

# THE PLAYS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

~ Volume 1 ~



# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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## THE COMPLETE PLAYS

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (b. 1564) was the eldest son of Canterbury shoemaker John Marlowe, and his wife, Katherine. He was elected to the King's School Canterbury at the age of fourteen, and within two years had secured a scholarship which took him to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he was supposedly destined for a career in the Anglican Church. He successfully completed his BA examinations in 1584, and continued his studies as a candidate for the MA. During this period his absences from Cambridge stirred rumours that he was about to flee to the Catholic seminary at Rheims in France. In 1587 the Privy Council took the unusual step of persuading the University authorities to grant Marlowe his MA since he had been employed 'in matters touching the benefit of his country'; this has fuelled speculation that he was working as a government agent.

Marlowe probably began his writing career at Cambridge, composing translations of Ovid's *Amores*, and Lucan's *Pharsalia*, as well as producing *Dido, Queen of Carthage* for the Children of the Chapel in 1586 (possibly co-written with Thomas Nashe). In 1587–8 he acquired his reputation as one of the leading new talents on the London stage with *Tamburlaine the Great*. His finest play, *Doctor Faustus*, was written in 1588–9, and was followed by *The Jew of Malta* (c. 1590), *Edward the Second* and *The Massacre at Paris* (both c. 1592). The erotic epyllion *Hero and Leander* was probably written in 1592–3 when the plague forced the theatres to close.

Throughout this period, Marlowe was frequently in trouble with the authorities, though for his actions and not his play-writing. He and the poet Thomas Watson were briefly imprisoned in September 1589 for their involvement in the death of William Bradley; in 1592 Marlowe was deported from Flushing, Holland, having been implicated in a

counterfeiting scheme. He acquired a dangerous reputation as an atheist, and the following year he was summoned to appear before the Privy Council on charges of blasphemy, arising from evidence provided by Thomas Kyd, the author of the hugely popular play *The Spanish Tragedy*. Several days later, on 30 May 1593, Christopher Marlowe was fatally stabbed in Deptford.

# **CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE**

The Complete Plays

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## Chronology

- 1564 26 *February*: Christopher, son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, and his wife Katherine, baptized at St George the Martyr, Canterbury.
- 1579 Awarded scholarship at the King's School Canterbury (where he had perhaps received his earlier education).
- 1580 *December*: Earliest recorded residence at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.
- 1581–7 Parker Scholar at Corpus Christi.
- 1584 Petitions for BA degree.
- 1585–6 Some absences from Cambridge.
- 1586? *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, perhaps co-written with Thomas Nashe.
- 1587 *July*: MA, after certification from the Privy Council that rumours that Marlowe intended to leave England for Rheims, home of an English Catholic seminary, were untrue, and that he had done the queen 'good service'.
- 1587–8 *Tamburlaine the Great* Parts One and Two performed in London.
- 1588? At work on translations of Ovid's *Amores*, published as *All Ovid's Elegies*, and of Book One of Lucan's epic *Pharsalia (De Bello Civile)*, published as *Lucan's First Book*.
- 1588–9 Earlier possible date of composition of *Doctor Faustus*.
- 1589 18 *September*: Imprisoned in Newgate on suspicion of murder after William Bradley, a little-known figure with a history of violence, is killed in a fight with Marlowe and his friend the poet Thomas Watson.
- 3 *December*: Appears before justices and is discharged.
- 1590 Perhaps acting as a courier in France.
- ?Writes *The Jew of Malta*.

1591 Shares lodgings with the dramatist Thomas Kyd.

1592 26 *January*: Deported from Flushing, Holland, after Richard Baines, convert from Catholicism and intelligence agent, implicates him in a counterfeiting scheme.

9 *May*: Bound over to keep the peace after a brawl with constables in Shoreditch.

?Writes *Edward the Second* and *The Massacre at Paris*.

1592–3 Theatres closed because of plague. Possible composition of erotic narrative poem *Hero and Leander*. Later possible date of composition of *Doctor Faustus*.

1593 18 *May*: Privy Council issues warrant for his arrest, at the house of Thomas Walsingham, Marlowe's patron, in Kent or elsewhere, after Kyd claims that supposedly heretical papers found in his rooms belong to Marlowe.

20 *May*: Answers warrant and appears before Privy Council.

30 *May*: Murdered allegedly in self-defence by Ingram Frizer, a Jewish servant of Walsingham, in Deptford.

1 *June*: Buried at St Nicholas church, Deptford.

?2 *June*: Baines accuses Marlowe of numerous blasphemies.

28 *June*: Frizer pardoned.



# DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE

## [Dramatis Personae

JUPITER

GANYMEDE

MERCURY, *Or* HERMES

VENUS

AENEAS

ASCANIUS, *Aeneas's son*

ACHATES

ILIONEUS

CLOANTHUS

SERGESTUS

IARBAS, *King of Gaetulia*

DIDO

ANNA, *her sister*

CUPID

JUNO

A LORD

NURSE

ATTENDANTS]

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

*Here the curtains drawn; there is discovered  
JUPITER dandling GANYMEDE upon his knee, and MERCURY  
lying asleep.*

JUPITER

Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me:  
I love thee well, say Juno what she will.

GANYMEDE

I am much better for your worthless love  
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows!  
Today, whenas I filled into your cups  
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,  
She reached me such a rap for that I spilled  
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

JUPITER

What? Dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?  
10 By Saturn's soul and this earth-threat'ning hair,  
That, shaken thrice, makes nature's buildings quake,  
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,  
To hang her meteor-like 'twixt heaven and earth  
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,  
As once I did for harming Hercules!

GANYMEDE

Might I but see that pretty sport a-foot,  
O, how would I with Helen's brother laugh,  
And bring the gods to wonder at the game!  
Sweet Jupiter, if e'er I pleased thine eye,  
20 Or seemèd fair, walled-in with eagle's wings,

Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,  
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

JUPITER

What is't, sweet wag, I should deny thy youth,  
Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes  
As I, exhaled with thy fire-darting beams,  
Have oft driven back the horses of the night,  
Whenas they would have haled thee from my sight?  
Sit on my knee and call for thy content,  
Control proud fate and cut the thread of time.

- 30 Why, are not all the gods at thy command,  
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?  
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,  
And my nine daughters sing when thou art sad;  
From Juno's bird I'll pluck her spotted pride  
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face;  
And Venus' swans shall shed their silver down  
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed;  
Hermes no more shall show the world his wings,  
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,

- 40 But, as this one, I'll tear them all from him,

*[Plucks feather]*

Do thou but say, 'their colour pleaseth me'.  
Hold here, my little love! *[Gives jewels.]* These linkèd gems  
My Juno wore upon her marriage-day,  
Put thou about thy neck, my own sweet heart,  
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

GANYMEDE

I would have a jewel for mine ear,  
And a fine brooch to put in my hat,  
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.

JUPITER

And shall have, Ganymede, if thou wilt be my love.

*Enter VENUS.*

VENUS

- 50     Ay, this is it! You can sit toying there  
          And playing with that female wanton boy  
          Whiles my Aeneas wanders on the seas  
          And rests a prey to every billow's pride.  
          Juno, false Juno, in her chariot's pomp,  
          Drawn through the heavens by steeds of Boreas' brood,  
          Made Hebe to direct her airy wheels  
          Into the windy country of the clouds,  
          Where, finding Aeolus entrenched with storms  
          And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
- 60     She humbly did beseech him for our bane,  
          And charged him drown my son with all his train.  
          Then gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,  
          And all Aeolia to be up in arms;  
          Poor Troy must now be sacked upon the sea,  
          And Neptune's waves be envious men of war;  
          Epeus' horse, to Etna's hill transformed,  
          Prepared stands to wrack their wooden walls,  
          And Aeolus, like Agamemnon, sounds  
          The surges, his fierce soldiers, to the spoil.
- 70     See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,  
          And intercepts the day as Dolon erst!  
          Ay me! The stars, surprised, like Rhesus' steeds  
          Are drawn by darkness forth Astraeus' tents.  
          What shall I do to save thee, my sweet boy,  
          Whenas the waves do threat our crystal world,  
          And Proteus, raising hills of floods on high,  
          Intends ere long to sport him in the sky?  
          False Jupiter, reward'st thou virtue so?  
          What? Is not piety exempt from woe?
- 80     Then die, Aeneas, in thine innocence,  
          Since that religion hath no recompense.

JUPITER

Content thee, Cytherea, in thy care,

Since thy Aeneas' wand'ring fate is firm,  
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose  
In those [fair walls I](#) promised him of yore.  
But first [in blood must](#) his good fortune bud  
Before he be the lord of [Turnus' town](#),  
Or force [her smile](#) that hitherto hath frowned.  
Three winters shall he with the Rutiles war,

- 90 And in the end subdue them with his sword,  
And full three summers likewise shall he waste  
In managing those fierce barbarian minds;  
Which once performed, poor Troy, so long suppressed,  
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,  
And flourish once again that erst was dead.  
But [bright Ascanius, beauty](#)'s better work,  
Who with the sun divides one radiant shape,  
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers  
That earth-born Atlas groaning underprops;
- 100 No bounds but heaven shall bound his empery,  
Whose azured gates, enchased with his name,  
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise  
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.  
Thus in stout [Hector's race three](#) hundred years  
The Roman sceptre royal shall remain,  
Till that a [princess-priest, conceived](#) by Mars,  
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,  
Who will [eternise Troy](#) in their attempts.

VENUS

- How may I credit these thy flattering terms,  
110 When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,  
And [Phoebus, as](#) in Stygian pools, refrains  
To [taint his tresses in](#) the Tyrrhene main?

JUPITER

I will take order for that presently.  
Hermes, awake, and haste to Neptune's realm;  
[Whereas the wind-god, warring](#) now with fate,

Besiege the [offspring of](#) our kingly loins,  
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers  
And fetter them in Vulcan's sturdy brass,  
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.

[Exit MERCURY.]

- 120 Venus, farewell, thy son shall be our care.  
Come, Ganymede, we must about this gear.

*Exeunt JUPITER with  
GANYMEDE.*

VENUS

Disquiet seas, lay down your swelling looks,  
And court Aeneas with your calmy cheer,  
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,  
Had not the heavens, [conceived with hell](#)-born clouds,  
Veiled his resplendent glory from your view.  
For my sake pity him, Oceanus,  
That erstwhile [issued from thy](#) wat'ry loins,  
And had my being from thy bubbling froth.

- 130 [Triton, I](#) know, hath filled his trump with Troy,  
And therefore will take pity on his toil,  
And call both [Thetis and](#) Cymodoce  
To succour him in this extremity.

*Enter AENEAS with ASCANIUS [and ACHATES], with one or two  
more.*

What, do I see my son now come on shore?  
Venus, how art thou compassed with content,  
The while thine eyes attract their sought-for joys!  
Great Jupiter, still honoured mayst thou be  
For this so friendly aid in time of need!  
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,

- 140 Whiles my Aeneas spends himself in plaints,  
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

[VENUS *stands aside.*]

AENEAS

You sons of care, companions of my course,  
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,  
And Helen's rape doth haunt ye at the heels.  
How many dangers have we overpassed!  
Both [barking Scylla and](#) the sounding rocks,  
The [Cyclops' shelves and](#) grim Ceraunia's seat  
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive!  
Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,  
And changing heavens may those good days return

150 Which [Pergama did vaunt in](#) all her pride.

ACHATES

Brave Prince of Troy, thou only art our god,  
That by thy [virtues free](#)'st us from annoy,  
And makes our hopes survive to [coming joys](#).  
Do thou but smile and cloudy heaven will clear,  
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows.  
Though we be now in extreme misery  
And [rest the map of](#) weather-beaten woe,  
Yet shall the aged sun shed forth his [hair](#)

160 To make us live unto our former heat,  
And every beast the forest doth send forth  
Bequeath her young ones to our scant food.

ASCANIUS

Father, I faint. Good father, give me meat.

AENEAS

Alas, sweet boy, thou must be still a while  
Till we have fire to dress the meat we killed.  
Gentle Achates, reach the tinder-box,  
That we may make a fire to warm us with  
And roast our new-found victuals on this shore.

[AENEAS *kindles a flame.*]

VENUS[*aside*]

[See what](#) strange arts necessity finds out!

170 [How near, my](#) sweet Aeneas, art thou driven!

AENEAS

Hold, take this candle and go light a fire;  
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs enow  
Near to these woods to roast your meat withal.  
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenchèd limbs,  
Whiles I with my Achates rove abroad  
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,  
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

[*Exeunt* ASCANIUS  
and others.]

ACHATES

The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit  
For cities and [society's supports](#);

180 Yet much I marvel that I cannot find  
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

VENUS [*aside*]

Now is the time for me to play my part.  
[*To them*] Ho, young men, saw you, as you came,  
Any of all my sisters wand'ring here,  
Having a quiver girded to her side  
And clothèd in a spotted leopard's skin?

AENEAS

I neither saw nor heard of any such.  
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,  
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,

190 Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?  
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes  
And shrouds thy beauty in this borrowed shape.  
But whether thou [the sun's bright sister be](#),  
Or one of chaste Diana's fellow nymphs,  
Live happy in the height of all content  
And [lighten our extremes with](#) this one boon,  
As to instruct us under what good heaven



We breathe as now, and what this world is called  
On which by tempests' fury we are cast.

- 200 Tell us, O tell us, that are ignorant,  
And this right hand shall make thy altars crack  
With mountain-heaps of [milk-white sacrifice](#).

VENUS

Such honour, stranger, do I not [affect](#).  
It is the use for [Tyrian maids](#) to wear  
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort  
And [suit themselves](#) in purple [for the nonce](#),  
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawns  
And overtake the tuskèd boar in chase.  
But for the land whereof thou dost enquire,

- 210 It is the [Punic kingdom, rich](#) and strong,  
Adjoining on Agenor's stately town,  
The kingly seat of southern Libya,  
Whereas [Sidonian Dido](#) rules as queen.  
But what are you that ask of me these things?  
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?

AENEAS

Of Troy am I, Aeneas is my name,  
Who, driven by war from forth my native world,  
Put sails to sea to seek out Italy,  
And my divine descent from sceptred Jove.

- 220 With twice twelve [Phrygian ships](#) I ploughed the deep,  
And made that way my mother Venus led;  
But of them all, scarce seven do anchor safe,  
And they so wracked and weltered by the waves  
As every tide [tilts](#) 'twixt their oaken sides;  
And all of them, unburdened of their load,  
Are ballasted with billows' wat'ry weight.  
But hapless I, God wot, poor and unknown,  
Do trace these Libyan deserts all despised,  
Exiled forth Europe and wide Asia both,  
230 And have not any coverture but heaven.

VENUS

Fortune hath favoured thee, whate'er thou be,  
In sending thee unto this courteous coast.  
A' God's name on, and haste thee to the court  
Where Dido will receive ye with her smiles;  
And for thy ships, which thou supposest lost,  
Not one of them hath perished in the storm,  
But are arrivèd safe not far from hence.  
And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,  
Wishing good luck unto thy wand'ring steps.

*Exit.*

AENEAS

240 Achates, 'tis my mother that is fled,  
I know her by the movings of her feet.  
Stay, gentle Venus, fly not from thy son!  
Too cruel, why wilt thou forsake me thus?  
Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eyes so oft?  
Why talk we not together hand in hand,  
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms?  
But thou art gone and leav'st me here alone,  
To dull the air with my discursive moan.

*Exeunt.*

## *Scene 2*

*Enter* ILIONEUS *and* CLOANTHUS [*with* SERGESTUS *and*  
IARBAS].

ILIONEUS

Follow, ye Trojans, follow this brave lord,  
And plain to him the sum of your distress.

IARBAS

Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?

ILIONEUS

Wretches of Troy, envièd of the winds,

That crave such favour at your honour's feet  
As poor distressed misery may plead;  
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,  
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,  
And spare our lives whom every spite pursues.

- 10 We come not, we, to wrong your Libyan gods,  
Or steal your [household lares from](#) their shrines;  
Our hands are not prepared to lawless spoil,  
Nor armèd to offend in any kind.  
Such force is far from our unweaponed thoughts,  
Whose fading [weal, of victory forsook](#),  
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.

IARBAS

But tell me, Trojans – Trojans if you be –  
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound  
Before that Boreas buckled with your sails?

CLOANTHUS

- 20 There is a place, Hesperia termed by us,  
An ancient empire, famousèd for arms,  
And [fertile in](#) fair Ceres' furrowed wealth,  
Which now we call Italia, [of his name](#)  
That in such peace long time did rule the same.  
[Thither made we](#)  
When suddenly gloomy [Orion rose](#)  
And led our ships into the shallow sands,  
Whereas the southern wind with [brackish breath](#),  
Dispersed them all amongst the wrackful rocks.
- 30 From thence a few of us escaped to land;  
The rest, we fear, are folded in the floods.

IARBAS

Brave men-at-arms, abandon fruitless fears  
Since Carthage [knows to](#) entertain distress.

SERGESTUS

Ay, but the [barbarous sort do](#) threat our ships,  
And will not let us lodge upon the sands:

In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,  
And from the [first earth interdict our feet.](#)

IARBAS

Myself will see they shall not trouble ye.

Your men and you shall banquet in our court,

40 And every Trojan be as welcome here

As Jupiter to silly [Baucis' house.](#)

Come in with me, I'll bring you to my queen,

Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.

SERGESTUS

Thanks, gentle lord, for such unlooked-for grace.

Might we but once more see Aeneas' face,

Then would we hope to quite such friendly turns

[As shall surpass the](#) wonder of our speech.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

*Enter AENEAS, ACHATES, and ASCANIUS [and others].*

AENEAS

Where am I now? These should be Carthage walls.

ACHATES

Why stands my sweet Aeneas thus amazed?

AENEAS

O my Achates, Theban Niobe,  
Who for her sons' death wept out life and breath,  
And, dry with grief, was turned into a stone,  
Had not such passions in her head as I.  
Methinks that town there should be Troy, yon Ida's hill,  
There Xanthus' stream, because here's Priamus,  
And when I know it is not, then I die.

ACHATES

10 And in this humour is Achates too.

I cannot choose but fall upon my knees  
And kiss his hand. O, where is Hecuba?  
Here she was wont to sit; but, saving air,  
Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?

AENEAS

O, yet this stone doth make Aeneas weep!  
And would my prayers, as Pygmalion's did,  
Could give it life, that under his conduct  
We might sail back to Troy and be revenged  
On these hard-hearted Grecians which rejoice

20 That nothing now is left of Priamus!

O, Priamus is left, and this is he!

Come, come aboard, pursue the hateful Greeks!

ACHATES

What means Aeneas?

AENEAS

Achates, though mine eyes say this is stone,  
Yet thinks my mind that this is Priamus;  
And when my grievèd heart sighs and says no,  
Then would it leap out to give Priam life.  
O were I not at all, so thou mightst be!  
Achates, see, King Priam wags his hand!

30 He is alive, Troy is not overcome!

ACHATES

Thy mind, Aeneas, that would have it so,  
Deludes thy eyesight. Priamus is dead.

AENEAS

Ah, Troy is sacked, and Priamus is dead,  
And why should poor Aeneas be alive?

ASCANIUS

Sweet father, leave to weep. This is not he,  
For, were it Priam, he would smile on me.

ACHATES

Aeneas, see, here come the citizens.  
Leave to lament, lest they laugh at our fears.

*Enter CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS [and others].*

AENEAS

Lords of this town, or whatsoever style  
40 Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth  
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,  
What kind of people and who governs them;  
For we are strangers driven on this shore,  
And scarcely know within what clime we are.

ILIONEUS

I hear Aeneas' voice but see him not,  
For none of these can be our general.

ACHATES

Like Ilioneus speaks this nobleman,  
But Ilioneus goes not in such robes.

SERGESTUS

You are Achates, or I deceived.

ACHATES

50 Aeneas, see, Sergestus or his ghost!

ILIONEUS

He [names Aeneas](#), let us kiss his feet.

CLOANTHUS

It is our captain! See, Ascanius!

SERGESTUS

Live long Aeneas and Ascanius!

AENEAS

Achates, speak, for I am overjoyed.

ACHATES

O Ilioneus, art thou yet alive?

ILIONEUS

Blest be the time I see Achates' face!

CLOANTHUS

Why turns Aeneas from his trusty friends?

AENEAS

Sergestus, Ilioneus and the rest,  
Your sight amazed me. O, what destinies

60 Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?  
O tell me, for I long to be resolved!

ILIONEUS

Lovely Aeneas, these are Carthage walls,  
And here Queen Dido wears th'imperial crown,  
Who for Troy's sake hath entertained us all  
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.  
Oft hath she asked us under whom we served,  
And when we told her, she would weep for grief,  
Thinking the sea had swallowed up thy ships;

And now she sees thee, how will she rejoice!

SERGESTUS

- 70 See where her servitors pass through the hall  
Bearing a banquet. Dido is not far.

ILIONEUS

Look where she comes. Aeneas, view her well.

AENEAS

Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

*Enter DIDO [with ANNA and IARBAS] and her train.*

DIDO

What stranger art thou that dost eye me thus?

AENEAS

Sometime I was a Trojan, mighty queen,  
But Troy is not. What shall I say I am?

ILIONEUS

Renownèd Dido, 'tis our general,  
Warlike Aeneas.

DIDO

Warlike Aeneas, and in these [base robes?](#)

- 80 Go fetch the garment which Sichaeus ware.  
Brave Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,  
Both happy that Aeneas is our guest.  
Sit in this chair and banquet with a queen;  
Aeneas is Aeneas, were he clad  
In weeds as bad as ever Irus ware.

AENEAS

This is no seat for one that's comfortless.  
May it please your grace to let Aeneas [wait](#):  
For though my birth be great, my fortune's mean,  
Too mean to be companion to a queen.

DIDO

- 90 Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth.  
Sit down, Aeneas, sit in Dido's place,  
And if this be thy son, as I suppose,



Here let him sit. Be merry, lovely child.

AENEAS

This place beseems me not. O pardon me!

DIDO

I'll have it so. Aeneas, be content.

ASCANIUS

Madam, you shall be my mother.

DIDO

And so I will, sweet child. [*To AENEAS*] Be merry, man;  
Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

*[She raises a toast.]*

AENEAS

In all humility I thank [your grace](#).

DIDO

100 Remember who thou art. Speak like thyself;  
Humility belongs to common grooms.

AENEAS

And who so miserable as Aeneas is?

DIDO

Lies it in Dido's hands to make thee blest,  
Then be assured thou art not miserable.

AENEAS

O Priamus! O Troy! O Hecuba!

DIDO

May I entreat thee to discourse at large,  
And truly too, how Troy was overcome?  
For many tales go of that city's fall,  
And scarcely do agree upon one point.

110 Some say [Antenor did](#) betray the town,  
Others report 'twas Sinon's perjury;  
But all in this, that Troy is overcome,  
And Priam dead. Yet how, we hear no news.

AENEAS

[A woeful tale bids](#) Dido to unfold,

Whose memory, like pale death's [stony mace](#),  
Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,  
And makes Aeneas sink at Dido's feet.

DIDO

What, faints Aeneas to remember Troy,  
In whose defence he fought so valiantly?

120 Look up and speak.

AENEAS

Then speak, Aeneas, with [Achilles' tongue](#),  
And, Dido, and you Carthaginian peers,  
Hear me, but yet with Myrmidons' harsh ears,  
Daily inured to broils and massacres,  
Lest you be moved too much with my sad tale.  
The Grecian soldiers, tired with ten years' war,  
Began to cry, 'Let us unto our ships,  
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?'

With whose outcries [Atrides being](#) appalled,

130 Summoned the captains to his princely tent,  
Who, looking on the scars we Trojans gave,  
Seeing the number of their men decreased,  
And the remainder weak and out of heart,  
[Gave up their voices to](#) dislodge the camp,  
And so in troops all marched to [Tenedos](#);  
Where when they came, Ulysses on the sand  
Assayed with honey words to turn them back;  
And as he spoke to further his intent,  
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,

140 And heaven was darkened with tempestuous clouds.  
Then he alleged the gods would have them stay,  
And prophesied Troy should be overcome;  
And therewithal he called false Sinon forth,  
A man compact of craft and perjury,  
Whose ticing tongue was made of [Hermes' pipe](#),  
To force a hundred watchful eyes to sleep;  
And [him, Epeus](#) having made the horse,

With sacrificing wreaths upon [his head](#),  
 Ulysses sent to our unhappy town,  
 150 Who, grovelling in the mire of Xanthus' banks,  
 His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes  
 Turned up to heaven, as one resolved to die,  
 Our Phrygian shepherds haled within the gates  
 And brought unto the court of Priamus,  
 To whom he used action so pitiful,  
 Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,  
 As therewithal the old man overcome,  
 Kissed him, embraced him, and unloosed his bands,  
 And then – O Dido, pardon me!

DIDO

160 Nay, leave not here, resolve me of the rest.

AENEAS

O, th'enchanting words of that base slave  
 Made him to think Epeus' pine-tree horse  
 A sacrifice t'appease Minerva's wrath;  
 The rather, for that one Laocoön,  
 Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,  
 Was with two wingèd serpents stung to death.  
 Whereat aghast, we were commanded straight  
 With reverence to draw it into Troy;  
 In which unhappy work was I employed:  
 170 These hands did help to hale it to the gates,  
 Through which it could not enter, 'twas so huge.  
 O, had it never entered, Troy had stood!  
 But Priamus, impatient of delay,  
 Enforced a wide breach in that rampired wall,  
 Which thousand battering-rams could never pierce,  
 And so came in this fatal instrument,  
 At whose accursed feet, as overjoyed,  
 We banqueted, till, overcome with wine,  
 Some surfeited, and others soundly slept.  
 180 Which Sinon viewing, caused the Greekish spies

To haste to Tenedos and tell the camp;  
 Then he unlocked the horse, and suddenly  
 From out his entrails Neoptolemus,  
 Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,  
 And after him a thousand Grecians more,  
 In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire  
 That after burnt the [pride of Asia](#).  
 By this, the [camp was](#) come unto the walls,  
 And through the breach did march into the streets,  
 190 Where, meeting with the rest, 'Kill, kill!' they cried.  
 Frighted with this confused noise, I rose,  
 And looking from a turret might behold  
[Young infants swimming](#) in their parents' blood,  
 Headless carcasses piled up in heaps,  
 Virgins half-dead, dragged by their golden hair  
 And with main force flung on a ring of pikes,  
 Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,  
 Kneeling for mercy to [a Greekish lad](#),  
 Who with steel pole-axes dashed out their brains.  
 200 Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,  
 And thinking to go down, came Hector's ghost,  
 With ashy visage, bluish sulphur eyes,  
 His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast  
 Furrowed with wounds, and – that which made me weep –  
 Thongs at his heels, by which Achilles' horse  
 Drew him in triumph through the Greekish camp,  
 Burst from the earth, crying, 'Aeneas, fly!  
 Troy is a-fire, the Grecians have the town!'

DIDO

O Hector, who weeps not to hear thy name?

AENEAS

210 Yet flung I forth and, desperate of my life,  
 Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword  
 Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.  
 At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,

His harness dropping blood, and on his spear  
The mangled head of [Priam's youngest son](#),  
And after him his band of Myrmidons,  
With [balls of wildfire in](#) their murdering paws,  
Which made the funeral flame that burnt fair Troy;  
All which hemmed me about, crying, 'This is he!'

DIDO

220 Ah, how could poor Aeneas 'scape their hands?

AENEAS

My mother, Venus, [jealous of my](#) health,  
Conveyed me from their [crooked nets](#) and bands;  
So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath,  
Who then ran to the palace of the king,  
And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,  
About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,  
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both  
Beating their breasts and falling on the ground,  
He, with his falchion's point raised up at once,  
230 And with [Megaera's](#) eyes, stared in their face,  
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance.  
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:  
'Achilles' son, remember what I was:  
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain,  
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's [turned](#),  
King of this city, but my Troy is fired,  
And now am neither father, lord, nor king.  
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?  
O let me live, great Neoptolemus!'  
240 Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,  
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,  
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

DIDO

O end, Aeneas! I can hear no more.

AENEAS

At which [the frantic queen leaped](#) on his face,

- And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,  
A little while prolonged her husband's life.  
At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels  
And swung her howling in the empty air,  
Which sent an echo to the wounded king;
- 250 Whereat he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,  
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,  
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands:  
Which he disdaining whisked his sword about,  
And with the [wind thereof](#) the king fell down.  
Then from the navel to the throat at once  
He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp  
Jove's marble statue gan to bend the brow  
As loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.  
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag
- 260 And dipped it in the old king's chill cold blood,  
And then in triumph ran into the streets,  
Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;  
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,  
Viewing the fire wherewith rich [Ilium burnt](#).  
By this, I got my father on my back,  
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand  
Led fair Creusa, my beloved wife;  
When thou, Achates, with thy sword mad'st way,  
And we were round-environed with the Greeks.
- 270 O there I lost my wife, and had not we  
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale.  
Yet manhood would not serve; of force we fled,  
And as we went unto our ships, thou knowest  
We saw [Cassandra sprawling](#) in the streets,  
Whom Ajax ravished in [Diana's fane](#),  
Her cheeks swell'n with sighs, her hair all rent,  
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships.  
But suddenly the Grecians followed us,  
And I, alas, was forced to let her lie.

280 Then got we to our ships and, being aboard,  
[Polyxena cried](#) out, 'Aeneas, stay!  
The Greeks pursue me, stay and take me in!' Moved with her voice, I leapt into the sea,  
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard,  
For all our ships were launched into the deep,  
And as I swum, she, standing on the shore,  
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surprised  
And after by that Pyrrhus sacrificed.

DIDO

I die with melting ruth; Aeneas, [leave!](#)

ANNA

290 O, what became of agèd Hecuba?

IARBAS

How got Aeneas to the fleet again?

DIDO

But how 'scaped Helen, she that caused this war?

AENEAS

Achates, speak, sorrow hath tired me quite.

ACHATES

What happened to the queen we cannot show;  
We hear they led her captive into Greece.  
As for Aeneas, he swum quickly back,  
And Helena betrayed Deiphobus,  
Her lover after [Alexander died](#),  
And so was reconciled to Menelaus.

DIDO

300 O had that ticing strumpet ne'er been born!  
Trojan, thy ruthless tale hath made me sad.  
Come, let us think upon some pleasing sport,  
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

*Exeunt*  
[except ASCANIUS].

*Enter VENUS [with CUPID] at another door, and takes  
ASCANIUS by the sleeve.*

VENUS

Fair child, stay thou with Dido's waiting-maid,  
I'll give thee sugar-almonds, sweet conserves,  
A silver girdle and a golden purse,  
And this young prince shall be thy playfellow.

ASCANIUS

Are you Queen Dido's son?

CUPID

Ay, and my mother gave me this fine bow.

ASCANIUS

310 Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?

VENUS

Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,  
Will Dido give to sweet Ascanius.  
For Dido's sake I take thee in my arms  
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat;  
Eat comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.  
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove,  
Amongst green brakes, I'll lay Ascanius,  
And strew him with sweet-smelling violets,  
Blushing roses, purple hyacinth;

320 These milk-white doves shall be his sentinels,  
Who, if that any seek to do him hurt,  
Will quickly fly to [Cytherea's fist](#).  
Now, Cupid, turn thee to Ascanius' shape,  
And go to Dido, who, instead of him,  
Will set thee on her lap and play with thee;  
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,  
That she may dote upon Aeneas' love,  
And by that means repair his broken ships,  
Victual his soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,  
330 And he at last depart to Italy,



Or else in Carthage make his kingly throne.

CUPID

I will, fair mother, and so play my part  
As every touch shall wound Queen Dido's heart.

*[Exit.]*

VENUS

Sleep, my sweet [nephew](#), [in](#) these cooling shades,  
Free from the murmur of these running streams,  
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,  
Or whisking of these leaves. All shall be still,  
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep  
Till I return and take thee hence again.

*Exit.*

## ACT 3

### Scene 1

*Enter CUPID alone [disguised as ASCANIUS].*

CUPID

Now, Cupid, cause the Carthaginian queen  
To be enamoured of [thy brother's looks](#);  
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,  
Lest she imagine thou art Venus' son;  
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,  
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

*Enter IARBAS, ANNA and DIDO.*

IARBAS

How long, fair Dido, shall I pine for thee?  
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,  
But that I may enjoy what I desire:

10 That love is childish which consists in words.

DIDO

Iarbas, know that thou of all my wooers –  
And yet have I had many mightier kings –  
Hast had the greatest favours I could give.  
I fear me Dido hath been counted light  
In being too familiar with Iarbas,  
Albeit the gods do know no wanton thought  
Had ever residence in Dido's breast.

IARBAS

But Dido is the favour I request.

DIDO

Fear not, Iarbas, Dido may be thine.

ANNA

20     Look, sister, how Aeneas' little son  
        Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

CUPID  
        No, Dido will not take me in her arms,  
        I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

DIDO  
        Weep not, sweet boy, thou shalt be Dido's son.  
        Sit in my lap and let me hear thee sing.  
            [CUPID *sings*.]  
        No more, my child. Now talk another while,  
        And tell me where learn'dst thou this pretty song?

CUPID  
        My cousin Helen taught it me in Troy.

DIDO  
        How lovely is Ascanius when he smiles!

CUPID  
 30     Will Dido let me hang about her neck?

DIDO  
        Ay, wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.

CUPID  
        What will you give me? Now I'll have this fan.

DIDO  
        Take it, Ascanius, for thy father's sake.

IARBAS  
        Come, Dido, leave Ascanius! Let us walk!

DIDO  
        Go thou away, Ascanius shall stay.

IARBAS  
        Ungentle queen, is this thy love to me?

DIDO  
        O stay, Iarbas, and I'll go with thee.

CUPID  
        And if my mother go, I'll follow her.

