TAMBURLAINE
the Great.

By Christopher Marlowe.


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Tamburlaine the Great.

Who, from the state of a Shepherd in Scythia, by his rare and wonderful Conquests, became a most puissant and Mighty Monarch.

NEW HAVEN:
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The Cast of Characters in the Play.

TAMBURLAINE, a Scythian shepherd, afterwards King of Persia.
MYCETES, King of Persia.
COSROE, his brother.
MEANDER,
THERIDAMAS, Persian lords.
ORTYGIUS,
MENAPHON,
TECHELLES, Tamburlaine's followers.
USUMCASANE,
BAJAZETH, Emperor of the Turks.
SOLDAN OF EGYPT. GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS.
KING OF ARABIA. AGYDAS, a Median lord.
CALYPHAS,
AMYRAS, Tamburlaine's sons.
CELEBINUS,
CALLAPINE, son to Bajazeth, afterwards Emperor of the Turks.
ALMEDA, his keeper while he is a prisoner to Tamburlaine.
ORCANES, King of Natolia.
KING OF TREBIZOND.
KING OF SORIA.
KING OF JERUSALEM.
PERDICAS, servant to Calyphas.
A PHYSICIAN. A BASSO.
A SPY. A MESSENGER.
ZENOCRATE, daughter to the Soldan of Egypt, and wife to Tamburlaine.
ANIPPE, her maid.
ZABINA, wife to Bajazeth, Empress of the Turks.
LORDS, BASSOES, SOLDIERS, and ATTENDANTS.
THE PROLOGUE

From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tambur-laine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.
SCENE ONE.

[Act I, Sc. 1; Act II, Sc. 1.]

Enter MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMUS, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON and others.

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

COS. Unhappy Persia,—that in former age Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors, Now to be rul'd and govern'd by a man At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn join'd, And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied To shed their influence in his fickle brain! Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee, Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

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

MEAN. Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

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

MEAN. Oft have I heard your majesty complain
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
That robs your merchants of Persepolis
Trading by land unto the Western Isles,
Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
To make himself the monarch of the East:
But, ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields,
Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas.
Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

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

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

MYC. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.
Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame:
Return with speed; time passeth swift away;
Our life is frail, and we may die to-day.
I long to see thee back return from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
All loaden with the heads of killéd men,
And, from their knees even to their hoofs below,
Besmear’d with blood that makes a dainty show.

ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.
myc. Theridamas, farewell ten thousand times.

[Exit Theridamas.

Ah, Menaphon, why stay’st thou thus behind,
When other men press forward for renown?
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia,
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

cos. Nay, pray you, let him stay; a greater task
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief:
Create him pro-rex of all Africa,
That he may win the Babylonians’ hearts,
Which will revolt from Persian government,
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

myc. Unless they have a wiser king than you!
These are his words; Meander, set them down.

cos. And add this to them,—that all Asia
Lament to see the folly of their king.

myc. O where is duty and allegiance now?
Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?
What shall I call thee? brother? no, a foe;
Monster of nature, shame unto thy stock,
That darst presume thy sovereign for to mock!—
Meander, come: I am abus’d, Meander.
[Exeunt all except Cosroe and Menaphon.]

Men. How now, my lord! what, mated and amaz’d
To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for his threats!
The plot is laid by Persian noblemen
And captains of the Median garrisons
To crown me emperor of Asia:
But this it is that doth excruciate
The very substance of my vexed soul,
To see our neighbors, that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persian monarch’s name,
Now sit and laugh our regiment to scorn.

Men. This should entreat your highness to rejoice,
Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror
By curing of this maimed empery. [Trumpet within.

Cos. But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet’s sound?

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

Re-Enter Ortygius, with others, bearing a crown.

Orty. Magnificent and mighty prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And commons of this mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th’ imperial diadem.

Men. The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill’d Persepolis
Now living idle in the walled towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against their king:
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies,
We will invest your highness emperor.

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

ORTY. And, in assurance of desir’d success,
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and Persia.

ALL. Long live Cosroe, mighty emperor!

COS. And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love,
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desires of discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king.
And with the army of Theridamas
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords,)
To rest secure against my brother’s force.
Then, when our powers in points of swords are join’d,
And clos’d in compass of the killing bullet,
Though strait the passage and the port be made
That leads to palace of my brother’s life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not;
And, when the princely Persian diadem
Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
And fall, like mellow’d fruit, with shakes of death
In fair Persia noble Tamburlaine
Shall be my regent, and remain as king.

MEN. He that with shepherds and a little spoil
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his freedom ’gainst a monarchy,
What will he do supported by a king,
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
And stuff’d with treasure for his highest thoughts!

COS. And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
Have met us by the river Araris.
   ORTY. Sound up the trumpets, then.

    [Trumpets sounded.]

    ALL. God save the king!

    [Exeunt.]

End of Scene i.


SCENE TWO.

[Act I, Sc. 2; Act II, Sc. 3; Act II, Sc. 2; Act II, Sc. 4;
Act II, Sc. 5; Act II, Sc. 7; Act III, Sc. 2.]

Enter TAMBRU LAINE, ZENOCRATE, TECHELLES, USUMCA-
SANE, AGYDAS, Lords, and Soldiers.

TAMB. Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts;
The jewels and the treasure we have ta’en
Shall be reserv’d and you in better state
Than if you were arriv’d in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father’s arms,
The mighty Soldan of Ægyptia.

ZENO. Ah, shepherd, pity my distressed plight!
(If, as thou seem’st, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid,
Who, travelling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle’s country of Media,
Where, all my youth, I have been governed,
Have pass’d the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy-signet and his hand
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

TAMB. But now you see these letters and commands
Are countermanded by a greater man.

But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?

ZENO. I am, my lord,—for so you do import.

TAMB. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove;
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.

But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course.

