wln 0007

*THE SECOND PART OF  
The bloody Conquests  
of mighty Tamburlaine.*

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

wln 0008

The Prologue.

wln 0009  
wln 0010  
wln 0011  
wln 0012  
wln 0013  
wln 0014  
wln 0015  
wln 0016  
wln 0017

*The generall welcomes Tamburlain receiu'd,  
When he arriued last vpon our stage,  
Hath made our Poet pen his second part,  
Wher death cuts off the progres of his pomp.  
And murdrous Fates throwes al his triumphs down,  
But what became of faire Zenocrate,  
And with how manie cities sacrifice  
He celebrated her said funerall,  
Himselfe in presence shal vnfold at large.*

wln 0018

*Actus. I. Scæna. 1.*

wln 0019  
wln 0020  
wln 0021  
wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
wln 0027  
wln 0028

*Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, 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 slaue,  
Which kept his father in an yron cage:  
Now haue we martcht from faire *Natolia*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0029 Two hundred leagues, and on *Danubius* banks,  
wln 0030 Our warlike hoste in compleat armour rest,  
wln 0031 Where *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*  
wln 0032 Should meet our person to conclude a truce.  
wln 0033 What? Shall we parle with the Christian?  
wln 0034 Or crosse the streame, and meet him in the field.  
wln 0035 *Byr.* King of *Natolia*, let vs treat of peace,  
wln 0036 We all are gluttet with the Christians blood,  
wln 0037 And haue a greater foe to fight against,  
wln 0038 Proud *Tamburlaine*, that now in *Asia*,  
wln 0039 Neere *Guyrons* head doth set his conquering feet,  
wln 0040 And means to fire Turky as he goes:  
wln 0041 Gainst him my Lord must you addresse your power.  
wln 0042 *Vpibas.* Besides, king *Sigismond* hath brought  
wln 0043 (from Christendome,  
wln 0044 More then his Camp of stout Hungarians,  
wln 0045 Sclauonians, Almans, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes,  
wln 0046 That with the Holbard, Lance, and murdering Axe,  
wln 0047 Will hazard that we might with surety hold.  
wln 0048 Though from the shortest Northren Paralell,  
wln 0049 Vast *Gruntland* compast with the frozen sea,  
wln 0050 Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,  
wln 0051 Gyants as big as hugie *Polypheme*:  
wln 0052 Millions of Souldiers cut the Artick line,  
wln 0053 Bringing the strength of *Europe* to these Armes.  
wln 0054 Our Turky blades shal glide through al their throats,  
wln 0055 And make this champion mead a bloody Fen,  
wln 0056 *Danubius* stream that runs to *Trebizon*,  
wln 0057 Shall carie wrapt within his scarlet waues,  
wln 0058 As martiall presents to our friends at home.  
wln 0059 The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.  
wln 0060 The Terrene main wherin *Danubius* fals,

Shall

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0061 Shall by this battell be the bloody Sea.  
wln 0062 The wandring Sailers of proud Italy,  
wln 0063 Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tyde,  
wln 0064 Beating in heaps against their Argoses.  
wln 0065 And make faire *Europe* mounted on her bull,  
wln 0066 Trapt with the wealth and riches of the world,  
wln 0067 Alight and weare a woful mourning weed.  
wln 0068 *Byr.* Yet stout *Orcanes*, Prorex of the world,  
wln 0069 Since *Tamburlaine* hath mustred all his men,  
wln 0070 Marching from *Cairon* northward with his camp,  
wln 0071 To *Alexandria*, and the frontier townes,  
wln 0072 Meaning to make a conquest of our land:  
wln 0073 Tis requisit to parle for a peace  
wln 0074 With *Sigismond* the king of *Hungary*:  
wln 0075 And saue our forces for the hot assaults  
wln 0076 Proud *Tamburlaine* intends *Natolia*.  
wln 0077 *Orc.* Viceroy of *Byron*, wisely hast thou said:  
wln 0078 My realme, the Center of our Empery  
wln 0079 Once lost, All Turkie would be ouerthrowne:  
wln 0080 And for that cause the Christians shall haue peace.  
wln 0081 Slauonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffes, and Danes  
wln 0082 Feare not *Orcanes*, but great *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0083 Nor he but Fortune that hath made him great.  
wln 0084 We haue reuolted Grecians, Albanees,  
wln 0085 Cicilians, Iewes, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,  
wln 0086 Natolians, Sorians, blacke Egyptians,  
wln 0087 **Illicians**, Thracians, and Bythinians,  
wln 0088 Enough to swallow forcelesse *Sigismond*  
wln 0089 Yet scarce enough t'encounter *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0090 He brings a world of people to the field,  
wln 0091 From *Scythia* to the Orientall Plage  
wln 0092 Of *India*, wher raging *Lantchidol*

wln 0093 Beates on the regions with his boysterous blowes,  
wln 0094 That neuer sea=man yet discovered:  
wln 0095 All *Asia* is in Armes with *tamburlaine*,  
wln 0096 Euen from the midst of fiery *Cancers* Tropick,  
wln 0097 To *Amazonia* vnder *Capricorne*.  
wln 0098 And thence as far as *Archipelago*.  
wln 0099 All *Affrike* is in Armes with *tamburlaine*.  
wln 0100 Therefore Vicerioies the Christians must haue peace.

wln 0101

*Act. 1. Scœna. 2,*

wln 0102

*Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine, and their traine  
with drums and trumpets.*

wln 0103

wln 0104

*Sigis.*

wln 0105

*ORcanes* (as our Legates promist thee)

wln 0106

Wee with our Peeres haue crost *Danubius*

wln 0107

to treat of friēdly peace or deadly war: (stream

wln 0108

Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans vsde

wln 0109

I here present thee with a naked sword,

wln 0110

Wilt thou haue war, then shake this blade at me,

wln 0111

If peace, restore it to my hands againe:

wln 0112

And I wil sheath it to confirme the same.

wln 0113

*Orc* Stay *Sigismond*, forgetst thou I am he

wln 0114

That with the Cannon shooke *Vienna* walles.

wln 0115

And made it dance vpon the Continent:

wln 0116

As when the massy substance of the earth,

wln 0117

Quiuer about the Axeltree of heauen.

wln 0118

Forgetst thou that I sent a shower of dartes

wln 0119

Mingled with powdered shot and fethered steele

wln 0120

So thick vpon the blink=ei'd Burghers heads,

wln 0121

That thou thy self, then County=Pallatine,

wln 0122

The king of *Boheme*, and the *Austrich* Duke,

Sent

wln 0123 Sent Heralds out, which basely on their knees  
wln 0124 In all your names desirde a truce of me?  
wln 0125 Forgetst thou, that to haue me raise my siege,  
wln 0126 Wagons of gold were set before my tent:  
wln 0127 Stampt with the princely Foule that in her wings  
wln 0128 Caries the fearfull thunderbolts of *Ioue*,  
wln 0129 How canst thou think of this and offer war?  
wln 0130 *Sig.* *Vienna* was besieg'd, and I was there,  
wln 0131 Then County=Pallatine, but now a king:  
wln 0132 And what we did, was in extremity:  
wln 0133 But now *Orcanes*, view my royall hoste,  
wln 0134 That hides these plaines, and seems as vast and wide,  
wln 0135 As dooth the Desart of *Arabia*.  
wln 0136 To those that stand on *Badgeths* lofty Tower,  
wln 0137 Or as the Ocean to the Traueiler  
wln 0138 That restes vpon the snowy Appenines:  
wln 0139 And tell me whether I should stoope so low,  
wln 0140 Or treat of peace with the Natolian king?  
wln 0141 *Byr.* Kings of *Natolia* and of *Hungarie*,  
wln 0142 We came from Turkey to confirme a league,  
wln 0143 And not to dare ech other to the field:  
wln 0144 A friendly parle might become ye both.  
wln 0145 *Fred.* And we from *Europe* to the same intent,  
wln 0146 Which if your General refuse or scorne,  
wln 0147 Our Tents are pitcht, our men stand in array.  
wln 0148 Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.  
wln 0149 *Nat.* So prest are we, but yet if *Sigismond*  
wln 0150 Speake as a friend, and stand not vpon tearmes,  
wln 0151 Here is his sword, let peace be ratified  
wln 0152 On these conditions specified before,  
wln 0153 Drawen with aduise of our Ambassadors.  
wln 0154 *Sig.* Then here I sheath it, and giue thee my hand,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0155

Neuer to draw it out, or manage armes

wln 0156

Against thy selfe or thy confederates:

wln 0157

But whilst I liue will be at truce with thee.

wln 0158

*Nat.* But (*Sigismond*) confirme it with an oath,

wln 0159

And sweare in sight of heauen and by thy Christ.

wln 0160

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

wln 0161

(soule

wln 0162

The sonne of God and issue of a Mayd,

wln 0163

Sweet Iesus Christ, I sollemnly protest,

wln 0164

And vow to keepe this peace inuiolable.

wln 0165

*Nat.* By sacred *Mahomet*, the friend of God,

wln 0166

Whose holy Alcaron remaines with vs,

wln 0167

Whose glorious body when he left the world,

wln 0168

Closde in a coffyn mounted vp the aire,

wln 0169

And hung on stately *Mecas* Temple roofe,

wln 0170

I sweare to keepe this truce inuiolable:

wln 0171

Of whose conditions, and our solemne othes

wln 0172

Sign'd with our handes, each shal retaine a scrowle:

wln 0173

As memorable witnessse of our league.

wln 0174

Now *Sigismond*, if any Christian King

wln 0175

Encroche vpon the confines of thy realme,

wln 0176

Send woord, *Orcanes* of *Natolia*

wln 0177

Confirm'd this league beyond *Danubius* streame,

wln 0178

And they will (trembling) sound a quicke retreat,

wln 0179

So am I fear'd among all Nations.

wln 0180

*Sig.* If any heathen potentate or king

wln 0181

Inuade *Natolia*, *Sigismond* will send

wln 0182

A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,

wln 0183

And backt by stout Lanceres of *Germany*.

wln 0184

The strength and sinewes of the imperiall seat.

wln 0185

*Nat.* I thank thee *Sigismond*, but when I war,

wln 0186

All *Asia Minor*, *Affrica*, and *Greece*

Follow



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0187 Follow my Standard and my thundring Drums:  
wln 0188 Come let vs goe and banquet in our tents:  
wln 0189 I will dispatch chiefe of my army hence  
wln 0190 To faire *Natolia*, and to *Trebizon*,  
wln 0191 To stay my comming gainst proud *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0192 Freend *Sigismond*, and peeres of *Hungary*,  
wln 0193 Come banquet and carouse with vs a while,  
wln 0194 And then depart we to our territories.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0195 *Actus. 1. Scœna. 3.*

*Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.*

wln 0196 *Callap.*  
wln 0197 SWEET *Almeda*, pity the ruthfull plight  
wln 0198 Of *Callapine*, the sonne of *Baiazeth*,  
wln 0199 Born to be Monarch of the Western world:  
wln 0200 Yet here detain'd by cruell *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0201 *Alm.* My Lord I pitie it, and with my heart  
wln 0202 Wish your release, but he whose wrath is death,  
wln 0203 My soueraigne Lord, renowned *tamburlain*.  
wln 0204 Forbids you further liberty than this.  
wln 0205 *Cal.* Ah were I now but halfe so eloquent  
wln 0206 To paint in woords, what Ile perfourme in deeds,  
wln 0207 I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.  
wln 0208 *Al.* Not for all *Affrike*, therefore mooue me not.  
wln 0210 *Cal.* Yet heare me speake my gentle *Almeda*.  
wln 0211 *Al.* No speach to that end, by your fauour sir.  
wln 0212 *Cal.* By *Cario* runs.  
wln 0213 *Al.* No talke of running, I tell you sir.  
wln 0214 *Cal.* A litle further, gentle *Almeda*.  
wln 0215 *Al.* Wel sir, what of this?  
wln 0216 *Cal.* By *Cario* runs to *Alexandria* Bay,

*Darotes*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0217 *Darotes* streames, wherin at anchor lies  
wln 0218 A Turkish Gally of my royall fleet,  
wln 0219 Waiting my comming to the riuer side,  
wln 0220 Hoping by some means I shall be releast,  
wln 0221 Which when I come aboard will hoist vp saile,  
wln 0222 And soon put foorth into the Terrene sea:  
wln 0223 Where twixt the Isles of *Cyprus* and of *Creete*,  
wln 0224 We quickly may in Turkish seas arriue.  
wln 0225 Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more  
wln 0226 Vpon their knees, all bid me welcome home.  
wln 0227 Amongst so **mady** crownes of burnisht gold,  
wln 0228 Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command,  
wln 0229 A thousand Gallies mann'd with Christian slaues  
wln 0230 I freely giue thee, which shall cut the straights,  
wln 0231 And bring Armados from the coasts of Spaine,  
wln 0232 Fraughted with golde of rich *America*:  
wln 0233 The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,  
wln 0234 Skilful in musicke and in amorous laies:  
wln 0235 As faire as was *Pigmaliions* Iuory gyrl,  
wln 0236 Or louely *Io* metamorphosed.  
wln 0237 With naked Negros shall thy coach be drawn,  
wln 0238 And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,  
wln 0239 The pauement vnderneath thy chariot wheels  
wln 0240 With Turky Carpets shall be couered:  
wln 0241 And cloath of Arras hung about the walles,  
wln 0242 Fit obiects for thy princely eie to pierce.  
wln 0243 A hundred Bassoes cloath'd in crimson silk  
wln 0244 Shall ride before the on Barbarian Steeds:  
wln 0245 And when thou goest, a golden Canapie  
wln 0246 Enchac'd with pretious stones, which shine as bright  
wln 0247 As that faire vail that couers all the world:  
wln 0248 When Phœbus leaping from his Hemi=Spheare,

Dis=

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0249  
wln 0250  
wln 0251  
wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277

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 wrapt 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 sweare,  
Thou shalt be crown'd a king and be my mate,  
*Alm.* Then here I sweare, 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 lingring let vs both.  
*Al.* When you will my Lord, I am ready,  
*Cal.* Euen straight: and farewell cursed *Tambur=*  
(*laine*.  
Now goe I to reuenge my fathers death.

*Exeunt*

*Actus*

*The bloody Conquests of*

*Actus. 1. Scæna. 4.*

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

*Tamb.*

NOW bright *zenocrate*, the worlds faire eie,  
Whose beames illuminate the lamps of heauē,  
Whose chearful looks do cleare the cloudy aire  
And cloath it in a christall liuerie,  
Now rest thee here on faire *Larissa* Plaines,  
Where Egypt and the Turkish Empire parts,  
Betweene thy sons that shall be Emperours,  
And euey 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 wrathfull war.

