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presents

a Theatre Script of

TAMBURLAINE the GREAT
PART TWO

By Christopher Marlowe

Written c. 1587

Earliest Extant Edition: 1590

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TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

Part the Second

By Christopher Marlowe

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Tamburlaine, King of Persia.

Zenocrate, wife to Tamburlaine.

Tamburlaine's sons:

Calyphas.

Perdicas, Servant to Calyphas.

Amyras.

Celebinus.

Tamburlaine's Kings:

Techelles, King of Fess (Fez).

Theridamas, King of Argier.

Usumcasane, King of Morocco.

Other Kings:

Orcanes, King of Natolia.

King of Trebizond.

King of Soria.

King of Jerusalem.

King of Amasia.

Gazellus, Viceroy of Byron.

Uribassa.

Sigismund, King of Hungary.

Lords of Buda and Bohemia:

Frederick.

Baldwin.

Callapine, Son to Deceased Ottoman Sultan Bajazeth.

Almeda, his Keeper.

Captain of Balsera.

Olympia, Wife of the Captain of Balsera.

His Son.

Maximus.

Physicians.

Another Captain.

Lords, Citizens, Soldiers, Turkish Concubines, &c.

A. Our Story So Far: A Review of *Part One*.

With a small crew of bandits, **Tamburlaine**, a Scythian shepherd, began his rise to power by robbing merchant travellers in the Persian Empire. After suborning a troop of Persian cavalry to join his band, Tamburlaine defeated the rival kings of Persia in battle. Having now captured the Persian crown for himself, Tamburlaine took his command west to Anatolia, where he defeated the Ottoman army, capturing the Sultan **Bajazeth** and his wife in the process. Tamburlaine gave the crowns of several North African territories (which were actually part of the Ottoman Empire, and which he now had title to) to his favorite subordinates.

Tamburlaine had also previously captured **Zenocrate**, the daughter of the **Soldan (Sultan) of Egypt**, and the two had fallen in love. After sacking Damascus, Tamburlaine fought a battle with the Egyptian Soldan's army, defeating it in turn. As a favour to his beloved, Tamburlaine spared the life of her father, who in return (and no doubt in relief) blessed the marriage of Tamburlaine and Zenocrate, who was in her turn crowned Empress of Tamburlaine's empire.

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Tamburlaine the Great, Part I was originally published in 1590 in combination with *Part Two* 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 are often 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, Part Two* into Acts and Scenes. However, as is the usual case, it does not provide scene settings. Scene locations are hence the editor's own suggestions.

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.

C. Optional Textual Changes.

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

THE PROLOGUE.

1 The general welcomes Tamburlaine received,
2 When he arrivèd last upon our stage,
Hath made our poet pen his Second Part,
4 Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp,
And murderous fates throw all his triumphs down.
6 But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities' sacrifice
8 He celebrated her sad funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

ACT I.SCENE I.

Southern Bank of the Danube River, Hungary.

*Enter Orcanes (King of Natolia),
Gazellus (Viceroy of Byron), Uribassa,
and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

- 1 **Orcan.** Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,
2 Placed by the issue of great Bajazeth,
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,
4 Who lives in Egypt, prisoner to that slave
Which kept his father in an iron cage; –
6 Now have we marched from fair Natolia
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks
8 Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary,
10 Should meet our person to conclude a truce.
What! Shall we parlë with the Christiän,
12 Or cross the stream, and meet him in the field?
- 14 **Gaz.** King of Natolia, let us treat of peace;
We are all glutted with the Christians' blood,
16 And have a greater foe to fight against, –
Proud Tamburlaine, that, now in Asiä,
18 Near Guyron's head doth set his conquering feet,
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.
20 'Gainst him, my lord, must you address your power.
- 22 **Urib.** Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom
More than his camp of stout Hungarians –
24 Slavonians, Almains, rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe,
26 Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
- 28 **Orcan.** Though from the shortest northern parallel,
Vast Gruntland, compassed with the Frozen Sea,
30 (Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,
Giants as big as hugy Polypheme,)
32 Millions of soldiers cut the artic line,
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
34 Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,
And make this champion mead a bloody fen.
36 Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizond,
Shall carry, wrapped within his scarlet waves,

38 | As martial presents to our friends at home,
 The slaughtered bodies of these Christiäns.
 40 | The Terrene Main, wherein Danubius' falls,
 Shall by this battle be the Bloody Sea.
 42 | The wandering sailors of proud Italy
 Shall meet those Christians, fleeing with the tide,
 44 | Beating in heaps against their argosies,
 And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,
 46 | Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,
 Alight, and wear a woeful mourning weed.

48 | **Gaz.** Yet, stout Orcanes, Prorex of the world,
 Since Tamburlaine hath mustered all his men,
 50 | Marching from Cairo northward with his camp,
 To Alexandria and the frontier towns,
 52 | Meaning to make a conquest of our land,
 'Tis requisite to parlë for a peace
 54 | With Sigismund, the King of Hungary,
 56 | And save our forces for the hot assaults
 Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

58 | **Orcan.** Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.
 60 | My realm, the centre of our empery,
 Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,
 62 | And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.
 Slavonians, Almain rutters, Muffes, and Danes,
 64 | Fear not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine;
 Nor he, but Fortune, that hath made him great.
 66 | We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,
 Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,
 68 | Natolians, Sorians, black Egyptiäns,
 Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,
 70 | Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,
 Yet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine.
 72 | He brings a world of people to the field,
 From Scythia to the oriental plage
 74 | Of India, where raging Lantchidol
 Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,
 76 | That never seaman yet discoverèd.
 All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine,
 78 | Even from the midst of fiery Cancer's tropic,
 To Amazonia under Capricorn,
 80 | And thence as far as Archipelago,
 All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine;
 82 | Therefore, viceroy, the Christians must have peace.

84 | *Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin,*

and their train, with drums and trumpets.

86

Sigis. Orcanes, (as our legates promised thee,)

88

We, with our peers, have crossed Danubius' stream
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.

90

Take which thou wilt, for as the Romans used,
I here present thee with a naked sword;

92

Wilt thou have war, then shake this blade at me;
If peace, restore it to my hands again,

94

And I will sheathe it to confirm the same.

96

Orcan. Stay, Sigismund. Forget'st thou I am he
That with the cannon shook Vienna walls,

98

And made it dance upon the continent,
As when the massy substance of the earth

100

Quiver[s] about the axle-tree of Heaven?

102

Forget'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,
Mingled with powdered shot and feathered steel,
So thick upon the blink-eyed burghers' heads,

104

That thou thyself, then county palatine,
The King of Boheme, and the Austric Duke,

106

Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees,
In all your names, desired a truce of me?

108

Forget'st thou that to have me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tents,

110

Stamped with the princely fowl, that in her wings
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?

112

How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

114

Sigis. Vienna was besieged, and I was there,
Then county palatine, but now a king,

116

And what we did was in extremity.
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host

118

That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide,
As doth the desert of Arabia

120

To those that stand on Bagdet's lofty tower;
Or as the ocean to the traveller

122

That rests upon the snowy Apennines;
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,

124

Or treat of peace with the Natolian king.

126

Gaz. Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,

128

And not to dare each other to the field.
A friendly parlè might become ye both.

130

Fred. And we from Europe, to the same intent,

132

Which if your general refuse or scorn,

134 Our tents are pitched, our men stand in array,
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

136 **Orcan.** So prest are we: but yet, if Sigismund
Speak as a friend, and stand not upon terms,
138 Here is his sword, – let peace be ratified
On these conditions, specified before,
140 Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.

142 **Sigis.** Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,
Never to draw it out, or manage arms
144 Against thyself or thy confederates,
But whilst I live will be a truce with thee.

146 **Orcan.** But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,
148 And swear in sight of Heaven and by thy Christ.

150 **Sigis.** By him that made the world and saved my soul,
The son of God and issue of a Maid,
152 Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.

154 **Orcan.** By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
156 Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,
158 Closed in a coffin mounted up the air,
And hung on stately Mecca's temple roof,
160 I swear to keep this truce inviolable;
Of whose conditions and our solemn oaths,
162 Signed with our hands, each shall retain a scroll
As memorable witness of our league.
164 Now, Sigismund, if any Christian king
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,
166 Send word, Orcanes of Natolia
Confirmed this league beyond Danubius' stream,
168 And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;
So am I feared among all nations.

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

176 **Orcan.** I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,
178 All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,
Follow my standard and my thundering drums. –
180 Come, let us go and banquet in our tents.

182 | I will dispatch chief of my army hence
183 | To fair Natolia and to Trebizond,
184 | To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.
185 | Friend Sigismund and peers of Hungary,
186 | Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,
187 | And then depart we to our territories.

188 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.

Egypt, just south of Alexandria.

Enter Callapine with Almeda, his Keeper.

1 **Call.** Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthless plight
 2 Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
 Born to be monarch of the western world,
 4 Yet here detained by cruël Tamburlaine.

6 **Alm.** My lord, I pity it, and with my heart
 Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,
 8 My sovereign lord, renownèd Tamburlaine,
 Forbids you further liberty than this.

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

14 **Alm.** Not for all Afric; therefore move me not.

16 **Call.** Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

18 **Alm.** No speech to that end, by your favour, sir.

20 **Call.** By Cairo runs –

22 **Alm.** No talk of running, I tell you, sir.

24 **Call.** A little further, gentle Almeda.

26 **Alm.** Well, sir, what of this?

28 **Call.** By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
 30 Darotë's stream, wherein at anchor lies
 A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
 32 Waiting my coming to the river side,
 Hoping by some means I shall be released,
 34 Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
 And soon put forth into the Terrene Sea,
 36 Where, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
 We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
 38 Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
 Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home,
 40 Amongst so many crowns of burnished gold,
 Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command;

42 | A thousand galleys, manned with Christian slaves,
 I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,
 44 | And bring armados from the coasts of Spain
 Fraughted with gold of rich America;
 46 | The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
 Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
 48 | As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl
 Or lovely Iö metamorphosèd.
 50 | With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
 And, as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,
 52 | The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
 With Turkey carpets shall be coverèd,
 54 | And cloth of arras hung about the walls,
 Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.
 56 | A hundred bassoes, clothed in crimson silk,
 Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
 58 | And when thou goest, a golden canopy
 Enchased with precious stones, which shine as bright
 60 | As that fair veil that covers all the world,
 When Phoebus, leaping from his hemisphere,
 62 | Descendeth downward to th' Antipodès,
 And more than this – for all I cannot tell.

64 | *Alm.* How far hence lies the galley, say you?

66 | *Call.* Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

68 | *Alm.* But need we not be spied going aboard?

70 | *Call.* Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
 72 | And crookèd bending of a craggy rock,
 The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
 74 | She lies so close that none can find her out.

76 | *Alm.* I like that well. But tell me, my lord, if I should
 let you go, would you be as good as your word? Shall
 78 | I be made a king for my labour?

80 | *Call.* As I am Callapine the Emperor,
 And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
 82 | Thou shalt be crowned a king, and be my mate.

84 | *Alm.* Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
 Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
 86 | (For that's the style and title I have yet,)
 Although he sent a thousand armèd men
 88 | To intercept this haughty enterprise,
 Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,

90 | And die before I brought you back again.

92 | **Call.** Thanks, gentle Almeda; then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let us both.