ZENO. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternised
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

AGYD. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties:
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord, Alcidamas,
Expects the arrival of her highness' person.

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

TECH. What now! in love?
TAMB. Techelles, women must be flattered:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

Enter a soldier.

SOLD. News, news!
TAMB. How now! what's the matter?
SOLD. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the king to overcome us all.
TAMB. How now, my lords of Egypt and Zenocrate!
Now must your jewels be restor'd again,
And I, that triumph'd so, be overcome?
How say you, lordlings? is not this your hope?
AGYD. We hope yourself will willingly restore them.
TAMB. Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse.
Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!
You must be forced from me ere you go—
A thousand horsemen! we five hundred foot!
An odds too great for us to stand against.
But are they rich? and is their armour good?
Sold. Their pluméd helms are wrought with beaten gold,
Their swords enamell’d, and about their necks
Hang massy chains of gold down to the waist;
In every part exceeding brave and rich.

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

Tech. No; cowards and faint-hearted runaways
Look for orations when the foe is near:
Our swords shall play the orators for us.

Usum. Come, let us meet them at the mountain-top.
And with a sudden and an hot alarum
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.

Tech. Come, let us march.

Tamb. Stay, Techelles; ask a parle first.
And look we friendly on them when they come:
But, if they offer word or violence,
We’ll fight, five hundred men-at-arms to one
Before we part with our possession.

Tech. I hear them come: shall we encounter them?

Tamb. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foot:
Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter theridamas, with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?
Ther. Tamburlaine!

A Scythian shepherd so embellished
With nature’s pride and richest furniture!
His looks do menace heaven and dare the gods;
His fiery eyes are fix’d upon the earth,
As if he now devis’d some stratagem,
Or meant to pierce Avernus’ darksome vaults
To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.
TAMB. In thee, thou valiant man of Persia, 
I see the folly of thy emperor.
Art thou but captain of a thousand horse, 
That by characters graven in thy brows, 
And by thy martial face and stout aspect, 
Deserv’st to have the leading of an host? 
Forsake thy king, and do but join with me, 
And we will triumph over all the world: 
I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains, 
And with my hand turn Fortune’s wheel about. 
If thou wilt stay with me, renownéd man, 
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct, 
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize, 
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil 
Of conquer’d kingdoms and of cities sack’d: 
Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs; 
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth, 
And mighty kings shall be our senators. 
Join with me now in this my mean estate, 
And when my name and honour shall be spread 
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings, 
Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light, 
Then shalt thou be competitor with me, 
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

TECH. We are his friends; and if the Persian king 
Should offer present dukedoms to our state, 
We think it loss to make exchange for that 
We are assur’d of by our friend’s success. 

USUM. And kingdoms at the least we all expect, 
Besides the honour in assured conquests, 
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords, 
And hosts of soldiers stand amaz’d at us, 
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess, 
These are the men that all the world admires.
What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul
To these resolvéd, noble Scythians!
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?
Tamb. No; but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy words, and conquer'd with thy looks,
I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintains Theridamas.
Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven,
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome, renownéd Persian, to us all!
Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with us!
Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice
Than doth the king of Persia in his crown;
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee nor them, thrice-noble Tamburlaine
Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd,
To do you honour and security.
Tamb. A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.—
And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me,
You shall have honours as your merits be;
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery.
Agyd. We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.
Tamb. For you, then, madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce,—wretched Zenocrate!

Enter Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius and others.
Cos. Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I repos'd
In thy approved fortunes all my hope.
What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?
For, even as from assured oracle,
I take thy doom for satisfaction.

TAMB. And so mistake you not a whit, my lord;
For fates and oracles [of] heaven have sworn
To royalise the deeds of Tamburlaine,
And with our sun-bright armour, as we march,
We'll chase the stars from heaven, and dim their eyes
That stand and muse at our admired arms.

THER. You see, my lord, what working words he hath.

TAMB. Then haste, Cosroe, 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 fool, and rid your royal shoulders
Of such a burden as outweighs the sands
And all the craggy rocks of Caspia.

cos. Come, Tamburlaine; now whet thy winged sword,
And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

TAMB. Usumcasane and Techelles, come:
We are enow to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor.

[Exeunt to the battle.

Enter mycetes, meander, with other lords;
and soldiers.

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

Enter a spy.

spy. An hundred horsemen of my company,
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains,
Have view'd the army of the Scythians;
Which make report it far exceeds the king's.

mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of martial discipline,
All running headlong, greedy after spoils,
And more regarding gain than victory,
Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
Their careless swords shall lance their fellows' throats,
And make us triumph in their overthrow.

myc. Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,
That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

mean. So poets say, my lord.

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

mean. Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these thieves
We have our camels laden all with gold,
Which you that be but common soldiers
Shall fling in every corner of the field;
And, while the base-born Tartars take it up,
You, fighting more for honour than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves,
Share equally the gold that bought their lives,
And live like gentlemen in Persia.
Strike up the drum, and march courageously:
Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests.

myc. He tells you true, my masters; so he does.—
Drums, why sound ye not when Meander speaks?

[Exeunt, drums sounding.

**MYCETES is left alone.**

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

**Enter TAMBRULaine.**

**TAMB.** What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,
When kings themselves are present in the field!

**MYC.** Thou liest.

**TAMB.** Base villain, darest thou give me the lie?

**MYC.** Away! I am the king; go; touch me not.
Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou kneel,
And cry me "mercy, noble king!"
TAMB. Are you the witty king of Persia?
MYC. Ay, marry, am I: have you any suit to me?
TAMB. I would entreat you to speak but three wise words.
MYC. So I can when I see my time.
TAMB. Is this your crown?
MYC. Ay: didst thou ever see a fairer?
TAMB. You will not sell it, will you?
MYC. Such another word, and I will have thee executed.
    Come, give it me.
TAMB. No; I took it prisoner.
MYC. You lie; I gave it you.
TAMB. Then 'tis mine.