*Tam.* When heauen shal cease to mooue on both the  
& when the ground wheron my souldiers march (poles  
Shal rise aloft and touch the horned Moon,  
And not before my sweet *zenocrate*:  
Sit vp and rest thee like a louely Queene.  
So, now she sits in pompe and maiestie:  
When these my sonnes, more **procious** in mine eies  
Than all the wealthy kingdomes I subdewed:  
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 simbolisde 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

wln 0278

wln 0279

wln 0280

wln 0281

wln 0282

wln 0283

wln 0284

wln 0285

wln 0286

wln 0287

wln 0288

wln 0289

wln 0290

wln 0291

wln 0292

wln 0293

wln 0294

wln 0295

wln 0296

wln 0297

wln 0298

wln 0299

wln 0300

wln 0301

wln 0302

wln 0303

wln 0304

wln 0305

wln 0306

wln 0307

wln 0308

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0309 As blacke as leat, and hard as Iron or steel,  
wln 0310 Bewraies they are too dainty for the wars.  
wln 0311 Their fingers made to quauer on a Lute,  
wln 0312 Their armes to hang about a Ladies necke:  
wln 0313 Their legs to dance and caper in the aire:  
wln 0314 Would make me thinke them Bastards, not my sons,  
wln 0315 But that I know they issued from thy wombe,  
wln 0316 That neuer look'd on man but *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 0317 *zen* My gracious Lord, they haue their mothers  
wln 0318 But whē they list, their cōquering fathers hart: (looks  
wln 0319 This louely boy the yongest of the three,  
wln 0320 Not long agoe bestrid a Scythian Steed:  
wln 0321 Trotting the ring, and tilting at a gloue:  
wln 0322 Which when he tainted with his slender rod,  
wln 0323 He raig'n'd him straight and made him so curuet,  
wln 0324 As I cried out for feare he should haue falne,  
wln 0325 *Tam.* Wel done my boy, thou shalt haue shield and  
wln 0326 Armour of prooffe, horse, helme, & Curtle=axe (lance  
wln 0327 And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,  
wln 0328 And harmelesse run among the deadly pikes.  
wln 0329 If thou wilt loue the warres and follow me,  
wln 0330 Thou shalt be made a King and raigne with me.  
wln 0331 Keeping in yron cages Emperours.  
wln 0332 If thou exceed thy elder Brothers worth,  
wln 0333 And shine in compleat vertue more than they,  
wln 0334 Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed  
wln 0335 Shall issue crowned from their mothers wombe.  
wln 0336 *Cel.* Yes father, you shal see me if I liue,  
wln 0337 Haue vnder me as many kings as you,  
wln 0338 And martch with such a multitude of men,  
wln 0339 As all the world shall tremble at their view.  
wln 0340 *tam.* These words assure me boy, thou art my sonne,  
wln 0341 When I am old and cannot mannage armes,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0342

Be thou the scourge and terrour of the world,

wln 0343

*Amy.* Why may not I my Lord, as wel as he,

wln 0344

Be tearm'd the scourge and terrour of the world?

wln 0345

*tam.* Be al a scourge and terror to the world,

wln 0346

Or els you are not sons of *Tamburlaine*.

wln 0347

*Cal.* But while my brothers follow armes my lord

wln 0348

Let me accompany my gracious mother,

wln 0349

They are enough to conquer all the world

wln 0350

And you haue won enough for me to keep.

wln 0351

*tam.* Bastardly boy, sprong frō some cowards loins:

wln 0352

And not the issue of great *Tamburlaine*,

wln 0353

Of all the prouinces I haue subdued

wln 0354

Thou shalt not haue a foot, vnlesse thou beare

wln 0355

A mind corragious and inuincible:

wln 0356

For he shall weare the crowne of *Persea*,

wln 0357

Whose head hath deepest scarres, whose breast most

wln 0358

(woundes,

wln 0359

Which being wroth, sends lightning from his eies.

wln 0360

And in the furrowes of his frowning browes,

wln 0361

Harbors reuenge, war, death and cruelty:

wln 0362

For in a field whose superfluties

wln 0363

Is couered with a liquid purple veile,

wln 0364

And sprinkled with the braines of slaughtered men,

wln 0365

My royal chaire of state shall be aduanc'd:

wln 0366

And he that meanes to place himselfe therein

wln 0367

Must armed wade vp to the chin in blood.

wln 0368

*zen.* My Lord, such speches to our princely sonnes,

wln 0369

Dismaies their mindes before they come to prooue

wln 0370

The wounding troubles angry war affoords.

wln 0371

*Cel.* No Madam, these are speches fit for vs,

wln 0372

For if his chaire were in a sea of blood,

wln 0373

I would prepare a ship and saile to it.

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

wln 0374

Ere I would loose the tittle of a king,

wln 0375

*Amy.* And I would striue to swim through pooles

wln 0376

(of blood,

wln 0377

Or make a bridge of murdered Carcases,

wln 0378

Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,

wln 0379

Ere I would loose the tittle of a king.

wln 0380

*tam.* Wel louely boies, you shal be Emperours both

wln 0381

Stretching your conquering armes from east to west:

wln 0382

And sirha, if you meane to weare a crowne,

wln 0383

When we shall meet the Turkish Deputie

wln 0384

And all his Vicerioies, snatch it from his head,

wln 0385

And cleaue his **Pecicranion** with thy sword.

wln 0386

*Cal.* If any man will hold him, I will strike,

wln 0387

And cleaue him to the channell with my sword,

wln 0388

*tamb.* Hold him, and cleaue him too, or Ile cleaue

wln 0389

For we will martch against them presently. (thee

wln 0390

*Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane*

wln 0391

Promist to meet me on *Larissa* plaines

wln 0392

With hostes apeece against this Turkish crue,

wln 0393

For I haue sworne by sacred *Mahomet*,

wln 0394

To make it parcel of my Empery,

wln 0395

The trumpets sound *Zenocrate*, they come.

wln 0396

*Actus: 1. Scæna. 5.*

wln 0397

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

wln 0398

wln 0399

*Tamb.*

wln 0400

WELcome *Theridamas*, king of *Argier*,

wln 0401

*Ther;* My Lord the great and migh=

wln 0402

(ty *Tamburlain*,

wln 0403

Arch=Monarke of the world, I offer here,

G

My

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
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wln 0430  
wln 0431  
wln 0432  
wln 0433  
wln 0434  
wln 0435

My crowne, my selfe, and all the power I haue,  
In all affection at thy kingly feet.  
*tam.* Thanks good *theridamas*.  
*ther.* Vnder my collors march ten thousand Greeks  
And of *Argier* and *Affriks* frontier townes,  
Twise twenty thousand valiant men at armes,  
All which haue sworne to sacke *Natolia*:  
Fiue hundred Briggandines are vnder saile,  
Meet for your seruice on the sea, my Lord,  
That lanching from *Argier* to *Tripoly*,  
Will quickly ride before *Natolia*:  
And batter downe the castles on the shore.  
*tam.* Wel said *Argier*, receiue thy crowne againe.  
*Actus. 1. Scæna. 6.*  
*Enter Techelles and Vsumeasane together.*  
*Tamb.*  
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 *Tunys* neare the sea,  
Is *Barbary* vnpeopled for thy sake,  
And all the men in armour vnder me,  
Which with my crowne I gladly offer thee. (gain.  
*tam.* 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 trainde to the war,  
Whose coleblacke faces make their foes retire,  
And quake for feare, as if infernall *Ioue*

Meaning



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

wln 0436 Meaning to aid them in this Turkish armes,  
wln 0437 Should pierce the blacke circumference of hell,  
wln 0438 With vgly Furies bearing fiery flags,  
wln 0439 And millions of his strong tormenting spirits:  
wln 0440 From strong *Tesella* vnto *Biledull*,  
wln 0441 All *Barbary* is vnpeopled for thy sake.  
wln 0442 *tam.* Thanks king of *Fesse*, take here thy crowne a=  
wln 0443 Your presence (louing friends and fellow kings) (gain  
wln 0444 Makes me to surfet in conceiuing ioy,  
wln 0445 If all the christall gates of *Ioues* high court  
wln 0446 Were opened wide, and I might enter in  
wln 0447 To see the state and maiesty of heauen,  
wln 0448 It could not more delight me than your sight.  
wln 0449 Now will we banquet on these plaines a while,  
wln 0450 And after martch to Turkey with our Campe,  
wln 0451 In number more than are the drops that fall  
wln 0452 When *Boreas* rents a thousand swelling cloudes,  
wln 0453 And proud *Orcanes* of *Natolia*,  
wln 0454 With all his viceroies shall be so affraide,  
wln 0455 That though the stones, as at *Deucalions* flood,  
wln 0456 Were turnde to men, he should be ouercome:  
wln 0457 Such lauish will I make of Turkish blood,  
wln 0458 That *Ioue* shall send his winged Messenger  
wln 0459 To bid me sheath my sword, and leaue the field:  
wln 0460 The Sun vnable to sustaine the sight,  
wln 0461 Shall hide his head in thetis watery lap,  
wln 0462 And leaue his steeds to faire *Boetes* charge:  
wln 0463 For halfe the world shall perish in this fight:  
wln 0464 But now my friends, let me examine ye,  
wln 0465 How haue ye spent your absent time from me?  
wln 0466 *Vsum.* My Lord our men of *Barbary* haue martcht  
wln 0467 Foure hundred miles with armour on their backes,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0468 And laine in leagre fifteene moneths and more,  
wln 0469 For since we left you at the Souldans court,  
wln 0470 We haue subdude the Southerne *Guallatia*,  
wln 0471 And all the land vnto the coast of Spaine.  
wln 0472 We kept the narrow straight of *Gibralter*,  
wln 0473 And made *Canarea* cal vs kings and Lords,  
wln 0474 Yet neuer did they recreate themselues,  
wln 0475 Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,  
wln 0476 And therefore let them rest a while my Lord.  
wln 0477 *Tam.* They shal *Casane*, and tis time yfaith.  
wln 0478 *Tech.* And I haue martch'd along the riuer *Nile*  
wln 0479 To *Machda*, where the mighty Christian Priest  
wln 0480 Cal'd *Iohn* the great, sits in a milk=white robe,  
wln 0481 Whose triple Myter I did take by force,  
wln 0482 And made him sweare obedience to my crowne.  
wln 0483 From thence vnto *Cazates* did I martch,  
wln 0484 Wher Amazonians met me in the field:  
wln 0485 With whom (being women) I vouchsaft a league,  
wln 0486 And with my power did march to *zansibar*  
wln 0487 The Westerne part of *Affrike*, where I view'd.  
wln 0488 The Ethiopian sea, riuers and lakes:  
wln 0489 But neither man nor child in al the land:  
wln 0490 Therefore I tooke my course to *Manico*.  
wln 0491 Where vnresisted I remoou'd my campe:  
wln 0492 And by the coast of *Byather* at last,  
wln 0493 I came to *Cubar*, where the Negros dwell,  
wln 0494 And conquering that, made haste to *Nubia*,  
wln 0495 There hauing sackt *Borno* the Kingly seat,  
wln 0496 I took the king, and lead him bound in chaines  
wln 0497 Vnto *Damasco*, where I staid before.  
wln 0498 *Tamb.* Well done *Techelles*: what saith  
wln 0499 (*Theridamas*?)

*The*

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0500            *ther.* I left the confines and the bounds of Affrike  
wln 0501            And made a voyage into *Europe*,  
wln 0502            Where by the riuer *Tyros* I subdew'd  
wln 0503            *Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.*  
wln 0504            Then crost the sea and came to *Oblia.*  
wln 0505            And *Nigra Silua*, where the Deuils dance,  
wln 0506            Which in despight of them I set on fire:  
wln 0507            From thence I crost the Gulfe, call'd by the name  
wln 0508            *Mare magiore*, of th'inhabitanes:  
wln 0509            Yet shall my souldiers make no period  
wln 0510            Vntill *Natolia* kneele before your feet.

wln 0511            *tamb.* Then wil we triumph, banquet and carouse,  
wln 0512            Cookes shall haue pensions to prouide vs eates,  
wln 0513            And glut vs with the dainties of the world,  
wln 0514            *Lachrima Christi* and Calabrian wines  
wln 0515            Shall common Souldiers drink in quaffing boules,  
wln 0516            I, liquid golde when we haue conquer'd him.  
wln 0517            Mingled with corral and with orientall pearle:  
wln 0518            Come let vs banquet and carrouse the whiles.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0519                            *Finis Actus primi.*  
wln 0520                            *Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.*

wln 0521                            *Sigismond, Fredericke, Baldwine,*  
wln 0522                            *with their traine.*

wln 0523            *Sigis.*  
wln 0524            NOW say my Lords of *Buda* and *Bohemia*,  
wln 0525            What motiō is it that inflames your thoughts,  
wln 0526            And stirs your valures to such soddaine armes?  
wln 0527            *Fred.* Your Maiesty remembers I am sure  
wln 0528            What cruell slaughter of our Christian bloods,  
wln 0529            These heathnish Turks and Pagans lately made,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0530           Betwixt the citie *Zula* and *Danubius*,  
wln 0531           How through the midst of *Verna* and *Bulgaria*  
wln 0532           And almost to the very walles of *Rome*,  
wln 0533           They haue not long since massacred our Camp,  
wln 0534           It resteth now then that your **Maiesly**  
wln 0535           Take all aduantages of time and power,  
wln 0536           And worke reuenge vpon these Infidels:  
wln 0537           Your Highnesse knowes for *Tamburlaines* repaire,  
wln 0538           That strikes a terrour to all Turkish hearts,  
wln 0539           *Natolia* hath dismiss the greatest part  
wln 0540           Of all his armie, pitcht against our power  
wln 0541           Betwixt *Cutheia* and *Orminius* mount:  
wln 0542           And sent them marching vp to *Belgasar*,  
wln 0543           *Acantha*, *Antioch*, and *Cæsaria*,  
wln 0544           To aid the kings of *Soria* and *Ierusalem*.  
wln 0545           Now then my Lord, aduantage take hereof,  
wln 0546           And issue sodainly vpon the rest:  
wln 0547           That in the fortune of their ouerthrow,  
wln 0548           We may discourage all the pagan troope,  
wln 0549           That dare attempt to war with Christians.  
wln 0550                 *Sig.*   But cals not then your Grace to memorie  
wln 0551           The league we lately made with king *Orcanes*,  
wln 0552           Confirm'd by oth and Articles of peace,  
wln 0553           And calling Christ for record of our trueths?  
wln 0554           This should be treacherie and violence,  
wln 0555           Against the grace of our profession.  
wln 0556                 *Bald.*   No whit my Lord: for with such Infidels,  
wln 0557           In whom no faith nor true religion rests,  
wln 0558           We are not bound to those accomplishments,  
wln 0559           The holy lawes of Christendome inioine:  
wln 0560           But as the faith which they prophanely plight  
wln 0561           Is not by necessary pollycy,

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0562 To be esteem'd assurance for our selues,  
wln 0563 So what we vow to them should not infringe  
wln 0564 Our liberty of armes and victory.

wln 0565 *Sig.* Though I confesse the othes they vndertake,  
wln 0566 Breed litle strength to our securitie,  
wln 0567 Yet those infirmitie that thus defame  
wln 0568 Their faiths, their honors, and their religion,  
wln 0569 Should not giue vs presumption to the like,  
wln 0570 Our faiths are sound, and must be consumate,  
wln 0571 Religious, righteous, and inuiolate.

wln 0572 *Fred.* Assure your Grace tis superstition  
wln 0573 To stand so strictly on dispensiue faith:  
wln 0574 And should we lose the opportunity  
wln 0575 That God hath giuen to venge our Christians death  
wln 0576 And scourge their foule blasphemous Paganisme?  
wln 0577 As fell to *Saule*, to *Balaam* and the rest,  
wln 0578 That would not kill and curse at Gods command,  
wln 0579 So surely will the vengeance of the highest  
wln 0580 And iealous anger of his fearefull arme  
wln 0581 Be pour'd with rigour on our sinfull heads,  
wln 0582 If we neglect this offered victory.

wln 0583 *Sig.* Then arme my Lords, and issue sodainly,  
wln 0584 Giuing commandement to our generall hoste,  
wln 0585 With expedition to assaile the Pagan,  
wln 0586 And take the victorie our God hath giuen.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0587 *Actus, 2. Scæna, 2.*

wln 0588 *Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa with their traine.*

wln 0589 *Orcanes.*  
wln 0590 *GAzellus, Vribassa*, and the rest,  
wln 0591 Now will we march from proud *Orminus* mount

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0592 To faire *Natolia*, where our neighbour kings  
wln 0593 Expect our power and our royall presence,  
wln 0594 T'incounter with the cruell *tamburlain*,  
wln 0595 That nigh *Larissa* swaies a mighty hoste,  
wln 0596 And with the thunder of his martial tooles  
wln 0597 Makes Earthquakes in the hearts of men and heauen,  
wln 0598 *Gaz.* And now come we to make his sinowes shake,  
wln 0599 With greater power than erst his pride hath felt,  
wln 0600 An hundred kings by scores wil bid him armes,  
wln 0601 And hundred thousands subiects to each score:  
wln 0602 Which if a shower of wounding thunderbolts  
wln 0603 Should breake out off the bowels of the clowdes  
wln 0604 And fall as thick as haile vpon our heads,  
wln 0605 In partiall aid of that proud Scythian,  
wln 0606 Yet should our courages and steeled crestes,  
wln 0607 And numbers more than infinit of men,  
wln 0608 Be able to withstand and conquer him.  
wln 0609 *Vrib.* Me thinks I see how glad the christian King  
wln 0610 Is made, for ioy of your admitted truce:  
wln 0611 That could not but before be terrified:  
wln 0612 With vnaacquainted power of our hoste.

wln 0613 *Enter a messenger.*

wln 0614 *Mess* Arme dread Soueraign and my noble Lords  
wln 0615 The treacherous army of the Christians,  
wln 0616 Taking aduantage of your slender power,  
wln 0617 Comes marching on vs, and determines straight,  
wln 0618 To bid vs battaile for our dearest liues.  
wln 0619 *Orc.* Traitors, villaines, damned Christians,  
wln 0620 Haue I not here the articles of peace,  
wln 0621 And solemne couenants we haue both confirm'd,

He

wln 0622  
wln 0623  
wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
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wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652

He by his Christ, and I by *Mahomet*?  
*Gaz.* Hel and confusion light vpon their heads,  
That with such treason seek our ouerthrow,  
And cares so litle for their prophet Christ.  
*Orc.* Can **there** be such deceit in Christians  
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,  
Whose shape is figure of the highest God?  
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,  
But in their deeds deny him for their Christ:  
If he be son to euerliuing *Ioue*,  
And hath the power of his outstretched arme,  
If he be iealous of his name and honor,  
As is our holy prophet *Mahomet*,  
Take here these papers as our sacrifice  
And wnesse of thy seruants periury.  
Open thou shining vaile of *Cynthia*  
And make a passage from the imperiall heauen  
That he that sits on high and neuer sleeps,  
Nor in one place is circumscribable,  
But euery where fills euery Continent,  
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,  
May in his endlesse power and puritie  
Behold and venge this Traitors periury.  
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 discomfort and confound  
The trustlesse force of those false Christians.

