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img: 1-b
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ln 0001

Tamburlain[·]

ln 0002

the Great.

ln 0003

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard,

ln 0004

by his rare and woonderfull Conquests,

ln 0005

became a most puissant and migh-

ln 0006

tye Monarque.

ln 0007

And (for his tyranny, and terrour in

ln 0008

Warre) was tearmed,

ln 0009

The Scourge of God.

ln 0010

Deuided into two Tragicall Dis-

ln 0011

courses, as they were sundrie times

ln 0012

shewed vpon Stages in the Citie

ln 0013

of London.

ln 0014

By the right honorable the Lord

ln 0015

Admyrall, his seruantes.

ln 0016

Now first, and newlie published.

ln 0017

LONDON.

ln 0018

Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe

ln 0019

of the Rose and Crowne neere Hol-

ln 0020

borne Bridge. 1590.

img: 2-a
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ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

To the Gentlemen Rea-
ders: and others that take pleasure
in reading Histories.

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ln 0023

GEntlemen, and curteous Readers whoso-
euer: I haue here published in print for
your sakes, the two tragical Discourses of
the Scythian Shepheard, *Tamburlaine*, that
became so great a Conquerour, and so mightie
a Monarque: My hope is, that they wil be now
no lesse acceptable vnto you to read after your
serious affaires and studies, then they haue bene
(lately) delightfull for many of you to see, when
the same were shewed in London vpon stages:
I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some
fond and friuolous Iestures, digressing (and in
my poore opinion) far vnmeet for the matter,
which I thought, might seeme more tedious
vnto the wise, than any way els to be regarded,
though (happly) they haue bene of some vaine
cōceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times
they were shewed vpon the stage in their gra-
ced deformities: neuertheles now, to be mixtu-
red in print with such matter of worth, it wuld

A2

prooue

To the Reader.

ln 0024

ln 0025

ln 0026

ln 0027

ln 0028

ln 0029

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ln 0034

prooue a great disgrace to so honorable & state-
ly a historie: Great folly were it in me, to com-
mend vnto your wisdomes, either the elo-
quence of the Authour that writ them, or the
worthinesse of the matter it selfe; I therefore
leaue vnto your learned censures, both the one
and the other, and my selfe the poore printer of
them vnto your most curteous and fauourable
protection; which if you vouchsafe to accept,
you shall euermore binde mee to imploy what
trauell and seruice I can, to the aduauncing and
pleasuring of your excellent degree.

ln 0035

ln 0036

ln 0037

Yours, most humble at com=
maundement,

R. I. Printer

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003

*The tvvo tragical Dis
courses of mighty Tamburlaine, the
Scythian Shepheard. &c.*

wln 0004

The Prologue.

wln 0005
wln 0006
wln 0007
wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012

*FRom iygging vaines of riming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keepes in pay,
Weele lead you to the stately tent of War.
Where you shall heare the Scythian Tamburlaine:
Threatning the world with high astounding tearms
And scourging kingdoms with his cōquering sword
View but his picture in this tragicke glasse,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.*

wln 0013

Actus. I. Scæna. I.

wln 0014
wln 0015

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

wln 0016

Mycetes.

wln 0017

BRother *Cosroe*, I find my selfe agreeu'd,
Yet insufficient to expresse the same:
For it requires a great and thundring speech:
Good brother tell the cause vnto my Lords,
I know you haue a better wit than I.

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wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

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wln 0027

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

Cos. Unhappie *Persea*, that in former age
Hast bene the seat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their prowesse and their pollicies,
Haue triumpht ouer *Affrike*, and the bounds
Of *Europe*, wher the Sun dares scarce appeare,
For freezing meteors and coniealed colde:
Now to be rulde and gouerned by a man,
At whose byrth=day *Cynthia* with *Saturne* ioinde,
And *Ioue*, the Sun and *Mercurie* denied

wln 0031 To shed his influence in his fickle braine,
wln 0032 Now Turkes and Tartars shake their swords at th[··]
wln 0033 Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces,
wln 0034 *Mycet.* Brother, I see your meaning well enough.
wln 0035 And thorough your Planets I perceiue you thinke,
wln 0036 I am not wise enough to be a kinge,
wln 0037 But I refer me to my noble men,
wln 0038 That knowe my wit, and can be witnesses:
wln 0039 I might command you to be slaine for this,
wln 0040 *Meander,* might I not?
wln 0041 *Meand.* Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord
wln 0042 *Mycet.* I meane it not, but yet I know I might,
wln 0043 Yet liue, yea, liue, *Mycetes* wils it so:
wln 0044 *Meander,* thou my faithfull Counsellor,
wln 0045 Declare the cause of my conceiued grieue,
wln 0046 Which is (God knowes) about that *Tamburlaine.*
wln 0047 That like a Foxe in midst of haruest time,
wln 0048 Dooth pray vpon my flockes of Passengers.
wln 0049 And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
wln 0050 Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.
wln 0051 *Meand.* Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complain,
wln 0052 Of *Tamburlaine,* that sturdie Scythian thiefe,
wln 0053 That robs your merchants of *Persepolis,*
wln 0054 Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
wln 0055 And in your confines with his lawlesse traine,
wln 0056 Daily commits inciuill outrages.
wln 0057 Hoping (mised by dreaming prophesies)
wln 0058 To raigne in *Asia,* and with barbarous Armes,
wln 0059 To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
wln 0060 But ere he march in *Asia,* or display
wln 0061 His vagrant Ensigne in the Persean fields,
wln 0062 Your Grace hath taken order by *Theridimas,*

Chardg'd

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wln 0094

the Scythian Shepherd.

Chardg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
And bring him Captiue to your Highnesse throne,
Myce. Ful true thou speakst, & like thy selfe my lord
Whom I may tearme a *Damon* for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it lik you all,
To send my thousand horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltre Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution?

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

Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant *Theridimas*
The chiefest Captaine of Mycetes hoste,
The hope of *Persea*, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holds vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdain,
Haue sworne the death of wicked *Tamburlaine*.
Go frowning foorth, but come thou smyling home,
As did Sir *Paris* with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speed, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.

Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gracious Soueraigne,
But *Tamburlaine*, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
Or plead for mercie at your highnesse feet.

Myce. Go, stout *Theridimas*, thy words are swords
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes:
I long to see thee back returne from thence,
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine.
All loden with the heads of killed men,

[◇◇◇◇]

And from their knees, euen to their hoofes below,
Besmer'd with blood, that makes a dainty show.

The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leaue.

Myc. *Therid.* farewel ten thousand times, *(Exit.*

Ah, *Menaphon*, why staiest thou thus behind,
When other men prease forward for renowne:

Go *Menaphon*, go into *Scythia*,

And foot by foot follow *Theridamas*:

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater
Fits *Menaphon*, than warring with a Thiefe:

Create him Prorex of *Affrica*,

That he may win the Babylonians hearts,

Which will reuolt from Persean gouernment,

Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you.

Myc. Unlesse they haue a wiser king than you?
These are his words, *Meander* set them downe.

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

Myc. Well here I swear by this my royal seat.

Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.

Myc. Embost with silke as best beseemes my state.
To be reueng'd for these contemptuous words.

O where is dutie and allegeance now?

Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?

What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,

Monster of Nature, shame vnto thy stocke,

That dar st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.

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

Exit.

Manent Cosroe & Menaphon.

Mena. How now my Lord, what, mated and amaz'd
To heare the king thus thraten like himselfe?

Cos. Ah *Menaphon*, I passe not for his threates,

The

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the Scythian Shepherd.

The plot is laid by Persean Noble men,
And Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To crowne me Emperour of *Asia*,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The verie substance of my vexed soule:
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake
And tremble at the Persean Monarkes name,
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorne,
And that which might resolute me into teares:
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Haue swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne *India*:
Lading their shippes with golde and pretious stones:
And made their spoiles from all our prouinces.
Mena. This should intreat your highnesse to reioice,
Since Fortune giues you opportunity,
To gaine the tittle of a Conquerour,
By curing of this maimed Emperie,
Affrike and *Europe* bordering on your land,
And continent to your Dominions:
How easely may you with a mightie hoste,
Passe into *Græcia*, as did *Cyrus* once.
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Least you subdue the pride of Christendome.? (sound
Cos. 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 *Cosroe*,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchie,
Present thee with th'Emperiall Diadem.

Cen. The

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0159 *Cene* The warlike Souldiers, & the Gentlemen,
wln 0160 That heretofore haue fild *Persepolis*
wln 0161 With *Affrike* Captaines, taken in the field:
wln 0162 Whose ransome made them martch in coates of gold,
wln 0163 With costlie iewels hanging at their eares,
wln 0164 And shining stones vpon their loftie Crestes,
wln 0165 Now liuing idle in the walled townes,
wln 0166 Wanting both pay and martiall discipline.
wln 0167 Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warre.
wln 0168 And openly exclaime against the King.
wln 0169 Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
wln 0170 We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour:
wln 0171 Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
wln 0172 Then did the Macedonians at the spoile
wln 0173 Of great *Darius* and his wealthy hoast.

wln 0174 *Cosr.* Wel, since I see the state of *Persea* droope,
wln 0175 And languish in my brothers gouernment:
wln 0176 I willingly receiue th'mperiall crowne,
wln 0177 And vow to weare it for my countries good:
wln 0178 In sight of them shall malice my estate.

wln 0179 *Ortyg.* And in assurance of desir'd successe,
wln 0180 We here doo crowne thee Monarch of the East,
wln 0181 Emperour of *Asia*, and of *Persea*,
wln 0182 Great Lord of *Medea* and *Armenia*:
wln 0183 Duke of *Affrica* and *Albania*,
wln 0184 *Mesopotamia* and of *Parthia*,
wln 0185 East *India* and the late discouered Isles,
wln 0186 Chiefe Lord of all the wide vast *Euxine* sea,
wln 0187 And of the euer raging Caspian Lake:
wln 0188 Long liue *Cosroe* mighty Emperour.

wln 0189 *Cosr.* And *Ioue* may neuer let me longer liue,
wln 0190 Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,

And

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 0191 And cause the souldiers that thus honour me,
wln 0192 To triumph ouer many Prouinces.
wln 0193 By whose desires of discipline in Armes,
wln 0194 I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole king,
wln 0195 And with the Armie of *Theridamas*,
wln 0196 Whether we presently will flie (my Lords)
wln 0197 To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,
wln 0198 *Ortyg* We knew my Lord, before we brought the
wln 0199 Intending your inuestion so neere,
wln 0200 The residence of your dispised brother,
wln 0201 The Lord would not be too exasperate,
wln 0202 To iniure or suppressse your woorthy tytle.
wln 0203 Or if they would, there are in readines
wln 0204 Ten thousand horse to carie you from hence,
wln 0205 In spite of all suspected enemies.
wln 0206 *Cosr.* I know it wel my Lord, & thanke you all.
wln 0207 *Ortyg.* Sound vp the trumpets then,
wln 0208 God saue the King. *Exeunt.*

wln 0209 *Actus. 1. Scœna. 2:*

wln 0210 *Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate: Techelles, Vsu-*
wln 0211 *measane, other Lords and Souldiers loden*
wln 0212 *with treasure.*

wln 0213 *Tam.* COMe lady, let not this appal your thoughts
wln 0214 The iewels and the treasure we haue tane
wln 0215 Shall be reseru'd, and you in better state,
wln 0216 Than if you were arriu'd in *Siria*.
wln 0217 Euen in the circle of your Fathers armes:
wln 0218 The mightie Soldan of *Egyptia*.
wln 0219 *Zeno.* Ah Shepheard, pity my distressed plight,

(If

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(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
And seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide.
Who traueiling with these Medean Lords
To *Memphis*, from my vncles country of *Medea*,
Where all my youth I haue bene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke:
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand:
To safe conduct vs thorow *Affrica*:
 Mag. And since we haue arriu'd in *Scythia*,
Besides rich presents from the puisant *Cham*,
We haue his highnesse letters to command
Aide and assistance if we stand in need.
 Tam. But now you see these letters & commandes,
Are countermanded by a greater man:
And through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at liberty,
As easely may you get the Souldans crowne,
As any prizes out of my precinct.
For they are friends that help to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes help to strengthen it:
And must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Maddam, is your grace betroth'd?
 Zen. I am (my Lord,) for so you do import.
 Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deeds shall prooue,
And yet a shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed that conquers *Asia*:
And meanes to be a terrour to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Emperie

By

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wln 0283

the Scythian Shepheard.

