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presents

a Theatre Script of

TAMBURLAINE the GREAT  
PART ONE

By Christopher Marlowe

Written c. 1586-87

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# TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

## Part the First

By Christopher Marlowe

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

*Tamburlaine*, a Scythian Shepherd.

*Techelles*, his follower.

*Usumcasane*, his follower.

#### The Persian Leaders:

*Mycetes*, King of Persia.

*Cosroe*, his Brother.

#### Persian Lords and Captains:

*Ortygius*.

*Ceneus*.

*Menaphon*.

*Meander*.

*Theridamas*.

#### Other Nations' Leaders:

*Bajazeth*, Emperor of the Turks.

*Zabina*, Wife of Bajazeth.

*Ebea*, her Maid.

*Alcidamas*, *King of Arabia*, betrothed to Zenocrate.

*King of Fess*.

*King of Morocco*.

*King of Argier*.

*Soldan of Egypt*.

*Zenocrate*, Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt.

*Anippe*, her Maid.

*Capolin*, an Egyptian Captain.

*Governor of Damascus*.

#### Median Lords:

*Agydas*.

*Magnetes*.

*Philemus*, a Messenger.

*Virgins of Damascus*.

Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

### **A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.**

*Tamberlaine the Great, Part I* was originally published in 1590 in combination with *Tamburlaine, Part II* in a single octavo; it was reprinted in 1592 and 1597, with further editions released in the first decade of the 17th century. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets [ ]; these additions usually are adopted from the play's later editions. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1590 octavo divides our edition of *Tamburlaine* into Acts and Scenes. However, as is the usual case, it does not provide scene settings or identify *asides*. We adopt the scene settings suggested by Dyce and Ellis, and the *asides* by Dyce.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the octavo's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

### **B. Optional Textual Changes.**

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

THE PROLOGUE.

1 From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,  
2 And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,  
4 Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine  
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,  
6 And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.  
View but his picture in this tragic glass,  
8 And then applaud his fortune as you please.

ACT I.SCENE I.[*Persia.*]

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

1 **Myc.** Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,  
2 Yet insufficient to express the same;  
For it requires a great and thundering speech:  
4 Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords;  
I know you have a better wit than I.

6 **Cos.** Unhappy Persia, that in former age  
8 Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,  
That, in their prowess and their policies,  
10 Have triumphed over Afric and the bounds  
Of Europe, where the sun dares scarce appear  
12 For freezing meteors and congealèd cold,  
Now to be ruled and governed by a man  
14 At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn joined,  
And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied  
16 To shed their influence in his fickle brain!  
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,  
18 Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

20 **Myc.** Brother, I see your meaning well enough,  
And through your planets I perceive you think  
22 I am not wise enough to be a king;  
But I refer me to my noblemen  
24 That know my wit, and can be witnesses.  
I might command you to be slain for this: –  
26 Meander, might I not?

28 **Meand.** Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

30 **Myc.** I mean it not, but yet I know I might;  
Yet live; yea live, Mycetes wills it so.  
32 Meander, thou, my faithful counselor,  
Declare the cause of my conceivèd grief,  
34 Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,  
That, like a fox in midst of harvest time,  
36 Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers;  
And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes:  
38 Therefore 'tis good and meet for to be wise.

40 **Meand.** Oft have I heard your majesty complain  
 Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,  
 42 That robs your merchants of Persepolis  
 Trading by land unto the Western Isles,  
 44 And in your confines with his lawless train  
 Daily commits incivil outrages,  
 46 Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)  
 To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms  
 48 To make himself the monarch of the East;  
 But ere he march in Asia, or display  
 50 His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,  
 Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,  
 52 Charged with a thousand horse, to apprehend  
 And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

54  
**Myc.** Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,  
 56 Whom I may term a Damon for thy love:  
 Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,  
 58 To send my thousand horse incontinent  
 To apprehend that paltry Scythian. –  
 60 How like you this, my honourable lords?  
 Is't not a kingly resolution?

62  
**Cos.** It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

64  
**Myc.** Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,  
 66 The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,  
 The hope of Persia, and the very legs  
 68 Whereon our state doth lean as on a staff,  
 That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes:  
 70 Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,  
 Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain  
 72 Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.  
 Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,  
 74 As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame;  
 Return with speed – time passeth swift away;  
 76 Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.

78  
**Ther.** Before the moon renew her borrowed light,  
 Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign,  
 80 But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout  
 Shall either perish by our warlike hands,  
 82 Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

84  
**Myc.** Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,  
 And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes;  
 86 I long to see thee back return from thence,

88 That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine  
 All loaden with the heads of killèd men,  
 90 And from their knees e'en to their hoofs below  
 Besmeared with blood that makes a dainty show.

92 **Ther.** Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.

94 **Myc.** Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand times.

96 *[Exit Theridamas.]*

98 Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behind,  
 When other men prease forward to renown?  
 100 Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia;  
 And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

102 **Cos.** Nay, pray you let him stay; a greater [task]  
 104 Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:  
 Create him Prorex of [all] Africa,  
 106 That he may win the Babylonians' hearts  
 Which will revolt from Persian government,  
 108 Unless they have a wiser king than you.

110 **Myc.** "Unless they have a wiser king than you."  
 These are his words; Meander, set them down.

112 **Cos.** And add this to them – that all Asiä  
 114 Laments to see the folly of their king.

116 **Myc.** Well, here I swear by this my royal seat, –

118 **Cos.** You may do well to kiss it then.

120 **Myc.** Embossed with silk as best beseems my state,  
 To be revenged for these contemptuous words.  
 122 Oh, where is duty and allegiance now?  
 Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?  
 124 What shall I call thee? brother? – no, a foe;  
 Monster of nature! – Shame unto thy stock  
 126 That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!  
 Meander, come: I am abused, Meander.

128 *[Exeunt all but Cosroe and Menaphon.]*

130 **Men.** How now, my lord? What, mated and amazed  
 132 To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

134 **Cos.** Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for his threats;  
 The plot is laid by Persian noblemen  
 136 And captains of the Median garrisons

138 To crown me Emperor of Asiä:  
 But this it is that doth excruciate  
 The very substance of my vexèd soul –  
 140 To see our neighbours that were wont to quake  
 And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,  
 142 Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorn;  
 And that which might resolve me into tears,  
 144 Men from the farthest equinoctial line  
 Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern India,  
 146 Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,  
 And made their spoils from all our provinces.

148 **Men.** This should entreat your highness to rejoice,  
 150 Since Fortune gives you opportunity  
 To gain the title of a conqueror  
 152 By curing of this maimèd empery.  
 Afric and Europe bordering on your land,  
 154 And continent to your dominiöns,  
 How easily may you, with a mighty host,  
 156 Pass into Graecia, as did Cyrus once,  
 And cause them to withdraw their forces home,  
 158 Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom.

160 *[Trumpet within.]*

162 **Cos.** But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

164 **Men.** Behold, my lord, Ortygius and the rest  
 Bringing the crown to make you Emperor!

166 *Enter Ortygius and Ceneus, with others,  
 168 bearing a crown.*

170 **Orty.** Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,  
 We, in the name of other Persian states  
 172 And commons of this mighty monarchy,  
 Present thee with th' imperial diadem.

174 **Cen.** The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,  
 176 That heretofore have filled Persepolis  
 With Afric captains taken in the field,  
 178 Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold,  
 With costly jewèls hanging at their ears,  
 180 And shining stones upon their lofty crests,  
 Now living idle in the wallèd towns,  
 182 Wanting both pay and martial discipline,  
 Begin in troops to threaten civil war,  
 184 And openly exclaim against their king:



186 Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies,  
 We will invest your highness Emperor,  
 188 Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy  
 Than did the Macedonians at the spoil  
 Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

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

196 *Orty.* And in assurance of desired success,  
 198 We here do crown thee monarch of the East,  
 Emperor of Asiä and Persiä;  
 200 Great Lord of Media and Armenia;  
 Duke of Africa and Albania,  
 202 Mesopotamia and of Parthia,  
 East India and the late-discovered isles;  
 204 Chief Lord of all the wide, vast Euxine sea,  
 And of the ever-raging Caspian lake.

206 *All.* Long live Cosroë, mighty Emperor!

208 *Cos.* And Jove may never let me longer live  
 210 Than I may seek to gratify your love,  
 And cause the soldiers that thus honour me  
 212 To triumph over many provinces!  
 By whose desire of discipline in arms  
 214 I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king,  
 And with the army of Theridamas,  
 216 (Whither we presently will fly, my lords)  
 To rest secure against my brother's force.

218 *Orty.* We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,  
 220 Intending your investiön so near  
 The residence of your despisèd brother,  
 222 The lord[s] would not be too exasperate  
 To injure or suppress your worthy title;  
 224 Or, if they would, there are in readiness  
 Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,  
 226 In spite of all suspected enemies.

228 *Cos.* I know it well, my lord, and thank you all.

230 *Orly.* Sound up the trumpets then.

232 [ *Trumpets sound.* ]

234 | *All.* God save the King!

236 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.

[Scythia.]

*Enter Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate, Techelles,  
Usumcasane, Agydas, Magnetes, Lords,  
and Soldiers, laden with treasure.*

1 **Tamb.** Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;  
2 The jewèls and the treasure we have ta'en  
3 Shall be reserved, and you in better state,  
4 Than if you were arrived in Syria,  
5 Even in the circle of your father's arms,  
6 The mighty Soldan of Egyptia.

8 **Zeno.** Ah, shepherd! pity my distressed plight,  
(If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,)  
9 And seek not to enrich thy followers  
10 By lawless rapine from a silly maid,  
11 Who travelling with these Median lords  
12 To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,  
13 Where all my youth I have been governèd,  
14 Have passed the army of the mighty Turk,  
15 Bearing his privy signet and his hand  
16 To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

18 **Mag.** And since we have arrived in Scythia,  
19 Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,  
20 We have his highness' letters to command  
21 Aid and assistance, if we stand in need.

24 **Tamb.** But now you see these letters and commands  
25 Are countermanded by a greater man;  
26 And through my provinces you must expect  
27 Letters of conduct from my mightiness,  
28 If you intend to keep your treasure safe.  
29 But, since I love to live at liberty,  
30 As easily may you get the Soldan's crown  
31 As any prizes out of my précinct;  
32 For they are friends that help to wean my state,  
33 'Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,  
34 And must maintain my life exempt from servitude. –  
35 But, tell me, madam, is your grace betrothed?

36 **Zeno.** I am – my lord – for so you do import.

38 **Tamb.** I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove:

40 | And yet a shepherd by my parentage.  
 But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue  
 42 | Must grace his bed that conquers Asiä,  
 And means to be a terror to the world,  
 44 | Measuring the limits of his empery  
 By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course. –  
 46 | Lie here ye weeds that I disdain to wear!  
 This complete armour and this curtlet-axe  
 48 | Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.  
 And, madam, whatsoever you esteem  
 50 | Of this success and loss unvaluëd,  
 Both may invest you Empress of the East;  
 52 | And these that seem but silly country swains  
 May have the leading of so great an host,  
 54 | As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,  
 Even as when windy exhalatiöns  
 56 | Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

58 | **Tech.** As princely lions, when they rouse themselves,  
 Stretching their paws, and threatening herds of beasts,  
 60 | So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.  
 Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,  
 62 | And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,  
 Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.  
 64 |

66 | **Usum.** And making thee and me, Techelles, kings,  
 That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

68 | **Tamb.** Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers!  
 These lords perhaps do scorn our estimates,  
 70 | And think we prattle with distempered spirits;  
 But since they measure our deserts so mean,  
 72 | That in conceit bear empires on our spears,  
 Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,  
 74 | They shall be kept our forcèd followers,  
 Till with their eyes they view us emperors.  
 76 |

78 | **Zeno.** The gods, defenders of the innocent,  
 Will never prosper your intended drifts,  
 That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.  
 80 | Therefore at least admit us liberty,  
 Even as thou hopest to be eternized,  
 82 | By living Asia's mighty Emperor.