DIDO [to IARBAS]

Why stay'st thou here? Thou art no love of mine.

IARBAS

40 Iarbas, die, seeing she abandons thee!

DIDO

No, live Iarbas; what hast thou deserved,  
That I should say 'Thou art no love of mine'?  
Something thou hast deserved. Away, I say!  
Depart from Carthage! Come not in my sight!

IARBAS

Am I not king of rich Gaetulia?

DIDO

Iarbas, pardon me, and stay a while.

CUPID

Mother, look here.

DIDO

What tell'st thou me of rich Gaetulia?  
Am not I queen of Libya? Then depart!

IARBAS

50 I go to feed the humour of my love,  
Yet not from Carthage for a thousand worlds.

DIDO

Iarbas!

IARBAS Doth Dido call me back?

DIDO

No, but I charge thee never look on me.

IARBAS

Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die.

*Exit* IARBAS.

ANNA

Wherefore doth Dido bid Iarbas go?

DIDO

Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,  
And in my thoughts is shrined another love.  
O Anna, didst thou know how sweet love were,

Full soon wouldst thou abjure this single life.

ANNA

60 Poor soul, I know too well the sour of love.

[*Aside*] O that Iarbas could but fancy me!

DIDO

Is not Aeneas fair and beautiful?

ANNA

Yes, and Iarbas foul and favourless.

DIDO

Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

ANNA

Yes, and Iarbas rude and rustical.

DIDO

Name not Iarbas! But, sweet Anna, say,  
Is not Aeneas worthy Dido's love?

ANNA

O sister, were you empress of the world,  
Aeneas well deserves to be your love;

70 So lovely is he that where'er he goes

The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

DIDO

But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,  
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks.  
Anna, good sister Anna, go for him,  
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

ANNA

Then, sister, you'll abjure Iarbas' love?

DIDO

Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?  
Run for Aeneas, or I'll fly to him.

*Exit ANNA.*

CUPID

You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

DIDO

80 No, for thy sake I'll love thy father well.  
O dull-conceited Dido, that till now  
Didst never think Aeneas beautiful!  
But now, for quittance of this oversight,  
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair;  
His glistening eyes shall be my looking-glass,  
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up  
As many kisses as the sea hath sands.  
Instead of music I will hear him speak,  
His looks shall be my only library;

90 And thou, Aeneas, Dido's treasury,  
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth  
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford.  
O, here he comes! Love, love, give Dido leave  
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,  
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

[*Enter* AENEAS, ACHATES, SERGESTUS, ILIONEUS *and*  
CLOANTHUS.]

Achates, how doth Carthage please your lord?

ACHATES

That will Aeneas show your majesty.

DIDO

Aeneas, art thou there?

AENEAS

I understand your highness sent for me.

DIDO

100 No, but now thou art here, tell me, in sooth,  
In what might Dido highly pleasure thee?

AENEAS

So much have I received at Dido's hands  
As, without blushing, I can ask no more.  
Yet, Queen of Afric, are my ships unrigged,  
My sails all rent in sunder with the wind,  
My oars broken and my tackling lost,

- Yea, all my navy split with rocks and shelves;  
Nor [stern nor](#) anchor have our maimèd fleet;  
Our masts the furious winds struck overboard:
- 110 Which piteous wants if Dido will supply,  
We will account her author of our lives.
- DIDO
- Aeneas, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,  
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,  
And let Achates sail to Italy.  
I'll give thee tackling made of rivelled gold,  
Wound on the barks of [odoriferous trees](#);  
Oars of massy ivory, full of holes,  
Through which the water shall delight to play.  
Thy anchors shall be hewed from crystal rocks,
- 120 Which if thou lose shall shine above the waves;  
The masts whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,  
Hollow [pyramides of](#) silver plate;  
The sails of folded lawn, where shall be [wrought](#)  
The wars of Troy, but not Troy's overthrow;  
For ballast, empty Dido's treasury,  
Take what ye will, but leave Aeneas here.  
Achates, thou shalt be so [manly clad](#)  
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,  
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
- 130 Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth  
Than [Thetis hangs](#) about Apollo's neck,  
[So that Aeneas](#) may but stay with me.

AENEAS

Wherefore would Dido have Aeneas stay?

DIDO

To war against my bordering enemies.  
Aeneas, think not Dido is in love;  
For if that any man could conquer me,  
I had been wedded ere Aeneas came.  
See where the pictures of my suitors hang;

And are not these as fair as fair may be?

[*Showing pictures.*]

ACHATES

140 I saw this man at Troy, ere Troy was sacked.

AENEAS

I this in Greece when Paris stole fair Helen.

ILIONEUS

This man and I were at Olympus games.

SERGESTUS

I know this face, he is a Persian born.

I travelled with him to Aetolia.

CLOANTHUS

And I in Athens with this gentleman,

Unless I be deceived, disputed once.

DIDO

But speak, Aeneas, know you none of these?

AENEAS

No, madam, but it seems that these are kings.

DIDO

All these and others which I never saw

150 Have been most urgent suitors for my love;

Some came in person, others sent their legates;

Yet none obtained me. I am free from all,

[*aside*] And yet, God knows, entangled unto one.

This was an orator, and thought by words

To compass me, but yet he was deceived;

And this a Spartan courtier, vain and wild,

But his fantastic humours pleased not me;

This was Alcion, a musician,

But played he ne'er so sweet, I let him go;

160 This was the wealthy king of Thessaly,

But I had gold enough and cast him off;

This, Meleager's son, a warlike prince,

But weapons 'gree not with my tender years;



The rest are such as all the world well knows,  
Yet now I swear, by heaven and him I love,  
I was as far from love as they from hate.

AENEAS

O happy shall he be whom Dido loves!

DIDO

Then never say that thou art miserable,  
Because it may be thou shalt be my love.

170 Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not.

And yet I hate thee not. [*Aside*] O, if I speak,  
I shall betray myself. [*To AENEAS*] Aeneas, speak!  
We two will go a-hunting in the woods,  
But not so much for thee – thou art but one –  
As for Achates and his followers.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2

*Enter JUNO to ASCANIUS asleep.*

JUNO

Here lies my hate, Aeneas' cursèd brat,  
The boy wherein false Destiny delights,  
The heir of Fame, the favourite of the Fates,  
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,  
And wrong my deity with high disgrace.  
But I will take another order now,  
And raze th'eternal register of time;  
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,  
Nor Venus triumph in his tender youth;  
10 For here, in spite of heaven, I'll murder him,  
And feed infection with his let-out life.  
Say, Paris, now shall Venus have the ball?  
Say, vengeance, now shall her Ascanius die?  
O no! God wot, I cannot watch my time,

Nor quit good turns with double fee down told!  
Tut, I am simple, without mind to hurt,  
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes;  
But lustful Jove and his adulterous child  
Shall find it written on confusion's front,  
20 That only Juno rules in Rhamnus town.

*Enter VENUS.*

VENUS

What should this mean? My doves are back returned,  
Who warn me of such danger prest at hand  
To harm my sweet Ascanius' lovely life.  
Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?  
Avaunt, old witch, and trouble not my wits!

JUNO

Fie, Venus, that such causeless words of wrath  
Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine!  
Are not we both sprung of celestial race,  
And banquet as two sisters with the gods?  
30 Why is it, then, displeasure should disjoin  
Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites?

VENUS

Out, hateful hag! Thou wouldst have slain my son  
Had not my doves discovered thy intent;  
But I will tear thy eyes from forth thy head,  
And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,  
If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

JUNO

Is this, then, all the thanks that I shall have  
For saving him from snakes' and serpents' stings,  
That would have killed him sleeping as he lay?  
What though I was offended with thy son  
40 And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,  
When, for the hate of Trojan Ganymede,  
That was advanced by my Hebe's shame,

- And Paris' judgement of the heavenly ball,  
I mustered all the winds unto his wrack  
And urged each element to his annoy?  
Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,  
And wish that I had never wronged him so.  
Bootless I saw it was to war with fate,  
That hath so many unresisted friends:
- 50 Wherefore I changed my counsel with the time,  
And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

VENUS

- Sister of Jove, if that thy love be such  
As these protestations do paint forth,  
We two as friends one fortune will divide.  
Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,  
And [to a sceptre change](#) his golden shafts;  
[Fancy and modesty shall](#) live as mates,  
And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch.  
Love my Aeneas, and [desire is thine](#);
- 60 The day, the night, my swans, my sweets, are thine.

JUNO

- More than melodious are these words to me,  
That overcloy my soul with their content.  
Venus, sweet Venus, how may I deserve  
Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?  
But that thou mayst more easily perceive  
How highly I do prize this amity,  
Hark to a [motion of](#) eternal league,  
Which I will make in quittance of thy love:
- 70 Thy son, thou know'st, with Dido now remains,  
And feeds his eyes with favours of her court;  
She likewise in admiring spends her time  
And cannot talk nor think of aught but him.  
Why should not they then join in marriage  
And bring forth mighty kings to Carthage town,  
Whom [casualty of sea hath](#) made such friends?

And, Venus, let there be a match confirmed  
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike,  
And both our deities, conjoined in one,  
80 Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

VENUS

Well could I like this reconciliation's means,  
But much I fear my son will ne'er consent,  
Whose armed soul, already on the sea,  
Darts forth her light to Lavinia's shore.

JUNO

Fair Queen of Love, I will divorce these doubts,  
And find the way to weary such fond thoughts:  
This day they both a-hunting forth will ride  
Into these woods adjoining to these walls,  
When, in the midst of all their gamesome sports,  
90 I'll make the clouds dissolve their wat'ry works  
And drench Silvanus' dwellings with their showers;  
Then in one cave the queen and he shall meet,  
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,  
Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts  
Unto the purpose which we now propound.

VENUS

Sister, I see you savour of my wiles;  
Be it as you will have it for this once.  
Meantime, Ascanius shall be my charge,  
Whom I will bear to Ida in mine arms,  
100 And couch him in Adonis' purple down.

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 3

*Enter* DIDO, AENEAS, ANNA, IARBAS, ACHATES, [*CUPID dressed as*  
ASCANIUS,] *and* FOLLOWERS.

DIDO

Aeneas, think not but I honour thee  
That thus in person go with thee to hunt.  
My princely robes, thou seest, are laid aside,  
Whose glittering pomp [Diana's shrouds supplies](#);  
[All fellows now](#), disposed alike to sport:  
The woods are wide, and we have store of game.  
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow a while,  
Until I gird my quiver to my side.  
Lords, go before. We two must talk alone.

[*Exeunt* FOLLOWERS.]

IARBAS [*aside*]

- 10 Ungentle, can she wrong Iarbas so?  
I'll die before a stranger have that grace.  
'We two will talk alone' – what words be these?

DIDO

What makes Iarbas here of all the rest?  
We could have gone without your company.

AENEAS

But love and duty led him on perhaps  
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.

IARBAS

Why, man of Troy, do I offend thine eyes?  
Or art thou grievèd thy betters press so nigh?

DIDO

- How now, Gaetolian, are ye grown so brave  
20 To challenge us with your comparisons?  
Peasant, go seek companions like thyself,  
And meddle not with any that I love.  
Aeneas, be not moved at what he says,  
For [otherwhile he](#) will be out of joint.

IARBAS

Women may wrong by privilege of love;  
But should that [man of men](#), [Dido](#) except,  
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,

I would have either drunk his dying blood,  
Or else I would have [given my](#) life in gage!

DIDO

- 30 Huntsmen, why [pitch you](#) not your toils apace,  
And rouse the light-foot deer from forth their lair?

ANNA

Sister, see, see Ascanius in his pomp,  
Bearing his hunt-spear bravely in his hand!

DIDO

Yea, little son, are you so forward now?

CUPID

Ay, mother, I shall one day be a man  
And better able unto other arms;  
Meantime these wanton weapons serve my war,  
Which I will break betwixt a lion's jaws.

DIDO

What, dar'st thou look a lion in the face?

CUPID

- 40 Ay, and outface him too, do what he can!

ANNA

How like his father speaketh he in all!

AENEAS

And mought I live to see him sack rich Thebes,  
And load his spear with Grecian princes' heads,  
Then would I wish me with Anchises' tomb,  
[And dead to](#) honour that hath brought me up.

IARBAS

And might I live to see thee shipped away,  
And hoist aloft on Neptune's hideous hills,  
Then would I wish me in fair Dido's arms,  
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.

AENEAS

- 50 Stout friend, Achates, dost thou know this wood?

ACHATES

As I remember, here you shot the deer  
That saved your famished soldiers' lives from death,  
When first you set your foot upon the shore,  
And here we met fair Venus, virgin-like,  
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.

AENEAS

O, how these irksome labours now delight  
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape!  
Who would not undergo all kind of toil  
To be well stored with such [a winter's tale?](#)

DIDO

- 60 Aeneas, leave these dumps and let's away,  
Some to the mountains, some unto the [soil](#),  
You to the valleys, [*to IARBAS*] thou unto the house.

[*Exeunt;*  
*remains*].

IARBAS

IARBAS

Ay, this it is which wounds me to the death,  
To see a Phrygian, [forfeit to the](#) sea,  
Preferred before a man of majesty.  
O love! O hate! O cruel women's hearts,  
That imitate the moon in every change  
And, like the planets, ever love to range!  
What shall I do, thus wronged with disdain?

- 70 Revenge me on Aeneas or on her?  
On her? Fond man, that were to war 'gainst heaven,  
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts.  
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,  
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content  
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire.  
But Dido, that now holdeth him so dear,  
Will die with [very](#) tidings of his death;  
But time will discontinue her content  
And mould her mind unto new [fancy's shapes](#).

80 O God of heaven, turn the hand of fate  
Unto that happy day of my delight!  
And then – what then? Iarbas shall but love.  
So doth he now, though not with equal gain:  
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,  
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain.

*Exit.*

#### **Scene 4**

The storm. Enter AENEAS and DIDO in the cave at several times.

DIDO

Aeneas!

AENEAS Dido!

DIDO

Tell me, dear love, how found you out this cave?

AENEAS

By chance, sweet queen, as Mars and Venus met.

DIDO

Why, that was in a net, where we are loose,  
And yet I am not free. O would I were!

AENEAS

Why, what is it that Dido may desire  
And not obtain, be it in human power?

DIDO

The thing that I will die before I ask,  
And yet desire to have before I die.

AENEAS

10 It is not aught Aeneas may achieve?

DIDO

Aeneas? No, although his eyes do pierce.

AENEAS

What, hath Iarbas angered her in aught?



And will she be avenged on his life?

DIDO

Not angered me, except in ang'ring thee.

AENEAS

Who, then, of all so cruel may he be  
That should detain thy eye in his defects?

DIDO

The man that I do eye where'er I am,  
Whose amorous face, like Paeon, sparkles fire,  
Whenas he [butts his beams on](#) Flora's bed.

20 [Prometheus hath](#) put on Cupid's shape,

And I must perish in his burning arms.

Aeneas, O Aeneas, quench these flames!

AENEAS

What ails my queen? Is she fall'n sick of late?

DIDO

Not sick, my love, but sick I must conceal  
The torment that it boots me not reveal.  
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace;  
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief.  
Aeneas, thou art he – what did I say?  
Something it was that now I have forgot.

AENEAS

30 What means fair Dido by this doubtful speech?

DIDO

Nay, nothing. But Aeneas loves me not.

AENEAS

Aeneas' thoughts dare not ascend so high  
As Dido's heart, which monarchs might not scale.

DIDO

It was because I saw no king like thee,  
[Whose golden](#) crown might balance my content;  
But now that I have found what to affect,  
I follow one that loveth fame [for me](#).

And rather had seem fair [to Sirens' eyes](#)  
Than to the Carthage queen that dies for him.

AENEAS

- 40 If that your majesty can look so low  
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,  
With this my hand I give to you my heart,  
And vow by all the gods of hospitality,  
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,  
By [Paphos](#), [Capys](#), and the purple sea  
From whence my radiant mother did descend,  
And by this sword that saved me from the Greeks,  
Never to leave these new-upreared walls  
Whiles Dido lives and rules in Juno's town,  
50 Never to like or love any but her!

DIDO

- What more than [Delian music](#) do I hear,  
That calls my soul from forth his living seat  
To move unto the measures of delight?  
Kind clouds that sent forth such a courteous storm  
As [made disdain to](#) fly to fancy's lap!  
Stout love, in mine arms make thy Italy,  
Whose crown and kingdom rests at thy command.  
'Sichaeus', not 'Aeneas', be thou called;  
The 'King of Carthage', not 'Anchises' son'.  
60 Hold, take these jewels at thy lover's hand,  
These golden bracelets and this wedding-ring,  
Wherewith my husband wooed me yet a maid,  
And be thou King of Libya, by my gift.

*Exeunt to the cave.*

## ACT 4

### Scene 1

*Enter* ACHATES, [CUPID *dressed as*] ASCANIUS, IARBAS, *and*  
ANNA.

ACHATES

Did ever men see such a sudden storm,  
Or day so clear so suddenly o'ercast?

IARBAS

I think some fell enchantress dwelleth here  
That can call them forth whenas she please,  
And dive into black tempests' treasury  
Whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.

ANNA

In all my life I never knew the like.  
It hailed, it snowed, it light'nèd, all at once.

ACHATES

I think it was the devils' revelling night,  
10 There was such hurly-burly in the heavens;  
Doubtless [Apollo's axle-tree is](#) cracked,  
Or aged [Atlas' shoulder](#) out of joint,  
The motion was so over-violent.

IARBAS

In all this coil, where have ye left the queen?

CUPID

Nay, where's my warlike father, can you tell?

[*Enter* DIDO *and* AENEAS.]

ANNA

Behold where both of them come forth the cave.

IARBAS [*aside*]

- Come forth the cave? Can heaven endure this sight?  
Iarbas, curse that unrevenging Jove,  
Whose flinty darts slept in [Typhoeus' den](#)
- 20 Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin.  
Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,  
That with the sharpness of my edged sting  
I might have staked them both unto the earth,  
Whil'st they were [sporting in](#) this darksome cave?
- AENEAS  
The air is clear and southern winds are whist.  
Come, Dido, let us hasten to the town,  
Since gloomy Aeolus doth cease to frown.
- DIDO  
Achates and Ascanius, well met.
- AENEAS  
Fair Anna, how escaped you from the shower?
- ANNA
- 30 As others did, by running to the wood.
- DIDO  
But where were you, Iarbas, all this while?
- IARBAS  
Not with Aeneas in the ugly cave.
- DIDO  
I see Aeneas sticketh in your mind,  
But I will soon put by that stumbling-block,  
And quell those hopes that thus employ your [cares](#).

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 2**

*Enter IARBAS to sacrifice.*

- IARBAS  
[Come, servants](#), come; bring forth the sacrifice,  
That I may pacify that [gloomy Jove](#)

Whose empty altars have enlarged our ills.

[*Enter SERVANTS with the sacrifice, then exeunt.*]

Eternal Jove, great master of the clouds,  
Father of gladness and all frolic thoughts,  
That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven  
When airy creatures war amongst themselves,  
Hear, hear, O hear Iarbas' plaining prayers  
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl

10 And all the woods '[Eliza](#)' to resound!

The woman that thou willed us entertain,  
Where, straying in our borders up and down,  
She craved a [hide of ground to](#) build a town,  
With whom we did divide both laws and land  
And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,  
Scorning our loves and royal marriage-rites,  
Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed,  
Who, having wrought her shame, is straightway fled.  
Now, if thou be'st a pitying god of power,

20 On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,  
Redress these wrongs and warn him to his ships,  
That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

*Enter ANNA.*

ANNA

How now, Iarbas, at your prayers so hard?

IARBAS

Ay, Anna, is there aught you would with me?

ANNA

Nay, no such weighty business of import  
But may be slacked until another time.  
Yet, if you would [partake with](#) me the cause  
Of this devotion that detaineth you,  
I would be thankful for such courtesy.

IARBAS

30 Anna, against this Trojan do I pray,

Who seeks to rob me of thy sister's love  
And dive into her heart by coloured looks.

ANNA

Alas, poor king, that labours so in vain  
For her that so delighteth in thy pain!  
Be ruled by me and seek some other love,  
Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

IARBAS

Mine eye is fixed where fancy cannot start.  
O leave me, leave me to my silent thoughts  
That register the numbers of my ruth,  
40 And I will either move the thoughtless flint  
Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,  
Before my sorrow's tide have any stint.

ANNA

I will not leave Iarbas, whom I love,  
In this delight of dying pensiveness.  
Away with Dido! Anna be thy song,  
Anna, that doth admire thee more than heaven!

IARBAS

I may nor will list to such loathsome change  
That intercepts the course of my desire.  
Servants, come fetch these empty vessels here,  
50 For I will fly from these alluring eyes  
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.

*Exit.*

ANNA

Iarbas, stay, loving Iarbas, stay,  
For I have honey to present thee with!  
Hard-hearted, wilt not deign to hear me speak?  
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'er the less  
And strew thy walks with my dishevelled hair.

*Exit.*

### Scene 3

*Enter AENEAS alone.*

AENEAS

Carthage, my friendly host, adieu,  
Since destiny doth call me from the shore.  
Hermes this night, descending in a dream,  
Hath summoned me to fruitful Italy;  
Jove wills it so, my mother wills it so;  
Let [my Phoenissa grant](#), and then I go.  
Grant she or no, Aeneas must away,  
Whose golden fortunes, [clogged with](#) courtly ease,  
Cannot ascend to fame's [immortal house](#)

- 10 Or banquet in bright honour's burnished hall,  
Till he hath furrowed Neptune's glassy fields  
And cut a passage through his topless hills.  
Achates, come forth! Sergestus, Ilioneus,  
Cloanthus, haste away! Aeneas calls!

*Enter ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, SERGESTUS and ILIONEUS.*

ACHATES

What wills our lord, or wherefore did he call?

AENEAS

- The dreams, brave mates, that did beset my bed,  
When sleep but newly had embraced the night,  
Commands me leave these unrenowned [realms](#),  
Whereas nobility abhors to stay,  
20 And none but base Aeneas will abide.  
Aboard, aboard, since Fates do bid aboard  
And [slice the sea with](#) sable-coloured ships,  
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait  
And follow them as footmen through the deep!  
Yet Dido casts her eyes like anchors out  
To stay my fleet from loosing forth the bay.  
'Come back, come back!' I hear her cry afar,

- ‘And let me link thy body to my lips,  
That, tied together by the striving tongues,  
30 We may as one sail into Italy!’

ACHATES

Banish that ticing dame from forth your mouth  
And follow your foreseeing stars in all.  
This is no life for men-at-arms to live,  
Where dalliance doth consume a soldier’s strength  
And wanton motions of alluring eyes  
Effeminate our minds inured to war.

ILIONEUS

- Why, let us build a city of our own,  
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks.  
Will Dido raise old Priam forth his grave  
40 And build the town again the Greeks did burn?  
No, no, she cares not how we sink or swim,  
So she may have Aeneas in her arms.

CLOANTHUS

To Italy, sweet friends, to Italy!  
We will not stay a minute longer here.

AENEAS

Trojans, aboard, and I will follow you.

[*Exeunt* TROJANS;  
AENEAS *remains*.]

- I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back.  
To leave her so and not once say farewell  
Were to transgress against all laws of love;  
But if I use such ceremonious thanks  
50 As parting friends accustom on the shore,  
Her silver arms will coll me round about  
And tears of pearl cry, ‘Stay, Aeneas, stay!’  
Each word she says will then contain a crown,  
And every speech be ended with a kiss.  
I may not dure this female drudgery,



To sea, Aeneas, find out Italy!

*Exit.*

#### **Scene 4**

*Enter DIDO and ANNA.*

DIDO

O Anna, run unto the water side,  
They say Aeneas' men are going aboard;  
It may be he will steal away with them.  
Stay not to answer me! Run, Anna, run!

*[Exit ANNA.]*

O foolish Trojans that would steal from hence  
And not let Dido understand their [drift!](#)  
I would have given Achates store of gold,  
And Ilioneus gum and Libyan spice;  
The common soldiers rich embroidered coats  
10 And silver whistles to control the winds,  
Which [Circe sent](#) Sichaeus when he lived;  
Unworthy are they of a queen's reward.  
See where they come; [how might I do](#) to chide?

*Enter ANNA, with AENEAS, ACHATES, ILIONEUS, SERGESTUS [and ATTENDANTS].*

ANNA

'Twas time to run. Aeneas had been gone;  
The sails were hoising up and he aboard.

DIDO

Is this thy love to me?

AENEAS

O princely Dido, give me leave to speak;  
I went to take my farewell of Achates.

DIDO

[How haps Achates](#) bid me not farewell?

- ACHATES
- 20 Because I feared your grace would keep me here.
- DIDO
- To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again;  
I charge thee put to sea and stay not here.
- ACHATES
- Then let Aeneas go aboard with us.
- DIDO
- Get you aboard, Aeneas means to stay.
- AENEAS
- The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.
- DIDO
- O false Aeneas, now the sea is rough,  
But when you were aboard 'twas calm enough!  
Thou and Achates meant to sail away.
- AENEAS
- [Hath not the](#) Carthage Queen mine only son?
- 30 Thinks Dido I will go and leave him here?
- DIDO
- Aeneas, pardon me, for I forgot  
That young Ascanius lay with me this night.  
Love made me jealous, but, to make amends,  
Wear the imperial crown of Libya,  
Sway thou the Punic sceptre in my stead,  
And punish me, Aeneas, for this crime.
- [DIDO gives AENEAS the crown and sceptre.]
- AENEAS
- This kiss shall be fair Dido's punishment.
- DIDO
- O, how a crown becomes Aeneas' head!  
Stay here, Aeneas, and command as king.
- AENEAS
- 40 How vain am I to wear this diadem  
And bear this golden sceptre in my hand!

A burgonet of steel and not a crown,  
A sword and not a sceptre fits Aeneas.

DIDO

O, keep them still, and let me gaze my fill.  
Now looks Aeneas like immortal Jove;  
O, where is Ganymede to hold his cup  
And Mercury to fly for what he calls?  
Ten thousand Cupids hover in the air  
And fan it in Aeneas' lovely face!

- 50 O that the clouds were here wherein thou fled'st,  
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves!  
Heavens, envious of our joys, is waxen pale,  
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down  
To be partakers of our honey talk.

AENEAS

O Dido, patroness of all our lives,  
When I leave thee, death be my punishment!  
Swell, raging seas, frown, wayward Destinies;  
Blow winds, threaten, ye rocks and sandy shelves!  
This is the harbour that Aeneas seeks,

- 60 Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.

DIDO

Not all the world can take thee from mine arms.  
Aeneas may command as many Moors  
As in the sea are little water drops.  
And now, to make experience of my love,  
Fair sister Anna, lead my lover forth  
And, seated on my jennet, let him ride  
As Dido's husband through the Punic streets,  
And will my guard, with Mauritanian darts,  
To wait upon him as their sovereign lord.

ANNA

- 70 What if the citizens repine thereat?

DIDO

Those that dislike what Dido gives in charge,

Command my guard to slay for their offence.  
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?  
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,  
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,  
All that they have, their lands, their goods, their lives;  
And I, the goddess of all these, command  
Aeneas ride as Carthaginian king.

ACHATES

Aeneas, for his parentage, deserves  
80 As large a kingdom as is Libya.

AENEAS

Ay, and unless the Destinies be false,  
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

DIDO

Speak of no other land, this land is thine,  
Dido is thine; henceforth I'll call thee lord.

[To ANNA]

Do as I bid thee, sister, lead the way,  
And from a turret I'll behold my love.

AENEAS

Then here in me shall flourish Priam's race,  
And thou and I, Achates, for revenge  
For Troy, for Priam, for his fifty sons,  
90 Our kinsmen's loves and thousand guiltless souls  
Will lead an host against the hateful Greeks  
And fire proud Lacedaemon o'er their heads.

*Exit [AENEAS, with  
the TROJANS].*

DIDO

Speaks not Aeneas like a conqueror?  
O blessed tempests that did drive him in!  
O happy sand that made him run aground!  
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage gods.  
Ay, but it may be he will leave my love

And seek a foreign land called Italy.  
O that I had a charm to keep the winds  
100 Within the closure of a golden ball,  
Or that the Tyrrhene Sea were in mine arms  
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast  
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail!  
I must [prevent him](#), wishing will not serve.  
Go, bid my nurse [take young Ascanius](#)  
And bear him in the country to her house;  
Aeneas will not go without his son.  
Yet, lest he should, for I am full of fear,  
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails.

[*Exeunt*  
ATTENDANTS.]

110 What if I sink his ships? O, he'll frown!  
Better he frown than I should die for grief.  
I cannot see him frown, it may not be.  
Armies of foes resolved to win this town,  
Or impious traitors vowed to have my life,  
Affright me not: only Aeneas' frown  
Is that which terrifies poor Dido's heart.  
Not bloody spears, appearing in the air,  
Presage the downfall of my empery,  
Nor blazing comets threatens Dido's death:  
120 It is Aeneas' frown that ends my days.  
If he forsake me not, I never die,  
For in his looks I see eternity,  
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

*Enter a LORD [with ATTENDANTS carrying oars, tackling and sails].*

LORD

Your nurse is gone with young Ascanius,  
And here's Aeneas' tackling, oars, and sails.

DIDO

- Are these the sails that, in despite of me,  
[Packed with](#) the winds to bear Aeneas hence?  
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie.  
Drive, if you can, my house to Italy:
- 130 I'll set the casement open, that the winds  
May enter in and once again conspire  
Against the life of me, poor Carthage queen;  
But, though he go, he stays in Carthage still,  
And let rich Carthage fleet upon the seas,  
So I may have Aeneas in mine arms.  
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,  
And would be toiling in the watery billows  
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?  
O cursèd tree, hadst thou but wit or sense
- 140 To measure how I prize Aeneas' love,  
Thou wouldst have leapt from out the sailors' hands  
And told me that Aeneas meant to go!  
And yet I blame thee [not, thou](#) art but wood.  
The water, which our poets term a nymph,  
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast  
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?  
The water is an element, no nymph.  
Why should I blame Aeneas for his flight?  
O Dido, blame not him, but break his oars,
- 150 These were the instruments that launched him forth.  
There's not so much as this base tackling too  
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart.  
Was it not you that hoisèd up these sails?  
Why burst you not and they fell in the seas?  
For this will Dido tie ye full of knots,  
And shear ye all asunder with her hands.  
Now serve [to chastise shipboys for](#) their faults,  
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage queen.  
Now let him hang my [favours on](#) his masts
- 160 And see if those will serve instead of sails;

For tackling, let him take the chains of gold  
Which I bestowed upon his followers;  
Instead of oars, let him use his hands  
And swim to Italy. I'll keep these sure;  
Come, bear them in.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 5**

*Enter the NURSE, with CUPID for ASCANIUS.*

NURSE

My Lord Ascanius, ye must go with me.

CUPID

Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.

NURSE

No, thou shalt go with me unto my house.  
I have an orchard that hath store of plums,  
Brown almonds, [services](#), [ripe](#) figs, and dates,  
[Dewberries](#), [apples](#), yellow oranges;  
A garden where are bee-hives full of honey,  
Musk-roses and a thousand sort of flowers,  
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,  
10 Where thou shalt see the red-gilled fishes leap,  
White swans, and many lovely water-fowls.  
Now speak, Ascanius, will ye go or no?

CUPID

Come, come, I'll go; how far hence is your house?

NURSE

But hereby, child; we shall get thither straight.

CUPID

Nurse, I am weary; will you carry me?

NURSE

Ay, so you'll dwell with me and call me mother.

CUPID

So you'll love me, I care not if I do.

NURSE

That I might live to see this boy a man!

How prettily he laughs! Go, ye wag,

20 You'll be a twigger when you come to age.

Say Dido what she will, I am not old;

I'll be no more a widow, I am young;

I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

CUPID A husband, and no teeth?

NURSE

O what mean I to have such foolish thoughts!

Foolish is love, a toy. O sacred love,

If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love,

Especially in women of our years.

Blush, blush for shame, why shouldst thou think of love?

30 A grave and not a lover fits thy age.

A grave? Why? I may live a hundred years:

Fourscore is but a girl's age, love is sweet.

My veins are withered and my sinews dry,

Why do I think of love, now I should die?

CUPID Come, nurse.

NURSE

Well, if he come a-wooing, he shall speed:

O how unwise was I to say him nay!

*Exeunt.*



## ACT 5

### Scene 1

*Enter AENEAS, with a paper in his hand, drawing the platform of the city; with him ACHATES, CLOANTHUS, [SERGESTUS] and ILIONEUS.*

AENEAS

Triumph, my mates, our travels are at end.  
Here will Aeneas build a statelier Troy  
Than that which grim Atrides overthrew.  
Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more,  
For I will grace them with a fairer frame  
And clad her in a crystal livery  
Wherein the day may evermore delight;  
From golden India Ganges will I fetch,  
Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,

10 And triple-wise entrench her round about;  
[The sun from](#) Egypt shall rich odours bring,  
Wherewith his burning beams, like labouring bees  
That load their thighs with Hybla's honey's spoils,  
Shall here unburden their exhaled sweets,  
And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.

ACHATES

What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

AENEAS

Not past four thousand paces at the most.

ILIONEUS

But what shall it be called? 'Troy', as before?

AENEAS

That have I not determined with myself.

CLOANTHUS

20 Let it be termed 'Aenea', by your name.

SERGESTUS

Rather 'Ascania', by your little son.

AENEAS

Nay, I will have it called 'Anchisaeon',  
Of my old father's name.

*Enter HERMES with ASCANIUS.*

HERMES

Aeneas, stay, Jove's herald bids thee stay.

AENEAS

Whom do I see? Jove's wingèd messenger?  
Welcome to Carthage new-erected town.

