Tamburlaine the Greate.

Who, from the state of a Shepheard in Scythia, by his rare and wonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque.
149.632
May, 1873
To the Gentlemen Readers and others,
that take pleasure in reading Histories.

Gentlemen, and curteous Readers who soever: I have here published in Print for your sakes, this tragical discourse of the Scythian Shepheard, Tamberlaine, that became so great a Conquerour, and so mighty a Monarque: My hope is, that it will bee now no lesse acceptable vnto you to reade after your serious affaires and studies, then it hath bene (lately) delightfull for manye of you to see, when the same was shewed in London vpon Stages: I have (purposely) omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre vnmcete for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, then any way else to be regarded, though (happilye) they haue bene of some vaine coeiteed fondlings greatly ga ped at, what times they were shewed vpon the Stage in their graced deformities: neuertheless now, to bee mingled in print with such mattet of worth, it would prooue a great disgrace to so honorable and stately a History: Great follye were it in me, to commend vnto your wisdomes, eyther the eloquence of the Authour that wite it, or the worthinesse of the
To the Reader.

matter it selfe: I therefore leaque it vnto your learned censures, & myselfe the poore Printer thereof vnto your moste curteous and fauourable protections, which if you vouchsafe to doe, you shall euer more binde me to impo[y] what trauell and service I can to the aduan- cing and pleasing of your excellent degree.

Yours moste at com-
mandement.

A. I. Printer.
THE
TRAGICALL
Conquestes of Tamburlaine the
Scythian Shepheard, &c.

The Prologue.

From juggling vaines of ryming mother wits,
And such conceites as clownage keepes in paye:
Wee do lead you to the stately tent of Warre,
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Threatning the world with high astounding termes,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword,
View but his Picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

Actus 1. Scena. 1.

Mycetes, Cofroe, Meander, Theridamas, Ortygius,
Cenaus, with others.

My eres.

Brother Cofroe, I finde my selfe agreeu'd,
Yet in sufficient to express the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech
Good Brother tell the cause unto my Lords,
I knowe you have a better wit than I.
Col. Unhappe Persia, that in former age,
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prouesse and their policies,
Hauing triumph over Africa, and the bounds
Of Europe, where the sunne dares scarce appeare,

A 3.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

For freezing me eons and confederal cold:
Now to be rude and governed by a man,
At whose birth day Cinthia with Saturne joyned,
And loue, the Sunne and Mercury denide
To shed his influence in his sickle braine,
How Turkes & Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy Provinces.

Mycet Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your Planets, I perceiue you thinke
I am not wise enough to be a King,
But I referre me to my Noble men,
That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
I might command you to bee blamed for this,
Meander, might I not?

Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lo:z.

Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I knowe I might,
Yet live, yealtue, Mycetes wilt it so,
Meander, thou my faithful Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,
That like a Fox in midst of harvest time,
Dooth pray vpon my flockes of Passengers,
And as I heare, dooth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore its good and meete for to be wise.

Meand. Oft have I heard your Majestie complaine,
Of Tamburlaine, that turdie Scythian theis,
That robs your Merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land unto the Westerne Iles,
And in your confines with his lawles traine,
Dayly commits unciuill outarges.
Hoping (misle-led by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with Barbarous Armes
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand Ho:se, to apprehend.
The Scythian Shepheard.

And bring him Captaine to your Highnes thrones.
Myce. Full true I speake, and like thy selfe my Lord,
Whome I may tearme a Daemon to thy love.
Wherefore this best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a Kingly resolution.
Cost. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridamas
The chiefe Captaine of Mycketes Holte,
The hope of Persia, and the vertie legges
Whereon our state dooth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and soles our neighbour foes.
Thou shalt be leader of this thousandhorse,
Whose coming galle with rage and high disdain,
Hate twozne the death of wicked Tamberlaine.
Goe frowning soozth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paizes with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speede, time palleth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Before the Boone renew her bowzrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But Tamberlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall eyther perish by our warlike hands.
D3 plead for mercie at your Highnesse feetes.

Myce. Goe, stout Theridamas, thy wordes are wordes,
And with thy lookest thou conquerest all thy soe,
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milke-white heades of mine,
all Loaded with the heads of killed men.
and from their knees, even to their horsees belowe,
Besmerd with blood, that makes a dauntie showe.

Ther. Thence now my Lord, I humbly take my leane.
Myce. Theridamus farwell ten thousand times. (Exe.

ah, Menaphon, why stayest thou thus behind,
When other men praze towarde for renowne.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Goe Menaphon, goe into Scythia,
and soote by soote followe Theridamas.

Cof. Pap. pray let him stay: a greater
Fits Menaphon, then warring with a theefe:
Create him Prorer of all Africa,
That he may winne the Babylions hearts;
Which will revolt from Persean government,
Unless they have a wyser King than you.

Myce. Unless they have a wyser King then you,
These are his words, Meander let them downe.

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

Myce. Well heere I sweare by this my royall seate,
Cof. You may doe well to kisse it then.

Myce. Embost with lixe as well beleemes my state,
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.

O where is bustie and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?
What, shall I call thee Brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, shame unto thy Stocke,
That dar'ft presume thy Soueraigne foe to mocke.

Meander come, I am abus'd Meander. Exit.

Manent Cofroe and Menaphon.

Menae. How now my Lord! what amazed and amazed
To heare the King thus threaten like himselfe?

Cof. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his thraetes,
The plot is laide by Persean Noble men,
and Captaines of the Persean garrisons,
To Crestone me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that deth excruciate
The verry substance of my vered soule,
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake,
and tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now sits and laughes, our regiment to freeze,
and that which might dissolue me into teares,
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Have swarm'd in troops into the Catterne India,
the Scythian Shepheard.

Lading their shipps with golde and precious stones,
and made their spoiles from all our provinces.

Mena. This should intreate your highnesse to rejoyce
Since fortune giues you opportunity,
To gain the title of a Conqueror,
By curing of this mainted Emperye,
Africke and Europe bordering on your land,
and continent to your Dominions:
How easily may you with a mightie hooke,
Yast into Græcia, as did Cyrus once,
and cause them to withdraw their forces home.
Least they subdue the pride of Christendome. (sound,
Col. But Menaph. what means this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.
Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne,
with others.

Ort. Magnificent and Mightie Prince Costrac,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchy,
Present thee with th’ Emperiall Diadem.

Cone. The warlike Souldiers, and the Gentlemen
That heretofore have sitt Persepolis
With Africke Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose ransom made them matche in coates of golde
With costly jewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones upon their lustie Crestes,
Now living idle in the walled townes
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten civill warre
And openly exclaim against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inset your highnesse Emperour,
Whereat the Souldiers will conceive more joy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoyle
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.

Costrac. Well, since I see the state of Persea troope.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And languish in my Brothers government:
I willingly receive th'imperiall Crowne,
And bow to wear it for my countries good:
In spight of them shall malice my estate.

Orig. And in assurance of desir'd success,
We here doe crown thee Monarch of the east,
Emperor of Asia, and of Persia,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia;
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia.
East India and the late discovered Isles,
Cheefe Lord of all the wade vast Euxine sea.
And of the river raging Caspian Lake:
All. Long live Cofroe mightie Emperour.

Cofr. And love may never let me longer live
Then I may seeke to gratifie your love,
And cause the Shoulders that thus honour me,
To triumph over many Provinces,
By whose desires of discipline in armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole King,
And with the Arme of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will fie (my Lords)
Do rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,

Orig. We knowe my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your intension so neere,
The residence of your despis'd Brother,
The Lords would not be too erasperate
To infringe or suppress your worthy tytle.
Or if they would there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carrie you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.

Cofr. I knowe it well my Lord, and thanke you all.

Orig. Sound up the Trumpets then,
All. God save the King.  Exeunt.
the Scythian Shepheard.

A &us. i. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate, Techelles, Vsumca-
face, & other Lords, and Souldiers laden
with treasure.

Tam. O my Lady let not this appale your thoughts
The Jewels and the treasure we have tane,
Shall be reserued and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Sria.
Even in the Circle of your Fathers armes,
The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.

Zen. Ay Shepheard, pittie my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
and seeke not to in-rich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a slye mate:
Who travelling with these Medean Lords,
To Memphis from my uncles countrie of Meda,
Where all my youth I have beene governed;
Have past the armie of the mightie Turk,
Bearing his privie signet and his hand,
To safe conduct vs through Affrica;
Mag. and since we have arriv'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presence from the putlant Cham,
We have his highnes letters to command
alive and assistance if we stand in neede.

Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes,
are countermanded by a greater man.
and through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keepe your treasure safe.
But since I love to live at libertie:
as easily may you get the Souldans Crowne,
as any prizes out of my precinct.
For they are friends that helpe to weane my state,
Litt men and kingdomes helpe to strengtheht it,
and must maintaine my life exempt from servitude.
But tell me Madam, is your grace betroth'd?

Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you doe import.

Tam. I am
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Tam. I am a Lord, and yet a Shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heavenly heu,
Must grace his bed, that conquers Asia:
And means to be a terror to the world,
Exceeding the limits of his Empire
By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course:
Yet heere ye seeves that I didaine to weare,
This compleat armour, and this Turtle are,
Are aduants more becomming Tamburlaine!
and yaddam, whatsoever you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse unvalued,
Both may incest you Empresse of the east,
And these that seeme but silly countrie Swaines,
May have the leading of to greate an hoste,
as with their weight shall make y mountaines quake
Even as when windy ethalations,
Fighting for passage, tift within the earth.
Tec. As princely Lyons when they roose themselves,
Stretching their paws, & threatening beards of beastes:
So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine,
He thinks I see Kings kneeling at his feete,
And he with crowning browes and sierie lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their capitane heads.
Viu. And making thee and me Techelles Kings,
That euen to death will followe Tamburlaine.
Tam. Pobly resolu'd, sweete friends and followers
These Lords (perhaps) doe sceone our estimates,
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits.
But since they measure our desarts so meane,
That in conceit beare Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forcen followers,
Will with their eyes they view vs Emperours,
Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended driftes,
That thus oppresse poore friendsles passengers.
Therefore
The Scythian Shepheard.

Therefore, at least admit us libertie,
Even as thou hop'st it to be eternised,
By living Asia mightie Emperor.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Returnes our Pratts and emptie Camels backe,
That we may trauaile into Sirea
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expect's thy'arrivial of her highnes person.