By East and west, as *Phæbus* doth his course:
Lie here ye weedes that I disdain to weare,
This compleat armor, and this curtlee=axe
Are adiuncts more beseeming *Tamburlaine*.
And Maddam, whatsoever you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnvallued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the East:
And these that seeme but silly country Swaines,
May haue the leading of so great an host,
As with their waight shall make the mountains quake.
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.
Tec. As princely Lions when they rouse themselues,
Stretthing their pawes, and threatning heardes of
(Beastes.
So in his Armour looketh *Tamburlaine*:
Me thinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,
And he with frowning browes and fiery lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.
Vsum. And making thee and me *Techelles*, kinges,
That euen to death will follow *Tamburlaine*.
Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweet friends and followers,
These Lords (perhaps) do scorne our estimates:
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits,
But since they measure our deserts so meane,
That in conceit bear Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eies thee view vs Emperours.
Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will neuer prosper your intended driftes,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.

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[◇◇◇] *Tamburlaine*,

Therefore at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized,
By liuing *Asias* mightie Emperour.

Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may traueile into *Siria*,
Where her betrothed Lord *Alcidamus*,
Expects th'arriuell of her highnesse person.

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

Tamb. Disdaines *Zenocrate* to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Gold in Indias welthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest souldier in my traine.
Zenocrate, louelier than the Loue of *Ioue*,
Brighter than is the siluer *Rhodolfe*,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hils,
Thy person is more woorth to *Tamburlaine*,
Than the possession of the Persean Crowne.
Which gracious starres haue promist at my birth,
A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steeds, swifter than *Pegasus*.
Thy Garments shall be made of Medean silke,
Enchast with precious iuelles of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than *Zenocrates*.
With milke=white Hartes vpon an Iuorie sled,
Thou shalt be drawen amidst the frosen Pooles,
And scale the ysie mountaines lofty tops:
Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd.
My martiall prises with fiue hundred men,

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wln 0347

the Scythian Shepheard.

Wun on the fiftie headed *Vuolgas* waues.

Shall all we offer to *Zenocrate*,

And then my selfe to faire *Zenocrate*.

Tech. What now? In loue?

Tam. *Techelles*, women must be flatered.

But this is she with whom I am in loue.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Newes, newes.

Tamb. How now, what's the matter?

Sould. A thousand Persean horsmen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.

Tam. How now my Lords of *Egypt & Zenocrate*?
Now must your iewels be restor'd againe:

And I that triumpht so be ouercome.

How say you Lordings, Is not this your hope?

Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore thē.

Tamb. Such hope, such fortune haue the thousand
Soft ye my Lords and sweet *Zenocrate*. (horse.)

You must be forced from me ere you goe:

A thousand horsmen? We fiue hundred foote?

An ods too great, for vs to stand against:

But are they rich? And is their armour good?

Sould. Their plumed helmes are wrought with
(beaten golde.

Their swords enameld, and about their neckes

Hangs massie chaines of golde downe to the waste,

In euery part exceeding braue and rich.

Tam. Then shall we fight couragiously with them.

Or looke you, I should play the Orator?

Tech. No: cowards and fainthearted runawaies,
Looke for orations when the foe is neere.

Our swordes shall play the Orators for vs.

Vsum. Come

[◇◇◇◇]

Vsum. Come let vs meet them at the mountain foot,
And with a sodaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their horses headlong down the hill.

Tech. Come let vs march.

Tam. Stay *Techelles*, aske a parlee first,
The Souldiers enter.

Open the Males, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflexions may amaze the Perseans.
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence,
Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And gainst the Generall we will lift our swords.
And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manackles, till he be ransom'd home.

Tech. I heare them come, shal we encounter them?

Tam. Keep all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is this Scythian *Tamberlaine*?

Tam. Whō seekst thou Persean? I am *Taburlain*.

Ther. *Tamburlaine*? A Scythian Shepheard,
(so imbellished
With Natures pride, and richest furniture,
His looks do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eies are fixt vpon the earth.
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or meant to pierce *Auernas* darksome vaults.

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
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wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409

To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
tamb. Noble and milde this Persean seemes to be,
If outward habit iudge the inward man,
tech. His deep affections make him passionate.
tamb. With what a maiesty he rears his looks:
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of thy Emperour:
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand horse,
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste?
Forsake thy king and do but ioine with me
And we will triumph ouer all the world.
I hold the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne Fortunes wheel about,
And sooner shall the Sun fall from his Spheare,
Than *Tamburlaine* be slaine or ouercome.
Draw foorth thy sword, thou mighty man at Armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skin:
And *Ioue* himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen.
To ward the blow, and shield me safe from harme,
See how he raines down heaps of gold in showers.
As if he meant to giue my Souldiers pay,
And as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monark of the East.
He sends this Souldans daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queen and portly Emperesse,
If thou wilt stay with me, renommed man,
And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egyptian prise,
Those thousand horse shall sweat with martiall spoile
Of conquered kingdomes, and of Cities sackt,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
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wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441

Both we wil walke vpon the lofty clifts,
And Christian Merchants that with Russian stems
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea.
Shall vaile to vs, as Lords of all the Lake.
Both we will raigne as Consuls of the earth,
And mightie kings shall be our Senators,
Ioue sometime masked in a Shepherds weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioine with me now in this my meane estate,
(I cal it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations far remoou'd admyre me not)
And when my name and honor shall be spread,
As far as *Boreas* claps his brazen wings,
Or faire *Botëes* sends his cheerefull light.
Then shalt thou be Competitor with me,
And sit with *Tamburlaine* in all his maiestie.
Ther. Not *Hermes* Prolocutor to the Gods,
Could vse perswasions more patheticall.
Tam. Nor are *Apollos* Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt find my vaunts substantiall.
Tec. We are his friends, and if the Persean king
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that,
We are assured of by our friends successe.
Vsum. And kingdomes at the least we all expect.
Befides the honor in assured conquestes:
Where kings shall crouch vnto our conquering swords,
And hostes of souldiers stand amaz'd at vs,
When with their fearfull tongues they shall confesse
These are the men that all the world admires, (soule
Ther. What stronge enchantments tice my yeelding

Are

wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
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wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473

the Scythian Shepheard.

Are these resolued noble Scythians?

But shall I prooue a Traitor to my King?

Tam. No, but the trustie friend of *Tamburlaine*.

Ther. Won with thy words, & conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men & horse to thee: (looks,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines *Theridamas*.

Tam. *Theridamas* my friend, take here my hand.

Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And call'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
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 whō I more reioice,
Than dooth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of *Pyllades* and *Orestes*,
Whose statutes we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you kings in *Asia*.
Make much of them gentle *Theridamas*,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.

ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice noble *Tamburlain*
Shal want my heart to be with gladnes pierc'd
To do you honor and securitie.

Tam. A thousand thanks worthy *theridamas*:
And now faire Madam, and my noble Lords,
If you will willingly remaine with me,
You shall haue honors, as your merits be:
Or els you shall be forc'd wth slauerie.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477

Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie *Tamburlaine*
tamb. For you then Maddam, I am out of doubt
Zeno. I must be pleasde perforce, wretched
(*Zenocrate.*

Exeunt

wln 0478

Actus. 2. Scœna. 1.

wln 0479
wln 0480

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with
other Souldiers.

wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
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wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502

Cosroe.
THus farre are we towards *Theridamas*,
And valiant *Tamburlaine*, the man of fame,
The man that in the forhead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him, *Menaphon*,
What stature wieldes he, and what personage?
Mena. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift vpwards and diuine,
Sa large of lims, his ioints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainely beare
Olde *Atlas* burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A pearle more worth, then all the world is plaste:
Wherein by curious soueraintie of Art,
Are fixt his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throne.
Where honor sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with souerainty with loue of armes,
His lofty browes in foldes, do figure death,

And

img: 11-b
sig: B3r

the Scythian [◇]

wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
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wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534

And in their smoothnesse, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber heire.
Wrapped in curles, as fierce *Achilles* was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it daunce with wanton maiestie:
His armes and fingers long and snowy,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength:
In euery part proportioned like the man,
Should make the world subdued to *Tamburlaine*.
Cos Wel hast thou pourtraid in thy tearms of life,
The face and personage of a woondrous man:
Nature doth striue with Fortune and his stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht woorth:
And well his merits show him to be made:
His Fortunes maister, and the king of men.
That could perswade at such a sodaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life,
A thousand sworne and ouermatching foes:
Then when our powers in points of swords are ioin'd
And closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made,
That leads to Pallace of my brothers life,
Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not.
And when the princely Persean Diadem,
Shall ouerway his wearie witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire *Persea* noble *tamburlaine*
Shall be my Regent, and remaine as King:
Ort. In happy hower we haue set the Crowne
Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honor,
In ioyning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550

Cen. He that with Shepherds and a litle spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyrannie,
Defend his freedome gainst a Monarchie.
What will he doe supported by a king?
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lords,
And stuf with trasure for his highest thoughts,
Cos. And such shall wait on worthy *Tamburlaine*.
Our army will be forty thousand strong,
When *Tamburlain* and braue *Theridamas*
Haue met vs by the riuer *Araris*:
And all conioin'd to meet the witlesse King.
That now is marching neer to Parthia.
And with vnwilling souldiers faintly arm'd,
To seeke reuenge on me and *Tamburlaine*.
To whom sweet *Menaphon*, direct me straight.
Mena. I will my Lord.

Exeunt.

wln 0551

Act. 2. Scæna. 2,

wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564

*Mycetes, Meander, with other Lords
and Souldiers.*

Mycetes.
COME my *Meander*, let vs to this geere,
I tel you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine *tamburlaine*.
And of that false *Cosroe*, my traiterous brother
Would it not grieue a King to be so abusde.
And haue a thousand horsmen tane away?
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scalde knaues as loue him not?
I thinke it would: wel then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doores,

But

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wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
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wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

the Scythian Shepheard.

But I will haue *Cosroe* by the head,
And kill proud *Tamburlaine* with point of sword.
Tell you the rest (*Meander*) I haue said.
Mean. Then hauing past Armenian desarts now,
And pitch our tents vnder the Georgan hilles.
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian thieues,
That lie in ambush, waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes?
Least if we let them lynger here a while,
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile outrageous men,
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for the wicked *Tamburlaine*.
And he that could with giftes and promises.
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto his King,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes, prepare to fight,
He that can take or slaughter *tamburlaine*,
Shall rule the Prouince of *Albania*.
Who brings that Traitors head *theridamas*,
Shal haue a gouernment in *Medea*:
Beside the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if *Cosroe* (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with *tamburlaine*,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.
A Spy. An hundred horsmen of my company
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue view'd the army of the Scythians,
Which make reports it far exceeds the Kings.

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0597
wln 0598
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wln 0600
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wln 0629

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinit,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running headlong after greedy spoiles:
And more regarding gaine than victory:
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the teeth of Dragons venomous,
Their carelesse swords shal lanch their fellowes throats
And make vs triumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was there such brethren, sweet *Meander*, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venomous.

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Myce. And tis a prety toy to be a Poet.
Wel, wel (*Meander*) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a iewell sure:
Go on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mean. Then noble souldiors, to intrap these theeues,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or riches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Cammels laden all with gold:
Which you that be but common souldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor than for gold,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues.
And when their scattered armie is subdu'd:
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equallly the gold that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlemen in *Persea*,
Strike vp the Drum and martch corragiously,
Fortune her selfe dooth sit vpon our Crests.