HERMES

Why, cousin, stand you building cities here  
And beautifying the empire of this queen  
While Italy is clean out of thy mind?

30 Too too forgetful of thine own affairs,  
Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?  
The king of gods sent me from highest heaven  
To sound this angry message in thine ears:  
Vain man, what monarchy expect'st thou here?  
Or with what thought sleep'st thou in Libya shore?  
If that all glory hath forsaken thee  
And thou despise the praise of such attempts,  
Yet think upon Ascanius' prophecy,  
And young lulus' more than thousand years,  
40 Whom I have brought from Ida where he slept  
And bore young Cupid unto Cyprus isle.

AENEAS

This was my mother that beguiled the queen  
And made me take my brother for my son.  
No marvel, Dido, though thou be in love,  
That daily dandiest Cupid in thy arms!

Welcome, sweet child, where hast thou been this long?

ASCANIUS

Eating sweet comfits with Queen Dido's maid,  
Who ever since hath lulled me in her arms.

AENEAS

Sergestus, bear him hence unto our ships,  
50 Lest Dido, spying him, keep him for a pledge.

[*Exit* SERGESTUS *with*  
ASCANIUS.]

HERMES

Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy  
And giv'st not ear unto the charge I bring?  
I tell thee thou must straight to Italy,  
Or else abide the wrath of frowning Jove.

[*Exit.*]

AENEAS

How should I put into the raging deep,  
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?  
What, would the gods have me, Deucalion-like,  
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?  
Though she repaired my fleet and gave me ships,  
60 Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts  
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

*Enter to them* IARBAS.

IARBAS

How now, Aeneas, sad? What means these dumps?

AENEAS

Iarbas, I am clean besides myself.  
Jove hath heaped on me such a desperate charge,  
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,  
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

IARBAS

As how, I pray? May I entreat you tell?

AENEAS

With speed he bids me sail to Italy,  
Whenas I want both rigging for my fleet  
70 And also furniture for these my men.

IARBAS

If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,  
For I will furnish thee with such supplies.  
Let some of those thy followers go with me  
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou need'st.

AENEAS

Thanks, good Iarbas, for thy friendly aid;  
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee  
Whilst I rest thankful for this courtesy.

*Exit IARBAS and*  
*AENEAS' train.*

Now will I haste unto Lavinian shore,  
And raise a new foundation to old Troy.  
Witness the gods, and witness heaven and earth,  
80 How loath I am to leave these Libyan bounds,  
But that eternal Jupiter commands!

*Enter DIDO to AENEAS.*

DIDO [*aside*]

I fear I saw Aeneas' little son  
Led by Achates to the Trojan fleet;  
If it be so, his father means to fly.  
But here he is; now, Dido, try thy wit.  
Aeneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?  
Why are thy ships new-rigged? Or to what end,  
Launched from the haven, lie they in the [road](#)?  
90 Pardon me, though I ask; love makes me ask.

AENEAS

O pardon me if I resolve thee why!  
Aeneas will not feign with his dear love.  
I must from hence; this day, swift Mercury,

When I was laying a platform for these walls,  
Sent from his father Jove, appeared to me,  
And in his name rebuked me bitterly  
For lingering here, neglecting Italy.

DIDO

But yet Aeneas will not leave his love.

AENEAS

I am commanded by immortal Jove  
100 To leave this town and pass to Italy,  
And therefore must of force.

DIDO

These words proceed not from Aeneas' heart.

AENEAS

Not from my heart, for I can hardly go.  
And yet I may not stay. Dido, farewell!

DIDO

Farewell? Is this the mends for Dido's love?  
Do Trojans [use to quit their](#) lovers thus?  
Fare well may Dido, so Aeneas stay;  
I die if my Aeneas say farewell.

AENEAS

Then let me go and never say farewell.

DIDO

110 [‘Let me go’](#); ‘farewell’; ‘I must from hence’:  
These words are poison to poor Dido's soul.  
O speak like my Aeneas, like my love!  
Why look'st thou toward the sea? The time hath been  
When Dido's beauty [chained thine](#) eyes to her.  
Am I less fair than when thou sawest me first?  
O then, Aeneas, 'tis [for grief of thee!](#)  
Say thou wilt stay in Carthage with [thy queen](#),  
And Dido's beauty will return again.  
Aeneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave?  
120 Wilt thou kiss Dido? O, thy lips have sworn

To stay with Dido! Canst thou take her hand?  
Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith!  
Therefore, unkind Aeneas, must thou say  
‘Then let me go and never say farewell’?

AENEAS

O Queen of Carthage, wert thou ugly-black,  
Aeneas could not choose but hold thee dear.  
Yet must he not gainsay the gods’ behest.

DIDO

The gods? What gods be those that seek my death?  
Wherein have I offended Jupiter

130 That he should take Aeneas from mine arms?

O no, the gods weigh not what lovers do;  
It is Aeneas calls Aeneas hence,  
And woeful Dido, by these blubbered cheeks,  
By this right hand and by our spousal rites  
Desires Aeneas to remain with her.  
*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam  
Dulce meum, miserere dotmus labentis, et istam  
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentetm.*

AENEAS

*Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis,  
140 Italiam non sponte sequor.*

DIDO

Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings  
Were up in arms for making thee my love?  
How Carthage did rebel, Iarbas storm,  
And all the world calls me a second Helen,  
For being entangled by a stranger’s looks?  
So thou wouldst prove as true as Paris did,  
Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sacked  
And I be called a second Helena!  
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,

150 That I might see Aeneas in his face.

Now if thou goest, what canst thou leave behind

But rather will augment than ease my woe?

AENEAS

In vain, my love, thou spend'st thy fainting breath,  
If words might move me, I were overcome.

DIDO

And wilt thou not be moved with Dido's words?

[Thy mother was](#) no goddess, perjured man,  
Nor Dardanus the author of thy stock;  
But thou art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,

160 And tigers of Hercynia gave thee suck.

Ah, foolish Dido, to forbear this long!  
Wast thou not wracked upon this Libyan shore,  
And cam'st to Dido like a [fisher swain](#)?  
Repaired not I thy ships, made thee a king,  
And all thy needy followers noblemen?  
[O serpent that](#) came creeping from the shore,  
And I for pity harboured in my bosom,  
Wilt thou now slay me with thy venom'd sting  
And hiss at Dido for preserving thee?  
Go, go, and spare not. Seek out Italy;

170 I hope that that which love forbids me do,  
The rocks and sea-gulfs will perform [at large](#),  
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways  
To whom poor Dido doth bequeath revenge.  
Ay, traitor, and the waves shall cast thee up,  
Where thou and false Achates first set foot;  
Which if it chance, I'll give ye burial,  
And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,  
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.  
Why star'st thou in my face? If thou wilt stay,

180 Leap in mine arms, mine arms are open wide.  
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee;  
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,  
I have not power to stay thee.

[Exit AENEAS.]

Is he gone?

Ay, but he'll come again, he cannot go.  
He loves me too too well to serve me so.  
Yet he that in my sight would not relent  
Will, being absent, be obdurate still.  
By this is he got to the water-side;

And see, the sailors take him by the hand,  
190 But he shrinks back, and now, rememb'ring me,  
Returns amain: welcome, welcome, my love!  
But where's Aeneas? Ah, he's gone, he's gone!

[Enter ANNA.]

ANNA

What means my sister thus to rave and cry?

DIDO

O Anna, my Aeneas is aboard  
And, leaving me, will sail to Italy!  
Once didst thou go and he came back again;  
Now bring him back and thou shalt be a queen,  
And I will live a private life with him.

ANNA Wicked Aeneas!

DIDO

200 Call him not wicked, sister, speak him fair,  
And look upon him with a [mermaid's eye](#);  
Tell him, I never vowed at [Aulis' gulf](#)  
The desolation of his native Troy,  
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,  
Nor ever violated faith to him;  
Request him gently, Anna, to return;  
I crave but this, he stay a tide or two,  
That I may learn to bear it patiently;  
If he depart thus suddenly, I die.

210 Run, Anna, run! Stay not to answer me!



ANNA

I go, fair sister; heavens grant good success!

*Exit.*

*Enter the* NURSE.

NURSE

O Dido, your little son Ascanius  
Is gone! He lay with me last night  
And in the morning he was stol'n from me;  
I think some [fairies have](#) beguiled me.

DIDO

O cursèd hag and false dissembling wretch  
That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale!  
Thou for some petty gift hast let him go,  
And I am thus deluded of my boy.

220 Away with her to prison presently!

*[Enter ATTENDANTS.]*

Traitoress too keen and cursed sorceress!

NURSE

I know not what you mean by treason, I,  
I am as true as any one of yours.

*Exeunt* [ATTENDANTS  
*with*] *the* NURSE.

DIDO

Away with her, suffer her not to speak.  
My sister comes. I like not her sad looks.

*Enter* ANNA.

ANNA

Before I came, Aeneas was aboard,  
And, spying me, hoist up the sails amain;  
But I cried out, 'Aeneas, false Aeneas, stay!'  
Then gan he wag his hand, which, yet held up,

230 Made me suppose he would have heard me speak.

Then gan they drive into the ocean,  
 Which when I viewed, I cried, 'Aeneas, stay!  
 Dido, fair Dido wills Aeneas stay!'

Yet he, whose [heart's of adamant or](#) flint,  
 My tears nor complaints could mollify a whit.  
 Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief,  
 Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,  
 They gan to move him to redress my ruth,  
 And stay a while to hear what I could say;

240 But he, clapped under hatches, sailed away.  
 DIDO  
 O Anna, Anna, I will follow him!  
 ANNA  
 How can ye go when he hath all your fleet?  
 DIDO  
 I'll frame me wings of wax like Icarus,  
 And o'er his ships will soar unto the sun,  
 That they may melt and I fall in his arms;  
 Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves  
 That I may swim to him like [Triton's niece](#).  
 O Anna, fetch [Arion's harp](#),  
 That I may tice a dolphin to the shore

250 And ride upon his back unto [my love](#)!  
 Look, sister, look, lovely Aeneas' ships!  
 See, see, the billows heave him up to heaven,  
 And now down falls the keels into the deep.  
 O sister, sister, take away the rocks,  
 They'll break his ships! O Proteus, Neptune, Jove,  
 Save, save Aeneas, Dido's liefest love!  
 Now is he come on shore, safe without hurt;  
 But see, Achates wills him put to sea,  
 And all the sailors merry-make for joy,

260 But he, rememb'ring me, shrinks back again.  
 See where he comes. Welcome, welcome, my love!  
 ANNA

Ah sister, leave these idle fantasies.  
Sweet sister, cease; remember who you are.

DIDO

Dido I am, unless I be deceived,  
And must I rave thus for a runagate?  
Must I make ships for him to sail away?  
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,  
And he hath all my fleet. What shall I do,  
But die in fury of this oversight?

270 Ay, I must be the murderer of myself:  
No, but I am not; yet I will be straight.  
Anna, be glad; now have I found a mean  
To rid me from these thoughts of lunacy:  
Not far from hence  
There is a woman famousèd for arts,  
Daughter unto the nymphs Hesperides,  
Who willed me sacrifice his ticing relics.  
Go, Anna, bid my servants bring me fire.

*Exit ANNA.*

*Enter IARBAS.*

IARBAS

How long will Dido mourn a stranger's flight  
That hath dishonoured her and Carthage both?  
280 How long shall I with grief consume my days  
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?

DIDO

Iarbas, talk not of Aeneas, let him go.

*[Enter ATTENDANTS with wood and torches, and exeunt.]*

Lay to thy hands and help me make a fire  
That shall consume all that this stranger left;  
For I intend a private sacrifice  
To cure my mind that melts for unkind love.

IARBAS

But afterwards will Dido grant me love?

DIDO

Ay, ay, Iarbas, after this is done,

290 None in the world shall have my love but thou.

[DIDO and IARBAS *build a fire.*]

So, leave me now, let none approach this place.

*Exit IARBAS.*

Now, Dido, with these relics burn thyself,

And make Aeneas famous through the world

For perjury and slaughter of a queen.

Here lie the sword that in the darksome cave

He drew and swore by to be true to me:

Thou shalt burn first, thy crime is worse than his.

Here lie the garment which I clothed him in

When first he came on shore: perish thou too.

300 These letters, lines, and perjured papers all

Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.

And now, ye gods that guide the starry frame

And order all things at your high dispose,

Grant, though the traitors land in Italy,

They may be still tormented with unrest,

And from mine ashes let [a conqueror rise](#),

That may revenge this treason to a queen

By ploughing up [his](#) countries with the sword!

Betwixt this land and that be never league;

310 [\*Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas\*](#)

*Imprecor; arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotes:*

Live, false Aeneas! Truest Dido dies;

[\*Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras.\*](#)

[*Throws herself onto the fire.*]

*Enter Anna.*

ANNA

[O help, Iarbas!](#) Dido in these flames

Hath burnt herself! Ay me, unhappy me!

*Enter IARBAS running.*

IARBAS

Cursèd Iarbas, die to expiate  
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul!  
Dido, I come to thee: ay me, Aeneas!

*[Kills himself.]*

ANNA

What can my tears or cries prevail me now?  
Dido is dead, Iarbas slain, Iarbas, my dear love!

320 O sweet Iarbas, Anna's sole delight,  
What fatal Destiny envies me thus  
To see my sweet Iarbas slay himself?  
But Anna now shall honour thee in death  
And mix her blood with thine; this shall I do  
That gods and men may pity this my death  
And rue our ends, senseless of life or breath.  
Now, sweet Iarbas, stay! I come to thee!

*[Kills herself.]*

# TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT, PART ONE

## [Dramatis Personae

THE PROLOGUE

MYCETES, *King of Persia*

COSROE, *his brother*

MEANDER

THERIDAMAS

ORTYGIUS

CENEUS

MENAPHON

TAMBURLAINE

ZENOCRATE, *daughter to the Sultan of Egypt*

TECHELLES

USUMCASANE

MAGNETES

AGYDAS

LORDS

SOLDIERS

A SPY

A MESSENGER

BAJAZETH *Emperor of Turkey*

KING OF FEZ

KING OF MOROCCO

KING OF ARGIER

BASSOES

ANIPPE, *maid to Zenocrate*

ZABINA, *wife to Bajazeth*

EBEA, *maid to Zahina*

THE SULTAN OF EGYPT  
CAPOLIN, *an Egyptian*  
ALCIDAMAS, *King of Arabia*  
GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS  
CITIZENS  
FOUR VIRGINS  
PHILEMUS  
MOORS  
ATTENDANTS]

## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS AND OTHERS THAT TAKE PLEASURE IN READING HISTORIES

Gentlemen and courteous readers whosoever: I have here published in print for your sakes, the two tragical discourses of the Scythian shepherd Tamburlaine, that became so great a conqueror and so mighty a monarch. My hope is, that they will be now no less acceptable unto you to read after your serious affairs and studies than they have been, lately, delightful for many of you to see, when the same were showed in London upon stages. I have purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous jestures, digressing and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might  
10      seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded – though, haply, they have been of some vain conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities. Nevertheless, now to be mixtured in print with such matter of worth, it would prove a great disgrace to so honourable and stately a history. Great folly were it in me to commend unto your wisdoms, either the eloquence of the author that writ them, or the worthiness of the matter itself; I therefore leave unto your learned censures both the one and the other, and myself  
20      the poor printer of them unto your most courteous and favourable protection: which if you vouchsafe to accept, you shall evermore bind me to employ what travail and service I can to the advancing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours, most humble  
at commandment,

R.J.

Printer.

[Enter] *the* PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE

From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits

And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,

We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,

Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine

5 Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms

And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.

View but his picture in this tragic glass,

And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

[Enter] MYCETES, COSROE, MEANDER, THERIDAMAS,  
ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, [MENAPHON,] *with others*.

MYCETES

Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggrieved,  
Yet insufficient to express the same,  
For it requires a great and thund'ring speech.  
Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords,  
I know you have a better wit than I.

COSROE

Unhappy Persia, that in former age  
Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors  
That in their prowess and their policies  
Have triumphed over Afric, and the bounds  
Of Europe where the sun dares scarce appear

- 10 For freezing meteors and congealèd cold –  
Now to be ruled and governed by a man  
At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn joined,  
And Jove, the sun, and Mercury denied  
To shed their influence in his fickle brain!  
Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,  
Meaning to mangle all thy provinces.

MYCETES

Brother, I see your meaning well enough,  
And through your planets I perceive you think  
I am not wise enough to be a king.

- 20 But I refer me to my noblemen  
That know my wit and can be witnesses.

I might command you to be slain for this,  
Meander, might I not?

MEANDER

Not for so small a fault, my sovereign lord.

MYCETES

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

MEANDER

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

MYCETES

- Full true thou speak'st, and like thyself, my lord,  
50 Whom I may term a [Damon for](#) thy love.  
Therefore 'tis best, if so it like you all,  
To send my thousand horse incontinent  
To apprehend that paltry Scythian.

How like you this, my honourable lords?  
Is it not a kingly resolution?

COSROE

It cannot choose, because it comes from you.

MYCETES

Then hear thy charge, valiant Theridamas,  
The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,  
The hope of Persia, and the very legs  
Whereon our state doth lean, as on a staff  
That holds us up and foils our neighbour foes:  
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,  
Whose foaming [gall with](#) rage and high disdain  
Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine.  
Go frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,  
As did Sir Paris with [the Grecian dame](#).  
Return with speed! [Time passeth](#) swift away.  
Our life is frail, and we may die today.

THERIDAMAS

Before the moon renew her [borrowed light](#),  
Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign,

70 But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout

Shall either perish by our warlike hands  
Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet.

MYCETES

Go, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,  
And with thy looks thou conqu'rest all thy foes.  
I long to see thee back return from thence,  
That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine  
All loaden with the heads of killèd men,  
And from their knees even to their hoofs below

80 Besmeared with blood, that makes a dainty show.

THERIDAMAS

Then now, my lord, I humbly take my leave.

*Exit* [THERIDAMAS].

MYCETES

Theridamas, farewell ten thousand times!  
Ah, Menaphon, why stayest thou thus behind  
When other men press forward for renown?  
Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia,  
And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

COSROE

Nay, pray you, let him stay; a greater [task](#)  
Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief.  
Create him prorex of [Assyria](#),

- 90 That he may win the Babylonians' hearts,  
Which will revolt from Persian government  
Unless they have a wiser king than you.

MYCETES

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

COSROE

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

MYCETES

Well, here I swear by this my royal seat –

COSROE

You may do well to [kiss it, then](#).

MYCETES

- [Embossed with](#) silk as best beseems my state,  
100 To be revenged for these contemptuous words.  
O, where is duty and allegiance now?  
Fled to the Caspian or the ocean main?  
What, shall I call thee brother? No, a foe,  
Monster of nature, shame unto thy stock,  
That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock.  
Meander, come. I am abused, Meander.

*Exit [with MEANDER  
and others].*

COSROE *and*  
MENAPHON *remain.*

MENAPHON

How now, my lord, what, [mated and](#) amazed  
To hear the king thus threaten like himself?

COSROE

Ah, Menaphon, I [pass not](#) for his threats.

- 110 The plot is laid by Persian noblemen  
And captains of the [Median garrisons](#)  
To crown me emperor of Asia.  
But this it is that does excruciate  
The very substance of my vexèd soul:  
To see our neighbours, that were wont to quake  
And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,  
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorn;  
And – that which might [resolve me](#) into tears –  
Men from the farthest [equinoctial line](#)  
Have swarmed in troops into the Eastern Inde,  
120 Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,  
And made their spoils from all our provinces.

MENAPHON

This should entreat your highness to rejoice,  
Since Fortune gives you opportunity  
To gain the title of a conqueror  
By curing of this maimèd empery.  
Afric and Europe bordering on your land  
And continent to your dominions,  
How easily may you with a mighty host  
Pass into Graecia, as did [Cyrus once](#),

- 130 And cause them to withdraw their [forces home](#)  
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom!  
[A trumpet sounds.]

COSROE

But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

MENAPHON

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

*Enter ORTYGIUS and [CENEUS](#), bearing a crown, with others.*

ORTYGIUS

Magnificent and mighty prince Cosroe,  
We, in the name of other Persian [states](#)  
And commons of this mighty monarchy,  
Present thee with th'imperial diadem.

CENEUS

- The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen  
140 That heretofore have filled Persepolis  
With Afric captains taken in the field,  
Whose ransom made them march in coats of gold  
With costly jewels hanging at their ears  
And shining stones upon their lofty crests,  
Now living idle in the walled towns,  
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,  
Begin in troops to threaten civil war  
And openly exclaim against the king.  
150 Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies,  
We will invest your highness emperor,  
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy  
Than did the [Macedonians at](#) the spoil  
Of great Darius and his wealthy host.

COSROE

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

ORTYGIUS [*crowning* COSROE]

- 160 And in assurance of desired success  
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,

Emperor of Asia and of Persia,  
Great lord of Media and Armenia,  
Duke of Assyria and Albania,  
Mesopotamia and of Parthia,  
East India and the [late-discovered isles](#),  
Chief lord of all the wide vast Euxine Sea  
And of the ever-raging Caspian lake.  
Long live Cosroë, mighty emperor!

COSROE

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

ORTYGIUS

We knew, my lord, before we brought the crown,  
Intending your investition so near  
180 The residence of your despisèd brother,  
The lords would not be [too exasperate](#)  
To injure or suppress your worthy title.  
Or if they would, there are in readiness  
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence  
In spite of all suspected enemies.

COSROE

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

ORTYGIUS

Sound up the trumpets, then. God save the king!

[*The trumpets sound.*]

*Exeunt.*

## ***Scene 2***



[Enter] TAMBURLAINE, *leading* ZENOCRATE; TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *other* LORDS, [MAGNETES *and* AGYDAS,] *and* SOLDIERS *loaden with treasure*.

TAMBURLAINE

Come, lady, let not this appal your thoughts.  
The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en  
Shall be reserved, and you in better state  
Than if you were arrived in Syria,  
Even in the circle of your father's arms,  
The mighty Sultan of Egyptia.

ZENOCRATE

Ah, shepherd, pity my distressed plight,  
If, as thou seem'st, thou art so mean a man,  
And seek not to enrich thy followers  
By lawless rapine from a silly maid

- 10 Who, travelling with these Median lords  
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of Media,  
Where all my youth I have been governèd,  
Have passed the army of the mighty Turk,  
Bearing his privy signet and his hand  
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

MAGNETES

And, since we have arrived in Scythia,  
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham  
We have his highness' letters to command

- 20 Aid and assistance if we stand in need.

TAMBURLAINE

But now you see these letters and commands  
Are countermanded by a greater man,  
And through my provinces you must expect  
Letters of conduct from my mightiness  
If you intend to keep your treasure safe.  
But since I love to live at liberty,  
As easily may you get the Sultan's crown  
As any prizes out of my precinct;

- For they are friends that help to wean my state  
30 Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it,  
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude.  
But tell me, madam, is your grace betrothed?

ZENOCRATE

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

TAMBURLAINE

- I am a lord, for so my deeds shall prove,  
And yet a shepherd by my parentage.  
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue  
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia  
And means to be a terror to the world,  
Measuring the limits of his empery  
40 By east and west as Phoebus doth his course.  
Lie here, ye weeds that I disdain to wear!  
[*He removes his shepherd's cloak.*]  
This complete armour and this curtle-axe  
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine.  
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem  
Of this success and loss unvaluèd,  
Both may invest you empress of the East,  
And these that seem but silly country swains  
May have the leading of so great an host  
As with their weight shall make the mountains quake,  
Even as when windy exhalations,  
50 Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

TECHELLES

As princely lions when they rouse themselves,  
Stretching their paws and threat'ning herds of beasts,  
So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.  
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet,  
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks  
Spurning their crowns from off their captive heads.

USUMCASANE

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

TAMBURLAINE

Nobly resolved, sweet friends and followers.

- 60 These lords, perhaps, do scorn [our estimates](#),  
And think we prattle with distempered spirits;  
But since they measure our deserts so mean  
That in [conceit bear](#) empires on our spears,  
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,  
They shall be kept our forcèd followers  
Till with their eyes they view us emperors.

ZENOCRATE

The gods, defenders of the innocent,  
Will never prosper your intended drifts  
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers.

- 70 Therefore at least admit us liberty,  
Even as thou hop'st to be eternizèd  
By living Asia's mighty emperor.

AGYDAS

I hope our lady's treasure and our own  
May serve for ransom to our liberties.  
Return our mules and empty camels back,  
That we may travel into Syria,  
Where her betrothèd, Lord Alcidamus,  
Expects th'arrival of her highness' person.

MAGNETES

- 80 And wheresoever we repose ourselves  
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.

TAMBURLAINE

Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?  
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?  
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?  
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms  
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.

- Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,  
Brighter than is the silver [Rhodope](#),  
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,  
90 Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine  
Than the possession of the Persian crown,  
Which gracious stars have promised at my birth.  
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,  
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;  
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,  
Enchased with precious jewels of mine own,  
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's;  
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled  
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools  
100 And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops,  
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved;  
My martial prizes, with five hundred men,  
Won on the [fifty-headed Volga's](#) waves,  
[Shall all we offer to](#) Zenocrate,  
And then myself to fair Zenocrate.

TECHELLES [*to TAMBURLAINE*]

What now? In love?

TAMBURLAINE

Techelles, women must be flatter'd.

But this is she with whom I am in love.

*Enter a SOLDIER.*

SOLDIER

News, news!

TAMBURLAINE

- 110 How now, what's the matter?

SOLDIER

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

TAMBURLAINE

How now, my lords of Egypt and Zenocrate?

Now must your jewels be restored again  
And I that triumphed so be overcome.  
How say you, lordings, is not this your hope?

AGYDAS

We hope yourself will willingly restore them.

TAMBURLAINE

[Such hope](#), [such](#) fortune, have the thousand horse.  
Soft ye, my lords and sweet Zenocrate:  
You must be forcèd from me ere you go.

120 A thousand horsemen! We, five hundred foot!  
An odds too great for us to stand against.  
But are they rich? And is their armour good?

SOLDIER

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

TAMBURLAINE

Then shall we fight courageously with them;  
Or look you I should [play the orator](#)?

TECHELLES

No. Cowards and faint-hearted runaways  
130 Look for orations when the foe is near.  
Our swords shall play the orators for us.

USUMCASANE

Come, let us meet them at the mountain [top](#),  
And with a sudden and an hot [alarm](#)  
Drive all their horses headlong down the hill.

TECHELLES

Come, let us march.

TAMBURLAINE

Stay, Techelles, ask a parley first.

*The SOLDIERS [of TAMBURLAINE] enter.*

Open the mails, yet guard the treasure sure.

Lay out our golden wedges to the view,  
140 That their reflections may amaze the Persians.

*[The SOLDIERS lay out the gold bars.]*

And look we friendly on them when they come,  
But if they offer word or violence  
We'll fight five hundred men-at-arms to one  
Before we part with our possession.  
And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords  
And either lance his greedy thirsting throat  
Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve  
For manacles till he be ransomed home.

TECHELLES

I hear them come. Shall we encounter them?

TAMBURLAINE

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

*Enter THERIDAMAS with others.*

THERIDAMAS

Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

TAMBURLAINE

Whom seek'st thou, Persian? I am Tamburlaine.

THERIDAMAS [*aside*]

Tamburlaine?

A Scythian shepherd, so embellishèd  
With nature's pride and richest furniture?  
His looks do menace heaven and dare the gods,  
His fiery eyes are fixed upon the earth,  
As if he now devised some stratagem,

160 Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults  
And pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

TAMBURLAINE [*to TECHELLES*]

Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,  
If outward habit judge the inward man.

TECHELLES [*to* TAMBURLAINE]

His deep affections make him passionate.

TAMBURLAINE [*to* TECHELLES]

With what a majesty he rears his looks!

[*To* THERIDAMAS]

In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,

I see the folly of thy emperor.

Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,

That by [characters graven in](#) thy brows

And by thy martial face and [stout aspect](#)

170 Deserv'st to have the leading of an host?

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,

And we will triumph over all the world.

I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains

And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about,

And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere

Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome.

Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,

Intending but to raze my charmed skin,

And Jove himself will stretch his hand from heaven

180 To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm.

See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers

As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!

[*He points to the gold bars.*]

And, as a sure and grounded argument

That I shall be the monarch of the East,

He sends this Sultan's daughter, rich and brave,

To be my queen and [portly emperess](#).

If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,

And lead thy thousand horse with my [conduct](#),

Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize,

190 Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil

Of conquered kingdoms and of cities sacked.

Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,

And Christian [merchants that](#) with Russian [stems](#)  
Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian Sea  
Shall vail to us as lords of all the lake.  
Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,  
And mighty kings shall be our senators.  
[Jove sometime](#) masked in a shepherd's weed,  
And by those steps that he hath scaled the heavens

- 200 May we become immortal like the gods.  
Join with me now in this my mean estate  
(I call it mean, because, being yet obscure,  
The nations far removed admire me not),  
And when my name and honour shall be spread  
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings  
Or fair Boötes sends his cheerful light,  
Then shalt thou be competitor with me  
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

THERIDAMAS

- 210 Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods,  
Could use persuasions more pathetic.

TAMBURLAINE

Nor are Apollo's oracles more true  
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial.

TECHELLES

We are his friends, and if the Persian king  
[Should offer](#) present dukedoms to our state,  
[We think it](#) loss to make exchange for that  
We are assured of by our friend's success.

USUMCASANE

- And kingdoms at the least we all expect,  
Besides the honour in assurèd conquests  
220 Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering swords  
And hosts of soldiers stand amazed at us,  
When with their fearful tongues they shall confess,  
'These are the men that all the world admires.'



THERIDAMAS

What strong enchantments tice my yielding soul?  
Are these [resolved noble Scythians](#)?  
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

TAMBURLAINE

No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Theridamas, my friend, take here my hand,  
Which is as much as if I swore by heaven  
And called the gods to witness of my vow.  
Thus shall my heart be still combined with thine  
Until our bodies turn to elements  
And both our souls aspire celestial thrones.  
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.

TECHELLES

Welcome, renowned Persian, to us all!

USUMCASANE

240 Long may Theridamas remain with us!

TAMBURLAINE

These are my friends, in whom I more rejoice  
Than doth the king of Persia in his crown.  
And by the love of [Pylades and Orestes](#),  
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,  
Thyself and them shall never part from me  
Before I crown you kings in Asia.  
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,  
And they will never leave thee till the death.

THERIDAMAS

Nor thee nor them, thrice-noble Tamburlaine,  
[Shall want my](#) heart to be with gladness pierced

250 To do you honour and security.

TAMBURLAINE

A thousand thanks, worthy Theridamas.  
And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,  
If you will willingly remain with me  
You shall have honours as your merits be –  
Or else you shall be forced with slavery.

AGYDAS

We yield unto thee, happy Tamburlaine.

TAMBURLAINE

For you, then, madam, I am out of doubt.

ZENOCRATE

I must be pleased perforce, wretched Zenocrate!

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

[Enter] COSROE, MENAPHON, ORTYGIUS, CENEUS, *with other*  
SOLDIERS.

COSROE

[Thus far are](#) we towards Theridamas  
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,  
The man that in the forehead of his fortune  
Bears figures of renown and miracle.  
But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon,  
What stature wields he, and what personage?

MENAPHON

Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,  
Like his desire, [lift upwards](#) and divine;  
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,  
10 Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear  
Old Atlas' burden. 'Twixt his manly pitch,  
[A pearl more](#) worth than all the world is placed,  
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art  
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,  
Whose [fiery circles bear](#) encompassèd  
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres  
That guides his steps and actions to the throne  
Where honour sits invested royally;  
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,  
20 Thirsting with sovereignty, with love of arms.  
His lofty brows [in folds do](#) figure death,  
And in their smoothness amity and life.  
About them hangs a knot of amber hair

Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,  
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,  
Making it dance with wanton majesty.  
His arms and fingers long and [sinewy](#).  
Betokening valour and excess of strength;  
In every part proportioned like the man  
30 Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.

COSROE

Well hast thou portrayed in thy [terms of life](#)  
The face and personage of a wondrous man.  
[Nature doth](#) strive with Fortune and his stars  
To make him famous in accomplished worth,  
And well his merits show him to be made  
His fortune's master and the king of men,  
That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,  
With reasons of his valour and his life,  
A thousand sworn and overmatching foes.  
Then, when our powers in points of swords are joined  
40 And closed in compass of the killing bullet,  
Though [strait the](#) passage and the port be made  
That leads to [palace of](#) my brother's life,  
[Proud is](#) his fortune if we pierce it not.  
And when the princely Persian diadem  
Shall overweigh his weary witless head  
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,  
In fair Persia noble Tamburlaine  
Shall be my regent and remain as king.

ORTYGIUS

In happy hour we have set the crown  
50 Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour  
In joining with the man ordained by heaven  
To further every action to the best.

CENEUS

He that with shepherds and a little spoil  
Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny,

Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,  
What will he do supported by a king,  
Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,  
And stuffed with treasure for his highest thoughts?

COSROE

60 And such shall wait on worthy Tamburlaine.  
Our army will be forty thousand strong  
When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas  
Have met us by the [river Araris](#),  
And all conjoined to meet the witless king  
That now is marching near to Parthia,  
And with unwilling soldiers faintly armed,  
To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine –  
To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight.

MENAPHON

I will, my lord.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2

[*Enter*] MYCETES, MEANDER, *with other* LORDS *and* SOLDIERS.

MYCETES

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

Tell you the rest, Meander, I have said.