Enter Cosrooe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Theridamas,
    Techelettes, Usumcasane, and others.

TAMB. Hold thee, Cosrooe; wear two imperial crowns;
Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the hand of mighty Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee
With greatest pomp had crown'd thee emperor.
    cos. So do I, thrice-renowm'd man-at-arms;
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine:
Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies.—
And now we will to fair Persepolis.
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends.
I long to sit upon my brother's throne.
    MEN. Your majesty shall shortly have your wish,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.

[Exeunt all except Tamb., Ther., Tech., and Usum.
TAMB. And ride in triumph through Persepolis!—
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles!
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,  
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?  

**USUM.** To be a king, is half to be a god.  

**THER.** A god is not so glorious as a king:  
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven,  
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth;—  
To wear a crown enchas’d with pearl and gold,  
Whose virtues carry with it life and death;  
To ask and have, command and be obey’d;  
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,  
Such power attractive shines in princes’ eyes.  

**TAMB.** Why, say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?  
**THER.** Nay, though I praise it, I can live without it.  
**TAMB.** What say my other friends? will you be kings?  
**TECH.** I, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.  
**TAMB.** Why, that’s well said, Techelles: so would I:  
And so would you, my masters, would you not?  
**USUM.** What then, my lord?  
**TAMB.** Why then, Casane, I am strongly mov’d,  
That if I should desire the Persian crown,  
I could attain it with a wondrous ease:  
And would not all our soldiers soon consent,  
If we should aim at such a dignity?  
**THER.** I know they would with our persuasions.  
**TAMB.** Why, then, Theridamas, I’ll first assay  
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;  
Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythia and Media;  
And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure  
As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece,  
Came creeping to us with their crowns a-piece.  
**TECH.** Then shall we send to this triumphing king,  
And bid him battle for his novel crown?  
**USUM.** Nay, quickly, then, before his room be hot.  
**TAMB.** ’Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.
TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT.

THER. A jest to charge on twenty thousand men! I judge the purchase more important far.

TAMB. Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me; For presently Techelles here shall haste To bid him battle ere he pass too far, And lose more labour than the gain will quite: Then shalt thou see this Scythian Tamburlaine Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.—

Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee, And bid him turn him back to war with us, That only made him king to make us sport: We will not steal upon him cowardly, But give him warning and more warriors: Haste thee, Techelles; we will follow thee.

[Exit Techelles.

What saith Theridamas?

THER. Go on, for me.

TAMB. Nature, that fram’d us of four elements Warring within our breasts for regimen, Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds: Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend The wondrous architecture of the world, And measure every wandering planet’s course, Still climbing after knowledge infinite, And always moving as the restless spheres, Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest, Until we reach the ripest fruit of all, That perfect bliss and sole felicity, The sweet fruition of an earthly crown. Not all the curses which the Furies breathe Shall make me leave so rich a prize as this. Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest, Who think you now is king of Persia?

ALL. Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!
TAM. Though Mars himself, the angry god of arms, 
And all the earthly potentates conspire 
To dispossess me of this diadem, 
Yet will I wear it in despite of them, 
As great commander of this eastern world, 
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign. 
USUM. Long live Tamburlaine, and reign in Asia! 
TAM. So; now it is more surer on my head 
Than if the gods had held a parliament, 
And all pronounc’d me king of Persia. 
[Exeunt.

Enter ZENOCRATE, AGYDAS, with others.

AGYD. Madam Zenocrate, may I presume 
To know the cause of these unquiet fits 
That work such trouble to your wonted rest? 
ZENO. Ah, life and soul, still hover in his breast, 
And leave my body senseless as the earth, 
Or else unite us to his life and soul, 
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

Enter, behind, TAMBURLAINE, with USUMCASANE.

AGYD. With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zenocrate, 
Let not a man so vile and barbarous, 
That holds you from your father in despite, 
And keeps you from the honours of a queen, 
Be honour’d with your love but for necessity! 
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you, 
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time 
He will, with Tamburlaine’s destruction, 
Redeem you from this deadly servitude. 
ZENO. Leave to wound me with these words, 
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves: 
AGYD. How can you fancy one that looks so fierce, 
Only dispos’d to martial stratagems?
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew;
And, when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood,
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

Zeno. As looks the sun through Nilus' flowing stream,
Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine.

Agyd. 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 Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much,
Now, in his majesty, he leaves those looks,
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies.

Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so disdain my cheeks,
Fearing his love through my unworthiness.

[Tamburlaine goes to her, and takes her away lovingly
by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agydas, and says
nothing. Exeunt all except Agydas.

Agyd. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious love,
Threaten'd with frowning wrath and jealousy
Surpris'd with fear of hideous revenge,
I stand aghast; but most astonished
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soul:
Upon his brows was pourtray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury of his heart,
That shone as comets, menacing revenge,
And cast a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder-claps,
And from their shields strike flames of lightning,)
All-fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves;
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns,
That send a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And make my soul divine her overthrow.

Re-enter usumcasane with a naked dagger.

usuM. See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you!
He bids you prophesy what it imports.
AGYD. I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools present
The naked action of my threaten'd end:
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,
And of extremities elect the least;
More honour and less pain it may procure,
To die by this resolved hand of thine
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn.
Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removed from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul;
And let Agydas by Agydas die,
And with this stab slumber eternally.  

[Stabs himself.

End of Scene ii.
Enter TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE,
THERIDAMAS, a BASSO, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE,
with others.

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

BAS. Your men are valiant, but their number few,
And cannot terrify his mighty host:

TECH. The more he brings, the greater is the spoil;
We mean to set our footmen on their steeds,
And rifle all those stately janizars.

USUM. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,
Yet we assure us of the victory.

THER. Even he, that in a trice vanquish’d two kings
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scatter’d army till they yield or die.