Myc. He tels you true, my maisters, so he does.
Drums, why sound ye not whe *Meand.* speaks.

Exeunt

wln 0630

Actus. 2. Scæna. 3.

wln 0631

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsusmeasane, Ortygius. with others.

wln 0632

wln 0633

Cosroe.

wln 0634

NOW worthy *Tamburlaine*, haue I reposde,

wln 0635

In thy approoued Fortunes all my hope,

wln 0636

What thinkst thou man, shal come of our at=

wln 0637

(temptes.

wln 0638

For euen as from assured oracle,

wln 0639

I take thy doome for satisfaction.

wln 0640

Tamb. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord.

wln 0641

For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue sworne,

wln 0642

To roialise the deedes of *tamburlaine*:

wln 0643

And make them blest that share in his attemptes.

wln 0644

And doubt you not, but if you fauour me,

wln 0645

And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,

wln 0646

To some direction in your martiall deedes,

wln 0647

The world will striue with hostes of men at armes.

wln 0648

To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support,

wln 0649

The host of *Xerxes*, which by fame is said

wln 0650

To drinke the mightie Parthian *Araris*,

wln 0651

Was but a handful to that we will haue.

wln 0652

Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,

wln 0653

And bullets like *Ioues* dreadfull Thunderbolts,

wln 0654

Enrolde in flames and fiery smoldering mistes,

wln 0655

Shall threat the Gods more than Cyclopien warres,

wln 0656

And with our Sun=bright armour as we march,

wln 0657

Weel chase the Stars from heauen, and dim their eies

wln 0658

That stand and muse at our admyred armes.

wln 0659

therid. You see my Lord, what woorking woordes

wln 0660

(he hath.

But

[◇◇◇◇]

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wln 0662
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wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth,
As I shall be commended and excuse
For turning my poore charge to his direction.
And these his two renowned friends my Lord,
Would make one thrust and striue to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

tech. With dutie not with amitie we yeeld
Our vtmost seruice to the faire *Cosroe*.

Cos. Which I esteeme as portion of my crown.
Vsumeasane and *techelles* both,
When she that rules in *Rhamniss* golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous Armes:
Shall make me solely Emperour of *Asia*,
Then shall your meeds and vallours be aduauunst
To roomes of honour and Nobilitie.

Tam. 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,
Meete with the foole, and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as outwaies the sands
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discouered the enimie
Ready to chardge you with a mighty armie.

Cos. Come tamburlain, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Perseas crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

tam. See where it is, the keenest Cutle=axe.
That ere made passage thorow Persean Armes,
These are the wings shall make it flie as swift,

wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700

the Scythian Shepherd.

As dooth the lightening: or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind successe:
Go valiant Souldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish King.

tamb. *Vsumeasane* and *techelles* come,
We are enough to scarre the enemy,
And more than needes to make an Emperour.

wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
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wln 0722
wln 0723

*To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with
his Crowne in his hand offering to hide it.*

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented war,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand staggering like a quiuering Aspen leafe,
Fearing the force of *Boreas* boistrous blasts.
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisdomes lore?
For Kings are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our Crowne the pin that thousands seeke to cleaue,
Therefore in pollicie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole.
So shall not I be knowen, or if I bee,
They cannot take away my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlain.

tam. What fearful coward stragling from the camp
When Kings themselues are present in the field.

Myc. Thou liest.

tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue the lie?

Myc. Away, I am the King: go, touch me not.

Thou

[◇◇◇◇]

Thou breakst the law of Armes vnlesse thou kneele.
And cry me mercie, noble King.

Tam Are you the witty King of *Persea*?

Myce. I marie am I: haue you any suite to me?

Tam. I would intreat you to speak but three wise
wordes.

Myce. So I can when I see my time.

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, Didst thou euer see a fairer?

Tamb. You will not sell it, wil ye?

Myce. Such another word, and I will haue thee
executed.

Come giue it me.

Tamb. No, I tooke it prisoner.

Myce. You lie, I gaue it you.

tam. Then tis mine.

Myce. No, I meane, I let you keep it.

tamb. Wel, I meane you shall haue it againe.

Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men.
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head:
Thou art no match for mightie *Tamburlaine*.

Myce. O Gods, is this *tamburlaine* the thiefe,
I marueile much he stole it not away.

Sound trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

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

Tamb. Holde thee *Cosroe*, weare two imperiall
(Crownes.

Thinke

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wln 0755
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wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785

the Scythian Shepherd.

Thinks thee Inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mighty hand of *tamburlaine*,
As if as many kinges as could encompasse thee,
With greatest pompe had crown'd thee Emperour.

Cosr. So do I thrice renowned man at armes,
And none shall keepe the crowne but *tamburlaine*:
Thee doo I make my Regent of Persea,
And Generall Lieftenant of my Armies.

Meander, you that were our brothers Guide,
And chiefest Counsailor in all his acts,
Since he is yeilded to the stroke of War,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.

Mean. Most happy Emperour in humblest tearms
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie.
With vtmost vertue of my faith and dutie.

Cosr. Thanks good *Meander*, then *Cosroe* raigin
And gouerne Persea in her former pomp:
Now send Ambassage to thy neighbor Kings,
And let them know the Persean King is chang'd:
From one that knew not what a King should do,
To one that can commaund what longs thereto:
And now we will to faire *Persepolis*,
With twenty thousand expert souldiers.
The Lords and Captaines of my brothers campe,
With litle slaughter take *Meanders* course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule:
Ortigius and *menaphon*, my trustie friendes,
Now will I gratify your former good,
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

Ort. And as we euer and at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honor it deseru'd,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
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wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817

So will we with our powers and our liues,
Indeuor to preserue and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thank thee (sweet *Ortigijs*)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes.
And now, Lord *tamburlaine*, my brothers Campe
I leaue to thee, and to *theridamas*,
To follow me to faire *Persepolis*.

Then will we march to all those Indian Mines,
My witlesse brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and vsurie.
And till thou ouertake me *tamburlaine*,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farewell Lord Regent, and his happie friends,
I long to sit vpon my brothers throne,

Mena. Your Maiestie shall shortly haue your wish.
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*.

Exeunt.

Manent Tamb. Tech. Ther. Vsum.

tamb. And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?
Is it not braue to be a King, *techelles*?
Vsumeasane and *theridamas*,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in triumph through *Persepolis*?

tech. O my Lord, tis sweet and full of pompe.

Vsum. 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 enioy in heauen
Can not compare with kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a Crowne enchac'd with pearle and golde,
Whose vertues carie with it life and death,
To aske, and haue: command, and be obeied.
When looks breed loue, with lookes to gaine the prize.
Such power attractiue shines in princes eies.

tam

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 0818

tam. Why say *theridamas*, wilt thou be a king?

wln 0819

the. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.

wln 0820

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

wln 0821

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

wln 0822

tam. Why, that's wel said *techelles*, so would I,

wln 0823

And so would you my maisters, would you not?

wln 0824

Vsum. What then my Lord?

wln 0825

tam. Why then *Casanes* shall we wish for ought

wln 0826

The world affoords in greatest noueltie,

wln 0827

And rest attemplesse faint and destitute?

wln 0828

Me thinks we should not, I am strongly moou'd,

wln 0829

That if I should desire the Persean Crowne,

wln 0830

I could attaine it with a woondrous ease,

wln 0831

And would not all our souldiers soone consent,

wln 0832

If we should aime at such a dignitie?

wln 0833

ther. I know they would with our perswasions.

wln 0834

tam. Why then *theridamas*, Ile first assay,

wln 0835

To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:

wln 0836

Then thou for *Parthia*, they for *Scythia* and *Medea*.

wln 0837

And if I prosper, all shall be as sure,

wln 0838

As if the Turke, the Pope, *Affrike* and *Greece*,

wln 0839

Came creeping to vs with their crownes apace.

wln 0840

tech. Then shall we send to this triumphing King,

wln 0841

And bid him battell for his nouell Crowne?

wln 0842

Vsum. Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot.

wln 0843

tam. Twil prooue a pretie iest (in faith) my friends.

wln 0844

the. A iest to chardge on twenty thousand men?

wln 0845

I iudge the purchase more important far.

wln 0846

tam. Iudge by thy selfe *theridamas*, not me,

wln 0847

For presently *techelles* here shal haste,

wln 0848

To bid him battaile ere he passe too farre,

wln 0849

And lose more labor than the gaine will quight.

Then

wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,
Then shalt thou see the Scythian *tamburlaine*,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne.
techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his back to war with vs,
That onely made him King to make vs sport.
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning and more warriours.
Haste the *techelles*, we will follow thee.
What saith *theridamas*?
ther. Goe on for me.

Exeunt.

wln 0860

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879

*Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon, with
other Souldiers.*

Cos.

VVhat means this diuelish shepheard to aspire
With such a Giantly presumption.
To cast vp hils against the face of heauen:
And dare the force of angrie *Iupiter*.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hils,
And prest out fire from their burning iawes:
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shall euer feed vpon his soule.
mean. Some powers diuine, or els infernall, mixt
Their angry seeds at his conception:
For he was neuer sprong of humaine race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dares so doubtlesly resolue of rule.
And by profession be ambitious.
Ort. What God or Feend, or spirit of the earth,
Or Monster turned to a manly shape,

Or

img: 17-b
sig: C1r

wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
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wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903

the Scythian Shepherd.

Or of what mould or mettel he be made,
What star or state soeuer gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meet incountring mindes,
And in detesting such a diuelish Thiefe,
In loue of honor & defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.
Cos. Nobly resolu'd, my good *Ortygius*.
And since we all haue suckt one wholsome aire,
And with the same proportion of Elements,
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Uowing our loues to equall death and life,
Let's cheere our souldiers to incounter him,
That grieuous image of ingratitude:
That fiery thirster after Soueraingtie:
And burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quence but blood and Emperie.
Resolue my Lords and louing souldiers now,
To saue your King and country from decay:
Then strike vp Drum, and all the Starres that make
The loathsome Circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
That thus opposeth him against the Gods,
And scornes the Powers that gouerne *Persea*.

wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906

*Enter to the Battell, & after the battell, enter Cosroe
wounded, Theridamas, tamburlaine, Techelles,
Vsumeasane, with others.*

wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909

Cos. Barbarous and bloody *Tamburlaine*,
Thus to depriue me of my crowne and life.
Tracherous and false *theridamas*,

C

Euen

wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
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wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Euen at the morning of my happy state,
Scarce being seated in my royall throne,
To worke my downfall and vntimely end.
An vncouth paine torments my griued soule,
And death arrests the organe of my voice.
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made,
Sacks euery vaine and artier of my heart,
Bloody and insatiate *Tamburlain*.

tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crown,
That causde the eldest sonne of heauenly *Ops*,
To thrust his doting father from his chaire,
And place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen,
Moou'd me to manage armes against they state,
What better president than mightie *Ioue*?
Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspyring minds:
Our soules, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous Architecture of the world:
And measure euery wandring plannets course.
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
And alwaies moouing as the restles Spheares.
Wils vs to weare our selues and neuer rest.
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.
That perfect blisse and sole felicitie.
The sweet fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. And that made me to ioine with *tamburlain*
For he is grosse and like the massie earth,
That mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deeds
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tec. And that made vs the friends of *Tamburlaine*.
To lift our swords against the Persean King.

Vsum.