MEANDER

Then, having passed Armenian deserts now,  
And pitched our tents under the Georgian hills,  
Whose tops are covered with Tartarian thieves  
That lie in ambush waiting for a prey,  
What should we do but bid them battle straight  
And rid the world of those detested troops,  
Lest, if we let them linger here a while,

20 They gather strength by power of fresh supplies?

This country swarms with vile outrageous men  
That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,  
Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine.  
And he that could with gifts and promises  
Inveigle him that led a thousand horse  
And make him false his faith unto his king  
Will quickly win such as are like himself.  
Therefore cheer up your minds, prepare to fight.  
He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine

30 Shall rule the province of Albania.

Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas',  
Shall have a government in Media,  
Beside the spoil of him and all his train.  
But if Cosroë (as our spials say,  
And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,  
His highness' pleasure is that he should live  
And be reclaimed with princely lenity.

*[Enter a SPY.]*

SPY

An hundred horsemen of my company,  
Scouting abroad upon these champion plains,

40 Have viewed the army of the Scythians,

Which make reports it far exceeds the king's.

MEANDER

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

MYCETES

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

MEANDER

So poets say, my lord.

MYCETES

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

MEANDER

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

MYCETES

He tells you true, my masters, so he does.

Drums, why sound ye not when Meander speaks?

[*Strike drums.*]

*Exeunt.*

### Scene 3

[*Enter*] COSROE, TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES,  
USUMCASANE, ORTYGIUS, *with Others.*

COSROE

Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I reposed

In thy [approved fortunes](#) all my hope.

What think'st thou, man, shall come of our attempts?

For even as from assurèd oracle,

[I take thy](#) doom for satisfaction.

TAMBURLAINE

And so mistake you not a whit, my lord,

For fates and [oracles of heaven have](#) sworn

To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,

And make them blest that share in his attempts.

And doubt you not but, if you favour me

10 And let my fortunes and my valour [sway](#)

To some direction in your martial deeds,

The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms

To swarm unto the ensign I support.

[The host of Xerxes, which](#) by fame is said

To drink the mighty Parthian Araris,

Was but a handful to that we will have.

Our quivering lances shaking in the air

And bullets like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,

Enrolled in flames and fiery smouldering mists,

20 Shall threat the gods more than [Cyclopien wars](#);

And with our sun-bright armour as we march

We'll chase the stars from heaven and dim their eyes

That stand and muse at our admirèd arms.



THERIDAMAS [*to COSROE*]

You see, my lord, what working words he hath.  
But when you see his actions top his speech,  
Your speech will stay, or so extol his worth  
As I shall be commended and excused  
For turning my poor charge to his direction.

30 And these his two renowned friends, my lord,  
Would make one thrust and strive to be retained  
In such a great degree of amity.

TECHELLES

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

COSROE

Which I esteem as portion of my crown.  
Usumcasane and Techelles both,  
When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates  
And makes a passage for all prosperous arms  
Shall make me solely emperor of Asia,

40 Then shall your meeds and valours be advanced  
To rooms of honour and nobility.

TAMBURLAINE

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

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*]

MESSENGER

My lord, we have discovered the enemy  
50 Ready to charge you with a mighty army.

COSROE

Come, Tamburlaine, now whet thy wingèd sword

And lift thy lofty arm into the clouds,  
That it may reach the king of Persia's crown  
And set it safe on my victorious head.

TAMBURLAINE [*brandishing his sword*]

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

COSROE

Thy words assure me of kind success.

60 Go, valiant soldier, go before, and charge  
The fainting army of that foolish king.

TAMBURLAINE

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

[*Exeunt.*]

#### [*Scene 4*]

[*Enter the armies*] to the battle [*and exeunt*], and MYCETES  
comes out alone with his crown in his hand, offering to hide it.

MYCETES

Accurst be he that first invented war!  
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,  
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot  
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf  
Fearing the force of Boreas' boist'rous blasts!  
In what a lamentable case were I  
If nature had not given me wisdom's lore!  
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,  
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave.  
Therefore in policy I think it good

10 To hide it close – a goodly stratagem,

And far from any man that is a fool.  
So shall not I be known, or if I be,  
They cannot take away my crown from me.  
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

*Enter* TAMBURLAINE.

TAMBURLAINE

What, fearful coward, straggling from the camp,  
When kings themselves are present in the field?

MYCETES

Thou liest.

TAMBURLAINE Base villain, dar'st thou give the lie?

MYCETES

Away, I am the king. Go, touch me not.

20 Thou break'st the law of arms unless thou kneel

And cry me, 'Mercy, noble king!'

TAMBURLAINE

Are you the witty king of Persia?

MYCETES

Ay, marry, am I. Have you any suit to me?

TAMBURLAINE

I would entreat you to speak but three wise words.

MYCETES

So I can, when I see my time.

TAMBURLAINE [*seizing the crown*] Is this your crown?

MYCETES Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?

TAMBURLAINE You will not sell it, will ye?

MYCETES Such another word, and I will have thee executed.

30 Come, give it me.

TAMBURLAINE No, I took it prisoner.

MYCETES You lie, I gave it you.

TAMBURLAINE Then 'tis mine.

MYCETES No, I mean I let you keep it.

TAMBURLAINE Well, I mean you shall have it again.

[*Giving the crown*]

Here, take it for a while. I lend it thee  
Till I may see thee hemmed with armèd men.  
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head.  
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine.

[*Exit TAMBURLAINE.*]

MYCETES

40 O gods, is this Tamburlaine the thief?

I marvel much he stole it not away.

*Sound trumpets* to the battle, and he runs in.

### [*Scene 5*]

[*Enter*] COSROE [*crowned*], TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS,  
MENAPHON, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *with Others*.

TAMBURLAINE [*presenting* COSROE *with MYCETES'S crown*]

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

COSROE

So do I, thrice-renownèd man-at-arms,  
And none shall keep the crown but Tamburlaine.  
Thee do I make my regent of Persia  
And general lieutenant of my armies.  
Meander, you that were our brother's guide

10 And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,  
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,  
On your submission we with thanks excuse  
And give you equal place in our affairs.

MEANDER [*kneeling*]

Most happy emperor, in humblest terms  
I vow my service to your majesty,

With utmost virtue of my faith and duty.

COSROE

Thanks, good Meander, [MEANDER *rises.*]

Then, Cosroë, reign,

And govern Persia in her former pomp.

Now send [embassage to](#) thy neighbour kings

- 20 And let them know the Persian king is changed  
From one that knew not what a king should do  
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.  
And now we will to fair Persepolis  
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.  
The lords and captains of my brother's camp  
With little slaughter [take Meander's course](#)  
And gladly yield them to my gracious rule.  
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,

- 30 Now will I [gratify your](#) former good  
And grace your calling with a greater sway.

ORTYGIUS

And as we ever aimed at your behoof  
[And sought your](#) state all honour it deserved,  
So will we with our powers and our lives  
Endeavour to preserve and prosper it.

COSROE

I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius;  
[Better replies shall](#) prove my purposes.  
And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's camp  
I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

- 40 To follow me to fair Persepolis.  
Then will we march to all those Indian mines  
My [witless brother to](#) the Christians lost,  
And ransom them [with fame and usury.](#)  
And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,  
Staying to order all the scattered troops,  
Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!

I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

MENAPHON

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

*Exeunt;* TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES,  
THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE *remain*.

TAMBURLAINE

50 And ride in triumph through Persepolis'!

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?  
Usumcasane and Theridamas,  
Is it not passing brave to be a king,  
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

TECHELLES

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

USUMCASANE

To be a king is half to be a god.

THERIDAMAS

A god is not so glorious as a king.  
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven  
Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth:  
To wear a crown enchased with pearl and gold,

60 Whose virtues carry with it life and death;  
To ask, and have; command, and be obeyed;  
When looks breed love, with looks to gain the prize,  
Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes.

TAMBURLAINE

Why, say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a king?

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

What says my other friends? Will you be kings?

TECHELLES

Ay, if I could, with all my heart, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

Why, that's well said, Techelles. So would I,  
70 And so would you, my masters, would you not?

USUMCASANE

What then, my lord?

TAMBURLAINE

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

THERIDAMAS

80 I know [they would](#) with our persuasions.

TAMBURLAINE

Why then, Theridamas, I'll first essay  
To get the Persian kingdom to myself;  
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia and Media.  
And if I prosper, all shall be as sure  
As if [the Turk, the](#) Pope, Afric, and Greece  
Came creeping to us with their crowns apace.

TECHELLES

Then shall we send to this triumphing king  
And bid him battle for his novel crown?

USUMCASANE

Nay, quickly then, [before his room be hot](#).

TAMBURLAINE

90 Twill prove a pretty jest, in faith, my friends.

THERIDAMAS

A jest, to charge on twenty thousand men?  
I judge the [purchase more](#) important far.

TAMBURLAINE

Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not me,

For presently Techelles here shall haste  
To bid him battle ere he pass too far,  
And lose more labour than the gain will quite.  
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine  
Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.  
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee  
100 And bid him turn him back to war with us  
That only made him king to make us sport.  
We will not steal upon him cowardly,  
But give him warning and more warriors.  
Haste thee, Techelles. We will follow thee.

[Exit TECHELLES.]

What saith Theridamas?

THERIDAMAS

Go on, for me.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 6

[Enter] COSROE, MEANDER, ORTYGIUS, MENAPHON, *with other*  
SOLDIERS.

COSROE

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

MEANDER

Some powers divine, or else infernal, mixed  
Their angry seeds at his conception;  
10 For he was never sprung of human race,  
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride,



He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule,  
And by profession be ambitious.

ORTYGIUS

What god, or fiend, or spirit of the earth,  
Or monster turned to a manly shape,  
Or of what mould or mettle he be made,  
What star or state soever govern him,  
Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds,  
And, in detesting such a devilish thief,

- 20 In love of honour and defence of right  
Be armed against the hate of such a foe,  
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven he grow.

COSROE

Nobly resolved, my good Ortygius.  
And since we all have sucked one wholesome air,  
And with the same proportion of elements  
Resolve, I hope we are resembled,  
Vowing our loves to equal death and life.  
Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,

- 30 That grievous image of ingratitude,  
That fiery thirster after sovereignty,  
And burn him in the fury of that flame  
That none can quench but blood and empery.  
Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now  
To save your king and country from decay.  
Then strike up drum! [*Strike drum.*]

And all the stars that make

The loathsome circle of my dated life,  
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart  
That thus opposeth him against the gods,

- 40 And scorns the powers that govern Persia!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter [the armies] to the battle, and after the battle enter

COSROE      wounded,      THERIDAMAS,      TAMBURLAINE,      TECHELLES,

USUMCASANE, *with others*.

COSROE

Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,  
Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!  
Treacherous and false Theridamas,  
Even at the morning of my happy state,  
Scarce being seated in my royal throne,  
To work my downfall and untimely end!  
An uncouth pain torments my grievèd soul,  
And death arrests the organ of my voice,  
Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath made,

- 50 Sacks every vein and artier of my heart.  
Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

TAMBURLAINE

The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,  
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops  
To thrust his doting father from his chair  
And place himself in th'empyreal heaven,  
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.  
What better precedent than mighty Jove?  
Nature, that framed us of four elements  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,

- 60 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.  
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world  
And measure every wand'ring planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite  
And always moving as the restless spheres,  
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest  
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,  
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

THERIDAMAS

And that made me to join with Tamburlaine,

70 For he is gross and like the massy earth  
That moves not upwards nor by princely deeds  
Doth mean to soar above the highest sort.

TECHELLES

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

USUMCASANE

For as when Jove did thrust old Saturn down,  
Neptune and Dis gained each of them a crown,  
So do we hope to reign in Asia  
If Tamburlaine be placed in Persia.

COSROE

The strangest men that ever nature made!

80 I know not how to take their tyrannies.  
My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,  
And with my blood my life slides through my wound.  
My soul begins to take her flight to hell,  
And summons all my senses to depart.  
The heat and moisture, which did feed each other,  
For want of nourishment to feed them both,  
Is dry and cold, and now doth ghastly death  
With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,  
And like a harpy tires on my life.

90 Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,  
And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

*[He dies.]*

*He [TAMBURLAINE] takes the crown and puts it on.*

TAMBURLAINE

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

ALL Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!

TAMBURLAINE

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

ALL

Long live Tamburlaine, and reign in Asia!

TAMBURLAINE

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

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT 3

### Scene 1

[Enter] [BAJAZETH](#), the KINGS OF FEZ, MOROCCO, and ARGIER,  
[BASSOES,] *with others in great pomp.*

BAJAZETH

Great kings of [Barbary, and](#) my portly bassoes,  
We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,  
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,  
[Presume a bickering with your](#) emperor,  
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege  
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople.  
You know our army is invincible;  
As many circumcisèd Turks we have  
And warlike bands of Christians renied  
As hath the [ocean or](#) the Terrene Sea

- 10 Small drops of water when [the moon begins](#)  
To join in one her semicircled horns.  
[Yet would we](#) not be braved with foreign power,  
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,  
Or breathless lie before the city walls.

FEZ

Renownèd emperor and mighty general,  
What if you sent the bassoes of your guard  
To charge him to remain in Asia,  
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms

- 20 As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth?

BAJAZETH

Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia.  
Tell him thy lord the Turkish emperor,

Dread lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,  
Great king and conqueror of Graecia,  
The ocean Terrene, and the [coal-black sea](#),  
The high and highest monarch of the world,  
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat)  
Not once to set his foot in Africa  
Or spread his [colours in](#) Graecia,

30 Lest he incur the fury of my wrath.

Tell him I am content to [take a](#) truce  
Because I hear he bears a valiant mind.  
But if, presuming on his silly power,  
He be so mad to manage arms with me,  
Then stay thou with him; say I bid thee so.  
And if before the sun have measured heaven  
With triple circuit thou regret us not,  
We mean to take his morning's next arise  
For messenger he will not be reclaimed,

40 And mean to fetch thee in despite of him.

BASSO

Most great and puissant monarch of the earth,  
Your basso will accomplish your behest  
And show your pleasure to the Persian,  
As fits the legate of the stately Turk.

*Exit BASSO.*

ARGIER

They say he is the King of Persia;  
But if he dare attempt to [stir your siege](#),  
'Twere requisite he should be ten times more,  
For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

BAJAZETH

True, Argier, and tremble at my looks.

MOROCCO

50 The spring is hindered by your smothering host,  
For neither rain can fall upon the earth,

Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon,  
The ground is mantled with such multitudes.

BAJAZETH

All this is true as holy Mahomet,  
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

FEZ

What thinks your greatness best to be achieved  
In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

BAJAZETH

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

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 2**

[*Enter*] AGYDAS, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *with others*.

AGYDAS

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

ZENOCRATE

- Although it be digested long ago,  
As his exceeding favours have deserved,  
10 And might content the [queen of heaven as](#) well  
As it hath changed my first-conceived disdain,  
Yet, [since, a](#) farther passion feeds my thoughts  
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,  
Which [dyes my](#) looks so lifeless as they are  
And might, if my extremes had full [events](#),  
Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.

[AGYDAS](#)

- Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved,  
And all that pierceth Phoebe's silver eye,  
20 Before such hap fall to Zenocrate!

ZENOCRATE

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

*Enter [from behind] TAMBURLAINE with TECHELLES and others.*

[AGYDAS](#)

- With Tamburlaine? Ah, fair Zenocrate,  
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,  
That holds you from your father in [despite](#)  
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,  
Being supposed his worthless concubine,  
30 Be honoured with your love [but for necessity](#).  
[So now](#) the mighty Sultan hears of you,  
Your highness needs not doubt but in short time  
He will, with Tamburlaine's destruction,  
Redeem you from this deadly servitude.

ZENOCRATE

[Agydas, leave](#) to wound me with these words,  
And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves.  
The entertainment we have had of him



Is far from villainy or servitude,  
And might in noble minds be counted princely.

AGYDAS

- 40 How can you [fancy one](#) that looks so fierce,  
Only disposed to martial stratagems?  
Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,  
Will tell how many thousand men he slew,  
And when you look for amorous discourse  
Will rattle forth his [facts of](#) war and blood,  
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

ZENOCRATE

- As looks the sun through Nilus' flowing stream,  
Or when the morning holds him in her arms,  
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine;  
His talk much sweeter than the [Muses' song](#)  
50 They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides,  
Or when [Minerva did](#) with Neptune strive;  
And higher would I rear my [estimate](#)  
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,  
If I were matched with mighty Tamburlaine.

AGYDAS

- Yet be not so inconstant in your love,  
But let [the young Arabian live](#) in hope  
After your rescue to enjoy his choice.  
You see, though first the King of Persia,  
Being a shepherd, seemed to love you much,  
60 Now in his majesty he leaves those looks,  
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,  
And gives no more than common courtesies.

ZENOCRATE

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

TAMBURLAINE *goes to her, and takes her away lovingly by the hand, looking wrath fully on AGYDAS, and says nothing.*

[*Exeunt,*  
*remains.*] AGYDAS

AGYDAS

- Betrayed by fortune and suspicious love,  
Threatened with frowning wrath and jealousy,  
Surprised with fear of hideous revenge,  
I stand aghast, but most astonièd  
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts  
70 And wrapped in silence of his angry soul.  
Upon his brows was portrayed ugly death,  
And in his eyes the fury of his heart,  
That shine as comets, menacing revenge,  
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks.  
As when the seaman sees the Hyades  
Gather an army of Cimmerian clouds  
(Auster and Aquilon, with wingèd steeds  
All sweating, tilt about the watery heavens  
80 With shivering spears enforcing thunderclaps,  
And from their shields strike flames of lightning),  
All fearful folds his sails, and sounds the main,  
Lifting his prayers to the heavens for aid  
Against the terror of the winds and waves,  
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns  
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts  
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

*Enter* TECHELLES *with a* naked dagger.

TECHELLES [*giving the dagger*]

See you, Agydas, how the king salutes you.  
He bids you prophesy what it imports.

*Exit* [TECHELLES].

AGYDAS

- 90 I prophesied before, and now I prove,  
The killing frowns of jealousy and love.

He needed not with words confirm my fear,  
For words are vain where working tools present  
The naked action of my threatened end.  
It says, Agydas, thou shalt surely die,  
And of extremities elect the least:  
More honour and less pain it may procure  
To die by this resolvèd hand of thine  
Than stay the torments he and heaven have sworn.

- 100 Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues  
Which thy prolongèd fates may draw on thee.  
Go wander free from fear of tyrant's rage,  
Removèd from the torments and the hell  
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,  
And let Agydas by Agydas die,  
And with this stab slumber eternally.

*[Stabs himself.]*

*[Enter TECHELLES and USUMCASANE.]*

TECHELLES

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

USUMCASANE

Faith, and, Techelles, it was manly done;  
And since he was so wise and honourable,

- 110 Let us afford him now the bearing hence  
And crave his triple-worthy burial.

TECHELLES

Agreed, Casane. We will honour him.

*[Exeunt, bearing the  
body.]*

### **Scene 3**

*[Enter] TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, THERIDAMAS,  
BASSO, ZENOCRATE, [ANIPPE,] with Others [with a throne].*

TAMBURLAINE

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

10 As if they meant to conquer Africa?

BASSO

Your men are valiant, but their number few,  
And cannot terrify his mighty host.  
My lord, the great commander of the world,  
Besides fifteen contributory kings,  
Hath now in arms ten thousand janizaries  
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,  
Brought to the war by men of Tripoli;  
Two hundred thousand footmen that have served  
In two set battles fought in Graecia;

20 And for the expedition of this war,  
If he think good, can from his garrisons  
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

TECHELLES

The more he brings, the greater is the spoil;  
For, when they perish by our warlike hands,  
We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds  
And rifle all those stately janizars.

TAMBURLAINE

But will those kings accompany your lord?

BASSO

Such as his highness please, but some must stay  
To rule the provinces he late subdued.

TAMBURLAINE [*to his followers*]

- 30 Then fight courageously, their crowns are yours.  
This hand shall set them on your conquering heads  
That made me emperor of Asia.

USUMCASANE

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

THERIDAMAS

Even he, that in a trice vanquished two kings  
More mighty than the Turkish emperor,  
Shall [rouse him out](#) of Europe and pursue  
His scattered army till they yield or die.

TAMBURLAINE

- 40 Well said, Theridamas! Speak in that mood,  
For 'will' and 'shall' best fitteth Tamburlaine,  
Whose smiling stars gives him assured hope  
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes.  
I that am termed the [scourge and](#) wrath of God,  
The only fear and terror of the world,  
Will first subdue the Turk and then enlarge  
Those Christian captives which you keep as slaves,  
Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,  
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,  
That naked row about the Terrene Sea,
- 50 And when they chance to breathe and rest a space,  
Are punished with bastones so grievously  
That they lie panting on the galley's side  
And strive for life at every stroke they give.  
These are the cruel [pirates of Argier](#),  
That damnèd train, the scum of Africa,  
Inhabited with straggling runagates,  
That [make quick havoc of](#) the Christian blood.  
But, as I live, that town shall curse the time  
That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa.

60                    *Enter BAJAZETH with his BASSOES [with a throne,] and contributory KINGS [OF FEZ, MOROCCO and ARGIER; ZABINA and EBEO].*

BAJAZETH

Bassoes and janizaries of my guard,  
Attend upon the person of your lord,  
The greatest potentate of Africa.

TAMBURLAINE

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

BAJAZETH

Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,  
He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call lord!  
Note the presumption of this Scythian slave.  
I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse  
Have to their names titles of dignity;

70 And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

TAMBURLAINE

And know thou, Turk, that those which lead my horse  
Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa;  
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

BAJAZETH

By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,  
And by the holy [Alcoran I](#) swear  
He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,  
And in my sarell tend my concubines,  
And all his captains that thus stoutly stand

80 Shall draw the chariot of my emperess,  
Whom I have brought to see their overthrow.

TAMBURLAINE

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

FEZ [*to* BAJAZETH]

What means the mighty Turkish emperor

To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

MOROCCO

Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,

90 How can ye suffer these indignities?

ARGIER

Leave words and let them feel your lances' points,

Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks.

BAJAZETH

Well said, my stout contributory kings!

Your threefold army and my huge host

Shall swallow up these base-born Persians.

TECHELLES

Puissant, renowned, and mighty Tamburlaine,

Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?

THERIDAMAS

I long to see those crowns won by our swords,

That we may reign as kings of Africa.

USUMCASANE

100 What coward would not fight for such a prize?

TAMBURLAINE

Fight all courageously, and be you kings!

I speak it, and my words are oracles.

BAJAZETH

Zabina, mother of three braver boys

Than [Hercules](#), [that](#) in his infancy

Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous,

Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,

Their shoulders broad, for complete armour fit,

Their limbs more large and of a bigger size

Than all the brats [y-sprung from](#) Typhon's loins,

Who, when they come unto their father's age,

110 Will batter turrets with their manly fists:

Sit here upon this royal chair of state  
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,  
Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine  
And all his captains bound in captive chains.

ZABINA

Such good success happen to Bajazeth!

TAMBURLAINE

Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,  
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,  
The only [paragon of](#) Tamburlaine,  
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,  
120 And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony,  
That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky  
And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter:  
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,  
As if thou wert the empress of the world.  
Stir not, Zenocrate, until thou see  
Me march victoriously with all my men,  
Triumphing over him and these his kings,  
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet.  
Till then, take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth,  
130 And manage words with her as we will arms.

ZENOCRATE

And may my love, the King of Persia,  
Return with victory and free from wound!

BAJAZETH

Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms  
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear.  
I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,  
Enough to cover all Bithynia.  
Let thousands die, their slaughtered carcasses  
Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest;  
140 And as the heads of Hydra, so my power,  
Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before.  
If [they should](#) yield their necks unto the sword,



Thy soldiers' arms could not endure to strike  
So many blows as I have heads for thee.  
Thou knowest not, foolish-hardy Tamburlaine,  
What 'tis to meet me in the open field,  
That leave no ground for thee to march upon.

TAMBURLAINE

Our conquering swords shall [marshal us](#) the way  
We use to march upon the slaughtered foe,  
150 Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs –  
Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hills.  
My camp is like to Julius Caesar's host,  
That never fought but had the victory;  
Nor in [Pharsalia was](#) there such hot war  
As these my followers willingly would have.  
Legions of spirits fleeting in the [air](#),  
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,  
And make our strokes to wound the senseless air;  
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,  
160 Then [Victory begins](#) to take her flight,  
Resting herself upon my milk-white tent.  
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall!  
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all.

*Exit [TAMBURLAINE,]  
with his followers.*

BAJAZETH

Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords  
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood!

*Exit [BAJAZETH,]  
with his followers.*

ZABINA

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

ZENOCRATE

Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss,

Call'st thou me concubine, that am betrothed  
170 Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine?

ZABINA

To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!

ZENOCRATE

Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine  
When thy great basso-master and thyself  
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,  
And sue to me to be your [advocates](#).

ZABINA

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

EBEA

Madam, she thinks perhaps she is too fine.  
But I shall turn her into other weeds,

180 And make her dainty fingers fall to work.

ZENOCRATE

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

ANIPPE

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

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

ZENOCRATE

Ye gods and powers that govern Persia  
And made my lordly love her worthy king,  
190 Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,  
And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes  
Pursued by hunters, fly his angry looks,  
That I may see him [issue conqueror](#).

ZABINA

Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself,  
And make him rain down murdering shot from heaven  
To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead  
That dare to manage arms with him  
That offered jewels to thy sacred shrine  
200 When first he warred against the Christians.  
*[They sound] to the battle again.*

ZENOCRATE

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

ZABINA

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

ZENOCRATE

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

BAJAZETH *flies [across the stage], and he [TAMBURLAINE]  
pursues him [offstage]. The battle short, and they [re-] enter [fighting].*  
BAJAZETH *is overcome.*

TAMBURLAINE

Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?

BAJAZETH

Thou, by the fortune of this damnèd soil.

TAMBURLAINE

Where are your stout contributory kings?

*Enter* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE.

TECHELLES

We have their crowns; their bodies [strew the](#) field.

TAMBURLAINE

Each man a crown? Why, kingly fought, i' faith.  
Deliver them into my treasury.

[TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS *and* USUMCASANE *hand over the crowns.*]

ZENOCRATE

Now let me offer to my gracious lord  
His royal crown again, so highly won.

TAMBURLAINE

Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate,  
220 And crown me emperor of Africa.

ZABINA

No, Tamburlaine, though now thou [gat the best](#),  
Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa.

THERIDAMAS [*tO* ZABINA]

Give her the crown, Turkess, you were best.

*He takes it from her and gives it* ZENOCRATE.

ZABINA

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

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE [*as* ZENOCRATE *crowns him*]

Not now, Theridamas, her time is past.

The pillars that have bolstered up those [terms](#)

230 Are fall'n in clusters at my conquering feet.

ZABINA

Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.

TAMBURLAINE

Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth.

BAJAZETH

Ah, fair Zabina, we have lost the field,

And never had the Turkish emperor  
So great a foil by any foreign foe.  
Now will the Christian [miscreants be](#) glad,  
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,  
And making bonfires for my overthrow.  
But ere I die, those foul idolaters  
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones;  
240 For, though the glory of this day be lost,  
Afric and Greece have garrisons enough  
To make me sovereign of the earth again.

TAMBURLAINE

Those wallèd garrisons will I subdue,  
And write myself great lord of Africa.  
So from the east unto the furthest west  
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.  
The galleys and those [pilling brigantines](#),  
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,  
250 And hover in the straits for Christians' wrack,  
Shall lie at anchor in the isle [Asant](#)  
Until the Persian fleet and men-of-war,  
Sailing along the oriental sea,  
Have fetched about the Indian continent,  
Even from Persepolis to Mexico,  
And thence unto the Straits of Jubalter,  
Where they shall meet and join their force in one,  
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale  
And all the ocean by the British shore.  
260 And by this means I'll win the world at last.

BAJAZETH

Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine.

TAMBURLAINE

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

Come, bind them both, and one lead in the Turk.  
The Turkess let my love's maid lead away.

*They bind them.*

BAJAZETH

Ah, villains, dare ye touch my sacred arms?  
O Mahomet, O sleepy Mahomet!

ZABINA

270 O cursèd Mahomet, that makest us thus  
The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!

TAMBURLAINE

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

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 4

### Scene 1

[Enter the] SULTAN OF EGYPT *with three or four* LORDS, CAPOLIN  
[and a MESSENGER].

SULTAN

[Awake, ye](#) men of Memphis! Hear the clang  
Of Scythian trumpets! Hear the basilisks  
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!  
The [rogue of Volga holds](#) Zenocrate,  
The Sultan's daughter, for his concubine,  
And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds  
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,  
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians  
Lie slumbering on the flow'ry banks of Nile,  
As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest

10 While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins.

MESSENGER

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

SULTAN

Villain, I tell thee, were that Tamburlaine  
As [monstrous as Gorgon, prince](#) of hell,  
The Sultan would not start a foot from him.  
But speak, what power hath he?

MESSENGER

20                   Mighty lord,  
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad

Upon their prancing steeds, disdainfully  
With wanton paces trampling on the ground;  
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning shot,  
Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron bills,  
[Environing their](#) standard round, that stood  
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.  
Their warlike engines and munition  
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

SULTAN

- 30 Nay, could their numbers countervail the stars,  
Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,  
Or withered leaves that Autumn shaketh down,  
Yet would the Sultan by his conquering power  
So scatter and consume them in his rage  
That not a man should live to rue their fall.

CAPOLIN

So might your highness, had you time to sort  
Your fighting men and raise your royal host.  
But Tamburlaine by expedition  
Advantage takes of your unreadiness.

SULTAN

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

MESSENGER

- Pleaseth your mightiness to understand,  
His resolution far exceedeth all.  
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,  
50 White is their hue, and on his silver crest  
A snowy feather [spangled white he](#) bears,  
To signify the mildness of his mind



That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood.  
But when Aurora mounts the second time,  
As red as scarlet is his furniture;  
Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,  
Not sparing any that can manage arms.  
But if these threats move not submission,  
Black are his colours, black pavilion,  
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,  
60 And [jetty feathers](#) menace death and hell.  
Without respect of sex, degree, or age,  
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

SULTAN

Merciless villain, peasant ignorant  
Of lawful arms or martial discipline!  
Pillage and murder are his usual trades;  
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.  
[See, Capolin](#), the fair Arabian king,  
That hath been disappointed by this slave  
Of my fair daughter and his princely love,  
70 May have [fresh warning to](#) go war with us  
And be revenged for her disparagement.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 2

[*A throne is brought on. Enter*] TAMBURLAINE [*all in white*],  
TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, ZENOCRATE, ANIPPE, *two* MOORS  
*drawing* BAJAZETH *in his cage*, and *his wife* [ZABINA] *following him*.

TAMBURLAINE Bring out my footstool.

*They take him* [BAJAZETH] *out of the cage*.

BAJAZETH

Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,  
That, [sacrificing, slice](#) and cut your flesh,  
Staining his altars with your purple blood,

Make heaven to frown, and every fixèd star  
To suck up poison from the moorish fens  
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat!

TAMBURLAINE

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

BAJAZETH

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

TAMBURLAINE

- Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine,
- 20 Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground  
That bears the honour of my royal weight,  
Stoop, villain, stoop, stoop, for so he bids  
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn  
Or scattered like the lofty cedar trees  
Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter.

BAJAZETH

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

*He [TAMBURLAINE] gets up upon him [BAJAZETH] to his chair.*

TAMBURLAINE

- 30 Now clear the triple region of the air,  
And let the majesty of heaven behold  
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors.

Smile, stars that reigned at my nativity,  
 And dim the brightness of their neighbour lamps!  
 Disdain to borrow light of Cynthia.  
 For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,  
 First rising in the east with mild [aspect](#)  
 But fixèd now in the [meridian line](#),  
 Will send up fire to your turning spheres  
 And cause the sun to borrow light of you.  
 My sword struck fire from his coat of steel  
 Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk,  
[As when a](#) fiery exhalation  
 Wrapped in the bowels of a freezing cloud,  
 Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,  
 And casts a flash of lightning to the earth.  
 But ere I march to wealthy Persia  
 Or leave Damascus and th'Egyptian fields,  
 As was the fame of [Clymene's brainsick son](#)  
 That almost [brent the axletree of heaven](#),  
 So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot  
 Fill all the air with [fiery meteors](#).  
 Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,  
 It shall be said I made it red myself,  
 To make me think of naught but blood and war.

ZABINA

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

TECHELLES [*to TAMBURLAINE*]

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

TAMBURLAINE

Zenocrate, look better to your slave.

ZENOCRATE

She is my handmaid's slave, and she shall look  
That these abuses flow not from her tongue.

70 Chide her, Anippe.

ANIPPE [*to ZABINA*]

Let these be warnings for you, then, my slave,  
How you abuse the person of the king,  
Or else I swear to have you whipped stark naked.

BAJAZETH

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

TAMBURLAINE

Thy names and titles and thy dignities  
80 Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me,  
That will maintain it 'gainst a world of kings.  
Put him [in again](#).

[*They put BAJAZETH into the cage.*]

BAJAZETH

Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?  
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

TAMBURLAINE

There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth be kept,  
And where I go be thus in triumph drawn;  
And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps  
My servitors shall bring thee from my board.  
For he that gives him other food than this  
90 Shall sit by him and starve to death himself.  
This is my mind, and I will have it so.

Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,  
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,  
Shall ransom him or take him from his cage.  
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine,  
Even from this day to [Plato's wondrous year](#),  
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth.  
These Moors that drew him from Bithynia  
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,

- 100 Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go.  
Techelles and my loving followers,  
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,  
[Like to](#) the shadows of Pyramides  
That with their beauties graced the Memphian fields.  
The golden [statue of](#) their feathered bird  
That spreads her wings upon the city walls  
Shall not defend it from our battering shot.  
The townsmen [mask in](#) silk and cloth of gold,  
And every house is as a treasury.

- 110 The men, the treasure, and the town is ours.