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656

To armes my Lords, on Christ still let vs crie,  
If there be Christ, we shall haue victorie.  
*Sound ro the battell, and Sigismond  
comes out wounded.*

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

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

wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669

*Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Vribassa,  
with others.*  
*Or.* Now lie the Christians bathing in their bloods,  
And Christ or *Mahomet* hath bene my friend.

wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673

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

wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677

*Orc.* Now shall his barbarous body be a pray  
To beasts and foules, and al the winds shall breath  
Through shady leaues of euery sencelesse tree,  
Murmures and hisses for his hainous sin.

wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681

Now scaldes his soule in the Tartarian streames,  
And feeds vpon the banefull tree of hell,  
That *zoacum*, that fruit of bytternesse,  
That in the midst of fire is ingraft,  
Yet flourisheth as *Flora* in her pride,  
With apples like the heads of damned Feends,

The



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0682

The Dyuils there in chaines of quencelesse flame,  
Shall lead his soule through *Orcus* burning gulfe:  
From paine to paine, whose change shal neuer end:  
What saiest thou yet *Gazellus* to his foile:  
Which we referd to iustice of his Christ,  
And to his power, which here appeares as full  
As raies of *Cynthia* to the clearest sight?

wln 0683

wln 0684

wln 0685

wln 0686

wln 0687

wln 0688

wln 0689

*Gaz.* Tis but the fortune of the wars my Lord,  
Whose power is often proou'd a myracle.

wln 0690

wln 0691

*Orc.* Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honoured,  
Not dooing *Mahomet* an iniurie,

wln 0692

wln 0693

Whose power had share in this our victory:

wln 0694

And since this miscreant hath disgrac'd his faith,

wln 0695

And died a traitor both to heauen and earth,

wln 0696

We wil both watch and ward shall keepe his trunk

wln 0697

Amidst these plaines, for Foules to pray vpon.

wln 0698

Go *Vribassa*, giue it straight in charge.

wln 0699

*Vri.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Vrib.*

wln 0700

*Orc.* And now *Gazellus*, let vs haste and meete

wln 0701

Our Army and our brother of *Ierusalem*,

wln 0702

Of *Soria*, *Trebizon* and *Amasia*,

wln 0703

And happily with full Natolian bowles

wln 0704

Of Greekish wine now let vs celebrate

wln 0705

Our happy conquest, and his angry fate.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0706

*Actus. 2. Scæna vltima.*

wln 0707

*The Arras is drawen and Zenocrate lies in her bed  
of state, Tamburlaine sitting by her: three Phisi=  
tians about her bed, tempering potions. Theri=  
damas, Techelles, Vsumeasane, and the three  
sonnes.*

wln 0708

wln 0709

wln 0710

wln 0711

*Tamb.*

*The bloody Conquests of*

*Tamburlaine,*

wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
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wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743

BLacke is the beauty of the brightest day,  
The golden balle of heauens eternal fire,  
That danc'd with glorie on the siluer waues:  
Now wants the fewell that enflamde his beames  
And all with faintnesse and for foule disgrace,  
He bindes his temples with a frowning cloude,  
Ready to darken earth with endlesse night:  
*Zenocrate* that gaue him light and life,  
Whose eies shot fire from their Iuory bowers,  
And tempered euery soule with liuely heat,  
Now by the malice of the angry Skies,  
Whose iealousie admits no second Mate,  
Drawes in the comfort of her latest breath  
All dasled with the hellish mists of death.  
Now walk the angels on the walles of heauen,  
As Centinels to warne th'immortall soules,  
To entertaine deuine *Zenocrate*.  
*Apollo, Cynthia,* and the ceaslesse lamps  
That gently look'd vpon this loathsome earth,  
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heauens  
To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.  
The christall springs whose taste illuminates  
Refined eies with an eternall sight,  
Like tried siluer runs through Paradice  
To entertaine diuine *zenocrate*.  
The Cherubins and holy Seraphins  
That sing and play before the king of kings,  
Vse all their voices and their instruments  
To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.  
And in this sweet and currious harmony,  
The God that tunes this musicke to our soules:

Holds

wln 0744 Holds out his hand in highest maiesty  
wln 0745 To entertaine diuine *Zenocrate*.  
wln 0746 Then let some holy trance conuay my thoughts,  
wln 0747 Vp to the pallace of th'imperiall heauen:  
wln 0748 That this my life may be as short to me  
wln 0749 As are the daies of sweet *Zenocrate*:  
wln 0750 Phisitions, wil no phisicke do her good?  
wln 0751 *Phis.* My Lord, your Maiesty shall soone perceiue:  
wln 0752 And if she passe this fit, the worst is past.  
wln 0753 *tam.* Tell me, how fares my faire *Zenocrate*?  
wln 0754 *zen.* I fare my Lord, as other Emperesses,  
wln 0755 That when this fraile and transitory flesh,  
wln 0756 Hath suckt the measure of that vitall aire  
wln 0757 That feeds the body with his dated health,  
wln 0758 Wanes with enforst and necessary change.  
wln 0759 *tam.* May neuer such a change transfourme my  
wln 0760 In whose sweet being I repose my life, (loue  
wln 0761 Whose heauenly presence beautified with health,  
wln 0762 Giues light to *Phæbus* and the fixed stars,  
wln 0763 Whose absence make the sun and Moone as darke  
wln 0764 As when opposde in one Diamiter:  
wln 0765 Their Spheares are mounted on the serpents head,  
wln 0766 Or els discended to his winding traine:  
wln 0767 Liue still my Loue and so conserue my life,  
wln 0768 Or dieng, be the anchor of my death.  
wln 0769 *zen.* Liue still my Lord, O let my soueraigne liue,  
wln 0770 And sooner let the fiery Element  
wln 0771 Dissolue, and make your kingdome in the Sky,  
wln 0772 Than this base earth should shroud your maiesty:  
wln 0773 For should I but suspect your death by mine,  
wln 0774 The comfort of my future happinesse  
wln 0775 And hope to meet your highnesse in the heauens,

Turn'd

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0776 Turn'd to dispaire, would break my wretched breast.  
wln 0777 And furie would confound my present rest.  
wln 0778 But let me die my Loue, yet let me die,  
wln 0779 With loue and patience let your true loue die:  
wln 0780 Your grieffe and furie hurtes my second life,  
wln 0781 Yet let me kisse my Lord before I die,  
wln 0782 And let me die with kissing of my Lord.  
wln 0783 But since my life is lengthened yet a while,  
wln 0784 Let me take leaue of these my louing sonnes,  
wln 0785 And of my Lords whose true nobilitie  
wln 0786 Haue merited my latest memorie:  
wln 0787 Sweet sons farewell, in death resemble me,  
wln 0788 And in your liues your fathers excellency.  
wln 0789 Some musicke, and my fit wil cease my Lord.

*They call musicke.*

wln 0791 *tam.* Proud furie and intollorable fit,  
wln 0792 That dares torment the body of my Loue,  
wln 0793 And scourge the Scourge of the immortall God:  
wln 0794 Now are those Spheares where *Cupid* vsde to sit,  
wln 0795 Wounding the world with woonder and with loue,  
wln 0796 Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:  
wln 0797 Whose darts do pierce the Center of my soule,  
wln 0798 Her sacred beauty hath enchaunted heauen,  
wln 0799 And had she liu'd before the siege of *Troy*,  
wln 0800 *Hellen*, whose beauty sommond Greece to armes,  
wln 0801 And drew a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,  
wln 0802 Had not bene nam'd in *Homers* Iliads:  
wln 0803 Her name had bene in euery line he wrote:  
wln 0804 Or had those wanton Poets, for whose byrth  
wln 0805 Olde Rome was proud, but gasde a while on her,  
wln 0806 Nor *Lesbia*, nor *Corrinna* had bene nam'd,  
wln 0807 *zenocrate* had bene the argument

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0808 Of euery Epigram or Eligie.  
wln 0809 *The musicke sounds, and she dies.*  
wln 0810 *tam.* What, is she dead? *Techelles*, draw thy sword,  
wln 0811 And wound the earth, that it may cleaue in twaine,  
wln 0812 And we discend into th'infernall vaults,  
wln 0813 To haile the fatall Sisters by the haire,  
wln 0814 And throw them in the triple mote of Hell,  
wln 0815 For taking hence my faire *zenocrate*.  
wln 0816 *Casane* and *theridamas* to armes,  
wln 0817 Raise Caulieros higher than the cloudes:  
wln 0818 And with the cannon breake the frame of heauen,  
wln 0819 Batter the shining pallace of the Sun,  
wln 0820 And shiuier all the starry firmament:  
wln 0821 For amorous *Ioue* hath snatcht my loue from hence,  
wln 0822 Meaning to make her stately Queene of heauen,  
wln 0823 What God so euer holds thee in his armes,  
wln 0824 Giuing thee Nectar and Ambrosia,  
wln 0825 Behold me here diuine *zenocrate*,  
wln 0826 Rauing, impatient, desperate and mad,  
wln 0827 Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst  
wln 0828 The rusty beames of *Ianus* Temple doores,  
wln 0829 Letting out death and tyrannising war:  
wln 0830 To martch with me vnder this bloody flag,  
wln 0831 And if thou pitiest *Tamburlain* the great,  
wln 0832 Come downe from heauen and liue with me againe.  
wln 0833 *ther.* Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,  
wln 0834 And all this raging cannot make her liue,  
wln 0835 If woords might serue, our voice hath rent the aire,  
wln 0836 If teares, our eies haue watered all the earth:  
wln 0837 If grieffe, our murdered harts haue straind forth blood  
wln 0838 Nothing preuailes, for she is dead my Lord.  
wln 0839 *tam.* For she is dead? thy words doo pierce my soule

Ah

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0840 Ah sweet *theridamas*, say so no more,  
wln 0841 Though she be dead, yet let me think she liues,  
wln 0842 And feed my mind that dies for want of her:  
wln 0843 Where ere her soule be, thou shalt stay with me  
wln 0844 Embalm'd with Cassia, Amber Greece and Myrre,  
wln 0845 Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,  
wln 0846 And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.  
wln 0847 Then in as rich a tombe as *Mausolus*,  
wln 0848 We both will rest and haue one Epitaph  
wln 0849 Writ in as many seuerall languages,  
wln 0850 As I haue conquered kingdomes with my sword,  
wln 0851 This cursed towne will I consume with fire,  
wln 0852 Because this place bereft me of my Loue:  
wln 0853 The houses burnt, wil looke as if they mourn'd  
wln 0854 And here will I set vp her stature,  
wln 0855 And martch about it with my mourning campe,  
wln 0856 Drooping and pining for *zenocrate*.

*The Arras is drawn.*

wln 0858

*Actus. 3. Scæna. 1,*

wln 0859 *Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one brin=*  
wln 0860 *ging a sword, & another a scepter: Next Natolia*  
wln 0861 *and Ierusalem with the Emperiall crowne: After*  
wln 0862 *Calapine, and after him other Lordes: Orcanes*  
wln 0863 *and Ierusalem crowne him, and the other giue*  
wln 0864 *him the scepter.*

wln 0865

*Orca.*

wln 0866 *CAlepinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son*  
wln 0867 *and successiue heire to the late mighty Empe=*  
wln 0868 *rour Baiazeth, by the aid of God and his friend*  
wln 0869 *Mahomet, Emperour of Natolia, Ierusalem,*

Tre=

wln 0870            *Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmo-*  
wln 0871            *nia* And al the hundred and thirty Kingdomes late con=  
wln 0872            tributory to his mighty father. Long liue *Callepinus*,  
wln 0873            Emperour of Turkey.  
wln 0874                *Cal.*    Thrice worthy kings of *Natolia*, and the rest,  
wln 0875            I will requite your royall gratitudes  
wln 0876            With all the benefits my Empire yeelds:  
wln 0877            And were the sinowes of th'imperiall seat  
wln 0878            So knit and strengthned, as when *Baiazeth*  
wln 0879            My royall Lord and father fild the throne,  
wln 0880            Whose cursed fate hath so dismembred it,  
wln 0881            Then should you see this Thiefe of *Scythia*,  
wln 0882            This proud vsurping king of *Persea*,  
wln 0883            Do vs such honor and supremacie,  
wln 0884            Bearing the vengeance of our fathers wrongs,  
wln 0885            As all the world should blot our dignities  
wln 0886            Out of the booke of base borne infamies.  
wln 0887            And now I doubt not but your royall cares  
wln 0888            Hath so prouided for this cursed foe,  
wln 0889            That since the heire of mighty *Baiazeth*  
wln 0890            (An Emperour so honoured for his vertues)  
wln 0891            Reuiues the spirits of true Turkish heartes,  
wln 0892            In grieuous memorie of his fathers shame,  
wln 0893            We shall not need to nourish any doubt,  
wln 0894            But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long  
wln 0895            The martiall sword of mighty *Tamburlaine*,  
wln 0896            Will now retaine her olde inconstancie,  
wln 0897            And raise our honors to as high a pitch  
wln 0898            In this our strong and fortunate encounter,  
wln 0899            For so hath heauen prouided my escape,  
wln 0900            From al the crueltie my soule sustaind,  
wln 0901            By this my friendly keepers happy meanes,

H

That

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0902  
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wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
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wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933

That *Ioue* surchardg'd with pity of our wrongs,  
Will poure it downe in showers on our heads:  
Scourging the pride of cursed *tamburlain*.

*Orc.* I haue a hundred thousad 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 riuier *Nile* or *Euphrates*,  
And for their power, ynow to win the world.

*Ier.* And I as many from *Ierusalem*,  
*Iudæa*, *Gaza*, and *Scalonians* bounds,  
That on mount *Sinay* with their ensignes spread,  
Looke like the parti=coloured cloudes of heauen,  
That shew faire weather to the neighbor morne.

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

*Sor.* From *Soria* with seenty thousand strong.  
Tane from *Aleppo*, *Soldino*, *Tripoly*,  
And so vnto my citie of *Damasco*,  
I march to meet and aide my neighbor kings,  
All which will ioine against this *Tamburlain*,  
And bring him captiue to your highnesse feet.