84 | **Agyd.** I hope our ladies' treasure and our own  
 May serve for ransom to our liberties:  
 86 | Return our mules and empty camels back,  
 That we may travel into Syria,

88 | Where her betrothèd lord Alcidamas,  
 Expects th' arrival of her highness' person.

90 | *Mag.* And wheresoever we repose ourselves,  
 92 | We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

94 | *Tamb.* Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?  
 Or you, my lords, to be my followers?  
 96 | Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?  
 Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms  
 98 | Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.  
 Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,  
 100 | Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,  
 Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills, –  
 102 | Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine  
 Than the possession of the Persian crown,  
 104 | Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.  
 A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,  
 106 | Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;  
 Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,  
 108 | Enchased with precious jewèls of mine own,  
 More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's.  
 110 | With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,  
 Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,  
 112 | And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,  
 Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.  
 114 | My martial prizes with five hundred men,  
 Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,  
 116 | Shall all we offer to Zenocrate, –  
 And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

118 | *Tech.* What now! – in love?

120 | *Tamb.* Techelles, women must be flatterèd:  
 122 | But this is she with whom I am in love.

124 | *Enter a Soldier.*

126 | *Sold.* News! news!

128 | *Tamb.* How now – what's the matter?

130 | *Sold.* A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,  
 Sent from the king to overcome us all.

132 | *Tamb.* How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!  
 134 | How! – must your jewèls be restored again,  
 And I, that triumphed so, be overcome?

136 | How say you, lordings, – is not this your hope?

138 | **Agyd.** We hope yourself will willingly restore them.

140 | **Tamb.** Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.  
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!

142 | You must be forcèd from me ere you go.  
A thousand horsemen! – We five hundred foot! –  
144 | An odds too great for us to stand against.  
But are they rich? – and is their armour good?

146 | **Sold.** Their plumèd helms are wrought with beaten gold,  
148 | Their swords enamelled, and about their necks  
Hangs massy chains of gold, down to the waist,  
150 | In every part exceeding brave and rich.

152 | **Tamb.** Then shall we fight courageously with them?  
Or look you I should play the orator?

154 | **Tech.** No: cowards and faint-hearted runaways  
156 | Look for orations when the foe is near:  
Our swords shall play the orator for us.

158 | **Usum.** Come! let us meet them at the mountain foot,  
160 | And with a sudden and a hot alarum,  
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.

162 | **Tech.** Come, let us march!

164 | **Tamb.** Stay, Techelles! ask a parley first.

166 | *Tamburlaine's Soldiers enter.*

168 | Open the mails, yet guard the treasure sure;  
170 | Lay out our golden wedges to the view,  
That their reflections may amaze the Persians;  
172 | And look we friendly on them when they come;  
But if they offer word or violence,  
174 | We'll fight five hundred men-at-arms to one,  
Before we part with our possession.  
176 | And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,  
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,  
178 | Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve  
For manacles, till he be ransomed home.

180 | **Tech.** I hear them come; shall we encounter them?

182 | **Tamb.** Keep all your standings and not stir a foot,

184 | Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

186 | *Enter Theridamas and others.*

188 | **Ther.** Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

190 | **Tamb.** Whom seek'st thou, Persian? – I am Tamburlaine.

192 | **Ther.** Tamburlaine! –

A Scythian shepherd so embellishèd  
 194 | With nature's pride and richest furniture!  
 His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods:  
 196 | His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth,  
 As if he now devised some stratagem,  
 198 | Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults  
 To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

200 | **Tamb.** Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,  
 202 | If outward habit judge the inward man.

204 | **Tech.** His deep affections make him passionate.

206 | **Tamb.** With what a majesty he rears his looks! –  
 In thee, thou valiant man of Persiä,  
 208 | I see the folly of thy emperor.  
 Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,  
 210 | That by charácters graven in thy brows,  
 And by thy martial face and stout aspéct,  
 212 | Deserv'st to have the leading of an host!  
 Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,  
 214 | And we will triumph over all the world;  
 I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,  
 216 | And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about:  
 And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere,  
 218 | Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.  
 Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,  
 220 | Intending but to raze my charmèd skin,  
 And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven  
 222 | To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.  
 See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,  
 224 | As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!  
 And as a sure and grounded argument  
 226 | That I shall be the monarch of the East,  
 He sends this Soldan's daughter rich and brave,  
 228 | To be my Queen and portly empress.  
 If thou wilt stay with me, renownmèd man,  
 230 | And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,  
 Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,

232 | Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil  
 Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked;  
 234 | Both we will walk upon the lofty clifts,  
 And Christian merchants that with Russian stems  
 236 | Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,  
 Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.  
 238 | Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,  
 And mighty kings shall be our senators.  
 240 | Jove sometimes maskèd in a shepherd's weed,  
 And by those steps that he hath scaled the Heavens  
 242 | May we become immortal like the gods.  
 Join with me now in this my mean estate,  
 244 | (I call it mean because being yet obscure,  
 The nations far removed admire me not,)  
 246 | And when my name and honour shall be spread  
 As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,  
 248 | Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light,  
 Then shalt thou be competitor with me,  
 250 | And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

252 | **Ther.** Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,  
 Could use persuasions more patheticall.

254 | **Tamb.** Nor are Apollo's oracles more true,  
 256 | Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantiäl.

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

262 | **Usum.** And kingdoms at the least we all expect,  
 264 | Besides the honour in assurèd conquests,  
 When kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords  
 266 | And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us;  
 When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,  
 268 | "These are the men that all the world admires."

270 | **Ther.** What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul!  
 Are these resolvèd, noble Scythians?  
 272 | But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

274 | **Tamb.** No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

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



280 |  
282 | **Tamb.** Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,  
284 | Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,  
286 | And called the gods to witness of my vow.  
288 | Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine  
290 | Until our bodies turn to elements,  
292 | And both our souls aspire celestial thrones. –  
294 | Techelles and Casane, welcome him!  
296 |  
298 | **Tech.** Welcome, renownèd Persian, to us all!  
300 |  
302 | **Usum.** Long may Theridamas remain with us!  
304 |  
306 | **Tamb.** These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice  
308 | Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,  
310 | And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,  
312 | Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,  
314 | Thyself and them shall never part from me  
316 | Before I crown you kings in Asiä. –  
318 | Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,  
319 | And they will never leave thee till the death.  
320 |  
321 | **Ther.** Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,  
322 | Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierced,  
323 | To do you honour and security.  
324 |  
325 | **Tamb.** A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas. –  
326 | And now fair madam, and my noble lords,  
327 | If you will willingly remain with me  
328 | You shall have honours as your merits be;  
329 | Or else you shall be forced with slavery.  
330 |  
331 | **Agyd.** We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.  
332 |  
333 | **Tamb.** For you then, madam, I am out of doubt.  
334 |  
335 | **Zeno.** I must be pleased perforce. Wretched Zenocrate!  
336 |  
337 |  
338 | [Exeunt.]

ACT II.SCENE I.[*Persia.*]

*Enter Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, and Ceneus,  
with Soldiers.*

1 **Cos.** Thus far are we towards Theridamas,  
2 And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,  
The man that in the forehead of his fortune  
4 Bears figures of renown and miracle.  
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,  
6 What stature yields he, and what personage?

8 **Men.** Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,  
Like his desire lift upwards and divine;  
10 So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,  
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear  
12 Old Atlas' burthen; – 'twixt his manly pitch,  
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is placed,  
14 Wherein by curious sovereignty of art  
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,  
16 Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd  
A Heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,  
18 That guides his steps and actions to the throne,  
Where honour sits invested royally:  
20 Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,  
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms;  
22 His lofty brows in folds do figure death,  
And in their smoothness amity and life;  
24 About them hangs a knot of amber hair,  
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,  
26 On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,  
Making it dance with wanton majesty. –  
28 His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,  
Betokening valour and excess of strength; –  
30 In every part proportioned like the man  
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

32 **Cos.** Well hast thou portrayed in thy terms of life  
34 The face and personage of a wondrous man;  
Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars  
36 To make him famous in accomplished worth;  
And well his merits show him to be made  
38 His fortune's master and the king of men,

40 That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,  
With reasons of his valour and his life,  
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.  
42 Then, when our powers in points of swords are joined  
And closed in compass of the killing bullet,  
44 Though strait the passage and the port be made  
That leads to palace of my brother's life,  
46 Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.  
And when the princely Persian diadem  
48 Shall overweigh his weary witless head,  
And fall like mellowed fruit with shakes of death,  
50 In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine  
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

52  
*Orty.* In happy hour we have set the crown  
54 Upon your kingly head that seeks our honour,  
In joining with the man ordained by Heaven,  
56 To further every action to the best.

58 *Cen.* He that with shepherds and a little spoil  
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,  
60 Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,  
What will he do supported by a king,  
62 Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,  
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts!

64  
*Cos.* And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.  
66 Our army will be forty thousand strong,  
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas  
68 Have met us by the river Araris;  
And all conjoined to meet the witless king,  
70 That now is marching near to Parthia,  
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,  
72 To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,  
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.

74  
*Men.* I will, my lord.

76

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE II.

[Georgia.]

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

1 **Myc.** Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.  
 2 I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath  
 On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,  
 4 And of that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.  
 Would it not grieve a king to be so abused  
 6 And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?  
 And, which is worse, to have his diadem  
 8 Sought for by such scald knaves as love him not?  
 I think it would; well then, by Heavens I swear,  
 10 Aurora shall not peep out of her doors,  
 But I will have Cosroë by the head,  
 12 And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword.  
 Tell you the rest. Meander: I have said.

14  
 16 **Meand.** Then having passed Armenian deserts now,  
 And pitched our tents under the Georgian hills,  
 Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves,  
 18 That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,  
 What should we do but bid them battle straight,  
 20 And rid the world of those detested troops?  
 Lest, if we let them linger here awhile,  
 22 They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.  
 This country swarms with vile outrageous men  
 24 That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,  
 Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;  
 26 And he that could with gifts and promises  
 Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,  
 28 And make him false his faith unto his king,  
 Will quickly win such as are like himself.  
 30 Therefore cheer up your minds; prepare to fight;  
 He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine  
 32 Shall rule the province of Albania:  
 Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,  
 34 Shall have a government in Media,  
 Beside the spoil of him and all his train:  
 36 But if Cosroë, (as our spials say,  
 And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,  
 38 His highness' pleasure is that he should live,  
 And be reclaimed with princely lenity.

40

*Enter A Spy.*

42  
44 **Spy.** An hundred horsemen of my company  
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains  
46 Have viewed the army of the Scythians,  
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.