94 | **Alm.** When you will, my lord, I am ready.

96 | **Call.** Even straight; and farewell, cursèd Tamburlaine.
98 | Now go I to revenge my father's death.

100 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

Larissa on the Sinai Peninsula.

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

- 1 **Tamb.** Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
2 Whose beams illuminate the lamps of Heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
4 And clothe it in a crystal livery;
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa plains,
6 Where Egypt and the Turkish empire part,
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
8 And every one commander of a world.
- 10 **Zeno.** Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
12 And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?
- 14 **Tamb.** When Heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
16 Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.
18 Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen; –
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,
20 When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued,
22 Placed by her side, look on their mother's face
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
24 Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:
Water and air, being symbolized in one,
26 Argue their want of courage and of wit;
Their hair, as white as milk, and soft as down,
28 which should be like the quills of porcupines,
As black as jet, and hard as iron or steel,
30 Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars;
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
32 Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
34 Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy womb,
36 That never looked on man but Tamburlaine.
- 38 **Zeno.** My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,
But when they list, their conquering father's heart.

40 | This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
 Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,
 42 | Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
 Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
 44 | He reined him straight, and made him so curvet,
 As I cried out for fear he should have fall'n.

46 | **Tamb.** Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance,
 48 | Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle-axe,
 And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
 50 | And harmless run among the deadly pikes.
 If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
 52 | Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
 Keeping in iron cages emperors.
 54 | If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth,
 And shine in cômplete virtue more than they,
 56 | Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
 Shall issue crownèd from their mother's womb.

58 | **Celeb.** Yes, father: you shall see me, if I live,
 60 | Have under me as many kings as you,
 And march with such a multitude of men,
 62 | As all the world shall tremble at their view.

64 | **Tamb.** These words assure me, boy, thou art my son.
 When I am old and cannot manage arms,
 66 | Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

68 | **Amyr.** Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,
 Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?

70 | **Tamb.** Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
 72 | Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.

74 | **Caly.** But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
 Let me accompany my gracious mother;
 76 | They are enough to conquer all the world,
 And you have won enough for me to keep.

78 | **Tamb.** Bastardly boy, sprong from some coward's loins,
 80 | And not the issue of great Tamburlaine!
 Of all the provinces I have subdued,
 82 | Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear
 A mind courageous and invincible;
 84 | For he shall wear the crown of Persiä
 Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,
 86 | Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,
 And in the furrows of his frowning brows

88 Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruëlty;
 For in a field, whose superficiës
 90 Is covered with a liquid purple veil
 And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,
 92 My royal chair of state shall be advanced;
 And he that means to place himself therein,
 94 Must armèd wade up to the chin in blood.

96 **Zeno.** My lord, such speches to our princely sons
 Dismay their minds before they come to prove
 98 The wounding troubles angry war affords.

100 **Celeb.** No, madam, these are speches fit for us,
 For if his chair were in a sea of blood,
 102 I would prepare a ship and sail to it,
 Ere I would lose the title of a king.

104
 106 **Amyr.** And I would strive to swim through pools of blood,
 Or make a bridge of murdered carcasses,
 Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,
 108 Ere I would lose the title of a king.

110 **Tamb.** Well, lovely boys, you shall be emperors both,
 Stretching your conquering arms from East to West;
 112 And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
 When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
 114 And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,
 And cleave his pericranion with thy sword.

116
 118 **Caly.** If any man will hold him, I will strike
 And cleave him to the channel with my sword.

120 **Tamb.** Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee,
 For we will march against them presently.
 122 Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
 Promised to meet me on Larissa plains
 124 With hosts apiece against this Turkish crew;
 For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
 126 To make it parcel of my empery; –
 The trumpets sound, Zenocrate; they come.

128
 130 *Enter Theridamas and his train,
 with drums and trumpets.*

132 **Tamb.** Welcome Theridamas, King of Argier.

134 **Ther.** My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,
 Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
 136 My crown, myself, and all the power I have,

In all affection at thy kingly feet.

138

Tamb. Thanks, good Theridamas.

140

Ther. Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks;

142

And of Argier and Afric's frontier towns

Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms,

144

All which have sworn to sack Natolia.

Five hundred brigandines are under sail,

146

Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,

That, launching from Argier to Tripoli,

148

Will quickly ride before Natolia,

And batter down the castles on the shore.

150

Tamb. Well said, Argier; receive thy crown again.

152

Enter Techelles and Usumcasane together.

154

Tamb. Kings of Morocus and of Fess, welcome.

156

Usum. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine!

158

I and my neighbour king of Fess have brought

To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,

160

A hundred thousand expert soldiërs:

From Azamor to Tunis near the sea

162

Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,

And all the men in armour under me,

164

Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

166

Tamb. Thanks, king of Morocus, take your crown again.

166

Tech. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,

168

Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,

170

I here present thee with the crown of Fess,

And with an host of Moors trained to the war,

172

Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,

And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove,

174

Meaning to aid them in this Turkish arms,

Should pierce the black circumference of hell

176

With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,

And millions of his strong tormenting spirits.

178

From strong Tesella unto Bilèdull,

All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

180

Tamb. Thanks, king of Fess; take here thy crown again.

182

Your presence, loving friends and fellow kings,

Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy.

184

If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court

186 Were opened wide, and I might enter in
 To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
 It could not more delight me than your sight.
 188 Now will we banquet on these plains a while,
 And after march to Turkey with our camp,
 190 In number more than are the drops that fall
 When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;
 192 And proud Orcanes of Natolia
 With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
 194 That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
 Were turned to men, he should be overcome.
 196 Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
 That Jove shall send his wingèd messenger
 198 To bid me sheath my sword and leave the field;
 The sun, unable to sustain the sight,
 200 Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
 And leave his steeds to fair Boötes' charge;
 202 For half the world shall perish in this fight.
 But now, my friends, let me examine ye;
 204 How have ye spent your absent time from me?

 206 *Usum.* My lord, our men of Barbary have marched
 Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
 208 And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more;
 For, since we left you at the Soldan's court,
 210 We have subdued the southern Guallatia
 And all the land unto the coast of Spain;
 212 We kept the narrow Strait of Gibraltar,
 And made Canaria call us kings and lords;
 214 Yet never did they recreate themselves,
 Or cease one day from war and hot alarms,
 216 And therefore let them rest awhile, my lord.

 218 *Tamb.* They shall, Casane, and 'tis time, i' faith.

 220 *Tech.* And I have marched along the river Nile
 To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
 222 Called John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
 Whose triple-mitre I did take by force,
 224 And made him swear obedience to my crown.
 From thence unto Cazates did I march,
 226 Where Amazonians met me in the field,
 With whom (being women), I vouchsafed a league,
 228 And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
 The western part of Afric, where I viewed
 230 The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
 But neither man nor child in all the land;

232 | Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where, unresisted, I removed my camp;
234 | And, by the coast of Byather, at last
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,
236 | And conquering that, made haste to Nubia.
There, having sacked Borno, the kingly seat,
238 | I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damasco, where I stayed before.

240 | **Tamb.** Well done, Techelles. What saith Theridamas?

242 | **Ther.** I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,
And made a voyage into Europe,
244 | Where by the river Tyros I subdued
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia;
246 | Then crossed the sea and came to Oblia
And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,
248 | Which in despite of them, I set on fire.
From thence I crossed the gulf called by the name
250 | Marë Majorë of th' inhabitants.
252 | Yet shall my soldiers make no period,
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

254 | **Tamb.** Then will we triumph, banquet, and carouse;
256 | Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
258 | Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
260 | Ay, liquid gold when we have conquered him,
Mingled with coral and with oriental pearl.
262 | Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

264 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.SCENE I.

Hungary, north of the Danube River.

*Enter Sigismund, Frederick, Baldwin,
with their train.*

1 **Sigis.** Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,
2 What motion is it that inflames your thoughts,
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?

4
6 **Fred.** Your majesty remembers, I am sure,
What cruël slaughter of our Christian bloods
These heathenish Turks and pagans lately made
8 Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius;
How through the midst of Varna and Bulgaria,
10 And almost to the very walls of Rome,
They have, not long since, massacred our camp.
12 It resteth now, then, that your majesty
Take all advantages of time and power,
14 And work revenge upon these infidels.
Your highness knows, for Tamburlaine's repair,
16 That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts,
Natolia hath dismissed the greatest part
18 Of all his army, pitched against our power,
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,
20 And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Acantha, Antioch, and Caesarea,
22 To aid the kings of Soria and Jerusalem.
Now then, my lord, advantage take hereof,
24 And issue suddenly upon the rest;
That in the fortune of their overthrow,
26 We may discourage all the pagan troop
That dare attempt to war with Christiäns.

28
30 **Sigis.** But calls not then your grace to memory
The league we lately made with king Orcanes,
Confirmed by oath and articles of peace,
32 And calling Christ for record of our truths?
This should be treachery and violence
34 Against the grace of our professiön.

36 **Bald.** No whit, my lord, for with such infidels,
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,
38 We are not bound to those accomplishments

40 The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;
But as the faith, which they profanely plight,
Is not by necessary policy
42 To be esteemed assurance for ourselves,
So what we vow to them should not infringe
44 Our liberty of arms and victory.

46 *Sigis.* Though I confess the oaths they undertake
Breed little strength to our security,
48 Yet those infirmities that thus defame
Their faiths, their honours, and their religiön,
50 Should not give us presumption to the like.
Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate,
52 Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

54 *Fred.* Assure your grace, 'tis superstitiön
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;
56 And should we lose the opportunity
That God hath given to venge our Christians' death
58 And scourge their foul blasphemous paganism,
As fell to Saul, to Balaam, and the rest,
60 That would not kill and curse at God's command,
So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,
62 And jealous anger of His fearful arm,
Be poured with rigour on our sinful heads,
64 If we neglect this offered victory.

66 *Sigis.* Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,
Giving commandment to our general host,
68 With expedition to assail the Pagan,
And take the victory our God hath given.

70

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II, SCENE II.

Near Orminius' Mount in Bithynia.

*Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, and Uribassa,
with their train.*

1 **Orcan.** Gazellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
2 Now will we march from proud Orminius' mount
To fair Natolia, where our neighbour kings
4 Expect our power and our royal presence,
T' encounter with the cruël Tamburlaine,
6 That nigh Larissa sways a mighty host,
And with the thunder of his martial tools
8 Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and Heaven.

10 **Gaz.** And now come we to make his sinews shake,
With greater power than erst his pride hath felt.
12 An hundred kings, by scores, will bid him arms,
And hundred thousands subjects to each score,
14 Which, if a shower of wounding thunderbolts
Should break out of the bowels of the clouds,
16 And fall as thick as hail upon our heads,
In partial aid of that proud Scythian,
18 Yet should our courages and steelèd crests,
And numbers more than infinite of men,
20 Be able to withstand and conquer him.

22 **Urib.** Methinks I see how glad the Christian king
Is made for joy of your admitted truce,
24 That could not but before be terrified
With unacquainted power of our host.

Enter a Messenger.

28 **Mess.** Arm, dread sovereign, and my noble lords!
30 The treacherous army of the Christiäns,
Taking advantage of your slender power,
32 Comes marching on us, and determines straight
To bid us battle for our dearest lives.