THERIDAMAS

Your tents of white now pitched before the gates,  
And gentle flags of amity displayed,  
I doubt not but the governor will yield,  
Offering Damascus to your majesty.

TAMBURLAINE

So shall he have his life, and all the rest.  
But if he stay until the bloody flag  
Be once advanced on my vermilion tent,  
He dies, and those that kept us out so long.  
And when they see me march in black array,  
With mournful streamers hanging down [their heads](#),

- 120 Were in that city all the world contained,  
Not one should 'scape, but perish by our swords.

ZENOCRATE

Yet would you have some pity for my sake,

Because it is my country's, and my father's.

TAMBURLAINE

Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I have sworn.  
Come, bring in the Turk.

*Exeunt.*

### **Scene 3**

[*Enter the*] SULTAN, [*the KING OF*] ARABIA, CAPOLIN, *with streaming colours, and* SOLDIERS.

SULTAN

Methinks we march as Meleager did,  
Environèd with brave Argolian knights,  
To chase the savage Calydonian boar;  
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths,  
Against the wolf that angry Themis sent  
To waste and spoil the sweet Aonian fields.  
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,  
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil,  
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,

10 Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us.

My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,  
A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief  
By murder raisèd to the Persian crown,  
That dares control us in our territories.  
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast,  
Join your Arabians with the Sultan's power;  
Let us unite our royal bands in one  
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.  
It is a blemish to the majesty

20 And high estate of mighty emperors

That such a base, usurping vagabond  
Should brave a king or wear a princely crown.

ARABIA

Renownèd Sultan, have ye lately heard

The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth  
About the confines of Bithynia?  
The slavery wherewith he persecutes  
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

SULTAN

I have, and sorrow for his bad success.  
But, noble lord of great Arabia,

- 30 Be so persuaded that the Sultan is  
No more dismayed with tidings of his fall,  
Than in the haven when the pilot stands  
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,  
And shiverèd against a craggy rock.  
Yet, in compassion of his wretched state,  
A sacred vow to heaven and him I make,  
Confirming it with [Ibis'](#) holy name,  
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,  
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong  
Unto the hallowed person of a prince,  
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long  
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

ARABIA

Let grief and fury hasten on revenge!  
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel  
Such plagues as heaven and we can pour on him.  
I long to break my spear upon his crest  
And prove the weight of his victorious arm,  
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal  
In sounding through the world his [partial praise](#).

SULTAN

Capolin, hast thou surveyed our powers?

CAPOLIN

Great emperors of Egypt and Arabia,  
The number of your hosts united is  
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,  
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,

Courageous and full of hardiness,  
As frolic as the hunters in the chase  
Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

ARABIA

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

SULTAN

Then rear your standards! Let your sounding drums  
Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.  
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Sultan comes  
And leads with him the great Arabian king  
To dim thy baseness and obscurity,  
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil,  
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew  
Of Scythians and slavish Persians.

[*Sound drums*].

*Exeunt.*

#### **Scene 4**

*The banquet [is brought on], and to it cometh TAMBURLAINE [all](#)  
[in scarlet](#), [ZENOCRATE,] THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, the  
TURK [BAJAZETH, drawn in his cage, ZABINA,] with others.*

TAMBURLAINE

Now hang our bloody colours by Damascus,  
Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads  
While they walk quivering on their city walls,  
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath.  
Then let us freely banquet and carouse  
Full bowls of wine unto the god of war,  
That means to fill your helmets full of gold  
And make Damascus' spoils as rich to you  
As was to Jason Colchis' golden fleece.



10 And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any [stomach](#)?

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

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

BAJAZETH

Fall to, and never may your meat digest!

[Ye Furies, that](#) can [mask invisible](#),

Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool,

And in your hands bring hellish poison up

20 And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!

Or, wingèd snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,

And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

ZABINA

And may this banquet prove as ominous

As [Procne's](#) to th'adulterous Thracian king

That fed upon the substance of his child!

ZENOCRATE My lord, how can you suffer these outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

TAMBURLAINE

To let them see, divine Zenocrate,

I glory in the curses of my foes,

Having the power from the empyreal heaven

30 To turn them all upon their [proper heads](#).

TECHELLES I pray you, give them leave, madam. This speech is a goodly refreshing to them.

THERIDAMAS But if his highness would let them be fed, it would do them more good.

TAMBURLAINE [*to* BAJAZETH] Sirrah, why fall you not to? Are you so daintily brought up you cannot eat your own flesh?

BAJAZETH

First, legions of devils shall tear thee in pieces.

USUMCASANE

Villain, knowest thou to whom thou speakest?

TAMBURLAINE O, let him alone. Here, eat, sir. Take it from my  
40 sword's point, or I'll thrust it to thy heart.

*He [BAJAZETH] takes it and stamps upon it.*

THERIDAMAS He stamps it under his feet, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE [*to* BAJAZETH] Take it up, villain, and eat it, or I will  
make thee slice the brawns of thy arms into carbonadoes and eat them.

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

TAMBURLAINE [*to* BAJAZETH] Here is my dagger; dispatch her  
while she is fat, for if she live but a while longer, she will fall  
50 into a consumption with fretting, and then she will not be  
worth the eating.

THERIDAMAS [*to* TECHELLES] Dost thou think that Mahomet will suffer  
this?

TECHELLES 'Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.

TAMBURLAINE [*to* BAJAZETH] Go to, fall to your meat. What, not a bit?  
Belike he hath not been watered today. Give him some drink.

*They give him water to drink, and he flings it on the ground.*

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

ZENOCRATE Yes, my lord.

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

TAMBURLAINE Yet music would do well to cheer up Zenocrate. [*To*  
ZENOCRATE] Pray thee, tell: why art thou so sad? If thou wilt have a  
song, the Turk shall strain his voice. But why is it?

ZENOCRATE

My lord, to see my father's town besieged,  
The country wasted where myself was born,  
70 How can it but afflict my very soul?  
If any love remain in you, my lord,  
Or if my love unto your majesty  
May merit favour at your highness' hands,

Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls  
And with my father take a friendly truce.

TAMBURLAINE

Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own land,  
Yet would I with my sword make Jove to stoop.  
I will confute those blind geographers  
That make a [triple region in](#) the world,

- 80 Excluding regions which I mean to [trace](#),  
And with this [pen reduce them to a](#) map,  
Calling the provinces, cities, and towns  
After my name and thine, Zenocrate.  
Here at Damascus will I make the point  
That shall begin [the perpendicular](#).  
And wouldst thou have me buy thy father's love  
With such a loss? Tell me, Zenocrate.

ZENOCRATE

Honour [still wait](#) on happy Tamburlaine!  
Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

- 90 Content thyself. His person shall be safe,  
And all the [friends of](#) fair Zenocrate,  
If with their lives they will be pleased to yield  
Or may be forced to make me emperor;  
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine.

[*To* BAJAZETH]

Feed, you slave; thou may'st think thyself happy to be fed from  
my trencher.

BAJAZETH

- My empty stomach, full of idle heat,  
Draws [bloody humours from](#) my feeble parts,  
Preserving life by hasting cruel death.  
My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry,  
100 My joints benumbed. Unless I eat, I die.

ZABINA Eat, Bajazeth. Let us live in spite of them, [looking some](#) happy power will pity and enlarge us.

TAMBURLAINE [*offering BAJAZETH an empty plate*] Here, Turk, wilt thou have a clean trencher?

BAJAZETH Ay, tyrant, and more meat.

TAMBURLAINE [Soft, sir](#), you must be dieted; too much eating will make you [surfeit](#).

THERIDAMAS [*to TAMBURLAINE*] So it Would, my lord, specially having so small a walk and so little exercise.

110     *Enter a [second course of crowns](#).*

TAMBURLAINE Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

THERIDAMAS Ay, my lord, but none save kings must feed with these.

TECHELLES 'Tis enough for us to see them and for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

TAMBURLAINE [*raising a toast*] Well, here is now to the Sultan of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor of Damascus. Now take these three crowns, and pledge me, my contributory kings. [*He presents the crowns.* I crown you here, Therid-

120           amas, King of Argier; Techelles, King of Fez; and Usumcasane,

King of Morocco. How say you to this, Turk? These are not your contributory kings.

BAJAZETH

Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

TAMBURLAINE

Kings of Argier, Morocco, and of Fez,  
You that have marched with happy Tamburlaine  
[As far as](#) from the frozen [plage of](#) heaven  
Unto the wat'ry morning's ruddy [bower](#)  
And thence by land unto the torrid zone,

130   Deserve these titles I endow you with

By [valour and](#) by magnanimity.

Your births shall be no blemish to your fame,  
For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,

And they are worthy she investeth kings.

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Well said, Theridamas! When holy Fates  
140 Shall 'stablish me in strong Egyptia,  
We mean to travel to th'Antarctic Pole,  
Conquering the people underneath our feet,  
And be renowned as never emperors were.  
Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,  
Until with greater honours I be graced.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT 5

### Scene 1

[Enter] the GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS, with three or four CITIZENS, and four VIRGINS with branches of laurel in their hands.

GOVERNOR

Still doth this man, or rather god of war,  
Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;  
And to resist with longer stubbornness  
Or hope of rescue from the Sultan's power  
Were but to bring our wilful overthrow  
And make us desperate of our threatened lives.  
We see his tents have now been alterèd  
With terrors to the last and cruell'st hue;  
His coal-black colours everywhere advanced  
Threaten our city with a general spoil;

- 10 And if we should with common rites of arms  
Offer our safeties to his clemency,  
I fear the custom proper to his sword,  
Which he observes as parcel of his fame,  
Intending so to terrify the world,  
By any innovation or remorse  
Will never be dispensed with till our deaths.  
Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,  
Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,  
Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,
- 20 Their blubbered cheeks, and hearty humble moans  
Will melt his fury into some remorse,  
And use us like a loving conqueror.

FIRST VIRGIN

If humble suits or imprecations,  
Uttered with [tears of](#) wretchedness and blood  
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex –  
Some [made your](#) wives, and some your children –  
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts  
To entertain some care of our securities

- 30 Whiles [only danger beat](#) upon our walls,  
These more than dangerous [warrants of](#) our death  
Had never been erected as they be,  
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

GOVERNOR

Well, lovely virgins, think our country's care,  
Our love of honour, loath to be enthralled  
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,  
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,  
Before all hope of rescue were denied,  
Submit yourselves and us to servitude.

- 40 Therefore, [in that your](#) safeties and our own,  
Your honours, liberties, and lives, were weighed  
In equal care and balance with our own,  
Endure as we the malice of our stars,  
The wrath of Tamburlaine and power of wars;  
Or be the means the [overweighing heavens](#)  
Have kept to [qualify these](#) hot extremes,  
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks.

SECOND VIRGIN

Then here, before the majesty of heaven  
And [holy patrons of](#) Egyptia,

- 50 With knees and hearts submissive we entreat  
Grace to our words and pity to our looks,  
That this device may prove propitious,  
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine  
[Convey events of](#) mercy to his heart.  
Grant that these [signs of victory we](#) yield  
May bind the temples of his conquering head

To hide the folded furrows of his brows,  
And [shadow his](#) displeasèd countenance  
With happy looks of ruth and lenity.  
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen;

60 What simple virgins may persuade, we will.

GOVERNOR

Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe return  
Depends our city, liberty, and lives!

*Exeunt [all except the VIRGINS. Enter] TAMBURLAINE,  
TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, with Others; TAMBURLAINE all  
in black, and very melancholy.*

TAMBURLAINE

What, are the [turtles frayed](#) out of their nests?  
Alas, poor fools, must you [be first shall](#) feel  
The sworn destruction of Damascus?  
They know my custom. Could they not as well  
Have sent ye out [when first my](#) milk-white flags  
Through which sweet mercy threw her gentle beams,  
Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes,

70 As now when fury and incensèd hate

Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black tents  
And tells for truth submissions comes too late?

FIRST VIRGIN

Most happy king and emperor of the earth,  
Image of honour and nobility,  
For whom the powers divine have made the world  
And on whose throne [the holy Graces sit](#),  
In [whose sweet](#) person is comprised the sum  
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty:  
Pity our plights, O, pity poor Damascus!

80 Pity old age, within whose silver hairs

Honour and reverence evermore have reigned!  
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord,  
In prime and glory of his loving joy,



Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood  
The jealous body of his fearful wife,  
Whose cheeks and hearts – so punished with conceit  
To think thy puissant [never-stayèd arm](#)  
Will part their bodies and [prevent their](#) souls

90       From heavens of comfort yet their age might bear –  
Now wax all pale and withered to the death,  
As well for grief our ruthless governor  
Have thus refused the mercy of thy hand  
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and Furies dread)  
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives.  
O then, for these, and such as we ourselves,  
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,  
That never nourished thought against thy rule,  
Pity, O, pity, sacred emperor,

100 The [prostrate service of](#) this wretched town;  
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath  
Whereto each man [of rule hath](#) given his hand  
[And wished, as](#) worthy subjects, happy means  
To be investors of thy royal brows,  
Even with the true Egyptian diadem.

*[She offers a laurel wreath.]*

TAMBURLAINE

Virgins, in vain ye labour to prevent  
That which mine honour swears shall be [performed](#).  
Behold my sword – what see you at the point?

VIRGINS

Nothing but fear and fatal steel, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

110 Your fearful minds are thick and misty, then,  
For there sits Death, there sits imperious Death,  
Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.  
But I am pleased you shall not see him there;  
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears,

And on their points his [fleshless body feeds](#).  
Techelles, straight go [charge a](#) few of them  
To charge these dames, and show my servant Death,  
Sitting in [scarlet on](#) their armèd spears.

VIRGINS

O, pity us!

TAMBURLAINE

120 Away with them, I say, and show them Death.

*They [TECHELLES and others] take them away.*

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,  
Nor change my martial [observations](#)  
For all the wealth of [Gihon's](#) golden waves,  
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave  
The angry [god of arms and](#) lie with me.  
They have refused the offer of their lives,  
And know my customs are as [peremptory](#).  
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny.

*Enter TECHELLES.*

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins Death?

TECHELLES

They have, my lord, and on Damascus' walls

130 Have hoisted up their slaughtered carcasses.

TAMBURLAINE

A sight as baneful to their souls, I think,  
As are [Thessalian drugs](#) or mithridate.  
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword.

*Exeunt;*

[TAMBURLAINE  
*remains*].

[Ah, fair Zenocrate, divine](#) Zenocrate!

Fair is too foul an epithet for thee  
That, in thy [passion for](#) thy country's love  
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm,

With hair dishevelled wip'st thy watery cheeks,  
 And like to Flora in her morning's pride,  
 140 Shaking her silver tresses in the air,  
 Rain'st on the earth [resolved pearl in](#) showers  
 And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face  
 Where [Beauty, mother](#) to the Muses, sits  
 And comments volumes with her ivory pen,  
[Taking instructions from](#) thy flowing eyes –  
 Eyes, when that [Ebena steps](#) to heaven  
 In silence of thy solemn evening's walk,  
 Making the mantle of the richest night,  
 The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light.  
 150 [There angels in](#) their crystal armours fight  
 A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts  
 For Egypt's freedom and the Sultan's life –  
 His life that so consumes Zenocrate,  
 Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul  
 Than all my army to Damascus' walls;  
 And neither Persians' sovereign nor the Turk  
 Troubled my senses with [conceit of foil](#)  
 So much by much as doth Zenocrate.  
 160 [What is beauty](#), saith my sufferings, then?  
 If all the pens that ever poets held  
 Had [fed the feeling of](#) their masters' thoughts,  
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,  
 Their minds and muses on admirèd themes;  
 If all the heavenly quintessence they [still](#)  
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
 Wherein as in a mirror we perceive  
 The highest reaches of a human wit;  
 If these had made one poem's [period](#),  
 170 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,  
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads,  
 One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,  
 Which into words no virtue [can digest](#).

But how unseemly is it for my sex,  
 My discipline of arms and chivalry,  
 My nature, and the terror of my name,  
 To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!  
 Save only that in beauty's just applause,  
 With whose instinct the soul of man is touched,  
 180 And every warrior that is rapt with love  
 Of fame, of valour, and of victory,  
 Must needs have beauty beat on his conceits,  
 I thus conceiving and subduing, both,  
That which hath stopped the tempest of the gods,  
 Even from the fiery spangled veil of heaven,  
 To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames  
 And march in cottages of strewèd weeds,  
 Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,  
 That virtue solely is the sum of glory  
 190 And fashions men with true nobility.  
 Who's within there?

*Enter two or three* [ATTENDANTS].

Hath Bajazeth been fed today?

ATTENDANT Ay, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE Bring him forth, and let us know if the town be  
ransacked.

[*Exeunt*  
ATTENDANTS.]

*Enter* TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE, *and others*.

TECHELLES

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

TAMBURLAINE

That's well, Techelles, what's the news?

TECHELLES

The Sultan and the Arabian king together,

March on us with such eager violence  
200 As if there were no way but one with us.

TAMBURLAINE

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

*They bring in the* TURK [BAJAZETH, in his cage, followed by  
ZABINA].

THERIDAMAS

We know the victory is ours, my lord.  
But let us save the reverend Sultan's life  
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state.

TAMBURLAINE

That will we chiefly see unto, Theridamas,  
For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness  
Deserves a conquest over every heart.  
And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,  
You hope of liberty and restitution.

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

*Exeunt,* [BAJAZETH  
and ZABINA remain.]

BAJAZETH

Go, never to return with victory!  
Millions of men encompass thee about  
And gore thy body with as many wounds!  
Sharp, forkèd arrows light upon thy horse!  
Furies from the black Cocytus lake  
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands

220 Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!  
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,  
And every bullet dipped in poisoned drugs!  
Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints,  
Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

ZABINA

Let all the swords and lances in the field  
Stick in his breast as in their [proper rooms!](#)  
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,  
That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart  
And madness send his damnèd soul to hell!

BAJAZETH

- 230 Ah, fair Zabina, we may curse his power,  
The heavens may frown, the earth for anger quake,  
But such a star hath influence in his sword  
As rules the skies, and countermands the gods  
More than [Cimmerian Styx or](#) Destiny.  
And then shall we in this detested guise,  
With shame, with hunger, and with horror aye  
[Gripping](#) our bowels with retorquèd thoughts,  
And have no hope to end our ecstasies.

ZABINA

- Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,  
240 No [fiend, no](#) Fortune, nor no hope of end  
To our [infamous, monstrous](#) slaveries?  
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view  
A hell as hopeless and as full of fear  
As are the blasted banks of [Erebus,](#)  
Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans  
Hover about the ugly [ferryman](#)  
To get a passage to Elysium!  
Why should we live, O, wretches, beggars, slaves,  
Why live we, Bajazeth, and [build up nests](#)  
250 So high within the region of the air,  
By living long in this oppression,  
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn  
The former triumphs of our mightiness  
In this obscure infernal servitude?

BAJAZETH

O life more loathsome to my vexèd thoughts  
Than [noisome parbreak of](#) the Stygian snakes

- Which fills the nooks of hell with [standing air](#),  
 Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs!  
 O dreary [engines of](#) my loathèd sight  
 That sees my crown, my honour, and my name  
 260 Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,  
 Why feed ye still on day's accursèd beams  
 And sink not quite into my tortured soul?  
 You see my wife, my queen and emperess,  
 Brought up and proppèd by the hand of fame,  
 Queen of fifteen contributory queens,  
 Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,  
 Smeared with blots of basest drudgery,  
 And villeiness to shame, disdain, and misery.  
 Accursèd Bajazeth, whose words of ruth,  
 270 That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart  
 And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears,  
 Sharp hunger bites upon and gripes the root  
 From whence the issues of my thoughts do break.  
 O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,  
 Fetch me some water for my burning breast,  
 To cool and comfort me with longer date,  
 That, in the shortened sequel of my life,  
 I may pour forth my soul into thine arms  
 With words of love, whose moaning intercourse  
 280 Hath hitherto been stayed with wrath and hate  
 Of our [expressless, banned inflictions](#).

ZABINA

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

*She goes out.*

[BAJAZETH](#)

Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days  
 And beat thy brains out of thy conquered head,

Since other means are all forbidden me  
That may be ministers of my decay.  
290 O highest lamp of ever-living Jove,  
Accursèd day, infected with my griefs,  
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night  
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens!  
Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,  
Engirt with tempests wrapped in pitchy clouds,  
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,  
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe  
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunderclaps,  
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live,

300 And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,  
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!  
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold  
Pierce through the centre of my withered heart  
And make a passage for my loathèd life!

*He brains himself against the cage.*

*Enter ZABINA.*

ZABINA

What do mine eyes behold? My husband dead!  
His skull all riven in twain, his brains dashed out!  
The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!  
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord,  
O Bajazeth, O Turk, O emperor – give him his liquor? Not I.  
310 Bring milk and fire, and my blood I bring him again; tear me  
in pieces, give me the sword with a ball of wildfire upon it.  
Down with him, down with him! Go to my child. Away,  
away, away! Ah, save that infant, save him, save him! I, even  
I, speak to her. The sun was down. Streamers white, red,  
black, here, here, here. Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine,  
Tamburlaine! Let the soldiers be buried. Hell, death,  
Tamburlaine, hell! Make ready my coach, my chair,  
my jewels. I come, I come, I come!



*She runs against the cage and brains herself.*

[Enter] ZENOCRATE with ANIPPE.

ZENOCRATE

- Wretched Zenocrate, that livest to see  
Damascus' walls dyed with Egyptian blood,  
320 Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen,  
Thy streets strewed with dissevered joints of men  
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life,  
But most accurst to see the sun-bright troop  
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids,  
Whose looks might make the angry god of arms  
To break his sword and mildly treat of love,  
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up  
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death!  
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,  
330 That stamped on others with their thund'ring hoofs,  
When all their riders charged their quivering spears,  
Began to check the ground and rein themselves,  
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks.  
Ah, Tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,  
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love,  
Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate  
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love?

[*She sees the bodies of* BAJAZETH *and* ZABINA.]

- But see, another bloody spectacle!  
Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,  
340 How are ye glutted with these grievous objects,  
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!  
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

ANIPPE

No breath, nor sense, nor motion in them both.  
Ah, madam, this their slavery hath enforced,  
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

ZENOCRATE

Earth, cast up fountains from thy [entrails](#),  
 And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths;  
[Shake with](#) their weight in sign of fear and grief;  
 Blush, heaven, that gave them honour at their birth,  
 350 And let them die a death so barbarous!  
 Those that are proud of fickle empery  
 And place their chiefest good in earthly pomp,  
 Behold the Turk and his great emperess!  
 Ah, Tamburlaine my love, sweet Tamburlaine,  
 That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,  
 Behold the Turk and his great emperess!  
 Thou that [in conduct of](#) thy happy stars,  
 Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows,  
 360 And yet wouldst shun the wavering turns [of war](#),  
[In fear](#) and feeling of the like distress,  
 Behold the Turk and his great emperess!  
 Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,  
 Pardon my love, O, pardon his contempt  
 Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,  
 And let not conquest ruthlessly pursued  
 Be equally against his life incensed  
 In this great Turk and hapless emperess!  
 And pardon me that was not moved with ruth  
 370 To see them live so long in misery.  
 Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

ANIPPE

Madam, content yourself, and be resolved  
 Your love hath Fortune so at his command  
 That she shall stay, and turn her wheel no more  
 As long as life maintains his mighty arm  
 That fights for honour to adorn your head.

*Enter [PHILEMUS,] a messenger.*

ZENOCRATE

What other heavy news now brings Philemus?

PHILEMUS

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

ZENOCRATE

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

*They sound to the battle, and TAMBURLAINE enjoys the victory.  
After, [the KING OF] ARABIA enters wounded.*

ARABIA

What cursèd power guides the murdering hands  
Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers,  
That no escape may save their enemies,  
Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?

Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,  
And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold  
That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched arms,  
Even so for her thou diest in these arms,  
410 Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

ZENOCRATE

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

ARABIA

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

[*He dies.*]

*Enter* TAMBURLAINE *leading the* SULTAN; TECHELLES,  
THERIDAMAS, USUMCASANE [*bearing a crown for ZENOCRATE*], *with*  
*others.*

TAMBURLAINE

Come, happy father of Zenocrate,

A title higher than thy Sultan's name.  
Though my right hand have thus enthralled thee,  
Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;  
She that hath calmed the fury of my sword,  
Which [had ere this been](#) bathed in streams of blood  
As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile.

ZENOCRATE

440 O, sight thrice welcome to my joyful soul,  
To see the king my father issue safe  
From dangerous battle of my conquering love!

SULTAN

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

TAMBURLAINE

'Twas I, my lord, that gat the victory.  
And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,  
Since I shall render all into your hands  
And add more strength to your dominions  
Than ever yet [confirmed th'](#)Egyptian crown.  
The god of war resigns his room to me,  
450 Meaning to make me general of the world.  
Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,  
Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.  
Where'er I come, [the Fatal Sisters sweat](#),  
And grisly Death, by running to and fro  
To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;  
And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,  
Since I arrived with my triumphant host  
Have [swelling clouds, drawn](#) from wide gasping wounds,  
Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers –  
460 A meteor that might terrify the earth  
And make it quake at every drop it drinks.  
Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,  
Waiting the back return of Charon's boat;  
Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men

That I have sent from sundry [foughten fields](#)  
To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.  
And see, my lord, a sight of strange import:  
Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet.  
The Turk and his great empress, as it seems,  
470 Left to themselves while we were at the fight,  
Have desperately dispatched their slavish lives.  
With them Arabia too hath left his life –  
All sights [of power to grace](#) my victory.  
And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine,  
Wherein as in a mirror may be seen  
His honour, that consists in shedding blood  
When men presume to manage arms with him.

SULTAN

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

TAMBURLAINE

Her state and person wants no pomp, you see;  
And for all blot of foul in chastity,  
I [record heaven](#), her heavenly self is clear.  
Then let me [find no](#) further time to grace  
Her princely temples with the Persian crown;  
490 But here these kings, that on my fortunes wait,  
And have been crowned for proved worthiness  
Even by this hand that shall establish them,  
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,  
Invest her here my queen of Persia.  
What saith the noble Sultan and Zenocrate?

SULTAN

I yield with thanks and protestations  
Of endless honour to thee for [her love](#).

TAMBURLAINE

Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate  
Will soon consent to satisfy us both.

ZENOCRATE

500 Else should I much forget myself, my lord.

THERIDAMAS

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

TECHELLES

My hand is ready to perform the deed,  
For now her marriage time shall [work us rest](#).

USUMCASANE

And here's the crown, my lord. Help set it on.

TAMBURLAINE

Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate.  
And here we crown thee queen of Persia  
And all the kingdoms and dominions  
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued.

510 As Juno, when [the giants were](#) suppressed,  
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,  
So looks my love, [shadowing in](#) her brows  
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;  
Or, as [Latona's daughter, bent](#) to arms,  
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.  
To gratify thee, sweet Zenocrate,  
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,  
From Barbary unto the Western Indie,  
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy sire,  
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks

520 Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend.  
And now, my lords and loving followers,  
That purchased kingdoms by your martial deeds,  
Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes,  
Mount up your royal places of estate,  
Environèd with troops of noble men,

And there make laws to rule your provinces.  
Hang up your weapons on [Alcides' post](#),  
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.

[*To ZENOCRATE*]

Thy first betrothèd love, Arabia,  
530 Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb,  
With this great Turk and his fair emperess.  
Then after all these solemn exequies,  
We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize.

[*Exeunt.*]



# TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT, PART TWO

## [Dramatis Personae]

### THE PROLOGUE

ORCANES, *King of Natolia*

GAZELLUS, *Viceroy of Byron*

URIBASSA, *a Natolian lord*

SIGISMOND, *King of Hungary*

FREDERICK, *lord of Buda*

BALDWIN, *lord of Bohemia*

CALLAPINE, *son to Bajazeth, and prisoner to Tamburlaine*

ALMEDA, *his keeper*

TAMBURLAINE, *King of Persia*

ZENOCRATE, *wife to Tamburlaine*

CALYPHAS / AMYRAS / CELEBINUS / *Tamburlaine's sons*

THERIDAMAS, *King of Argier*

TECHELLES, *King of Fez*

USUMCASANE, *King of Morocco*

A MESSENGER

THREE PHYSICIANS

KING OF TREBIZOND

KING OF SORIA

KING OF JERUSALEM

SOLDIERS

PIONERS

A CAPTAIN OF BALSERA

OLYMPIA, *wife to the Captain of Balsera*

THE CAPTAIN'S SON

PERDICAS, *companion to Calyphas*

TURKISH CONCUBINES  
GOVERNOR OF BABYLON  
MAXIMUS  
CITIZENS  
KING OF AMASIA  
A CAPTAIN  
ATTENDANTS]

[*Enter*] *the* PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE

The general welcome Tamburlaine received  
When he arrivèd last upon our stage  
Hath made our poet pen his second part,  
Where death cuts off the progress of his pomp  
And murd'rous Fates throws all his triumphs down.

- 5 But what became of fair Zenocrate,  
And with how many cities' sacrifice  
He celebrated her sad funeral,  
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT 1

### Scene 1

[Enter] ORCANES *King of Natolia*, GAZELLUS *viceroy of Byron*,  
URIBASSA, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

ORCANES

Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,  
[Placed by the issue of](#) great Bajazeth,  
And sacred lord, the mighty Callapine,  
Who lives in Egypt prisoner to that slave  
Which kept his father in an iron cage:  
[Now have](#) we marched from fair Natolia  
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks  
Our warlike host in complete armour rest,  
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary

- 10 Should meet our person to conclude a truce.  
What, shall we parley with the Christian,  
Or cross the stream and meet him in the field?

GAZELLUS

King of Natolia, let us treat of peace.  
We all are gluttred with the Christians' blood,  
And have a greater foe to fight against:  
Proud Tamburlaine, that now in Asia  
Near [Guyron's](#) head doth set his conquering feet,  
And means to fire Turkey as he goes.  
'Gainst him, my lord, must you address your power.

URIBASSA

- 20 [Besides, King](#) Sigismond hath brought from Christendom  
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,  
[Slavonians, Almains, rutters, Muffs, and](#) Danes,

That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe  
Will [hazard that we](#) might with surety hold.

[ORCANES](#)

- Though from the [shortest northern parallel](#),  
[Vast Gruntland, compassed](#) with the frozen sea,  
Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,  
Giants as big as hugy Polypheme,  
Millions of soldiers [cut the Arctic line](#),  
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,
- 30 Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats  
And make this [champion mead a](#) bloody fen.  
[Danubius' stream, that](#) runs to Trebizond,  
Shall carry wrapped within his scarlet waves,  
As martial presents to our friends at home,  
The slaughtered bodies of these Christians.  
The Terrene main, wherein Danubius falls,  
Shall by this battle be the bloody sea.  
The wand'ring sailors of proud Italy  
Shall meet those Christians fleeing with the tide,
- 40 Beating in heaps against their argosies,  
And make fair [Europe, mounted](#) on her bull,  
Trapped with the wealth and riches of the world,  
Alight and wear a woeful mourning weed.

GAZELLUS

- Yet, stout Orcanes, prorex of the world,  
Since Tamburlaine hath mustered all his men,  
Marching from Cairon northward with his camp  
To Alexandria and the frontier towns,  
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,  
'Tis requisite to parley for a peace
- 50 With Sigismond the King of Hungary,  
And save our forces for the hot assaults  
Proud Tamburlaine intends Natolia.

ORCANES

Viceroy of Byron, wisely hast thou said.

[My realm, the](#) centre of our empery,  
Once lost, all Turkey would be overthrown,  
And for that cause the Christians shall have peace.  
Slavonians, Almains, rutters, Muffs, and Danes,  
[Fear not Orcanes](#), but great Tamburlaine –

60 Nor he, but Fortune that hath made him great.  
We have revolted Grecians, [Albanese](#),  
[Sicilians](#), [Jews](#), Arabians, Turks, and Moors,  
Natolians, [Sorians](#), [black](#) Egyptians,  
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,  
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismond,  
Yet scarce enough t'encounter Tamburlaine.  
He brings a world of people to the field.  
From Scythia to the [oriental plague](#)  
Of India, where raging Lantchidol

70 Beats on the regions with his boisterous blows,  
That never seaman yet discovered,  
All Asia is in arms with Tamburlaine.  
[Even from the](#) midst of fiery Cancer's tropic  
To Amazonia under Capricorn,  
And thence as far as Archipelago,  
All Afric is in arms with Tamburlaine.  
Therefore, viceroys, the Christians must have peace.

[Enter] SIGISMOND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, *and their train, with drums and trumpets.*

SIGISMOND

Orcanes, as our legates promised thee,  
We with our peers have crossed Danubius' stream  
80 To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.  
Take which thou wilt, for [as the Romans used](#),  
I here present thee with a naked sword.

[*He presents his sword.*]

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

And I will sheathe it to confirm the same.

ORCANES

Stay, Sigismond. Forgett'st thou I am he  
That with the cannon shook Vienna walls  
And made it dance upon [the continent](#),  
As when the massy substance of the earth  
Quiver about the [axletree of heaven?](#)

- 90 Forgett'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,  
Mingled with [powdered shot and](#) feathered steel,  
So thick upon the [blink-eyed burghers'](#) heads,  
That thou thyself, then [County Palatine](#),  
The king of Boheme, and the [Austrie duke](#)  
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees  
In all your names desired a truce of me?  
Forgett'st thou that, to have me raise my siege,  
Wagons of gold were set before my tent,  
Stamped with the [princely fowl that](#) in her wings  
100 Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?  
How canst thou think of this and offer war?

SIGISMOND

Vienna was besieged, and I was there,  
Then County Palatine, but now a king,  
And what we did was in extremity.  
But now, Orcanes, view my royal host  
That hides these plains, and seems as vast and wide  
As doth the desert of Arabia  
To those that stand on Baghdad's lofty tower,  
Or as the ocean to the traveller

- 110 That rests upon the snowy Apennines;  
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,  
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king.