48 **Meand.** Suppose they be in number infinite,  
Yet being void of martial discipline,  
50 All running headlong after greedy spoils,  
And more regarding gain than victory,  
52 Like to the cruèl brothers of the earth,  
Sprong of the teeth of dragons venomous,  
54 Their careless swords shall lanch their fellows' throats,  
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

56 **Myc.** Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,  
58 That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

60 **Meand.** So poets say, my lord.

62 **Myc.** And 'tis a pretty toy to be a poet.  
Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read,  
64 And having thee, I have a jewèl sure.  
Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say;  
66 Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

68 **Meand.** Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves,  
That live confounded in disordered troops,  
70 If wealth or riches may prevail with them,  
We have our camels laden all with gold,  
72 Which you that be but common soldièrs  
Shall fling in every corner of the field;  
74 And while the base-born Tartars take it up,  
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,  
76 Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves;  
And when their scattered army is subdued,  
78 And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,  
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,  
80 And live like gentlemen in Persiä.  
Strike up the drum! and march courageously!  
82 Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

84 **Myc.** He tells you true, my masters: so he does. –  
Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander speaks?

86

*[Exeunt, drums sounding.]*

ACT II, SCENE III.

[*Georgia.*]

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

1 **Cos.** Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed  
2 In thy approvèd fortunes all my hope.  
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?  
4 For even as from assurèd oracle,  
I take thy doom for satisfaciön.

6 **Tamb.** And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;  
8 For fates and oracles [of] Heaven have sworn  
To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,  
10 And make them blest that share in his attempts.  
And doubt you not but, if you favour me,  
12 And let my fortunes and my valour sway  
To some direction in your martial deeds,  
14 The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,  
To swarm unto the ensign I support:  
16 The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said  
To have drank the mighty Parthian Araris,  
18 Was but a handful to that we will have.  
Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,  
20 And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,  
Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,  
22 Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopien wars:  
And with our sun-bright armour as we march,  
24 We'll chase the stars from Heaven and dim their eyes  
That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.

26 **Ther.** You see, my lord, what working words he hath;  
28 But when you see his actions top his speech,  
Your speech will stay or so extol his worth  
30 As I shall be commended and excused  
For turning my poor charge to his direction.  
32 And these his two renownèd friends, my lord,  
Would make one thirst and strive to be retained  
34 In such a great degree of amity.

36 **Tech.** With duty and with amity we yield  
Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe.

38  
40 **Cos.** Which I esteem as portion of my crown,  
Usumcasane and Techelles both,

42 When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,  
 And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,  
 Shall make me solely Emperor of Asiä,  
 44 Then shall your meeds and valours be advanced  
 To rooms of honour and nobility.

46 **Tamb.** Then haste, Cosroë, to be king alone,  
 48 That I with these, my friends, and all my men  
 May triumph in our long-expected fate. —  
 50 The king, your brother, is now hard at hand;  
 Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders  
 52 Of such a burthen as outweighs the sands  
 And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

54 *Enter a Messenger.*

56 **Mess.** My lord, we have discoverèd the enemy  
 58 Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

60 **Cos.** Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy wingèd sword,  
 And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,  
 62 That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,  
 And set it safe on my victorious head.

64 **Tamb.** See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe  
 66 That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms.  
 These are the wings shall make it fly as swift  
 68 As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,  
 And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

70 **Cos.** Thy words assure me of kind success;  
 72 Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge  
 The fainting army of that foolish king.

74 **Tamb.** Usumcasane and Techelles, come!  
 76 We are enough to scare the enemy,  
 And more than needs to make an emperor.

78 *[Exeunt to the battle.]*

ACT II, SCENE IV.

[Georgia, a battlefield.]

*Alarums; soldiers enter and exeunt.  
Enter Mycetes with his crown in his hand,  
and offering to hide it.*

1 **Myc.** Accursed be he that first invented war!  
2 They knew not, ah they knew not, simple men,  
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot,  
4 Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf,  
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts.  
6 In what a lámentable case were I  
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore,  
8 For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,  
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave;  
10 Therefore in policy I think it good  
To hide it close; a goodly stratagem,  
12 And far from any man that is a fool:  
So shall I not be known; or if I be,  
14 They cannot take away my crown from me.  
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

*Enter Tamburlaine.*

18  
19 **Tamb.** What, fearful coward, stragglng from the camp,  
20 When kings themselves are present in the field?

22 **Myc.** Thou liest.

24 **Tamb.** Base villain! dar[e]st give the lie?

26 **Myc.** Away; I am the king; go; touch me not.  
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel  
28 And cry me "mercy, noble king."

30 **Tamb.** Are you the witty King of Persiä?

32 **Myc.** Ay, marry am I: have you any suit to me?

34 **Tamb.** I would entreat you speak but three wise words.

36 **Myc.** So I can when I see my time.

38 **Tamb.** [Taking crown] Is this your crown?

40 **Myc.** Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?

42 **Tamb.** You will not sell it, will you?



44 **Myc.** Such another word and I will have thee executed.  
Come, give it me!

46  
48 **Tamb.** No; I took it prisoner.

48 **Myc.** You lie; I gave it you.

50  
52 **Tamb.** Then 'tis mine.

52 **Myc.** No; I mean I let you keep it.

54  
56 **Tamb.** Well; I mean you shall have it again.  
Here; take it for a while: I lend it thee,  
58 Till I may see thee hemmed with armèd men;  
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:  
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

60  
62 *[Exit Tamburlaine.]*

62 **Myc.** O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?  
64 I marvel much he stole it not away.

66 *[Trumpets sound to the battle, and he runs out.]*

ACT II, SCENE V.

[Georgia, after the battle.]

*Enter Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Meander, Theridamas,  
Ortygius, Menaphon, Techelles, Usumcasane,  
with others.*

1 **Tamb.** Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial crowns;  
2 Think thee invested now as royally,  
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,  
4 As if as many kings as could encompass thee  
With greatest pomp, had crowned thee emperor.

6  
7 **Cos.** So do I, thrice renownèd man-at-arms,  
8 And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.  
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,  
10 And general lieutenant of my armies. –  
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide,  
12 And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,  
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,  
14 On your submission we with thanks excuse,  
And give you equal place in our affairs.

16  
17 **Meand.** Most happy Emperor, in humblest terms,  
18 I vow my service to your majesty,  
With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

20  
21 **Cos.** Thanks, good Meander: – then, Cosroë, reign,  
22 And govern Persia in her former pomp!  
Now send ambassage to thy neighbour kings,  
24 And let them know the Persian king is changed,  
From one that knew not what a king should do,  
26 To one that can command what 'longs thereto.  
And now we will to fair Persepolis,  
28 With twenty thousand expert soldiërs.  
The lords and captains of my brother's camp  
30 With little slaughter take Meander's course,  
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule. –  
32 Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,  
Now will I gratify your former good,  
34 And grace your calling with a greater sway.

36 **Orty.** And as we ever aimed at your behoof,  
And sought your state all honour it deserved,  
38 So will we with our powers and our lives  
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

40  
 42 **Cos.** I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;  
 Better replies shall prove my purposes. –  
 And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp  
 44 I leave to thee and to Theridamas,  
 To follow me to fair Persepolis.  
 46 Then will we march to all those Indian mines  
 My witless brother to the Christians lost,  
 48 And ransom them with fame and usury.  
 And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,  
 50 (Staying to order all the scattered troops.)  
 Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!  
 52 I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

54 **Meand.** Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,  
 And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

56  
 [Exeunt all but Tamburlaine, Theridamas,  
 58 Techelles, and Usumcasane.]

60 **Tamb.** "And ride in triumph through Persepolis!"  
 Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?  
 62 Usumcasane and Theridamas,  
 Is it not passing brave to be a king,  
 64 "And ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

66 **Tech.** O, my lord, 'tis sweet and full of pomp.

68 **Usum.** To be a king is half to be a god.

70 **Ther.** A god is not so glorious as a king.  
 I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven  
 72 Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth. –  
 To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,  
 74 Whose virtues carry with it life and death;  
 To ask and have, command and be obeyed;  
 76 When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,  
 Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!

78 **Tamb.** Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

80 **Ther.** Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.

82 **Tamb.** What say my other friends? Will you be kings?

84 **Tech.** Aye, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.

86 **Tamb.** Why, that's well said, Techelles; so would I,  
 88 And so would you, my masters, would you not?

90 *Usum.* What then, my lord?

92 *Tamb.* Why then, Casane, shall we wish for aught  
The world affords in greatest novelty,  
94 And rest attemptless, faint and destitute?  
Methinks we should not: I am strongly moved,  
96 That if I should desire the Persian crown,  
I could attain it with a wondrous ease.  
98 And would not all our soldiers soon consent,  
If we should aim at such a dignity?

100  
102 *Ther.* I know they would with our persuasions.

*Tamb.* Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay  
104 To get the Persian kingdom to myself;  
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;  
106 And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure  
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric and Greece,  
108 Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.

110 *Tech.* Then shall we send to this triumphing king,  
And bid him battle for his novel crown?

112  
114 *Usum.* Nay, quickly then, before his room be hot.

*Tamb.* 'Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.

116  
118 *Ther.* A jest to charge on twenty thousand men!  
I judge the purchase more important far.

120 *Tamb.* Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me;  
For presently Techelles here shall haste  
122 To bid him battle ere he pass too far,  
And lose more labour than the game will quite.  
124 Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine,  
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown. —  
126 Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,  
And bid him turn him back to war with us,  
128 That only made him king to make us sport.  
We will not steal upon him cowardly,  
130 But give him warning and more warriors.  
Haste thee, Techelles, we will follow thee. —

132

[*Exit Techelles.*]

134

What saith Theridamas?

136

138

*Ther.*

Go on for me.

*[Exeunt.]*

ACT II, SCENE VI.

[Georgia or northern Persia.]

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

1 **Cos.** What means this devilish shepherd to aspire  
2 With such a giantly presumption  
To cast up hills against the face of Heaven,  
4 And dare the force of angry Jupiter?  
But as he thrust them underneath the hills,  
6 And pressed out fire from their burning jaws,  
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,  
8 Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul.

10 **Meand.** Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed  
Their angry seeds at his conception;  
12 For he was never sprong of human race,  
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,  
14 He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule,  
And by profession be ambitious.

16 **Orty.** What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,  
18 Or monster turned to a manly shape,  
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,  
20 What star or state soever govern him,  
Let us put on our meet encountering minds;  
22 And in detesting such a devilish thief,  
In love of honour and defence of right,  
24 Be armed against the hate of such a foe,  
Whether from earth, or hell, or Heaven, he grow.

26 **Cos.** Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius;  
28 And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,  
And with the same proportion of elements  
30 Resolve, I hope we are resembled  
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.  
32 Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,  
That grievous image of ingratitude,  
34 That fiery thirster after sovereignty,  
And burn him in the fury of that flame,  
36 That none can quench but blood and empery.  
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now  
38 To save your king and country from decay. –  
Then strike up, drum; – and all the stars that make  
40 The loathsome circle of my dated life,

42 | Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,  
That thus opposeth him against the gods,  
44 | And scorns the powers that govern Persiä!