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

Tam. Disdaines Zenocrates to live with me?

Ez you my Lords to be my followers?
Think you I say this treasure more than you?
Not all the Golde in Indias wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest Souldier in my traine.
Zenocrates lovelier then the love of Loue,
Whiter then is the siluer Rhodolfe,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian Hills,
 Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Then the possession of the Persean Crowne
Which gracious starres have promis'd at my birth.
A hundredth Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steedes swifter then Pegafus,
Thy Garments shall be made of Persean sike,
Enchaft with precious Jewels of mine owne:
More rich and valourous than Zenocrates:
With milke-white Harte upon an Inoic Sled,
Thou shalt be drawne amidst the frozen Poles,
And scale the Iye mountaines lofty tops,
Which with thy beautie will be soone desolu'd.
By Martiall prises with five hundred men,
Wun on the fiftie headed Voulgas waues,
We all shall offer to Zenocrates,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrates.

Tech. What nowe in loue?
Tam. Techelle, women must be flattered,
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

But this is the whyle where I am looing.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Preeus, newes.

Tam. How now, what's the matter?

Sould. A thousand Persean Horsemen are at hand, sent from the King to overcome us all.

Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate? How must your jewels be restored again:

And is that triumph, so be overcome.

How say you Lords, is not this your hope?

Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore the.

Tam. Such hope, such torture bane to thousand of ye.

Soft ye my Lords and sweete Zenocrate,

You must be forced from me ere you goe:

A thousand horsemen, wee five hundred foote:

An oddes too great, for vs to stand against:

But are they rich? and is their armoure good? (golde

Soul. Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten

Their swords enameled, and about their necks

Hangs malle chains of golde downe to the waiste,

In every part exceeding brane and rich.

Tam. Then shall we fight courageously with them,

Or looke you I should play the Oratores?

Tech. No: cowards and faint-hearted runntaways,

Looke for Orations when the foe is nere,

Our swords shal play the Oratores swords.

Vlim. Come let vs meete them at the mountaine

And with a suddaine and an hot alarme

Drive all their horses headlong downe the hill.

Tech. Come let vs march.

Tam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first...

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Dales, yet guard the treasure sure;

Lay out our golden wedges to the view,

That their reflections may amaze the Perseans,

And looke we friendly on them when they came:

By if they offer word of violence.

Weele
the Scythian Shepheard.

Woe to that brave hundreds men at arms to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And gainst the generall we will list our swords,
And ever' lance his greedy thirsting throate,
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall secure
For Hanackles, till ye be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shall we encounter them?
Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot,
By selfe will hide the danger of the b'unt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is the Scythian Tamburlaine?
Tam. Who seekest thou Persiean? I am Tamburlaine
Ther. Tamburlaine a Scythian Shepheard to imbelli-
With natures pride, and richest furniture:
(shed
His looks do menace heaven and dare the Gods,
His fierce eyes are slit upon the earth,
As if he now devil's some Stratagem:
Or meant to pierce Auernas darksome vaults,
To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
Tam. Noble and mild this Persiean seemes to be,
As outward habit judge the inward man.
Tech. His depe affections make him passionate,
Tam. With what a Palestie he reares his looks,

In thee (thou valiant man of Persia)
I see the folly of the Emperor.
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand Hoyle.
That by Characters graven in thy browes,
And by thy martial face and stout aspect,
Deserv'd to have the leading of an hoaste?
Or take thy king and doe but joyn me with me,
And we will triumph over all the world:
I holde the Kates bound fast in iron chains,
And with my hand turne fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sunne fall from his spheare,
Then Tamburlaine be slaine or over-come.

Draw forth thy sword thou mightie man at arms,
Intending but to case my charmed skinne,
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

and love himselle wil stretch his hand from heaven,
To wards the blow, and she'd me safe from harme.
See how he raines downe heapes of golde in showers
as if he went to give my Soultoours pay!
and as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Ponaite of the East,
He sends this Soultoans Daughter rich and brave,
To be my Queene and pofty Empresse,
If thou wilt stay with me, censowned man,
and leade thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweate with martial spoile
Of conquered Kingdome, and of Citties sackt.
Both we will walke upon the lofty cliiftes,
and Christia: Merchants that with Russians items,
Blow by huge furrovves in the Caspian sea,
Shall davyle to us, as Lozdes of all the lake:
Both we will raigne as consuls of the earth,
and mightie kings shall be our Senators,
Iouc sometime masked in a Shepheards wreere,
and by those steps that he hath scal'd the heavens,
May we become immo: tall like the Gods.
Joyne with me now in this my meane estate,
(I call it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations farre remou'd admire me not)
and when my name and hono: shall be spread,
as farre as Boreas claps his brassen wingses,
O faire Boetes sends his cheeresfull light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
and sit with tamburlaine in all his Pate:tie:
ther. Not Hermes prolocutor to the Gods
Could vs persuasions more pathetickall.
Tam. Po: are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt finde my vaunts substantiall.
T ech. We are his friends, and if the Persean King
Should offer present Duke:omes to our state,
We thinke it lost to make exchange for that.
the Scythian Shepheard.
We are assured of by our friends success full,
Yetum. And kingdoms at the least we all expect,
Bezies the honor in assured conquests:
Where kings steal crouch unto our conquering swords,
And hostes of Souldiers stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their searesfull tongues they shall confesse,
These are the men that all the world admires.
Ther. What strong enchantments tire my yeelding,
Are these resolued Noble Scithians? (saile?)
But shall I prose a Captain to my King?
Tam. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, and conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men and horse to thee (lookes,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridamas.
Tam. Theridamas my friend take heere my hand,
Which is as much as if I sware by heauen,
And cal'd the Gods to witnesse of my bow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Untill our bodies turne to elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowned Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridamas remaine with vs.
Tam. These are my friends, in whom I moze rejoyce.
Then both the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pyllades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you King in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leave thee till the death.
Ther. Noz thee, noz them, thricce Noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladness petr'd,
To doe you honoe and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy Theridamas,
And now take Madam, and my Noble Lordes,
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

If you willingly remaine with me,
You shall have honours, as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forced with flattery.

Agid. We yield unto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tam. For you then Madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce wretched Zenocrate.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2. (Exeunt.

Cosroce, Menophon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Cosroce. Thus farre are wee towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, a man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that haft seene him Menophon,
What Nature weilds he, and what personage:
Mena. Of Nature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limmes, his ioynts so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly beare,
Olde Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
a Pearle more wort th, then all the world is platt:
Wherein by curious soveraintie of art,
are set his pearcing instruments of sight,
Whose stery cycles beare encompassed,
a heaven of heavenly bodies in their Spheares:
What guides his stepts and actions to the thronie.
Where honor sits invested royally:
Pale of complection: wondrous in him with passion,
Thirsting with soveraintie and love of armes,
His lostie bowses in folds, doe figure death,
and in their smoothnes, amitie and life:
about them hangs a knot of Amber haire,
Wapped in curles as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton Maestie.
His armes long, his fingers snowy-white,
Betokening valour and excelle of strength,
the Scythian Shepheard.

In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine:
Cro. Wt.halt \\ $to$ parttraitd in thy tearmes of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth strive with fortune and his Stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth,
And well his merits show him to be made
His fortunes Maister, and the King of men,
That could perwiade at such a sudden pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life
a thousand twozne and overmatchinge foes;
then when our powers in pointes of swords are joined
and close in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the post be made
That leads to pallass of my Broters life,
 Proud in his fortune if we pierce it not,
and when the Princely Persean Diadem
Shall overway his weary witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlaine.
Shall be my Regent: and remaine as King.
Ortyg. In happie house we have set the Crowne,
Upon your Kingly head, that seekes our hono;
In ioyning with the man, anddain'd by heauen
To further every action to the best.
Cen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wron and tyranny,
Defend his freedome against a Monarchie
What will he doe supported by a King,
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lordes,
and iust with treasure for his highest thoughts.
Cof. and such shall waite on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our armie will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and bzaue Theridamas
Hawe met vs by the rine Araris,
and all coniyn'd to meete the witlesse King,
That now is marching neere to Parthia,
and with unwilling Souldiers faintly arm'd,
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

To seeke revenge on me and Tamburlaine:
To whome secret Menaphon, direct me straight.
Menap. I will my Lord.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.
Mycetes, Meander, with other Lordes and Soulours.

Mycete. Come my Meander, let vs to this seere,
I tell you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine Tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my trayterous brother,
Would it not grieue a King to be so abused?
And have a thousand horsemen tane away?
And which is worst to have his Diadem
Sought for by such scall knaves as love him not,
I think it would: well then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peep out of her doo res,
But I will have Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword,
Tell you the rest (Meander) I have said.

Meanc. Then having past Armenian desarts now,
And pitchte our Tents under the Georgean hilles,
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian theeuues,
That lie in ambush waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battle straight.
And rid the wold of those detested troopes,
Least if we let them linger here a while
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile out-ragious men
That live by rapine and by lavelte spoile,
Fit Souldiers for that wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with giftes and promises,
Inneigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him faile his faith unto the King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere up your mindes prepare to fight.
He that can take or slaunder Tamburlaine,
Shall
the Scythian Shepheard.

Shall rule the Province of Albania,
Who brings that Cretoz's head Theridamas,
Shall have a goyernment in Medea:
Besides the spoile of him and all his trains:
But if Cosroe (as our Spies say,
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine;
His Vignesse pleasure is that he should live,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

Aspy. An hundred hostmen of my company
Scowling abroad upon these champion plaines,
Have viewed the Army of the Scythians.
Which makes reporte, it far exceeds the Kings.
Mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running hey-long after greedy spoiles,
And more regarding gaine then victory,
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Strong of the Dragons venomous,
their careless swords shall lance their fellows throates
And make vs triumph in their overthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That strong of teeth of Dragons venomous?
Mean. So Poets say, my Lord.

Mycer. And tis a poetie toy to be a Poet,
Well, well, (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And having thee, I have a Jewell sure:
Goe on my Lord, and give your charge I say,
Thy wit will make us Conquerors to day.