TAMB. Well said, Theridamas! speak in that mood;
I that am term’d the scourge and wrath of God,
The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives which you keep as slaves,
That naked row about the Terrene sea.

Enter Bajazeth, Zabina, with many Turkish lords.

Baj. Bassoës and janizaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,
The greatest potentate of Africa.
Tamb. Techelles and the rest, prepare your swords;
I mean t' encounter with that Bajazeth.
Baj. He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse
Have to their names titles of dignity;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?
Tamb. And know, thou Turk, that those which lead
my horse
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
By this my sword that conquer'd Persia
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world!
Tech. Puissant, renown'd, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging of their lives?
Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may rule as kings of Africa.
Usum. What coward would not fight for such a prize?
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings:
I speak it, and my words are oracles.
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous,
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine
And all his captains bound in captive chains.
ZAB. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!

TAMB. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine;
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the empress of the world.
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphant over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet;
Till then, take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her, as we will arms.

BAJ. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia:
Let thousands die: their slaughter’d carcasses
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest.

TAMB. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way
We use to march upon the slaughter’d foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses’ hoofs,
Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills.
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall;
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

[Exit with his followers.]

BAJ. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords,
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians’ blood.

[Exit with his followers.]

ZAB. Base concubine, must thou be plac’d by me
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

ZENO. Disdainful Turkess, and unreverend boss,
Call’st thou me concubine, that am betroth’d
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

ZAB. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
ZENO. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine
When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocate.

ZAB. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless girl,
Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting-maid.

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

ZAB. Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven,
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage arms with him
That offer'd jewels to thy sacred shrine
When first he warr'd against the Christians!

ZENO. Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king,
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,
That I may see him issue conqueror!

[They sound again to the battle within.

By this the Turks lie weltering in their blood,
And Tamburlaine is lord of Africa.

ZAB. Thou art deceiv'd. I heard the trumpets sound
As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa.
Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves;
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave.

ZENO. If Mahomet should come from heaven and swear
My royal lord is slain or conquered,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise
But that he lives and will be conqueror.

Re-enter Bajazeth, pursued by Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Now, king of bassoës, who is conqueror?
Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damned foil.
Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Re-enter Techeelès, Theridamas, and Usumcasane.

Tech. We have their crowns; their bodies strow the field.
Tamb. Each man a crown! why, kingly fought, i'faith.
Deliver them into my treasury.

Zeno. Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown so highly won.
Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate,
And crown me emperor of Africa.

Zab. No, Tamburlaine; though now thou gat the best,
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

Ther. Give her the crown, Turkess, you were best.

[Takes it from her.

Zab. Injurious villains, thieves, runagates,
How dare you thus abuse my majesty?

Ther. Here, madam, you are empress; she is none.

[Gives it to Zenocrate.

Tamb. Not now, Theridamas; her time is past:
The pillars, that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fal'n in clusters at my conquering feet.

Baj. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
Tamb. Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.

Baj. Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field;
And never had the Turkish emperor
So great a foil by any foreign foe.
Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine esteems thy gold?
I’ll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines, to sue for peace, to me.
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath.—
Bring out my footstool.

BAJ. Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood,
Make heaven to frown, and every fixed star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant’s throat!

TAMB. The chiefest god, first mover of that sphere
Enchas’d with thousand ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of heaven
Than it should so conspire my overthrow.
But, villain, thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne.

BAJ. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery.

TAMB. Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine,
Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground
That bears the honour of my royal weight;
Stoop, villain, stoop! stoop; for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter’d like the lofty cedar-trees
Struck with the voice of thundering Jupiter.

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

[TAMBURLAINE gets up on him into his chair.

TAMB. Now clear the triple region of the air,
And let the Majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.

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

TECH. You must devise some torment worse, my lord,
To make these captives rein their lavish tongues.

BAJ. Great Tamburlaine, great in my overthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horsed on four mighty kings.

TAMB. Thy names, and titles, and thy dignities
Are fled from Bajazeth, and remain with me,
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.—
Put him in. [They put him into the cage.

BAJ. Ah, villains, dare you touch my sacred arms?
O Mahomet! O sleepy Mahomet!
Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?

TAMB. There, while he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept;
And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn;
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth.
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramides
That with their beauties grace the Memphian fields.
The golden stature of their feather'd bird,
Tamburlaine the Great.

That spreads her wings upon the city walls,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury;
The men, the treasure, and the town are ours.

End of Scene iii.

SCENE FOUR.

[Act IV, Sc. 1; Act IV, Sc. 3.]

Enter soldan of Egypt, king of Arabia, with others.

sold. Awake, ye men of Memphis! hear the clang
Of Scythian trumpets; hear the basilisks,
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,
And, with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you, faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest
While thundering cannons rattle on their skins.

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

sold. See, good my lords, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,
May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement.
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,
Join your Arabians with the Soldan’s power;
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus’ siege.

K. of Ar. My mind presageth fortunate success;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee.

sold. Then rear your standards; let your sounding drums
Direct our soldiers to Damascus’ walls.—

End of Scene iv.

SCENE FIVE.

[Act IV, Sc. 4; Act V, Sc. 1.]

Enter Tamburlaine all in scarlet, Zeno-crate, Theridas-
Mas, Techelles, Usumcasane, Bajazeth, Zabina,
and others.

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
Tamburlaine *the Great.*

While they walk quivering on their city-walls,
Half-dead for fear before they feel my wrath.
Then let us freely banquet, and carouse
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus’ spoils as rich to you
As was to Jason Colchos’ golden fleece.—
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach?

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

TAMB. Nay, thine own is easier to come by: pluck out that; and ’twill serve thee and thy wife.

BAJ. Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus’ pool,
And in your hands bring hellish poison up,
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!

TAMB. Sirrah, why fall you not to? are you so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own flesh?

BAJ. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

USUM. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?