[*Exeunt; drums and trumpets sounding.*]

ACT II, SCENE VII.

[A battlefield in Georgia or northern Persia.]

*Alarums of battle within.*

*Enter the armies to the battle, and after the battle,  
enter Cosroe, wounded; then Tamburlaine,  
Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane, with others.*

1 **Cos.** Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,  
2 Thus to deprive me of my crown and life! –  
3 Treacherous and false Theridamas,  
4 Even at the morning of my happy state,  
5 Scarce being seated in my royal throne,  
6 To work my downfall and untimely end!  
7 An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,  
8 And Death arrests the organ of my voice,  
9 Who, entering at the breach thy sword hath made,  
10 Sacks every vein and artier of my heart. –  
11 Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

12 **Tamb.** The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,  
13 That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops  
14 To thrust his doting father from his chair,  
15 And place himself in the empyreal Heaven,  
16 Moved me to manage arms against thy state.  
17 What better president than mighty Jove?  
18 Nature that framed us of four elements,  
19 Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
20 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:  
21 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
22 The wondrous architecture of the world,  
23 And measure every wandering planet's course,  
24 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
25 And always moving as the restless spheres,  
26 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,  
27 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,  
28 That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
29 The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

30 **Ther.** And that made me to join with Tamburlaine:  
31 For he is gross and like the massy earth,  
32 That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds  
33 Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

34 **Tech.** And that made us the friends of Tamburlaine,  
35 To lift our swords against the Persian king.



40 **Usum.** For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,  
 Neptune and Dis gained each of them a crown,  
 42 So do we hope to reign in Asiä,  
 If Tamburlaine be placed in Persiä.

44  
 46 **Cos.** The strangest men that ever nature made!  
 I know not how to take their tyrannies.  
 My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,  
 48 And with my blood my life slides through my wound;  
 My soul begins to take her flight to hell,  
 50 And summons all my senses to depart. –  
 The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,  
 52 For want of nourishment to feed them both,  
 Is dry and cold; and now doth ghastly Death  
 54 With greedy talents gripe my bleeding heart,  
 And like a harpy tires on my life.  
 56 Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die:  
 And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

58  
 60 *[Cosroe dies.  
 Tamburlaine takes his crown and puts it on.]*

62 **Tamb.** Not all the curses which the Furies breathe,  
 Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this. –  
 64 Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,  
 Who think you now is King of Persiä?

66  
 68 **All.** Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!

**Tamb.** Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms,  
 70 And all the earthly potentates conspire  
 To dispossess me of this diadem,  
 72 Yet will I wear it in despite of them,  
 As great commander of this eastern world,  
 74 If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.

76 **All.** Long live Tamburlaine and reign in Asia!

78 **Tamb.** So now it is more surer on my head,  
 Than if the gods had held a parliament,  
 80 And all pronounced me King of Persiä.

82 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.SCENE I.

[*Anatolia, near Constantinople.*]

*Enter Bajazeth, the Kings of Fess, Morocco,  
and Argier, with others in great pomp.*

1 **Baj.** Great Kings of Barbary and my portly bassoes,  
2 We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,  
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,  
4 Presume a bickering with your emperor,  
And think to rouse us from our dreadful siege  
6 Of the famous Greciän Constantinople.  
You know our army is invincible;  
8 As many circumcisèd Turks we have,  
And warlike bands of Christiäns renied,  
10 As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea  
Small drops of water when the moon begins  
12 To join in one her semicircled horns.  
Yet would we not be braved with foreign power,  
14 Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,  
Or breathless lie before the city walls.  
16  
**K. of Fess.** Renowmèd Emperor, and mighty general,  
18 What if you sent the bassoes of your guard  
To charge him to remain in Asiä,  
20 Or else to threaten death and deadly arms  
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth.  
22  
**Baj.** Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persiä,  
24 Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,  
Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,  
26 Great King and conqueror of Graecia,  
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea,  
28 The high and highest monarch of the world,  
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),  
30 Not once to set his foot on Africa,  
Or spread his colours [once] in Graecia,  
32 Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.  
Tell him I am content to take a truce,  
34 Because I hear he bears a valiant mind:  
But if, presuming on his silly power,  
36 He be so mad to manage arms with me,  
Then stay thou with him; say, I bid thee so:

38 | And if, before the sun have measured Heaven  
 With triple circuit, thou regret us not,  
 40 | We mean to take his morning's next arise  
 For messenger he will not be reclaimed,  
 42 | And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

44 | **Basso.** Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,  
 Your basso will accomplish your behest,  
 46 | And show your pleasure to the Persiän,  
 As fits the legate of the stately Turk.

48 | [Exit Basso.]

50 | **K. of Arg.** They say he is the King of Persiä;  
 52 | But, if he dare attempt to stir your siege,  
 'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,  
 54 | For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

56 | **Baj.** True, Argiër; and trembles at my looks.

58 | **K. of Mor.** The spring is hindered by your smothering host,  
 For neither rain can fall upon the earth,  
 60 | Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,  
 The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

62 | **Baj.** All this is true as holy Mahomet;  
 64 | And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

66 | **K. of Fess.** What thinks your greatness best to be achieved  
 In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

68 | **Baj.** I will the captive pioners of Argier  
 70 | Cut off the water that by leaden pipes  
 Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon.  
 72 | Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,  
 That no relief or succour come by land:  
 74 | And all the sea my galleys countermand.  
 Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,  
 76 | And with their cannons mouthed like Orcus' gulf.  
 Batter the walls, and we will enter in;  
 78 | And thus the Grecians shall be conquerèd.

80 | [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

[*Persia or Anatolia.*]

*Enter Zenocrate, Agydas, Anippe, with others.*

1 **Agyd.** Madam Zenocrate, may I presume  
 2 To know the cause of these unquiet fits,  
 That work such trouble to your wonted rest?  
 4 'Tis more than pity such a heavenly face  
 Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale,  
 6 When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine,  
 (Which of your whole displeasures should be most,)  
 8 Hath seemed to be digested long ago.

10 **Zeno.** Although it be digested long ago,  
 As his exceeding favours have deserved,  
 12 And might content the Queen of Heaven, as well  
 As it hath changed my first conceived disdain,  
 14 Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts  
 With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,  
 16 Which dyes my looks so lifeless as they are,  
 And might, if my extremes had full events,  
 18 Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

20 **Agyd.** Eternal Heaven sooner be dissolved,  
 And all that pierceth Phoebe's silver eye,  
 22 Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

24 **Zeno.** Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast  
 And leave my body senseless as the earth,  
 26 Or else unite you to his life and soul,  
 That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

28

*Enter, behind, Tamburlaine, Techelles, and others.*

30

**Agyd.** With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate,  
 32 Let not a man so vile and barbarous,  
 That holds you from your father in despite,  
 34 And keeps you from the honours of a queen,  
 (Being supposed his worthless concubine,)  
 36 Be honoured with your love but for necessity.  
 So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,  
 38 Your highness needs not doubt but in short time  
 He will with Tamburlaine's destruction  
 40 Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

42 **Zeno.** Leave to wound me with these words,

And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.  
 44 The entertainment we have had of him  
 Is far from villainy or servitude,  
 46 And might in noble minds be counted princely.

48 **Agyd.** How can you fancy one that looks so fierce,  
 Only disposed to martial stratagems?  
 50 Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,  
 Will tell how many thousand men he slew;  
 52 And when you look for amorous discourse,  
 Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,  
 54 Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

56 **Zeno.** As looks the Sun through Nilus' flowing stream,  
 Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,  
 58 So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;  
 His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song  
 60 They sung for honour 'gainst Piërides,  
 Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:  
 62 And higher would I rear my estimate  
 Than Juno, sister to the highest god,  
 64 If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.

66 **Agyd.** Yet be not so inconstant in your love;  
 But let the young Arabian live in hope  
 68 After your rescue to enjoy his choice.  
 You see though first the King of Persiä,  
 70 Being a shepherd, seemed to love you much,  
 Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,  
 72 Those words of favour, and those comfortings,  
 And gives no more than common courtesies.

74 **Zeno.** Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,  
 76 Fearing his love through my unworthiness. –

78 *[Tamburlaine goes to her and takes her away  
 lovingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas,  
 80 and says nothing.]*

82 *[Exeunt all but Agydas.]*

84 **Agyd.** Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,  
 Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,  
 86 Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,  
 I stand aghast; but most astoniëd  
 88 To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,  
 And wrapt in silence of his angry soul.  
 90 Upon his brows was portrayed ugly death;

92 And in his eyes the furies of his heart  
 That shine as comets, menacing revenge,  
 And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.  
 94 As when the seaman sees the Hyades  
 Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,  
 96 (Auster and Aquilon with wingèd steeds,  
 All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,  
 98 With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps,  
 And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)  
 100 All-fearful folds his sails and sounds the main,  
 Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid  
 102 Against the terror of the winds and waves,  
 So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns  
 104 That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,  
 And make my soul divine her overthrow.

106  
 108 *Re-enter Techelles with a naked dagger,  
 followed by Usumcasane.*

110 **Tech.** See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you?  
 He bids you prophesy what it imports.

112  
 114 *[Gives Agydas a dagger.]*

114 **Agyd.** I prophesied before, and now I prove  
 116 The killing frowns of jealousy and love.  
 He needed not with words confirm my fear,  
 118 For words are vain where working tools present  
 The naked action of my threatened end:  
 120 It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,  
 And of extremities elect the least;  
 122 More honour and less pain it may procure  
 To die by this resolvèd hand of thine,  
 124 Than stay the torments he and Heaven have sworn.  
 Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues  
 126 Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee.  
 Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,  
 128 Removèd from the torments and the hell,  
 Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,  
 130 And let Agydas by Agydas die,  
 And with this stab slumber eternally.

132  
 134 *[Stabs himself.]*

136 **Tech.** Usumcasane, see, how right the man  
 Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king.

138 **Usum.** 'Faith, and Techelles, it was manly done;

140 | And since he was so wise and honourable,  
141 | Let us afford him now the bearing hence,  
142 | And crave his triple-worthy burial.

144 | **Tech.** Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[*Exeunt bearing out the body.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

[Anatolia.]

*Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane,  
Theridamas, a Basso, Zenocrate, Anippe,  
with others.*

1 **Tamb.** Basso, by this thy lord and master knows  
2 I mean to meet him in Bithynia:  
See how he comes! tush, Turks are full of brags,  
4 And menace more than they can well perform.  
He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!  
6 Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak  
T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.  
8 View well my camp, and speak indifferently;  
Do not my captains and my soldiers look  
10 As if they meant to conquer Africa?

12 **Bas.** Your men are valiant, but their number few,  
And cannot terrify his mighty host.  
14 My lord, the great commander of the world,  
Besides fifteen contributory kings,  
16 Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries,  
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,  
18 Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;  
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served  
20 In two set battles fought in Graecia;  
And for the expedition of this war,  
22 If he think good, can from his garrisons  
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

24 **Tech.** The more he brings the greater is the spoil,  
26 For when they perish by our warlike hands,  
We mean to set our footmen on their steeds,  
28 And rifle all those stately Janissars.

30 **Tamb.** But will those kings accompany your lord?

32 **Bas.** Such as his highness please; but some must stay  
To rule the provinces he late subdued.