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 0942 *Vsum.* For as when *Ioue* did thrust old *Saturn* down,
wln 0943 *Neptune* and *Dis* gain'd each of them a Crowne.
wln 0944 So do we hope to raigin in *Asia*,
wln 0945 If *tamburlain* be plac'd in *Persea*.
wln 0946 *Cos.* The strangest men that euer nature made,
wln 0947 I know not how to take their tyrannies.
wln 0948 My bloodlesse body waxeth chill and colde,
wln 0949 And with my blood my life slides through my wound.
wln 0950 My soule begins to take her flight to hell.
wln 0951 And sommons all my sences to depart:
wln 0952 The heat and moisture which did feed each other,
wln 0953 For want of nourishment to feed them both.
wln 0954 Is drie and cold, and now dooth gastly death
wln 0955 With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding hart,
wln 0956 And like a Harpyr tires on my life.
wln 0957 *Theridamas* and *Tamburlaine*, I die,
wln 0958 And fearefull vengeance light vpon you both.

wln 0959 *He takes the Crowne and puts it on.*

wln 0960 *tam.* Not all the curses which the furies breathe,
wln 0961 Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this:
wln 0962 *Theridamas*, *techelles*, and the rest,
wln 0963 Who thinke you now is king of *Persea*?
wln 0964 All. *Tamburlaine*, *tamburlaine*. (armes,
wln 0965 *Tamb.* Though *Mars* himselfe the angrie God of
wln 0966 And all the earthly Potentates conspire,
wln 0967 To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
wln 0968 Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
wln 0969 As great commander of this Easterne world,
wln 0970 If you but say that *tamburlaine* shall raigne.
wln 0971 Al. Long liue *tamburlaine*, and raigne in *Asia*.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 0972 *tamb.* So, now it is more surer on my head,
wln 0973 Than if the Gods had held a Parliament:
wln 0974 And all pronounst me king of Persea.
wln 0975

Finis Actus 2.

wln 0976

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

wln 0977

Baiazeth, the kings of Fess. Moroco, and Argier.
with others, in great pompe.

wln 0978

wln 0979

Baiazeth.

wln 0980

GReat Kings of *Barbary*, and my portly Bassoes,

wln 0981

We heare, the Tartars & the Easterne theeues

wln 0982

Under the conduct of one *Tamburlaine*,

wln 0983

Presume a bickering with your Emperour:

wln 0984

And thinks to rouse vs from our dreadful siege

wln 0985

Of the famous Grecian *Constantinople*.

wln 0986

You know our Armie is inuincible:

wln 0987

As many circumcised Turkes we haue,

wln 0988

And warlike bands of Christians renied,

wln 0989

As hath the Ocean or the Terrene sea

wln 0990

Small drops of water, when the Moon begins

wln 0991

To ioine in one her semi=circled hornes:

wln 0992

Yet would we not be brau'd with forrain power,

wln 0993

Nor raise our siege before the Gretians yeeld.

wln 0994

Or breathles lie before the citie walles.

wln 0995

Fess. Renowmed Emperour, and mighty Generall

wln 0996

What if you sent the Bassoes of your guard.

wln 0997

To charge him to remaine in *Asia*.

wln 0998

Or els to threaten death and deadly armes,

wln 0999

As from the mouth of mighty *Baiazeth*.

wln 1000

Bai. Hie thee my Bassoe fast to *Persea*,

wln 1001

Tell him thy Lord the Turkish Emperour,

wln 1002

Dread Lord of *Affrike, Europe* and *Asia*.

Great

img: 19-b
sig: C3r

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
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wln 1020
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wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034

Great King and conquerour of Grecia,
The Ocean, Terrene, and the cole=blacke sea,
The high and highest Monarke of the world.
Wils and Commands (for say not I intreat)
Not once to set his foot in *Affrica*,
Or spread his collours in Grecia.
Least he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Because I heare he beares a valiant mind.
But if presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage Armes with me,
Then stay thou with him, say I bid thee so.
And if before the Sun haue measured heauen
With triple circuit thou regret vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arise.
For messenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
And meane to fetch thee in despite of him.

Bass. Most great and puisant Monarke of the earth,
Your Bassoe will accomplish your behest:
And show your pleasure to the Persean.
As fits the Legate of the stately Turk.

Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the King of *Persea*.
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
Twere requisite he should be ten times more,
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Bai. True (*Argier*) and tremble at my lookes.

Moro. The spring is hindred by your smothering
For neither rain can fall vpon the earth, (host,
Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames 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.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1035

Fess. What thinks your greatnes best to be atchieu'd
In pursuit of the Cities ouerthrow?

wln 1036

wln 1037

Bai. I wil the captiue Pioners of *Argier*,

wln 1038

Cut of the water, that by leaden pipes

wln 1039

Runs to the citie from the mountain *Carnon*,

wln 1040

Two thousand horse shall forrage vp and downe,

wln 1041

That no reliefe or succour come by Land.

wln 1042

And all the sea my Gallies countermaund.

wln 1043

Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,

wln 1044

And with their Cannons mouth'd like *Orcus gulfe*

wln 1045

Batter the walles, and we will enter in:

wln 1046

And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Exeunt

wln 1047

Actus. 3. Scæna. 2.

wln 1048

Agidas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with

wln 1049

others.

wln 1050

MAdam *Zenocrate*, may I presume

wln 1051

To know the cause of these vnquiet fits:

wln 1052

That worke such trouble to your woonted rest:

wln 1053

Tis more then pittie such a heauenly face

wln 1054

Should by hearts sorrow wax so wan and pale.

wln 1055

When your offensiue rape by *tamburlaine*,

wln 1056

(Which of your whole displeasures should be most)

wln 1057

Hath seem'd to be digested long agoe.

wln 1058

Zen. Although it be digested long agoe,

wln 1059

As his exceding fauours haue deseru'd,

wln 1060

And might content the Queene of heauen as well:

wln 1061

As it hath chang'd my first conceiu'd disdaine.

wln 1062

Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts,

wln 1063

With ceaselesse and disconsolate conceits.

Which

wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073

wln 1074

wln 1075
wln 1076
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wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093

the Scythian Shepherd.

Which dies my lookes so liuelesse as they are.
And might, if my extreame had full euent,
Make me the gastly counterfeit of death.

Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be dissolu'd.
And all that pierceth *Phæbes* siluer eie,
Before such hap fall to *zenocrate*.

zen. Ah, life, and soule still houer in his Breast.
And leaue my body sencelesse as the earth.
Or els vnite you to his life and soule,
That I may liue 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 holds you from your father in despight,
And keeps you from the honors of a Queene.
Being supposde his worthlesse Concubine.
Be honored with your loue, but for necessity.
So now the mighty Souldan heares of you,
Your Highnesse needs not doubt but in short time,
He will with *Tamburlaines* destruction
Redeeme you from this deadly seruitude.

Zen. leaue to wound me with these words.
And speake of *tamburlaine* as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is far from villanie or seruitude.
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

Agid. How can you fancie one that lookes so fierce,
Onelie disposed to martiall Stratagem?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.

wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
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wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115

wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle foorth his facts of war and blood.
Too harsh a subiect for your dainty eares.

Zen. As looks the sun through *Nilus* flowing stream,
Or when the morning holds him in her armes.
So lookes my Lordly loue, faire *tamburlaine*:
His talke much sweeter than the Muses song,
They sung for honor gainst *Pierides*.
Or when *Minerua* did with *Neptune* striue,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Than *Iuno* sister to the highest God.
If I were matcht with mightie *tamburlaine*.

Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the yong Arabian liue in hope,
After your rescue to eiroy his choise.
You see though first the King of *Persea*
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his maiesty he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
And giues no more than common courtesies.

Zen. Thence rise the tears that so distain my cheeks,
Fearing his loue through my vnworthynesse.

*Tamburlaine goes to her, & takes her away louing-
ly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas,
and sayes nothing.*

Agid. Betraide by fortune and suspitious loue.
Threatned with frowning wrath and ieaalousie.
Surpriz d with feare of hideous reuenge.
I stand agast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secrete thoughtes,
And wrapt in silence of his angry soule.

Upon

wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
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wln 1140
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wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156

the Scythian Shepherd.

Upon his browes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eies the furie of his hart.
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.
As when the Sea=man sees the *Hyades*
Gather an army of Cemerian clouds,
(*Auster* and *Aquilon* with winged Steads
All sweating, tilt about the watery heauens,
With shiuering speares enforcing thunderclaps.
And from their shieldes strike flames of lightning)
All fearefull foldes his sailes, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aid,
Against the terrour of the winds and waues.
So fares *Agydas* for the late felt frownes
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

tech. See you *Agidas* how the King salutes you.
He bids you prophesie what it imports.

Exit.

Agid. I prophecied before and now I prooue,
The killing frownes of ieaousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For words are vaine where working tooles present
The naked action of my threatned end.
It saies, *Agydas*, thou shalt surely die.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To dy by this resolued hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and heauen haue sworne.
Then haste *Agydas*, and preuent the plagues:
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Go wander free from feare of Tyrants rage.

Remoo=

wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Remooued from the Torments and the hell:
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule.
And let *Agidas* by *Agidas* die.
And with this stab slumber eternally.
tech. *Vsumeasane*, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vsum. Faith, and *techelles*, it was manly done:
And since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs affoord him now the bearing hence.
And craue his triple worthy buriall.
tech. Agreed *Casane*, we wil honor him.

wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187

Act. 3. Scæna. 3,
Tamburlain, Techelles, Vsumeasane, Theridamas,
Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tamburlaine.

BAssoe, by this thy Lord and maister knowes,
I meane to meet him in *Bithynia*:
see how he comes? Tush. Turkes are ful of brags
And menace more than they can wel performe:
He meet me in the field and fetch thee hence?
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is to weake,
T'incounter with the strength of *Tamburlaine*.
Uiew well my Camp, and speake indifferently,
Doo not my captaines and my souldiers looke
As if they meant to conquer *Affrica*.
Bass. Your men are valiant but their number few,
And cannot terrefie his mightie hoste,
My Lord, the great Commander of the worlde,
Besides fiteene contributorie kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Ianisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steeds.

Brought

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219

Brought to the war by men of *Tripoly*.
Two hundred thousand footmen that haue seru'd
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this war,
If he think good, can from his garrisons,
Withdraw as many more to follow him.
tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perish by our warlike hands,
We meane to seate our footmen on their Steeds.
And rifle all those stately Ianisars.
tam. But wil those Kings accompany your Lord?
Bass. Such as his Highnesse please, but some must
To rule the prouinces he late subdude. (stay
tam. thē fight couragiously, their crowns are yours
This hand shal set them on your conquering heads:
That made me Emperour of *Asia*.
Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Western *Affrica* and *Greece*:
Yet we assure vs of the victorie.
ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two kings,
More mighty than the Turkish Emperour:
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie til they yeeld or die.
tamb. Wel said *theridamas*, speake in that mood,
For Wil and Shall best fitteth *Tamburlain*,
Whose smiling stars giues him assured hope
Of martiall triumph, ere he meete his foes:
I that am tearm'd the Scourge and Wrath of God,
The onely feare and terrour of the world,
Wil first subdue the Turke, and then inlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues,
Burdening their bodies with your heauie chaines.

And

wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terrene sea.
And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That they lie panting on the Gallies side.
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue,
These are the cruell pirates of *Argeire*,
That damned traine, the scum of *Affrica*.
Inhabited with stragling Runnagates,
That make quick hauock of the Christian blood.
But as I liue that towne shall curse the time
That *Tamburlaine* set foot in *Affrica*:

wln 1232
wln 1233

*Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes and contri-
butorie Kinges.*

wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249

Bai. Bassoes and Ianisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of *Affrica*.
Tam. *Techelles*, and the rest prepare your swordes
I meane t'incounter with that *Baiazeth*.
Bai. Kings of *Fesse*, *Moroccus* and *Argier*,
He cals me *Baiazeth*, whom you call Lord.
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue:
I tell thee villaine, those that lead my horse
Haue to their names tytles of dignity,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *Baiazeth*?
Tam. And know thou Turke, that those which
(lead my horse,
Shall lead thee Captiue thorow *Affrica*.
And dar'st thou bluntly call me *tamburlaine*?
Bai. By *Mahomet*, my Kinsmans sepulcher.

And

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281

And by the holy *Alcaron* I sweare,
He shall be made a chast and lustlesse Eunuke,
And in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
And all his Captaines that thus stoutly stand,
Shall draw the chariot of my Emperesse.
Whom I haue brought to see their ouerthrow.