34 **Orcan.** Traitors, villains, damnèd Christiäns!
36 Have I not here the articles of peace,
And solemn covenants we have both confirmed,
38 He by his Christ, and I by Mahomet?

40 **Gaz.** Hell and confusion light upon their heads,
That with such treason seek our overthrow,

42 | And cares so little for their prophet, Christ!

44 | **Orcan.** Can there be such deceit in Christiäns,
 Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,
 46 | Whose shape is figure of the highest God?
 Then, if there be a Christ, as Christians say,
 48 | But in their deeds deny him for their Christ,
 If he be son to everliving Jove,
 50 | And hath the power of his outstretched arm;
 If he be jealous of his name and honour,
 52 | As is our holy prophet, Mahomet,
 Take here these papers as our sacrifice
 54 | And witness of thy servant's perjury. –

56 | *[He tears to pieces the articles of peace.]*

58 | Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,
 And make a passage from th' empyreal Heaven,
 60 | That He that sits on high and never sleeps,
 Nor in one place is circumscribable,
 62 | But everywhere fills every continent
 With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,
 64 | May, in his endless power and purity,
 Behold and venge this traitor's perjury! –
 66 | Thou Christ, that art esteemed omnipotent,
 If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God,
 68 | Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,
 Be now revenged upon this traitor's soul,
 70 | And make the power I have left behind
 (too little to defend our guiltless lives,)
 72 | Sufficient to discomfort and confound
 The trustless force of those false Christiäns. –
 74 | To arms, my lords! "On Christ" still let us cry!
 If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

76 |

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE III.

A battlefield south of the Danube.

*Alarms of battle within. —
Enter Sigismund, wounded.*

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

10

[He dies.]

12

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa, and others.

14

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

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

20

Orcan. Now shall his barbarous body be a prey
22 To beasts and fowls, and all the winds shall breathe,
Through shady leaves of every senseless tree,
24 Murmurs and hisses for his heinous sin.
Now scalds his soul in the Tartarian streams,
26 And feeds upon the baneful tree of hell,
That Zoäcum, that fruit of bitterness,
28 That in the midst of fire is ingrafted,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
30 With apples like the heads of damnèd fiends.
The devils there, in chains of quenchless flame,
32 Shall lead his soul through Orcus' burning gulf,
From pain to pain, whose change shall never end. —
34 What say'st thou yet, Gazellus, to his foil,
Which we referred to justice of his Christ,
36 And to his power, which here appears as full
As rays of Cynthia to the clearest sight?

38

Gaz. 'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,
40 Whose power is often proved a miracle.

42 **Orcan.** Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honourèd,
Not doing Mahomet an injury,
44 Whose power had share in this our victory;
And since this miscreant hath disgraced his faith,
46 And died a traitor both to Heaven and earth,
We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk
48 Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon. –
Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.

50
Urib. I will, my lord.

[Exit Uribassa.]

54
Orcan. And now, Gazellus, let us haste and meet
56 Our army, and our brothers of Jerusalem,
Of Soria, Trebizond, and Amasia,
58 And happily, with full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine, now let us celebrate
60 Our happy conquest and his angry fate.

62
[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Larissa.

*The arras is drawn and Zenocrate
is discovered lying in her bed of state,
with Tamburlaine sitting by her.
About the bed are three Physicians tempering potions.
Around are Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane,
and Zenocrates' three Sons.*

1 **Tamb.** Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
2 The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
That danced with glory on the silver waves,
4 Now wants the fuël that inflamed his beams;
And all with faintness and for foul disgrace,
6 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
Ready to darken earth with endless night.
8 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
10 And tempered every soul with lively heat,
Now by the malice of the angry skies,
12 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
14 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven,
16 As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
18 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
20 Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
22 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refinèd eyes with an eternal sight,
24 Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
26 The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
28 Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
30 And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls
32 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
34 Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal Heaven,

36 | That this my life may be as short to me
 As are the days of sweet Zenocrate. –

38 | Physicians, will no physic do her good?

40 | **Phys.** My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive:
 And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

42 | **Tamb.** Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

44 | **Zeno.** I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
 46 | That, when this frail and transitory flesh
 Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
 48 | That feeds the body with his dated health,
 Wane with enforced and necessary change.

50 | **Tamb.** May never such a change transform my love,
 52 | In whose sweet being I repose my life,
 Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
 54 | Gives light to Phoebus and the fixèd stars;
 Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
 56 | As when, opposed in one diameter,
 Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
 58 | Or else descended to his winding train.
 Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
 60 | Or, dying, be the author of my death!

62 | **Zeno.** Live still, my lord! O, let my sovereign live!
 And sooner let the fiery element
 64 | Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
 Than this base earth should shroud your majesty:
 66 | For should I but suspect your death by mine,
 The comfort of my future happiness,
 68 | And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,
 Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,
 70 | And fury would confound my present rest.
 But let me die, my love; yet let me die;
 72 | With love and patience let your true love die!
 Your grief and fury hurts my second life. –
 74 | Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
 And let me die with kissing of my lord.
 76 | But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
 Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
 78 | And of my lords, whose true nobility
 Have merited my latest memory. –
 80 | Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,
 And in your lives your father's excellence.
 82 | Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

84 | [*They call music.*]

86 | **Tamb.** Proud fury and intolerable fit,
 That dares torment the body of my love,
 88 | And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!
 Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
 90 | Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
 Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
 92 | Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
 Her sacred beauty hath enchanted Heaven;
 94 | And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
 Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
 96 | And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
 Had not been named in Homer's Iliad;
 98 | Her name had been in every line he wrote.
 Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth
 100 | Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
 Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named;
 102 | Zenocrate had been the argument
 Of every epigram or elegy. –

104 | [*The music sounds. – Zenocrate dies.*]

106 |
 108 | What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
 And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
 And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
 110 | To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
 And throw them in the triple-moat of hell,
 112 | For taking hence my fair Zenocrate. –
 Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
 114 | Raise cavaleros higher than the clouds,
 And with the cannon break the frame of Heaven;
 116 | Batter the shining palace of the sun,
 And shiver all the starry firmament,
 118 | For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
 Meaning to make her stately queen of Heaven.
 120 | What god soever holds thee in his arms,
 Giving thee nectar and ambrosiä,
 122 | Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
 Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
 124 | Breaking my steelèd lance, with which I burst
 The rusty beams of Janus' temple doors,
 126 | Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
 To march with me under this bloody flag!
 128 | And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
 Come down from Heaven, and live with me again!

130 |

132 **Ther.** Ah, good my lord, be patient; she is dead,
 And all this raging cannot make her live.
 If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
 134 If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth;
 If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood;
 136 Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

138 **Tamb.** "For she is dead!" Thy words do pierce my soul!
 Ah, sweet Theridamas! say so no more;
 140 Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
 And feed my mind that dies for want of her. –
 142 [*To the body*]
 Where'er her soul be, thou shalt stay with me,
 144 Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,
 Not lapped in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
 146 And till I die thou shalt not be interred.
 Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus'
 148 We both will rest and have one epitaph
 Writ in as many several languages
 150 As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
 This cursèd town will I consume with fire,
 152 Because this place bereaved me of my love:
 The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned;
 154 And here will I set up her stature,
 And march about it with my mourning camp,
 156 Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

158 [*The arras is drawn.*]

ACT III.SCENE I.

Somewhere in Anatolia.

*Enter the kings of Trebizond and Soria,
one bringing a sword and the other a sceptre;
next Orcanes (King of Natolia) and
the King of Jerusalem with the imperial crown;
after them enters Callapine,
and after him, other lords and Almeda.*

*Orcanes and the King of Jerusalem crown Callapine,
and the others give him the sceptre.*

1 **Orcan.** Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius,
2 son and successive heir to the late mighty Emperor
Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet,
4 Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Soria,
Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmania, and all the
6 hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his
mighty father. Long live Callapinus, emperor of
8 Turkey!

10 **Call.** Thrice-worthy kings of Natolia, and the rest,
I will requite your royal gritudes
12 With all the benefits my empire yields;
And were the sinews of th' imperial seat
14 So knit and strengthened as when Bajazeth,
My royal lord and father, filled the throne,
16 Whose cursèd fate hath so dismembered it,
Then should you see this thief of Scythia,
18 This proud usurping king of Persiä,
Do us such honour and supremacy,
20 Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,
As all the world should blot our dignities
22 Out of the book of baseborn infamies.
And now I doubt not but your royal cares
24 Hath so provided for this cursèd foe,
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazeth,
26 (An emperor so honoured for his virtues,)
Revives the spirits of true Turkish hearts,
28 In grievous memory of his father's shame,
We shall not need to nourish any doubt,
30 But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,

32 Will now retain her old inconstancy,
 And raise our honours to as high a pitch,
 34 In this our strong and fortunate encounter;
 For so hath Heaven provided my escape
 36 From all the cruélty my soul sustained,
 By this my friendly keeper's happy means,
 38 That Jove, surcharged with pity of our wrongs,
 Will pour it down in showers on our heads,
 40 Scourging the pride of cursèd Tamburlaine.

42 **Orcan.** I have a hundred thousand men in arms;
 Some, that in conquest of the perjured Christiän,
 44 Being a handful to a mighty host,
 Think them in number yet sufficiënt
 46 To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,
 And for their power enow to win the world.

48 **K. of Jer.** And I as many from Jerusalem,
 50 Judaea, Gaza, and Scalonias bounds,
 That on Mount Sinai, with their ensigns spread,
 52 Look like the parti-coloured clouds of Heaven
 That show fair weather to the neighbour morn.

54 **K. of Treb.** And I as many bring from Trebizond,
 56 Chio, Famastro, and Amasiä,
 All bordering on the Marë Major sea,
 58 Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns
 That touch the end of famous Euphrates,
 60 Whose courages are kindled with the flames
 The cursèd Scythian sets on all their towns,
 62 And vow to burn the villain's cruël heart.

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

70 **Orcan.** Our battle then, in martial manner pitched,
 72 According to our ancient use, shall bear
 The figure of the semicircled moon,
 74 Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air
 The poisoned brains of this proud Scythian.

76 **Call.** Well then, my noble lords, for this my friend
 78 That freed me from the bondage of my foe,

80 I think it requisite and honourable,
To keep my promise and to make him king,
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

82
84 *Alm.* That's no matter, sir, for being a king; for
Tamburlaine came up of nothing.

86 *K. of Jer.* Your majesty may choose some pointed time,
Performing all your promise to the full;
88 'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

90 *Call.* Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.

92 *Alm.* Why, I thank your majesty.

94

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE II.

Larissa.

*Enter Tamburlaine with his three sons Calyphas,
Amyrus and Celebiuns; Usumcasne;
four Attendants bearing the hearse of Zenocrate;
the drums sounding a doleful march;
the town burning.*

1 **Tamb.** So burn the turrets of this cursèd town,
2 Flame to the highest region of the air,
And kindle heaps of exhalations,
4 That being fiery meteors may presage
Death and destruction to th' inhabitants!
6 Over my zenith hang a blazing star,
That may endure till Heaven be dissolved,
8 Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,
Threatening a dearth and famine to this land!
10 Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
Singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
12 As is the island where the Furies mask,
Compass'd with Lethè, Styx, and Phlegethon,
14 Because my dear Zenocrate is dead.