Myc. Then noble Souldiers, to intrap these theenes,
That line confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We have our Cammels laden all with golde:
Which you that be but common Souldiers,
Shall sting in every corner of the field:
And while the base bozne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor then for golde,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaves:
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And when their scattered armie is subdued,
And you march on their slaughtered carcasses,
Share equallie the golde that bought their lives,
And line like Gentlemen in Persia,
Strike by Drum and march courageously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit upon our CRESTES.

Myc. He tells you true my Master so he does,
Drums, why should you not the Mean. speakes? Exeunt

ACTUS I. SCEN.A. 2.

COFFRE, TAMBURLANE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, VSUM-
CACEANE, ORTYGIUS, with others.

COFFRE. Now worthy Tamburlaine have I reproache
In thy approv'de fortunaes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man shall come of our attempts?
For even as from assured DRAKE
I take thy doome for satisfaction.
Tam. And so mistake you not a whet my Lord,
For Fates and DRAKES, heauen have twozme
To royalize the deedes of Tamburlaine.
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not but if you favour me,
And let my fortunaes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deedes.
The world shall strive with hostes of men at armes,
To swarme into the Ensigne I support.
The hoste of Xerxes which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handful to that we will have:
Our quivering Lances haking in the atre,
And bullets like Ious dreadfull thunder boltes,
Enrol'd in flames and fiery smoldering misles.
Shall threate the Gods more than Cyclopin warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march.
Wecle chase the Stars from heauen and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admired armes.

Ther. You see my Lord what working words he hath
But
the Scythian Shepheard.

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extoll his worth,
As I shall be commended and excusè,
For turning my poez charge to his direction:
And these his two renowned friends, my Lord,
Would make one thist and strive to be detain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

Tech. With dutie and with amitie we yield
Our vsmost service to this faire Cozfroc.

Colr. Which I esteem as portion of my Crowne,
Vslumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhannis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous armes,
Shall make me soely Emperor of Asia,
When shall your deeds and valours be aduainct
To roomes of honour and nobility.

Tam. Then haff Cozfroc to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men
May triumph in our long expected Fate.
The king your brother is now hard at hand,
Meet with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as out-wales the landes
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mest. My Lord, we have discovered the enimle
Redy to charge you with a mightie armie.
Col. Come Tamburlaine, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lostie armie into the cloudes,
That it may reach the king of Perseas Crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tam. Sè where it is, the kenezet Turtle-axe
That ere made passage thazor Persean armes,
These are the winges shall make it flye as swift
As both the lightning, or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure, as it swiftly flies.

Col. Thy wordes assure me of kinde succeffe;
Goe valiant Soulbiour, goe before and charge,
The sainting armie of that foolish King.

Tam, Vslumca-
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Vfumcafare and Techelles, come,
We are enough to scare the enemie,
and more then needs to make an Emperor.
To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with his
crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first invented warre,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand those staggering like a quinerring aspen leafe,
Fearing the force of Boreas hoysterous blastes:
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisdomes loose:
For Kingses are cloutes that every man shoots at,
Our crowne the pin that thousands seek to cleave.
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a godly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a soole,
So shall not I be knowne, or if I be,
They cannot take awaye my crowne from me:
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tam. What scarefull coward stragling fro the camp
When Kingses themselves are present in the field.

Myc. Thou lyest.

Tam. Base villaine, darst thou give me the lye?
Myc. Away, I am the King, go, touch me not,
Thou breakst the law of Armes, unlesse thou kneele,
And cry me mercy, Noble King.

Tam. Are you the wittie King of Persia?
Myc. I mary am I: have you any file to me?
Tam. I would intreate you to speake but three wise
Myc. So I can when I see my time. (wozde,)

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myc. I, didst thou ever see a Fayzer?
Tam. You will not sell it, will ye?
Myc. Such an other wozd, & I will have thee executed:
Come give it me.

Tam. No,
the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. No, I take it Prisoner.
Myc. You lie, I gave it you,
Tam. Then tis mine.
Myc. No, I mean, I let you keep it.
Tam. Well, I mean you shall have it again.
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Will I may see the hem'd with armed men,
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head,
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine,
Myc. O Gods, is this Tamburlaine the theesse?
I marvel much he stole it not away.

Sound Trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

Cosro, Tamburlaine, Theridamas; Menaphon, Mean-
der, Ortygius, Techelles, Vfumcafe, with others,

crownes
Tam. Did thee Cosro, we are two Imperrall
Think thee inuested now as royally,
Even by the mightie hand of Tamburlaine,
As it as many Kinges as could encompass thee
With greatest pompe had crownd thee Empeour.
Cosr. So doe I, this renowned men at armes,
and none shall keepe the Crowne but Tamburlaine,
Thee doe I make my Regent of Persia,
and general Lieutenant of my armes,
Meander, you that were our Brothers guide,
and chieuest counselor in all his actes,
Since he is yeilded to the Stroke of warre,
On your submission we with thankes excuse,
And give you equall place in our affaires.
Mea. Poste happiest Empeour in humblest tearms
I bow my service to your Majestie,
With utmost vextue of my faith and dutie.
Cosf. Thankes good Meander, then Cosro raigne,
And governe Persia in her former pompe:

Now
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

How send Embassage to thy neighbour Kinges,
And let them know the Persian King is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a King should doe,
To one that can command what longes thereto.
And now we will to faire Persepolis,
With twentie thousand expert Soulidours,
The Lordes and Captaines of my Brothers campe,
With little Laughter take Meanders course,
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.
Ortygious and Menaphon, my trustie friends,
Now will I grattifie your former good,
and grace your calling with a greater sway.
Ortyg. And as we ever aimd at your behoove,
And sought your state, all honour it deseru'd,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Indeavour to preserue and prosper it.
Col. I will not thanke thee (sweet Ortygious)
Better replies shall proue my purposes:
and now Lord Tamburlaine, my Brother's campe
I leave to thee, and to Theridamas,
To follow me to faire Persepolis,
Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My moste lese Brother to the Christians lovd:
And ransom them with fame and blury,
and till thou overtake me Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Far well Lord Regent and his happie friends,
I long to sit upon my Brothers throne.
Mena. Your Paeity shall shortly have your wish,
and ride in triumph through Persepolis, Exeunt.
Manent Tamburlaine, Techelles Therida, Vsumc.
Tam. And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Is it not bzoue to be a King, Techelles?
Vsumca and Theridamas,
Is it not passing bzoue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?
Tech. O my Lord tis sweete and full of pompe.
the Scythian Shepheard.

Vfum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.

Ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:

I thinke the pleasure they enjoy in heauen
Cannot compare with Kingly ioyes in earth,
To wear a crowne enchacr'd with Pearle and Golde,
Whose vertues carrie with it life and death.
To ask, and have, command, and be obeyed;
When looks breed love, with looks to gaine the prize,
Such power attractive shines in Princes eyes.

Tam. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a King?

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

Tam. What saies my other friends, wil you be kings?

Tech. I, if I could with all my heart, my Lord,

Tam. Why, that's well said Techelles, so would I.

And so would you my Daughters, would you not?

Vfum. What then my Lord?

Tam. Why then Casaneco shall we with so great an
The world affords in greatest novelty,
And rest attempted ond destittute:
We thinkes we should not, I am strongly mou'd,
What if I should desire the Persean crowne,
I could attaine it with a wondrouse eafe,
And would not all our Souldiers soone consent,
If we should ayme at such a dignitie?

Ther. I know they would with our perswaotions.

Tam. Why then Theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia, and Medea,
And if I prosper all shall be as sure,
as if the Turke, the Pope, Affricke and Grece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apeare.

Tech. Then shall we send to this triumphant king
And bid him bataile for his nouell Crowne:

Vfum. Pay quickly then, before his roome be hot.

Tam. Twil proue a prettie test (in faith) my friends

Ther. A lea to charge on twenty thousand men;
I judge the purchase more important farre.
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Judge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me,
For presently Techelles heere shall haste,
To bid him battle ere he passe to farre,
And loose more labour then the gaine will quight.
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a jest to win the Persean crowne.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to warre with vs,
That onely made him King, to make vs spoyte,
We will not steale upon him cowardly,
But give him warning with more warriours.
Hast thee Techelles, we will followe thee.
What saith Theridamnus?
Ther. Go on for me.

Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

Col. What means this swelie Shepherd to
With such a gyantly presumption: (aspir
To cast vp hilles against the face of heauen,
And dace the fowre of angry Jupiter.
But as he thrust them underneath the hilles,
and prest out ire from their burning lawes:
So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,
Where flames shall ever seede upon his soule.

Men. Some powers divine, or else internall, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was never sprung of humane race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dare so dooubtlesly resolve of rule,
and by profession be ambitious.

Ortig. What God, or spirit of the earth
Or monsier turned to a manly shape.
Or of what mould, or mettle he be made.
What starre or state soever gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meete in courting minides,
the Scythian Shepheard.

and in detecting such a ducilish theepe,
In love of honour; and defence of right,
We arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

Cos. Pably resolu'd my good Ortigius,
and since we all haue such one wholesome aire,
and with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,
Wowing our loves to equall death and life,
Lets cheere our Soul'diours to encounter him,
that greenous image of ingratitude
That fiery thirster after Soneraintie:
and burne him in the fury of that flame.
That none can quench but blood and Empery,
Resolve my Lords and loving Soul'diours now,
to save your King and country from decay,
Then strike by Dian, and all the Karres that make
the loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
that thus opposeth him against the Gods,
and scorces the powers that gouerne Persea.

Enter to the battel, & after the battle, enter Cosroe woun-
ded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsum-
cafane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine;
thus to deprevme me of my Crowne and life:
Teacherous and false Theridimas,
Even at the mozing of my happie state,
Scarce being seate in my Royall throne,
To woxke my downes fall and batimely end,
and soothe paine to-ments my grieved soule
and death arrests the organ of my voice.
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made
Sackes ever vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloody and inflamid Tamburlaine.

Tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown

That
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

That cauf'd the eld"st fonne of heavenly Ops,
to thurl his vosting Father from his chair,
and place himselfe in the Emperiall heaven.

Wou'd me to manage armes against thy State.
What better president then mightie Ioue?
Nature that fram'd vs of fourc Elements,
Warring within our breastes fo2 regiment;
Doth teach vs all to have aspiring mindes:
Our soules whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
and measure euer wandring Planets course,
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
and alwaies moving as the rest"lle Sphearcs,
Wils vs to weare our selues and never rest
Untill we reach the r"pest fruitie of all,
that perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
the sweete frution of an earthly crowne.