TAMB. O, let him alone.—Here; eat, sir; take it from my sword’s point, or I’ll thrust it to thy heart.

[BAJAZETH takes the food, and stamps upon it.

THER. He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

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

Enter Governor of Damascus with some townsmen.

THER. Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer this?

TECH. ’Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

TAMB. Go to; fall to your meat. What, not a bit!—Belike he hath not been watered to-day: give him some drink.
[They give Bajazeth water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.

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

Zenocrate. Yes, my lord.

Tamburlaine. Methinks 'tis a great deal better than a consort of music.

Tamburlaine. Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. Pray thee, tell why art thou so sad? if thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall strain his voice: but why is it?

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

Here is now the Governor of Damascus.

Governor of Damascus. Pity, O pity, sacred emperor,
The prostrate service of this wretched town;
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereunto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investers of thy royal brows
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamburlaine. In vain you labour to prevent
That which my honour swears shall be perform'd.
Behold my sword; what see you at the point?

Governor of Damascus. Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.

Tamburlaine. Your fearful minds are thick and misty, then,
For there sits death; there sits imperious Death,
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,
And on their points his fleshless body feeds.—
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these men, and shew my servant Death,
Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears.
    Away with them, I say, and shew them Death!

[Exeunt all except TAMBRULaine.

Ah, fair Zenocrate!—divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,—
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks;
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride,
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes;
Eyes, when that Ebena steps to heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light;
There angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom and the Soldan's life,
His life that so consumes Zenocrate;
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul
Than all my army to Damascus' walls;
And neither Persia's sovereign nor the Turk
Troubled my senses with conceit of foil
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.
What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest.
Who's within there?

Enter Techeles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, and others.

Usum. The town is ours, my lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest and of spoil is offer'd us.
Tech. The Soldan and the Arabian king together
March on us with such eager violence
As if there were no way but one with us.
Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee, Techeles.
Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.
Tamb. That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas.
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?—
Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field.—
Pray for us, Bajazeth; we are going.

[Exeunt all except Bajazeth and Zabina.

Baj. Go, never to return with victory!
Millions of men encompass thee about,
And gore thy body with as many wounds!
  ZAB. At every pore let blood come dropping forth,
    That lingering pains may massacre his heart,
    And madness send his damned soul to hell!
  BAJ. Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his power,
    The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake;
    But such a star hath influence in his sword
    As rules the skies and countermands the gods
    More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny:
    And then shall we in this detested guise,
      With shame, with hunger, and with horror stay,
      Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
      And have no hope to end our ecstasies.
  ZAB. Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
      No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end
      To our infamous, monstrous slaveries.
    Why should we live?—O, wretches, beggars, slaves!—
    Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
    So high within the region of the air,
      By living long in this oppression,
      That all the world will see and laugh to scorn
      The former triumphs of our mightiness
      In this obscure infernal servitude?
  BAJ. O dreary engines of my loathed sight,
    That see my crown, my honour, and my name
    Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,
    Why feed ye still on day’s accursed beams,
    And sink not quite into my tortur’d soul?
    You see my wife, my queen, and empress,
    Brought up and propped by the hand of Fame,
    Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
    Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,
    Smeared with blots of basest drudgery,
    And villainess to shame, disdain, and misery.
O poor Zabina! O my queen, my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That, in the shorten’d sequel of my life,
I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse
Hath hitherto been stay’d with wrath and hate
Of our expressless bann’d inflictions.

zab. Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life
As long as any blood or spark of breath
Can quench or cool the torments of my grief.          [Exit.

baj. Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the brains out of thy conquer’d head.
O highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day, infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens!
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,
And my pin’d soul, resolv’d in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither’d heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life!

[He brains himself against the cage.

Re-enter zabina.

zab. What do mine eyes behold? my husband dead!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord!
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O emperor!
Tamburlaine the Great.

Give him water? not I. Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again.—Tear me in pieces—give me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it.—Down with him! down with him!—Go to my child; away, away, away! ah, save that infant! save him, save him!—I, even I, speak to her.—The sun was down—streamers white, red, black.—Here, here, here!—Fling the meat in his face—Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine!—Let the soldiers be buried.—Hell, death, Tamburlaine, hell!—Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels.—I come, I come, I come!

[She runs against the cage, and brains herself.]

Enter Zenocrate.

Zen. Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptians' blood, Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen. Ah, Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this, That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love? But see, another bloody spectacle! Behold the Turk and his great empress! Ah, Tamburlaine my love, sweet Tamburlaine, That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns, Behold the Turk and his great empress! Thou that, in conduct of thy happy stars, Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows, Behold the Turk and his great empress!

[They sound to the battle within; and Tamburlaine enjoys the victory: after which, the King of Arabia enters wounded.

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

Zeno. Too dear a witness for such love, my lord!

Behold Zenocrate, the cursed object
Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs;
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy fair body is for me!

K. of Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with joy would take away my life
As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah, that the deadly pangs I suffer now
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bondage,
And that I might be privy to the state
Of thy deserv'd contentment and thy love!
But, making now a virtue of thy sight,
To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul,
Since death denies me further cause of joy,
Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.       [Dies.]

Re-enter Tamburlaine, leading the soldan; Techelles,
Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others.

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely daughter shall here set thee free;
She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of blood
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

sold. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand,
Renowned Tamburlaine, to whom all kings
Of force must yield their crowns and emperies;
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate.

TAMB. Her state and person want no pomp, you see!
Then let me find no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian crown;
Invest her here the Queen of Persia.

THER. Then let us set the crown upon her head,
That long hath linger'd for so high a seat.

TECH. My hand is ready to perform the deed;
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest.

USUM. And here's the crown, my lord; help set it on.

TAMB. Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;
And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd.
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial deeds,
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environed with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces:
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post[s];
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.—
Thy first-betrothed love, Arabia,
Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb
With this great Turk and his fair empress.

[Exeunt.

End of Part i.
Part ii.