16 **Caly.** This pillar, placed in memory of her,
Where in Arabian, Hebrew, Greek, is writ, –
18 *This town, being burnt by Tamburlaine the Great,
Forbids the world to build it up again.*

20
22 **Amyr.** And here this mournful streamer shall be placed,
Wrought with the Persian and Egyptian arms,
To signify she was a princess born
24 And wife unto the monarch of the East.

26 **Celeb.** And here this table as a register
Of all her virtues and perfection's.

28
30 **Tamb.** And here the picture of Zenocrate,
To shew her beauty which the world admired;
Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate,
32 That, hanging here, will draw the gods from Heaven,
And cause the stars fixed in the southern arc,
34 (Whose lovely faces never any viewed
That have not passed the centre's latitude,)
36 As pilgrims, travel to our hemisphere,
Only to gaze upon Zenocrate. –

38 | Thou shalt not beautify Larissa plains,
 But keep within the circle of mine arms;
 40 | At every town and castle I besiege,
 Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent;
 42 | And when I meet an army in the field,
 Those looks will shed such influence in my camp,
 44 | As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
 Threw naked swords and sulphur-balls of fire
 46 | Upon the heads of all our enemies. –
 And now, my lords, advance your spears again:
 48 | Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now; –
 Boys, leave to mourn! this town shall ever mourn,
 50 | Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.

52 | *Caly.* If I had wept a sea of tears for her,
 It would not ease the sorrow I sustain.

54 |
 56 | *Amyr.* As is that town, so is my heart consumed
 With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.

58 | *Celeb.* My mother's death hath mortified my mind,
 And sorrow stops the passage of my speech.

60 | *Tamb.* But now, my boys, leave off and list to me,
 62 | That mean to teach you rudiments of war.
 I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
 64 | March in your armour thorough watery fens,
 Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
 66 | Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war.
 And after this, to scale a castle wall,
 68 | Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
 And make whole cities caper in the air.
 70 | Then next, the way to fortify your men,
 In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
 72 | For which the quinque-angle form is meet,
 Because the corners there may fall more flat
 74 | Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,
 And sharpest where th' assault is desperate.
 76 | The ditches must be deep; the counterscarps
 Narrow and steep, the walls made high and broad;
 78 | The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,
 With cavalieros and thick counterforts,
 80 | And room within to lodge six thousand men.
 It must have privy ditches, countermines,
 82 | And secret issuings to defend the ditch;
 It must have high argins and covered ways,
 84 | To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,

86 And parapets to hide the musketeers;
 Casemates to place the great artillery;
 And store of ordnance, that from every flank
 88 May scour the outward curtains of the fort,
 Dismount the cannon of the adverse part,
 90 Murther the foe, and save the walls from breach.
 When this is learned for service on the land,
 92 By plain and easy demonstratiön
 I'll teach you how to make the water mount,
 94 That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,
 Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,
 96 And make a fortress in the raging waves,
 Fenced with the concave of a monstrous rock,
 98 Invincible by nature of the place.
 When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
 100 And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

102 *Caly.* My lord, but this is dangerous to be done;
 We may be slain or wounded ere we learn.

104 *Tamb.* Villain! art thou the son of Tamburlaine,
 106 And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe
 To hew thy flesh, and make a gaping wound?
 108 Hast thou beheld a peal of ordnance strike
 A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,
 110 Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as Heaven,
 Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes,
 112 And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?
 Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
 114 Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
 Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
 116 And yet at night carouse within my tent,
 Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
 118 That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
 And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
 120 View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings,
 And, with his host march[ed] round about the earth,
 122 Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,
 That by the wars lost not a dram of blood,
 124 And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

126 *[He cuts his arm.]*

128 A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
 Blood is the god of war's rich livery.
 130 Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
 As great a grace and majesty to me,
 132 As if a chair of gold enameled,

134 Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
 And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
 Were mounted here under a canopy,
 136 And I sat down, clothed with the massy robe
 That late adorned the Afric potentate,
 138 Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.
 Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
 140 And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
 While I sit smiling to behold the sight.
 142 Now, my boys, what think you of a wound?

144 *Caly.* I know not what I should think of it. Methinks
 tis a pitiful sight.

146 *Celeb.* 'Tis nothing: give me a wound, father.

148 *Amyr.* And me another, my lord.

150 *Tamb.* Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

152 *Celeb.* Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

154 *Tamb.* It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound.
 156 My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
 Before we meet the army of the Turk:
 158 But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,
 Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds, and death;
 160 And let the burning of Larissa walls,
 My speech of war, and this my wound you see,
 162 Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds,
 Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine! –
 164 Usumcasane, now come let us march
 Towards Techelles and Theridamas,
 166 That we have sent before to fire the towns,
 The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,
 168 And hunt that coward faintheart runaway,
 With that accursèd traitor, Almeda,
 170 Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.

172 *Usum.* I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
 That hath betrayed my gracious sovereign, –
 174 That cursed and damnèd traitor, Almeda.

176 *Tamb.* Then let us see if coward Callapine
 Dare levy arms against our puissance,
 178 That we may tread upon his captive neck,
 And treble all his father's slaveries.

180

|

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.*Balsera in Syria.**Enter Techelles, Theridamas, and their train.*

1 **Ther.** Thus have we marched northward from Tamburlaine,
 2 Unto the frontier point of Soria,
 And this is Balsera, their chiefest hold,
 4 Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

6 **Tech.** Then let us bring our light artillery,
 Minions, fauknets, and sakers to the trench,
 8 Filling the ditches with the walls' wide breach,
 And enter in to seize upon the hold.
 10 How say you, soldiërs? shall we or not?

12 **Soldiers.** Yes, my lord, yes; come, let's about it.

14 **Ther.** But stay a while; —summon a parlë, drum. —
 It may be they will yield it quietly,
 16 Knowing two kings, the friend[s] to Tamburlaine,
 Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.

18

[A parle sounded.]

20

*The Captain appears on the walls,
 With Olympia his Wife, and his Son.*

22

24 **Capt.** What require you, my masters?

26 **Ther.** Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

28 **Capt.** To you! Why, do you think me weary of it?

30 **Tech.** Nay, Captain, thou art weary of thy life,
 If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine!

32

Ther. These pioners of Argier in Africa,
 34 Even in the cannon's face, shall raise a hill
 Of earth and faggots higher than thy fort,
 36 And over thy argins and covered ways
 Shall play upon the bulwarks of thy hold
 38 Volleys of ordnance, till the breach be made
 That with his ruin fills up all the trench;
 40 And when we enter in, not Heaven itself
 Shall ransom thee, thy wife, and family.

42

Tech. Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes

44 That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,
 And lie in trench before thy castle walls,
 46 That no supply of victual shall come in,
 Nor any issue forth but they shall die;
 48 And, therefore, Captain, yield it quietly.

50 **Capt.** Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,
 Brothers to holy Mahomet himself,
 52 I would not yield it; therefore do your worst:
 Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,
 54 Cut off the water, all convoys that come,
 Yet I am resolute, and so, farewell.

[*Captain, Olympia and their Son retire from the walls.*]

58 **Ther.** Pioners, away! And where I stuck the stake,
 60 Intrench with those dimensions I prescribed;
 Cast up the earth towards the castle wall,
 62 Which, till it may defend you, labour low,
 And few or none shall perish by their shot.

64 **Pioners.** We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Pioners.*]

68 **Tech.** A hundred horse shall scout about the plains
 70 To spy what force comes to relieve the hold.
 Both we, Theridamas, will entrench our men,
 72 And with the Jacob's staff measure the height
 And distance of the castle from the trench,
 74 That we may know if our artillery
 Will carry full point-blank unto their walls.

76 **Ther.** Then see the bringing of our ordinance
 78 Along the trench into the battery,
 Where we will have gabions of six foot broad
 80 To save our cannoniers from musket shot;
 Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,
 82 And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,
 The crack, the echo, and the soldier's cry,
 84 Make deaf the air and dim the crystal sky.

86 **Tech.** Trumpets and drums, alarum presently!
 And, soldiers, play the men; the hold is yours!

88

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

Balsera (Passera).

[*Alarms within.*]

Enter the Captain, with his wife Olympia, and his Son.

1 **Olym.** Come, good my lord, and let us haste from hence
2 Along the cave that leads beyond the foe;
No hope is left to save this conquered hold.

4
6 **Capt.** A deadly bullet gliding through my side
Lies heavy on my heart; I cannot live.
I feel my liver pierced, and all my veins,
8 That there begin and nourish every part,
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bathed
10 In blood that straineth from their orifex.
Farewell, sweet wife! Sweet son, farewell! I die.

[*He dies.*]

14
16 **Olym.** Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both.
One minute end our days! and one sepulchre
18 Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?
Well, this must be the messenger for thee.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

22
24 Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,
And carry both our souls where his remains. –
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?
26 These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,
And Moors, in whom was never pity found,
28 Will hew us piecemeal, put us to the wheel,
Or else invent some torture worse than that;
30 Therefore die by thy loving mother's hand,
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat,
32 And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

34 **Son.** Mother, dispatch me, or I'll kill myself;
For think ye I can live and see him dead?
36 Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home:
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.
38 Sweet mother, strike, that I may meet my father.

40 [She stabs him, and he dies.]

42 **Olym.** Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,
 Entreat a pardon of the God of Heaven,
 44 And purge my soul before it come to thee.

46 *[She burns the bodies of her Husband and Son
 and then attempts to kill herself.]*

48 *Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and all their train.*

50 **Ther.** How now, madam! What are you doing?

52 **Olym.** Killing myself, as I have done my son,
 54 Whose body, with his father's, I have burnt,
 Lest cruël Scythians should dismember him.

56 **Tech.** 'Twas bravely done, and like a soldier's wife.
 58 Thou shalt with us to Tamburlaine the Great,
 Who, when he hears how resolute thou wert,
 60 Will match thee with a viceroy or a king.

62 **Olym.** My lord deceased was dearer unto me
 Than any viceroy, king, or emperor;
 64 And for his sake here will I end my days.

66 **Ther.** But, lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,
 And thou shalt see a man, greater than Mahomet,
 68 In whose high looks is much more majesty
 Than from the concave superfiçiës
 70 Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,
 Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
 72 Like lovely Thetis, in a crystal robe;
 That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet,
 74 And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;
 On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait
 76 With naked swords and scarlet liveries;
 Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,
 78 Rhamnusia bears a helmet full of blood,
 And strows the way with brains of slaughtered men;
 80 By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,
 Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world;
 82 Over whose zenith, clothed in windy air,
 And eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,
 84 Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden trump,
 That to the adverse poles of that straight line,
 86 Which measureth the glorious frame of Heaven,
 The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread;
 88 And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.

Come!

90

Olym. Take pity of a lady's ruthful tears,
92 That humbly craves upon her knees to stay
And cast her body in the burning flame
94 That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

96

Tech. Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both
Than scorch a face so beautiful as this,
98 In frame of which Nature hath showed more skill
Than when she gave eternal chaos form,
100 Drawing from it the shining lamps of Heaven.

102

Ther. Madam, I am so far in love with you,
That you must go with us – no remedy.

104

Olym. Then carry me, I care not, where you will,
106 And let the end of this my fatal journey
Be likewise end to my accursèd life.

108

Tech. No, madam, but the beginning of your joy:
110 Come willingly, therefore.