34 **Tamb.** [To his Officers]  
36 Then fight courageously: their crowns are yours;  
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,  
38 That made me Emperor of Asiä.

40 **Usum.** Let him bring millions infinite of men,



42 Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,  
 Yet we assure us of the victory.

44 **Ther.** Even he that in a trice vanquished two kings,  
 More mighty than the Turkish emperor,  
 46 Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue  
 His scattered army till they yield or die.

48 **Tamb.** Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;  
 50 For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine,  
 Whose smiling stars give him assurèd hope  
 52 Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.  
 I that am termed the scourge and wrath of God,  
 54 The only fear and terror of the world,  
 Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge  
 56 Those Christian captives, which you keep as slaves,  
 Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,  
 58 And feeding them with thin and slender fare;  
 That naked row about the Terrene sea,  
 60 And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,  
 Are punished with bastones so grievously,  
 62 That they lie panting on the galley's side,  
 And strive for life at every stroke they give.  
 64 These are the cruël pirates of Argier,  
 That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,  
 66 Inhabited with stragging runagates,  
 That make quick havoc of the Christian blood;  
 68 But as I live that town shall curse the time  
 That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

70  
 72 *Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoos, the Kings of Fess,  
 Morocco, and Argier, Zabina and Ebea.*

74 **Baj.** Bassoos and Janissaries of my guard,  
 Attend upon the person of your lord,  
 76 The greatest potentate of Africa.

78 **Tamb.** Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swords;  
 I mean t' encounter with that Bajazeth.

80 **Baj.** Kings of Fess, Moroccus, and Argier,  
 82 He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!  
 Note the presumption of this Scythian slave! –  
 84 I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse  
 Have to their names titles of dignity,  
 86 And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

88 **Tamb.** And know, thou Turk, that those which lead my horse,

90 | Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;  
 And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

92 | **Baj.** By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,  
 And by the holy Alcoran I swear,  
 94 | He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,  
 And in my sarell tend my concubines;  
 96 | And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,  
 Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,  
 98 | Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.

100 | **Tamb.** By this my sword, that conquered Persiä,  
 Thy fall shall make me famous through the world.  
 102 | I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,  
 But every common soldier of my camp  
 104 | Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

106 | **K. of Fess.** What means the mighty Turkish emperor,  
 To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?  
 108

**K. of Mor.** Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,  
 110 | How can ye suffer these indignities?

112 | **K. of Arg.** Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points  
 Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.  
 114

**Baj.** Well said, my stout contributory kings:  
 116 | Your threefold army and my hugy host  
 Shall swallow up these base-born Persiäns.  
 118

**Tech.** Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,  
 120 | Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives?

122 | **Ther.** I long to see those crowns won by our swords,  
 That we may reign as kings of Africa.  
 124

**Usum.** What coward would not fight for such a prize?  
 126

**Tamb.** Fight all courageously, and be you kings;  
 128 | I speak it, and my words are oracles.

130 | **Baj.** Zabina, mother of three braver boys  
 Than Hercules, that in his infancy  
 132 | Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous;  
 Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,  
 134 | Their shoulders broad for cocomplete armour fit,  
 Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,  
 136 | Than all the brats y-sprong from Typhon's loins;  
 Who, when they come unto their father's age,

138 Will batter turrets with their manly fists; –  
 Sit here upon this royal chair of state,  
 140 And on thy head wear my imperial crown,  
 Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine  
 142 And all his captains bound in captive chains.

144 **Zab.** Such good success happen to Bajazeth!

146 **Tamb.** Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,  
 Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,  
 148 The only paragon of Tamburlaine,  
 Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of Heaven,  
 150 And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!  
 That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,  
 152 And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter,  
 Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,  
 154 As if thou wert the Empress of the world.  
 Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see  
 156 Me march victoriously with all my men,  
 Triumphant over him and these his kings;  
 158 Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;  
 Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,  
 160 And manage words with her, as we will arms.

162 **Zeno.** And may my love the King of Persiä,  
 Return with victory and free from wound!

164  
 166 **Baj.** Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,  
 Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.  
 I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,  
 168 Enough to cover all Bithynia.  
 Let thousands die; their slaughtered carcasses  
 170 Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest  
 And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,  
 172 Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.  
 If they should yield their necks unto the sword,  
 174 Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike  
 So many blows as I have heads for thee.  
 176 Thou know'st not, foolish, hardy Tamburlaine,  
 What 'tis to meet me in the open field,  
 178 That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

180 **Tamb.** Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way  
 We use to march upon the slaughtered foe,  
 182 Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs;  
 Brave horses bred on th' white Tartarian hills;  
 184 My camp is like to Julius Caesar's host,  
 That never fought but had the victory;

186 Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war,  
 As these, my followers, willingly would have.  
 188 Legions of spirits fleeting in the air  
 Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,  
 190 And make our strokes to wound the senseless lure,  
 And when she sees our bloody colours spread,  
 192 Then Victory begins to take her flight,  
 Resting herself upon my milk-white tent. –  
 194 But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;  
 The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.

196

[Exit Tamburlaine with his followers.]

198

**Baj.** Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,  
 200 That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.

202

[Exit Bajazeth with his followers.]

204 **Zab.** Base concubine, must thou be placed by me,  
 That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

206

**Zeno.** Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss!  
 208 Call'st thou me concubine, that am betrothed  
 Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

210

**Zab.** To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!

212

**Zeno.** Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,  
 214 When thy great basso-master and thyself  
 Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,  
 216 And sue to me to be your advocates.

218 **Zab.** And sue to thee! – I tell thee, shameless girl.  
 Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid! –  
 220 How lik'st thou her, Ebea? – Will she serve?

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

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

232 **Anip.** Yet sometimes let your highness send for them  
 To do the work my chambermaid disdains.

234

[*They sound [to] the battle within, and stay.*]

236 **Zeno.** Ye gods and powers that govern Persiä,  
 238 And made my lordly love her worthy king,  
 Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,  
 240 And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes  
 Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,  
 242 That I may see him issue conqueror!

244 **Zab.** Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,  
 And make him rain down murdering shot from Heaven  
 246 To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,  
 That dare to manage arms with him  
 248 That offered jewèls to thy sacred shrine,  
 When first he warred against the Christiäns!

[*They sound again to the battle within.*]

252 **Zeno.** By this the Turks lie weltering in their blood,  
 254 And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa.

256 **Zab.** Thou art deceived. – I heard the trumpets sound,  
 As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,  
 258 And led them captive into Africa.  
 Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves –  
 260 Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

262 **Zeno.** If Mahomet should come from Heaven and swear  
 My royal lord is slain or conquerèd,  
 264 Yet should he not persuade me otherwise  
 But that he lives and will be conqueror.

[*Re-enter Bajazeth, pursued by Tamburlaine;  
 they fight, and Bajazeth is overcome.*]

270 **Tamb.** Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?

272 **Baj.** Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd foil.

274 **Tamb.** Where are your stout contributory kings?

*Re-enter Techelles, Theridamas, and Usumcasane.*

278 **Tech.** We have their crowns – their bodies strow the field.

280 **Tamb.** Each man a crown! – Why kingly fought i' faith.  
 Deliver them into my treasury.

282 **Zeno.** Now let me offer to my gracious lord  
 284 His royal crown again so highly won.

286 **Tamb.** Nay, take the crown from her, Zenocrate,  
And crown me Emperor of Africa.

288  
290 **Zab.** No, Tamburlaine: though now thou gat the best,  
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

292 **Ther.** Give her the crown, Turkess: you were best.

294 *[He takes it from her.]*

296 **Zab.** Injurious villains! – thieves! – runagates!  
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?

298  
300 **Ther.** Here, madam, you are Empress; she is none.

302 *[Gives the crown to Zenocrate.]*

304 **Tamb.** Not now, Theridamas; her time is past.  
The pillars that have bolstered up those terms,  
Are fall'n in clusters at my conquering feet.

306  
308 **Zab.** Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.

310 **Tamb.** Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.

312 **Baj.** Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;  
And never had the Turkish emperor  
So great a foil by any foreign foe.  
314 Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,  
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,  
316 And making bonfires for my overthrow.  
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters  
318 Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.  
For though the glory of this day be lost,  
320 Afric and Greece have garrisons enough  
To make me sovereign of the earth again.

322  
324 **Tamb.** Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,  
And write myself great lord of Africa.  
So from the East unto the furthest West  
326 Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.  
The galleys and those pilling brigandines,  
328 That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,  
And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,  
330 Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant,  
Until the Persian fleet and men of war,  
332 Sailing along the oriental sea,

334 Have fetched about the Indian continent,  
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,  
And thence unto the straits of Jubalter;  
336 Where they shall meet and join their force in one  
Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,  
338 And all the ocean by the British shore;  
And by this means I'll win the world at last.

340  
**Baj.** Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

342  
**Tamb.** What, think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?  
344 I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,  
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,  
346 And dig for treasure to appease my wrath. –  
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk;  
348 The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.

350 *[They bind them.]*

352 **Baj.** Ah, villains!– dare you touch my sacred arms?  
O Mahomet! – O sleepy Mahomet!

354  
**Zab.** O cursèd Mahomet, that mak'st us thus  
356 The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!

358 **Tamb.** Come, bring them in; and for this happy conquest,  
Triumph and solemnise a martial feast.

360 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.SCENE I.[*Egypt.*]

*Enter the Soldan of Egypt, Capolin, Lords,  
and a Messenger.*

1 **Sold.** Awake, ye men of Memphis! – hear the clang  
2 Of Scythian trumpets! – hear the basilisks,  
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!  
4 The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,  
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine,  
6 And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,  
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,  
8 While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,  
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,  
10 As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest,  
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.

12 **Mess.** Nay, mighty Soldan, did your greatness see  
14 The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,  
That with his terror and imperious eyes,  
16 Commands the hearts of his associates,  
It might amaze your royal majesty.

18 **Sold.** Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine  
20 As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of hell,  
The Soldan would not start a foot from him.  
22 But speak, what power hath he?

24 **Mess.** Mighty lord,  
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,  
26 Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully,  
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:  
28 Five hundred thousand footmen threatening shot,  
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,  
30 Environing their standard round, that stood  
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood:  
32 Their warlike engines and munitiön  
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

34 **Sold.** Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,  
36 Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,  
Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down,  
38 Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power



40 So scatter and consume them in his rage,  
That not a man should live to rue their fall.

42 **Capo.** So might your highness, had you time to sort  
Your fighting men, and raise your royal host;  
44 But Tamburlaine, by expeditiön,  
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

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

54 **Mess.** Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,  
56 His resolution far exceedeth all.  
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,  
58 White is their hue, and on his silver crest,  
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,  
60 To signify the mildness of his mind,  
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.  
62 But when Aurora mounts the second time  
As red as scarlet is his furniture;  
64 Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,  
Not sparing any that can manage arms;  
66 But if these threats move not submissiön,  
Black are his colours, black paviliön;  
68 His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,  
And jetty feathers, menace death and hell!  
70 Without respect of sex, degree, or age,  
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

72 **Sold.** Merciless villain! – peasant, ignorant  
74 Of lawful arms or martial discipline!  
Pillage and murder are his usual trades.  
76 The slave usurps the glorious name of war.  
See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,  
78 That hath been disappointed by this slave  
Of my fair daughter, and his princely love,  
80 May have fresh warning to go war with us,  
And be revenged for her disparagement.