Ther, and that made me to ioyne with Tamburlaine,
For he is grous and like the ma"y earth
that mooues not up"wards, no2 by princely deedes,
Doth meane to soare above the highest so2.

Tech, and that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine;
to lift our swords against the Perfeant King.

Vslum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn down
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne,
So doe we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Perse.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannties:
By blood"lfe bodie wareth chille and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound:
By soule begins to take her flight to hell,
and summons all my fenes to depart:
The heate and moisture which did seede each other,
For want of nourishment to seed them both,
As die and colde, and now dooth gatly deatc
With greedy callants gripe my bleeding heart,
the Scythian Shepheard.

And like a Harpertyers on my life.
Theridasmas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And searefull vengeance light upon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tam. Not all the curses which the Furie s breath,
Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this,
Theridasmas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is King of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine.
Tam. Though Mars himselfe the angry God of armes
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
As great commander of this Eastern world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall raigne.
All. Long live Tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.
Tam. So now it is more sure on my head,
Then if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all prononcde me King of Persia. Finis. Actus. 2.

Actus. 3 Scæna. 1.

Baiazeth, the Kings of Feff. Morocco, and Argier, with others in great pompe.

Baia. Great Kings of Barbarie, & my portly Bassetes;
We heare the Tartars & the Eastern thrones
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperor:
and thinke to cause vs from our dreadfull fledge,
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople:
You know our armie is invincible:
as many circumcised Turkes we have,
And warlike bands of Chriftians renied,
as hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea,
Small drops of water, when the Poone begins:
To lycne in one her semicircled bosome:
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Yet would we not be bran'd with sovraigne power,
Pozz raise our sledge before the Grecians yeeld,
Dr breathe this eye before the Cittie wallaes.
Fie. Renowned Emperour, and mightie generaall,
What if you sent the Balloes of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Asia,
Dr else to threaten death and deadly armes,
as from the mouth of mightie Baiazerth.

Baiaz. Pie thee my Brother fast to Persia,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,
Dread Lord of Africke, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and Conquerour of Grecia.
The Dreame, Terrene and the cole-blacke sea,
The high and higheft Monarch of the world,
Wils and commands (for say not I intreate)
Pozz once to set his foote on Africa,
Dr spread his colours in Grecia,
Leaft he incure the storie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant minde.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage armes with me.
Then say thou with him, say I bid thee so,
and if before the sunne have measured the heauen
With triple circuit thou regrete vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arise
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
and meane to setch thee in despyght of him.

Bass. Moste great and puissant Monarch of the earth
your Bassoe will accomplish your behelf,
and shew your pleasure to the Persean,
as fits the Legate of the stately Turk.


Arg. They say he is the King of Persean,
But if he dare attempt to stirre your sledge,
Twere requeste he should be ten times more,
For all fleshe quakes at your magnificence.

Baiaz. True (Argier) and tremble at my looke.
Moro. The
the Scythian Shepheard.

Moro. The spring is hindered by your smothering holt,
For neither raine can fall upon the earth.
No Sun refires his vertuous beams thereon:
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.
Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breathes:
Feis. What thinkes your greatnes best to bee atchieued
In pursit of the Citties overthowe:
Bai. I will the captive pioners of Argier
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the Cittie from the mountaine Cannon.
Two thousand Hoole shal forage by and downes,
That no relieve or succour come by land.
And all the Seamy Gallies countermaund.
Then shal our footemen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus guls.
Batter the wallies and wee will enter in:
And thus the Grecians shal be conquered.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

Adam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits?
That wozke such trouble to your wonted rest?
This more then pitie such a heavenly face,
Should by hearts forrow ware so wan and pale:
When your offensive cape by Tamburlaine,
Which of your whole displeasures shal be most
Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.
Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,
As his exceding favours haue beseev'd,
And might content the Queen of heaven as well,
As it hath chang'd my first conceit'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feedes my thoughts,
With carelessse and disconsolate conceits,
Which dyes my lookes,so linelesse as they are,
And might, if my extremes had full events,
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Take me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agid. Sternall heavens sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phoebus silver eye,
Before such hope fall to Zenocrate.

Zen. Ah life and soule still houer in the breeke,
And leave my bodie senectate as the earth,
O else unite me to his life and soule,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.

Agid. With Tamburlaine? Ah faire Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holdes you from your father in despite,
And keepes you from the honours of a Duxene,
Being suppos'd his to ostlesse Concubine,
Be honoured with your love, but for necessitie,
So now the mightie Souldian heros of you,
Your higenece needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction,
Redeeme you from this deadely servitude.

Zen. Leave to wound me with these wordses,
And speake of Tamburlaine as he deserve:
The entertainment we have had of him,
Is farre from villanie or servitude,
And might in noble minde be counted princely.

Agid. How can you fancies one that looks so fierce,
Onely disposed to martall Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.
And when you looke so amorous discourse,
Will rattle soothe his faces of warre and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty cares.

Zen. As lookest thou through Nilus flowing streame
D2 when the morning holds him in her armes,
So lookes my Lordly love, faire Tamburlaine.
His talle more sweeter then the Duses song
They sung soz honoz against Picrides:
the Scythian Shepheard.

D; when Minerua did with Neptune strive,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Then Iuno siter to the highest God,
If I were matcht with mightie Tamburlaine:

Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your love,
But let the young Arabian live in hope,
After your rescue to enjoy his choice:
You see though first the King of Persea
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to love you much,
Now in his Patestie he leaves those lookes,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more then common courtesies.

Zen. Thence rise the teares that so distain my chake
Fearing his love through my unworthinesse,

Tamburlaine goes to her & takes her away louingly by
the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and
layes nothing.

Agid. Betraied by Fortune and suspeicious love,
Threatned with crowning wrath and jealousie,
Surpris'd with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand agast but moste astonied
To see his choller shut in secret thoughts,
And wazpt in silence of his angrie soule:
Upon his browes was portraied ugly death,
And in his eyes the furie of his heart:
That shine as Comets, menacing revenge,
And castes a pale complection on his cheekes;
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades,
Gather an armrse of Cemerian cloudes,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steedes,
All sweating, tilt about the watry heavenes,
With quivering speares ensoezing thunder claps;
And from their shildes strike flames of lightening)
All scarsefull foldes his sayles, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heavenes for aide,
Against the terror of the windes and wanes.

G 2 50
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

So fares Agidas for the late felt crownes,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule bruine her overthrowne.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you,
He bids you propheticke what it imports.
Agid. I prophesied before, and now I prooue,
The killing crownes of jealousie and looke.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are baine where working toolespresent,
The naked action of my threatned end,
It saies, Agidas, thou shalt surely dye.
And of extremities elect the least,
Doze honours and lesse paine it may procure,
To die by this resoluted hand of thine,
then stay the toments, he and heaven have wrothe.
Then hast Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Goe wander free from feare of Tyrants rage,
Remooned from the toments and the hell,
Wherewith he may ecruciate thy soule,
And let Agidas by Agydas dye,
And with this stab slumber eternally. Stabshimselfe,
Tech. Vlumcaflane, see how right the man
Yeth hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vlum. Faith, and Techelles it was manly done:
and since he was so wise and honoraball,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence.
And spare his triple worthy burial.
Tech. Agreed Calecte, we will honor him.

Actus. 3. Scena. 3.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vlumcaflane, Theridimas, Baf-
foe, Zenodrate, with others.

Tam. Baffoe, by this thy Lord and Pater knoues
I mean to meete him in Bithynia.
the Scythian Shephered.

See how he comes? Tush, Turkes are full of brag and meane more then they can. Well performe: 
He meete me in the field and seth thee hence? 
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is too weake, 
I encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine, 
View well my campe, and speake indifferently, 
Do not my Captaines and my Souldier's looks, 
As if they ment to conquer Africa?

Ball. Your men are valiant, but their number seewe, 
and cannot terrifie his mightie hoste, 
By Lord, the great commandour of the world, 
Besides fifteene contributorie Kings, 
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janilares, 
Mounted on lusty Mauritian Steedes, 
Brought to the ware by men of Trypolie. 
Two hundred thousand footmen that have leru'd, 
In two set battels fought in Grecia: 
And so the expedition of this ware, 
If he thinke good can from his garrisons 
Withdraw al as many more to follow him.

Tech. The more he bringes, the greater is the spoile, 
For when they perrish by our war like hands, 
we meane to seate our footemen on their Steedes, 
and ride all those skately Janilares.

Tam. But will those Kingses accompany your Lords- 
Baie. Such as his highnesse pleases, but some must stay 
To rule the provinces he late subdue.

Tam. Then right courageously their crowns are yours 
This hand shall set them on your conquering heades, 
That made me Emperor of Asia.

Vfum. Let hime bringe millions infinite of men, 
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece, 
Yet we assured of the victory.

Ther. Even he that in a trice vanquish two Kingses, 
More mightie then the Turkish Emperor, 
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and persue 
His scattered armie till they yeeld or die.
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Tam. Well said Theridamas, speake in that mood, for will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine, whose smiling Stars gives him assured hope Of martiaall triumph, ere hee meete his foes: I that am tearn'd the scourge and wrath of God, The onely fear and terror of the world, Will first subdue the Tureke, and then enlarge Thosc Christian Captives, which you keep as slaves Burneing their bodies with your heauie chains, And feeding them with thin and fender fare, That naked Rowe about the Tereen sea, And when they chance to breath and rest apace, Are punishe with Battones so grievously, That lie panting on the Gallies side, And strive for life at every stroke they gine. These are the cruell Pirates of Argier, That damned traine, the stem of Africa, Inhabited with Cragling Runnagates, that make quicke haunoke of the Christian blood: But as I live, that towne shall curse the time that Tamburlaine set foote in Africa.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes, and his contributory Kings.

Bai. Bassoes and Janilaries of my Guard, Attend upon the person of your Lord, The greatest Potentate of Africa.