SCENE ONE.

[Act I, Sc. 3; Act III, Sc. 2.]

Enter Tamburlaine, Zenocrate, and their three sons Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus, with others.

TAMB. Now, bright Zenocrate, the world’s fair eye, Now rest thee here on fair Larissa-plains, When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdu’d, Plac’d by her side, look on their mother’s face. But yet methinks their looks are amorous, Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine: Their hair as white as milk, and soft as down, Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars; Their fingers made to quaver on a lute, Their arms to hang about a lady’s neck, Their legs to dance and caper in the air, Would make me think them bastards, not my sons, ZENO. My gracious lord, they have their mother’s looks, But, when they list, their father’s conquering heart. This lovely boy, the youngest of the three, Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed, He rein’d him straight, and made him so curvet As I cried out for fear he should have faln. TAMB. Well done, my boy! thou shalt have shield and lance; If thou wilt love the wars and follow me, Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
CELI. Yes, father; you shall see me, if I live, 
Have under me as many kings as you, 
And march with such a multitude of men 
As all the world shall tremble at their view.

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

AMY. Why may not I, my lord, as well as he, 
Be term’d the scourge and terror of the world? 
TAMB. Be all a scourge and terror to the world, 
Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.

CALY. But, while my brothers follow arms, my lord, 
Let me accompany my gracious mother: 
They are enough to conquer all the world, 
And you have won enough for me to keep.

TAMB. Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward’s loins, 
And not the issue of great Tamburlaine! 
Of all the provinces I have subdu’d 
Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear 
A mind courageous and invincible; 
My royal chair of state shall be advanc’d; 
And he that means to place himself therein, 
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.

ZENO. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons! 
CELI. No, madam, these are speeches fit for us; 
For, if his chair were in a sea of blood, 
I would prepare a ship and sail to it, 
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

AMY. And I would strive to swim through pools of blood 
Or make a bridge of murder’d carcasses, 
Whose arches should be fram’d with bones of Turks, 
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMB. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west:—
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroyys, snatch it from his head.

CALY. If any man will hold him, I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel with my sword.

TAMB. Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave thee;
For we will march against them presently.

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

TAMB. Villain, art thou the son of Tamburlaine?
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,
Dying their lances with their streaming blood,
And yet at night carouse within my tent,
Filling their empty veins with airy wine,
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?
View me, thy father, that hath conquer'd kings,
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

[He cuts his arm.

Come, boys, and with your fingers search my wound,
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.

Now, my boys, what think ye of a wound?

CALY. I know not what I should think of it; methinks
'tis a pitiful sight.

CEL. 'Tis nothing.—Give me a wound, father.

AMY. And me another, my lord.

TAMB. Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CEL. Here, father, cut it bravely, as you did your own.

TAMB. It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound;
My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood
Before we meet the army of the Turk;
Tamburlaine the Great.

Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promis’d to meet me on Larissa-plains,
The trumpets sound; Zenocrate, they come.

Enter Theridamas, and his train, with drums and trumpets.

Welcome Theridamas, king of Argier.

Ther. My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine, Arch-monarch of the world, I offer here
My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.

Tamb. Thanks, good Theridamas.

Enter Usumcasane and Techelles.

Tamb. Kings of Morocco and of Fez, welcome.
Your presence, loving friends and fellow-kings,
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy:
Now will we banquet on these plains a while,
And after march to Turkey with our camp.

Ther. Then will we triumph, banquet, and carouse;
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,
And glut us with the dainties of the world;
Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines
Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,
Ay, liquid gold, when we have conquer’d him,
Mingled with coral and with orient pearl.
Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

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

[Exeunt.

End of Scene i.
SCENE TWO.

[Act I, Sc. 2.]

Enter Callapine, and Almeda his keeper.

Call. Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthless plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detain'd by cruel Tamburlaine.

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

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

Alm. Not for all Afric: therefore move me not.

Call. Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

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

Call. By Cairo runs—

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

Call. A little further, gentle Almeda.

Alm. Well, sir, what of this?

Call. By Cairo runs to Alexandria-bay
Darotes' stream, wherein at anchor lies
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river-side,
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd;
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene sea,
Where, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.
Amongst so many crowns of burnish’d gold,
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command:
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion’s ivory girl
Or lovely Iō metamorphosed:
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,
And, as thou rid’st in triumph through the streets,
The pavement underneath thy chariot-wheels
With Turkey-carpets will be covered,
A hundred bassoes, cloth’d in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;
And, when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchas’d with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world,
When Phoebus, leaping from his hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to th’ Antipodes:—
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

ALM. How far hence lies the galley, say you?
CALL. Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.
ALM. But need we not be spied going aboard?
CALL. Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,
The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,
She lies so close that none can find her out.

ALM. I like that well: but, tell me, my lord, if I should let you go, would you be as good as your word? shall I be made a king for my labour?

CALL. As I am Callapine the emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear,
Thou shalt be crown’d a king, and be my mate!

ALM. Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great,
Although he sent a thousand armed men
To intercept this haughty enterprise,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again!

CALL. Thanks, gentle Almeda: then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let us both.

ALM. When you will, my lord: I am ready.

CALL. Even straight:—and farewell cursed Tamburlaine!
Now go I to revenge my father’s death. [Exeunt.

End of Scene ii.

SCENE THREE.

[Act II, Sc. 4.]

The arras is drawn, and Zenocrate is discovered lying in her bed of state; Tamburlaine sitting by her; a physician; her three sons Calyphas, Amyras, and Celebinus; Theridamas, Techelles and Usumcasane.

TAMB. Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
The golden ball of heaven’s eternal fire,
That danc’d with glory on the silver waves,
Now wants the fuel that inflam’d his beams;
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,
As sentinels to warn th’ immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently look'd upon this loathsome earth,
Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver run through Paradise
To entertain divine Zenocrate:
The cherubins and holy seraphins,
That sing and play before the King of Kings,
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate;
And, in this sweet and curious harmony,
The god that tunes this music to our souls
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate.
Physician, will no physic do her good?