112

Ther. Soldiers, now let us meet the general,
Who by this time is at Natolia,
114 Ready to charge the army of the Turk.
The gold, the silver, and the pearl ye got,
116 Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares:
This lady shall have twice so much again
118 Out of the coffers of our treasury.

120

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE V.*Near Aleppo.*

*Enter Callapine, Orcanes,
and the Kings of Jerusalem, Trebizond, and Soria,
with their train; Almeda.*

– to them Enters a Messenger.

1 **Mess.** Renowmèd emperor, mighty Callapine,
2 God's great lieutenant over all the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
4 Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persiä,
(in numbers more than are the quivering leaves
6 Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
8 Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.

10 **Call.** My royal army is as great as his,
12 That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
14 Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
16 Whet all your swords to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains and his followers!
18 By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
20 Forever term the Persian's sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory!

22 **Orcan.** Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
24 The emperor of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
26 And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legiöns of devils, (knowing he must die
28 Here in Natolia by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
30 Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.

32 **Call.** Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,
34 And what our army royal is esteemed.

36 **K. of Jer.** From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men

38 | Are come, since last we shewed your majesty.

40 | **Orcan.** So from Arabia Desert, and the bounds
 Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
 42 | Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
 Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
 44 | Since last we numbered to your majesty.

46 | **K. of Treb.** From Trebizond in Asiä the Less,
 Naturalized Turks and stout Bithynians
 48 | Came to my bands, full fifty thousand more,
 That, fighting, knows not what retreat doth mean,
 50 | Nor e'er return but with the victory,
 Since last we numbered to your majesty.

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

60 | **Call.** Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death. —
 Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
 62 | the Persians' sepulchre, and sacrifice
 Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
 64 | Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
 To see the slaughter of our enemies.

66 |
 68 | *Enter Tamburlaine with his three Sons,
 and Usumcasane, and others.*

70 | **Tamb.** How now, Casane? See a knot of kings,
 Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles.

72 | **Usum.** My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan:
 74 | Poor souls! they look as if their deaths were near.

76 | **Tamb.** And so he is, Casane; I am here;
 But yet I'll save their lives, and make them slaves. —
 78 | Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come,
 As Hector did into the Grecian camp,
 80 | To overdare the pride of Graecia,
 And set his warlike person to the view
 82 | Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame:
 I do you honour in the simile;
 84 | For if I should, as Hector did Achilles,
 (the worthiest knight that ever brandished sword,)

86 Challenge in combat any of you all,
 I see how fearfully ye would refuse,
 88 And fly my glove as from a scorpion.

90 **Orcan.** Now thou art fearful of thy army's strength,
 Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight;
 92 But, shepherd's issue, baseborn Tamburlaine,
 Think of thy end! this sword shall lance thy throat.

94 **Tamb.** Villain! the shepherd's issue, (at whose birth
 96 Heaven did afford a gracious aspect,
 And joined those stars that shall be opposite
 98 Even till the dissolution of the world,
 And never meant to make a conqueror
 100 So famous as is mighty Tamburlaine,)
 Shall so torment thee and that Callapine,
 102 That, like a roguish runaway, suborned
 That villain there, that slave, that Turkish dog,
 104 To false his service to his sovereign,
 As ye shall curse the birth of Tamburlaine.

106 **Call.** Rail not, proud Scythian! I shall now revenge
 108 My father's vile abuses, and mine own.

110 **K. of Jer.** By Mahomet! he shall be tied in chains,
 Rowing with Christians in a brigandine
 112 About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,
 And turn him to his ancient trade again:
 114 Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

116 **Call.** Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet
 And sit in council to invent some pain
 118 That most may vex his body and his soul.

120 **Tamb.** Sirrah, Callapine! I'll hang a clog about your
 neck for running away again. You shall not trouble me
 122 thus to come and fetch you.
 But as for you, viceroy[s], you shall have bits,
 124 And, harnessed like my horses, draw my coach;
 And when ye stay, be lashed with whips of wire.
 126 I'll have you learn to feed on provender
 And in a stable lie upon the planks.

128 **Orcan.** But, Tamburlaine, first thou shalt kneel to us,
 130 And humbly crave a pardon for thy life.

132 **K. of Treb.** The common soldiers of our mighty host
 Shall bring thee bound unto the general's tent.

134 | **K. of Soria.** And all have jointly sworn thy cruël death,
 136 | Or bind thee in eternal torments' wrath.

138 | **Tamb.** Well, sirs, diet yourselves; you know I shall
 140 | have occasion shortly to journey you.

142 | **Celeb.** See, father,
 144 | How Almeda the jailor looks upon us.

144 | **Tamb.** Villain! Traitor! damnèd fugitive!
 146 | I'll make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee!
 148 | See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?
 150 | Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,
 152 | Or rip thy bowels and rend out thy heart
 154 | T' appease my wrath! or else I'll torture thee,
 156 | Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons
 158 | And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints
 160 | Be racked and beat asunder with the wheel;
 162 | For, if thou liv'st, not any element
 164 | Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

166 | **Call.** Well, in despite of thee, he shall be king.
 168 | Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me.
 170 | I here invest thee king of Ariadan,
 172 | Bordering on Marë Rosso, near to Mecca.

174 | **Orcan.** What! Take it, man.

176 | **Alm.** [To Tamburlaine] Good my lord, let me take it.

178 | **Call.** Dost thou ask him leave? Here; take it.

180 | **Tamb.** Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and make up
 182 | the half dozen. So, sirrah, now you are a king, you
 must give arms.

184 | **Orcan.** So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

186 | **Tamb.** No; let him hang a bunch of keys on his
 188 | standard, to put him in remembrance he was a jailor,
 190 | that, when I take him, I may knock out his brains with
 192 | them, and lock you in the stable, when you shall come
 194 | sweating from my chariot.

196 | **K. of Treb.** Away; let us to the field, that the villain
 198 | may be slain.

200 | **Tamb.** Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot

184 to my tent; for, as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride
in triumph through the camp.

186 *Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and their train.*

188 How now, ye petty kings? Lo, here are bugs
Will make the hair stand upright on your heads,
190 And cast your crowns in slavery at their feet. —
Welcome, Theridamas and Techelles, both!
192 See ye this rout, and know ye this same king?

194 **Ther.** Ay, my lord; he was Callapine's keeper.

196 **Tamb.** Well now you see he is a king; look to him,
Theridamas, when we are fighting, lest he hide his
198 crown as the foolish king of Persia did.

200 **K. of Soria.** No, Tamburlaine; he shall not be put to
That exigent, I warrant thee.

202

Tamb. You know not, sir. —
204 But now, my followers and my loving friends,
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors,
206 The glory of this happy day is yours.
My stern aspect shall make fair Victory,
208 Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me,
Loaden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.

210

Tech. I smile to think how when this field is fought
212 And rich Natolia ours, our men shall sweat
With carrying pearl and treasure on their backs.

214

Tamb. You shall be princes all, immediately;
216 Come, fight, ye Turks, or yield us victory.

218 **Orcan.** No; we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.SCENE I.

A battlefield near Aleppo.

Alarm within. –

*Amyras and Celebinus issue from the tent
where Calyphas sits asleep.*

1 **Amyr.** Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
2 Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
That half dismay the majesty of Heaven.
4 Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
6 And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.

8 **Celeb.** Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
For if my father miss him in the field,
10 Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

12 **Amyr.** Brother, ho! What, given so much to sleep!
14 You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
16 Our proper ruin and our father's foil?

18 **Caly.** Away, ye fools! My father needs not me,
Nor you, in faith, but that you will be thought
20 More childish-valorous than manly-wise.
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,
22 My father were enough to scare the foe.
You do dishonour to his majesty,
24 To think our helps will do him any good.

26 **Amyr.** What, dar'st thou then be absent from the field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
28 And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
30 Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?

32 **Caly.** I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of consciënce in me;
34 I take no pleasure to be murtherous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

36 **Celeb.** O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame, come forth!

38 | Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.

40 | **Caly.** Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,
 And take my other toward brother here,
 42 | For person like to prove a second Mars.
 'Twill please my mind as well to hear both you
 44 | Have won a heap of honour in the field
 And left your slender carcasses behind,
 46 | As if I lay with you for company.

48 | **Amyr.** You will not go, then?

50 | **Caly.** You say true.

52 | **Amyr.** Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi,
 That fill the midst of farthest Tartary,
 54 | Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,
 I would not bide the fury of my father,
 56 | When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
 He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
 58 | In all the honours he proposed for us.

60 | **Caly.** Take you the honour, I will take my ease;
 My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice. –
 62 | I go into the field before I need!

64 | *[Alarums. – Amyras and Celebinus run out.]*

66 | The bullets fly at random where they list;
 And should I go and kill a thousand men,
 68 | I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
 And sooner far than he that never fights;
 70 | And should I go and do nor harm nor good,
 I might have harm, which all the good I have,
 72 | Joined with my father's crown, would never cure.
 I'll to cards. – Perdicas!

74 |

Enter Perdicas.

76 |

Perd. Here, my lord.

78 |

Caly. Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away
 80 | the time.

82 | **Perd.** Content, my lord; but what shall we play for?

84 | **Caly.** Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' concubines first,
 when my father hath conquered them.

86 |

88 **Perd.** Agreed, i' faith.

[*They play.*]

90 **Caly.** They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as
92 little their tarantaras, their swords or their cannons,
as I do a naked lady in a net of gold, and, for fear I
94 should be afraid, would put it off and come to bed
with me.

96 **Perd.** Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.

98 **Caly.** I would my father would let me be put in the
100 front of such a battle once to try my valour.

[*Alarms within.*]

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

106
108 *Enter Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles,
Usumcasane, Amyras, and Celebinus,
leading in Orcanes and the Kings of Jerusalem,
110 Trebizond and Soria.*

112 **Tamb.** See now, ye slaves, my children stoops your pride
114 And leads your glories sheeplike to the sword. –
Bring them, my boys, and tell me if the wars
116 Be not a life that may illústrate gods,
And tickle not your spirits with desire
118 Still to be trained in arms and chivalry?

120 **Amyr.** Shall we let go these kings again, my lord,
To gather greater numbers 'gainst our power,
122 That they may say it is not chance doth this,
But matchless strength and magnanimity?

124 **Tamb.** No, no, Amyras; tempt not fortune so;
126 Cherish thy valour still with fresh supplies,
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes. –
128 But where's this coward villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty? –

[*He goes in and brings Calyphas out.*]

132 Image of sloth and picture of a slave,
134 The obloquy and scorn of my renown!
How may my heart, thus fired with mine eyes,

136 Wounded with shame and killed with discontent,
 Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands
 138 From martial justice on thy wretched soul?

140 *Ther.* Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.

142 *Tech. & Usum.* Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.

144 *Tamb.* Stand up, ye base, unworthy soldiërs!
 Know ye not yet the argument of arms?

146
 148 *Amyr.* Good my lord, let him be forgiven for once,
 And we will force him to the field hereafter.

150 *Tamb.* Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms,
 And what the jealousy of wars must do. –
 152 O Samarcanda, where I breathèd first,
 And joyed the fire of this martial flesh, –
 154 Blush, blush, fair city, at thine honour's foil,
 And shame of nature, which Jaertis' stream,
 156 Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
 Can never wash from thy distainèd brows! –
 158 Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
 A form not meet to give that subject essence
 160 Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine;
 Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
 162 Made of the mould whereof thyself consists,
 Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitiöus,
 164 Ready to levy power against thy throne,
 That I might move the turning spheres of Heaven!
 166 For earth and all this airy regiön
 Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.