Tam. Techelies, and the rest, prepare your swords, I meane to encounter with that Baiazeth, Bai. Kings of Fess, Moroccus and Argier, He calls me Baiazeth, whome you call Lord: Note the presumption of this Scythian Slave, I tell thee villaine, those that lead my hoyle Hauie to their names title of dignitie, And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth? (hoarse)

Tam. And know thou Turk, that those which lead my Shall leade thee Captaine th'zow Africa,

And
the Scythian Shepheard.

And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

Bai. By Mahomet, my Binsmans Sepulcher, and by the holy Alcaron I swear,
He shall be made a chaste and lustless Gunuke,
and in my Saree tend my Concubines:
and all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the Chariot of my Empresse.

Whose I have brought to see their overthrow.

Tam. By this my sword that conquered Persia,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world,
I will not tell thee how I will handle thee,
But every common Soulebior of my Camps,
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

Fell. What means this mightie Turkish Emperor
To talke with one so base as Tamburlaine?

Mor. Pe Doozes, and valiant men of Barbary,
How can you suffer these indignities?

Arg. Leave words, & let the seele your Lances points
Which glided through the bowels of the Grecians.

Bai. Well said my stout contributozie Kings:
Your threefold armie and my hugie house,
Shall swallow up these base bozne Peculians.

Tech. Puissant, renowned and mightie Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?

- Th. I long to see those Crownes won by our swords
That we may raigne as Kings of Africa?

Vslum. What coward would not fight for such a prize
Tam. Fight all couragiously and be you Kings.
I speake it, and my wordes are Oracles,

Bai. Zabima, Mother of three brave boges,
Then Hercules, that in his infancy,
Did pass the iawes of Serpents venemous,
Whose handes are made to gripe a warlike Lance,
Their shoulders broad for complaat armour fit,
Their limmes more large and of a bigger life,
Then all the Bats yspang from tryphons lopynes.
Who when they come unto their Fathers age.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Will batter turrets with their manly fists,
Sit here upon this royall chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my emperiall crowne,
Untill I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
and all his Captaines bound in captive chaines.

Zab. Such good successe happen to Biazzeth,
Tam. Zencrata, the loveliyest Paid aline,
Fairer then tokes of Pearle and precious stone,
The onely Parragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
And speech moze pleasant then sweete harmony,
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkned sky,
And calme the rage of thundring Jupiter:
Sit downe by her, adored with my crowne,
as if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
Stir not Zenocrate, untill thou see
My march victorious with all my men;
Tryumphing over him and these his Kinges,
Which I will bring as ballest to thy seete.
Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage worde with her, as we will armes.

Zen. And may my loue the King of Persia,
Returne with victorious, and free from wound.
Bai. Now shalt thou seele the force of Turkish armes
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I have of Turkes, Arabians, Poozes and Jewes
Enough to cover all Bythinia.
Let thousands die, their slaughtered carkasses,
Shall serve for walles and bulwarkes to the rest,
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subduded, shall stand as mightie as before:
If they would yeeld their neckes unto the sword,
Thy Souldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I have heads for thee,
Thou knowst not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
What tis to meete me in the open field,
That leane no ground for thee to march upon.

Tam. Our
the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. Our conquering swords shall marshall us by way,
We* to march upon the saughtered foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooves;
Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hilles,
My campes is like to Iulius Cæsars hoste,
That never fought but had the victory,
Noz in Pharsalia was their such hot war,
As these my followres willingly would have:
Legions of spirits fleeting in the ayre,
Direct our bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the sencelessesse lurs,
and when the sees our bloody colours spread,
then victorie begins to take her flight,
Resting herselsfe upon my milk-white Tent.
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall:
The field is ours, the Turke, his wife and all.
Exit with his followers.

Bai. Come Kinges & Bassoes, let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the seeble Perians blood.
Exit with his followers.

Zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac’d by me,
That am the Empresse of the mightie Turke?
Zen. Disdainfull Turkelle, and unteuerenent Bolle,
Cal’st thou me Concubine that am betroth’d
Unto the great and mightie Tamburlaine?
Zab. To tamburlaine the great Tartarian sheese,
Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauth wordes of thine,
When thy grete Bassse-maister and thy selue,
Pust plesse for mercy at his kingly seete,
and sue to me to be your advocate.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee Chameleste girls,
thou shalt be laundzette to my waiting maide,
How likst thou her Ebea, will she serve?
Ebea. Paddam, she thinkest perhaps she is to fine,
But I shall turne her into other weedes,
and make her daintie fingers fall to worke.
Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy dyudge both talkes

And
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

and make her dainty fingers fall to worke.

Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth tale,
and how my flame, her mistresse menaceth?

Both for their launette shall be employed,

To dresse the common Foulbiours meat and drinke,

For we will soon they should come here our services.

Ani. Yet sometimes let your Highnes send for them

To doe the worke my chamber maide disdaines.

They found to the Battaile within, and say.

Zen. Ye Gods, and powres that governe Persia,

and made my Lordly love her worthy King.

Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth

and let his foes like flockes of fearefull Hoes,

Persuade by hunters, flye his angry lookes,

That I may see him issue Conqueror.

zab. Now Mahomet, sollicite God himselfe,

and make him raine down murdering shot from heaven

To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,

That dare to manage armes with him,

That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine

When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battaile againe.

Zen. By this the Turks lies weltring in their blood,

as Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica.

zab. Thou art deceu'd, I heard the Trumpets sound

and when my Emperour overthrew the Grekes,

And led them captive into Affrica.

Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves:

Prepare thy selfe to live and dye my flame.

Zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen & sweare

My Royall Lord is slayne or conquered,

Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,

But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Baiazeth flyes, and he persues him,

The Battaile is short, and they enter,

Baiazeth is overcome.
the Scythian Shepheard.

Tam. How King of Balboes, who is Conquerour?
Bai. Thou by the fortune of thy damned soyle.
Tam. Where are your stout contributozle Kings?

Enter Tchelles, Theridamas, Vlumcifane.

Tch. We have their crownes, their bodies strew the
Tam. Each man a crowne, why kingly fought yfaith,
Deliver them into my treasury.

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall crowne againe so highly won:
Tam. Pay take the Turkish crowne from her zeno-
and crowne me Emperor of Affrica.

Zab. No Tamburlaine, though now thou got the best,
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Africa.

Ther. Give her the Crowne Turkeste you were best
He takes it from her, and giues it zonocrate.

Zab. Inivious villaines theeves, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Majesty?

Ther. Yeere Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
Tam. Not now theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that have bolstered by those tearmes,
are false in clutters at my conquering seete.

Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
Tam. Not all the world shall ransome Baiazeth,
and never had the Turkish Emperour

Bai. Ah faire Zabina, wee have lost the field,
So great a foyle by any soxaine foe.

Now will the Chrestians miscreants be glad,
Kinging with ox their superficious Bels
and making Bonsiers for my overthrow:
But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones:
For though the glozie of this day be lost,
Affricke and Greece have garrisons enough
to make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

Tam. Those wailed garrisons will I subdue,
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica,
So from the East unto the farthest West,
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant armes;
the Gallies and those pilling Bizzgangdines
That yearly saille to the Venetian gulfes,
And hower in the Straights for Christianes wazzack,
Shall lye at anchazes in the Isle Asant,
Uttill the Persian Fleete and men of warre,
Sayling along the Dintiall sea,
Have setched about the Indian continent:
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,
And thence unto the Straights of Iubalcher.
Where they shall meete, and yoyne their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale,
And all the Ocean by the Brittish shore,
And by this means haue won the world at last.

Ba. Yet set a ransome on me Tamburlaine.

Tam. What thinks ye Tamburlaine esteemes thy gold?
Ile make the Ringes of India ere ye die.
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath,
Come binde them both, and one leade in the Turke,
The Turckes let my Loues Maide lead away.
They binde them.

Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes?

O Mahomet, O sleepy Mahomet!

Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makes vs thus
The slauces to Scythians rude and barbarous.

Tam. Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest
Triumph and solemnize a materiall feast.

Exeunt Finis Actus tertij

Actus 4. Scene 1
Souldan of Egipt, with three or four Lords,
Capolin.

Soul A Wake ye men of Memphis, heare the clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basililkes,

That
the Scythian Shepheard.

That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe,
The rogue of Volga holds Zencracte,
The Soulzans Daughter for his Concubine, and with a troope of sheues and Ragabonds Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace,
While you faint hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowzy bankes of Nile, as Crocadiies, that unaffrighted rest,
While thundrings cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mell. Nay (mighty Souleman did your greatnes see
The crowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes
Command to the hearts of his associates:
It might amaze your royall Daieftie

Soul. Altaine, I tel thee, were that Tamburlaine,
as monfrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Soultan would not start a foote from him,
But speake, what power hath he?

Mell. Mighty Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steedes, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and iron bits,
Environing their standards round, that loud,
As bristle-pointed as a thornie wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martall men.

Soul. Nay could their numbers counterwaile the stars
D2 ever dilling drops of aprill showers,
D2 withered leaves that autumnake thowne,
Yet would the Soultane by his conquering power
So scatter and confume them in his rage,
That not a man should line to rue their fall.

Cap. So might your Highnes, had you time to lose
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hohte:
But Tamburlaine by expedition
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Advantage takes of your unreadinesse,
Soul. Let him take all the advantages he can,
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Hay, were he the devill, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whome he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus:
Lo th'oud his name in darkenesse of the night.
Met. Pleaseth your mightinesse to understand,
His resolution faire exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his Tents,
While is their baw, and on his silver crest
a snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
to signifie the myldenesse of his minde:
That satiate with spoyle, refuseth blood,
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
as red as Scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quencht with blood:
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threates moone not submission,
Blacke are his colours, blacke Pauslion,
His speare, his shield, his hozle, his armoure plumes,
And Jettie Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Dere, degree or age,
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soul. Mercillese villaine, Peasant, ignozant
Of lawfull armes, or Martall discipline.
Pillage and murder are his vsmall trades,
The flame vfurpes the glorious name of warre.
See Capolin the faire Arabian King,
That hath been disappointed by this flame,
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue,
May have freth warning to goe warre with vs,
and be reveng'd for her disparagement.

Actus. 4.
the Scythian Shepheard.

ACTUS. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vlumcaafane, zeno- 
crate, Anippe, two Moors drawing Baiazeth in 
his cage, and his wife following him.

Tam. Bring out my footes-toole.