*Orc.* Our battaile then in martiall maner pitcht,  
According to our ancient vse, shall beare  
The figure of the semi=circled Moone:  
Whose hornes shall sprinkle through the tainted aire,



*mighty Tamburlaine Pars. 2*

wln 0934

The poisoned braines of this proud Scythian.

wln 0935

*Cal.* Wel then my noble Lords, for this my friend,

wln 0936

That freed me from the bondage of my foe:

wln 0937

I thinke it requisite and honorable,

wln 0938

To keep my promise, and to make him king,

wln 0939

That is a Gentleman (I know) at least.

wln 0940

*Alm.* That's no matter sir, for being a king,

wln 0941

For *Tamburlain* came vp of nothing.

wln 0942

*Ier.* Your Maiesty may choose some pointed time,

wln 0943

Perfourming all your promise to the full:

wln 0944

Tis nought for your maiesty to giue a kingdome.

wln 0945

*Cal.* Then wil I shortly keep my promise *Almeda*

wln 0946

*Alm.* Why, I thank your Maiesty.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0947

*Actus. 2. Scæna. 2.*

wln 0948

*Tamburlaine with Vsumeasane, and his three sons,  
foure bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the  
drums sounding a dolefull march, the Towne  
burning.*

wln 0949

wln 0950

wln 0951

*Tamb.*

wln 0952

SO, burne the turrets of this cursed towne,

wln 0953

Flame to the highest region of the aire:

wln 0954

And kindle heaps of exhalations,

wln 0955

That being fiery meteors, may presage,

wln 0956

Death and destruction to th'inhabitants

wln 0957

Ouer my Zenith hang a blazing star,

wln 0958

That may endure till heauen be dissolu'd,

wln 0959

Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,

wln 0960

Threatning a death and famine to this land,

wln 0961

Flieng Dragons, lightning, fearfull thunderclaps,

wln 0962

sindge these fair plaines, and make them seeme as black

wln 0963

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
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wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995

As is the Island where the Furies maske  
Compast with *Lethe*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,  
Because my deare *Zenocrate* is dead.  
*Cal.* This Piller 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 **mourful** streamer shal be plac'd  
Wrought with the Persean and Egyptian armes,  
To signifie she was a princesse borne,  
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 admyr'd,  
Sweet picture of diuine *Zenocrate*,  
That hanging here, wil draw the Gods from heauen:  
And cause the stars fixt in the Southern arke,  
Whose louely faces neuer any viewed,  
That haue not past the Centers latitude.  
As Pilgrimes traueile to our Hemi=speare.  
Onely to gaze vpon *Zenocrate*.  
Thou shalt not beautifie *Larissa* plaines.  
But keep within the circle of mine armes.  
At euery towne and castle 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 Lords, aduance your speares againe,

Sorrow

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 0996 Sorrow no more my sweet *Casane* now:  
wln 0997 Boyes leaue to mourne, this towne shall euer mourne,  
wln 0998 Being burnt to cynders for your mothers death.  
wln 0999 *Cal.* If I had wept a sea of teares for her,  
wln 1000 It would not ease the sorrow I sustaine.  
wln 1001 *Amy.* As is that towne, so is my heart consum'd,  
wln 1002 With grieffe and sorrow for my mothers death.  
wln 1003 *Cel.* My mothers death hath mortified my mind,  
wln 1004 And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.  
wln 1005 *Tamb.* But now my boies, leaue off, and **[\*]ist** to me,  
wln 1006 That meane to teach you rudiments of war:  
wln 1007 Ile haue you learne to sleepe vpon the ground,  
wln 1008 March in your armour throwe watery Fens,  
wln 1009 Sustaine the scortching heat and freezing cold,  
wln 1010 Hunger and cold right adiuncts of the war.  
wln 1011 And after this, to scale a castle wal,  
wln 1012 Besiege a fort, to vndermine a towne,  
wln 1013 And make whole cyties caper in the aire.  
wln 1014 Then next, the way to fortifie your men,  
wln 1015 In champion grounds, what figure serues you best,  
wln 1016 For with the *quinque=angle* fourme is meet,  
wln 1017 Because the corners there may fall more flat:  
wln 1018 Whereas the Fort may fittest be assailde,  
wln 1019 And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.  
wln 1020 The ditches must be deepe, the Counterscarps  
wln 1021 Narrow and steepe, the wals made high and broad,  
wln 1022 The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,  
wln 1023 With Caulieros and thicke counterforts,  
wln 1024 And roome within to lodge sixe thousand men.  
wln 1025 It must haue priuy ditches, countermines,  
wln 1026 And secret issuings to defend the ditch.  
wln 1027 It must haue high Argins and couered waies

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1028 To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,  
wln 1029 And Parapets to hide the Muscatiers:  
wln 1030 Casemates to place the great Artillery,  
wln 1031 And store of ordinance that from euey flanke  
wln 1032 May scoure the outward curtaines of the Fort,  
wln 1033 Dismount the Cannon of the aduerse part,  
wln 1034 Murther the Foe and saue their walles from breach.  
wln 1035 When this is learn'd for seruice on the land,  
wln 1036 By plaine and easie demonstration,  
wln 1037 Ile teach you how to make the water mount,  
wln 1038 That you may dryfoot martch through lakes & pooles,  
wln 1039 Deep riuers, hauens, creekes, and litle seas,  
wln 1040 And make a Fortresse in the raging waues,  
wln 1041 Fenc'd with the concaue of a monstrous rocke,  
wln 1042 Inuincible by nature of the place.  
wln 1043 When this is done, then are ye souldiers,  
wln 1044 And worthy sonnes of *Tamburlain* the great,  
wln 1045 *Cal.* My Lord, but this is dangerous to be done,  
wln 1046 We may be slaine or wounded ere we learne.  
wln 1047 *tam.* Villain, art thou the sonne of *Tamburlaine*,  
wln 1048 And fear'st to die, or with a Curtle=axe  
wln 1049 To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound?  
wln 1050 Hast thou beheld a peale of ordinance strike  
wln 1051 A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,  
wln 1052 Whose shattered lims, being tost as high as heauen,  
wln 1053 Hang in the aire as thicke as sunny motes,  
wln 1054 And canst thou Coward stand in feare of death?  
wln 1055 Hast thou not seene my horsmen charge the foe,  
wln 1056 Shot through the armes, cut ouerthwart the hands,  
wln 1057 Dieng their lances with their streaming blood,  
wln 1058 And yet at night carrouse within my tent,  
wln 1059 Filling their empty vaines with aiery wine,

That

wln 1060 That being concocted, turnes to crimson blood,  
wln 1061 And wilt thou shun the field for feare of woundes:  
wln 1062 View me thy father that hath conquered kings,  
wln 1063 And with his hoste martch round about the earth,  
wln 1064 Quite voide of skars, and cleare from any wound,  
wln 1065 That by the warres lost not a dram of blood,  
wln 1066 And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.  
wln 1067 *He cuts his arme.*  
wln 1068 A wound is nothing be it nere so deepe,  
wln 1069 Blood is the God of Wars rich liuery.  
wln 1070 Now look I like a souldier, and this wound  
wln 1071 As great a grace and maiesty to me,  
wln 1072 As if a chaire of gold enamiled,  
wln 1073 Enchac'd with Diamondes, Saphyres, Rubies  
wln 1074 And fairest pearle of welthie *India*  
wln 1075 Were mounted here vnder a Canapie:  
wln 1076 And I sat downe, cloth'd with the massie robe,  
wln 1077 That late adorn'd the Affrike Potentate.  
wln 1078 Whom I brought bound vnto *Damascus* walles.  
wln 1079 Come boyes and with your fingers search my wound,  
wln 1080 And in my blood wash all your hands at once,  
wln 1081 While I sit smiling to behold the sight.  
wln 1082 Now my boyes, what think you of a wound?  
wln 1083 *Cal.* I know not what I should think of it,  
wln 1084 Me thinks tis a pitifull sight.  
wln 1085 *Cel.* Tis nothing: giue me a wound father.  
wln 1086 *Amy.* And me another my Lord.  
wln 1087 *tam.* Come sirra, giue me your arme.  
wln 1088 *Cel.* Here father, cut it brauely as you did your own  
wln 1089 *tam.* It shall suffice thou darst abide a wound  
wln 1090 My boy, Thou shalt not loose a drop of blood,  
wln 1091 Before we meet the armie of the Turke.

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1092 But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,  
wln 1093 Dreadlesse of blowes, of bloody wounds and death:  
wln 1094 And let the burning of *Larissa* wals  
wln 1095 My speech of war, and this my wound you see  
wln 1096 Teach you my boyes to beare couragious minds,  
wln 1097 Fit for the followers of great *tamburlaine*.  
wln 1098 *Vsumeasane* now come let vs march  
wln 1099 Towards *Techelles* and *Theridamas*,  
wln 1100 That we haue sent before to fire the townes,  
wln 1101 The towers and cities of these hatefull Turks,  
wln 1102 And hunt that Coward, faintheart, runaway,  
wln 1103 With that accursed traitor *Almeda*,  
wln 1104 Til fire and sword haue found them at a bay.  
wln 1105 *Vsu.* I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,  
wln 1106 That hath betraied my gracious Soueraigne,  
wln 1107 That curst and damned Traitor *Almeda*.  
wln 1108 *Tam.* Then let vs see if coward *Calapine*  
wln 1109 Dare leuie armes against our puissance,  
wln 1110 That we may tread vpon his captiue necke,  
wln 1111 And treble all his fathers slaueries. *Exeunt.*

wln 1112 *Actus. 3. Scœna. 1,*

wln 1113 *Techelles, Theridamas and their traine.*  
wln 1114 *Therid.*  
wln 1115 THus haue wee martcht Northwarde from  
wln 1116 (*Tamburlaine*,  
wln 1117 Vnto the frontier point of *Soria*:  
wln 1118 And this is *Balsea* their chiefest hold,  
wln 1119 Wherein is all the treasure of the land.  
wln 1120 *tech.* Then let vs bring our light Artilery,  
wln 1121 Minions, Fauknets, and Sakars to the trench,

Fil=

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 1122 Filling the ditches with the walles wide breach,  
wln 1123 And enter in, to seaze vpon the gold:  
wln 1124 How say ye Souldiers, Shal we not?  
wln 1125 *Soul.* Yes, my Lord, yes, come lets about it,  
wln 1126 *ther.* But stay a while, summon a parle, Drum,  
wln 1127 It may be they will yeeld it quietly,  
wln 1128 Knowing two kings, the friend to *tamburlain*,  
wln 1129 Stand at the walles, with such a mighty power.  
wln 1130 *Summon the battell.*

*Captaine with his wife and sonne.*

wln 1131 *Cap.* What requier you my maisters?  
wln 1132 *ther.* Captaine, that thou yeeld vp thy hold to vs.  
wln 1133 *Cap.* To you. Why, do you thinke me weary of it?  
wln 1134 *Tech.* Nay Captain, thou art weary of thy life,  
wln 1135 If thou withstand the friends of *Tamburlain*.  
wln 1136 *ther.* These Pioners of *Argier* in Affrica,  
wln 1137 Euen in the cannons face shall raise a hill  
wln 1138 Of earth and fagots higher than thy Fort,  
wln 1139 And ouer thy Argins and couered waies  
wln 1140 Shal play vpon the bulwarks of thy hold  
wln 1141 Volleies of ordinance til the breach be made,  
wln 1142 That with his ruine fils vp all the trench.  
wln 1143 And when we enter in, not heauen it selfe  
wln 1144 Shall ransome thee, thy wife and family.  
wln 1145 *Tech.* Captaine, these Moores shall cut the leaden  
wln 1146 (pipes,  
wln 1147 That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,  
wln 1148 And lie in trench before thy castle walles:  
wln 1149 That no supply of victuall shall come in,  
wln 1150 Nor issue foorth, but they shall die:  
wln 1151 And therefore Captaine, yeeld it quietly.  
wln 1152

*Captain*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
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wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183

*Cap.* Were you that are the friends of *Tamburlain*  
Brothers to holy *Mahomet* himselfe,  
I would not yeeld it: therefore doo your worst.  
Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and vndermine,  
Cut off the water, all conuoies that can,  
Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

*ther.* Pioners away, and where I stuck the stake,  
Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed:  
Cast vp 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.

*Exeunt.*

*Tech.* A hundred horse shall scout about the plaines  
To spie what force comes to relieue the holde.  
Both we (*theridamas*) wil intrench our men,  
And with the Iacobs 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.

*ther.* Then see the bringing of our ordinance  
Along the trench into the battery,  
Where we will haue **Galions** of sixe 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 Ecchoe and the souldiers crie  
Make deafe the aire, and dim the Christall Sky.

*tech.* Trumpets and drums, alarum presently,  
And souldiers play the men, the holds is yours.

*Enter the Captaine with his wife and  
sonne.*

*Olimpia*



wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
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wln 1200  
wln 1201  
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wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215

*Olym.* Come good my Lord, & let vs haste frō 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,  
Lies heauy on my heart, I cannot liue.  
I feele my liuer pierc'd and all my vaines,  
That there begin and nourish euey part,  
Mangled and torne, and all my entrals bath'd  
In blood that straineth from their orifex.  
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 daies, and one sepulcher  
Containe our bodies: death, why comm'st thou not?  
Wel, this must be the messenger for thee,  
Now vgly death stretch out thy Sable wings,  
And carie both our soules, where his remaines.  
Tell me sweet boie, art thou content to die?  
These barbarous Scythians full of cruelty,  
And Moores, in whom was neuer pitie found,  
Will hew vs peecemeale, 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 luory throat,  
And quickly rid thee both of paine and life.

*Son.* Mother dispatch me, or Ile kil my selfe,  
For think ye I can liue, and see him dead?  
Giue me your knife, good mother) or strike home:  
The Scythiens shall not tyrannise on me.  
Sweet mother strike, that I may meet my father.

*She stabs him.*

*Olym.* Ah sacred *Mahomet*, if this be sin,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1216  
wln 1217

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

wln 1218  
wln 1219

*Entert Theridamas, Techelles and all  
their traine.*

wln 1220

*ther.* How now Madam, what are you doing?

wln 1221

*Olim.* Killing my selfe, as I haue done my sonne,

wln 1222

Whose body with his fathers I haue burnt,

wln 1223

Least cruell Scythians should dismember him.

wln 1224

*tech.* Twas brauely done, and like a souldiers wife,

wln 1225

Thou shalt with vs to *Tamburlaine* the great,

wln 1226

Who when he heares how resolute thou wert,

wln 1227

Wil match thee with a Viceroy or a king.

wln 1228

*Olym.* My Lord deceast, was dearer vnto me,

wln 1229

Than any Viceroy, King or Emperour.

wln 1230

And for his sake here will I end my daies.

wln 1231

*ther.* But Lady goe with vs to *Tamburlaine*,

wln 1232

And thou shalt see a man greater [·...·] *Mahomet*.

wln 1233

In whose high lookes is much more maiesty

wln 1234

Than from the Concaue superficies.

wln 1235

Of *Ioues* vast pallace the imperiall Orbe,

wln 1236

Vnto the shinning bower where *Cynthia* sits,

wln 1237

Like louely thetis in a Christall robe,

wln 1238

That treadeth Fortune vnderneath his feete,

wln 1239

And makes the mighty God of armes his slaue:

wln 1240

On whom death and the fatall sisters waite,

wln 1241

With naked swords and scarlet lieries:

wln 1242

Before whom (mounted on a Lions backe)

wln 1243

***Rhammusia*** beares a helmet ful of blood,

wln 1244

And strowes the way with braines of slaughtered men:

wln 1245

By whose proud side the vgly furies run.