82

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

[*Outside Damascus' walls.*]

*Enter Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas,  
Usumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe,  
two Moors drawing Bajazeth in a cage,  
and Zabina following him.*

1 **Tamb.** Bring out my footstool.

2

[*Bajazeth is taken out of the cage.*]

4

**Baj.** Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,  
6 That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,  
Staining his altars with your purple blood;  
8 Make Heaven to frown and every fixèd star  
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,  
10 And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!

12 **Tamb.** The chiefest God, first mover of that sphere,  
Enchased with thousands ever-shining lamps,  
14 Will sooner burn the glorious frame of Heaven,  
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.  
16 But, villain! thou that wishest this to me,  
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,  
18 And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,  
That I may rise into my royal throne.

20

**Baj.** First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,  
22 And sacrifice my soul to death and hell,  
Before I yield to such a slavery.

24

**Tamb.** Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!  
26 Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,  
That bears the honour of my royal weight;  
28 Stoop, villain, stoop! – Stoop! for so he bids  
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,  
30 Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees  
Strook with the voice of thundering Jupiter.

32

**Baj.** Then, as I look down to the damnèd fiends,  
34 Fiends look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,  
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,  
36 And make it swallow both of us at once!

38

[*Tamburlaine steps upon him to mount his throne.*]

40 | **Tamb.** Now clear the triple region of the air,  
 And let the majesty of Heaven behold  
 42 | Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.  
 Smile stars, that reigned at my nativity,  
 44 | And dim the brightness of your neighbour lamps!  
 Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia!  
 46 | For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,  
 First rising in the East with mild aspect,  
 48 | But fixed now in the meridian line,  
 Will send up fire to your turning spheres,  
 50 | And cause the sun to borrow light of you.  
 My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,  
 52 | Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;  
 As when a fiery exhalation,  
 54 | Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloud  
 Fighting for passage, made the welkin crack,  
 56 | And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:  
 But ere I march to wealthy Persia,  
 58 | Or leave Damascus and the Egyptian fields,  
 As was the fame of Clymene's brain-sick son,  
 60 | That almost brent the axle-tree of Heaven,  
 So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot  
 62 | Fill all the air with fiery meteors:  
 Then when the sky shall wax as red as blood  
 64 | It shall be said I made it red myself,  
 To make me think of nought but blood and war.  
 66 |

68 | **Zab.** Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty  
 Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,  
 70 | Dar'st thou that never saw an emperor  
 Before thou met my husband in the field,  
 Being thy captive, thus abuse his state,  
 72 | Keeping his kingly body in a cage,  
 That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces  
 74 | Should have prepared to entertain his grace?  
 And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,  
 76 | Whose feet the kings of Africa have kissed?

78 | **Tech.** You must devise some torment worse, my lord.  
 To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.  
 80 |

82 | **Tamb.** Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

84 | **Zeno.** She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look  
 That these abuses flow not from her tongue: –  
 Chide her, Anippe.  
 86 |

88 **Anip.** Let these be warnings for you then, my slave,  
How you abuse the person of the king;  
Or else I swear to have you whipt, stark-naked.

90  
92 **Baj.** Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,  
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,  
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,  
94 That should be horsèd on four mighty kings.

96 **Tamb.** Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities  
Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me,  
98 That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings. –  
Put him in again.

100  
102 [They put him back into the cage.]

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

106 **Tamb.** There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept;  
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;  
108 And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps  
My servitors shall bring thee from my board; –  
110 For he that gives him other food than this,  
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself;  
112 This is my mind and I will have it so.  
Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,  
114 If they would lay their crowns before my feet,  
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage.  
116 The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,  
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,  
118 Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth;  
These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia,  
120 To fair Damascus, where we now remain,  
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go. –  
122 Techelles, and my loving followers,  
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,  
124 Like to the shadows of Pyramides,  
That with their beauties grace the Memphian fields:  
126 The golden stature of their feathered bird,  
That spreads her wings upon the city's walls,  
128 Shall not defend it from our battering shot:  
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,  
130 And every house is as a treasury:  
The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.

132 **Ther.** Your tents of white now pitched before the gates,

134 | And gentle flags of amity displayed,  
I doubt not but the governor will yield,  
136 | Offering Damascus to your majesty.

138 | **Tamb.** So shall he have his life and all the rest:  
But if he stay until the bloody flag  
140 | Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,  
He dies, and those that kept us out so long,  
142 | And when they see us march in black array,  
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads,  
144 | Were in that city all the world contained,  
Not one should 'scape, but perish by our swords.

146 | **Zeno.** Yet would you have some pity for my sake,  
148 | Because it is my country's, and my father's.

150 | **Tamb.** Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I have sworn.  
Come; bring in the Turk.  
152 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

[Somewhere on the march to Damascus.]

*Enter the Soldan, the King of Arabia, Capolin,  
and Soldiers with colours flying.*

- 1 **Sold.** Methinks we march as Meleäger did,  
2 Environèd with brave Argolian knights,  
To chase the savage Calydonian boar,  
4 Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths  
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent  
6 To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields,  
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,  
8 Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.  
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,  
10 Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us.  
My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,  
12 A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,  
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown,  
14 That dares control us in our territories.  
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,  
16 Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power,  
Let us unite our royal bands in one,  
18 And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.  
It is a blemish to the majesty  
20 And high estate of mighty emperors,  
That such a base usurping vagabond  
22 Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.
- 24 **K. of Arab.** Renowmèd Soldan, have ye lately heard  
The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth  
26 About the confines of Bithynia?  
The slavery wherewith he persecutes  
28 The noble Turk and his great emperess?
- 30 **Sold.** I have, and sorrow for his bad success;  
But noble lord of great Arabia,  
32 Be so persuaded that the Soldan is  
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,  
34 Than in the haven when the pilot stands,  
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,  
36 And shiverèd against a craggy rock;  
Yet in compassion to his wretched state,  
38 A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,  
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,  
40 That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,

42 | Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong  
43 | Unto the hallowed person of a prince,  
44 | Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long  
45 | As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

46 | **K. of Arab.** Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;  
47 | Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel  
48 | Such plagues as Heaven and we can pour on him.  
49 | I long to break my spear upon his crest,  
50 | And prove the weight of his victorious arm;  
51 | For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal  
52 | In sounding through the world his partial praise.

53 | **Sold.** Capolin, hast thou surveyèd our powers?

54 | **Capo.** Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia,  
55 | The number of your hosts united is  
56 | A hundred and fifty thousand horse;  
57 | Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,  
58 | Courageous, and full of hardiness,  
59 | As frolic as the hunters in the chase  
60 | Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

61 | **K. of Arab.** My mind presageth fortunate success; –  
62 | And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee  
63 | The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

64 | **Sold.** Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums  
65 | Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls. –  
66 | Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,  
67 | And leads with him the great Arabian king,  
68 | To dim thy baseness and obscurity,  
69 | Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;  
70 | To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew  
71 | Of Scythians and slavish Persians.

72 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

[*Outside the walls of Damascus.*]

*A Banquet set out; to it come Tamburlaine,  
all in scarlet, Zenocrate, Theridamas, Techelles,  
Usumcasane, Bajazeth in his cage, Zabina,  
and others.*

1 **Tamb.** Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,  
2 Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,  
While they walk quivering on their city walls,  
4 Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath.  
Then let us freely banquet and carouse  
6 Full bowls of wine unto the god of war  
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,  
8 And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you,  
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece. –  
10 And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach?

12 **Baj.** Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine, as I  
could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw heart.

14 **Tamb.** Nay, thine own is easier to come by; pluck  
16 out that: and 'twill serve thee and thy wife: – Well,  
Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.

18 **Baj.** Fall to, and never may your meat digest!  
20 Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,  
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,  
22 And in your hands bring hellish poison up  
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine! –  
24 Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,  
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

26 **Zab.** And may this banquet prove as ominous  
28 As Progne's to th' adulterous Thracian king,  
That fed upon the substance of his child.

30 **Zeno.** My lord, how can you suffer these  
32 Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

34 **Tamb.** To let them see, divine Zenocrate,  
I glory in the curses of my foes,  
36 Having the power from the imperial Heaven  
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

38



40 **Tech.** I pray you give them leave, madam; this speech  
is a goodly refreshing to them.

42 **Ther.** But if his highness would let them be fed, it  
would do them more good.

44  
46 **Tamb.** Sirrah, why fall you not to? – are you so daintily  
brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

48 **Baj.** First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

50 **Usum.** Villain, know'st thou to whom thou speakest?

52 **Tamb.** O, let him alone. – Here; eat, sir; take it from  
my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

54

[*Bajazeth takes it and stamps upon it.*]

56

**Ther.** He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

58

**Tamb.** Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I will make  
thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and  
eat them.

62

**Usum.** Nay, 'twere better he killed his wife, and then  
she shall be sure not to be starved, and he be provided  
for a month's victual beforehand.

66

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

70

**Ther.** Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

72

**Tech.** 'Tis like he will when he cannot let it.

74

**Tamb.** Go to; fall to your meat. – What, not a bit!  
Belike he hath not been watered today; give him some  
drink.

78

80

[*They give Bajazeth water to drink,  
and he flings it upon the ground.*]

82

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

86

**Zeno.** Yes, my lord.

88

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

92 **Tamb.** Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate.  
Pray thee, tell, why thou art so sad? – If thou wilt have  
94 a song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

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

104 **Tamb.** Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,  
106 Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.  
I will confute those blind geographers  
108 That make a triple region in the world,  
Excluding regions which I mean to trace,  
110 And with this pen reduce them to a map,  
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,  
112 After my name and thine, Zenocrate.  
Here at Damascus will I make the point  
114 That shall begin the perpendicular;  
And would'st thou have me buy thy father's love  
116 With such a loss? – Tell me, Zenocrate.

118 **Zeno.** Honour still wait on happy Tamburlaine;  
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

120 **Tamb.** Content thyself: his person shall be safe,  
122 And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,  
If with their lives they may be pleased to yield,  
124 Or may be forced to make me Emperor;  
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine. –  
126 Feed, you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to be  
fed from my trencher.

128 **Baj.** My empty stomach, full of idle heat,  
130 Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,  
Preserving life by hasting cruël death.  
132 My veins are pale; my sinews hard and dry;  
My joints benumbed; unless I eat, I die.

134 **Zab.** Eat, Bajazeth: and let us live in spite of them, –  
136 looking some happy power will pity and enlarge us.

138 **Tamb.** Here, Turk; wilt thou have a clean trencher?

140 **Baj.** Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

142 **Tamb.** Soft, sir; you must be dieted; too much eating  
will make you surfeit.

144

146 **Ther.** So it would, my lord, 'specially having so small  
a walk and so little exercise.

148

[A second course of crowns is brought in.]

150 **Tamb.** Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are  
the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

152

154 **Ther.** Ay, my lord: but none save kings must feed with  
these.

156 **Tech.** 'Tis enough for us to see them, and for  
Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

158

160 **Tamb.** Well; here is now to the Soldan of Egypt, the  
King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now  
take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory  
162 kings. – I crown you here, Theridamas, King of Argier;  
Techelles, King of Fess; and Usumcasane, King of  
164 Moroccus. – How say you to this, Turk? these are  
not your contributory kings.