Bai. Ye holy Priestes of heavenly Mahomet, 
That sacrificingacie and cut your flesh, 
Staining his Altars with your purple blood, 
Make heauen to crowne and every fired Star, 
To sucke vp popson from the Moorish Fens, 
and pourc it in this glorious tyrants throte.

Tam. The choicest God, first mooner of that speare. 
Enchaed with thousands ever shining lamps, 
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of heauen, 
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrowe: 
But villaine, thou that with hell it to me, 
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainfull earth, 
and be the footes-toole of great Tamburlaine, 
That I may rise into my Royall Throne.

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

Tam. Base villaine, basall, flave to Tamburlaine, 
Unworthy to imbace oz touch the ground, 
That beares the honour of my royall weight, 
Stoope villaine, stope, stope, soz so he bids, 
That may command thee peecmale to be tore, 
Oz scattered like the lofty Cedar trees, 
Strooke with the boste of thundering Jupiter, 

Bai. Then as I looke downe to the damned Fiended 
Fiends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell, 
With Eban Scepter strike this hatefull earth, 
And make it Swallow both of us at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tam. Now cleare the triple region of the aye, 
and let the Majestie of heauen behold
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Their scourge and terror tread on Emperours, Smiles stars that raigned at my nativity: and dim the brightness of their neighbour lampes. Didst thou to borrow light of Cinthia, For I the chiefest lamp of all the earth; First rising in the east with milde aspect, But fired now in the Meridian line, Will lend up fire to your turning Spheres, and cause the sunne to borrow light of you: My sword Crooke fire from his coate of Steele; Even in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke, as when a fiery exhalation
Wreapt in the bowels of a freeling cloud, Fighting for passage, make the Melkin crack, and casts a flash of lightning on the earth: But ere I march to wealthy Persia, Or leave Damascus, and the Egyptian fields, as was the fame of Clymeus brainlieke Sonne, That almost burnt the aretree of heaven: So shall our swords, our lances and our shot Fill all the ayre with fiery meteors: Then when the skie shall ware as red as blood, It shall be said, I made it red my selfe, To make me thinke of naught but blood and warre.

Zab. Unworthye King, that by thy crueltie. Unlawfully blurt'st the Perlian seate, Darst thou that never saw an Emperour, Before thou met my husband in the field, Being thy Captive, thus abuse his state, Keeping his Kingly bodie in a cage, That Rosses of gole & sunniest Pallaces, Should have prepar'd to entertaine his grace, and treading him beneath thy loathsome seete, Whose seete the King of Africa have kist? tech. You must Denise some torment worse my Lord To make these captives reigne their langust tongues. Tam. Zencrate, looke better to your native;
the Scythian Shepheard.

Zen. She is my handmaids dame and she shall know
That these abuses flowe not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings then for you my flame
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or else I sware to have you whipt stark naked,
Bai. Great Tamburlaine, great in my owne owne,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be hasted on foure mightie kings.
Tam. Thy names and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of kinges.
Put him in againe.
Bai. Is this a place for mightie Baiazeth?
Confusion light on him that helpes thee thus.
Tam. There while he lives shall Baiazeth be kept,
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawn:
And that his wife shall feede him with the craps
By her curtumes shall bring thee from my boorde:
For he that gives him other foode then this:
Shall sit by him, and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kinges and Emperours of the earth,
If they would lay their crownes before my seate,
Shall ransom him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talke of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Platoces wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These hoores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall leade him with us where so eere we goe:
Techelles and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus loftie Towers,
Like to the shaddowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grace d the Hemphion fields
The golden statue of their feathered Bird

That
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

That spreads her wingses upon the Tittie walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The Townes men maske in sikle and cloath of golde,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the Towne is ours.

Ther. Pour tents of white, now pitch'd before the
And gentle flags of amity displayed,

I doubt not but the governour will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Majesty.

Tam. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest:
But if he stay untill the bloody flag
Be once advaued on my Vermilion tent,
He dies, and those that kept vs out so long:
And when they see me march in blacklist array,
With mourningfull Sleeueres hanging down their heads
Where in that citie all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

Zen. Yet would you haue some pittie for my sake,
Because it is my Countries and my Fathers.

Tam. Not so, the world zenocrate, if I haue swozne:
Come bying in the turke.

Actus, 4. Scæna, 3

Souldane, Arabia. Capoline, with streaming collours and
Souldours.

Sould. M' thinkes we match as Meleager did,
Environed with brave Argolian Knights
to chace the savage Calcedonian Boare,
O Cephalus with Thebion youthes,
Against the Wolfe that angry Themis sent,
to waste and spoyle the sweete Aonian fields,
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, preace and spoyle:
the scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs:
By Lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A Curdie Felon, and a bashezed thiefs:
the Scythian Shepheard.

By murther raised to the Persevian Crowne,
that dare controle vs in our territories.
to tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Glanye your Arabians with the Soulbanes power,
Let vs unite our Royall handes in one,
and haften to remoue Damascus filedge,
It is a blemish to the maiestie
and high estate of mightie Emporers,
that such a base usurping vagabond
Should bave a King, or weare a princely Crowne.

Ara. Renowned Soulbanes, have ye lately heard
the overthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bithinia?
the slauery wherewith he persecutes
the Poble turke and his great Empresse.

Soul. I have, and sorrow for his bad success
But Poble Lord of great Arabia,
He so persuaded that the Soulbanes is
No more dismayd with tydings of his fall,
Then in the hauen when the Pilot handes
and viewes a strangers ship rent in the winde.
and shivered against a cragge rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched fate,
A sacred bow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis holy name,
that Tamburlaine shall rue the day and houre,
When he wrought such ignominious wrong,
Into the hallowed person of a Prince,
I keept the faire zynocrate so long,
As conjurisme (I seare) to seeke his lust.

Ara. Let grieue and furie haften on revenge,
Let Tamburline fee his offences seene,
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him,
I long to brake my speare upon his crest,
and prooue the weight of his victorious arme:
For fame I seeare hath beene to prodigall
In sounding through the worlde his partiall praiue.
Soul. Capolin, haft thou turnaide our powers?
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia.

The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fiftie thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, by ane men at armes,
Couragious, full of hardinesse.
As felome as the hunters in the chase
Of savage Beasts amid the desert woods.

Arab. By minde presageth fortunate successe,
And Tamburlaine, my spirit dooth fo recce
The better ruine of thy men and thee,

[Drummes]

Soul. Then reave your Standards, let your sounding
Direct our Soultions to Damascus walles,
Now Tamburlaine the mightie Soulaine comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian King,
To dim the bainesse of obscuritie:
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle:
To race and scatter thy inglorious care
Of Scythians and basely Portians.

Exeunt

Actus. Scena.4

The banquet, & to it commeth Tamburlaine al in Scar-
let, Theridamas, Techelles, Vfamcasane, the
Turke, with others.

Tam. Now have your bloody collours by Damascus.
Kesstening helues of blood upon their heads,
While they walke quatering on their City Walles,
Valse round for feare, before they seele my wrath
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine unto the God of warre,
That meanes to fill your Helmes full of golde:
And make Damascus spoiles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden Fleece:
And now Baiazeth, half thou any Le.paque?

Bai. I such a stomack (cruell Tamburlaine) as I could
willingly seede upon thy bloud-cawe heart.

Tam. Pay, thine owne is easer to come by, pluck out
And swill serve thee & thy wife: wel Zenocrate, (that
Techelles, and the rest fall to your viuuals:

Bai. Fall to and never may your meate digest:
the Scythian Shepheard.

Ye curses that can walke invisibly,
Dve to the bottome of Aetnas poole.
And in your hands bring hellish popson vp,
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine:
O winged Snakes of Lerna cast your stinges,
And leave your venom in this tyrants dish.

Zab. And may this banquet prooue as ominous,
As Proges to th' adulterous Thracian King,
That fed upon the substance of his childe.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outrageous
curses by these vaues of yours?

Tam. To let them see, divine Zenocrate,
A glory in the curses of my foes:
Having the power from the imperiall heaven,
To turne them all uppon their proper heads.

Teche. I pray you giue them leave Padam, this
speech is a good refreshing to them.

Ther. But if his Highnesse would let them be fed, it
would doe them more good.

Tam. Sirra, why fall ye not too, are you so daintily
brought vp, you cannot eate your owne flesh?

Ba. First legions of Devils shall teare thee in pieces.

Vlum. Villain, know what thou to whom thou speakest.

Tam. O let him alone there, eate sir, take it vp from
my swords point, or else thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps upon it.

Ther. He stamps it under his feete my Lord.

Tam. Take it vp villaine, and eate it, or I will make
thee eate the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes,
and eate them.

Vlum. Nay, twere better he 'ild his wife, and then
the shal be sure not to be starved, and he be prouided for a
months victuall before hand.

Tam. Yeere is my dagger, dispatch her while she is
fat, so if she live but a while longer, you wil not fall into a
consumption with fretting & then she wil not be worth
the eating.

G 3 Ther. Desse
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Ther. Desst thou thinke that Mahomer wil suffer this Tech. Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.
Tam. Go to, fall to your meate, what not a bit: be like he hath not beene watered to day: give him some drinke.
They give him water to drinke, and he flings it on the ground.

Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eate;
How now Zenocrate, dooth not the turke and his wife make a goodly show at a banquet?
Zen. Yes, my Lord: (sort of musick.)
ther. He thinkes tis a greate deale better then a concert. Yet musick would doe well to cheare up Zeno-
crate: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt have a song, the turke shall traine his voice: but why
is it?
Zen. My Lord to see my fathers trowne besieg'd,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne:
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any love remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my love unto your majestie
May merit favour at your highnesse hands,
Then raise your sledge from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.
Tam. Zenocrate, were Egypt ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sward make love to stoope,
I will confute those blinde Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I meane to trace,
and with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the provinces cities, and townes,
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Were at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular.
And wouldst thou have me buy my fathers love
With such a losse: Tell me Zenocrate:
Zen. Honoe, still waite on happy Tamburlaine,
Yet give me leave to please for him my Lord.
Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,
the Scythian Shepheard.