Harkening

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars 2.*

wln 1246 Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,  
wln 1247 Ouer whose zenith cloth'd in windy aire,  
wln 1248 And Eagles wings ioin'd to her feathered breast,  
wln 1249 Fame houereth, sounding of her golden Trumpe:  
wln 1250 That to the aduerse poles of that straight line,  
wln 1251 Which measureth the glorious frame of heauen,  
wln 1252 The name of mightie *Tamburlain* is spread:  
wln 1253 And him faire Lady shall thy eies behold. Come.  
wln 1254 *Olim* Take pitie of a Ladies ruthfull teares,  
wln 1255 That humbly craues vpon her knees to stay,  
wln 1256 And cast her bodie in the burning flame,  
wln 1257 That feeds vpon her sonnes and husbands flesh.  
wln 1258 *tech.* Madam, sooner shall fire consume vs both,  
wln 1259 Then scotch a face so beautiful as this.  
wln 1260 In frame of which, Nature hath shewed more skill,  
wln 1261 Than when she gaue eternall *Chaos* forme,  
wln 1262 Drawing from it the shining Lamps of heauen.  
wln 1263 *ther.* Madam, I am so far in loue with you,  
wln 1264 That you must goe with vs, no remedy.  
wln 1265 *Olim.* Then carie me I care not where you will,  
wln 1266 And let the end of this my fatall iourney,  
wln 1267 Be likewise end to my accursed life.  
wln 1268 *tech.* No Madam, but the beginning of your ioy,  
wln 1269 Come willinglie, therfore.  
wln 1270 *ther.* Souldiers now let vs meet the Generall,  
wln 1271 Who by this time is at *Natolia*,  
wln 1272 Ready to charge the army of the Turke.  
wln 1273 The gold, the siluer, and the pearle ye got,  
wln 1274 Rifling this Fort, deuide in equall shares:  
wln 1275 This Lady shall haue twice so much againe,  
wln 1276 Out of the coffers of our treasure.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1277

*Actus: 3. Scæna. 5.*

wln 1278

*Callepine, Orcanes, Ierusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Al=  
meda, with their traine.*

wln 1279

wln 1280

*Messenger.*

wln 1281

REnowmed Emperour, mighty *Callepine*,

wln 1282

Gods great lieftenant ouer all the world:

wln 1283

Here at *Alepo* with an hoste of men

wln 1284

Lies *Tamburlaine*, this king of *Persea*:

wln 1285

In number more than are the quyering leaues

wln 1286

Of *Idas* forrest, where your highnesse hounds,

wln 1287

With open crie pursues the wounded Stag:

wln 1288

Who meanes to gyrt *Natolias* walles with siege,

wln 1289

Fire the towne and ouerrun the land.

wln 1290

*Cal.* My royal army is as great as his,

wln 1291

That from the bounds of *Phrigia* to the sea

wln 1292

Which washeth *Cyprus* with his brinish waues,

wln 1293

Couers the hils, the valleies and the plaines.

wln 1294

Vicerioies and Peeres of Turkey play the men,

wln 1295

Whet all your swords to mangle *Tamburlain*

wln 1296

His sonnes, his Captaines and his followers,

wln 1297

By *Mahomet* not one of them shal liue.

wln 1298

The field wherin this battaile shall be fought,

wln 1299

For euer, terme, the Perseans sepulchre,

wln 1300

In memorie of this our victory.

wln 1301

*Orc.* Now, he that cals himself the scourge of *Ioue*,

wln 1302

The Emperour of the world, and earthly God,

wln 1303

Shal end the warlike progresse he intends,

wln 1304

And traueile hedlong to the lake of hell:

wln 1305

Where legions of deuils (knowing he must die

Here

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 1306 Here in *Natolia*, by your highnesse hands)  
wln 1307 All brandishing their brands of quenchlesse fire,  
wln 1308 Streching their monstrous pawes, grin with their  
wln 1309 (teeth.  
wln 1310 And guard the gates to entertaine his soule.  
wln 1311 *Cal.* Tel me Vicerioies the number of your men,  
wln 1312 And what our Army royall is esteem'd.  
wln 1313 *Ier.* From *Palestina* and *Ierusalem*,  
wln 1314 Of Hebrewes, three score thousand fighting men  
wln 1315 Are come since last we shewed your maiesty.  
wln 1316 *Orc.* So from *Arabia* desart, and the bounds  
wln 1317 Of that sweet land, whose braue Metropolis  
wln 1318 Reedified the faire *Semyramis*,  
wln 1319 Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,  
wln 1320 Since last we numbred to your Maiesty.  
wln 1321 *treb.* From *trebizon* in *Asia* the lesse,  
wln 1322 Naturalized Turks and stout Bythinians  
wln 1323 Came to my bands full fifty thousand more,  
wln 1324 That fighting, knowes not what retreat doth meane,  
wln 1325 Nor ere returne but with the victory,  
wln 1326 Since last we numbred to your maiesty.  
wln 1327 *Sor.* Of Sorians from *Halla* is repair'd  
wln 1328 And neighbor cities of your highnesse land,  
wln 1329 Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,  
wln 1330 Since last we numbred to your maiestie:  
wln 1331 So that the Army royall is esteem'd  
wln 1332 Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.  
wln 1333 *Callep.* Then welcome *Tamburlaine* vnto thy  
wln 1334 (death.  
wln 1335 Come puissant Vicerioies, let vs to the field,  
wln 1336 (The Perseans Sepulchre) and sacrifice  
wln 1337 Mountaines of breathlesse men to *Mahomet*.

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1338

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

wln 1339

wln 1340

*Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.*

wln 1341

*Tamburlaine with his three sonnes, Vsumeasane  
with other.*

wln 1342

wln 1343

*Tam.*

wln 1344

How now *Casane*? See a knot of kings,  
Sitting as if they were a telling ridles.

wln 1345

wln 1346

*Vsu.* My Lord, your presence makes them  
(pale and wan.

wln 1347

wln 1348

Poore soules they looke as if their deaths were neere.

wln 1349

*tamb.* Why, so he is *Casane*, I am here,

wln 1350

But yet Ile saue their liues and make them slaues.

wln 1351

Ye petty kings of Turkye I am come,

wln 1352

As *Hector* did into the Grecian campe.

wln 1353

To ouerdare the pride of *Græcia*.

wln 1354

And set his warlike person to the view

wln 1355

Of fierce *Achilles*, riuall of his fame,

wln 1356

I doe you honor in the *simile*.

wln 1357

For if I should as *Hector* did *Achilles*,

wln 1358

(The worthiest knight that euer brandisht sword)

wln 1359

Challenge in combat any of you all,

wln 1360

I see how fearfully ye would refuse,

wln 1361

And fly my gloue as from a Scorpion.

wln 1362

*Orc.* Now thou art fearfull of thy armies strength,

wln 1363

Thou wouldst with ouermatch of person fight,

wln 1364

But Shepheards issue, base borne *tamburlaine*,

wln 1365

Thinke of thy end, this sword shall lance thy

wln 1366

(throat.

wln 1367

*Tamb.* Villain, the shepheards issue, at whose byrth

Heauen

wln 1368 Heauen did affoord a gracious aspect,  
wln 1369 And ioin'd those stars that shall be opposite,  
wln 1370 Euen till the dissolution of the world,  
wln 1371 And neuer meant to make a Conquerour,  
wln 1372 So famous as is mighty *Tamburlain*:  
wln 1373 Shall so torment thee and that *Callapine*,  
wln 1374 That like a roguish runaway, suborn'd  
wln 1375 That villaine there, that slaue, that Turkish dog,  
wln 1376 To false his seruice to his Soueraigne,  
wln 1377 As ye shal curse the byrth of *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 1378 *Cal.* Raile not proud Scythian, I shall now reuenge  
wln 1379 My fathers vile abuses and mine owne.  
wln 1380 *Ier.* By *Mahomet* he shal be tied in chaines,  
wln 1381 Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,  
wln 1382 About the Grecian Isles to rob and spoile:  
wln 1383 And turne him to his ancient trade againe.  
wln 1384 Me thinks the slaue should make a lusty theefe.  
wln 1385 *Cal.* Nay, when the battaile ends, al we wil meet,  
wln 1386 And sit in councell to inuent some paine,  
wln 1387 That most may vex his body and his soule.  
wln 1388 *Tam.* Sirha, *Callapine*, Ile hang a clogge about  
wln 1389 your necke for running away againe, you shall not trou=  
wln 1390 ble me thus to come and fetch you.  
wln 1391 But as for you (Viceroy) you shal haue bits,  
wln 1392 And harnest like my horses, draw my coch:  
wln 1393 And when ye stay, be lasht with whips of wier,  
wln 1394 Ile haue you learne to feed on prouander,  
wln 1395 And in a stable lie vpon the planks:  
wln 1396 *Orc.* But *Tamburlaine*, first thou shalt kneele to vs  
wln 1397 And humbly craue a pardon for thy life.  
wln 1398 *treb.* The common souldiers of our mighty hoste  
wln 1399 Shal bring thee bound vnto the Generals tent.

*Sor.*

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1400

*Sor.* And all haue iointly sworne thy cruell death,  
Or bind thee in eternall torments wrath.

wln 1401

wln 1402

*tam.* Wel sirs, diet your selues, you knowe I shall  
haue occasion shortly to iourney you.

wln 1403

wln 1404

*Cel.* See father, how *Almeda* the Iaylor lookes  
vpon vs.

wln 1405

wln 1406

*tam.* Villaine, traitor, damned fugitiue,  
Ile make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee:  
Seest thou not death within my wrathfull looks.

wln 1407

wln 1408

wln 1409

Goe villaine, cast thee headlong from a rock,

wln 1410

wln 1411

Or rip thy bowels, and rend out thy heart,

wln 1412

T'appease my wrath, or els Ile torture thee,

wln 1413

Searing thy hatefull flesh with burning yrons,

wln 1414

And drops of scalding lead, while all thy ioints

wln 1415

Be rackt and beat asunder with the wheele,

wln 1416

For if thou liuest, not any Element

wln 1417

Shal shrowde thee from the wrath of *tamburlaine*

wln 1418

*Cal.* Wel, in despight of thee he shall be king:

wln 1419

Come *Almeda*, receiue this crowne of me,

wln 1420

I here inuest thee king of *Ariadan*,

wln 1421

Bordering on *Mare Roso* neere to *Meca*.

wln 1422

*Or.* What, take it man.

wln 1423

*Al.* Good my Lord, let me take it.

wln 1424

*Cal.* Doost thou aske him leaue? here, take it.

wln 1425

*tam.* Go too sirha, take your crown, and make vp the  
halfe dozen.

wln 1426

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

wln 1427

*Or.* So he shal, and weare thy head in his Scutchion:

wln 1428

*tamb.* No, let him hang a bunch of keies on his stan=  
derd, to put him in remembrance he was a Iailor, that

wln 1429

when I take him, I may knocke out his braines with

wln 1430

them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come

wln 1431

sweating



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
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wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463

sweating from my chariot.

*treb.* 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, Ile  
ride in triumph through the Camp.

*Enter Theridamas, Techelles and  
their traine.*

How now ye pety kings, loe, here are Bugges  
Wil make the haire stand vpright on your heads,  
And cast your crownes in slauery 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, least hee hide his  
crowne as the foolish king of *Persea* did.

*Sor.* No *Tamburlaine*, hee shall not be put to that  
Exigent, 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:  
My sterne aspect shall make faire Victory,  
Houering betwixt our armies, light on me,  
Loden with Lawrell wreathes to crowne vs all.

*tech.* I smile to think, 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 immediatly:  
Come fight ye Turks, or yeeld vs victory.

*Or.* No, we wil meet thee slauish *tāburlain*.

*Exeunt*

*Actus*

*The bloody Conquests of*

*Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.*

wln 1464

wln 1465

wln 1466

*Alarme: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent  
where Caliphas sits a sleepe.*

wln 1467

wln 1468

wln 1469

wln 1470

wln 1471

wln 1472

wln 1473

wln 1474

wln 1475

wln 1476

wln 1477

wln 1478

wln 1479

wln 1480

wln 1481

wln 1482

wln 1483

wln 1484

wln 1485

wln 1486

wln 1487

wln 1488

wln 1489

wln 1490

wln 1491

wln 1492

wln 1493

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

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

*Cel.* Call foorth our laisie brother from the tent,  
For if my father misse him in the field,  
Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast,  
Wil send a deadly lightening to his heart.

*Amy.* Brother, ho, what, giuen so much to sleep  
You cannot leaue it, when our enemies drums  
And ratling cannons thunder in our eares  
Our proper ruine, and our fathers foile?

*Cal.* Away ye fools, my father needs not me,  
Nor you in faith, but that you wil be thought  
More childish valourous than manly wise:  
If halfe our campe should sit and sleepe with me,  
My father ware enough to scare the foe:  
You doo dishonor to his maiesty,  
To think our helps will doe him any good.

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

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

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
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wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525

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

*Cel.* O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come foorth.  
Thou doost dishonor manhood, and thy house.

*Cal.* Goe, goe tall stripling, fight you for vs both,  
And take my other toward brother here,  
For person like to prooue a second *Mars*,  
Twill please my mind as wel to heare both you  
Haue won a heape of honor in the field,  
And left your slender carkasses behind,  
As if I lay with you for company.

*Amy.* You wil not goe then?

*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 victor in these hautie arms.  
He comes and findes his sonnes haue had no shares  
In all the honors he proposde for vs.

*Cal.* Take you the honor, 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 do nor harme nor good,  
I might haue harme, which all the good I haue  
Ioin'd with my fathers crowne would neuer cure.

wln 1526  
wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
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wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557

Ile to cardes: *Perdicas*.

*Perd.* Here my Lord.

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

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

*Cal.* Who shal kisse the fairest of the Turkes Con=  
cubines 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 *tara, tantaras*, their swordes or their  
cannons, as I doe a naked Lady in a net of golde, and  
for feare I should be affraid, 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 coyle they keepe, I beleue there will be some  
hurt done anon amongst them.

*Enter Tamburlain, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsu=  
measane, Amyras, Celebinus, leading  
the Turkish kings.*

*Tam.* See now ye slaues, my childrē stoops your pride  
And leads your glories sheep=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 Spirits with desire

Stil to be train'd in armes and chialry:

*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

wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562  
wln 1563  
wln 1564  
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wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589

But matchlesse strength and magnanimity.  
*tamb.* No, no *Amyras*, tempt not Fortune so,  
Cherish thy valour stil with fresh supplies:  
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,  
But wher's this coward, villaine, not my sonne,  
But traitor to my name and maiesty.  
*He goes in and brings him out.*  
Image of sloth, and and picture of a slaue,  
The obloquie and skorne of my renowne,  
How may my hart, thus fired with mine eies,  
Wounded with shame, and kill'd with discontent,  
Shrowd any thought may holde my striuing hands  
From martiall iustice on thy wretched soule.  
*ther.* Yet pardon him I pray your Maiesty. (don  
*tech. & Vsu.* Let al of vs intreat your highnesse par=  
*tam.* Stand vp, ye base vnworthy souldiers,  
Know ye not yet the argument of Armes?  
*Amy.* Good my Lord, let him be forgiuen for once,  
And we wil force him to the field hereafter.  
*tam.* Stand vp my boyes, and I wil teach ye arms,  
And what the ielousie of warres must doe.  
O *Samarcanda*, where I breathed first,  
And ioy'd the fire of this martiall flesh,  
Blush, blush faire citie, at thine honors foile,  
And shame of nature with *Iaertis* streame,  
Embracing thee with deepest of his loue,  
Can neuer wash from thy distained browes.  
Here *Ioue*, receiue his fainting soule againe,  
A Forme not meet to giue that subiect essence,  
Whose matter is the flesh of *Tamburlain*,  
Wherein an incorporeall spirit mooues,  
Made of the mould whereof of thy selfe consists.