GAZELLUS

Kings of Natolia and of Hungary,  
We came from Turkey to confirm a league,  
And not to dare each other to the field.

A friendly parley might become ye both.

FREDERICK

And we from Europe to the same intent,  
Which if your general refuse or scorn,  
Our tents are pitched, our men stand in array,

120 Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

ORCANES

So prest are we. But yet if Sigismond  
Speak as a friend and stand not upon terms,  
Here is his sword; let peace be ratified  
On these conditions specified before,  
Drawn with advice of our ambassadors.

SIGISMOND

Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand  
Never to draw it out or manage arms  
Against thyself or thy confederates,

130 But, whilst I live, will be at truce with thee.

ORCANES

But, Sigismond, confirm it with an oath  
And swear in sight of heaven and by thy Christ.

SIGISMOND

By Him that made the world and saved my soul,  
The son of God and issue of a maid,  
Sweet Jesus Christ, I solemnly protest  
And vow to keep this peace inviolable.

ORCANES

By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,  
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,  
Whose glorious body, when he left the world,

140 Closed in a coffin, mounted up the air

And hung on stately Mecca's temple roof,  
I swear to keep this truce inviolable;  
Of whose conditions and our solemn oaths  
Signed with our hands, each shall retain a scroll  
As memorable witness of our league.

Now, Sigismond, if any Christian king  
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,  
Send word Orcanes of Natolia  
Confirmed this league beyond Danubius' stream,  
150 And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat,  
So am I feared among all nations.

SIGISMOND

If any heathen potentate or king  
Invade Natolia, Sigismond will send  
A hundred thousand horse trained to the war  
And backed by stout lancers of Germany,  
The strength and sinews of th'imperial seat.

ORCANES

I thank thee, Sigismond; but when I war,  
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,  
Follow my standard and my thund'ring drums.  
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents.  
160 I will dispatch [chief](#) of my army hence  
To fair Natolia and to Trebizond,  
To [stay](#) my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine.  
Friend Sigismond, and peers of Hungary,  
Come banquet and carouse with us a while  
And then depart we to our territories.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 2**

*[Enter] CALLAPINE with ALMEDA, his keeper.*

CALLAPINE

Sweet Almeda, pity the ruthful plight  
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,  
Born to be monarch of [the western world](#),  
Yet here detained by cruel Tamburlaine.

ALMEDA



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

CALLAPINE

Ah, were I now but half so eloquent  
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,

10 I know thou wouldst depart from hence with me.

ALMEDA

Not for all Afric. Therefore move me not.

CALLAPINE

Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almeda.

ALMEDA

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

CALLAPINE

By Cairo runs –

ALMEDA

No talk of running, I tell you, sir.

CALLAPINE

A little further, gentle Almeda.

ALMEDA

Well, sir, what of this?

CALLAPINE

By Cairo runs to Alexandria Bay

20 Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies

A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,  
Waiting my coming to the river side,  
Hoping by some means I shall be released,  
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail  
And soon put forth into the Terrene Sea,  
Where 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete  
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.  
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,  
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.

- 30 Amongst so many crowns of burnished gold  
Choose which thou wilt; all are at thy command.  
A thousand galleys manned with Christian slaves  
I freely give thee, which shall cut the [Straits](#)  
And bring armadoes from the coasts of Spain,  
Fraughted with gold of rich America.  
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,  
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,  
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl,  
Or lovely Io metamorphosèd.
- 40 With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,  
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,  
The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels  
With Turkey carpets shall be coverèd,  
And [cloth of arras](#) hung about the walls,  
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce.  
A hundred bassoes, clothed in crimson silk,  
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds,  
And when thou [goest](#), a golden canopy  
Enchased with precious stones which shine as bright  
As that [fair veil](#) that covers all the world,
- 50 When Phoebus, leaping from his hemisphere,  
Descendeth downward to th'Antipodes –  
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

ALMEDA

How far hence lies the galley, say you?

CALLAPINE

Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

ALMEDA

But need we not be spied going aboard?

CALLAPINE

Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill  
And crooked bending of a craggy rock,  
The sails wrapped up, the mast and tacklings down,  
She lies so close that none can find her out.

60

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

CALLAPINE

As I am Callapine the emperor,  
And by the hand of Mahomet, I swear  
Thou shalt be crowned a king and be my mate.

ALMEDA

Then here I swear, as I am Almeda,  
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great –  
For that's the style and title I have yet –  
Although he sent a thousand armèd men

70 To intercept this [haughty](#) enterprise,  
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace  
And die before I brought you back again.

CALLAPINE

Thanks, gentle Almeda. Then let us haste,  
Lest time be past and, ling'ring, let us both.

ALMEDA

When you will, my lord. I am ready.

CALLAPINE

Even straight. And farewell, cursèd Tamburlaine!  
Now go I to revenge my father's death.

*Exeunt.*

### **Scene 3**

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE with ZENOCRATE, and his three sons, CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, with drums and trumpets. [*A throne is brought on.*]

TAMBURLAINE

Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,  
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of heaven,  
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air

And clothe it in a crystal livery,  
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa plains,  
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire parts,  
Between thy sons that shall be emperors  
And every one commander of a world.

ZENOCRATE

Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms

- 10 And save thy sacred person free from scathe  
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?

TAMBURLAINE

When heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,  
And when the ground whereon my soldiers march  
Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon,  
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate.  
Sit up and rest thee like a lovely queen.  
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,  
When these my sons, more precious in mine eyes  
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued,

- 20 Placed by her side, look on their mother's face.  
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,  
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine;  
[Water](#) and air, being symbolized in one,  
Argue their want of courage and of wit;  
Their hair as white as milk and soft as down,  
Which should be like the quills of porcupines,  
As black as jet, and hard as iron or steel,  
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars.  
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,  
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck,  
30 Their legs to dance and caper in the air,  
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,  
But that I know they issued from thy womb,  
That never looked on man but Tamburlaine.

ZENOCRATE

My gracious lord, they have their mother's looks,

- But when they list, their conquering father's heart.  
 This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,  
 Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,  
[Trotting the ring](#) and tilting at a glove,  
 Which when he tainted with his slender rod,
- 40 He reined him straight and made him so [curvet](#)  
 As I cried out for fear he should have fall'n.
- TAMBURLAINE [*to CELEBINUS*]  
 Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance,  
[Armour of proof](#), horse, helm, and curtle-axe,  
 And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe  
 And [harmless](#) run among the deadly pikes.  
 If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,  
 Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,  
 Keeping in iron cages emperors.  
 If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth
- 50 And shine in complete virtue more than they,  
 Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed  
 Shall issue crownèd from their mother's womb.

CELEBINUS

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

TAMBURLAINE

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

AMYRAS

Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,  
 Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?

TAMBURLAINE

Be all a scourge and terror to the world,  
 Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine.

CALYPHAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

- Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's loins
- 70 And not the issue of great Tamburlaine,  
Of all the provinces I have subdued,  
Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear  
A mind courageous and invincible.  
For he shall wear the crown of Persia  
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,  
Which, being wrath, sends lightning from his eyes,  
And in the furrows of his frowning brows  
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty.  
For in a field, whose [superficies](#)
- 80 Is covered with a liquid [purple](#) veil  
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,  
My royal chair of state shall be advanced,  
And he that means to place himself therein  
Must armèd wade up to the chin in blood.

ZENOCRATE

My lord, such speeches to our princely sons  
Dismays their minds before they come to prove  
The wounding troubles angry war affords.

CELEBINUS

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

AMYRAS

And I would strive to swim through pools of blood  
Or make a bridge of murdered carcasses,  
Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,

Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMBURLAINE

Well, lovely boys, you shall be emperors both,  
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west.

[*To CALYPHAS*]

And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,  
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy  
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,  
100 And cleave his pericranion with thy sword.

CALYPHAS

If any man will hold him, I will strike,  
And cleave him to the [channel](#) with my sword.

TAMBURLAINE

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

*Enter THERIDAMAS and his train, with drums and trumpets.*

Welcome, Theridamas, King of Argier!

THERIDAMAS

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

[*He presents his crown to TAMBURLAINE.*]

TAMBURLAINE

Thanks, good Theridamas.

THERIDAMAS

Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks,

And of Argier and Afric's frontier towns  
120 Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms,  
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.  
Five hundred brigantines are under sail,  
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,  
That, launching from Argier to Tripoli,  
Will quickly ride before Natolia  
And batter down the castles on the shore.

TAMBURLAINE

Well said, Argier. Receive thy crown again.

*[He returns THERIDAMAS's crown.]*

*Enter TECHELLES and USUMCASANE together.*

Kings of Moroccus and of Fez, welcome.

USUMCASANE *[presenting his crown to TAMBURLAINE]*

Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine,  
130 I and my neighbour King of Fez have brought,  
To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,  
A hundred thousand expert soldiers.  
[From Azamor](#) to Tunis near the sea  
Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,  
And all the men in armour under me,  
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

TAMBURLAINE *[returning USUMCASANE's crown]*

Thanks, King of Moroccus. Take your crown again.

TECHELLES *[presenting his crown to TAMBURLAINE]*

And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,  
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,  
140 I here present thee with the crown of Fez  
And with an host of Moors trained to the war,  
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire  
And quake for fear, as if [infernal Jove](#),  
Meaning to aid [thee](#) in these Turkish arms,  
Should pierce the black circumference of hell  
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags



And millions of his strong tormenting spirits.  
From strong Tesella unto Biledull  
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

TAMBURLAINE [*returning* TECHELLES's crown]

Thanks, King of Fez. Take here thy crown again.

150 Your presence, loving friends and fellow kings,  
[Makes me](#) to surfeit in conceiving joy.  
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court  
Were opened wide, and I might enter in  
To see the state and majesty of heaven,  
It could not more delight me than your sight.  
Now will we banquet on these plains a while  
And after march to Turkey with our camp,  
In number more than are the drops that fall  
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds;

160 And proud Orcanes of Natolia  
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid  
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,  
Were turned to men, he should be overcome.  
Such [lavish](#) will I make of Turkish blood  
That Jove shall send [his wingèd messenger](#)  
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field.  
The sun, unable to sustain the sight,  
Shall hide his head in [Thetis'](#) watery lap  
And leave his steeds to fair [Boötes'](#) charge;

170 For half the world shall perish in this fight.  
But now, my friends, let me examine ye.  
How have ye spent your absent time from me?

USUMCASANE

[My lord](#), our men of Barbary have marched  
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs  
And [lain in leaguer](#) fifteen months and more.  
For since we left you at the Sultan's court,  
We have subdued the southern Guallatia  
And all the land unto the coast of Spain.

We kept the narrow Strait of Gibraltar,  
180 And made Canarea call us kings and lords,  
Yet never did they [recreate](#) themselves  
Or cease one day from war and hot alarms;  
And therefore let them rest a while, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

They shall, Casane, and 'tis time, i'faith.

TECHELLES

And I have marched along the river Nile  
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest  
Called [John the Great](#), sits in a milk-white robe,  
Whose [triple mitre](#) I did take by force  
190 And made him swear obedience to my crown.  
From thence unto Cazates did I march,  
Where [Amazonians](#) met me in the field,  
With whom, being women, I [vouchsafed a league](#);  
And with my power did march to [Zanzibar](#),  
The western part of Afric, where I viewed  
The [Ethiopian sea](#), rivers and lakes,  
But neither man nor child in all the land.  
[Therefore](#) I took my course to Manico,  
Where, unresisted, I removed my camp;  
200 And by the coast of Byather at last  
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,  
And, conquering that, made haste to [Nubia](#).  
There, having sacked Borno, the kingly seat,  
I took the king and led him bound in chains  
Unto Damasco, where I stayed before.

TAMBURLAINE

Well done, Techelles. What saith Theridamas?

THERIDAMAS

I left the confines and the bounds of Afric  
And made a voyage into Europe,  
Where by the river [Tyros](#) I subdued

210 Stoka, Podalia, and Codemia,  
Then crossed the sea and came to Oblia,  
And [Nigra Silva](#), where the devils dance,  
Which in despite of them I set on fire.  
From thence I crossed the gulf called by the name  
[Mare Maggiore](#) of th'inhabitants.  
Yet shall my soldiers make no [period](#)  
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

TAMBURLAINE

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

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 2

### Scene 1

[Enter] SIGISMOND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, *with their train.*

SIGISMOND

Now say, my lords of Buda and Bohemia,  
What [motion](#) is it that inflames your thoughts  
And stirs your valours to such sudden arms?

FREDERICK

Your majesty remembers, I am sure,  
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods  
These heathenish Turks and pagans lately made  
Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius,  
How through the midst of [Varna](#) and Bulgaria  
And almost to the very walls of Rome

10 They have, not long since, massacred our camp.

It resteth now, then, that your majesty  
Take all advantages of time and power,  
And work revenge upon these infidels.  
Your highness knows for Tamburlaine's repair –  
That strikes a terror to all Turkish hearts –  
[Natolia](#) hath dismissed the greatest part  
Of all his army, pitched against our power  
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,  
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,

20 Acantha, Antioch, and Caesaria,

To aid the kings of [Soria](#) and Jerusalem.  
Now then, my lord, advantage take hereof,  
And issue suddenly upon the rest,  
That, in the fortune of their overthrow,

We may discourage all the pagan troop  
That dare attempt to war with Christians.

SIGISMOND

But calls not, then, your grace to memory  
The league we lately made with King Orcanes,  
Confirmed by oath and articles of peace,  
And calling Christ for record of our truths?

- 30 This [should](#) be treachery and violence  
Against the grace of our [profession](#).

BALDWIN

No whit, my lord. For with such infidels,  
In whom no faith nor true religion rests,  
We are not bound to [those accomplishments](#)  
The holy laws of Christendom enjoin;  
[But as](#) the faith which they profanely plight  
Is not by necessary policy  
To be esteemed assurance for ourselves,  
So what we vow to them should not infringe

- 40 Our liberty of arms and victory.

SIGISMOND

Though I confess the oaths they undertake  
Breed little strength to our security,  
Yet those infirmities that thus defame  
Their faiths, their honours, and their religion  
Should not give us presumption to the like.  
Our faiths are sound and must be [consummate](#),  
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

FREDERICK

Assure your grace, 'tis superstition  
To stand so strictly on [dispensive faith](#).

- 50 And should we lose the opportunity  
That God hath given to venge our Christians' death  
And scourge their foul blasphemous paganism?  
As fell to [Saul](#), to Balaam, and the rest  
That would not kill and curse at God's command,

So surely will the vengeance of the Highest,  
And jealous anger of His fearful arm,  
Be poured with rigour on our sinful heads  
If we neglect this offered victory.

SIGISMOND

60 Then arm, my lords, and issue suddenly,  
Giving commandment to our general host  
With expedition to assail the pagan  
And take the victory our God hath given.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 2**

*[Enter] ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, with their train.*

ORCANES

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

GAZELLUS

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

Be able to withstand and conquer him.

URIBASSA

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

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER

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

ORCANES

- Traitors, villains, damnèd Christians!  
Have I not here the articles of peace  
30 And solemn covenants we have both confirmed,  
He by his Christ and I by Mahomet?

GAZELLUS

Hell and confusion light upon their heads  
That with such treason seek our overthrow  
And cares so little for their prophet, Christ!

ORCANES

- Can there be such deceit in Christians,  
Or treason in the fleshly heart of man,  
Whose shape is figure of the highest god?  
Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say  
(But in their deeds deny him for their Christ),  
40 If he be son to everliving [Jove](#)  
And hath the power of his outstretched arm,  
If he be jealous of his name and honour  
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,  
Take here [these papers](#) as our sacrifice  
And witness of thy servant's perjury!

[*He burns the articles of peace.*]

Open, thou [shining veil of Cynthia](#),  
And make a passage from the empyreal heaven,  
That He that sits on high and never sleeps,

50 Nor [in one](#) place is circumscribable,  
But everywhere fills every [continent](#)  
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour,  
May in his endless power and purity  
Behold and venge this traitor's perjury!  
Thou Christ, that art esteemed omnipotent,  
If thou wilt prove thyself a perfect God  
Worthy the worship of all faithful hearts,  
Be now revenged upon this traitor's soul,  
And make the power I have left behind

60 (Too little to defend our guiltless lives)  
Sufficient to discomfort and confound  
The trustless force of those false Christians.  
To arms, my lords! On Christ still let us cry.  
If there be Christ, we shall have victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

### [*Scene 3*]

*Sound to the battle, and SIGISMOND comes out wounded.*

SIGISMOND

Discomfited is all the Christian host,  
And God hath thundered vengeance from on high  
For my accurst and hateful perjury.  
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,  
Let the dishonour of the pains I feel  
In this my mortal well-deservèd wound  
End all my penance in my sudden death,  
And let this death, [wherein](#) to sin I die,  
Conceive a second life in endless mercy!



[*He dies.*]

*Enter* ORCANES, GAZELLUS, URIBASSA, *with others.*

ORCANES

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

GAZELLUS

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

ORCANES

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

GAZELLUS

'Tis but the fortune of the wars, my lord,  
[Whose power](#) is often proved a miracle.

ORCANES

Yet in my thoughts shall Christ be honourèd,  
Not doing Mahomet an injury,  
Whose power had share in this our victory.  
And since this miscreant hath disgraced his faith

And died a traitor both to heaven and earth,  
We will both watch and ward shall keep his trunk  
Amidst these plains for fowls to prey upon.  
40 Go, Uribassa, give it straight in charge.  
URIBASSA I will, my lord.

*Exit URIBASSA [and SOLDIERS, with the  
body].*

ORCANES

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

*Exeunt.*

#### **Scene 4**

*The arras is drawn, and ZENOCRATE lies in her bed of state,  
TAMBURLAINE sitting by her; three PHYSICIANS about her bed, tempering  
potions. THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, and the three SONS  
[CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS].*

TAMBURLAINE

Black is the beauty of the brightest day!  
The golden ball of heaven's eternal fire,  
That danced with glory on the silver waves,  
Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams,  
And all with faintness and for foul disgrace  
He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,  
Ready to darken earth with endless night.  
Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,  
Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers  
10 And tempered every soul with lively heat,  
Now by the malice of the angry skies,

Whose jealousy admits no second mate,  
Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,  
All dazzled with the hellish mists of death.  
Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven,  
As sentinels to warn th'immortal souls  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps  
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth

20 Shine downwards now no more, but deck the heavens

To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The crystal springs whose taste illuminates  
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,  
Like tried silver, runs through Paradise  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The cherubins and holy seraphins  
That sing and play before the King of Kings,  
Use all their voices and their instruments  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
And in this sweet and curious harmony,

30 The god that tunes this music to our souls

Holds out his hand in highest majesty  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts  
Up to the place of th'empyrean heaven,  
That this my life may be as short to me  
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate.  
Physicians, will no physic do her good?

PHYSICIAN

My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive;

40 An if she pass this fit, the worst is past.

TAMBURLAINE

Tell me, how fares my fair Zenocrate?

ZENOCRATE

I fare, my lord, as other empresses,  
That, when this frail and transitory flesh

Hath sucked the measure of that vital air  
That feeds the body with his dated health,  
Wanes with enforced and necessary change.

TAMBURLAINE

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

ZENOCRATE

- Live still, my lord, O, let my sovereign live,  
[And sooner](#) let the fiery element  
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky  
60 Than this base earth should shroud your majesty!  
For, should I but [suspect](#) your death by mine,  
The comfort of my future happiness  
And hope to meet your highness in the heavens,  
Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,  
And fury would confound my present rest.  
But let me die, my love, yet let me die,  
With love and patience let your true love die.  
Your grief and fury hurts my [second life](#).  
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,  
70 And let me die with kissing of my lord.  
But since my life is lengthened yet a while,  
Let me take leave of these my loving sons  
And of my lords, whose true nobility  
Have merited my [latest memory](#).  
Sweet sons, farewell! In death resemble me,  
And in your lives your father's excellency.

Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord.

*They call [for] music.*

TAMBURLAINE

- Proud fury and intolerable fit,  
That dares torment the body of my love
- 80 And scourge the scourge of the immortal God!  
Now are those [spheres](#) where Cupid used to sit,  
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,  
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death  
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.  
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven,  
And, had she lived before the siege of Troy,  
[Helen](#), whose beauty summoned Greece to arms  
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,  
Had not been named in Homer's *Iliads*;
- 90 [Her](#) name had been in every line he wrote.  
Or, had those wanton poets, for whose birth  
Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,  
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named;  
Zenocrate had been the argument  
Of every epigram or elegy.
- The music sounds, and she dies.*
- What, is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword,  
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,  
And we descend into th'infernal vaults  
To hale [the Fatal Sisters](#) by the hair  
And throw them in the [triple moat of hell](#)
- 100 For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.  
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!  
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,  
And with the cannon break the frame of heaven,  
Batter the shining palace of the sun  
And shiver all the starry firmament,  
For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,

Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.  
 What god soever holds thee in his arms,  
 Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,  
 110 Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,  
 Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,  
 Breaking my steelèd lance with which I burst  
 The rusty beams of [Janus' temple doors](#),  
 Letting out death and tyrannizing war  
 To march with me under this bloody flag;  
 And if [thou](#) pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,  
 Come down from heaven and live with me again!

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

‘For she is dead’! Thy words do pierce my soul.  
 Ah, sweet Theridamas, say so no more.  
 Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives  
 And feed my mind that dies for want of her.  
 Where’er her soul be, thou shalt stay with me,  
 130 Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh,  
 Not [lapped in lead](#) but in a sheet of gold;  
 And till I die thou shalt not be interred.  
 Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus’,  
 We both will rest and have one epitaph  
 Writ in as many several languages  
 As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.  
 This cursed town will I consume with fire  
 Because this place bereft me of my love.  
 The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned,  
 140 And here will I set up her [stature](#)

And march about it with my mourning camp,  
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate.

*The arras is drawn.*  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT 3

### Scene 1

*Enter the kings of TREBIZOND and SORIA, one bringing a sword, and another a sceptre; next, [ORCANES, King of] Natolia and [the King of] JERUSALEM with the imperial crown; after, CALLAPINE, and after him other LORDS [and ALMEDA], ORCANES and JERUSALEM crown him [CALLAPINE,] and the other give him the sceptre.*

ORCANES [Callapinus](#) Cyricelibes, otherwise Cybelius, son and successive heir to the late mighty emperor Bajazeth, by the aid of God and his friend Mahomet emperor of Natolia, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Soria, Amasia, Thracia, Illyria, Carmonia, and all the hundred and thirty kingdoms late contributory to his mighty father: long live Callapinus, emperor of Turkey!

CALLAPINE

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

- 10 And, were the sinews of th'imperial seat  
So knit and strengthened as when Bajazeth,  
My royal lord and father, filled the throne,  
Whose cursèd fate hath so dismembered it,  
Then should you see this thief of Scythia,  
This proud usurping king of Persia,  
Do us such honour and supremacy,  
Bearing the vengeance of our father's wrongs,  
As all the world should [blot our dignities](#)

- 20 Out of the book of base-born infamies.  
And now I doubt not but your royal cares  
Hath so provided for this cursèd foe  
That, since the heir of mighty Bajazeth,



- (An emperor so honoured for his virtues)  
Revives the spirit of true Turkish hearts  
In grievous memory of his father's shame,  
[We shall](#) not need to nourish any doubt  
But that proud Fortune, who hath followed long  
The martial sword of mighty Tamburlaine,  
30 Will not retain her old inconstancy,  
And raise our honours to as high a pitch  
In this our strong and fortunate encounter.  
For so hath heaven provided my escape  
From all the cruelty my soul sustained,  
By this my friendly keeper's happy means,  
That Jove, surcharged with pity of our wrongs,  
Will pour it down in showers on our heads,  
Scourging the pride of cursèd Tamburlaine.

ORCANES

- I have a hundred thousand men in arms,  
40 [Some that](#), in conquest of the perjured Christian,  
Being a handful to a mighty host,  
Think them in number yet sufficient  
To drink the river Nile or Euphrates,  
And, for their power, enow to win the world.

JERUSALEM

And I as many from Jerusalem,  
Judaea, Gaza, and [Scalonia's](#) bounds,  
That on Mount Sinai with their ensigns spread,  
Look like the parti-coloured clouds of heaven  
That show fair weather to the [neighbour](#) morn.

TREBIZOND

- 50 And I as many bring [from Trebizond](#),  
Chio, Famastro, and Amasia,  
All bord'ring on the [Mare-Major Sea](#),  
Riso, Sancina, and the bordering towns  
That touch the end of famous Euphrates,  
Whose courages are kindled with the flames

The cursèd Scythian sets on all their towns,  
And vow to burn the villain's cruel heart.

SORIA

From Soria with seventy thousand strong,  
Ta'en from [Aleppo](#), Soldino, Tripoli,  
And so unto my city of Damasco,

- 60 I march to meet and aid my neighbour kings,  
All which will join against this Tamburlaine  
And bring him captive to your highness' feet.

ORCANES

Our [battle](#), then, in martial manner pitched,  
According to our ancient use, shall bear  
The figure of the semicircled moon,  
Whose horns shall sprinkle through the tainted air  
The poisoned brains of this proud Scythian.

CALLAPINE

- Well then, my noble lords, for this my friend  
That freed me from the bondage of my foe,  
70 I think it requisite and honourable  
To keep my promise and to make him king,  
That is a gentleman, I know, at least.

ALMEDA

That's no matter, sir, for being a king,  
For Tamburlaine came up of nothing.

JERUSALEM

Your majesty may choose some 'pointed time,  
Performing all your promise to the full.  
'Tis nought for your majesty to give a kingdom.

CALLAPINE

Then will I shortly keep my promise, Almeda.

ALMEDA

- 80 Why, I thank your majesty.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2

[Enter] TAMBURLAINE with USUMCASANE, and his three SONS [CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS]; four [SOLDIERS] bearing the hearse of ZENOCRATE, and the drums sounding a doleful march, the town burning.

TAMBURLAINE

So, burn the turrets of this cursèd town.  
Flame to the highest region of the air  
And kindle heaps of exhalations  
That, being fiery meteors, may presage  
Death and destruction to th'inhabitants;  
Over my zenith hang a blazing star  
That may endure till heaven be dissolved,  
Fed with the fresh supply of earthly dregs,  
Threat'ning a death and famine to this land!

- 10 Flying dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,  
Sing these fair plains, and make them seem as black  
As is the island where the Furies mask  
Compass'd with Lethe, Styx, and Phlegethon,  
Because my dear Zenocrate is dead!

CALYPHAS

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

AMYRAS

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

CELEBINUS

And here this table, as a register  
Of all her virtues and perfections.

TAMBURLAINE

- And here the picture of Zenocrate  
 To show her beauty which the world admired –  
 Sweet picture of divine Zenocrate  
 That, hanging here, will draw the gods from heaven  
 And cause [the stars](#) fixed in the southern arc,  
 Whose lovely faces never any viewed
- 30 That have not passed the centre's latitude,  
 As pilgrims travel to our hemisphere  
 Only to gaze upon Zenocrate.  
[Thou](#) shalt not beautify Larissa plains,  
 But keep within the circle of mine arms!  
 At every town and castle I besiege  
 Thou shalt be set upon my royal tent,  
 And when I meet an army in the field,  
[Those](#) looks will shed such influence in my camp  
 As if Bellona, goddess of the war,
- 40 Threw naked swords and sulphur balls of fire  
 Upon the heads of all our enemies.  
 And now, my lords, advance your spears again.  
 Sorrow no more, my sweet Casane, now.  
 Boys, leave to mourn. This town shall ever mourn,  
 Being burnt to cinders for your mother's death.

CALYPHAS

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

AMYRAS

- As is that town, so is my heart consumed
- 50 With grief and sorrow for my mother's death.

CELEBINUS

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

TAMBURLAINE

But now, my boys, leave off, and list to me  
 That mean to teach you rudiments of war.  
 I'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,

- March in your armour thorough watery fens,  
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,  
Hunger and [thirst](#) – right adjuncts of the war;  
And after this to scale a castle wall,  
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
- 60 And make whole cities [caper](#) in the air.  
[Then next](#), the way to fortify your men,  
In champian grounds what figure serves you best;  
For which the quincunx-angle form is meet,  
Because [the corners](#) there may fall more flat  
Whereas the fort may fittest be assailed,  
And sharpest where th'assault is desperate.  
The ditches must be deep, the counterscarps  
Narrow and steep, the walls made high and broad,
- 70 The bulwarks and the rampires large and strong,  
With cavalieros and thick counterforts,  
And room within to lodge six thousand men.  
It must have privy ditches, countermines,  
And [secret issuings](#) to defend the ditch,  
It must have high argins and [covered ways](#)  
To keep the bulwark fronts from battery,  
And parapets to hide the musketeers,  
Casemates to place the great artillery,  
And store of [ordnance](#), that from every flank
- 80 May [scour](#) the outward curtains of the fort,  
[Dismount](#) the cannon of the adverse part,  
Murder the foe, and save the walls from breach.  
When this is learned for service on the land,  
By plain and easy demonstration  
I'll teach you how to make the water [mount](#),  
That you may dry-foot march through lakes and pools,  
Deep rivers, havens, creeks, and little seas,  
And make a fortress in the raging waves,  
Fenced with the concave of a monstrous rock,
- 90 Invincible by nature of the place.

When this is done, then are ye soldiers,  
And worthy sons of Tamburlaine the Great.

CALYPHAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Villain, art thou the son of Tamburlaine  
And fear'st to die, or with a curtle-axe  
To hew thy flesh and make a gaping wound?  
Hast thou beheld a [peal of ordnance](#) strike  
[A ring](#) of pikes, mingled with shot and horse,  
Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as heaven,

100 Hang in the air as thick as [sunny notes](#),  
And canst thou, coward, stand in fear of death?  
Hast thou not seen my horsemen charge the foe,  
Shot through the arms, cut overthwart the hands,  
Dyeing their lances with their streaming blood,  
And yet at night carouse within my tent,  
[Filling](#) their empty veins with airy wine  
That, being concocted, turns to crimson blood,  
And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds?  
View me, thy father, that hath conquered kings

110 And with his host marched round about the earth  
Quite void of scars and clear from any wound,  
That by the wars lost not a dram of blood,  
And see him lance his flesh to teach you all.

*He cuts his arm.*

A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;  
Blood is the god of war's rich livery.  
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound  
As great a grace and majesty to me  
As if a chair of gold enamellèd,  
Enchased with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,

120 And fairest pearl of wealthy India,

Were mounted here under a canopy,  
And I sat down, clothed with the massy robe  
That late adorned [the Afric potentate](#)  
Whom I brought bound unto Damascus' walls.  
Come, boys, and with your fingers [search](#) my wound  
And in my blood wash all your hands at once,  
While I sit smiling to behold the sight.

*[They probe his wound with their fingers.]*

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

CALYPHAS I know not what I should think of it. Methinks 'tis a pitiful sight.

130 CELEBINUS 'Tis nothing. Give me a wound, father.

AMYRAS And me another, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE *[to CELEBINUS]* Come, sirrah, give me your arm.

CELEBINUS Here, father, cut it [bravely](#) as you did your own.

TAMBURLAINE

It shall suffice thou dar'st abide a wound.

My boy, thou shalt not lose a drop of blood

Before we meet the army of the Turk.

140 But then run desperate through the thickest throngs,  
Dreadless of blows, of bloody wounds and death.

And let the burning of Larissa walls,

My speech of war, and this my wound you see,

Teach you, my boys, to bear courageous minds

Fit for the followers of great Tamburlaine.

Usuncasane, now come let us march

Towards Techelles and Theridamas,

That we have sent before to fire the towns,

The towers and cities of these hateful Turks,

150 And hunt that coward, faint-heart runaway,

With that accursed traitor Almeda,

Till fire and sword have found them [at a bay](#).

USUNCASANE

I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,

That hath betrayed my gracious sovereign,  
That curst and damnèd traitor Almeda.

TAMBURLAINE

Then let us see if coward Callapine  
Dare levy arms against our [puissance](#),  
That we may tread upon his captive neck  
And treble all his father's slaveries.

*Exeunt.*

### **Scene 3**

[*Enter*] TECHELLES, THERIDAMAS, *and their train* [SOLDIERS *and* PIONERS].

THERIDAMAS

Thus have we marched northward from Tamburlaine  
Unto the frontier point of Soria;  
And this is [Balsera](#), their chiefest [hold](#),  
Wherein is all the treasure of the land.

TECHELLES

Then let us bring our light artillery,  
Minions, falc'nets, and sakers, to the trench,  
[Filling](#) the ditches with the walls' wide breach,  
And enter in to seize upon the gold.  
How say ye, soldiers, shall we not?

SOLDIERS

10 Yes, my lord, yes! Come, let's about it.

THERIDAMAS

But stay a while. Summon a parley, [drum](#).  
It may be they will yield it quietly,  
Knowing two kings, the friends to Tamburlaine,  
Stand at the walls with such a mighty power.

[*Drums*] *summon the battle.*

[*Enter* [above](#)] CAPTAIN *with his wife* [OLYMPIA] *and* SON.

CAPTAIN



What require you, my masters?

THERIDAMAS

Captain, that thou yield up thy hold to us.

CAPTAIN

To you? Why, do you think me weary of it?

TECHELLES

Nay, captain, thou art weary of thy life  
If thou withstand the friends of Tamburlaine.

THERIDAMAS

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

TECHELLES

- Captain, these Moors shall cut the leaden pipes  
30 That bring fresh water to thy men and thee,  
And lie in trench before thy castle walls,  
That no supply of victual shall come in,  
Nor [any](#) issue forth but they shall die.  
And therefore, captain, yield it quietly.