Tamb. By this my sword that conquer'd *Persea*,
Thy fall shall make me famous through the world:
I will not tell thee how Ile handle thee,
But euery common souldier of my Camp
Shall smile to see thy miserable state.

Fess. What means the mighty Turkish Emperor
To talk with one so base as *tamburlaine*.

Moro. Ye Moores and valiant men of *Barbary*.
How can ye suffer these indignities.

Arg. Leaue words and let them feele your lances
(pointes.
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.

Bai. Wel said my stout contributory kings,
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoste,
Shall swallow vp these base borne Perseans,

tech. Puissant, renowmed and mighty *tamburlain*,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their liues?

ther. I long to see those crownes won by our swords
That we may raigne as kings of Affrica.

Vsum. What Coward wold not fight for such a prize?

Tamb. Fight all couragiously and be you kings.
I speake it, and my words are oracles.

Bai. *Zabina*, mother of three brauer boies,
Than *Hercules*, that in his infancie
Did pash the iawes of Serpents venomous:
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike Lance.

Their

wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
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wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Their shoulders broad, for complet armour fit,
Their lims more large and of a bigger size
Than all the brats ysprong from *Typhons* loins:
Who, when they come vnto their fathers age,
Will batter Turrets with their manly fists.
Sit here vpon this royal chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my Emperiall crowne,
Untill I bring this sturdy *tamburlain*,
And all his Captains bound in captiue chaines.
zab. Such good successe happen to *Baiazeth*,
Tam. *zenocrate*, the loueliest Maide aliue,
Fairer than rockes of pearle and pretious stone,
The onely Paragon of *tamburlaine*,
Whose eies are brighter than the Lamps of heauen.
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony:
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkened Sky:
And calme the rage of thundring *Iupiter*:
Sit downe by her: adorned with my Crowne,
As if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
Stir not *zenocrate* vntill thou see
Me martch victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing ouer him and these his kings.
Which I will bring as Uassals to thy feete.
Til then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And manage words with her as we will armes.
zen. And may my Loue, the king of *Persea*
Returne with victorie, and free from wound.
Bai. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to couer all *Bythinia*,
Let thousands die, their slaughtered Carkasses

Shall

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345

Shal serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest:
And as the heads of *Hydra*, so my power
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before:
If they should yeeld their necks vnto the sword,
Thy souldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee.
Thou knowest not (foolish hardy *Tamburlaine*)
What tis to meet me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to martch vpon.

Tam. Our conquering swords shall marshal vs the
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe: (way
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooffes:
Braue horses, bred on the white Tartarian hils:
My Campe is like to *Iulius Cæsars* hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victorie:
Nor in *Pharsalia* was there such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of Spirits fleeting in the aire,
Direct our Bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the sencelesse lure,
And when she sees our bloody Collours spread.
Then Uictorie begins to take her flight,
Resting her selfe vpon my milk=white Tent:
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall.
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife and all.

Exit, with his followers.

Bai. Come Kings and Bassoes let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feble Perseans blood.

Exit, with his followers.

zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me
That am the Empresse of the mighty Turke?

zen. Disdainful Turkesse and vnreuerend Bosse,

wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Call'st thou me Concubine that am betroath'd
Unto the great and mighty *tamburlaine*?

Zab. To *tamburlaine* the great Tartarian thiefe?

Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy great Bassoe, maister and thy selfe.
Must plead for mercie at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your Aduocates.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shamelesse girle,
Thou shalt be Landresse to my waiting maid.
How lik'st thou her *Ebea*, will she serue?

Ebea. Madame, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.
But I shall turne her into other weedes.
And make her daintie fingers fall to woorke.

Zen. hearst thou *Anippe*, how thy drudge doth talk,
And how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth.
Both for their sausinesse shall be employed,
To dresse the common souldiers meat and drink.
For we will scorne they should come nere our selues.

Anip. Yet somtimes let your highnesse send for thē
To do the work my chamber maid disdaines.

They sound the battell within, and stay

Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Persea.
And made my lordly Loue her worthy King:
Now strengthen him against the Turkish *Baiazeth*,
And let his foes like flockes of fearfull Roes,
Pursude by hunters, flie his angrie lookes,
That I may see him issue Conquerour.

Zab. Now *Mahomet*, solicit God himselfe,
And make him raine down murthering shot frō heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine.

When

wln 1378

the Scythian Shepheard.
When first he war'd against the Christians.

wln 1379

To the battell againe.

wln 1380

Zen. By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood

wln 1381

And *tamburlaine* is Lord of *Affrica*: (sound,

wln 1382

Zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets

wln 1383

As when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greeks:

wln 1384

And led them Captiue into Affrica.

wln 1385

Straight will I vse thee as thy pride deserues:

wln 1386

Prepare thy selfe to liue and die my slaue.

wln 1387

Zen. If *Mahomet* should come from heauen and

wln 1388

My royall Lord is slaine or conquered. (swear,

wln 1389

Yet should he not perswade me otherwise.

wln 1390

But that he liues and will be Conquerour.

wln 1391

Baiazeth flies, and he pursues him.

wln 1392

The battell short, and they enter,

wln 1393

Baiazeth is ouercome.

wln 1394

Tam. Now king of Bassoes, who is Conqueror?

wln 1395

Bai. Thou, by the fortune of this damned soile,

wln 1396

Tam. Where are your stout contributorie kings?

wln 1397

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasane.

wln 1398

Tech. We haue their crownes their bodies strowe
(the fielde.

wln 1399

Tam. Each man a crown? why kingly fought ifaith
Deliuier them into my treasurie.

wln 1400

Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord.

wln 1401

His royall Crowne againe, so highly won:

wln 1402

tam. Nay take the Turkish Crown from her, *zen.*

wln 1403

And crowne me Emperour of Affrica.

wln 1404

Zab. No *tamburlain*, though now thou gat the best

wln 1405

Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.

wln 1406

wln 1407

wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
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wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

ther. Giue her the Crowne Turkesse you wer best.

He takes it from her, and giues it Zenocrate,

zab. Iniurious villaines, thieues, runnagates,

How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty?

ther. Here Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.

tam. Not now *theridamas*, her time is past:

The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,

Are falne in clusters at my conquering feet.

zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed:

tamb. Not all the world shall ransom *Baiazeth*.

Bai. Ah faire *zabina*, we haue lost the field.

And neuer had the Turkish Emperour

So great a foile by any forraine foe.

Now will the Christian miscreants be glad,

Ringing with ioy their superstitious belles:

And making bonfires for my ouerthrow.

But ere I die those foule Idolaters

Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones,

For though the glorie of this day be lost.

Affrik and *Greece* haue garrisons enough

To make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.

Tam. Those walled garrisons wil I subdue,

And write my selfe great Lord of *Affrica*:

So from the East vnto the furthest West,

Shall *tamburlain* extend his puisant arme.

The Galles and those pilling Briggandines,

That yeerely saile to the Uenetian gulfe,

And houer in the straightes for Christians wracke,

Shall lie at anchor in the Isle *Asant*.

Untill the Persean Fleete and men of war,

Sailing along the Orientall sea,

Haue fetcht about the Indian continent:

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1440

Euen from *Persepolis* to *Mexico*,

wln 1441

And thence vnto the straightes of *Iubalter*:

wln 1442

Where they shall meete, and ioine their force in one.

wln 1443

Keeping in aw the Bay of *Portingale*.

wln 1444

And all the Ocean by the British shore:

wln 1445

And by this meanes Ile win the world at last.

wln 1446

Bai. Yet set a ransome on me tamburlaine.

wln 1447

Tam. What, thinkst thou tamburlain esteems thy

wln 1448

Ile make the kings of *India* ere I die, (gold,

wln 1449

Offer their mines (to sew for peace) to me,

wln 1450

And dig for treasure to appease my wrath:

wln 1451

Come bind them both and one lead in the Turke.

wln 1452

The Turkesse let my Loues maid lead away.

wln 1453

They bind them.

wln 1454

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

wln 1455

O *Mahomet*, Oh sleepe *Mahomet*.

wln 1456

zab. O cursed *Mahomet* that makest vs thus

wln 1457

The slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.

wln 1458

Tam. Come bring them in, & for this happy cōquest

wln 1459

Triumph, and solemnize a martiall feast.

wln 1460

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

wln 1461

Actus. 4. Scæna. 1.

wln 1462

Souldan of Egipt with three or four Lords, Capolin

wln 1463

Souldan.

wln 1464

AWake ye men of *Memphis*, heare the clange

wln 1465

Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basiliskes,

wln 1466

That roaring, shake *Damascus* turrets downe,

wln 1467

The rogue of *Volga* holds *zenocrate*,

wln 1468

The Souldans daughter for his Concubine,

wln 1469

And with a troope of theeues and vagabondes.

wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
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wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Hath spread his collours to our high disgrace:
While you faint=hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowrie bankes of *Nile*,
As Crocodiles that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundring Cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. Nay (mightie Souldan) did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery *Tamburlaine*,
That with his terrour and imperious eies,
Commandes the hearts of his associates,
It might amaze your royall maiesty.

Soldan Uillain. I tell thee, were that tamburlaine,
As monstrous as *Gorgon*, prince of Hell,
The Souldane would not start a foot from him.
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their pransing Steeds, disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground.
Fiue hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bils,
Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
As bristle=pointed as a thorny wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Soldan Nay could their nūbers counteruail the stars
Or euer drisling drops of Aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that Autume shaketh downe.
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power:
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall,

Cap. So might your highnesse, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste.

But

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
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wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533

But tamburlaine, by expedition
Aduantage takes of your vnreadinesse.
Soldan Let him take all th'aduantages he can,
Were all the world conspird to fight for him,
Nay, were he Deuill, as he is no man,
Yet in reuenge of faire *Zenocrate*,
Whom he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to *Erebus*.
To shroud his shame in darknes of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to vnderstand,
His resolution far exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his tentes,
White is their hew, and on his siluer crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
To signify the mildnesse of his minde.
That satiate with spoile refuseth blood:
But when *Aurora* mounts the second time,
As red as scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath bee quencht with blood.
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threats mooue not submission.
Black are his collours, blacke Paulion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
And Ietty Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sex, degree or age.
He raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soldan Mercillesse villaine, Pesant ignorant,
Of lawfull armes, or martiall discipline:
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades.
The slaue vsurps the glorious name of war.
See *Capolin* the faire Arabian king,
That hath bene disapointed by this slaue:

wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue:
May haue fresh warning to go war with vs,
And be reueng'd for her dispardgement.

wln 1537

Actus. 4. Scæna. 2.

wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540

*Tamburlain, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasane,
Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baia-
zeth in his cage, and his wife following him.*

wln 1541

Tamb.

wln 1542

BRing out my foot=stoole.

wln 1543

They take him out of the cage.

wln 1544

Bai Ye holy Priests of heauenly *Mahomet*,

wln 1545

That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,

wln 1546

Staining his Altars with your purple blood:

wln 1547

Make heauen to frowne and euey fired starre

wln 1548

To sucke vp poison from the moorish Fens,

wln 1549

And poure it in this glorious Tyrants throat.

wln 1550

tam. The chiefest God first moouer of that Spheare,

wln 1551

Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamps,

wln 1552

Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heauen.

wln 1553

Then it should so conspire my ouerthrow.

wln 1554

But Uillaine, thou that wishest this to me,

wln 1555

Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth.

wln 1556

And be the foot=stoole of great *Tamburlain*,

wln 1557

That I may rise into my royall throne.

wln 1558

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,

wln 1559

And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,

wln 1560

Before I yeeld to such a slauery.

wln 1561

tamb. Base villain, vassall, slaue to *Tamburlaine*:

wln 1562

Unworthy to imbrace or touch the ground.

wln 1563

That beares the honor of my royall waight.

Stoop

wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

the Scythian Shepheard.

Stoop villaine, stoope, stoope for so he bids,
That may command thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Strocke with the voice of thundring *Iupiter*.