PHYS. My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive,
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

TAMB. Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

ZENO. I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath suck'd the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wane with enforc'd and necessary change.

TAMB. May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life!
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death.

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

[They call for music.]

TAMB. Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And, had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliads,—
Her name had been in every line he wrote;
Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd a while on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd,—
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of every epigram or elegy.

[The music sounds—Zenocrate dies.

What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrine.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For amorous Jove hath snatch’d my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What god soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrine,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus’ temple-doors,
Letting out Death and tyrannising War,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And, if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
Come down from heaven, and live with me again!

THER. Ah, good my lord, be patient! she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live.
If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air;
If tears, our eyes have water’d all the earth;
If grief, our murder’d hearts have strained forth blood:
Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord.

TAMB. For she is dead! thy words do pierce my soul:
Ah, sweet Theridamas, say no more!
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her.

End of Scene iii.
SCENE FOUR.

[Act III, Sc. 1; Act III, Sc. 5.]

Enter the kings of Trebizon and Soria, one bringing a sword and the other a sceptre; next, Orcanes king of Natolia, and the king of Jerusalem with the imperial crown; after, Callapine and, after him, other Lords and Almeda. Orcanes and the king of Jerusalem crown Callapine, and the others give him the sceptre.

Orc. Callapinus Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet, Emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizon, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Ilyria, Carmania, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father,—long live Callapinus, Emperor of Turkey!

CALL. Thrice-worthy kings, of Natolia and the rest, I will requite your royal gratitudes With all the benefits my empire yields;

Enter Tamburlaine with his three sons, Calyphus, Amyras, and Celebinus; Usumcasane, and others.

TAMB. How now, Casane! see, a knot of kings, Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles!

USUM. My lord, your presence makes them pale and wan: Poor souls, they look as if their deaths were near.

TAMB. Why, so he is, Casane; I am here: But yet I’ll save their lives, and make them slaves.—Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come.

CALL. Rail not, proud Scythian: I shall now revenge My father’s vile abuses and mine own.

K. OF JER. By Mahomet, he shall be tied in chains.
CALL. Nay, when the battle ends, all we will meet,
And sit in council to invent some pain
That most may vex his body and his soul.
TAMB. Sirrah Callapine, I’ll hang a clog about your neck
for running away again: you shall not trouble me thus to come and fetch you.—
But as for you, viceroy[s], you shall have bits,
And, harness’d like my horses, draw my coach;
And, when ye stay, be lash’d with whips of wire:
I’ll have you learn to feed on provender,
And in a stable lie upon the planks.
CEL. See, father, how Almeda the jailer looks upon us!
TAMB. Villain, traitor, damned fugitive,
I’ll make thee wish the earth had swallow’d thee!
CALL. Well in despite of thee, he shall be king.—
Come, Almeda; receive this crown of me:
I here invest thee king of Ariadan.
ORC. What! take it, man.
ALM. [to TAMB.] Good my lord, let me take it.
CALL. Dost thou ask him leave? here; take it.
TAMB. Go to, sirrah! take your crown, and make up the half dozen.
K. OF TREB. Away! let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.
TAMB. Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my tent; for, as soon as the battle is done, I’ll ride in triumph through the camp.

End of Scene iv.
SCENE FIVE.
[Act IV, Sc. 1.]

Enter Amyras and Celebinus; Calyphas and Perdicas are discovered within the tent.

Amy. Now, brother, follow we our father’s sword, That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts, And cuts down armies with his conquering wings.  
Cel. Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,  
For, if my father miss him in the field,  
Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,  
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.  
Amy. Brother, ho! what, given so much to sleep,  
You cannot leave it, when our enemies’ drums  
And rattling cannons thunder in our ears  
Our proper ruin and our father’s foil?  
Caly. Away, ye fools! my father needs not me,  
Nor you, in faith, but that you will be thought  
More childish-valourous than manly-wise.  
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me,  
My father were enough to scare the foe:  
You do dishonour to his majesty,  
To think our helps will do him any good.  
Amy. What, dar’st thou, then, be absent from the fight,  
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,  
And oft hath warn’d thee to be still in field,  
When he himself amidst the thickest troops  
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?  
Caly. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;  
It works remorse of conscience in me.  
I take no pleasure to be murderous,  
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.
cel. O cowardly boy! fie, for shame, come forth! Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house.
caly. Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both, And take my other toward brother here, 'Twill please my mind as well to hear, both you Have won a heap of honour in the field, And left your slender carcasses behind, As if I lay with you for company.
amy. You will not go then,?
caly. You say true.
amy. Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi That fill the midst of farthest Tartary Turn'd into pearl and proffer'd for my stay, I would not bide the fury of my father, When, made a victor in these haughty arms, He comes and finds his sons have had no shares In all the honours he propos'd for us.
caly. Take you the honour, I will take my ease; My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice: I go into the field before I need!

[Alarms within. amyras and celebinus run out. I'll to cards.—Perdicas!

Enter Perdicas.

perd. Here, my lord.
caly. Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away the time.

perd. Content, my lord: but what shall we play for?
caly. Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' concubines first, when my father hath conquered them.

perd. Agreed, i'faith. [They play.
caly. They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little their taratantaras, their swords, or their cannons as I do a naked lady in a net of gold.
PERD. Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.  
CALY. I would my father would let me be put in the front of such a battle once, to try my valour! [Alarms within.] What a coil they keep! I believe there will be some hurt done anon amongst them.

Enter Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane; Amyras and Celebinus leading in orcanes, and the kings of Jerusalem, Trebizon, and Soria; and soldiers.