CAPTAIN

- Were you, that are the friends of Tamburlaine,  
Brothers to holy Mahomet himself,  
I would not yield it. Therefore do your worst.  
Raise mounts, batter, entrench, and undermine,  
Cut off the water, all convoys [that can](#),  
40 Yet I am resolute. And so, farewell,

[*Exeunt above.*]

THERIDAMAS

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

PIONERS We will, my lord.

*Exeunt* [PIONERS].

TECHELLES

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

THERIDAMAS

Then [see](#) the bringing of our ordinance  
Along the trench into the battery,  
Where we will have [gabions](#) of six foot broad  
To save our cannoneers from musket shot,  
Betwixt which shall our ordnance thunder forth,  
And with the breach's fall, smoke, fire, and dust,  
The crack, the echo, and the soldiers' cry,  
60 Make deaf the air and dim the crystal sky.

TECHELLES

Trumpets and drums, [alarum](#) presently!  
And, soldiers, play the men. The hold is yours!

*[Exeunt.]*

#### [Scene 4]

*Enter the CAPTAIN with his wife [OLYMPIA] and SON.*

OLYMPIA

Come, good my lord, and let us haste from hence

Along the cave that leads beyond the foe.  
No hope is left to save this conquered hold.

CAPTAIN

A deadly bullet gliding through my side  
Lies heavy on my heart. I cannot live.  
I feel my liver pierced, and all my veins  
That there begin and nourish every part  
Mangled and torn, and all my entrails bathed  
In blood that straineth from their [orifex](#).  
Farewell, sweet wife! Sweet son, farewell! I die.

10 [*He dies.*]

OLYMPIA

Death, whither art thou gone, that both we live?  
Come back again, sweet Death, and strike us both!  
One minute end our days, and one sepulchre  
Contain our bodies! Death, why com'st thou not?

[*She draws a knife.*]

Well, this must be the messenger for thee.  
Now, ugly Death, stretch out thy sable wings,  
And carry both our souls where his remains.  
Tell me, sweet boy, art thou content to die?  
These barbarous Scythians, full of cruelty,

20 And Moors in whom was never pity found,  
Will hew us piecemeal, put us to [the wheel](#),  
Or else invent some torture worse than that.  
Therefore, die by thy loving mother's hand,  
Who gently now will lance thy ivory throat  
And quickly rid thee both of pain and life.

SON

Mother, dispatch me, or I'll kill myself.  
For think ye I can live, and see him dead?  
Give me your knife, good mother, or strike home.  
The Scythians shall not tyrannize on me.

30 Sweet mother, strike, that I may meet my father!

*She stabs him.*

OLYMPIA

Ah, sacred Mahomet, if this be sin,  
Entreat a pardon of the God of heaven,  
And purge my soul before it come to thee!

[*She burns the bodies.*] Enter THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, and all  
their train. [*OLYMPIA tries to kill herself.*]

THERIDAMAS

How now, madam, what are you doing?

OLYMPIA

Killing myself, as I have done my son,  
Whose body with his father's I have burnt,  
Lest cruel Scythians should dismember him.

TECHELLES

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

OLYMPIA

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

THERIDAMAS

But lady, go with us to Tamburlaine,  
And thou shalt see a man greater than Mahomet,  
In whose high looks is much more majesty  
Than from the concave superficies  
Of Jove's vast palace, the empyreal orb,  
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits  
50 Like lovely Thetis in a crystal robe;  
That treadeth Fortune underneath his feet  
And makes the mighty god of arms his slave;  
On whom Death and the Fatal Sisters wait  
With naked swords and scarlet liveries;

Before whom, mounted on a lion's back,  
[Rhamnusia](#) bears a helmet full of blood  
And strews the way with brains of slaughtered men;  
By whose proud side the ugly Furies run,  
Hearkening when he shall bid them plague the world;  
60 Over whose zenith, clothed in windy air  
And eagle's wings joined to her feathered breast,  
Fame hovereth, sounding of her golden trump,  
That to the adverse poles of that [straight line](#)  
Which measureth the glorious [frame](#) of heaven  
The name of mighty Tamburlaine is spread –  
And him, fair lady, shall thy eyes behold.  
Come.

OLYMPIA [*kneeling*]

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

TEHELLES

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

THERIDAMAS

Madam, I am so far in love with you  
That you must go with us. [No remedy](#).

OLYMPIA

80 Then carry me I care not where you will,  
And let the end of this my [fatal](#) journey  
Be likewise end to my accursèd life.

TEHELLES

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

THERIDAMAS

Soldiers, now let us meet the general,  
Who by this time is at Natolia,  
Ready to charge the army of the Turk.  
The gold, the silver, and the pearl ye got  
Rifling this fort, divide in equal shares.

90 This lady shall have twice so much again  
Out of the coffers of our treasury.

*Exeunt.*

### *Scene 5*

[*Enter*] CALLAPINE, ORCANES, JERUSALEM, TREBIZOND, SORIA,  
ALMEDA, *with their train*. [*To them a MESSENGER.*]

MESSENGER

Renowned emperor, mighty Callapine,  
God's great lieutenant over all the world,  
[Here at Aleppo](#) with an host of men  
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia –  
In number more than are the quivering leaves  
Of [Ida's forest](#), where your highness' hounds  
With open cry pursues the wounded stag –  
Who means to girt [Natolia's](#) walls with siege,  
Fire the town, and overrun the land.

CALLAPINE

My royal army is as great as his,  
10 That from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea  
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,  
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.  
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, [play the men](#)!  
Whet all your swords to mangle Tamburlaine,  
His sons, his captains, and his followers.  
By Mahomet, not one of them shall live!  
The field wherein this battle shall be fought  
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre

20 In memory of this our victory.

ORCANES

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

CALLAPINE

Tell me, viceroys, the number of your men,  
30 And what our army royal is esteemed.

JERUSALEM

From Palestina and Jerusalem,  
Of Hebrews three score thousand fighting men  
Are come since last we [showed](#) your majesty.

ORCANES

So from Arabia desert, and the bounds  
Of that sweet land whose brave [metropolis](#)  
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,  
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse  
Since last we numbered to your majesty.

TREBIZOND

From Trebizond in [Asia the Less](#),  
40 Naturalized Turks and stout Bithynians  
Came to my bands full fifty thousand more  
That, fighting, knows not what retreat doth mean,  
Nor e'er return but with the victory,  
Since last we numbered to your majesty.

SORIA

Of Sorians [from Halla is repaired](#),  
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,  
Ten thousand horse and thirty thousand foot

Since last we numbered to your majesty;  
50 So that the army royal is esteemed  
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

CALLAPINE

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

[*Enter*] TAMBURLAINE *with his three* SONS [CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS], USUMCASANE, *with other* [SOLDIERS].

TAMBURLAINE

How now, Casane? See, a [knot](#) of kings,  
Sitting as if they were a-telling riddles.

USUMCASANE

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

TAMBURLAINE

Why, so he is, Casane. I am here.  
But yet I'll save their lives and make them slaves.  
Ye petty kings of Turkey, I am come  
As [Hector](#) did into the Grecian camp  
To overdare the pride of Graecia  
And set his warlike person to the view  
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame.  
I do you honour in the simile;

70 For if I should, as Hector did Achilles  
(The worthiest knight that ever brandished sword)  
Challenge in combat any of you all,  
I see how fearfully ye would refuse  
And fly [my\\_glove](#) as from a scorpion.

ORCANES

[Now](#) thou art fearful of thy army's strength,



Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight.  
But, shepherd's issue, baseborn Tamburlaine,  
Think of thy end. This sword shall lance thy throat.

TAMBURLAINE

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

CALLAPINE

Rail not, proud Scythian, I shall now revenge  
90 My father's vile abuses and mine own.

JERUSALEM

By Mahomet, he shall be tied in chains,  
Rowing with Christians in a brigantine  
About the Grecian isles to rob and spoil,  
And turn him to [his ancient trade](#) again.  
Methinks the slave should make a lusty thief.

CALLAPINE

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

TAMBURLAINE Sirrah Callapine, I'll hang a [clog](#) about your  
100 neck for running away again. You shall not trouble me thus  
to come and fetch you.

But as for you, viceroy, you shall have bits  
And, harnessed like my horses, draw my coach,  
And, when ye stay, be lashed with whips of wire.  
I'll have you learn to feed on provender,

And in a stable lie upon the planks.

ORCANES

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

TREBIZOND

- 110 The common soldiers of our mighty host  
Shall bring thee bound unto the general's tent.

SORIA

And all have jointly sworn thy cruel death,  
Or bind thee in eternal torment's wrath.

TAMBURLAINE Well, sirs, diet yourselves. You know I shall have  
occasion shortly to [journey you](#).

CELEBINUS

See, father, how Almeda the gaoler looks upon us!

TAMBURLAINE [*to ALMEDA*]

Villain, traitor, damned fugitive,  
I'll make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee.  
See'st thou not death within my wrathful looks?

- 120 Go, villain, cast thee headlong from a rock,  
Or rip thy bowels and rend out thy heart  
T'appease my wrath, or else I'll torture thee,  
Searing thy hateful flesh with burning irons  
And drops of scalding lead, while all thy joints  
Be racked and beat asunder with the wheel.  
For, if thou livest, not any element  
Shall shroud thee from the wrath of Tamburlaine.

CALLAPINE

Well, in despite of thee he shall be king.  
Come, Almeda, receive this crown of me.

- 130 I here invest thee king of Ariadan,  
Bordering on Mare Rosso near to Mecca.

[CALLAPINE *offers* ALMEDA a crown.]

ORCANES [*to ALMEDA*] What, take it, man!

ALMEDA [*to TAMBURLAINE*] Good my lord, let me take it.

CALLAPINE [*to ALMEDA*] Dost thou ask him leave? Here, take it.

TAMBURLAINE [*to ALMEDA*] Go to, sirrah, take your crown, and [make up](#) the half dozen.

[*ALMEDA takes the crown.*]

So, sirrah, now you are a king you must [give arms](#).

ORCANES [*to TAMBURLAINE*] So he shall, and wear thy head in his scutcheon.

140

TAMBURLAINE No, let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard, to put him in remembrance he was a gaoler, that, when I take him, I may knock out his brains with them, and lock you in the stable when you shall come sweating from my chariot.

TREBIZOND Away! Let us to the field, that the villain may be slain.

TAMBURLAINE [*to a SOLDIER*] Sirrah, prepare whips, and bring my chariot to my tent. For as soon as the battle is done, I'll ride in triumph through the camp.

150 *Enter* THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, *and their train.*

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

THERIDAMAS

Ay, my lord, he was Callapine's keeper.

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

160 SORIA No, Tamburlaine, he shall not be put to that exigent, I warrant thee.

TAMBURLAINE

You know not, sir.  
But now, my followers and my loving friends,  
Fight as you ever did, like conquerors.  
The glory of this happy day is yours.

My stern aspect shall make fair Victory,  
Hovering betwixt our armies, light on me,  
Loaden with laurel wreaths to crown us all.

TECHELLES

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

TAMBURLAINE

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

ORCANES

No, we will meet thee, slavish Tamburlaine.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 4

### Scene 1

*Alarm. AMYRAS and CELEBINUS issue from the tent where CALYPHAS sits asleep.*

AMYRAS

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

CELEBINUS

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

AMYRAS [*calling into the tent*]

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

CALYPHAS

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

AMYRAS

What, dar'st thou then be absent from the fight,  
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice  
And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,  
When he himself amidst the thickest troops  
Beats down our foes to [flesh our taintless swords](#)?

CALYPHAS

I know, sir, what it is to kill a man.  
It works remorse of conscience in me.  
I take no pleasure to be murderous,

30 Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

CELEBINUS

O cowardly boy! Fie, for shame, come forth.  
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy [house](#).

CALYPHAS

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

AMYRAS

40 You will not go, then?

CALYPHAS

You will not go, then?

CALYPHAS

You say true.

AMYRAS

Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi  
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary  
Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,  
I would not bide the fury of my father  
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,  
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares

In all the honours he proposed for us.

CALYPHAS

Take you the honour, I will take my ease;

50 My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice.

I go into the field before I need?

*Alarm, and* AMYRAS *and* CELEBINUS

*run in.*

The bullets fly at random where they list,

And, should I go and kill a thousand men,

I were as soon rewarded with a shot,

And sooner far than he that never fights.

And, should I go and do nor harm nor good,

I might have harm, which all the good I have,

Joined with my father's crown, would never cure.

I'll to cards. Perdicas!

*[Enter PERDICAS.]*

PERDICAS Here, my lord.

60 CALYPHAS Come, thou and I will go to cards to drive away the time.

PERDICAS Content, my lord. But what shall we play for?

CALYPHAS Who shall kiss the fairest of the Turks' concubines

first, when my father hath conquered them.

PERDICAS Agreed, i'faith.

*They play [in the open tent].*

CALYPHAS They say I am a coward, Perdicas, and I fear as little

their *taratantaras*, their swords, or their cannons as I do a

naked lady in a *net of gold*, *and*, for fear I should be afraid,

would put it off and come to bed with me.

70 PERDICAS Such a fear, my lord, would never make ye retire.

CALYPHAS I would my father would le me be put in the front

of such a battle once, to try my valour.

*Alarm.*

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

*Enter* TAMBURLAINE, THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES,  
USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, *leading the Turkish*  
*kings* [ORCANES *of Natolia*, JERUSALEM, TREBIZOND,  
SORIA; *and* SOLDIERS].

TAMBURLAINE

- See now, ye slaves, my children [stoops](#) your pride  
And leads your glories sheep-like to the sword.  
Bring them, my boys, and tell me if the wars  
Be not a life that may illustrate gods,  
80 And tickle not your spirits with desire  
Still to be trained in arms and chivalry?

AMYRAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

- No, no, Amyras, tempt not Fortune so.  
Cherish thy valour still with [fresh supplies](#),  
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes.  
But where's this coward – villain, not my son,  
90 But traitor to my name and majesty?  
*He goes in [the tent] and brings him [CALYPHAS] out.*  
Image of sloth and picture of a slave,  
The obloquy and scorn of my renown,  
How [may](#) my heart, thus firèd with mine eyes,  
Wounded with shame and killed with discontent,  
Shroud any thought may hold my striving hands  
From martial justice on thy wretched soul?

THERIDAMAS

Yet pardon him, I pray your majesty.

TECHELLES AND USUMCASANE

Let all of us entreat your highness' pardon.

[*They kneel.*]



TAMBURLAINE

Stand up, ye base, unworthy soldiers!

100 Know ye not yet the [argument of arms](#)?

AMYRAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Stand up, my boys, and I will teach ye arms  
And what the [jealousy](#) of wars must do.  
O Samarcanda, where I breathèd first  
And joyed the fire of this martial flesh,  
Blush, blush, fair city, at thine honour's foil  
And shame of nature, which [Jaertis' stream](#),  
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,  
Can never wash from thy distainèd brows!

110 Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again –

[*He stabs* CALYPHAS.]

[A form](#) not meet to give that subject essence  
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,  
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,  
Made of the mould whereof [thy](#)self consists,  
Which makes me valiant, proud, ambitious,  
Ready to levy power against thy throne,  
That I might move the turning spheres of heaven;  
For earth and all this airy region  
Cannot contain the state of Tamburlaine.

120 By Mahomet, thy mighty friend, I swear,

In sending to my issue such a soul,  
Created of the [massy dregs](#) of earth,  
[The](#) scum and tartar of the elements,  
Wherein was neither courage, strength, or wit,  
But folly, sloth, and damnèd idleness,  
Thou hast procured a greater enemy  
Than he that darted mountains at thy head,

Shaking [the burden](#) mighty Atlas bears,  
Whereat thou, trembling, hidd'st thee in the air,  
130 Clothed with a pitchy cloud [for being seen](#).  
And now, ye [cankered curs](#) of Asia,  
That will not see the strength of Tamburlaine  
Although it shine as brightly as the sun,  
Now you shall feel the strength of Tamburlaine,  
And by the state of his supremacy  
[Approve](#) the difference 'twixt himself and you.

ORCANES

Thou showest the difference 'twixt ourselves and thee,  
In this thy barbarous damnèd tyranny.

JERUSALEM

Thy victories are grown so violent  
140 That shortly heaven, filled with the meteors  
Of blood and fire thy tyrannies have made,  
Will pour down blood and fire on thy head,  
Whose scalding drops will pierce thy seething brains  
And with our bloods revenge our bloods on thee.

TAMBURLAINE

Villains, these terrors and these tyrannies,  
(If tyrannies war's justice ye repute)  
I execute, enjoined me from above,  
To scourge the pride of such as heaven abhors;  
150 Nor am I made arch-monarch of the world,  
Crowned and invested by the hand of Jove,  
For deeds of bounty or nobility.  
But since I exercise a greater name,  
The scourge of God and terror of the world,  
I must apply myself to fit those terms,  
In war, in blood, in death, in cruelty,  
And plague such peasants as [resist in](#) me  
The power of heaven's eternal majesty.  
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane  
160 Ransack the tents and the pavilions

Of these proud Turks, and take their concubines.  
Make them bury this effeminate brat,  
For not a common soldier shall defile  
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.  
Then bring those Turkish harlots to my tent,  
And I'll dispose them as it likes me best.  
Meanwhile, take him in.

SOLDIERS We will, my lord.

*[Exeunt SOLDIERS with the body of*

CALYPHAS.]

JERUSALEM

O damnèd monster, nay, a fiend of hell,  
170 Whose cruelties are not so harsh as thine,  
Nor yet imposed with such a bitter hate!

ORCANES

Revenge it, Rhadamanth and Aeacus,  
And let your hates, extended in his pains,  
Expel the hate wherewith he pains our souls!

TREBIZOND

May never day give virtue to his eyes,  
Whose sight, composed of fury and of fire,  
Doth send such stern affections to his heart!

SORIA

May never spirit, vein, or artier feed  
The cursèd substance of that cruel heart,  
But, wanting moisture and remorseful blood,  
180 Dry up with anger and consume with heat!

TAMBURLAINE

Well, bark, ye dogs. I'll bridle all your tongues  
And bind them close with bits of burnished steel  
Down to the channels of your hateful throats,  
And with the pains my rigour shall inflict,  
I'll make ye roar, that earth may echo forth  
The far-resounding torments ye sustain,

- As when an herd of lusty Cimbrian bulls  
Run mourning round about the females' miss,  
And, stung with fury of their following,
- 190 Fill all the air with troublous bellowing.  
I will, with engines never exercised,  
Conquer, sack, and utterly consume  
Your cities and your golden palaces,  
And with the flames that beat against the clouds,  
Incense the heavens and make the stars to melt,  
As if they were the tears of Mahomet  
For hot consumption of his country's pride.  
And, till by vision or by speech I hear  
Immortal Jove say 'Cease, my Tamburlaine',
- 200 I will persist a terror to the world,  
Making the meteors that, like armèd men,  
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,  
Run tilting round about the firmament,  
And break their burning lances in the air  
For honour of my wondrous victories.  
Come, bring them in to our pavilion.

*Exeunt.*

## **Scene 2**

*[Enter] OLYMPIA alone.*

OLYMPIA

Distressed Olympia, whose weeping eyes  
Since thy arrival here beheld no sun,  
But, closed within the compass of a tent,  
Hath stained thy cheeks and made thee look like death,  
Devise some means to rid thee of thy life  
Rather than yievd to his detested suit  
Whose drift is only to dishonour thee.  
And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,  
Affords no herbs whose taste may poison thee,

- 10 Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,  
Contagious smells and vapours to infect thee,  
Nor thy close cave a sword to murder thee,  
Let this invention be the instrument.

*Enter* THERIDAMAS.

THERIDAMAS

Well met, Olympia. I sought thee in my tent,  
But, when I saw the place obscure and dark  
Which with thy beauty thou wast wont to light,  
Enraged, I ran about the fields for thee,  
Supposing amorous Jove had sent his son,  
The wing'd Hermes, to convey thee hence.

- 20 But now I find thee, and that fear is past.  
Tell me, Olympia, wilt thou grant my suit?

OLYMPIA

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

THERIDAMAS

Olympia, pity him in whom thy looks  
Have greater operation and more force  
Than Cynthia's in the watery wilderness,

- 30 For with thy view my joys are at the full,  
And ebb again as thou depart'st from me.

OLYMPIA

Ah, pity me, my lord, and draw your sword,  
Making a passage for my troubled soul,  
Which beats against this prison to get out  
And meet my husband and my loving son.

THERIDAMAS

Nothing but still thy husband and thy son?

Leave this, my love, and listen more to me.  
Thou shalt be stately queen of fair Argier,  
And, clothed in costly cloth of massy gold,  
40 Upon the marble turrets of my court  
Sit like to Venus in her chair of state,  
Commanding all thy princely eye desires;  
And I will cast off arms and sit with thee,  
Spending my life in sweet discourse of love.

OLYMPIA

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

THERIDAMAS

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

OLYMPIA

Stay, good my lord! [And, will you](#) save my honour,  
I'll give your grace a present of such price  
As all the world cannot afford the like.

THERIDAMAS What is it?

OLYMPIA

An ointment which a cunning alchemist  
Distillèd from the purest balsamum  
60 And [simplest extracts](#) of all minerals,  
In which the essential form of marble stone,  
Tempered by science metaphysical  
And spells of magic from the mouths of spirits,  
With which if you but 'noint your tender skin,  
Nor pistol, sword, nor lance can pierce your flesh.

THERIDAMAS

Why, madam, think ye to mock me thus palpably?

OLYMPIA

To prove it, I will 'noint my naked throat,  
Which when you stab, look on your weapon's point,

70 And you shall see't rebated with the blow.

THERIDAMAS

Why gave you not your husband some of it,  
If you loved him, and it so precious?

OLYMPIA

My purpose was, my lord, to spend it so,  
But was prevented by his sudden end.  
And for a present easy proof hereof,  
That I dissemble not, try it on me.

THERIDAMAS

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

*She anoints her throat.*

OLYMPIA

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

THERIDAMAS [*stabs her throat*]

Here then, Olympia.  
What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself!  
Cut off this arm that murderèd my love,  
In whom the learned rabbis of this age  
Might find as many wondrous miracles  
As in the [theoria of](#) the world!  
Now hell is fairer than Elysium;  
A greater lamp than that bright eye of heaven  
From whence the stars do borrow all their light  
90 Wanders about the black circumference,  
And now the damned souls are free from pain,  
For every Fury gazeth on her looks.  
Infernal Dis is courting of my love,

Inventing masques and stately shows for her,  
Opening the doors of his rich treasury  
To entertain this queen of chastity,  
Whose body shall be tombed with all the pomp  
The treasure of my kingdom may afford.

*Exit, taking her  
away.*

### Scene 3

*[Enter] TAMBURLAINE, drawn in his chariot by [the kings of] TREBIZOND and SORIA with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them. TEHELLES, THERIDAMASJ USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS; [ORCANES, King of] Natolia and [the King of] JERUSALEM led by with five or six common SOLDIERS.*

TAMBURLAINE

Holla, ye pampered [jades](#) of Asia!  
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day  
And have so proud a chariot at your heels  
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,  
But from [Asphaltis](#), where I conquered you,  
To Byron here where thus I honour you?  
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven  
And blow the morning from their nostrils,  
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,  
Are not so honoured in their [governor](#)

10 As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.

The [headstrong jades](#) of Thrace Alcides tamed,  
That King Aegeus fed with human flesh  
And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,  
Were not subdued with valour more divine  
Than you by this unconquered arm of mine.  
To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,  
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood



- And drink in pails the strongest muscadel.
- 20 If you can live with it, then live, and draw  
My chariot swifter than the [racking clouds](#).  
If not, then die like beasts and fit for nought  
But perches for the black and fatal ravens.  
Thus am I [right](#) the scourge of highest Jove,  
And see the [figure](#) of my dignity  
By which I hold my name and majesty.

AMYRAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

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

ORCANES

- [O thou](#) that swayest the region under earth,  
And art a king as absolute as Jove,  
Come as thou didst in fruitful Sicily,  
Surveying all the glories of the land!  
And as thou took'st the fair Proserpina,  
Joying the fruit of Ceres' garden plot,  
For love, for honour, and to make her queen,  
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
- 40 This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,  
Come [once](#) in fury and survey his pride,  
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell!

THERIDAMAS [*to* TAMBURLAINE]

Your majesty must get some bits for these,  
To bridle their contemptuous cursing tongues  
That like unruly never-broken jades  
Break through the [hedges](#) of their hateful mouths  
And pass their fixed bounds exceedingly.

TECHELLES

Nay, we will break the hedges of their mouths  
And pull [their kicking colts](#) out of their pastures.

USUMCASANE

Your majesty already hath devised  
A mean as fit as may be to restrain  
50 These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

[CELEBINUS *bridles* ORCANES.]

CELEBINUS

How like you that, sir king? Why speak you not?

JERUSALEM

Ah, cruel brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins,  
How like his curséd father he begins  
To practise taunts and bitter tyrannies!

TAMBURLAINE

Ay, Turk, I tell thee, this same boy is he  
That must, advanced in higher pomp than this,  
Rifle the kingdoms I shall leave unsacked  
If Jove, esteeming me too good for earth,  
60 [Raise me](#) to match the fair Aldebaran

Above the [threefold astracism](#) of heaven  
Before I conquer all the [triple world](#).  
Now fetch me out the Turkish concubines.  
I will [prefer](#) them for the funeral  
They have bestowed on my abortive son.

*The CONCUBINES are brought in.*

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

SOLDIERS Here, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

Hold ye, tall soldiers. Take ye [queens](#) apiece,  
70 (I mean such queens as were kings' concubines.)  
Take them. Divide them and their jewels too,  
And [let](#) them equally serve all your turns.

SOLDIERS We thank your majesty.

TAMBURLAINE

[Brawl not](#), I warn you, for your lechery,  
For every man that so offends shall die.

ORCANES

Injurious tyrant, wilt thou so defame  
The hateful fortunes of thy victory  
To exercise upon such guiltless dames

80 The violence of thy common soldiers' lust?

TAMBURLAINE

Live content, then, ye slaves, and meet not me  
With troops of harlots at your slothful heels.

CONCUBINES

O, pity us, my lord, and save our honours!

TAMBURLAINE

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

*They [SOLDIERS] run away with the LADIES.*

JERUSALEM

O, merciless, infernal cruelty!

TAMBURLAINE

'Save your honours'! ['Twere but time](#) indeed,  
Lost long before you knew what honour meant.

THERIDAMAS

It seems they meant to conquer us, my lord,  
And make us [jesting.pageants](#) for their trulls.

TAMBURLAINE

90 And now themselves shall make our pageant,  
And common soldiers jest with all their trulls.  
Let them take pleasure soundly in their spoils  
Till we prepare our march to Babylon,  
Whither we next make expedition.

TECHELLES

Let us not be idle, then, my lord,  
But presently be prest to conquer it.

TAMBURLAINE

- We will, Techelles. Forward, then, ye jades!  
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,  
And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come
- 100 That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,  
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store.  
The Euxine Sea north to Natolia,  
The Terrene west, the Caspian north-north-east,  
And on the south [Sinus Arabicus](#),  
Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils  
We will convey with us to Persia.  
Then shall my native city Samarcanda  
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,  
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,  
Be famous through the furthest continents;
- 110 For there my palace royal shall be placed,  
Whose shining turrets shall dismay the heavens  
And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell.  
Thorough the streets with troops of conquered kings  
I'll ride in golden armour [like](#) the sun,  
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,  
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,  
To note me emperor of the threefold world,  
Like to an almond tree y-mounted high  
Upon the lofty and celestial mount
- 120 Of ever-green Selinus, quaintly decked  
With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,  
Whose tender blossoms tremble every one  
At every little breath that thorough heaven is blown.  
Then in my coach, like [Saturn's royal son](#),  
[Mounted](#) his shining chariot gilt with fire,  
And drawn with princely eagles through [the path](#)  
Paved with bright crystal and enched with stars,  
When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,  
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,

130 Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,  
Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.  
To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon!

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 5

### Scene 1

*Enter the GOVERNOR OF BABYLON upon the walls with [MAXIMUS and] others.*

GOVERNOR

What saith Maximus?

MAXIMUS

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

GOVERNOR

- 10 Villain, respects thou more thy slavish life  
Than honour of thy country or thy name?  
Is not my life and state as dear to me,  
The city and my native country's weal,  
As any thing of price with thy conceit?  
Have we not hope, for all our battered walls,  
To live secure and keep his forces out,  
When this our famous lake of Limnasphaltis  
Makes walls afresh with every thing that falls  
Into the liquid substance of his stream,
- 20 More strong than are the gates of death or hell?  
What faintness should dismay our courages  
When we are thus defenced against our foe

And have no terror but his threat'ning looks?

*Enter another [CITIZEN above], kneeling to the GOVERNOR.*

FIRST CITIZEN

My lord, if ever you did deed of ruth  
And now will work a refuge to our lives,  
Offer submission, hang up flags of truce,  
That Tamburlaine may pity our distress  
And use us like a loving conqueror.  
Though this be held his last day's dreadful siege

- 30 Wherein he spareth neither man nor child,  
Yet are there Christians of Georgia here,  
Whose state he ever pitied and relieved,  
Will get his pardon if your grace would send.

GOVERNOR

How is my soul environéd,  
And this eternized city Babylon  
Filled with a pack of faint-heart fugitives  
That thus entreat their shame and servitude!

*[Enter another CITIZEN above, kneeling to the GOVERNOR.]*

SECOND CITIZEN

- My lord, if ever you will win our hearts,  
Yield up the town, save our wives and children!  
40 For I will cast myself from off these walls,  
Or die some death of quickest violence  
Before I bide the wrath of Tamburlaine.

GOVERNOR

Villains, cowards, traitors to our state!  
Fall to the earth and pierce the pit of hell,  
That legions of tormenting spirits may vex  
Your slavish bosoms with continual pains!  
I care not, nor the town will never yield  
As long as any life is in my breast.

*Enter THERIDAMAS and TECHELLES, with other SOLDIERS.*

THERIDAMAS

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

GOVERNOR

Tyrant, [I turn](#) the traitor in thy throat,  
And will defend it in despite of thee.  
Call up the soldiers to defend these walls.

TECHELLES

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

GOVERNOR

Assault and spare not. We will never yield.

*Alarm, and they scale the walls. [Exeunt CITIZENS and GOVERNOR above, followed in by THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, and their SOLDIERS.] Enter TAMBURLAINE [all in black, drawn in his chariot by the kings of TREBIZOND and SORIA], with USUMCASANE, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, with others; the two spare kings [ORCANES of Natolia, and JERUSALEM].*

TAMBURLAINE

- The stately buildings of fair Babylon,  
Whose [lofty pillars](#), higher than the clouds,  
Were wont to guide the seaman in the deep,  
[Being carried thither](#) by the cannon's force,  
Now fill the mouth of Limnasphaltis' lake  
And make a bridge unto the battered walls.  
Where [Belus, Ninus](#), and great Alexander  
70 Have rode in triumph, triumphs Tamburlaine,  
Whose chariot wheels have burst th'Assyrians' bones,



[Drawn with](#) these kings on heaps of carcasses.  
Now in the place where fair Semiramis,  
Courtied by kings and peers of Asia,  
Hath [trod the measures](#), do my soldiers march;  
And in the streets, where brave Assyrian dames  
Have rid in pomp like rich Saturnia,  
With furious words and frowning visages  
My horsemen brandish their unruly blades.

*Enter [below] THERIDAMAS and TECHELLES, bringing the*

GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.

80 Who have ye there, my lords?

THERIDAMAS

The sturdy governor of Babylon,  
That made us all the labour for the town  
And used such slender reck'ning of your majesty.

TAMBURLAINE

Go bind the villain. He shall hang in chains  
Upon the ruins of this conquered town.  
Sirrah, the view of our vermilion tents,  
Which threatened more than if [the region](#)  
Next underneath the element of fire  
Were full of comets and of blazing stars

90 Whose flaming trains should reach down to the earth,  
Could not affright you; no, nor I myself,  
The wrathful messenger of mighty Jove,  
That with his sword hath [quailed](#) all earthly kings,  
Could not persuade you to submission,  
But still the ports were shut. Villain, I say,  
Should I but touch the rusty gates of hell,  
The triple-headed Cerberus would howl  
And wake [black Jove](#) to crouch and kneel to me;  
But I have sent volleys of shot to you,

100 Yet could not enter till the breach was made.

GOVERNOR

Nor, if my body could have stopped the breach,  
Shouldst thou have entered, cruel Tamburlaine.  
'Tis not thy bloody tents can make me yield,  
Nor yet thyself, [the anger](#) of the Highest,  
For, though thy cannon shook the city walls,  
My heart did never quake, or courage faint.

TAMBURLAINE

Well, now I'll make it quake. Go draw him up.  
Hang him in chains upon the city walls,  
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

GOVERNOR

110 Vile monster, born of some infernal hag,  
And sent from hell to tyrannize on earth,  
Do all thy worst. Nor death, nor Tamburlaine,  
Torture, or pain can daunt my dreadless mind.

TAMBURLAINE

Up with him, then; his body shall be scarred.

GOVERNOR

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

TAMBURLAINE

Then, for all your valour, you would save your life?

120 Whereabout lies it?

GOVERNOR

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

TAMBURLAINE

Go thither, some of you, and take his gold.

[*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.]

The rest, forward with execution!  
Away with him hence, let him speak no more.  
I think I make your courage [something quail](#).

[*Exit* GOVERNOR, *led*  
*away by* SOLDIERS.]

When this is done, we'll march from Babylon  
And make our greatest haste to Persia.

These jades are broken-winded and half tired;

130 Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse.

[SOLDIERS *unharness* TREBIZOND *and* SORIA.]

So, now their best is done to honour me,

Take them and hang them both up presently.