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

wln 1572

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

Tamb. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
And let the maiestie of heauen beholde
Their Scourge and Terrour treade on Emperours,
Smile Stars that raign'd at my natiuity:
And dim the brightnesse of their neighbor Lamps,
Disdaine to borrow light of *Cynthia*,
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 send vp fire to your turning Spheares,
And cause the Sun to borrowe light of you.
My sword stroke fire from his coat of steele,
Euen in *Bythinia*, when I took this Turke:
As when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freezing cloude,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin cracke,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.
But ere I martch to wealthy *Persea*,
Or leaue *Damascus* and th'Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of *Clymeus* brain=sicke sonne,
That almost brent the Axeltree of heauen,

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

So shall our swords, our lances and our shot.
Fill all the aire with fiery meteors.
Then when the Sky shal waxe as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me think of nought but blood and war.

Zab. Unworthy king, that by thy crueltie,
Unlawfully vsurpest the Persean seat:
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his kingly body in a Cage,
That rooffes of golde, and sun=bright Pallaces,
Should haue prepar'd to entertaine his Grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of *Affrica* haue kist.

tech. You must deuise some tormēt worsse, my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.

tam. zenocrate, looke better to your slaue:

zen. She is my Handmaids slaue, and she shal looke
That these abuses flow not from her tongue:
Chide her *Anippe*.

Anip. Let these be warnings for you then my slaue,
How you abuse the person of the king:
Or els I sweare to haue you whipt stark nak'd.

Bai. Great *tamburlaine*, great in my ouerthrow,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low.
For treading on the back of *Baiazeth*,
That should be horsed on fower mightie kings.

tam. Thy names and tytles, and thy dignities
Are fled from *Baiazeth*, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kings.
Put him in againe.

Bai.

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
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wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657

Bai. Is this a place for mighty *Baiazeth*?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
tam. There whiles he liues, shal *Baiezeth* be kept,
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feed him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring the from my boord.
For he that giues him other food than this:
Shall sit by him and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kings and Emperours of the Earth:
If they would lay their crownes before my feet,
Shall ransome him, or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of *Tamburlain*,
Euen from this day to *Platoes* wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled *Baiazeth*.
These Mores that drew him from *Bythinia*,
To faire *Damascus*, where we now remaine,
Shall lead him with vs wheresoere we goe.
Techelles, and my louing followers,
Now may we see *Damascus* lofty towers,
Like to the shadowes of *Pyramides*,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphion fields:
The golden stature of their feathered bird
That spreads her wings vpon the citie wals,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.
The townes=men maske in silke and cloath of gold.
And euery house is as a treasure.
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.
Ther. Your tentes of white now pitch'd before the
And gentle flags of amitie displaid. (gates
I doubt not but the Gouvernour will yeeld,
Offering *Damascus* to your Maiesty.

tamb.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1658

Tam. So shall he haue his life, and all the rest.

wln 1659

But if he stay vntil the bloody flag

wln 1660

Be once aduanc'd on my vermilion Tent,

wln 1661

He dies, and those that kept vs out so long.

wln 1662

And when they see me march in black aray,

wln 1663

With mournfull streamers hanging down their heads,

wln 1664

Were in that citie all the world contain'd.

wln 1665

Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

wln 1666

zen. Yet would you haue some pitie for my sake,

wln 1667

Because it is my countries, and my Fathers.

wln 1668

Tam. Not for the world *Zenocrate*, if I haue sworn:

wln 1669

Come bring in the Turke.

Exeunt.

wln 1670

Act. 4. Scæna. 3,

wln 1671

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with steaming collors

wln 1672

and Souldiers.

wln 1673

Souldan.

wln 1674

ME thinks we martch as *Meliager* did,

wln 1675

Enuironed with braue Argolian knightes:

wln 1676

To chace the sauage Caldonian Boare,

wln 1677

Or *Cephalus* with lustie Thebane youths.

wln 1678

Against the Woolfe that angrie *Themis* sent.

wln 1679

To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes.

wln 1680

A monster of fiue hundred thousand heades,

wln 1681

Compact of Rapine, Pyracie, and spoile.

wln 1682

The Scum of men, the hate and Scourge of God,

wln 1683

Raues in *Egyptia*, and annoyeth vs.

wln 1684

My Lord it is the bloody *Tamburlaine*.

wln 1685

A sturdy Felon and a base=bred Thiefe.

wln 1686

By murder raised to the Persean Crowne.

wln 1687

That dares controll vs in our Territories.

To

wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
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wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719

the Scythian Shepheard.

To tame the pride of this presumotuous Beast,
Ioine your Arabians with the Souldans power:

Let vs vnite our royall bandes in one,
And hasten to remooue *Damascus* siege.

It is a blemish to the Maiestie
And high estate of mightie Emperours,
That such a base vsurping vagabond
Should braue a king, or weare a princely crowne.

Ara. Renowmed Souldane, haue ye lately heard
The ouerthrow of mightie *Baiazeth*,
About the confines of *Bythinia*?
The slauerie wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turke and his great Emperesse.

Soldan I haue, and sorrow for his bad successe:
But noble Lord of great *Arabia*,
Be so perswaded, that the Souldan is
No more dismaide with tidings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot stands
And viewes a strangers ship rent in the winds,
And shiuered against a craggie rocke,
Yet in compassion of his wretched state,
A sacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with *Ibis* holy name,
That *Tamburlaine* shall rue the day, the hower,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong.
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,
Or kept the faire *zenocrate* so long.
As Concubine, I feare to feed his lust.

Ara. Let grieffe and furie hasten on reuenge,
Let *Tamburlaine* for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him.
I long to breake my speare vpon his crest,

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

And prooue the waight of his victorious arme:
For Fame I feare hath bene too prodigall:
In sounding through the world his partiall praise:
Soldan Capolin, hast thou suruaid our powers.
Cap. Great Emperours of *Egypt* and *Arabia*.
The number of your hostes vnited is,
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, braue men at armes,
Couragious and full of hardinesse:
As frolike as the hunters in the chace:
Of sauage beastes amid the desart woods.
Arab. My mind presageth fortunate successe,
And *tamburlaine*, my spirit doth foresee
The vtter ruine of thy men and thee.
Soldan Then reare your standardes, let your soun-
(ding Drummes
Direct our Souldiers to *Damascus* walles.
Now *Tamburlaine*, the mightie Souldane comes,
And leads with him the great *Arabian* King.
To dim thy basenesse and obscurity.
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoile,
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue,
Of Scythians and slauish Persians.

Exeunt.

wln 1743

Actus: 4. Scæna 5.

wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749

*The Banquet, and to it commeth Tamburlain al in
scarlet, Theridamas. Techelles, Vsumeasane, the
Turke, with others.*

Tamb.

NOw hang our bloody collours by *Damascus*.
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads.

While

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
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wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781

While they walke quiuering on their citie walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath:
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of war,
That meanes to fill your helmets full of golde:
And make *Damascus* spoiles as rich to you,
As was to *Iason Colchos* golden fleece.
And now *Baiazeth*, hast thou any stomacke?
Bai. I, such a stomacke (cruel *tamburlane*) as I
Willingly feed vpon thy blood=raw hart. (could
tam. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, plucke
(out that,
And twil serue thee and thy wife: Wel *zenocrate*,
techelles, and the rest, fall to your victuals.
Bai. Fall to, and neuer may your meat digest.
Ye Furies that can maske inuisible,
Diue to the bottome of *Auernas* poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poison vp.
And squease it in the cup of *tamburlain*.
Or winged snakes of *Lerna* cast your stings,
And leaue your venoms in this Tyrants dish.
zab. And may this banquet prooue as omenous,
As *Prognos* to th'adulterous Thracian King.
That fed vpon the substance of his child.
zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outragious
By these slaues of yours? (curses
tam. To let them see (diuine *zenocrate*)
I glorie in the curses of my foes.
Hauing the power frō the Emperiall heauen,
To turne them al vpon their proper heades.
tech. I pray you giue them leaue Madam, this
speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

ther

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1782

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

wln 1783

tam. Sirra, why fall you not too, are you so daintily
brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

wln 1784

wln 1785

Bai. First legions of deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

wln 1786

wln 1787

Vsum. Uillain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest

wln 1788

tam. O let him alone: here, eat sir, take it from my
swords point, or Ile thrust it to thy heart.

wln 1789

wln 1790

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

wln 1791

ther He stamps it vnder his feet my Lord.

wln 1792

tam. Take it vp Uillaine and eat it, or I will make
thee slice the brownes of thy armes into carbonadoes,
and eat them.

wln 1793

wln 1794

vsu. Nay, twere better he kild his wife, & then she shall
be sure not to be staru'd, & he be prouided for a moneths
victuall before hand.

wln 1795

wln 1796

wln 1797

tam. Here is my dagger, dispatch her while she is
fat, for if she liue but a while longer, shee will fall into a
consumption with freatting, and then she will not bee
woorth the eating.

wln 1798

wln 1799

ther. Doost thou think that *Mahomet* wil suffer this

wln 1800

tech. Tis like he wil, when he cannot let it.

wln 1801

tam. Go to, fal to your meat: what not a bit? belike he
hath not bene watered to day, giue him some drinke.

wln 1802

wln 1803

*They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it on
the ground.*

wln 1804

wln 1805

Faste and welcome sir, while hunger make you eat.
How now *zenocrate*, dooth not the Turke and his wife
make a goodly showe at a banquet?

wln 1806

wln 1807

wln 1808

wln 1809

Zen. Yes. my Lord.

wln 1810

ther Me thinks, tis a great deale better than a con=
sort of musicke.

wln 1811

wln 1812

wln 1813

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
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wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844

tam. Yet musicke woulde doe well to cheere vp *zenocrate*: pray thee tel, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voice: but why is it?

Zen. My lord, to see my fathers towne besieg'd,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne,
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiesty
May merit fauour at your highnesse handes,
Then raise your siege from faire *Damascus* walles,
And with my father take a frindly truce.

tamb. *Zenocrate*, were Egypt *Ioues* owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make *Ioue* to stoope,
I will confute those blind 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 Prouinces, Citties and townes
After my name and thine *zenocrate*:
Here at *Damascus* will I make the Point
That shall begin the Perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy thy Fathers loue
With such a losse? Tell me *zenocrate*?

Zen. Honor still waight on happy *tamburlaine*:
Yet giue me leaue to plead for him my Lord.

Tam. Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe.
And all the friendes of faire *Zenocrate*,
If with their liues they will be pleasde to yeeld,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour.
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

wln 1845

wln 1846

wln 1847

wln 1848

wln 1849

wln 1850

wln 1851

wln 1852

wln 1853

wln 1854

wln 1855

wln 1856

wln 1857

wln 1858

wln 1859

wln 1860

wln 1861

wln 1862

wln 1863

wln 1864

wln 1865

wln 1866

wln 1867

wln 1868

wln 1869

wln 1870

wln 1871

wln 1872

wln 1873

wln 1874

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Feed you slaue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to be fed from my trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke ful of idle heat,
Drawes bloody humours from my feeble partes,
Preseruing life, by hasting cruell death.
My vaines are pale, my sinowes hard and drie,
My iointes benumb'd, vnlesse I eat, I die.

Zab. Eat *Baiazeth*, Let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happie power will pitie and inlarge vs.

tam. Here Turk, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I Tyrant, and more meat.

tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfeit.

ther. So it would my lord, specially hauing so smal a walke, and so litle exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

tam. *Theridamas*, *techelles* and *Casane*, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

ther. I (my Lord) but none saue kinges must feede with these.

tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for *tamburlaine* onely to enioy them.

tam. Wel, Here is now to the Souldane of *Egypt* the King of *Arabia*, and the Gouvernout of *Damascus*. Now take these three crownes, and pledge me, my contributorie Kings.

I crowne you here (*Theridamas*) King of *Argier*:
Techelles King of *Fesse*, and *Vsumeasane* King of *Morocus*. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie kings.