166

168 **Baj.** Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

170 **Tamb.** Kings of Argier, Moroccus, and of Fess,  
You that have marched with happy Tamburlaine  
As far as from the frozen place of Heaven,  
172 Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,  
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,  
174 Deserve these titles I endow you with,  
By valour and by magnanimity.

176 Your births shall be no blemish to your fame,  
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,  
178 And they are worthy she investeth kings.

180 **Ther.** And since your highness hath so well vouchsafed,  
If we deserve them not with higher meeds  
182 Than erst our states and actions have retained,  
Take them away again and make us slaves.

184

**Tamb.** Well said, Theridamas; when holy fates

186 | Shall 'stablish me in strong Egyptia,  
We mean to travel to th' antarctic pole,  
188 | Conquering the people underneath our feet,  
And be renowned as never emperors were. —  
190 | Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,  
Until with greater honours I be graced.  
192 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.

[*Inside Damascus.*]

*Enter the Governor of Damascus,  
with several Citizens, and four Virgins,  
having branches of laurel in their hands.*

1 **Gov.** Still doth this man, or rather god of war,  
2 Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;  
And to resist with longer stubbornness  
4 Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,  
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow,  
6 And make us desperate of our threatened lives.  
We see his tents have now been alterèd  
8 With terrors to the last and cruellest hue.  
His coal-black colours everywhere advanced,  
10 Threaten our city with a general spoil;  
And if we should with common rites of arms  
12 Offer our safeties to his clemency,  
I fear the custom, proper to his sword,  
14 Which he observes as parcel of his fame,  
Intending so to terrify the world,  
16 By any innovation or remorse,  
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths;  
18 Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,  
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,  
20 Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,  
Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty, humble moans,  
22 Will melt his fury into some remorse,  
And use us like a loving conqueror.

24 **Ist Virg.** If humble suits or imprecations,  
26 (Uttered with tears of wretchedness and blood  
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,  
28 Some made your wives and some your children)  
Might have entreated your obdúrate breasts  
30 To entertain some care of our securities  
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls,  
32 These more than dangerous warrants of our death  
Had never been erected as they be,  
34 Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

36 **Gov.** Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,  
Our love of honour, loath to be intrhalld

38 To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,  
 Would not with too much cowardice or fear,  
 40 (Before all hope of rescue were denied)  
 Submit yourselves and us to servitude.  
 42 Therefore in that your safeties and our own,  
 Your honours, liberties, and lives were weighed  
 44 In equal care and balance with our own,  
 Endure as we the malice of our stars,  
 46 The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;  
 Or be the means the overweighing heavens  
 48 Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,  
 And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

50  
**2nd Virg.** Then here before the majesty of Heaven  
 52 And holy patrons of Egyptia,  
 With knees and hearts submissive we entreat  
 54 Grace to our words and pity to our looks  
 That this device may prove propitiöus,  
 56 And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine  
 Convey events of mercy to his heart;  
 58 Grant that these signs of victory we yield  
 May bind the temples of his conquering head,  
 60 To hide the folded furrows of his brows,  
 And shadow his displeasèd countenance  
 62 With happy looks of ruth and lenity. –  
 Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;  
 64 What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

66 **Gov.** Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return  
 Depends our city, liberty, and lives.

68

*[Exeunt Governor and Citizens; the Virgins remain.]*

ACT V, SCENE II.

[*Tamburlaine's camp outside Damascus.*]

**Still on-stage:** *the Virgins of Damascus.*

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

1 **Tamb.** What, are the turtles frayed out of their nests?  
 2 Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel  
 The sworn destruction of Damascus?  
 4 They know my custom; could they not as well  
 Have sent ye out, when first my milk-white flags,  
 6 Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle beams,  
 Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes,  
 8 As now, when fury and incensèd hate  
 Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents,  
 10 And tells for truth submissions comes too late?

12 **Ist Virg.** Most happy King and Emperor of the earth,  
 Image of honour and nobility,  
 14 For whom the powers divine have made the world,  
 And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;  
 16 In whose sweet person is comprised the sum  
 Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;  
 18 Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!  
 Pity old age, within whose silver hairs  
 20 Honour and reverence evermore have reigned!  
 Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,  
 22 In prime and glory of his loving joy,  
 Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood  
 24 The jealous body of his fearful wife,  
 Whose cheeks and hearts so punished with conceit,  
 26 To think thy puissant, never-stayèd arm,  
 Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls  
 28 From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear,  
 Now wax all pale and withered to the death,  
 30 As well for grief our ruthless governor  
 Have thus refused the mercy of thy hand,  
 32 (Whose sceptre angels kiss and Furies dread,)  
 As for their liberties, their loves, or lives!  
 34 O then for these, and such as we ourselves,  
 For us, our infants, and for all our bloods,  
 36 That never nourished thought against thy rule,  
 Pity, O pity, sacred Emperor,  
 38 The prostrate service of this wretched town,

40 And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;  
 41 Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,  
 42 And wished, as worthy subjects, happy means  
 43 To be investors of thy royal brows  
 44 Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

45 **Tamb.** Virgins, in vain you labour to prevent  
 46 That which mine honour swears shall be performed.  
 47 Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

48 **Ist Virg.** Nothing but fear, and fatal steel, my lord.

49 **Tamb.** Your fearful minds are thick and misty then;  
 50 For there sits Death; there sits imperious Death  
 51 Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.  
 52 But I am pleased you shall not see him there;  
 53 He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,  
 54 And on their points his fleshless body feeds. –  
 55 Techelles, straight go charge a few of them  
 56 To charge these dames, and shew my servant, Death,  
 57 Sitting in scarlet on their armèd spears.

58 **Virgins.** O pity us!

59 **Tamb.** Away with them, I say, and shew them Death.

60 [The Virgins are taken out.]

61 I will not spare these proud Egyptians,  
 62 Nor change my martial observations  
 63 For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves,  
 64 Or for the love of Venus, would she leave  
 65 The angry god of arms and lie with me.  
 66 They have refused the offer of their lives,  
 67 And know my customs are as péremptory  
 68 As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

69 *Re-enter Techelles.*

70 What, have your horsemen shewn the virgins Death?

71 **Tech.** They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls  
 72 Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.

73 **Tamb.** A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,  
 74 As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate:  
 75 But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

76



[*Exeunt all except Tamburlaine.*]

88 Ah, fair Zenocrate! – divine Zenocrate! –  
90 Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,  
That in thy passion for thy country's love,  
92 And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,  
With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks;  
94 And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,  
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,  
96 Rain'st on the earth resolvèd pearl in showers,  
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,  
98 Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits  
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,  
100 Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;  
Eyes that, when Ebena steps to Heaven,  
102 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,  
Making the mantle of the richest night,  
104 The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;  
There angels in their crystal armours fight  
106 A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts  
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life;  
108 His life that so consumes Zenocrate,  
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,  
110 Than all my army to Damascus' walls:  
And neither Persian's sovereign, nor the Turk  
112 Troubled my senses with conceit of foil  
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.  
114 What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?  
If all the pens that ever poets held  
116 Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
118 Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes;  
If all the heavenly quintessence they still  
120 From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive  
122 The highest reaches of a human wit;  
If these had made one poem's period,  
124 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
126 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,  
Which into words no virtue can digest,  
128 But how unseemly is it for my sex,  
My discipline of arms and chivalry,  
130 My nature, and the terror of my name,  
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!  
132 Save only that in beauty's just applause,  
With whose instinct the soul of man is touched;

134 | And every warrior that is rapt with love  
 Of fame, of valour, and of victory,  
 136 | Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits:  
 I thus conceiving and subduing both  
 138 | That which hath stopped the tempest of the gods,  
 Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,  
 140 | To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,  
 And march in cottages of strowèd reeds,  
 142 | Shall give the world to note for all my birth,  
 That virtue solely is the sum of glory,  
 144 | And fashions men with true nobility. –  
 Who's within there?

146

*Enter Attendants.*

148

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

150

*Atten.* Ay, my lord.

152

*Tamb.* Bring him forth; and let us know if the town  
 154 | be ransacked.

156

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

158

*Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, and others.*

160 | *Tech.* The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply  
 Of conquest and of spoil is offered us.

162

*Tamb.* That's well, Techelles; what's the news?

164

166 | *Tech.* The Soldan and th' Arabian king together  
 March on us with such eager violence,  
 As if there were no way but one with us.

168

*Tamb.* No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techelles.

170

*[Attendants bring in Bajazeth in his cage,  
 followed by Zabina; then exeunt.]*

172

174 | *Ther.* We know the victory is ours, my lord;  
 But let us save the reverend Soldan's life,  
 176 | For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

178

*Tamb.* That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,  
 For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness  
 180 | Deserves a conquest over every heart. –

180

And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,  
 182 | You hope of liberty and restitution? –

182

184 Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,  
Till we have made us ready for the field. –  
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.

186

[*Exeunt Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane,  
and Persians.*]

188

190 **Baj.** Go, never to return with victory.  
Millions of men encompass thee about,  
192 And gore thy body with as many wounds!  
Sharp, forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!  
194 Furies from the black Cocytus lake,  
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands  
196 Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!  
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmèd skin,  
198 And every bullet dipt in poisoned drugs!  
Or, roaring cannons sever all thy joints,  
200 Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

202 **Zab.** Let all the swords and lances in the field  
Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!  
204 At every pore let blood come dropping forth,  
That lingering pains may massacre his heart,  
206 And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!

208 **Baj.** Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power;  
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake:  
210 But such a star hath influence in his sword,  
As rules the skies and countermands the gods  
212 More than Cimmerian Styx or destiny;  
And then shall we in this detested guise,  
214 With shame, with hunger, and with horror aye,  
Gripping our bowels with retorquèd thoughts,  
216 And have no hope to end our ecstasies.

218 **Zab.** Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,  
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end  
220 To our infâmous monstrous slaveries. –  
Gape earth, and let the fiends infernal view  
222 A hell as hopeless and as full of fear  
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,  
224 Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans  
Hover about the ugly ferryman,  
226 To get a passage to Elysium!  
Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars, slaves!  
228 Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests  
So high within the region of the air  
230 By living long in this oppressiön,

232 That all the world will see and laugh to scorn  
 The former triumphs of our mightiness  
 In this obscure infernal servitude?  
 234  
**Baj.** O life, more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts  
 236 Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,  
 Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,  
 238 Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!  
 O dreary engines of my loathèd sight,  
 240 That see my crown, my honour, and my name  
 Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,  
 242 Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams  
 And sink not quite into my tortured soul?  
 244 You see my wife, my queen, and emperess,  
 Brought up and proppèd by the hand of fame,  
 246 Queen of fifteen contributory queens,  
 Now thrown to rooms of black abjectiön,  
 248 Smearèd with blots of basest drudgery,  
 And villainess to shame, disdain, and misery.  
 250 Accursèd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,  
 (That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,  
 252 And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears,)  
 Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root,  
 254 From whence the issues of my thoughts do break; –  
 O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!  
 256 Fetch me some water for my burning breast,  
 To cool and comfort me with longer date,  
 258 That in the shortened sequel of my life  
 I may pour forth my soul into thine arms  
 260 With words of love, whose moaning intercourse  
 Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate  
 262 Of our expressless banned inflictions.