wln 1590 Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,  
wln 1591 Ready to leuie power against thy throne,  
wln 1592 That I might mooue the turning Spheares of heauē,  
wln 1593 For earth and al this aery region  
wln 1594 Cannot containe the state of *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 1595 By *Mahomet*, thy mighty friend I sweare,  
wln 1596 In sending to my issue such a soule,  
wln 1597 Created of the massy dregges of earth,  
wln 1598 The scum and tartar of the Elements,  
wln 1599 Wherein was neither corrage, strength or wit,  
wln 1600 But follie, sloth, and damned idlennesse:  
wln 1601 Thou hast procur'd a greater enemie,  
wln 1602 Than he that darted mountaines at thy head.  
wln 1603 Shaking the burthen mighty *Atlas* beares:  
wln 1604 Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the aire.  
wln 1605 Cloth'd with a pitchy cloud for being seene.  
wln 1606 And now ye cankred cures of *Asia*,  
wln 1607 That will not see the strength of *Tamburlaine*,  
wln 1608 Although it shine as brightly as the Sun.  
wln 1609 Now you shal feele the strength of *Tamburlain*,  
wln 1610 And by the state of his supremacie,  
wln 1611 Approoue the difference twixt himself and you.  
wln 1612 *Orc.* Thou shewest the difference twixt our selues  
wln 1613 (and thee.  
wln 1614 In this thy barbarous damned tyranny.  
wln 1615 *Ier.* Thy victories are growne so violent,  
wln 1616 That shortly heauen, fild with the meteors  
wln 1617 Of blood and fire thy tyrannies haue made,  
wln 1618 Will poure down blood and fire on thy head:  
wln 1619 Whose scalding drops wil pierce thy seething braines,  
wln 1620 And with our bloods, reuenge our bloods on thee.  
wln 1621 *Tamb.* Villaines, these terrours and these tyrannies

(If

wln 1622 (If tyrannies wars iustice ye repute)  
wln 1623 I execute, enioin'd me from aboue:  
wln 1624 To scourge the pride of such as heauen abhors,  
wln 1625 Nor am I made Arch=monark of the world,  
wln 1626 Crown'd and inuested by the hand of *Ioue*,  
wln 1627 For deeds of bounty or nobility:  
wln 1628 But since I exercise a greater name,  
wln 1629 The Scourge of God and terrour of the world,  
wln 1630 I must apply my selfe to fit those tearmes,  
wln 1631 In war, in blood, in death, in crueltie,  
wln 1632 And plague such Pesants as resisting me,  
wln 1633 The power of heauens eternall maiesty.  
wln 1634 *Theridamas, techelles, and Casane,*  
wln 1635 Ransacke the tents and the paulions  
wln 1636 Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines.  
wln 1637 Making them burie this effeminate brat,  
wln 1638 For not a common Souldier shall defile  
wln 1639 His manly fingers with so faint a boy.  
wln 1640 Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,  
wln 1641 And Ile dispose them as it likes me best,  
wln 1642 Meane while take him in.  
wln 1643 *Soul.* We will my Lord.  
wln 1644 *Ier* O damned monster, nay a Feend of Hell,  
wln 1645 Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,  
wln 1646 Nor yet imposd, with such a bitter hate.  
wln 1647 *Orc.* Reuenge it *Radamanth* and *Eacus*,  
wln 1648 And let your hates extended in his paines,  
wln 1649 Expell the hate wherewith he paines our soules.  
wln 1650 *treb.* May neuer day giue vertue to his eies,  
wln 1651 Whose sight composde of furie and of fire  
wln 1652 Doth send such sterne affections to his heart,  
wln 1653 *Sor:* May neuer spirit, vaine or Artier feed

wln 1654 The cursed substance of that cruel heart,  
wln 1655 But (wanting moisture and remorsefull blood)  
wln 1656 Drie vp with anger, and consume with heat.  
wln 1657 *tam.* Wel, bark ye dogs, Ile bridle al your tongues  
wln 1658 And bind them close with bits of burnisht steele,  
wln 1659 Downe to the channels of your hatefull throats,  
wln 1660 And with the paines my rigour shall inflict,  
wln 1661 Ile make ye roare, that earth may eccho foorth  
wln 1662 The far resounding torments ye sustaine,  
wln 1663 As when an heard of lusty Cymbrian Buls,  
wln 1664 Run mourning round about, the Femals misse,  
wln 1665 And stung with furie of their following,  
wln 1666 Fill all the aire with troublous bellowing:  
wln 1667 I will with Engines, neuer exercisde,  
wln 1668 Conquer, sacke, and vtterly consume  
wln 1669 Your cities and your golden pallaces,  
wln 1670 And with the flames that beat against the clowdes  
wln 1671 Incense the heauens. and make the starres to melt,  
wln 1672 As if they were the teares of *Mahomet*  
wln 1673 For hot consumption of his countries pride:  
wln 1674 And til by vision, or by speach I heare  
wln 1675 Immortall *Ioue* say, Cease my *Tamburlaine*,  
wln 1676 I will persist a terrour to the world,  
wln 1677 Making the Meteors, that like armed men  
wln 1678 Are seene to march vpon the towers of heauen,  
wln 1679 Run tilting round about the firmament,  
wln 1680 And breake their burning Lances in the aire,  
wln 1681 For honor of my woondrous victories.  
wln 1682 Come bring them in to our Paulion.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus*



wln 1683

*Actus. 4. Scæna. 3,*

wln 1684

*Olympia alone.*

wln 1685

DIstrest *Olympia*, whose weeping eies  
wln 1686 Since thy arriuall here beheld no Sun,  
wln 1687 But closde within the compasse of a tent,  
wln 1688 Hath stain'd thy cheekes, & made thee look like  
wln 1689 Deuise some meanes to rid thee of thy life. (death  
wln 1690 Rather than yeeld to his detested suit,  
wln 1691 Whose drift is onely to dishonor thee.  
wln 1692 And since this earth, dew'd with thy brinish teares,  
wln 1693 Affords no hearbs, whose taste may poison thee,  
wln 1694 Nor yet this aier, beat often with thy sighes,  
wln 1695 Contagious smels, and vapors to infect thee,  
wln 1696 Nor thy close Caue a sword to murder thee,  
wln 1697 Let this inuention be the instrument.

wln 1698

*Enter Theridamas.*

wln 1699

*The.* Wel met *Olympia*, I sought thee in my tent  
wln 1700 But when I saw the place obscure and darke,  
wln 1701 Which with thy beauty thou wast woont to light,  
wln 1702 Enrag'd, I ran about the fields for thee,  
wln 1703 Supposing, amorous *Ioue* had sent his sonne,  
wln 1704 The winged *Hermes*, to conuay thee hence:  
wln 1705 But now I finde thee, and that feare is past.  
wln 1706 Tell me *Olympia*, wilt thou graunt my suit?

wln 1701

wln 1702

wln 1703

wln 1704

wln 1705

wln 1706

wln 1707

wln 1708

wln 1709

wln 1710

wln 1711

*Olym.* My Lord and husbandes death, with my  
wln 1708 With whom I buried al affections, (sweete sons,  
wln 1709 Saue grieffe and sorrow which torment my heart,  
wln 1710 Forbids my mind to entertaine a thought  
wln 1711 That tends to loue, but meditate on death,

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1712

A fitter subiect for a pensiuē soule.

wln 1713

*Ther.* *Olympia*, pitie him, in whom thy looks

wln 1714

Haue greater operation and more force

wln 1715

Than *Cynthias* in the watery wildernes,

wln 1716

For with thy view my ioyes are at the full,

wln 1717

And eb againe, as thou departst from me.

wln 1718

*Olim.* Ah, pity me my Lord, and draw your sword,

wln 1719

Making a passage for my troubled soule,

wln 1720

Which beates against this prison to get out,

wln 1721

And meet my husband and my louing sonne.

wln 1722

*ther.* Nothing, but stil thy husband and thy sonne?

wln 1723

Leaue this my Loue, and listen more to me,

wln 1724

Thou shalt be stately Queene of faire *Argier*,

wln 1725

And cloth'd in costly cloath of massy gold,

wln 1726

Vpon the marble turrets of my Court

wln 1727

Sit like to *Venus* in her chaire of state,

wln 1728

Commanding all thy princely eie desires,

wln 1729

And I will cast off armes and sit with thee,

wln 1730

Spending my life in sweet discourse of loue.

wln 1731

*Olym.* No such discourse is pleasant in mine eares,

wln 1732

But that where euery period ends with death,

wln 1733

And euery line begins with death againe:

wln 1734

I cannot loue to be an Emperesse.

wln 1735

*ther.* Nay Lady, then if nothing wil preuaile,

wln 1736

Ile vse some other means to make you yeeld,

wln 1737

Such is the sodaine fury of my loue,

wln 1738

I must and wil be pleasde, and you shall yeeld:

wln 1739

Come to the tent againe. (honor,

wln 1740

*Olym.* Stay good my Lord, and wil you saue my

wln 1741

Ile giue your Grace a present of such price,

wln 1742

As all the world cannot affoord the like.

wln 1743

*ther.* What is it.

*Olim.*

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
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wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772  
wln 1773  
wln 1774  
wln 1775

*Olym.* An ointment which a cunning Alcumist  
Distilled from the purest Balsamum,  
And simplest extracts of all Minerals,  
In which the essentiall fourme of Marble stone,  
Tempered by science metaphisicall,  
And Spels of magicke from the mouthes of spirits,  
With which if you but noint your tender Skin,  
Nor Pistol, Sword, nor Lance can pierce your flesh.

*Ther.* Why Madam, thinke ye to mocke me thus  
palpably?

*Olim.* To prooue it, I wil noint 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 husband some of it, if  
you loued him, and it so precious?

*Olym.* My purpose was (my Lord) to spend it so,  
But was preuented by his sodaine end.  
And for a present easie prooffe hereof,  
That I dissemble not, trie it on me,

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

*She noints her throat.*

*Olym.* Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapons  
That wil be blunted if the blow be great. (point

*ther.* Here then *Olympia*.  
What, haue I slaine her? Villaine, stab thy selfe:  
Cut off this arme that murdered my Loue:  
In whom the learned Rabies of this age,  
Might find as many woondrous myracles,  
As in the Theoria of the world.  
Now Hell is fairer than *Elisian*,  
A greater Lamp than that bright eie of heauen,

From

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1776 From whence the starres doo borrow all their light,  
wln 1777 Wanders about the black circumference,  
wln 1778 And now the damned soules are free from paine,  
wln 1779 For euery Fury gazeth on her lookes:  
wln 1780 Infernall *Dis* is courting of my Loue,  
wln 1781 Inuenting maskes and stately showes for her,  
wln 1782 Opening the doores of his rich treasure,  
wln 1783 To entertaine this Queene of chastitie,  
wln 1784 Whose body shall be tomb'd with all the pompe  
wln 1785 The treasure of my kingdome may affoord.

*Exit, taking her away.*

*Actus. 4. Scæna. 4.*

wln 1788 *Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizon*  
wln 1789 *and Soria with bittes in their mouthes, reines in*  
wln 1790 *his left hand, in his right hād a whip, with which*  
wln 1791 *he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsu=*  
wln 1792 *measane, Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and Ieru-*  
wln 1793 *salem led by with fiue or six common souldiers.*

*Tam.*

wln 1795 Holla, ye pampered Iades of *Asia*:  
wln 1796 What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,  
wln 1797 And haue so proud a chariot at your heeles,  
wln 1798 And such a Coachman as great *Tamburlaine*?  
wln 1799 But from *Asphaltis*, where I conquer'd you,  
wln 1800 To *Byron* here where thus I honor you?  
wln 1801 The horse that guide the golden eie of heauen,  
wln 1802 And blow the morning from their nosterils,  
wln 1803 Making their fiery gate aboue the cloudes,  
wln 1804 Are not so honoured in their Gouvernour,  
wln 1805 As you (ye slaues) in mighty *Tamburlain*.  
wln 1806 The headstrong Iades of *Thrace*, *Alcides* tam'd,

That

wln 1807 That King *Egeus* fed with humane flesh,  
wln 1808 And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,  
wln 1809 Were not subdew'd with valour more diuine,  
wln 1810 Than you by this vnconquered arme of mine.  
wln 1811 To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,  
wln 1812 You shal be fed with flesh as raw as blood,  
wln 1813 And drinke in pailles the strongest Muscadell:  
wln 1814 If you can liue with it, then liue, and draw  
wln 1815 My chariot swifter than the racking cloudes:  
wln 1816 If not, then dy like beasts, and fit for nought  
wln 1817 But perches for the black and fatall Rauens.  
wln 1818 Thus am I right the Scourge of highest *Ioue*,  
wln 1819 And see the figure of my dignitie,  
wln 1820 By which I hold my name and maiesty.  
wln 1821 *Ami.* Let me haue coach my Lord, that I may ride,  
wln 1822 And thus be drawen with these two idle kings.  
wln 1823 *tam.* Thy youth forbids such ease my kingly boy,  
wln 1824 They shall to morrow draw my chariot,  
wln 1825 While these their fellow kings may be refresht,  
wln 1826 *Orc.* O thou that swaiest the region vnder earth,  
wln 1827 And art a king as absolute as *Ioue*,  
wln 1828 Come as thou didst in fruitfull Scicilie,  
wln 1829 Suruaieng all the glories of the land:  
wln 1830 And as thou took'st the faire *Proserpina*,  
wln 1831 Ioying the fruit of *Ceres* garden plot,  
wln 1832 For loue, for honor, and to make her Queene,  
wln 1833 So for iust hate, for shame, and to subdew  
wln 1834 This proud contemner of thy dreadfull power,  
wln 1835 Come once in furie and suruay his pride,  
wln 1836 Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.  
wln 1837 *ther.* Your Maiesty must get some byts for these,  
wln 1838 To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues,

That

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1839

That like vnruely neuer broken Iades,

wln 1840

Breake through the hedges of their hateful mouthes,

wln 1841

And passe their fixed boundes exceedingly.

wln 1842

*Tech.* Nay, we wil break the hedges of their mouths

wln 1843

And pul their kicking colts out of their pastures,

wln 1844

*Vsu* Your Maiesty already hath deuisde

wln 1845

A meane, as fit as may be to restraine

wln 1846

These coltish coach=horse tongues from blasphemy.

wln 1847

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

wln 1848

*Ier.* Ah cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrants loines,

wln 1849

How like his cursed father he begins,

wln 1850

To practize tauntes and bitter tyrannies?

wln 1851

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

wln 1852

That must (aduaunst in higher pompe than this)

wln 1853

Rifle the kingdomes I shall leaue vnsackt.

wln 1854

If *Ioue* esteeming me too good for earth,

wln 1855

Raise me to match the faire *Aldeboran*,

wln 1856

Above the threefold Astracisme of heauen,

wln 1857

Before I conquere all the triple world.

wln 1858

Now fetch me out the Turkish Concubines,

wln 1859

I will prefer them for the funerall

wln 1860

They haue bestowed on my abortiue sonne.

wln 1861

*The Concubines are brought in.*

wln 1862

Where are my common souldiers now that fought

wln 1863

So Lion=like vpon Asphaltis plaines?

wln 1864

*Soul.* Here my Lord.

wln 1865

*Tam.* Hold ye tal souldiers, take ye Queens apeece

wln 1866

(I meane such Queens as were kings Concubines)

wln 1867

Take them, deuide them and their iewels too,

wln 1868

And let them equally serue all your turnes.

wln 1869

*Soul.* We thank your maiesty.

wln 1870

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

For

wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
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wln 1901  
wln 1902

For euery man that so offends shall die,  
*Orc.* Iniurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame  
The hatefull fortunes of thy victory,  
To exercise vpon such guiltlesse Dames,  
The violence of thy common Souldiours lust.  
*Tam.* Liue 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 mercillesse infernall cruelty.  
*Tam.* Saue your honours? twere but time indeed,  
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.  
*ther.* It seemes they meant to conquer vs my Lord,  
And make vs ieasting Pageants for their Trulles.  
*tam.* And now themselues shal make our Pageant,  
And common souldiers iest with all their Truls,  
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 *techelles*, forward then ye Iades:  
Now crowch 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 store,  
The Euxine 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*.