168

[*He stabs Calyphas.*]

170

By Mahomet! thy mighty friend, I swear,
 172 In sending to my issue such a soul,
 Created of the massy dregs of earth,
 174 The scum and tartar of the elements,
 Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,
 176 But folly, sloth, and damnèd idleness,
 Thou hast procured a greater enemy
 178 Than he that darted mountains at thy head,
 Shaking the burthen mighty Atlas bears;
 180 Whereat thou trembling hid'st thee in the air,
 Clothed with a pitchy cloud for being seen. –
 182 And now, ye cankered curs of Asiä,
 That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,

184 | Although it shine as brightly as the sun;
Now you shall feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
186 | And, by the state of his supremacy,
Approve the difference 'twixt himself and you.

188 | **Orcan.** Thou show'st the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,
190 | In this thy barbarous damnèd tyranny.

192 | **K. of Jer.** Thy victories are grown so violent,
That shortly Heaven, filled with the meteors
194 | Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,
196 | Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains,
And, with our bloods, revenge our bloods on thee.

198 | **Tamb.** Villains! these terrors, and these tyrannies
200 | (If tyrannies war's justice ye repute,)
I execute, enjoined me from above,
202 | To scourge the pride of such as Heaven abhors;
Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,
204 | Crowned and invested by the hand of Jove
For deeds of bounty or nobility;
206 | But since I exercise a greater name,
The scourge of God, and terror of the world,
208 | I must apply myself to fit those terms,
In war, in blood, in death, in cruëlty,
210 | And plague such peasants as resisting me
The power of Heaven's eternal majesty. –
212 | Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,
Ransack the tents and the paviliöns
214 | Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat;
216 | For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
218 | Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best;
220 | Meanwhile, take him in.

222 | **Soldiers.** We will, my lord.

224 | [*Exeunt with the body of Calyphas.*]

226 | **K. of Jer.** O damnèd monster! Nay, a fiend of hell,
Whose cruëlties are not so harsh as thine,
228 | Nor yet imposed with such a bitter hate!

230 | **Orcan.** Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Aeäcus,
And let your hates, extended in his pains,

232 | Expel the hate wherewith he pains our souls!

234 | **K. of Treb.** May never day give virtue to his eyes,
 Whose sight, composed of fury and of fire,
 236 | Doth send such stern affections to his heart!

238 | **K. of Soria.** May never spirit, vein, or artier, feed
 The cursèd substance of that cruèl heart!
 240 | But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,
 Dry up with anger, and consume with heat!

242 | **Tamb.** Well, bark, ye dogs. I'll bridle all your tongues,
 244 | And bind them close with bits of burnished steel,
 Down to the channels of your hateful throats;
 246 | And, with the pains my rigour shall inflict,
 I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth
 248 | The far-resounding torments ye sustain:
 As when an herd of lusty Cymbrian bulls
 250 | Run mourning round about the females' miss,
 And, stung with fury of their following,
 252 | Fill all the air with troublous bellowing;
 I will, with engines never exercised,
 254 | Conquer, sack, and utterly consume
 Your cities and your golden palaces;
 256 | And, with the flames that beat against the clouds,
 Incense the heavens, and make the stars to melt,
 258 | As if they were the tears of Mahomet,
 For hot consumption of his country's pride;
 260 | And, till by vision or by speech I hear
 Immortal Jove say "Cease, my Tamburlaine,"
 262 | I will persist, a terror to the world,
 Making the meteors that, like armèd men
 264 | Are seen to march upon the towers of Heaven,
 Run tilting round about the firmament,
 266 | And break their burning lances in the air,
 For honour of my wondrous victories. –
 268 | Come, bring them in to our paviliön.

270

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*The camp of Tamburlaine.**Enter Olympia.*

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

Enter Theridamas.

14
 16
 18 **Ther.** Well met, Olympia; I sought thee in my tent,
 But when I saw the place obscure and dark,
 Which with thy beauty thou was't wont to light,
 20 Enraged, I ran about the fields for thee,
 Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,
 22 The wingèd Hermes, to convey thee hence;
 But now I find thee, and that fear is past.
 24 Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?

26 **Olym.** My lord and husband's death, with my sweet son's,
 with whom I buried all affectiõns
 28 Save grief and sorrow, which torment my heart,
 Forbids my mind to entertain a thought
 30 That tends to love, but meditate on death,
 A fitter subject for a pensive soul.

32
 34 **Ther.** Olympia, pity him in whom thy looks
 Have greater operation and more force
 Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness,
 36 For with thy view my joys are at the full,
 And ebb again as thou depart'st from me.

38
 40 **Olym.** Ah, pity me, my lord! and draw your sword,
 Making a passage for my troubled soul,
 Which beats against this prison to get out,

42 And meet my husband and my loving son.

44 **Ther.** Nothing but still thy husband and thy son!
 Leave this, my love, and listen more to me:
 46 Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier;
 And, clothed in costly cloth of massy gold,
 48 Upon the marble turrets of my court
 Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,
 50 Commanding all thy princely eye desires;
 And I will cast off arms and sit with thee,
 52 Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.

54 **Olym.** No such discourse is pleasant in mine ears,
 But that where every period ends with death,
 56 And every line begins with death again.
 I cannot love, to be an emperess.

58 **Ther.** Nay lady, then, if nothing will prevail,
 60 I'll use some other means to make you yield:
 Such is the sudden fury of my love,
 62 I must and will be pleased, and you shall yield.
 Come to the tent again.

64 **Olym.** Stay, good my lord, and, will you save my honour,
 66 I'll give your grace a present of such price
 As all the world cannot afford the like.

68 **Ther.** What is it?

70 **Olym.** An ointment which a cunning alchemist,
 72 Distillèd from the purest balsamum,
 And simplest extracts of all minerals,
 74 In which th' essential form of marble stone,
 Tempered by science metaphysical,
 76 And spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,
 With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,
 78 Nor pistol, sword, nor lance, can pierce your flesh.

80 **Ther.** Why, madam, think ye to mock me thus palpably?

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

86 **Ther.** Why gave you not your husband some of it,
 If you loved him, and it so preciöus?

88 **Olym.** My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,

90 But was prevented by his sudden end;
And for a present, easy proof hereof,
92 That I dissemble not, try it on me.

94 **Ther.** I will, Olympia, and will keep it for
The richest present of this eastern world.

[*She anoints her throat.*]

98
100 **Olym.** Now stab, my lord, and mark your weapon's point,
That will be blunted if the blow be great.

102 **Ther.** Here, then, Olympia.

[*He stabs her.*]

106 What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself!
Cut off this arm that murderèd my love,
108 In whom the learnèd rabbis of this age
Might find as many wondrous miracles
110 As in the theorìa of the world.
Now hell is fairer than Elysium;
112 A greater lamp than that bright eye of Heaven,
From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
114 Wanders about the black circumference;
And now the damnèd souls are free from pain,
116 For every Fury gazeth on her looks.
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,
118 Inventing masques and stately shows for her,
Opening the doors of his rich treasury
120 To entertain this queen of chastity;
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp
122 The treasure of my kingdom may afford.

124 [Exit, with the body.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

Byron, near Babylon.

*Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by the
Kings of Trebizond and Soria with bits in their mouths:
in his right hand he has a whip with which
he scourgeth them, while his left hand holds the reins;*

*then come Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane,
Amyras, and Celebinus with Orcanes and the King of Jerusalem,
led by five or six common soldiers,
and other Soldiers.*

1 **Tamb.** Holla, ye pampered jades of Asiä!
2 What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
4 And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you,
6 To Byron here, where thus I honour you!
The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven
8 And blow the morning from their nosterils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
10 Are not so honoured in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
12 The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Aegeus fed with human flesh,
14 And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
Were not subdued with valour more divine
16 Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
18 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel;
20 If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
22 If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
24 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove;
And see the figure of my dignity
26 By which I hold my name and majesty!

28 **Amyr.** Let me have coach, my lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn with these two idle kings.

30 **Tamb.** Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy.
32 They shall tomorrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow-kings may be refreshed.

34
Orcan. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
36 And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,
38 Surveying all the glories of the land,
And as thou took'st the fair Prosérpina,
40 Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden-plot,
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,
42 So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
44 Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.
46
Ther. Your majesty must get some bits for these,
48 To bridle their contemptuous, cursing tongues,
That, like unruly, never-broken jades,
50 Break through the hedges of their hateful mouths,
And pass their fixèd bounds exceedingly.
52
Tech. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
54 And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.
56
Usum. Your majesty already hath devised
58 A mean, as fit as may be, to restrain
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.
60
Celeb. How like you that, sir king? Why speak you not?
62
K. of Jer. Ah, cruël brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
64 How like his cursèd father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!
66
Tamb. Ay, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he
68 That must (advanced in higher pomp than this)
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsacked,
70 If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,
Raise me to match the fair Aldebaran,
72 Above the threefold astracism of Heaven,
Before I conquer all the triple world.
74 Now, fetch me out the Turkish concubines;
I will prefer them for the funeral
76 They have bestowed on my abortive son.

78 *[The Concubines are brought in.]*

80 Where are my common soldiers now, that fought
So lion-like upon Asphaltis' plains?

82

Soldiers. Here, my lord.

84

Tamb. Hold ye, tall soldiers, take ye queens apiece –

86

I mean such queens as were kings' concubines. –

Take them; divide them, and their jewèls too,

88

And let them equally serve all your turns.

90

Soldiers. We thank your majesty.

92

Tamb. Brawl not, I warn you, for your lechery:

For every man that so offends shall die.

94

Orcan. Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame

96

The hateful fortunes of thy victory,

To exercise upon such guiltless dames

98

The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?

100

Tamb. Live content, then, ye slaves, and meet not me

With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.

102

Concubines. O pity us, my lord, and save our honours.

104

Tamb. Are ye not gone, ye villains, with your spoils?

106

[*The Soldiers run away with the Concubines.*]

108

K. of Jer. O, merciless, infernal cruelty!

110

Tamb. Save your honours! 'Twere but time indeed,

112

Lost long before you knew what honour meant.

114

Ther. It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,

And make us jesting pageants for their trulls.

116

Tamb. And now themselves shall make our pageant,

118

And common soldiers jest with all their trulls.

Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils,

120

Till we prepare our march to Babylon,

Whither we next make expedition.

122

Tech. Let us not be idle, then, my lord,

124

But presently be prest to conquer it.

126

Tamb. We will, Techelles. – Forward, then, ye jades. –

Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asiä,

128

And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come

That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,

130

Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.

132 The Euxine sea, north to Natolia;
The Terrene, west; the Caspian, north northeast;
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus;
134 Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to Persiä.
136 Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,
138 The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents;
140 For there my palace-royal shall be placed,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the Heavens,
142 And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell.
Thorough the streets, with troops of conquered kings,
144 I'll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
146 Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the threefold world,
148 Like to an almond tree y-mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
150 Of evergreen Selinus quaintly decked
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
152 Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
At every little breath that thorough Heaven is blown.
154 Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted, his shining chariot gilt with fire,
156 And drawn with princely eagles through the path
Paved with bright crystal and enchased with stars,
158 When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
160 Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there. –
162 To Babylon, my lords; to Babylon!