264 **Zab.** Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,  
 As long as any blood or spark of breath  
 266 Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.

[Exit Zabina.]

270 **Baj.** Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,  
 And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head,  
 272 Since other means are all forbidden me,  
 That may be ministers of my decay.  
 274 O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,  
 Accursèd day! infected with my griefs,  
 276 Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,  
 And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens!  
 278 Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,

280 Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,  
 Smother the earth with never-fading mists!  
 And let her horses from their nostrils breathe  
 282 Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps!  
 That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,  
 284 And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,  
 May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!  
 286 Then let the stony dart of senseless cold  
 Pierce through the centre of my withered heart,  
 288 And make a passage for my loathèd life!

290 *[He brains himself against the cage.]*

292 *Re-enter Zabina.*

294 **Zab.** What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!  
 His skull all riven in twain! his brains dashed out, –  
 296 The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign:  
 O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!  
 298 O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!  
 Give him his liquor? not I. Bring milk and fire, and  
 300 my blood I bring him again. – Tear me in pieces – give  
 me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it. – Down  
 302 with him! Down with him! – Go to my child! Away!  
 Away! Away! – Ah, save that infant! save him, save  
 304 him! – I, even I, speak to her. – The sun was down –  
 streamers white, red, black – here, here, here! – Fling  
 306 the meat in his face – Tamburlaine. – Tamburlaine! –  
 Let the soldiers be buried. – Hell! Death, Tamburlaine,  
 308 Hell! Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. – I  
 come! I come! I come!

310 *[She runs against the cage and brains herself.]*

312 *Enter Zenocrate with Anippe.*

314 **Zeno.** Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see  
 316 Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptian blood,  
 Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen;  
 318 The streets strowed with dissevered joints of men  
 And wounded bodies gasping yet for life:  
 320 But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop  
 Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,  
 322 (Whose looks might make the angry god of arms  
 To break his sword and mildly treat of love)  
 324 On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up  
 And guiltlessly endure a cruël death:  
 326 For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,

328 That stamped on others with their thundering hoofs,  
 When all their riders charged their quivering spears,  
 Began to check the ground and rein themselves,  
 330 Gazing upon the beauty of their looks. –  
 Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this,  
 332 That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?  
 Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate  
 334 Than her own life, or aught save thine own love. –  
 But see another bloody spectacle!  
 336 Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,  
 How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,  
 338 And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth! –  
 See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.  
 340  
*Anip.* No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both;  
 342 Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforced,  
 And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.  
 344  
*Zeno.* Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,  
 346 And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!  
 Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief! –  
 348 Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth  
 And let them die a death so barbarous!  
 350 Those that are proud of fickle empery  
 And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,  
 352 Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!  
 Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!  
 354 That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,  
 Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!  
 356 Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars  
 Sleep'st every night with conquests on thy brows,  
 358 And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,  
 In fear and feeling of the like distress,  
 360 Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!  
 Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,  
 362 Pardon my love! – O, pardon his contempt  
 Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,  
 364 And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursued,  
 Be equally against his life incensed  
 366 In this great Turk and hapless Emperèss!  
 And pardon me that was not moved with ruth  
 368 To see them live so long in misery!  
 Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?  
 370  
*Anip.* Madam, content yourself, and be resolved  
 372 Your love hath Fortune so at his command,  
 That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,

374 | As long as life maintains his mighty arm  
 That fights for honour to adorn your head.

376 |

*Enter Philemus, a Messenger.*

378 |

**Zeno.** What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

380 |

**Phil.** Madam, your father, and th' Arabian king,  
 The first affecter of your excellence,  
 Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Aeneas did,  
 Armèd with lance into th' Egyptian fields,  
 Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

386 |

**Zeno.** Now shame and duty, love and fear present  
 A thousand sorrows to my martyred soul.  
 Whom should I wish the fatal victory  
 When my poor pleasures are divided thus  
 And racked by duty from my cursèd heart?  
 My father and my first-betrothèd love  
 Must fight against my life and present love;  
 Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,  
 And makes my deeds infámous through the world:  
 But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,  
 Prevented Turnus of Lavinia,  
 And fatally enriched Aeneas' love,  
 So for a final issue to my griefs,  
 To pacify my country and my love,  
 Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers  
 With virtue of a gentle victory  
 Conclude a league of honour to my hope;  
 Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordained,  
 With happy safety of my father's life  
 Send like defence of fair Arabia.

408 |

*[Trumpets sound to the battle within:  
 Afterwards, the King of Arabia enters wounded.]*

410 |

**K. of Arab.** What cursèd power guides the murdering hands  
 Of this infámous tyrant's soldièrs,  
 That no escape may save their enemies,  
 Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?  
 Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,  
 And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold  
 That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,  
 Even so for her thou diest in these arms,  
 Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

420 |

422 **Zeno.** Too dear a witness for such love, my lord,  
Behold Zenocrate! the cursèd object,  
Whose fortunes never masterèd her griefs;  
424 Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,  
As much as thy fair body is for me.

426 **K. of Arab.** Then shall I die with full, contented heart,  
428 Having beheld divine Zenocrate,  
Whose sight with joy would take away my life  
430 As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,  
If I had not been wounded as I am.  
432 Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now,  
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,  
434 To make discourse of some sweet accidents  
Have chanced thy merits in this worthless bondage;  
436 And that I might be privy to the state  
Of thy deserved contentment, and thy love;  
438 But, making now a virtue of thy sight,  
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,  
440 Since death denies me farther cause of joy,  
Deprived of care, my heart with comfort dies,  
442 Since thy desirèd hand shall close mine eyes.

444 [He dies.]

446 *Re-enter Tamburlaine, leading the Soldan, Techelles,  
Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others.*

448 **Tamb.** Come, happy father of Zenocrate,  
450 A title higher than thy Soldan's name.  
Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee,  
452 Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;  
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,  
454 Which had ere this been bathed in streams of blood  
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

456 **Zeno.** O sight thrice-welcome to my joyful soul,  
458 To see the king, my father, issue safe  
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

460 **Sold.** Well met, my only dear Zenocrate,  
462 Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown.

464 **Tamb.** 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,  
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,  
466 Since I shall render all into your hands,  
And add more strength to your dominiöns  
468 Than ever yet confirmed th' Egyptian crown.



The god of war resigns his room to me,  
 470 Meaning to make me general of the world:  
 Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,  
 472 Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.  
 Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat,  
 474 And grisly Death, by running to and fro,  
 To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;  
 476 And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,  
 Since I arrived with my triumphant host,  
 478 Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasping wounds,  
 Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,  
 480 A meteor that might terrify the earth,  
 And make it quake at every drop it drinks.  
 482 Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx  
 Waiting the back return of Charon's boat;  
 484 Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men,  
 That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,  
 486 To spread my fame through hell and up to Heaven. —  
 And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,  
 488 Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet:  
 The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,  
 490 Left to themselves while we were at the fight,  
 Have desperately despatched their slavish lives:  
 492 With them Arabia, too, hath left his life:  
 All sights of power to grace my victory;  
 494 And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;  
 Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen  
 496 His honour, that consists in shedding blood,  
 When men presume to manage arms with him.  
 498

**Sold.** Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,  
 500 Renownèd Tamburlaine! to whom all kings  
 Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;  
 502 And I am pleased with this my overthrow,  
 If, as beseems a person of thy state,  
 504 Thou hast with honour used Zenocrate.

**Tamb.** Her state and person wants no pomp, you see;  
 506 And for all blot of foul in chastity  
 508 I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear:  
 Then let me find no farther time to grace  
 510 Her princely temples with the Persian crown.  
 But here these kings that on my fortunes wait,  
 512 And have been crowned for provèd worthiness,  
 Even by this hand that shall establish them,  
 514 Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,  
 Invest her here the Queen of Persiä. —

516 | What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate!

518 | *Sold.* I yield with thanks and protestatiöns  
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

520 | *Tamb.* Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate  
522 | Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

524 | *Zeno.* Else should I much forget myself, my lord.

526 | *Ther.* Then let us set the crown upon her head,  
That long hath lingered for so high a seat.

528 | *Tech.* My hand is ready to perform the deed;  
530 | For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

532 | *Usum.* And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

534 | *Tamb.* Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;  
And here we crown thee Queen of Persiä,  
536 | And all the kingdoms and dominiöns  
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.  
538 | As Juno, when the giants were suppressed,  
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,  
540 | So looks my love, shadowing in her brows  
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;  
542 | Or, as Latona's daughter, bent to arms,  
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.  
544 | To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,  
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asiä,  
546 | From Barbary unto the western Indie,  
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire:  
548 | And from the bounds of Afric to the banks  
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.  
550 | And now, my lords and loving followers,  
That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,  
552 | Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,  
Mount up your royal places of estate,  
554 | Environèd with troops of noblemen,  
And there make laws to rule your provinces.  
556 | Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post,  
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.  
558 | Thy first-betrothèd love, Arabia,  
Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb  
560 | With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.  
Then, after all these solemn exequies,  
562 | We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnise.

*Finis.*

## Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [ ], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

a. The Prologue may be omitted.

b. Optional Universal Emendations:

1. modernize *Fess* to *Fez*: **Act III.i** (initial stage direction); lines 17 and 66 (speaker identification). Also, **ACT III.iii**, line 71 (stage direction); line 81; line 106 (speaker identification). Also at **Act IV.iv**, lines 163 and 169.

2. modernize *renowned* to *renowned*: I.2.229, 289; II.iii.32; II.v.7; III.i.17; III.iii.119; IV.3.24; IV.iv.189; and V.ii.500.

3. modernize *Moroccus* to *Morocco*: III.iii.81; and IV.iv.164 and 169.

c. Act I, Scene i.

1. line 43: in place of *Trading*, restore *Treading*.

2. lines 105 and 201: emend *Africa* to *Assyria*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 17: emend *Africa* to *Assyria*.

2. line 159: emend *mountain foot* to *mountain top*.

3. line 177: emend *lanch* to *lance*.

4. line 188: insert *shepherd* after *Scythian*.

5. lines 270-1: either: (1) in line 271, emend *Are these* to *These are*, and convert question mark onto a period; or (2) remove the exclamation point from line 270, emend line 271's *Are these* to *To*

*these*, and convert the question mark of line 271 into an exclamation point.

6. line 296: modernize *statutes* to *statues*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 4: emend *of* to *on*.
2. line 5: emend *abused* to *'bused*.
3. line 50: emend *after greedy* to *greedy after*.
4. line 54: emend *lanch* to *lance*.

Act II, Scene v.

1. line 108: emend *apace* to *a-piece*.

Act II, Scene vii.

1. line 18: modernize *president* to *precedent*.
2. line 54: modernize *talents* to *talons*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 42: emend *Leave* to *Agydas, leave*.

Act III, Scene iii.

1. 190: emend *our* to *your*; emend *lure* to either *wind, air* or *light*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 31: modernize *strook* to *struck*.
1. line 126: modernize *stature* to *statue*.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 171: emend *place* to *plage*.

Act V, Scene ii.

1. lines 58 and 63: modernize *shew* to *show*.
2. line 78: modernize *shewn* to *shown*.
2. line 111: emend *Persian's* to *Persia's*.