TAMB. But where's this coward villain, not my son, But traitor to my name and majesty? [He goes in and brings Calyphas out. Image of sloth, and picture of a slave,  
The obloquy and scorn of my renown!  
THER. Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.  
TECH. Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.  
AMY. Good, my lord, let him be forgiven for once, And we will force him to the field hereafter.  
TAMB. Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms, And what the jealousy of wars must do.—  
How may my heart, thus fired with mine eyes,  
Wounded with shame and kill'd with discontent,  
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands  
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?  
Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;  
[Stabs Calyphas.

And now, ye canker'd curs of Asia,  
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine,  
Although it shine as brightly as the sun,  
Now you shall feel the strength of Tamburlaine.  
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,  
Ransack the tents and the pavilions  
Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines,
Making them bury this effeminate brat;
For not a common soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy:
Meanwhile, take him in.
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the meteors (that, like armed men,
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven)
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning lances in the air,
For honour of my wondrous victories.—

[Exeunt.

End of Scene v.

SCENE SIX.

[Act IV, Sc. 3; Act V, Sc. 1.]

Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, and in his right hand a whip with which he scourgeth them; Amyras, Celebinus, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane; Orkanes King of Natolia, and the King of Jerusalem, led by five or six common soldiers; and other soldiers.

TAMB. Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel:
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.

AMY. Let me have coach, my lord, that I may ride,
And thus be drawn by these two idle kings.

TAMB. Thy youth forbids such ease, my kingly boy:
They shall to-morrow draw my chariot,
While these their fellow-kings may be refresh'd.

ORC. O thou that sway'st the region under earth,
And art a king as absolute as Jove,
Come once in fury, and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell!

THER. You majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues.

TECH. Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths,
And pull their kicking colts out of their pastures.

CEL. How like you that, sir king? why speak you not?

K. OF JER. Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins!
How like his cursed father he begins
To practice taunts and bitter tyrannies!

K. OF SOR. O, merciless, infernal cruelty!

TAMB. These jades are broken winded and half-tir'd;
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.

[Attendants unharness the kings of trebizon and soria.
So; now their best is done to honour me,
Take them and hang them both up presently.

K. OF TREB. Vile tyrant! barbarous bloody Tamburlaine!
TAMB. Take them away, Theridamas; see them de-
spatch'd.
THER. I will, my lord.

[Exit with the kings of Trebizond and Soria.

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

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

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

AMY. They will talk still, my lord, if you do not bridle them.

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

[Attendants bridle orcanes king of Natoliao, and the king of Jerusalem, and harness them to the chariot.

TAMB. But stay; I feel myself distemper’d suddenly.

TECH. What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?

TAMB. Something, Techelles; but I know not what.—
But, forth, ye vassals! whatsoe’er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me.
Forward, then, ye jades!
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controlleth crowns.
Then shall my native city Samarcanda,
Be famous through the furthest continents;
For there my palace royal shall be plac’d,
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens,
And cast the fame of Ilion’s tower to hell:
Thorough the streets, with troops of conquer’d kings,
I’ll ride in golden armour like the sun;
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
To note me emperor of the three-fold world;
Like to an almond-tree y-mounted high
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
Of ever-green Selinus, quaintly deck'd
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one
At every little breath that thorough heaven is blown.
Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
Mounted his shining chariot gilt with fire,
And drawn with princely eagles through the path
Pav'd with bright crystal and enchas'd with stars,
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
So will I ride through Samarcanda-streets,
Until my soul, dissever'd from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there.
To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon! [Exeunt.

End of Scene vi.

SCENE SEVEN.

[Act V, Sc. 3.]

TAMBURLAINE is discovered seated; around him stand THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, TECHELLES, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, a PHYSICIAN, and others.

THER. Weep, heavens, and vanish into liquid tears!
Fall, stars that govern his nativity,
And summon all the shining lamps of heaven
To cast their bootless fires to the earth,
And shed their feeble influence in the air;
Muffle your beauties with eternal clouds;
For Hell and Darkness pitch their pitchy tents,
And Death, with armies of Cimmerian spirits,
Gives battle 'gainst the heart of Tamburlaine!

usuM. Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name,
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence,
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones,
And angels dive into the pools of hell!

tech. And, though they think their painful date is out,
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine
Is greater far than they can thus subdue.

tamb. What daring god torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?
Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul:
Come, let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the gods.
Ah, friends, what shall I do? I cannot stand.
Come, carry me to war against the gods.

ther. Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady!

tamb. Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain?
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove;
Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

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

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

PHY. Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,
Which will abate the fury of your fit,

TAMB. Tell me what think you of my sickness now?

PHY. My lord, this day is critical,
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours.

[Alarms within.

Enter a messenger.

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

TAMB. See, my physicians, now, how Jove hath sent
A present medicine to recure my pain!

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

TAMB. And, could I but a while pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again.
But I perceive my martial strength is spent:
In vain I strive and rail against those powers
That mean t' invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth.
Give me a map; then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world.
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants.

[One brings a map.
Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great empress prisoners.
And I have march’d along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Call’d John the Great, sits in a milk-white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown.
Then, by the northern part of Africa,
I came at last to Græcia, and from thence
To Asia, where I stay against my will;
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
Backward[s] and forwards near five thousand leagues.
Look here, my boys; see, what a world of ground
Lies westward from the midst of Cancer’s line
Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
Begins the day with our Antipodes!
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia and the world beside;
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Here, lovely boys; what death forbids my life,
That let your lives command in spite of death.

Amy. Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,
Wounded and broken with your highness’ grief,
Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?

Cel. Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives.

Tamb. First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
That I may see thee crown’d before I die.
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.
Stand up, my son, [and] let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father’s majesty.

THER. My lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since fate commands and proud necessity.

AMY. Heavens witness me with what a broken heart!

[They crown AMYRAS.]

TAMB. So, reign, my son; scourge and control those
slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father’s hand.
Farewell, my boys! my dearest friends, farewell!
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires depriv’d my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

[Dies.]

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