K

Then

img: 74-a  
sig: K1v

*The bloody Conquest of*

wln 1903 Then shal my natiue city *Samarcanda*  
wln 1904 And christall waues of fresh *Iaertis* streame,  
wln 1905 The pride and beautie of her princely seat,  
wln 1906 Be famous through the furthest continents,  
wln 1907 For there my Pallace royal shal be plac'd:  
wln 1908 Whose shyning Turrets shal dismay the heauens,  
wln 1909 And cast the fame of *Ilions* Tower to hell.  
wln 1910 Thorow the streets with troops of conquered kings,  
wln 1911 Ile ride in golden armour like the Sun,  
wln 1912 And in my helme a triple plume shal spring,  
wln 1913 Spangled with Diamonds dancing in the aire,  
wln 1914 To note me Emperour of the threefold world.  
wln 1915 Like to an almond tree ymounted high,  
wln 1916 Vpon the lofty and celestiall mount,  
wln 1917 Of euery greene *Selinus* queintly dect  
wln 1918 With bloomes more white than *Hericinas* browes,  
wln 1919 Whose tender blossoms tremble euery one,  
wln 1920 At euery litle breath that thorow heauen is blowen:  
wln 1921 Then in my coach like *Saturnes* royal son,  
wln 1922 Mounted his shining chariots, gilt with fire.  
wln 1923 And drawen with princely Eagles through the path,  
wln 1924 Pau'd with bright Christall, and enchac'd with starres,  
wln 1925 When all the Gods stand and gazing at his pomp.  
wln 1926 So will I ride through *Samarcanda* streets,  
wln 1927 Vntil my soule disseuered from this flesh,  
wln 1928 Shall mount the milk=white way and meet him there.  
wln 1929 To *Babylon* my Lords, to *Babylon*.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

Actus



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2*

*Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.*

*Enter the Governour of Babylon vpon the walles  
with others.*

*Gouer.*

WHAT saith *Maximus*? (hath made

*Max.* My Lord, the breach the enimie  
Giues such assurance of our ouerthrow,  
That litle 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 satisfie the peoples generall praiers,  
That *Tamburlains* intollorable wrath  
May be suppress by our submission.

*Gou.* Villaine, respects thou more thy slauish life,  
Than honor of thy countrie or thy name?  
Is not my life and state as deere to me,  
The citie and my natiue 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 *Limnasphaltis*  
Makes walles a fresh with euery thing that falles  
Into the liquid substance of his streame,  
More strong than are the gates of death or hel.  
What faintnesse should dismay our courages,  
When we are thus defenc'd against our Foe,  
And haue no terrour but his threatning lookes?

*Enter another, kneeling to the  
Gouernour.*

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

K2

Offer

wln 1931

wln 1932

wln 1933

wln 1934

wln 1935

wln 1936

wln 1937

wln 1938

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wln 1952

wln 1953

wln 1954

wln 1955

wln 1956

wln 1957

wln 1958

wln 1959

wln 1960

wln 1961

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 1962

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

wln 1963

wln 1964

wln 1965

wln 1966

wln 1967

wln 1968

wln 1969

wln 1970

*Gouer.* How is my soule enuironed,

wln 1971

And this eternisde citie *Babylon*,

wln 1972

Fill'd with a packe of faintheart Fugitiues,

wln 1973

That thus intreat their shame and seruitude?

wln 1974

*Another.* My Lord, if euer you wil win our hearts,

wln 1975

Yeeld vp the towne, saue our wiues and children:

wln 1976

For I wil cast my selfe from off these walles,

wln 1977

Or die some death of quickest violence,

wln 1978

Before I bide the wrath of *Tamburlaine*.

wln 1979

*Gouer.* Villaines, cowards, Traitors to our state,

wln 1980

Fall to the earth, and pierce the pit of Hel,

wln 1981

That legions of tormenting spirits may vex

wln 1982

Your slauish bosomes with continuall paines,

wln 1983

I care not, nor the towne will neuer yeeld

wln 1984

As long as any life is in my breast.

wln 1985

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles,*

wln 1986

*with other souldiers.*

wln 1987

Thou desperate Gouvernour of *Babylon*,

wln 1988

To saue thy life, and vs a litle labour,

wln 1989

Yeeld speedily the citie to our hands,

wln 1990

Or els be sure thou shalt be forc'd with paines,

wln 1991

More exquisite than euer Traitor felt.

wln 1992

*Gou.* Tyrant, I turne the traitor in thy throat,

wln 1993

And wil defend it in despite of thee.

Call

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 1994

Call vp the souldiers to defend these wals.

wln 1995

*tech.* Yeeld foolish Gouvernour, we offer more

wln 1996

Than euer **pet** we did to such proud slaues,

wln 1997

As durst resist vs till our third daies siege:

wln 1998

Thou seest vs prest to giue the last assault,

wln 1999

And that shal bide no more regard of parlie.

wln 2000

*Gou.* Assault and spare not, we wil neuer yeeld.

wln 2001

*Alarme, and they scale the walles.*

wln 2002

*Enter Tamburlain, with Vsumeasane. Amyras, and*

wln 2003

*Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.*

wln 2004

*Tam.* The stately buildings of faire *Babylon*,

wln 2005

Whose lofty Pillers, higher than the cloudes,

wln 2006

Were woont to guide the seaman in the deepe.

wln 2007

Being caried thither by the cannons force,

wln 2008

Now fil the mouth of *Limnasphaltes* lake,

wln 2009

And make a bridge vnto the battered walles,

wln 2010

Where *Belus*, *Ninus* and great *Alexander*

wln 2011

Haue rode in triumph, triumphs *Tamburlaine*,

wln 2012

Whose chariot wheeles haue burst th' Assirians bones,

wln 2013

Drawen with these kings on heaps of carkasses,

wln 2014

Now in the place where faire *Semiramis*,

wln 2015

Courted by kings and peeres of *Asia*,

wln 2016

Hath trode the Measures, do my souldiers march,

wln 2017

And in the streets, where braue Assirian Dames

wln 2018

Haue rid in pompe like rich *Saturnia*,

wln 2019

With furious words and frowning visages,

wln 2020

My horsmen brandish their vnruly blades.

wln 2021

*Enter Theridamas and Techelles bringing*

wln 2022

*the Gouvernor of Babylon.*

wln 2023

Who haue ye there my Lordes?

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 2024                    *Ther.*    The sturdy Gouvernour of *Babylon*,  
wln 2025                    That made vs all the labour for the towne,  
wln 2026                    And vsde such slender reckning of **you** maiesty.  
wln 2027                        *tam.*    Go bind the villaine, he shall hang in chaines,  
wln 2028                    Vpon the ruines of this conquered towne,  
wln 2029                    Sirha, the view of our vermillion tents,  
wln 2030                    Which threatned more than if the region  
wln 2031                    Next vnderneath the Element of fire,  
wln 2032                    Were full of Commets and of blazing stars,  
wln 2033                    Whose flaming traines should reach down to the earth  
wln 2034                    Could not affright you, no, nor I my selfe,  
wln 2035                    The wrathfull messenger of mighty *Ioue*,  
wln 2036                    That with his sword hath quail'd all earthly kings,  
wln 2037                    Could not perswade you to submission,  
wln 2038                    But stil the ports were shut: villaine I say,  
wln 2039                    Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,  
wln 2040                    The triple headed *Cerberus* would howle,  
wln 2041                    And wake blacke *Ioue* to crouch and kneele to me.  
wln 2042                    But I haue sent volleies of shot to you,  
wln 2043                    Yet could not enter till the breach was made,  
wln 2044                        *Gou.*    Nor if my body could haue stopt the breach,  
wln 2045                    Shouldst thou haue entred, cruel *tamburlaine*:  
wln 2046                    Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yeeld,  
wln 2047                    Nor yet thy selfe, the anger of the highest,  
wln 2048                    For though thy cannon shooke the citie walles,  
wln 2049                    My heart did neuer quake, or corrage faint.  
wln 2050                        *tam.*    Wel, now Ile make it quake, go draw him vp,  
wln 2051                    Hang him vp in chaines vpon the citie walles,  
wln 2052                    And let my souldiers shoot the slaue to death.  
wln 2053                        *Gouern.*    Vile monster, borne of some infernal hag,  
wln 2054                    And sent from hell to tyrannise on earth,  
wln 2055                    Do all thy wurst, nor death, nor *Tamburlaine*,

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2056 Torture or paine can daunt my dreadlesse minde.  
wln 2057 *tam.* Vp with him then, his body shalbe scard.  
wln 2058 *Gou* But *Tamburlain*, in *Lymnasphaltis* lake,  
wln 2059 There lies more gold than *Babylon* is worth,  
wln 2060 Which when the citie was besieg'd I hid,  
wln 2061 Saue but my life and I wil giue it thee. (life,  
wln 2062 *tam.* Then for all your valour, you would saue your  
wln 2063 Where about lies it?  
wln 2064 *Gou.* Vnder a hollow bank, right opposite  
wln 2065 Against the Westerne gate of *Babylon*.  
wln 2066 *tam* Go thither some of you and take his gold,  
wln 2067 The rest forward with execution,  
wln 2068 Away with him hence, let him speake no more:  
wln 2069 I think I make your courage something quaille,  
wln 2070 When this is done, we'll martch from *Babylon*,  
wln 2071 And make our greatest haste to *Persea*:  
wln 2072 These Iades are broken winded, and halfe tyr'd,  
wln 2073 Vnharnesse them, and let me haue fresh horse:  
wln 2074 So, now their best is done to honour me,  
wln 2075 Take them, and hang them both vp presently.  
wln 2076 *Tre.* Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody *Tamburlain*  
wln 2077 *Tamb.* Take them away *Theridamas*, see them  
wln 2078 (dispatcht.  
wln 2079 *Ther* I will my Lord.  
wln 2080 *tam.* Come Asian Vicerioies, to your taskes a while  
wln 2081 And take such fortune as your fellowes felt.  
wln 2082 *Orc.* First let thy Scythyan horse teare both our  
wln 2083 Rather then we should draw thy chariot. (limmes  
wln 2084 And like base slaues abiect our princely mindes  
wln 2085 To vile and ignominious seruitude.  
wln 2086 *Ier.* Rather lend me thy weapon *Tamburlain*,  
wln 2087 That I may sheath it in this breast of mine,

wln 2088

A thousand deathes could not torment our hearts

wln 2089

More than the thought of this dooth vexe our soules.

wln 2090

*Amy.* They will talk still my Lord, if you doe not  
bridle them.

wln 2092

*tam.* Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

wln 2093

*They bridle them.*

wln 2094

*Amy.* See now my Lord how braue the Captaine  
(hangs.

wln 2095

*tam.* Tis braue indeed my boy, wel done,

wln 2097

Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.

wln 2098

*ther.* Then haue at him to begin withall.

wln 2099

*Theridamas shootes.*

wln 2100

*Gou* Yet saue my life, and let this wound appease

wln 2101

The mortall furie of great *Tamburlain.*

wln 2102

*tam.* No, though *Asphaltis* lake were liquid gold,

wln 2103

And offer'd me as ransome for thy life,

wln 2104

Yet shouldst thou die, shoot at him all at once.

wln 2105

*They shoote.*

wln 2106

So now he hangs like *Bagdets* Gouvernour,

wln 2107

Hauing as many bullets in his flesh,

wln 2108

As there be breaches in her battered wall.

wln 2109

Goe now and bind the Burghers hand and foot,

wln 2110

And cast them headlong in the cities lake:

wln 2111

Tartars and Perseans shall inhabit there,

wln 2112

And to command the citie, I will build

wln 2113

A Cytadell, that all Affrica

wln 2114

Which hath bene subiect to the Persean king,

wln 2115

Shall pay me tribute for, in *Babylon.*

wln 2116

*tech.* What shall be done with their wiues and chil=  
dren my Lord.

wln 2117

*tam,* Techelles, Drowne them all, man, woman,

wln 2118

Leaue not a Babylonian in the towne. (and child,

wln 2119

*Tech.*

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
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wln 2149  
wln 2150  
wln 2151

*tech* I will about it straight, come Souldiers.  
*tam.* Now *Casane*, wher's the Turkish *Alcaron*,  
And all the heapes of supersticious bookes,  
Found in the Temples of that *Mahomet*?  
Whom I haue thought a God, they shal be burnt.  
*Cas.* Here they are my Lord.  
*tam.* Wel 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 vntoucht by *Mahomet*:  
There is a God full of reuenging wrath,  
From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,  
Whose Scourge I am, and him will I obey.  
So *Casane*, fling them in the fire.  
Now *Mahomet*, if thou haue any power,  
Come downe thy selfe and worke a myracle,  
Thou art not woorthy to be worshipped,  
That suffers flames of fire to burne the writ  
Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.  
Why send'st thou not a furious whyrlwind downe,  
To blow thy *Alcaron* vp 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 maiesty.  
And spurns the Abstracts of thy foolish lawes.  
Wel souldiers, *Mahomet* remaines in hell,  
He cannot heare the voice of *Tamburlain*,  
Seeke out another Godhead to adore,  
The God that sits in heauen, if any God,  
For he is God alone, and none but he.  
*tech.* I haue fulfil'd your highnes wil, my Lord,

*Exit*

Thou

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 2152 Thousands of men drown'd in *Asphaltis* Lake,  
wln 2153 Haue made the water swell aboue the bankes,  
wln 2154 And fishes feed by humane carkasses,  
wln 2155 Amasde, swim vp and downe vpon the waues,  
wln 2156 As when they swallow *Assafitida*,  
wln 2157 Which makes them fleet aloft and gaspe for aire,  
wln 2158 *tam.* Wel then my friendly Lordes what now re=  
wln 2159 But that we leaue sufficient garrison (maines  
wln 2160 And presently depart to *Persea*,  
wln 2161 To triumph after all our victories.  
wln 2162 *ther.* I, good my Lord, let vs in hast to *Persea*,  
wln 2163 And let this Captaine be remoou'd the walles,  
wln 2164 To some high hill about the citie here.  
wln 2165 *tam.* Let it be so, about it souldiers:  
wln 2166 But stay, I feele my selfe distempered sudainly.  
wln 2167 *tech.* What is it dares distemper *Tamburlain*?  
wln 2168 *tam.* Something *techelles* but I know not what,  
wln 2169 But foorth ye vassals, what so ere it be,  
wln 2170 Sicknes or death can neuer conquer me. *Exeunt*

wln 2171 *Actus. 5. Scæna. 4.*

wln 2172 *Enter Callapine, Amasia, with drums and trumpets.*  
wln 2173 *Callap.*  
wln 2174 KING of *Amasia*, now our mighty hoste,  
wln 2175 Marcheth in *Asia maior* where the streames,  
wln 2176 Of *Euphrates* and *Tigris* swiftly runs,  
wln 2177 And here may we behold great Babylon,  
wln 2178 Circl'd about with *Limnasphaltis* Lake,  
wln 2179 Where *tamburlaine* with all his armie lies,  
wln 2180 Which being faint and weary with the siege,  
wln 2181 Wee may lie ready to encounter him.