And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their lines, they will be pleas'd to please,
Or may be soz'd to make me Emperor:
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine,
Feed you slave, thou maist thinke thy selfe happy to bee fed from my Trencher.
Bai. By empty stomacke full of idle heate,
Drawes bloody humors from my seble parts,
Preseruing life, by hastening cruel death:
My bainsse are pale, my sinewes hard and die,
My ioyntes be numb'd, unlesse I eate I die.

zab. Gate Baiazeth, let vs live in spite of them.
Looking some happy power will pittie & enlarge vs.

Tam. Heere turke, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?
Bai. I tyrant, and more meate.

Tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating
Will make you surset?
Ther. So it would my Lord, especially having so small a walke, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

Tam. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the cates you desire to singer, are they not?

Ther. I (my Lord) but none saue Kingses must feede with these.

Tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for Tamburlaine, onely to enjoy them.

Tam. Well heere is now to the Souldane of Egypt, the king of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus:
Now take these three crownes and pledge me my contributary Kings.

I crowne you heere (Theridamas) King of Argier, techelles King of Fesse, and Vfum casane King of Mocerus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie Kings.

Bai. No, shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse, You
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

You that have marcht with happy Tamburlaine,
As farre as from the frozen place of heauen,
Unto the warie morninges ruddy bower.
And thence by land unto the Trozid zone,
Deserve these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnamite.
Your biches shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the sount where honor springs,
And they are worthie:the innesth Kings.

Thee And since your Highness hath so wel douchlast
If we deserve them not with higher meedes
Then rest our States and actions have retain'd
Take them away and make vs slaves.

Tam. Well said Theridamas, when holy Fates,
Shall establish me in strong Egyptia,
We meane to trauaile to the Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people underneath our feete,
And be renown'd as never Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Untill with greater honores I be grace'd.

Finis. Actus quarti.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

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

Gouer. Still dooth this man 02 rather God of warre,
Batter our walles, & beat our Turrets down
And to restit with longer stubbornesse,
O2 hope of rescue from the Sculdans power,
Were but to lyng our willfull overthrowe,
And make vs desperate of our threatned lives:
Woe see his Tents have now beene altered,
With terroes to the last and cruell hew,
His cole-blacke collours every where advauntst,
Threaten our Cittie with a generall spoyle:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,

Offer
the Scythian Shepheard.

Offer our suff'ries to his clemency,
I scarce the cut some proper to his sword,
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the sword,
By any innovation or remorse:
Will never be dispence'd with till our deaths:
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins sake,
Whose honours, and whose lives reli on him,
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
Their blubber'd cheeks, and harte humble prays
Will melt his furie into some remorse,
And see us like a loving Conquerour.

Virg. If humble lutes or imprecations
(Uttered with tears of wretchednesse and blood,
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our Sere,
Some made your wifes, and some your Children)
Might have intreated your obdurate breasts,
To entertaine some care of our securities,
Whilsts onely danger beate upon our Walle,
These more then dangerous warrants of our death,
Has never beene erected as they be,
No you depend on such weake help as we.

Go. Well, lovely Virgins, thinke our countries care
Our love of honours loath to be entabl'd
To sovereigne powers, and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with two much cowardize for scarce,
Before all hope or rescue were denied,
Submit your selves and vs to servitude:
Therefore in that your safeties and owne;
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weighd,
Unequall care and ballance with owne,
Endure as we the malice of our Stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and powers of wares,
Or be the meanses the overweighing heauen's
Have kept to quallifie these hot extremes.
And bring vs pardon in your chearsfull looks.

2. Virg. Then beere before the Palatte of heaven,

And
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

And holy patrones of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we intreat,
Grace to our words and pittie to our looks,
That this deaile may proone propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine,
Convey events of mercy to his heart,
Grant that these signes of victory we yield,
May binde the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded sorrows of his browes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happy looks of ruth and lenitie,
Leave be my Lord, and loving countrimen,
What simple Virgins may persuade, we will.
Go. Farwell (sweet Virgins) on whose face returne
Depends our Citie,Libertie, and liues. Exeunt:

Acts. 5. Scena.2.

Tamburlaine, Techeles, Theridamis, Vfumcasane, with
others, Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verye
melancholie. (neatles)

Tam. What, are the Turtles saide out of their
alas poyntes, must you be first that feele
The sworne destruction of Damascus,
They know my custome, could they not as well,
Have sent ye out, when first my milke-white flags
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams
Reflecting them on your disdainfull eyes,
and now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my cole-blacke tent,
and tells for truth submissions comes to late.

1. Virg. Poste happie King & Emperor of the earth
Image of honoe, and Nobilitie,
For whome the powers divine have made the world,
and on whose thrones the holy Graces sit,
In whose sweet person is complez'd the summe
Of natures skill and heavenlye Praisie,
Pittie our plightes, O pittie poyze Damascus,
the Scythian Shepheard.

Pittie old age, within whose silver hair's,
Honor and reverence evermore have reign'd,
Pittie the marriage bed where many a Lord
In prime and glory of his longing joy
Embracest now with tears and ruth of blood,
The jealous boodie of his fearful wife,
Whole cheeks and hearts so punished with conceite,
To think thy puissant never stay'd arms
Will part their bodies, and prevent their soules
From heavens of comfort, yet their age might bear,
Now were all pale and withered to the death,
As well for griepe our ruthless Governour
Yath thus refusest the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose Scepter Angels kill, and Furies dread)
as for their liberties, their loves o2 lines.
O then for these and such as we our seluics,
For vs, for Infants and for all our bloods,
That never nourish thought against thy rule:
Pittie, O pittie (Sacred Emperour)
The prostrate service of this wretched towne,
and take in signe thereof this gilded wreathe,
Where to each man of rule hath given his hand,
and with as worthy subiects happie meanses,
To be investers of thy royall bauces,
Even with the true Egyptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins, in baine ye labour to prevent
That which mine honor sweares shall be performed:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?
Vrg. Nothing but searce and fatall seele my Lord,
Tam. Your searesfull mindes are thicke & misty then,
For their fits death, there fits impriuous death,
Keeping his circuit by the flyng edge.
But I am please you shall not see him there.
He now is seated on my horsemens speares,
and on their points his fleshlesse body seedes.
Techoles, straight goe charge a few of them,
To charge these Dames, and shew my Servant death

P 2   Sitting
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

Sitting in Scarlet on their armed Speares.

Omnes. D pittie vs.

Tam. Away with them I say, and shew them death,
    They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
For change my martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waves,
Or for the love of Venus, would she leaue
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me:
They have refused the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are are as peremptory,
As wrathfull Planets, death. 02 destruicie:

Enter Techelles.

What have your horsemen shewn the virgins death?
Tech. They have my Lord and on Damascus Walls,
Have hoisted up their slaughtered carkasses.
Tam. A sight as baneful to their soules I think,
As are theElian 02's 02 Mithradate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Excune.
Ab faire Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
Faire is to soule an Epitite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countriss lone,
And seare to see thy Bingly fathers harme,
With haire dischewed wi'l thy watery cheekes,
And like to Flora in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer tresses, in the ayse,
Raine't on the earth resolued pearle in showers,
And spinklest Saphirs on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Pales fits,
and comments volumes with her proude pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemnne evenings walke,
Making the mantle of the richest night.
The Hoone, the planets, and the meteor's light.
There Angels in their Chrissall armours fights.
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes;
the Scythian Shepheard.

Nor Egypt's freedome and the Souldians life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrowes lay more sedge unto my soule,
Then all my Army to Damascus walke.
And neither Persians Soueraigne, nor the Turke
Troubled my sences with conceite of soyle,
So much by much, as dooth Zenocrate:
What is beauty faith my suffring's then?
If all the pens that ever Poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their Daughters thoughts,
and everie sweetenelle that inspird their hearts,
Their minds and muses on admired theames,
If all the heavenly Quintesence they still
From their immortall flowers of Poetie,
Wherein as in a mirroure we perceive,
The highest reaches of a humaine wit,
If these had made one Poems period
and all combin'd in beauties wozthinele,
Yet should there honer in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the leaft,
Which into wordes no vertue can digest:
But how unseemely is it for my sere,
By discipline of Armes and Chivalrie,
By nature and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Save onely that in Beauties full applause
With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht:
And enerte warrior that is rapt with love,
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie,
Butt needes have beautie beate on his conceites,
I thus conceiving and subduing both,
That which hath cope the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the spangl'd firee baile of heauen,
To seele the lonely warmth of Shepheardes flames,
and march in coatches of Crowed weedes:
Shall give the world to note for all my birth,
That vertue solely is the lumme of glozie,

Y 3.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

And fashions men with true nobilitie.
Whose within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth beene fed to day?
An. I, my Lord.
Tam. Bring him sooth, and let vs know if the town
be ransackt.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane,
with others.

Tech. The Towne is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
of conquest, and of people is offered vs.
Tam. That's well, Techelles, what's the newes?
Tech. The Souldane and the Arabian King togo-
ther march on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.
Tam. No more there is not I warrant thee Techelles.

They bring in the Turk.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs spare the reverent Souldans life
For faire Zenocrate, that do laments his fate.
Tam. That will we chieflie see unto Theridamas
For sweete Zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserves a conquest over every heart:
And now my mosteste stole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Yeere let him stay my masters from the Tents,
Till we have made vs ready for the field:
Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going.

Exeunt.

Bai. Go, never to returne with victorie,
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And goe thy bowis with as many wounds,
Sharpe socked arowes light upon thy bosle:
Furies from the blakke Cocitus lake,
Breake up the earth, and with their fire brands
Enforce thee runne upon the banesfull pikes:
Valleys of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin,
And every bullet dipt in poisioned dyngs.

D3
the Scythian Shepheard.