164

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.*Babylon.**Enter the Governor of Babylon, Maximus,
and others upon the walls.*1 **Gov.** What saith Maximus?

2

3 **Max.** My lord, the breach the enemy hath made
4 Gives such assurance of our overthrow,
5 That little hope is left to save our lives
6 Or hold our city from the conqueror's hands.
7 Then hang out flags, my lord, of humble truce,
8 And satisfy the people's general prayers,
9 That Tamburlaine's intolerable wrath
10 May be suppressed by our submission.

11 **Gov.** Villain, respects thou more thy slavish life
12 Than honour of thy country or thy name?
13 Is not my life and state as dear to me,
14 The city, and my native country's weal,
15 As anything of price with thy conceit?
16 Have we not hope, for all our battered walls,
17 To live secure and keep his forces out,
18 When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis
19 Makes walls afresh with everything that falls
20 Into the liquid substance of his stream,
21 More strong than are the gates of death or hell?
22 What faintness should dismay our courages,
23 When we are thus defended against our foe,
24 And have no terror but his threatening looks?

25

Enter, above, a Citizen, who kneels to the Governor.

26

27 **Ist Cit.** My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth,
28 And now will work a refuge to our lives,
29 Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,
30 That Tamburlaine may pity our distress,
31 And use us like a loving conqueror.
32 Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege,
33 Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,
34 Yet are there Christiäns of Georgia here,
35 Whose state he ever pitied and relieved,
36 Will get his pardon, if your grace would send.
37
38

40 **Gov.** How is my soul environèd [with cares!]
 And this etérnized city, Babylon,
 42 Filled with a pack of faint-heart fugitives
 That thus entreat their shame and servitude!

44

Enter, above, a second Citizen.

46

2nd Cit. My lord, if ever you will win our hearts,
 48 Yield up the town, [and] save our wives and children;
 For I will cast myself from off these walls
 50 Or die some death of quickest violence,
 Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

52

Gov. Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!
 54 Fall to the earth and pierce the pit of hell,
 That legions of tormenting spirits may vex
 56 Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!
 I care not, nor the town will ever yield,
 58 As long as any life is in my breast.

60

Enter Theridamas and Techelles, with Soldiers.

62

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

68

Gov. Tyrant! I turn the traitor in thy throat,
 And will defend it in despite of thee. –
 70 Call up the soldiers to defend these walls!

72

Tech. Yield, foolish governor; we offer more
 Than ever yet we did to such proud slaves
 74 As durst resist us till our third day's siege.
 Thou seest us prest to give the last assault,
 76 And that shall bide no more regard of parlè.

78

Gov. Assault and spare not; we will never yield.

80

[Alarms; and they scale the walls.]

82

*Enter Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot
 (as before) by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria;
 84 Amyras, Celebinus, and Usumcasane;
 with the two spare Kings of Natolia (Orcanes)
 86 and Jerusalem, led by soldiers, and others.*

88

Tamb. The stately buildings of fair Babylon,

90 Whose lofty pillars, higher than the clouds,
 Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,
 92 Being carried thither by the cannon's force,
 Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake,
 And make a bridge unto the battered walls.
 94 Where Belus, Ninus, and great Alexander
 Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,
 96 Whose chariot wheels have burst th' Assyrians' bones,
 Drawn with these kings on heaps of carcasses.
 98 Now in the place where fair Semiramis,
 Courted by kings and peers of Asiä,
 100 Hath trod the measures, do my soldiers march;
 And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames
 102 Have rid in pomp like rich Saturniä,
 With furious words and frowning visages
 104 My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

106 *Re-enter Theridamas and Techelles,
 bringing in the Governor of Babylon.*

108 Who have ye there, my lords?

110 **Ther.** The sturdy governor of Babylon,
 112 That made us all the labour for the town,
 And used such slender reckoning of your majesty.

114 **Tamb.** Go, bind the villain; he shall hang in chains
 116 Upon the ruins of this conquered town. –
 Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,
 118 (which threatened more than if the regiön
 Next underneath the element of fire
 120 Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
 Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth,)
 122 Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,
 The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,
 124 That with his sword hath quailed all earthly kings,
 Could not persuade you to submission,
 126 But still the ports were shut; villain! I say,
 Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,
 128 The triple-headed Cerberus would howl
 And make black Jove to crouch and kneel to me;
 130 But I have sent volleys of shot to you,
 Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

132 **Gov.** Nor if my body could have stopped the breach,
 134 Should'st thou have entered, cruël Tamburlaine.
 'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,

136 Nor yet thyself, the anger of the Highest;
 For though thy cannon shook the city walls,
 138 My heart did never quake or courage faint.

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

144 **Gov.** Vile monster! born of some infernal hag,
 And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,
 146 Do all thy worst; nor death, nor Tamburlaine,
 Torture, [n]or pain, can daunt my dreadless mind.
 148

Tamb. Up with him, then; his body shall be scard.

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

156 **Tamb.** Then for all your valour, you would save your life?
 Whereabout lies it?
 158

Gov. Under a hollow bank, right opposite
 160 Against the western gate of Babylon.

162 **Tamb.** Go thither, some of you, and take his gold. –

164 *[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

166 The rest – forward with execution!
 Away with him hence, let him speak no more. –
 168 I think I make your courage something quail. –

170 *[Exeunt other Attendants with the Governor.]*

172 When this is done, we'll march from Babylon,
 And make our greatest haste to Persiä.
 174 These jades are broken-winded and half-tired;
 Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.
 176

*[Attendants unharness the Kings of Trebizond
 and Soria.]*
 178

180 So, now their best is done to honour me,
 Take them and hang them both up presently.
 182

K. of Treb. Vild tyrant! Barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!
 184

Tamb. Take them away, Theridamas; see them dispatched.

186

Ther. I will, my lord.

188

190

*[Exit Theridamas
with the Kings of Trebizond and Soria.]*

192

Tamb. Come, Asian viceroys, to your tasks a while,
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

194

196

Orcan. First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,
Rather than we should draw thy chariot,
And, like base slaves, abject our princely minds
To vile and ignominious servitude.

198

200

K. of Jer. Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,
That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.

202

A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts
More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.

204

Amyr. They will talk still, my lord, if you don't bridle them.

206

Tamb. Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

208

210

*[Attendants bridle the Kings of Natolia (Orcanes)
and Jerusalem and harness them to the chariot. –
The Governor of Babylon is seen
hanging in chains on the walls.]*

212

214

Re-enter Theridamas.

216

Amyr. See now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs.

218

Tamb. 'Tis brave indeed, my boy; well done.
Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.

220

Ther. Then have at him to begin withal.

222

[Theridamas shoots at the Governor.]

224

Gov. Yet save my life, and let this wound appease
The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.

226

228

Tamb. No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold,
And offered me as ransom for thy life,
Yet should'st thou die. – Shoot at him all at once.

230

232

[They shoot.]

234

So, now he hangs like Bagdet's governor,
Having as many bullets in his flesh

236 | As there be breaches in her battered wall. –
 238 | Go now, and bind the burghers hand and foot,
 240 | And cast them headlong in the city's lake.
 242 | Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,
 244 | And, to command the city, I will build
 246 | A citadel[la], that all Africa,
 248 | Which hath been subject to the Persian king,
 250 | Shall pay me tribute for in Babylon.

252 | **Tech.** What shall be done with their wives and children,
 254 | my lord?

256 | **Tamb.** Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child;
 258 | Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

260 | **Tech.** I will about it straight. – Come, soldiers.

262 | *[Techelles exits with Soldiers.]*

264 | **Tamb.** Now, Casane, where's the Turkish Alcoran,
 266 | And all the heaps of superstitious books
 268 | Found in the temples of that Mahomet,
 270 | Whom I have thought a god? They shall be burnt.

272 | **Usum.** Here they are, my lord.

274 | **Tamb.** Well said; let there be a fire presently.

276 | *[They light a fire.]*

278 | In vain, I see, men worship Mahomet:
 280 | My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell,
 282 | Slew all his priests, his kinsmen, and his friends,
 284 | And yet I live untouched by Mahomet.
 There is a God, full of revenging wrath,
 From whom the thunder and the lightning breaks,
 Whose scourge I am, and him will I obey.
 So, Casane, fling them in the fire.

[They burn the books.]

Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,
 Come down thyself and work a miracle: –
 Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,
 That suffers flames of fire to burn the writ
 Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.
 Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down
 To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,
 Where men report thou sit'st by God himself?

286 Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine
 That shakes his sword against thy majesty,
 And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws? –
 288 Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;
 He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine;
 290 Seek out another Godhead to adore,
 The God that sits in Heaven, if any god,
 292 For he is God alone, and none but he.

294 *Re-enter Techelles.*

296 **Tech.** I have fulfilled your highness' will, my lord.
 Thousands of men, drowned in Asphaltis' lake,
 298 Have made the waters swell above the banks,
 And fishes, fed by human carcasses,
 300 Amazed, swim up and down upon the waves,
 As when they swallow asafoetida,
 302 Which makes them fleet aloft and gasp for air.

304 **Tamb.** Well then, my friendly lords, what now remains,
 But that we leave sufficient garrison
 306 And presently depart to Persiä,
 To triumph after all our victories?
 308

Ther. Ay, good my lord; let us in haste to Persia;
 310 And let this captain be removed the walls
 To some high hill about the city here.
 312

Tamb. Let it be so; about it, soldiërs;
 314 But stay; I feel myself distempered suddenly.

316 **Tech.** What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?

318 **Tamb.** Something, Techelles; but I know not what. –
 But forth, ye vassals! whatsoe'er it be,
 320 Sickness or death can never conquer me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE II.

The Ottoman camp near Babylon.

*Enter Callapine, the King of Amasia,
A Captain and Soldiers, with drums and trumpets,
and train.*

1 **Call.** King of Amasia, now our mighty host
2 Marcheth in Asia Major, where the streams
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly run,
4 And here may we behold great Babylon,
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake,
6 Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,
Which being faint and weary with the siege,
8 We may lie ready to encounter him
Before his host be full from Babylon,
10 And so revenge our latest grievous loss,
If God or Mahomet send any aid.

12
13 **K. of Amas.** Doubt not, my lord, but we shall conquer him.
14 The monster that hath drunk a sea of blood,
And yet gapes still for more to quench his thirst,
16 Our Turkish swords shall headlong send to hell,
And that vile carcass, drawn by warlike kings,
18 The fowls shall eat; for never sepulchre
Shall grace this base-born tyrant Tamburlaine.

20
21 **Call.** When I record my parents' slavish life,
22 Their cruël death, mine own captivity,
My viceroys' bondage under Tamburlaine,
24 Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths
To be revenged of all his villainy. –
26 Ah, sacred Mahomet! thou that hast seen
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,
28 Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sacked and burnt,
And but one host is left to honour thee,
30 Aid thy obedient servant, Callapine,
And make him, after all these overthrows,
32 To triumph over cursèd Tamburlaine.

34 **K. of Amas.** Fear not, my lord; I see great Mahomet,
Clothèd in purple clouds, and on his head
36 A chaplet brighter than Apollo's crown,
Marching about the air with armèd men,
38 To join with you against this Tamburlaine.