Before



*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
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wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213

Before his hoste be full from *Babylon*,  
And so reuenge our latest grieuous losse,  
If God or *Mahomet* send any aide.  
*Ama.* Doubt not my lord, but we shal conquer him  
The Monster that hath drunke a sea of blood,  
And yet gapes stil for more to quench his thirst,  
Our Turkish swords shal headlong send to hell,  
And that vile Carkasse drawne by warlike kings,  
The Foules shall eate, for neuer sepulchre  
Shall grace that base=borne Tyrant *tamburlaine*.  
*Cal.* When I record my Parents' slauish life,  
Their cruel death, mine owne captiuity,  
My Vicerioies bondage vnder *tamburlaine*,  
Me thinks I could sustaine a thousand deaths,  
To be reueng'd of all his Villanie.  
Ah sacred *Mahomet*, thou that hast seene,  
Millions of Turkes perish by *Tamburlaine*,  
Kingdomes made waste, braue cities sackt & burnt,  
And but one hoste is left to honor thee.  
And thy obedient seruant *Callapine*.  
And make him after all these ouerthrowes,  
To triumph ouer cursed *Tamburlaine*.  
*Ama* Feare not my Lord, I see great *Mahomet*  
Clothed in purple clowdes, and on his head  
A Chaplet brighter than *Apollos* crowne,  
Marching about the ayer with armed men,  
To ioine with you against this *Tamburlaine*.  
Renowmed Generall mighty *Callapine*,  
Though God himselfe and holy *Mahomet*,  
Should come in person to resist your power,  
Yet might your mighty hoste incounter all,  
And pull proud *Tamburlaine* vpon his knees,

To

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 2214 To sue for mercie at your highnesse feete,  
wln 2215 *Cal.* Captaine the force of *Tamburlaine* is great,  
wln 2216 His fortune greater, and the victories  
wln 2217 Wherewith he hath so sore dismaide the world,  
wln 2218 Are greatest to discourage all our drifts,  
wln 2219 Yet when the pride of *Cynthia* is at full,  
wln 2220 She waines againe, and so shall his I hope,  
wln 2221 For we haue here the chiefe selected men  
wln 2222 Of twenty seuerall kingdomes at the least:  
wln 2223 Nor plowman, Priest, nor Merchant staies at home.  
wln 2224 All Turkie is in armes with *Callapine*.  
wln 2225 And neuer wil we sunder camps and armes,  
wln 2226 Before himselfe or his be conquered.  
wln 2227 This is the time that must eternize me,  
wln 2228 For conquering the Tyrant of the world.  
wln 2229 Come Souldiers, let vs lie in wait for him  
wln 2230 And if we find him absent from his campe,  
wln 2231 Or that it be reioin'd again at full,  
wln 2232 Assaile it and be sure of victorie.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2233 *Actus. 5. Scæna. 6.*

wln 2234 *Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumeasane.*

wln 2235 WEepe heauens, and vanish into liquid teares  
wln 2236 Fal starres that gouerne his natiuity,  
wln 2237 And sommon al the shining lamps of heauen  
wln 2238 To cast their bootlesse fires to the earth.  
wln 2239 And shed their feble influence in the aire.  
wln 2240 Muffle your beauties with eternall clowdes,  
wln 2241 For hell and darknesse pitch their pitchy tentes,  
wln 2242 And Death with armies of Cymerian spirits

Giues

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2243 Giues battile gainst the heart of *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 2244 Now in defiance of that woonted loue,  
wln 2245 Your sacred vertues pour'd vpon his throne,  
wln 2246 And made his state an honor to the heauens,  
wln 2247 These cowards inuisible assaile hys soule,  
wln 2248 And threaten conquest on our Soueraigne:  
wln 2249 But if he die, your glories are disgrac'd,  
wln 2250 Earth droopes and saies, that hell in heauen is plac'd,  
wln 2251 *tech.* O then ye Powers that sway eternal seates,  
wln 2252 And guide this massy substance of the earthe,  
wln 2253 If you retaine desert of holinesse,  
wln 2254 As your supream estates instruct our thoughtes,  
wln 2255 Be not inconstant, carelesse of your fame,  
wln 2256 Beare not the burthen of your enemies ioyes,  
wln 2257 Triumpling in his fall whom you aduaunst,  
wln 2258 But as his birth, life, health and maiesty  
wln 2259 Were strangely blest and gouerned by heauen,  
wln 2260 So honour heauen til heauen dissolued be,  
wln 2261 His byrth, his life, his health and maiesty.  
wln 2262 *Cas.* Blush heauen to loose the honor of thy name,  
wln 2263 To see thy foot=stoole set vpon thy head,  
wln 2264 And let no basenesse in thy haughty breast,  
wln 2265 Sustaine a shame of such inexcellence:  
wln 2266 To see the deuils mount in Angels throanes,  
wln 2267 And Angels diue into the pooles of hell.  
wln 2268 And though they think their painfull date is out,  
wln 2269 And that their power is puissant as *Ioues*,  
wln 2270 Which makes them manage armes against thy state,  
wln 2271 Yet make them feele the strength of *Tamburlain*,  
wln 2272 Thy instrument and note of **Maisty**.  
wln 2273 Is greater far, than they can thus subdue.  
wln 2274 For if he die, thy glorie is disgrac'd,

Earth

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 2275 Earth droopes and saies that hel in heauen is plac'd.  
wln 2276 *tam.* What daring God torments my body thus,  
wln 2277 And seeks to conquer mighty *Tamburlaine*,  
wln 2278 Shall sicknesse prooue me now to be a man,  
wln 2279 That haue bene tearm'd the terrour of the world?  
wln 2280 *Techelles* and the rest, come take your swords,  
wln 2281 And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,  
wln 2282 Come let vs march against the powers of heauen,  
wln 2283 And set blacke streamers in the firmament,  
wln 2284 To signifie the slaughter of the Gods,  
wln 2285 Ah friends, what shal I doe I cannot stand,  
wln 2286 Come carie me to war against the Gods,  
wln 2287 That thus inuie the health of *Tamburlaine*.  
wln 2288 *ther.* Ah good my Lord, leaue these impatient words,  
wln 2289 Which ad much danger to your malladie.  
wln 2290 *tam.* Why shal I sit and languish in this paine,  
wln 2291 No, strike the drums, and in reuenge of this,  
wln 2292 Come let vs chardge our speares and pierce his breast,  
wln 2293 Whose shoulders beare the Axis of the world,  
wln 2294 That if I perish, heauen and earth may fade,  
wln 2295 *theridamas*, haste to the court of *Ioue*,  
wln 2296 Will him to send *Apollo* hether straight,  
wln 2297 To cure me, or Ile fetch him downe my selfe. (cease,  
wln 2298 *tech.* Sit stil my gracious Lord, this grieffe wil  
wln 2299 And cannot last, it is so violent.  
wln 2300 *tam.* Not last *techelles*, no, for I shall die,  
wln 2301 See where my slaue, the vglie monster death  
wln 2302 Shaking and quiuering, pale and wan for feare,  
wln 2303 Stands aiming at me with his murthering dart,  
wln 2304 Who flies away at euery glance I giue,  
wln 2305 And when I look away, comes stealing on:  
wln 2306 Villaine away, and hie thee to the field,

*mighty Tamburlaine. Pars. 2.*

wln 2307 I and myne armie come to lode thy barke  
wln 2308 With soules of thousand mangled carkasses,  
wln 2309 Looke where he goes, but see, he comes againe  
wln 2310 Because I stay, *techelles* let vs march,  
wln 2311 And weary Death with bearing soules to hell.  
wln 2312 *Phi.* Pleaseth your Maiesty to drink this potion.  
wln 2313 Which wil abate the furie of your fit,  
wln 2314 And cause some milder spirits gouerne you.  
wln 2315 *tam.* Tel me, what think you of my sicknes now?  
wln 2316 *Phi.* I view'd your vrine, and the Hipostates  
wln 2317 Thick and obscure doth make your danger great,  
wln 2318 Your vaines are full of accidentall heat,  
wln 2319 Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried,  
wln 2320 The *Humidum* and *Calor*, which some holde  
wln 2321 Is not a parcell of the Elements,  
wln 2322 But of a substance more diuine and pure,  
wln 2323 Is almost cleane extinguished and spent.  
wln 2324 Which being the cause of life, imports your death.  
wln 2325 Besides my Lord, this day is Criticall,  
wln 2326 Dangerous to those, whose Chrisis is as yours:  
wln 2327 Your Artiers which alongst the vaines conuey  
wln 2328 The liuely spirits which the heart ingenders  
wln 2329 Are partcht and void of spirit that the soule  
wln 2330 Wanting those Organnons by which it mooues,  
wln 2331 Can not indure by argument of art.  
wln 2332 Yet if your maiesty may escape this day,  
wln 2333 No doubt, but you shal soone recouer all.  
wln 2334 *tam.* Then will I comfort all my vital parts,  
wln 2335 And liue in sight of death aboute a day.  
wln 2336 *Alarme within.*  
wln 2337 *Mess.* My Lord, yong *Callapine* that lately fled from  
wln 2338 your maiesty, hath nowe gathered a fresh Armie, and

hearing

*The bloody Conquests of*

wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341  
wln 2342  
wln 2343  
wln 2344  
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wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
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wln 2369  
wln 2370

hearing your absence in the field, offers to set vpon vs presently.

*Tam.* See my Phisitions now, how *Ioue* hath sent,  
A present **medicince** to recure my paine:  
My looks shall make them flie, and might I follow,  
There should not one of all the villaines power  
Liue 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 wil *Casane*: draw you slaues,  
In spight of death I will goe show my face.

*Alarme, Tamb. goes in, and comes out  
againe with al the rest.*

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

*One brings a Map.*

Here I began to martch towards *Persea*,  
Along *Armenia* and the Caspian sea,  
And thence vnto *Bythinia*, where I tooke  
The Turke and his great Empresse prisoners,  
Then martcht I into *Egypt* and *Arabia*,  
And here not far from *Alexandria*,

Wher=

wln 2371 Whereas the Terren and the red sea meet,  
wln 2372 Being distant lesse than ful a hundred leagues,  
wln 2373 I meant to cut a channell to them both,  
wln 2374 That men might quickly saile to *India*.  
wln 2375 From thence to *Nubia* neere *Borno* Lake,  
wln 2376 And so along the Ethiopian sea,  
wln 2377 Cutting the Tropicke line of *Capricorne*,  
wln 2378 I conquered all as far as *Zansibar*,  
wln 2379 Then by the Northerne part of *Affrica*.  
wln 2380 I came at last to *Græcia*, and from thence  
wln 2381 To *Asia*, where I stay against my will,  
wln 2382 Which is from *Scythia*, where I first began,  
wln 2383 Backeward and forwards nere fiue thousand leagues,  
wln 2384 Looke here my boies, see what a world of ground,  
wln 2385 Lies westward from the midst of *Cancers* line,  
wln 2386 Vnto the rising of this earthly globe,  
wln 2387 Whereas the Sun declining from our sight,  
wln 2388 Begins the day with our Antypodes:  
wln 2389 And shall I die, and this vnconquered?  
wln 2390 Loe here my sonnes, are all the golden Mines,  
wln 2391 Inestimable drugs and precious stones,  
wln 2392 More worth than *Asia*, and the world beside,  
wln 2393 And from th' Antartique Pole, Eastward behold  
wln 2394 As much more land, which neuer was descried,  
wln 2395 Wherein are rockes of Pearle, that shine as **kright**  
wln 2396 As all the Lamps that beautifie the Sky,  
wln 2397 And shal I die, and this vnconquered?  
wln 2398 Here louely boies, what death forbids my life,  
wln 2399 That let your liues commaund in spight of death.  
wln 2400 *Amy.* Alas my Lord, how should our bleeding harts  
wln 2401 Wounded and broken with your Highnesse grieffe,  
wln 2402 Retaine a thought of ioy, or sparke of life?

L

Your

wln 2403  
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wln 2434

Your soul giues essence to our wretched subiects.  
Whose matter is incorporoat in your flesh.  
*Cel.* Your paines do pierce our soules, no hope sur=  
For by your life we entertaine our liues, (uiues,  
*tam.* But sons, this subiect not of force enough,  
To hold the fiery spirit it containes,  
must part, imparting his impressions,  
By equall portions into both your breasts:  
My flesh deuided in your precious shapes,  
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 tittle 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 daunts our  
More than the ruine of our proper soules. (thoughts,  
*tam.* Sit vp my sonne, let me see how well  
Thou wilt become thy fathers maiestie.  
*They crowne him.*  
*Ami.* With what a flinty bosome should I ioy,  
The breath of life, and burthen of my soule,  
If not resolu'd into resolved paines,  
My bodies mortified lineaments  
should exercise the motions of my heart,  
Pierc'd with the ioy of any dignity?  
O father, if the vnrelenting eares  
Of death and hell be shut against my praiers,  
And that the spightfull influence of heauen.  
Denie my soule fruition of her ioy,

How



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wln 2466

How should I step or stir my hatefull feete,  
Against the inward powers of my heart,  
Leading a life that onely striues to die,  
And plead in vaine, vnpleasing souerainty.  
*tam.* Let not thy loue exceed thyne honor sonne,  
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimitie,  
That nobly must admit necessity:  
Sit vp my boy, and with those silken raines,  
Bridle the steeled stomackes of those Iades.  
*ther.* My Lord, you must obey his maiesty,  
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.  
*Amy.* Heauens witnes me, with what a broken hart  
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,  
**[\*]nd** send my soule before my father die,  
His anguish and his burning agony.  
*tam.* Now fetch the hearse of faire *Zenocrate*,  
Let it be plac'd by this my fatall chaire,  
And serue as parcell of my funerall.  
*Cas.* Then feeles your maiesty no soueraigne ease,  
Nor may our hearts all drown'd in teares of blood,  
Ioy any hope of your recouery?  
*tamb.* *Casane* no, the Monarke of the earth,  
And eiesse Monster that torments my soule,  
Cannot behold the teares ye shed for me,  
And therefore stil augments his cruelty.  
*tech.* Then let some God oppose his holy power,  
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,  
That his teare-thyrsty and vnquenched hate,  
May be vpon himselfe reuerberate.  
*They bring in the hearse.*  
*tam* Now eies, inioy your latest benefite,  
And when my soule hath vertue of your sight,

wln 2467 Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,  
wln 2468 And glut your longings with a heauen of ioy.  
wln 2469 So, raigne my sonne, scourge and controlle those slaues  
wln 2470 Guiding thy chariot with thy Fathers hand.  
wln 2471 As precious is the charge thou vndertak't  
wln 2472 As that which *Clymens* brainsicke sonne did guide,  
wln 2473 When wandring *Phæbes* Iuory cheeks were scortcht  
wln 2474 And all the earth like *Aetna* breathing fire:  
wln 2475 Be warn'd by him, then learne with awfull eie  
wln 2476 To sway a throane as dangerous as his:  
wln 2477 For if thy body thriue not full of thoughtes  
wln 2478 As pure and fiery as *Phyteus* beames,  
wln 2479 The nature of these proud rebelling Iades  
wln 2480 Wil take occasion by the slenderest haire,  
wln 2481 And draw thee peecemeale like *Hyppolitus*,  
wln 2482 Through rocks more steepe and sharp than Caspian  
wln 2483 The nature of thy chariot wil not beare (cliftes.  
wln 2484 A guide of baser temper than my selfe,  
wln 2485 More then heauens coach, the pride of *Phaeton*.  
wln 2486 **Fa[...]** my boies, my dearest friends, farewell,  
wln 2487 My body feeles, my soule dooth weepe to see  
wln 2488 Your sweet desires depriu'd my company,  
wln 2489 For *Tamburlaine*, the Scourge of God must die.  
wln 2490 *Amy.* Meet heauen & earth, & here let al things end  
wln 2491 For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,  
wln 2492 And heauen consum'd his choisest liuing fire.  
wln 2493 Let earth and heauen his timelesse death deplore,  
wln 2494 For both their woorths wil equall him no more.

wln 2495

*FINIS.*

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## Textual Notes

1. **20 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Uribassa* is amended from the original *Vpibassa*.
2. **42 (44-a)**: The regularized reading *Uribassa* is amended from the original *Vpibas*.
3. **87 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Illyrians* is amended from the original *Illicians*.
4. **227 (47-a)**: The regularized reading *many* is amended from the original *mady*.
5. **300 (48-a)**: The regularized reading *precious* is amended from the original *procious*.
6. **385 (49-b)**: The regularized reading *Pericranion* is amended from the original *Pecicranion*.
7. **534 (52-a)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maiesly*.
8. **626 (53-b)**: The regularized reading *there* is amended from the original *there*.
9. **655 (54-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *ro*.
10. **971 (59-a)**: The regularized reading *mournful* is amended from the original *mourful*.
11. **1005 (59-b)**: The regularized reading *list* is supplied for the original *[\*]ist*.
12. **1174 (62-a)**: The regularized reading *Gabions* is amended from the original *Galions*.
13. **1232 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original *[...]*.
14. **1243 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *Rhamnusia* is amended from the original *Rhammusia*.
15. **1996 (75-b)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *pet*.
16. **2026 (76-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *you*.
17. **2272 (79-b)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maisty*.
18. **2342 (81-a)**: The regularized reading *medicine* is amended from the original *medicince*.
19. **2395 (81-b)**: The regularized reading *bright* is amended from the original *kright*.
20. **2448 (82-b)**: The regularized reading *And* is supplied for the original *[\*]nd*.
21. **2486 (83-a)**: The regularized reading *Farewell* is supplied for the original *Fa[...]*l.