Bai

the Scythian Shepheard.

wln 1875 *Bai.* Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.
wln 1876 *tam.* Kings of *Argier*, *Morocus*, and of *Fesse*.
wln 1877 You that haue martcht with happy *Tamburlaine*,
wln 1878 As far as from the frozen place of heauen.
wln 1879 Unto the watry mornings ruddy hower.
wln 1880 And thence by land vnto the Torrid Zone,
wln 1881 Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
wln 1882 By value and by magnanimity.
wln 1883 Your byrthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
wln 1884 For vertue is the fount whence honor springs.
wln 1885 And they are worthy she inuesteth kings.
wln 1886 *ther.* And since your highnesse hath so well vouchsaft,
wln 1887 If we deserue them not with higher meeds
wln 1888 Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd,
wln 1889 Take them away againe and make vs slaues.
wln 1890 *Tam.* Wel said *Theridamas*, when holy Fates
wln 1891 Shall stablish me in strong *Egyptia*.
wln 1892 We meane to traueile to th' Antatique Pole,
wln 1893 Conquering the people vnderneath our feet.
wln 1894 And be renown'd, as neuer Emperours were.
wln 1895 *zenocrate*, I will not crowne thee yet,
wln 1896 Until with greater honors I be grac'd.
wln 1897 *Finis Actus quarti.*

wln 1898 *Actus: 5. Scæna. 1.*

wln 1899 *The Gouvernour of Damasco, with three or foure*
wln 1900 *Citizens, and foure Virgins with branches*
wln 1901 *of Laurell in their hands.*

wln 1902 *Gouvernour.*
wln 1903 STil dooth this man or rather God of war,
wln 1904 Batter our walles, and beat our Turrets downe

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 1905 And to resist with longer stubbornesse,
wln 1906 Or hope of rescue from the Souldans power,
wln 1907 Were but to bring our wilfull ouerthrow,
wln 1908 And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
wln 1909 We see his tents haue now bene altered,
wln 1910 With terrours to the last and cruelst hew:
wln 1911 His cole=blacke collours euery where aduaunst,
wln 1912 Threaten our citie with a generall spoile:
wln 1913 And if we should with common rites of Armes,
wln 1914 Offer our safeties to his clemencie,
wln 1915 I feare the custome proper to his sword,
wln 1916 Which he obserues as parcell of his fame:
wln 1917 Intending so to terrifie the world,
wln 1918 By any innouation or remorse,
wln 1919 Will neuer be dispenc'd with til our deaths,
wln 1920 Therefore, for these our harmlesse virgines sakes,
wln 1921 Whose honors and whose liues relie on him:
wln 1922 Let vs haue hope that their vnspotted praiers
wln 1923 Their blubbered cheekes and hartie humble mones
wln 1924 Will melt his furie into some remorse:
wln 1925 And vse vs like a louing Conquerour.
wln 1926 *Virg.* If humble suites or imprecations,
wln 1927 (vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
wln 1928 Shead from the heads and hearts of all our Sex.
wln 1929 Some made your wiues, and some your children)
wln 1930 Might haue intreated your obdurate breasts.
wln 1931 To entertaine some care of our securities.
wln 1932 Whiles only danger beat vpon our walles,
wln 1933 These more than dangerous warrants of our death
wln 1934 Had neuer bene erected as they bee,
wln 1935 Nor you depend on such weake helps as we
wln 1936 *Go.* Wel, louely Uirgins, think our countries care

Our

wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
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wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
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wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965

the Scythian Shepheard.

Our loue of honor loth to be enthral'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes:
Would not with too much cowardize or feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude.
Therefore in that your safeties and our owne
Your honors, liberties and liues were weigh'd
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our stars.
The wrath of *Tamburlain*, and power of warres.
Or be the means the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to quallifie these hot extreames.
And bring vs pardon in your chearfull lookes.
2. *Virg.* Then here before the maiesty of heauen,
And holy *Patrones* of *Egyptia*,
With knees and hearts submissiue we intreate,
Grace to our words and pitie to our lookes
That this deuise may prooue propitious,
And through the eies and eares of *tamburlaine*,
Conuey euents of mercie to his heart:
Graunt that these signes of victorie we yeeld
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrowes of his browes,
And shadow his displeas'd countenance,
With happy looks of ruthe and lenity,
Leaue vs my Lord, and louing cuntrymen,
What simple Uirgins may perswade, we will.
Go. Farewell (sweet Uirgins) on whose safe return
Depends our citie, libertie, and liues.

Exeunt.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 1966

Actus. 5. Scæna. 2.

wln 1967

*Tamburlaine. Techelles Theridamas, Vsumeasan,
with others: Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verie
melancholy.*

wln 1968

wln 1969

wln 1970

Tamb.

wln 1971

WHAT, are the Turtles fraide out of their
(neastes?)

wln 1972

wln 1973

Alas poore fooles, must you be first shal feele

wln 1974

The sworne destruction of *Damascus*.

wln 1975

They know my custome: could they not as well

wln 1976

Haue sent ye out, when first my milkwhite flags

wln 1977

Through which sweet mercie threw her gentle beams

wln 1978

Reflexing them on your disdainfull eies:

wln 1979

As now when furie and incensed hate

wln 1980

Flings slaughtering terrour from my coleblack tents.

wln 1981

And tels for trueth, submissions comes too late.

wln 1982

I. Virgin. Most happy King and Emperour of the
(earth.

wln 1983

Image of Honor and Nobilitie.

wln 1984

For whome the Powers diuine haue made the world.

wln 1985

And on whose throne the holy Graces sit.

wln 1986

In whose sweete person is compriz'd the Sum

wln 1987

Of natures Skill and heauenly maiestie.

wln 1988

Pittie our plights, O pitie poore *Damascus*:

wln 1989

Pitie olde age, within whose siluer haire

wln 1990

Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd,

wln 1991

Pitie the mariage bed, where many a Lord

wln 1992

In prime and glorie of his louing ioy.

wln 1993

Embraceth now with teares of ruth and blood,

wln 1994

The iealous bodie of his fearfull wife,

wln 1995

Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceit,

wln 1996

To

wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028

the Scythian Shepherd.

To thinke thy puisant neuer staid arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now waxe all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grieffe our ruthlesse Gouvernour
Hauē thus refusde the mercie of thy hand,
(Whose scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
As for their liberties, their loues or liues,
O then for these, and such as we our selues,
For vs, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourisht thought against thy rule,
Pitie, O pitie, (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne.
And take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto ech man of rule hath giuen his hand,
And wisht as worthy subiects happy meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egyptian Diadem.
tam. Uirgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor swears shal be perform'd:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?
Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.
tam. Your fearfull minds are thicke and mistie then
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death.
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I'am pleasse you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsmens speares:
And on their points his fleshlesse bodie feedes.
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them
To chardge these Dames, and shew my seruant death:
Sitting in scarlet on their armed speares.
Omnes. O pitie vs.

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
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wln 2048
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wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060

tam. Away with them I say and shew them death.

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egyptians.
Nor change my Martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden waues.
Or for the loue of *Venus*, would she leaue
The angrie God of Armes, and lie with me.
They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptory
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie.

Enter Techelles.

What, haue your horsmen shewen the virgins Death?
tech. They haue my Lord, and on *Damascus* wals
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carcasses.

tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I think
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithradate.

But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword.

Exeunt.

Ah faire *Zenocrate*, diuine *Zenocrate*,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheweld wip'st thy watery cheeks:
And like to *Flora* in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer treshes in the aire.
Rain'st on the earth resolued pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Wher Beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments vollumes with her Yuory pen:
Taking instructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that *Ebena* steps to heauen.
In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk.
Making the mantle of the richest night.

The

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 2061 The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light,
wln 2062 There Angels in their christal armours fight
wln 2063 A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,
wln 2064 For Egypts freedom and the Souldans life:
wln 2065 His life that so consumes *Zenocrate*,
wln 2066 Whose sorrowes lay more siege vnto my soule,
wln 2067 Than all my Army to *Damascus* walles.
wln 2068 And neither Perseans Soueraign, nor the Turk
wln 2069 Troubled my sences with conceit of foile,
wln 2070 So much by much, as dooth *zenocrate*.
wln 2071 What is beauty saith my sufferings then?
wln 2072 If all the pens that euer poets held,
wln 2073 Had fed the feeling of their maisters thoughts,
wln 2074 And euery sweetnes that inspir'd their harts,
wln 2075 Their minds, and muses on admyred theames:
wln 2076 If all the heauenly Quintessence they still
wln 2077 From their immortall flowers of Poesy,
wln 2078 Wherein as in a myrrour we perceiue
wln 2079 The highest reaches of a humaine wit.
wln 2080 If these had made one Poems period
wln 2081 And all combin'd in Beauties worthinesse,
wln 2082 Yet should ther houer in their restlesse heads,
wln 2083 One thought, one grace, one woonder at the least,
wln 2084 Which into words no vertue can digest:
wln 2085 But how vnseemly is it for my Sex
wln 2086 My discipline of armes and Chiualrie,
wln 2087 My nature and the terrour of my name.
wln 2088 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
wln 2089 Saue onely that in Beauties iust applause,
wln 2090 With whose instinct the soule of man is toucht.
wln 2091 And euery warriour that is rapt with loue,
wln 2092 Of fame, of valour, and of victory

wln 2093

wln 2094

wln 2095

wln 2096

wln 2097

wln 2098

wln 2099

wln 2100

wln 2101

wln 2102

wln 2103

wln 2104

wln 2105

wln 2106

wln 2107

The Conquests of Tamburlaine.

Must needs haue beauty beat on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both:
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the fiery spangled vaile of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of shepheards flames,
And martch in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shal giue the world to note for all my byrth,
That Uertue solely is the sum of glorie,
And fashions men with true nobility.
Who's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath *Baiazeth* bene fed to day?

An. I, my Lord.

tamb. Bring him forth, & let vs know if the towne
be ransackt.

wln 2108

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumeasan & others.

wln 2109

wln 2110

wln 2111

wln 2112

wln 2113

wln 2114

wln 2115

wln 2116

wln 2117

wln 2118

wln 2119

wln 2120

wln 2121

wln 2122

tech The town is ours my Lord, and fresh supply
Of conquest, and of spoile is offered vs:

tam. Thats wel *techelles*, what's the newes?

tech. The Souldan and the Arabian king together
Martch 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 Turke.

ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerend Souldans life,
For faire *Zenocrate*, that so laments his state.

tamb. That will we chiefly see vnto, *theridamas*.
For sweet *zenocrate*, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery hart:

And

img: 37-b
sig: E5r

wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140
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wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154

the Scythian Shepherd.

And now my footstoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Here let him stay my maysters from the tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field.
Pray for vs *Baiazeth*, we are going.

Exeunt.

Bai. Go, neuer to returne with victorie:
Millions of men encompass thee about.
And gore thy body with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke *Cocitus* lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their firebrands,
Enforce thee run vpon the banefull pikes.
Uolleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed Skin.
And euery bullet dipt in poisoned drugs,
Or roaring Cannons seuer all thy ioints.
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare.

zab. Let all the swords and Lances in the field,
Stick in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery pore let blood comme dropping foorth.
That lingring paines may massacre his heart.
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.

Bai. Ah faire *zabina*, we may curse his power,
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a Star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermands the Gods.
More than Cymerian *Stix* or *Distinie*:
And then shall we in this detested guyse,
With shame, with hungar, and with horror aie
Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughtes,
And haue no hope to end our extasies.

zab. Then is there left no *Mahomet*, no God,
No Feend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end?