Drearling Canons sever all thy toptes,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare:
   Zab. Let all the swords and Launces in the field,
Sticke in his breast, as in their proper rooms,
At every dose let blood come droping forth,
That lingering paines may massacre his heart,
And madnessse send his damned soule to hell.
   Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we may curse his power.
   The heauens may strowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods,
   Hope then Cymerian,Stir, or Destiny:
And then shal we in this detested guise,
With Shame, with hunger, and with horrore ape,
Criping our bowels with retrostned thoughts,
and have no hope to end our erfases.
   Zab. Then, is there left no Mahomet, no God,
Po siend, no fortune, no hope of end.
In our infamous monstrous slauceries?
Gape earth, and let the fiends internall view,
As hell, as hopelesse, and as full of seare
as are the blased banks of Erebus:
Where shaking goffs with ever howling grones,
Yower about the ugy terrimane, to get a passage to Eli-
Why should we live, O wretches, beggers, slaves (sha)
Why live we Baiazeth, and build by nestes,
So high within the Region of the ayre,
By living long in this oppession,
That all the world will see and laugh to scoone,
The former triumphs of our mightinesse
In this obscure internall servitude:
   Bai. Divine more loathsome to my vered thought
Then noslome parbreake of the Stygian Snakes,
Which hies the nookes of hell with standing ayre,
Infenting all the goffs with curleste grieses,
O deary engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my hono, and my name.
The Conquest of Tamburlaine

Thus under yoke and thraldome of a thieve:
Why seve he you still on dates accursed beames,
And sinke not quite into my toature's soule.
You see my wife, my Queene and Emperelle,
Bought vp and purpased by the hand of fame,
Queene of kikene contributory Queenees,
Now thowne to rowmes of blacke objection,
Smear'd with blots of baseft judgery:
And villanesse to shame disdain and misery:
accursed Baiazeth, whose words of truth,
That would with pittie cheare Zabinas heart:
and make our soules resolve in easelte teares,
Sharpe hunger bites upon and gripes the roote:
From whence the issues of my thoughtes doe break,
O poore zabina, O my Queene, my Queene,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequels of my life.
I may poure soureth my soule into thine armes
With words of love: whole moaning entercourse,
Thy beather to beerne straid, with wrath and hate,
Of our exprassell band inflictions.

zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
as long as any blood o2 sparke of breath,
Can quench o2 coole the tormentes of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banesfull daies,
and beate the braines out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other meanes are all forbiden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lampe of everlasting love,
Accursed day infected with my griefes,
Hide how thy lamed face in endeleste night:
and shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let ethie darkenesse with her ruffe coach
Engirt with tempests wrapt in pitchy cloudes,
Smother the earth with neverfading mistes,
the Scythian Shepheard.
And let her hoiles from their nostrils breath,
Rebellious windes and dreadfull thunder claps,
That in this terour Tamburlaine may live:
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ayse,
May still excruciace his tormented thoughts.
Then let the sonie dart of seencelesse colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.
He braines himselfe against the cage.

Enter Zabina.

zab. What doe mine eyes behold, my husband dead?
His skull all riuen in twaine, his braines dazht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Sovereaigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazeth! O Turke! O Emperor! gie him his li-
quoz, not I, bying milke & fire, & my blood I bying him a-
again, teare me in pieces, gie me the sword with a ball
of wilde-fire up it, down to him, down with him. Go to
my child, away, away, away, ah save that infant,
save him, save him: I even I speake to her: the Sunne
was down. Streamers white, red, black, here, here, here
Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine,
hel make ready my Coach, my chaire, my Jewels. I
come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and braines herselfe.

Enter Zenocrate with Anippe.

Zen. Wretched zenocrate, that liuesst to see
Damascon walles dy’d with Egyptians blood,
Thy father’s Subjects and thy Countriemen:
Thy streetses crewed with dilteuered ioynts of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life,
But most accurst to see the Sunne bright troope,
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted Prides,
Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildeely treat of love,
On hojsemens Lances to be hoistet up,
The Conquest of Tamburlaine
And guiltlessly induce a cruel death.
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp on others with their thundering hooes,
When all their riders charg'd their quivering speares,
Began to check their ground, and raine themselues,
Gazing upon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah Tamburlaine, were thou the cause of this,
What tears & Zenocrate thy dearest love?
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate,
When her owne life, o2 ought save thine owne love.
But see another bloody spectable!
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these greenous objects,
And tell my soule more tales of bleeding ruthes?
Saw, sa Anippe, if they breath o2 no?
Anip. No breath, no2 sense, no2 motion in them both
Ah Padam, this their flanerie hath inform'd,
And ruthless crueltie of Tamburlaine.

Zen. Earth cast by fountains from thine entrals,
And wet thy cheekes for their untimely deaths,
Shake with their weight in signe of seare and grieves,
Blush heaven that gave them honour at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.

Those that are proud of fickle Emperie,
And place their chiefd good in earthly yompe,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Ah Tamburlaine, my love sweet Tamburlaine,
That fightest for Scepters, and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy States,
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy Browes,
And yet wouldst shun the wavering turnes of warres,
In seare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse.
But mightie Ioue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Love, oh pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pittie,
the Scythian Shepheard.
And let not conquer ruthlessly pursue,
Be equally against his life incense,
In this great Turke and hapless Emperess:
and pardon me, that was not mosu’d with ruth,
To see them line so long in miserie,
ab what may chance to thee Zenostrate?

Anip. Madam content your selfe and be resolu’d,
Your love hath fortune so at his command;
That she shall lay, and turne her wheele no more,
as long as life maineines his mightie arme,
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heavy newes now brings Philenus?

Phi. Madam, your Father, and the Arabian King,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus against Eneas did,
armed with Lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battell against my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duety, love and feare presents
A thousand sozwes to my martyrd soule,
Whome should I wish the fatall victorie,
When my passes pleasures are denied thus:
And rackt by duette from my cursed heart,
My Father and my first betrothed love.
Must fight against my life and present love:
Wherein the change I ble condemnes my faith,
And makes my deedes infamous through the world,
But as the Gods to end the Trogans toyle,
Prevented turnus of Lavinia,
And fatally enricht Eneas love:
So for, a small Alue to my griefes,
To pacifie my Countrie and my love,
Must Tamburlaine by their restitute powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honoe to my hope.
Then as the powers divine have preozdain’d.
The Conquests of Tamburlaine
With happy lasting of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They found to the Battell, and Tamburlaine enjoyes the victorie, after Arabia enters wounded.

Ara. What cursed power guides the murthering
Of this infamous tyrants Soulicours, (hands
That no escape may save their enemies,
Nor fortune keepe themselves from victorie;
Lye downe Arabia wounded to the death,
and let Zonocrates faire eyes behold
That as soz her thou bearst these wretched armes,
Even soz her thou dyest in these armes,
Leaving thy blood soz witnesse of thy love.

Zen. To deare a witnesse soz such love my Lord,
Behold Zonocrates, the cursed obiect
Whose fortunes never mastered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceite soz thee,
As much as thy faire body is soz me.

Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zonocrates,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah that the deadely panges I suffer now,
Would lend an howers license to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweete accidents,
Have chanc’d thy merits in this worthless bondage,
And that I might be pritty to the state,
Of thy deseru’d contentment and thy love:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soule,
Since death denies me further cause of ioy,
Depriu’d of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

Enter Tam-
the Scythian Shepheard.

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Souldane, Techelles, Theridamas, Vlumeasane, with others.

Tam. Come happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldane's name:
Though my right hand hath thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely Daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bath'd in streams of blood,
As vast and deeppe as Euphrates or Nile.

zen. O light those welcome to my joyfull soule,
To see the king my father issue safe,
From dangerous bastell of my conquering lune.

Soul. Well met my onely deare Zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypte and my crowne;

Tam. Twas I my Lord that gat the victorie,
And therefore grieue not at your overthowe:
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And admore strength to your Dominions
Then ever yet confirm'd th' Egyptian crowne.

Zenocrate. The God of war resigne his to me to me,
Meaning to make me generall of the world,
Loue viewing me in armes, looks pale and wan,
Fearing my power shall pull him from his theoane
Where ere I come the fatall Siffers swears,
And grislye death by running to and fro.

To doe their realle hommage to my sword:
And here in Affricke where it stidome raines.

Since I arriv'd with my triumphant hoste, (wounds
Have swelling cloudes drawn from wide gasping
Been oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers.
A meteor that might terrifie the earth,
And make it quake at every drop it drinkes.
Million of soules sit on the banks of Stix,
Waiting the backe returne of Charons boate.
Hell and Elighan swarme with ghosts of men.
That I have sent from syndrie foughten fields,
The Conquests of Tamburlaine

To spread my fame through hell, and up to heaven:
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import.
Emperours and Kings lie breathless at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperesse, as it seems
Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
Have desperately dispatched their faithful lives,
With them Arabia too hath left his life.
All lights of power to grace my victory:
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine.
Wherein as in a mirrour may be seen,
His honours, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.

Soul. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand
(Renowned Tamburlaine) to whome all Kings
Oft force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrouwe,
If as becoms a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honours besides Zenocrate.

Tam. Her state and person wants no pompe you see,
And for all blot of soule inchaftitie,
I record heaven, her heavenly selfs is cleere,
Then let me finde no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian Crowne,
But heere these Kingses that on my fortunes waite,
And have beene crown'd for proved worthinesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adoping all their handes with mine,
Inuest her heere my Queene of Persea.
What saith the Nobie Soulvane and Zenocrate?
Soul. I yeeld with thankes and protestations,
Of endless honour to thee for her love.

Tam. Then doubt not I but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfie vs both.

Zen. Else should I much forget my selfe my Lord.
Then let vs set the crowne upon her head,
That long hath lingered so high a state,
Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deeds,
the Scythian Shepheard.

For now her marriage time shall wokke vs rest,
Vslum. and here's the crowne my Lord, helpe set it on.
Tam. Then sit thou downe (divine Zenocrine)
And here we crowne the Queene of Persia,
And all the kingdomes and Dominions,
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdue,
As lono. when the Giants were suppress,
That darted mountaines at her Brother love,
So lookes my lone, shadowing in her browes,
Triumphes and Trophies for my victories:
O, as Latonas daughter went to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering minde,
To gratifie the sweete Zenocrine,
Egyptians, Poorees, and men of Asia,
From Barbarie into the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a pearely tribute to thy Sire,
And from the bounds of Africke to the bankes
Of Ganges, shall his mightie armes extend.
And now my Lords and loyning followers,
That purchas'd Kingdomes by your martiall deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on Scarlet robes,
Mount up your royall places of estate,
Environed with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides poole,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first betrothed Love Arabia
Shal we with honor (as becommes) entombe
With this greate Turk, and his faire Emperesse,
Then after all these solemne Eereques,
We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize.

FINIS.
Accession No. 149, 632
Shell No. G. 3973. 47

Barton Library

PAX ET FORTITUDINE

Thomas Pennant Barton

Boston Public Library

Received, May, 1873.

Net to be taken from the Library.