40 **Capt.** Renowmèd general, mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet
42 Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
44 And pull proud Tamburlaine upon his knees
To sue for mercy at your highness' feet.

46
48 **Call.** Captain, the force of Tamburlaine is great,
His fortune greater, and the victories
Wherewith he hath so sore dismayed the world
50 Are greatest to discourage all our drifts;
Yet when the pride of Cynthia is at full,
52 She wanes again, and so shall his, I hope;
For we have here the chief selected men
54 Of twenty several kingdoms at the least;
Nor ploughman, priest, nor merchant, stays at home;
56 All Turkey is in arms with Callapine;
And never will we sunder camps and arms
58 Before himself or his be conquerèd.
This is the time that must etérnize me
60 For conquering the tyrant of the world.
Come, soldiers, let us lie in wait for him,
62 And if we find him absent from his camp,
Or that it be rejoined again at full,
64 Assail it and be sure of victory.

66

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE III.

[*Tamburlaine's camp near Babylon.*]

Enter Theridamas, Techelles, and Usumcasane.

1 **Ther.** Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
 2 Fall, stars that govern his nativity,
 And summon all the shining lamps of Heaven
 4 To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
 And shed their feeble influence in the air;
 6 Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds,
 For Hell and Darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
 8 And Death, with armies of Cimmerian spirits,
 Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine!
 10 Now in defiance of that wonted love
 Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne,
 12 And made his state an honour to the heavens,
 These cowards invisibly assail his soul,
 14 And threaten conquest on our sovereign;
 But if he die your glories are disgraced;
 16 Earth droops and says that hell in Heaven is placed.

18 **Tech.** O then, ye powers that sway eternal seats
 And guide this massy substance of the earth,
 20 If you retain desert of holiness,
 As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
 22 Be not inconstant, careless of your fame, –
 Bear not the burthen of your enemies' joys
 24 Triumphant in his fall whom you advanced,
 But as his birth, life, health, and majesty
 26 Were strangely blest and governèd by Heaven,
 So honour, Heaven, till Heaven dissolvèd be,
 28 His birth, his life, his health, and majesty!

30 **Usum.** Blush, Heaven, to lose the honour of thy name!
 To see thy footstool set upon thy head!
 32 And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
 Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
 34 To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
 And angels dive into the pools of hell!
 36 And though they think their painful date is out,
 And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
 38 Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
 Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,
 40 Thy instrument and note of majesty,
 Is greater far than they can thus subdue:

42 For if he die, thy glory is disgraced;
 Earth droops and says that hell in Heaven is placed.

44

*Enter Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot
 (as before) by Orcanes and the King of Jerusalem,
 with Amyras, Celebinus, and Physicians.*

48

Tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
 50 And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
 Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
 52 That have been termed the terror of the world?
 Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
 54 And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul.
 Come, let us march against the powers of Heaven,
 56 And set black streamers in the firmament,
 To signify the slaughter of the gods. –
 58 Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
 Come carry me to war against the gods
 60 That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine.

62 **Ther.** Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
 Which add much danger to your malady.

64

Tamb. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
 66 No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
 Come, let us charge our spears and pierce his breast,
 68 Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
 That, if I perish, Heaven and earth may fade. –
 70 Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove,
 Will him to send Apollo hither straight
 72 To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

74 **Tech.** Sit still, my gracious lord; this grief will cease,
 And cannot last, it is so violent.

76

Tamb. Not last, Techelles? – No! for I shall die.
 78 See where my slave, the ugly monster, Death,
 Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
 80 Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
 Who flies away at every glance I give,
 82 And when I look away, comes stealing on. –
 Villain, away, and hie thee to the field!
 84 I and mine army come to load thy bark
 With souls of thousand mangled carcasses. –
 86 Look, where he goes; but see, he comes again,
 Because I stay: Techelles, let us march
 88 And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.

90 **Ist Phys.** Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
92 And cause some milder spirits govern you.

94 **Tamb.** Tell me what think you of my sickness now?

96 **Ist Phys.** I viewed your urine, and the hypostasis,
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great;
98 Your veins are full of accidental heat,
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried.
100 The humidum and calor, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the elements,
102 But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguishèd and spent;
104 Which, being the cause of life, imports your death.
Besides, my lord, this day is critical,
106 Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours.
Your artiers, which amongst the veins convey
108 The lively spirits which the heart engenders,
Are parched and void of spirits, that the soul,
110 Wanting those organons by which it moves,
Cannot endure, by argument of art.
112 Yet, if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

114 **Tamb.** Then will I comfort all my vital parts,
116 And live, in spite of death, above a day.

118 [Alarms within.]

120 Enter a Messenger.

122 **Mess.** My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from
your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and
124 hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon
us presently.

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

132 **Usum.** I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
134 That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy.

136 **Tamb.** I know it will, Casane. – Draw, you slaves;

138 | In spite of death, I will go show my face.

140 | [Alarums.

Exit Tamburlaine and the rest, except the Physicians.

142 | *They all presently re-enter.]*

144 | Thus are the villain-cowards fled for fear,
 Like summer's vapours vanished by the sun;
 146 | And could I but a while pursue the field,
 That Callapine should be my slave again.
 148 | But I perceive my martial strength is spent.
 In vain I strive and rail against those powers
 150 | That mean t' invest me in a higher throne,
 As much too high for this disdainful earth.
 152 | Give me a map; then let me see how much
 Is left for me to conquer all the world,
 154 | That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

156 | [One brings a map.]

158 | Here I began to march towards Persiä,
 Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
 160 | And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
 The Turk and his great Empress prisoners.
 162 | Then marched I into Egypt and Arabia;
 And here, not far from Alexandria,
 164 | Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
 Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
 166 | I meant to cut a channel to them both,
 That men might quickly sail to India.
 168 | From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
 And so along the Aethiopian Sea,
 170 | Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn,
 I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.
 172 | Then, by the northern part of Africa,
 I came at last to Graecia, and from thence
 174 | To Asia, where I stay against my will;
 Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
 176 | Backward and forwards near five thousand leagues.
 Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground
 178 | Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
 Unto the rising of this earthly globe;
 180 | Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
 Begins the day with our Antipodes!
 182 | And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
 Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
 184 | Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
 More worth than Asia and the world beside;

186 | And from th' Antartic Pole eastward behold
 As much more land, which never was descried,
 188 | Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
 As all the lamps that beautify the sky!
 190 | And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?
 Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
 192 | That let your lives command in spite of death.

194 | **Amyr.** Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,
 Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
 196 | Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?
 Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
 198 | Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

200 | **Celeb.** Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
 For by your life we entertain our lives.

202 | **Tamb.** But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
 204 | To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
 Must part, imparting his impressiöns
 206 | By equal portions into both your breasts.
 My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
 208 | Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
 And live in all your seeds immortally.
 210 | Then now remove me, that I may resign
 My place and proper title to my son. –
 212 | First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
 And mount my royal chariot of estate,
 214 | That I may see thee crowned before I die. –
 Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.

216 | *[They assist Tamburlaine to descend from the chariot.]*

218 | **Ther.** A woeful change, my lord, that daunts our thoughts
 220 | More than the ruin of our proper souls!

222 | **Tamb.** Sit up, my son; let me see how well
 Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.

224 | **Amyr.** With what a flinty bosom should I joy
 226 | The breath of life and burthen of my soul,
 If not resolved into resolvèd pains,
 228 | My body's mortifièd lineaments
 Should exercise the motions of my heart,
 230 | Pierced with the joy of any dignity!
 O father, if the unrelenting ears
 232 | Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
 And that the spiteful influence of Heaven

234 Deny my soul fruition of her joy;
 How should I step or stir my hateful feet
 236 Against the inward powers of my heart,
 Leading a life that only strives to die,
 238 And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty?

240 **Tamb.** Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,
 Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
 242 That nobly must admit necessity.
 Sit up, my boy, and with those silken reins
 244 Bridle the steelèd stomachs of those jades.

246 **Ther.** My lord, you must obey his majesty,
 Since fate commands and proud necessity.

248
 250 **Amyr.** [*Mounting the chariot*]
 Heavens witness me with what a broken heart
 And damnèd spirit I ascend this seat,
 252 And send my soul, before my father die,
 His anguish and his burning agony!

254
 [They crown Amyras.]

256
 258 **Tamb.** Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate;
 Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
 And serve as parcel of my funeral.

260
 262 **Usum.** Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
 Nor may our hearts, all drowned in tears of blood,
 Joy any hope of your recovery?

264
 266 **Tamb.** Casane, no. The monarch of the earth,
 And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
 Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
 268 And therefore still augments his cruèlty.

270 **Tech.** Then let some god oppose his holy power
 Against the wrath and tyranny of Death,
 272 That his tear-thirsty and unquenchèd hate
 May be upon himself reverberate!

274
 [They bring in the hearse of Zenocrate.]

276
 278 **Tamb.** Now, eyes, enjoy your latest benefit,
 And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
 Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
 280 And glut your longings with a heaven of joy. —
 So reign, my son; scourge and control those slaves,

282 | Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.
As precious is the charge thou undertak'st
284 | As that which Clymene's brainsick son did guide,
When wandering Phoebe's ivory cheeks were scorched,
286 | And all the earth, like Aetna, breathing fire.
Be warned by him, then; learn with awful eye
288 | To sway a throne as dangerous as his;
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
290 | As pure and fiery as Phyteus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
292 | Will take occasion by the slenderest hair
And draw thee piecemeal, like Hippolitus,
294 | Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian clifts.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
296 | A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton.
298 | Farewell, my boys; my dearest friends, farewell!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
300 | Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

302

[*Tamburlaine dies.*]

304

Amyr. Meet Heaven and Earth, and here let all things end,
306 | For Earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heaven consumed his choicest living fire.
308 | Let Earth and Heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more.

310

[*Exeunt.*]*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.

Optional Universal Emendations:

1. modernize *Fess* to *Fez*: Act I.iii.155, 158, 170 and 181.
2. modernize *Morocus* to *Morocco*: I.iii.155, 166.
3. modernize *murther* to *murder*: I.i.25, II.iv.135, III.ii.90, IV.i.34, IV.ii.107 and V.iii.80.
4. modernize *renowned* to *renowned*: I.ii.8, III.v.1 and V.ii.40.
5. modernize *shew* to *show*: III.ii.30 and III.v.38.

Act I, Scene iii.

1. line 79: modernize *sprong* to *sprung*.
2. line 261: emend *oriental* to *orient*.

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 49: omit *their*.

Act II, Scene iv.

1. line 60: in place of *author*, restore *anchor*.
2. line 154: emend *stature* to *statue* or *statuä*.

Act III, Scene iv.

1. line 79: modernize *strows* to *strews*.
2. line 109: omit *the*.

Act III, Scene v.

1. line 30: emend *paws* to *jaws*.

Act IV, Scene i.

1. line 114: emend *glories* to *bodies*.

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. 100: emend *content* to *continent*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 129: in place of *make*, restore *wake*.
1. line 183: modernize *vild* to *vile*.

Act V, Scene iii.

1. line 84: emend *bark* to *back*.
2. line 165: in place of *full*, restore *still*.
3. lines 243 and 244: emend *those* to *these* in each line.