To

wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

To our infamous monstrous slaueries:
Gape earth, and let the Feends infernall view,
As hell, as hoplesse and as full of feare
As are the blasted banks of *Erebus*:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling grones,
Houer about the vgly Ferriman, to get a passage to *E-*
why should we liue, O wretches, beggars slaues (*lisiã*)
Why liue we *Baiazeth*, and build vp neasts,
So high within the region of the aire,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorne.
The former triumphes of our mightines,
In this obscure infernall seritude?
Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thoughts,
Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils the nookes of Hell with standing aire,
Infecting all the Ghosts with curelesse griefs:
O dreary Engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,
Thrust vnder yoke and thraldom of a thiefe.
Why feed ye still on daies accursed beams,
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soule.
You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
Brought vp and propped by the hand of fame,
Queen of fiteene contributory Queens,
Now throwen to roomes of blacke abiectiõ,
Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
And Uillanesse to shame, disdaine, and misery:
Accursed *Baiazeth*, whose words of ruth,
That would with pity chear *zabinas* heart:
And make our soules resolue in ceasles teares,
Sharp hunger bites vpon and gripes the root:

From

wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

the Scythian Shepherd.

From whence the issues of my thoughts doe breake,
O poore *zabina*, O my Queen, my Queen,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequel of my life,
I may poure forth my soule into thine armes,
With words of loue: whose moaning entercourse
Hath hetherto bin staid, with wrath and hate
Of our expreslesse band inflictions inflictions:
zab. Sweet *Baiazeth*, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or sparke of breath
Can quench or coole the torments of my grieffe.

She goes out:

Bai. Now *Baiazeth*, abridge thy banefull daies,
And beat thy braines out of thy conquer'd head:
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest Lamp of euerliuing *Ioue*,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endles night,
And shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens,
Let vgly darknesse with her rusty coach
Engyrt with tempests wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes:
And let her horses from their nostrels breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadfull thunderclaps:
That in this terrour *tamburlaine* may liue.
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ay ay,
May styl excruciat his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stony dart of sencelesse colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He brains himself against the cage.

Zab

[◇◇◇◇]

wln 2220

Enter Zabina.

wln 2221

zab. What do mine eies behold, my husband dead?

wln 2222

His Skul al riuin in twain, his braines dasht out?

wln 2223

The braines of *Baiazeth*, my Lord and Soueraigne?

wln 2224

O *Baiazeth*, my husband and my Lord,

wln 2225

O *Baiazet*, O Turk, O Emperor, giue him his liquor

wln 2226

Not I, bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him

wln 2227

again, teare me in peeces, giue me the sworde with a

wln 2228

ball of wildefire vpon it. Downe with him, downe with

wln 2229

him. Goe to my child, away, away, away. Ah, saue that

wln 2230

Infant, saue him, saue him. I, euen I speake to her, the

wln 2231

Sun was downe. Streamers white. Red, Blacke, here

wln 2232

here, here. Fling the meat in his face. *Tamburlaine*,

wln 2233

tamburlaine, Let the souldiers be buried. Hel, death,

wln 2234

tamburlain, Hell, make ready my Coch, my chaire, my

wln 2235

iewels, I come, I come, I come.

wln 2236

She runs against the Cage and braines her selfe

wln 2237

Zenocrate wyth Anippe,

wln 2238

Wretched *Zenocrate*, that liuest to see,

wln 2239

Damascus walles di'd with Egytian blood.

wln 2240

Thy Fathers subiects and thy countrimen:

wln 2241

Thy streetes strowed with disseuered iointes of men,

wln 2242

And wounded bodies gasping yet for life.

wln 2243

But most accurst, to see the Sun=bright troope

wln 2244

Of heauenly vyrgins and vnspotted maides,

wln 2245

Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,

wln 2246

To breake his sword, and mildly treat of loue,

wln 2247

On horsmens Lances to be hoisted vp,

wln 2248

And guiltlesly endure a cruell death.

wln 2249

For euery fell and stout Tartarian Stead,

That

the Scythian Shepherd.

wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281

That stamp on others with their thundring hooues
When al their riders chardg'd their quiuering speares
Began to checke the ground, and rain themselues:
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah *Tamburlaine*, wert thou the cause of this
That tearm'st *Zenocrate* thy dearest loue?
Whose liues were dearer to *Zenocrate*
Than her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue.
But see another bloody spectacle.
Ah wretched eies, the enemies of my hart,
How are ye glutted with these grieuous obiects,
And tell my soule mor tales of bleeding ruth?
See, se *Anippe* if they breathe or no.

Anip. No breath nor sence, nor motion in them both
Ah Madam, this their slauery hath Enforc'd,
And ruthlesse cruelty of *Tamburlaine*.

Zen. Earth cast vp fountaines from thy entralles,
And wet thy cheeks for their vntimely deathes:
Shake with their waight in signe of feare & grieffe:
Blush heauen, that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.
Those that are proud of fickle Empery,
And place their chieffest good in earthly pompe:
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.
Ah *tamburlaine*, my loue, sweet *tamburlaine*,
That fights for Scepters and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy stars,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
And yet wouldst shun the wauering turnes of war,
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse.

Ah

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313

Ah myghty *Ioue* and holy *Mahomet*,
Pardon my *Loue*, oh pardon his contempt,
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pitie,
And let not conquest ruthlesly pursewde
Be equally against his life incenst,
In this great Turk and haplesse Emperesse.
And pardon me that was not moou'd with ruthe,
To see them liue so long in misery:
Ah what may chance to thee *zenocrate*?

Anip, Madam content your self and be resolu'd,
Your *Loue* hath fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turne her wheele no more,
As long as life maintaines his mighty arme,
That fights for honor to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heauie news now brings *Philemus*?

Phi. Madam, your father and th' *Arabian* king,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as *Turnus* gainst *Eneas* did.
Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battaile gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duty, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorrowes to my martyred soule:
Whom should I wish the fatall victory,
When my poore pleasures are deuided thus,
And rackt by dutie from my cursed heart:
My father and my first betrothed loue,
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherin the change I vse condemns my faith,
And makes my deeds infamous through the world.
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toile,
Preuented *Turnus* of *Lauinia*.

And

wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322

the Scythian Shepherd.

And fatally enrich *Eneas* loue.
So for a finall Issue to my griefes,
To pacifie my countrie and my loue,
Must *Tamburlaine* by their resistlesse powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honor to my hope,
Then as the powers deuine haue preordainde,
With happy safty of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire *Arabia*.

wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344

They sound to the battaile.

*And Tamburlaine enioyes the victory, after Arabia
enters wounded.*

Ar. What cursed power guides the murthering hands,
Of this infamous Tyrants souldiers.
That no escape may saue their enemies:
Nor fortune keep them selues from victory.
Lye down *Arabia*, wounded to the death,
And let *Zenocrates* faire eies beholde
That as for her thou bearst these wretched armes.
Euen so for her thou diest in these armes:
Leauing thy blood for witnessse of thy loue.
zen. Too deare a witnessse for such loue my Lord,
Behold *Zenocrate*, the cursed obiect
Whose Fortunes neuer mastered her griefs:
Behold her wounded in conceit for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.
Ar. Then shal I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld deuine *Zenocrate*,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not bin wounded as I am.

wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

Ah that the deadly panges I suffer now,
Would lend an howers license to my tongue:
To make discourse of some sweet accidents
Haue chanc'd thy merits in this worthles bondage.
And that I might be priuy to the state,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue 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 eies.

wln 2356
wln 2357

*Enter Tamburlain leading the Souldane, Techel-
les, Theridamas, Vsumeasane, with others.*

wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374

Tam. Come happy Father of *Zenocrate*,
A title higher than thy Souldans name:
Though my right hand haue thus enthralled thee
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free.
She that hath calmde the furie of my sword.
Which had ere this bin bathde in streames of blood,
As vast and deep as *Euphrates* or *Nile*.
Zen: O sight thrice welcome to my ioiful soule.
To see the king my Father issue safe,
From dangerous battel of my conquering Loue.
Soldan Wel met my only deare *Zenocrate*,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my Crown.
tam. Twas I my lord that gat the victory,
And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrow.
Since I shall render all into your hands.
And ad more strength to your dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd th'Egyptian Crown.

The

img: 41-b
sig: F1r

wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406

the Scythian Shepherd.

The God of war resignes his rounge to me,
Meaning to make me Generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne,
Where ere I come the fatall sisters sweat,
And griesly death by running to and fro,
To doo their ceasles homag to my sword:
And here in Affrick where it seldom raines,
Since I arriu'd with my triumphat hoste,
Haue swelling cloudes drawn from wide gasping
(woundes.
Bene oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers,
A meteor that might terrify the earth,
And make it quake at euey drop it drinks:
Millions of soules sit on the bankes of *Styx*,
Waiting the back returne of *Charons* boat,
Hell and *Elisian* swarme with ghosts of men,
That I haue sent from sundry foughten fields.
To spread my fame through hell and vp to heauen:
And see my Lord, a sight of strange import,
Emperours and kings lie breathlesse at my feet,
The Turk and his great Emperesse as it seems,
Left to themselues while we were at the fight.
Haue desperatly dispatcht their slauish liues:
With them *Arabia* too hath left his life,
Al sights of power to grace my victory:
And such are objects fit for *Tamburlaine*.
Wherein as in a mirrou may be seene,
His honor, that consists in sheading blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.
Soldan Mighty hath God & *Mahomet* made thy hand
(Renowmed *tamburlain*) to whom all kings

The Conquests of Tamburlaine,

wln 2407 Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
wln 2408 And I am pleasde with this my ouerthrow:
wln 2409 If as beseemes a person of thy state,
wln 2410 Thou hast with honor vsde *Zenocrate*.
wln 2411 *tamb.* Her state and person wants no pomp you see,
wln 2412 And for all blot of foule in chastity,
wln 2413 I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleare:
wln 2414 Then let me find no further time to grace
wln 2415 Her princely Temples with the Persean crowne:
wln 2416 But here these kings that on my fortunes wait:
wln 2417 And haue bene crown'd for prooued worthynesse,
wln 2418 Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
wln 2419 Shal now, adioining al their hands with mine,
wln 2420 Inuest her here my Queene of *Persea*,
wln 2421 What saith the noble Souldane and *Zenocrate*?
wln 2422 *Soldan* I yeeld with thanks and protestations
wln 2423 Of endlesse honor to thee for her loue.
wln 2424 *Tamb.* Then doubt I not but faire *Zenocrate*
wln 2425 Will soone consent to satisfy vs both.
wln 2426 *Zen.* Els should I much forget my self, my Lord,
wln 2427 *Ther.* Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
wln 2428 That long hath lingred for so high a seat.
wln 2429 *Tech.* My hand is ready to performe the deed,
wln 2430 For now her mariage time shall worke vs rest:
wln 2431 *Vsum.* And her's the crown my Lord, help set it on
wln 2432 *Tam.* Then sit thou downe diuine *Zenocrate*,
wln 2433 And here we crowne thee Queene of *Persea*,
wln 2434 And all the kingdomes and dominions
wln 2435 That late the power of *Tamburlaine* subdewed:
wln 2436 As Iuno, when the Giants were supprest,
wln 2437 That darted mountaines at her brother *Ioue*:
wln 2438 So lookes my Loue, shadowing in her browes

Triumphes

img: 42-b
sig: F2r

wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460

the Scythian Shepheard.

Triumphes and Trophees for my victories:
Or as *Latonas* daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering mind,
To gratify the sweet *zenocrate*,
Egyptians, Moores and men of Asia,
From *Barbary* vnto the Westerne *Indie*,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy Syre.
And from the boundes of *Affrick* to the banks
Of *Ganges*, shall his mighty arme extend.
And now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchac'd kingdomes by your matiall deeds,
Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes.
Mount vp your royall places of estate,
Enuironed with troopes of noble men,
And there make lawes to rule your prouinces:
Hang vp your weapons on *Alcides* poste,
For *Tamburlaine* takes truce with al the world.
Thy first betrothed, Loue *Arabia*,
Shall we with honor (as beseemes) entombe,
With this great Turke and his faire Emperesse:
Then after all these solemne Exequies,
We wil our celebrated rites of mariage solemnize.

wln 2461
wln 2462

*Finis Actus quinti & vltimi huius
primae partis.*