TREBIZOND

Vile tyrant, barbarous, bloody Tamburlaine!

TAMBURLAINE Take them away, Theridamas. See them dispatched.

THERIDAMAS I will, my lord.

[*Exit* THERIDAMAS  
*with the kings of*  
TREBIZOND *and*  
SORIA.]

TAMBURLAINE

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

ORCANES

First let thy Scythian horse tear both our limbs,

140 Rather than we should draw thy chariot,

And like base slaves abject our princely minds

To vile and ignominious servitude.

JERUSALEM

Rather lend me thy weapon, Tamburlaine,

That I may sheathe it in this breast of mine.

A thousand deaths could not torment our hearts

More than the thought of this doth vex our souls.

AMYRAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Bridle them, and let me to my coach.

*They bridle them. [The GOVERNOR OF BABYLON is hung up in chains. Re-enter THERIDAMAS. TAMBURLAINE mounts his chariot.]*

AMYRAS

See now, my lord, how brave the captain hangs!

TAMBURLAINE

150 'Tis brave indeed, my boy. Well done!

Shoot first, my lord, and then the rest shall follow.

THERIDAMAS

Then have at him to begin withal.

THERIDAMAS *shoots [the GOVERNOR]*.

GOVERNOR

Yet save my life, and let this wound appease

The mortal fury of great Tamburlaine.

TAMBURLAINE

No, though Asphaltis' lake were liquid gold

And offered me as ransom for thy life,

Yet shouldst thou die. Shoot at him all at once.

*They shoot.*

So, now he hangs [like Baghdad's governor](#),

Having as many bullets in his flesh

160 As there be breaches in her battered wall.

Go now and bind the burghers hand and foot,

And cast them headlong in the city's lake;

Tartars and Persians shall inhabit there,

And, to command the city, I will build

A citadel, that all [Assyria](#),

Which hath been subject to the Persian king,

Shall pay me tribute for, in Babylon.

TECHELLES

What shall be done with their wives and children, my lord?

TAMBURLAINE

Techelles, drown them all, man, woman, and child.

170 Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

TECHELLES

I will about it straight. Come, soldiers.

*Exit* [TECHELLES *with*  
SOLDIERS].

TAMBURLAINE

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

USUMCASANE [*presenting the books*] Here they are, my lord.

TAMBURLAINE

Well said. Let there be a fire presently.

[*They light a fire.*]

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

[*They burn the books.*]

Now, Mahomet, if thou have any power,  
Come down thyself and work a miracle.  
Thou art not worthy to be worshippéd  
That suffers flames of fire to burn the writ

190 Wherein the sum of thy religion rests.

Why send'st thou not a furious whirlwind down  
To blow thy Alcoran up to thy throne,  
Where men report thou sitt'st by God himself,  
Or vengeance on the head of Tamburlaine,  
That shakes his sword against thy majesty  
And spurns the abstracts of thy foolish laws?

Well, soldiers, Mahomet remains in hell;  
He cannot hear the voice of Tamburlaine.  
Seek out another godhead to adore,  
200 The God that sits in heaven, if any god,  
For he is God alone, and none but he.  
[*Re-enter* TECHELLES.]

TECHELLES

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

TAMBURLAINE

Well, then, my friendly lords, what now remains,  
210 But that we leave sufficient garrison,  
And presently depart to Persia  
To triumph after all our victories?

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Let it be so. About it, soldiers.  
But stay, I feel myself distempered suddenly.

TECHELLES

What is it dares distemper Tamburlaine?

TAMBURLAINE

Something, Techelles, but I know not what.  
220 But forth, ye vassals! Whatsoe'er it be,  
Sickness or death can never conquer me.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2

*Enter CALLAPINE, [the King of] AMASIA, [a CAPTAIN, SOLDIERS,] with drums and trumpets.*

CALLAPINE

King of Amasia, now our mighty host  
Marcheth in Asia Major, where the streams  
Of Euphrates and Tigris swiftly runs,  
And here may we behold great Babylon,  
Circled about with Limnasphaltis' lake,  
Where Tamburlaine with all his army lies,  
Which being faint and weary with the siege,  
We may lie ready to encounter him  
Before his host be [full from Babylon](#),

- 10 And so revenge our latest grievous loss,  
If God or Mahomet send any aid.

AMASIA

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

CALLAPINE

- When I [record](#) my parents' slavish life,  
20 Their cruel death, mine own captivity,  
My viceroys' bondage under Tamburlaine,  
Methinks I could sustain a thousand deaths  
To be revenged of all his villainy.  
Ah, sacred Mahomet! Thou that hast seen  
Millions of Turks perish by Tamburlaine,  
Kingdoms made waste, brave cities sacked and burnt,  
And but one host is left to honour thee,  
Aid thy obedient servant Callapine,

- And make him, after all these overthrows,  
30 To triumph over cursed Tamburlaine!

AMASIA

Fear not, my lord. I see great Mahomet  
Clothèd in purple clouds, and on his head  
A chapter brighter than Apoll's crown,  
Marching about the air with armèd men  
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.

CAPTAIN

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

CALLAPINE

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



*Exeunt.*

### *Scene 3*

[*Enter*] THERIDAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE. THERIDAMAS

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

10 Now, in defiance of that wonted love

Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne  
And made his state an honour to the heavens,  
These cowards invisibly assail his soul  
And threaten conquest on our sovereign;  
But if he die, your glories are disgraced,  
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.

TECHELLES

O then, ye powers that sway eternal seats  
And guide this massy substance of the earth,  
If you [retain](#) desert of holiness,

20 As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,

Be not inconstant, careless of your fame;  
[Bear](#) not the burden of your enemies' joys,  
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanced;  
But as his birth, life, health, and majesty  
Were strangely blest and governèd by heaven,  
So honour, heaven, till heaven dissolvèd be,  
His birth, his life, his health, and majesty.

USUMCASANE

Blush, heaven, to lose the honour of thy name,

- To see thy footstool set upon thy head,  
30 And let no baseness in thy haughty breast  
Sustain a shame of such excellence,  
To see the devils mount in angels' thrones  
And angels dive into the pools of hell.  
And though [they think](#) their painful date is out  
And that their power is puissant as Jove's,  
Which makes them manage arms against thy state,  
Yet make them feel the strength of Tamburlaine,  
Thy instrument and note of majesty,  
Is greater far than they can thus subdue;  
40 For if he die, thy glory is disgraced,  
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.

[*Enter TAMBURLAINE in his chariot, drawn by ORCANES, King of Natolia and the King of JERUSALEM attended by AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, and PHYSICIANS.*]

TAMBURLAINE

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

THERIDAMAS

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

TAMBURLAINE

Why shall I sit and languish in this pain?

No! Strike the drums, and, in revenge of this,  
Come, let us [charge](#) our spears and pierce [his](#) breast  
Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,  
60 That if I perish, heaven and earth may fade.  
Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove.  
Will him to send [Apollo](#) hither straight  
To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself.

TECHELLES

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

TAMBURLAINE

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

PHYSICIAN

Pleaseth your majesty to drink this potion,  
Which will abate the fury of your fit  
80 And cause some milder spirits govern you.

TAMBURLAINE

Tell me, what think you of my sickness now?

PHYSICIAN

I viewed your urine, and the [hypostasis](#),  
Thick and obscure, doth make your danger great;  
Your veins are full of [accidental](#) heat,  
Whereby the moisture of your blood is dried.  
The [humidum](#) and calor, which some hold

Is not a parcel of the elements  
But of a substance more divine and pure,  
Is almost clean extinguishèd and spent,  
90 Which, being the cause of life, imports your death.  
Besides, my lord, this day is [critical](#),  
Dangerous to those whose crisis is as yours.  
Your artiers, which amongst the veins convey  
The lively spirits which the heart engenders,  
Are parched and void of spirit, that the soul,  
Wanting those [organons](#) by which it moves,  
Cannot endure [by argument of art](#).  
Yet if your majesty may escape this day,  
No doubt but you shall soon recover all.

TAMBURLAINE

100 Then will I comfort all my vital parts  
And live in spite of Death above a day.

*Alarm within.*

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*]

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

TAMBURLAINE

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

USUMCASANE

110 I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,  
That can [endure](#) so well your royal presence  
Which only will dismay the enemy.

TAMBURLAINE

I know it well, Casane. Draw, you slaves!

In spite of Death I will go show my face.

*Alarm.* TAMBURLAINE *goes in [in his chariot], and comes out again with all the rest.*

TAMBURLAINE

Thus are the villains, cowards, fled for fear,  
Like summer's vapours [vanished](#) by the sun.  
And could I but a while pursue the field,  
That Callapine should be my slave again.  
But I perceive my martial strength is spent;

- 120 In vain I strive and rail against those powers  
That mean t'invest me in a higher throne,  
As much too high for this disdainful earth.  
Give me a map, then, let me see how much  
Is left for me to conquer all the world,  
That these my boys may finish [all my wants](#).

*One brings a map.*

Here I began to march towards Persia,  
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,  
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took  
The Turk and his great empress prisoners;

- 130 Then marched I into Egypt and Arabia,  
And here, not far from Alexandria,  
Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,  
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,  
I meant to cut a channel to them both,  
That men might quickly sail to India.  
From thence to Nubia, near Borno lake,  
And so along the Ethiopian sea,  
Cutting the tropic line of Capricorn,  
I conquered all as far as Zanzibar.

- 140 Then by the northern part of Africa  
I came at last to Graecia, and from thence  
To Asia, where I stay against my will,  
Which is from Scythia, where I first began,

Backward and forwards, near five thousand leagues.  
[Look here](#), my boys, see what a world of ground  
 Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line  
 Unto the rising of this earthly globe,  
 Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,  
 Begins the day with our [Antipodes](#);

150 And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?  
 Lo, [here](#), my sons, are all the golden mines,  
 Inestimable drugs, and precious stones,  
 More worth than Asia and the world beside;  
 And [from th'Antarctic](#) Pole eastward behold  
 As much more land, which never was descried,  
 Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright  
 As all the lamps that beautify the sky;  
 And shall I die, and this unconquerèd?  
 Here, lovely boys; [*giving them the map*]

what Death forbids my life,

160 That let your lives command in spite of Death.

AMYRAS

Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,  
 Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,  
 Retain a thought of joy or spark of life?  
[Your soul](#) gives essence to our wretched subjects,  
 Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.

CELEBINUS

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

TAMBURLAINE

But sons, [this subject](#), not of force enough  
 To hold the fiery spirit it contains,

170 [Must part](#), imparting his impressions  
 By equal portions into both your breasts;  
 My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,  
 Shall still retain my spirit though I die,

And live in all your seeds immortally.  
Then now remove me, that I may resign  
My place and proper title to my son.

[To AMYRAS]

First take my scourge and my imperial crown,  
And mount my royal chariot of estate,  
That I may see thee crowned before I die.

180 Help me, my lords, to make my last remove.

[*They help him into a chair.*]

THERIDAMAS

A woeful change, my lord, that daunts our thoughts  
More than the ruin of our proper souls.

TAMBURLAINE

Sit up, my son. Let me see how well  
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty.

*They crown him.*

AMYRAS

With what a flinty bosom should I joy  
The breath of life and burden of my soul,  
If, not resolved into resolvèd pains,  
My body's mortifièd lineaments Should exercise the motions of  
my heart,

190 Pierced with the joy of any dignity!

O father, if the unrelenting ears  
Of Death and hell be shut against my prayers,  
And that the spiteful influence of heaven  
Deny my soul fruition of her joy,  
How should I step or stir my hateful feet  
Against the inward powers of my heart,  
Leading a life that only strives to die,  
And plead in vain unpleasing sovereignty?

TAMBURLAINE

Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,

200 Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity  
That nobly must admit necessity.  
Sit up, my boy, and with those silken reins  
Bridle the steelèd stomachs of those jades.

THERIDAMAS [*to* AMYRAS]

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

AMYRAS [*ascending the chariot*]

Heavens witness me, with what a broken heart  
And damnèd spirit I ascend this seat,  
And send my soul, before my father die,  
His anguish and his burning agony!

TAMBURLAINE

210 Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate.  
Let it be placed by this my fatal chair  
And serve as parcel of my funeral.

[*Exeunt some.*]

USUMCASANE

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

TAMBURLAINE

Casane, no. The monarch of the earth  
And eyeless monster that torments my soul  
Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,  
And therefore still augments his cruelty.

TECHELLES

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

*They bring in the hearse* [*of* ZENOCRATE].

TAMBURLAINE



Now, eyes, enjoy your latest benefit,  
[And when](#) my soul hath virtue of your sight,  
Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold  
And glut your longings with a heaven of joy.  
So, reign, my son! Scourge and control those slaves,  
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand.

- 230 As precious is the charge thou undertak'st  
As that which Clymene's brainsick son did guide,  
When wand'ring Phoebe's ivory cheeks were scorched,  
And all the earth, like Etna, breathing fire.  
Be warned by him, then; learn with awful eye  
To sway a throne as dangerous as his.  
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts  
As pure and fiery as [Phyteus](#)' beams,  
[The nature](#) of these proud rebelling jades  
Will take Occasion by the slenderest hair,  
240 And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolytus,  
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian clifts.  
The nature of thy chariot will not bear  
A guide of baser temper than myself,  
More than heaven's coach the pride of Phaethon.  
Farewell, my boys; my dearest friends, farewell!  
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see  
Your sweet desires deprived of company;  
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die.

*[He dies.]*

AMYRAS

- Meet heaven and [earth](#), and here let all things end!  
250 For earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,  
And heaven consumed his choicest living fire.  
Let earth and heaven his [timeless](#) death deplore,  
For both their worths will equal him no more.

*[Exeunt.]*

# THE JEW OF MALTA

## [Dramatis Personae

MACHEVIL, *the Prologue*

BARABAS

TWO MERCHANTS

THREE JEWS

FERNEZEJ, *the Governor of Malta*

KNIGHTS OF MALTA

OFFICERS

CALLAPINE

BASHAWS

CALYMATH

ABIGALL, *Barabas's daughter*

FRIAR JACOMO

FRIAR BARNARDINE

AN ABBESS

TWO NUNS

MATHIAS, *Katherine's son*

LODOWICK, *Ferneze's son*

MARTIN DEL BOSCO, *Vice-admiral of Spain*

ITHAMORE, *a slave*

SLAVES

KATHERINE

BELLAMIRA, *a courtesan*

PILIA-BORZA

TURKISH JANIZARIES

A MESSENGER

CARPENTERS  
SERVANTS ATTENDANTS]

## [THE DEDICATORY EPISTLE]

To My Worthy Friend, Master [Thomas Hammon](#), of Gray's Inn, etc.

This play, composed by so worthy an author as Master Marlowe, and the part of the Jew presented by so unimitable an actor as [Master Alleyn](#), being in this later age commended to the stage, as I ushered it unto the court, and presented it to the [Cock-pit](#), with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the press, I was loath it should be published without the ornament of an epistle, making choice of you unto whom to devote it, than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance within the compass of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance

10 or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage. I hope this will not be the worse accepted because commended by me, over whom none can claim more power or privilege than yourself. I had no better a New Year's gift to present you with. Receive it therefore as a continuance of that inviolable obligation by which he rests still engaged, who, as he ever hath, shall always remain,

*[Tuissimus](#),*

20

Thomas Heywood

## THE PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT COURT

Gracious and great, that we so boldly dare  
(‘Mongst other plays that now in fashion are)  
To present this, writ many years ago,  
And in that age thought second unto none,  
We humbly crave your pardon. We pursue  
The story of a rich and famous Jew  
Who lived in Malta. You shall find him still,  
In all his projects, [a sound Machevill](#);  
And that’s his character. He that hath passed  
10 So many censures is now come at last  
To have your princely ears. Grace you him; then  
You crown the action and renown the pen.

## THE PROLOGUE TO THE STAGE, AT THE COCK-PIT

We know not how our play may pass this stage,  
But by the best of \*poets in that age  
The *Malta Jew* had being, and was made,  
And he then by the best of \*actors played.  
In *Hero and Leander*, one did gain  
A lasting memory; in *Tamburlaine*,  
This *Jew*, with others many, th' other wan  
The attribute of peerless, being a man  
Whom we may rank with (doing no one wrong)  
Proteus for shapes and Roscius for a tongue,

- 10 So could he speak, so vary; nor is't hate  
To merit in \*him who doth personate  
Our *Jew* this day, nor is it his ambition  
To exceed, or equal, being of condition  
More modest. This is all that he intends,  
And that, too, at the urgency of some friends:  
To prove his best, and if none here gainsay it,  
The part he hath studied, and intends to play it.

## THE JEW OF MALTA [PROLOGUE]

[Enter] [MACHEVIL](#).

MACHEVIL

Albeit the world think Machevil is dead,  
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,  
And, now [the Guise](#) is dead, is come from France  
To view [this land](#) and frolic with his friends.  
To some perhaps my name is odious,  
But such as love me [guard me from](#) their tongues,  
And let them know that I am Machevil,  
And [weigh](#) not men, and therefore not men's words.  
Admired I am of those that hate me most.

- 10 Though some speak openly against my books,  
Yet will they read me and thereby attain  
To [Peter's chair](#), and, when they cast me off,  
Are poisoned by my climbing followers.  
I count religion but a childish toy  
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.  
[Birds](#) of the air will tell of murders past!  
I am ashamed to hear such fooleries.  
Many will talk of title to a crown;  
What right had [Caesar](#) to the empery?
- 20 Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure  
When, like [the Draco's](#), they were writ in blood.  
Hence comes it that a strong-built [citadel](#)  
Commands much more than letters can import;  
Which maximé had [Phalaris](#) observed,  
He'd never bellowed in a brazen bull  
[Of](#) great ones' envy. O'th'poor [petty wights](#),  
[Let](#) me be envied and not pitié!

But whither am I bound? I come not, I,  
To read a lecture here in [Britainy](#),  
But to present the tragedy of a Jew,  
30 Who smiles to see how full his bags are crammed,  
Which money was not got without my means.  
I crave but this: grace him as he deserves,  
And let him not be entertained the worse  
Because he [favours](#) me.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT 1

### [Scene 1]

*Enter BARABAS in his counting-house, with heaps of gold before him.*

BHRABAS

So that of thus much that return was made,  
And, of the third part of the Persian ships,  
There was the venture summed and satisfied.  
As for those Samnites and the men of Uz,  
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,  
Here have I pursed their paltry silverlings.  
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!  
Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay  
The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,

10 Whereof a man may easily in a day

Tell that which may maintain him all his life.  
The needy groom that never fingered groat  
Would make a miracle of thus much coin;  
But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full,  
And all his lifetime hath been tired,  
Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,  
Would in his age be loath to labour so,  
And for a pound to sweat himself to death.  
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,

20 That trade in metal of the purest mould;

The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks  
Without control can pick his riches up,  
And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,  
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight –

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,  
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
As one of them, [indifferently rated](#),

30 And of a carat of this quantity,  
May serve in peril of calamity  
To ransom great kings from captivity.  
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;  
And thus methinks should men of judgement [frame](#)  
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,  
And as their wealth increaseth, so [enclose](#)  
Infinite riches in a little room.  
But now, how stands the wind?  
Into what corner [peers](#) my [halcyon's bill](#)?

40 Ha, to the east? Yes. See, how stands the vanes?  
East and by south. Why then, I hope my ships  
I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles  
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks;  
Mine argosy from Alexandria,  
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,  
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore  
To Malta, through our Mediterranean Sea.  
But who comes here?

*Enter* [FIRST] MERCHANT.

How now?

FIRST MERCHANT                      Barabas,

Thy ships are safe, [riding](#) in Malta road;

50 And all the merchants with other merchandise  
Are safe arrived, and have sent me to know  
Whether yourself will come and [custom them](#).

BARABAS

The ships are safe, thou say'st, and richly fraught?

FIRST MERCHANT

They are.

BARABAS Why then, go bid them come ashore  
And bring with them their bills of entry.  
I hope our credit in the custom-house  
Will serve as well as I were present there.  
Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,  
And twenty wagons to bring up the ware.

60 But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
And is thy credit not enough for that?

FIRST MERCHANT

The very custom barely comes to more  
Than many merchants of the town are worth,  
And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

BARABAS

Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man.  
Tush, who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

FIRST MERCHANT I go.

BARABAS

So then, there's somewhat come.  
Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

FIRST MERCHANT

Of the *Speranza*, sir.

70 BARABAS And saw'st thou not  
Mine argosy at Alexandria?  
Thou couldst not come from Egypt or by Caire,  
But at the entry there into the sea,  
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,  
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

FIRST MERCHANT

I neither saw them nor inquired of them.  
But this we heard some of our seamen say:  
They wondered how you durst with so much wealth  
Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.

BARABAS

80 Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.  
But go, go thou thy ways; discharge thy ship,  
And bid my factor bring his loading in.

[*Exit* FIRST  
MERCHANT.]

And yet I wonder at this argosy.

*Enter a* SECOND MERCHANT.

SECOND MERCHANT

Thine argosy from Alexandria,  
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta road,  
Laden with riches and exceeding store  
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

BARABAS

How chance you came not with those other ships  
That sailed by Egypt?

SECOND MERCHANT Sir, we saw 'em not.

BARABAS

90 Belike they coasted round by Candy shore  
About their oils, or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far  
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

SECOND MERCHANT

Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet  
That never left us till within a league,  
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

BARABAS

O, they were going up to Sicily. Well, go  
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.

SECOND MERCHANT I go.

100

[*Exit* [SECOND  
MERCHANT].]

BARABAS

Thus trolls our fortune in by land and sea,  
And thus are we on every side enriched.  
These are [the blessings](#) promised to the Jews,  
And herein was old Abram's happiness.  
What more may heaven do for earthly man  
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
Making the sea their servant, and the winds  
To drive their [substance](#) with [successful blasts](#)?

110 Who hateth me but for my [happiness](#)?

Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?  
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus  
Than pitied in a Christian poverty;  
For I can see no [fruits](#) in all their faith  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,  
Which methinks fits not their [profession](#).  
[Haply](#) some [hapless](#) man hath conscience,  
And for his conscience lives in beggary.  
They say we are a [scattered nation](#);

120 I cannot tell, but we have [scambled up](#)

More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.  
There's [Kirriah Jairim](#), the great Jew of Greece,  
[Obed](#) in [Bairseth](#), [Nones](#) in Portugal,  
Myself in Malta, some in Italy,  
Many in France, and wealthy every one –  
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.  
I must confess we come not to be kings.  
That's not our fault. Alas, our number's few,  
And crowns come either by succession,

130 Or urged by force; and nothing violent,

Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.  
Give us a peaceful rule; make Christians kings,  
That thirst so much for principality.  
I have no [charge](#), nor many children,

But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear  
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen;  
And all I have is hers. But who comes here?

*Enter* THREE JEWS.

FIRST JEW

Tush, tell not me, 'twas done [of policy](#).

SECOND JEW

Come, therefore, let us go to Barabas,  
140 For he can counsel best in these affairs;  
And here he comes

BARABAS               Why, how now, countrymen?  
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?  
What accident's betided to the Jews?

FIRST JEW

A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas,  
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;  
And [they](#) this day sit in the council-house  
To entertain them and their embassy.

BARABAS

Why, let 'em come, so they come not to war;  
Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors.  
150 (*Aside*) Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,  
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

FIRST JEW

Were it for confirmation of a league,  
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

SECOND JEW

I fear their coming will afflict us all.

BARABAS

Fond men, what dream you of their multitudes?  
What need they treat of peace that are in league?  
The Turks and those of Malta are in league.  
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in't.

FIRST JEW

Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war.

BARABAS

- 160 Haply for neither, but to pass along  
Towards Venice by the Adriatic Sea,  
With whom they have attempted many times,  
But never could effect their stratagem.

THIRD JEW

And very wisely said; it may be so.

SECOND JEW

But there's a meeting in the senate-house,  
And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

BARABAS

Umh. All the Jews in Malta must be there?  
Ay, like enough. Why then, let every man  
Provide him, and be there for fashion sake.

- 170 If anything shall there concern our state,  
Assure yourselves I'll look – (*aside*) unto myself.

FIRST JEW

I know you will. Well, brethren, let us go.

SECOND JEW

Let's take our leaves. Farewell, good Barabas.

BARABAS

Do so. Farewell, Zaareth, farewell, Temainte.

[*Exeunt the* THREE  
JEWS.]

And, Barabas, now search this secret out.  
Summon thy senses; call thy wits together.  
These silly men mistake the matter clean.  
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute,  
Which tribute – all in policy, I fear –

- 180 The Turks have let increase to such a sum  
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay,  
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,  
To seize upon the town. Ay, that he seeks.

Howe'er the world go, I'll make sure for one,  
And seek in time to intercept the worst,  
Warily guarding that which I ha' got.  
*Ego mihi met sum semper proximus.*  
Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.

[Exit.]

## [Scene 2]

*Enter* [FERNEZE] *Governor* of Malta, KNIGHTS, [*and* OFFICERS],  
*met by* [CALLAPINE *and other*] *BASHAWS* of the Turk [*and*] CALYMATH.

FERNEZE

Now, bashaws, what demand you at our hands?

CALLAPINE

Know, *Knights of Malta*, that we came from Rhodes,  
From Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles  
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

FERNEZE

What's Cyprus, Candy, and those other isles  
To us, or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

CALYMATH

The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

FERNEZ

Alas, my lord, the sum is over-great.  
I hope your highness will *consider* us.

CALYMATH

- 10 I wish, grave governor, 'twere in my power  
To favour you, but 'tis *my father's cause*,  
Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not dally.

FERNEZE

Then give us *leave*, great Selim Calymath.

[FERNEZE *speaks to his* KNIGHTS.]

CALYMATH [*to his* BASHAWS]

Stand all aside, and let the knights determine,



And send to keep our galleys under sail,  
For happily we shall not tarry here.

[*To FERNEZE*]

Now, governor, how are you resolved?

FERNEZE

Thus: since your hard conditions are such  
That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,  
20 We may have time to make collection  
Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for't.

CALLAPINE

That's more than is in our commission.

CALYMATH

What, Callapine, a little courtesy!  
Let's know their time; perhaps it is not long,  
And 'tis more kingly to obtain by peace  
Than to enforce conditions by constraint.  
What respite ask you, governor?

FERNEZE But a month.

CALYMATH

We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.  
Now launch our galleys back again to sea,  
30 Where we'll attend the respite you have ta'en,  
And for the money send our messenger.  
Farewell, great governor, and brave Knights of Malta.

FERNEZE

And all good fortune wait on Calymath!

*Exeunt* [CALYMATH, CALLAPINE *and other* BASHAWS].

Go, one, and call those Jews of Malta hither.  
Were they not summoned to appear today?

OFFICER

They were, my lord, and here they come.

*Enter* BARABAS *and* THREE JEWS.

FIRST KNIGHT

Have you determined what to say to them?

FERNEZE

Yes, give me leave; and Hebrews, now come near.

From the emperor of Turkey is arrived

40 Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son,

To levy of us ten years' tribute past.

Now then, here know that it concerneth us.

BARABAS

Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,

Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

FERNEZE

Soft, Barabas, there's more 'longs to't than so.

To what this ten years' tribute will amount,

That we have cast, but cannot compass it

By reason of the wars, that robbed our store;

And therefore are we to request your aid.

BARABAS

50 Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers;

And what's our aid against so great a prince?

FIRST KNIGHT

Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;

Thou art a merchant and a moneyed man,

And 'tis thy money, Barabas, we seek.

BARABAS

How, my lord, my money?

FERNEZE       Thine and the rest.

For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

FIRST JEW

Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor!

FERNEZE

Then let the rich increase your portions.

BARABAS

Are strangers with your tribute to be taxed?

SECOND KNIGHT

60 Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?

Then let them with us contribute.

BARABAS

How, equally?

FERNEZE No, Jew, like infidels.

For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,

[Who](#) stand accursèd in the sight of heaven,

These taxes and afflictions are befall'n,

And therefore thus we are determinèd.

Read there the articles of our decrees.

OFFICER (*reads*) 'First, the tribute money of the Turks shall all  
be levied amongst the Jews, and each of them to pay one half of  
his estate.'

70

BARABAS

How, half his estate? [*Aside*] I hope you mean not mine.

FERNEZE Read on.

OFFICER (*reads*) 'Secondly, he that denies to pay shall straight  
become a Christian.'

BARABAS

How, a Christian? [*Aside*] Hum, what's here to do?

OFFICER (*reads*) 'Lastly, he that denies this shall absolutely lose  
all he has.'

ALL THREE JEWS O my lord, we will give half!

BARABAS

O earth-mettled villains, and no Hebrews born!

80 And will you basely thus submit yourselves

To leave your goods to their arbitrament?

FERNEZE

Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

BARABAS

No, governor, I will be no convertite.

FERNEZE

Then pay thy half.

BARABAS

Why, know you what you did by this device?  
Half of my substance is a city's wealth.  
Governor, it was not got so easily,  
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

FERNEZE

Sir, half is the penalty of our decree.  
90 Either pay that, or we will seize on all.

BARABAS

Corpo di Dio! Stay, you shall have half.  
Let me be used but as my brethren are.

FERNEZE

No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,  
And now it cannot be recalled.

BARABAS

Will you then steal my goods?  
Is theft the ground of your religion?

FERNEZE

No, Jew, we take particularly thine  
To save the ruin of a multitude;  
And better one want for a common good  
100 Than many perish for a private man.  
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,  
But here in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,  
Live still; and, if thou canst, get more.

BARABAS

Christians, what or how can I multiply?  
Of naught is nothing made.

FIRST KNIGHT

From naught at first thou cam'st to little wealth,  
From little unto more, from more to most.  
If your first curse fall heavy on thy head  
And make thee poor and scorned of all the world,  
110 Tis not our fault, but thy inherent sin.

BARABAS

What? Bring you scripture to confirm your wrongs?  
Preach me not out of my possessions.  
Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are;  
But say the tribe that I descended of  
Were all in general cast away for sin,  
Shall I be tried by their transgression?  
[The man](#) that dealeth righteously shall live;  
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

FERNEZE

Out, wretched Barabas,  
120 Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself,  
As if we knew not thy [profession](#)?  
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,  
Be patient, and thy riches will increase.  
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness,  
And covetousness, O, 'tis a monstrous sin.

BARABAS

Ay, but theft is worse. Tush, take not from me then,  
For that is theft; and if you rob me thus,  
I must be forced to steal and compass more.

FIRST KNIGHT

Grave governor, list not to his exclams.  
130 Convert his mansion to a nunnery;  
His house will harbour many holy nuns.

*Enter OFFICERS.*

FERNEZE

It shall be so. Now, officers, have you done?

OFFICER

Ay, my lord, we have seized upon the goods  
And wares of Barabas, which, being valued,  
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta.  
And of the [other](#) we have seizèd half.

FERNEZE

Then we'll [take order](#) for the residue.

BARABAS

Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,

140 My ships, my store, and all that I enjoyed;  
And having all, you can request no more,  
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts  
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,  
And now shall move you to bereave my life.

FERNEZE

No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood  
Is far from us and our profession.

BARABAS

Why, I esteem the injury far less  
To take the lives of miserable men,  
Than be the causers of their misery.

150 You have my wealth, the labour of my life,  
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope;  
[And therefore](#) ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

FERNEZE

Content thee, Barabas, thou hast naught but right.

BARABAS

Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong.  
But take it to you, i'th' devil's name!

FERNEZE

Come, let us in, and gather of these goods  
The money for this tribute of the Turk.

FIRST KNIGHT

'Tis necessary that be looked unto;  
For [if](#) we break our day, we break the league,

160 And that will prove but [simple policy](#).

*Exeunt* [FERNEZE, KNIGHTS *and* OFFICERS].

BARABAS

Ay, [policy](#)! That's their profession,

And not [simplicity](#), as they suggest.  
The [plagues of Egypt](#), and the curse of heaven,  
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred  
Inflict upon them, thou great [Primus Motor](#)!  
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,  
I ban their souls to everlasting pains  
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,  
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

FIRST JEW

170 O, yet be patient, gentle Barabas.

BARABAS

O silly brethren, born to see this day!  
Why stand you thus unmoved with my laments?  
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?  
Why pine not I and die in this distress?

FIRST JEW

Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook  
The cruel handling of ourselves in this.  
Thou seest they have taken half our goods.

BARABAS

Why did you yield to their extortion?  
You were a multitude, and I but one,

180 And of me only have they taken all.

FIRST JEW

Yet, brother Barabas, remember Job.

BARABAS

What tell you me of Job? [I wot](#) his wealth  
Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,  
Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke  
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred  
She-asses; but for every one of those,  
Had they been valued at [indifferent rate](#),  
I had at home, and in mine argosy  
And other ships that came from Egypt last,

190 As much as would have bought his beasts and him,  
And yet have kept enough to live upon;  
So that not he, but I, may curse the day,  
[Thy fatal](#) birthday, forlorn Barabas,  
And henceforth wish for an eternal night,  
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh  
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.  
[For only](#) I have toiled to inherit here  
The months of vanity and loss of time,  
And painful nights have been appointed me.

SECOND JEW

Good Barabas, be patient.

200 BARABAS      Ay, ay;  
Pray leave me in my patience. You that  
Were ne'er possessed of wealth are pleased with want.  
But give him liberty at least to mourn,  
That in a field amidst his enemies,  
Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarmed,  
And knows no means of his recovery.  
Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance;  
'[Tis in](#) the trouble of my spirit I speak.  
Great injuries are not so soon [forgot](#).

FIRST JEW

210 Come, let us leave him in his ireful mood.  
Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

SECOND JEW

On, then. But trust me, 'tis a misery  
To see a man in such affliction.  
Farewell, Barabas.

*Exeunt [the THREE  
JEWS]*

BARABAS              Ay, fare you well.  
See the simplicity of these base slaves,  
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,



Think me to be a senseless lump of clay  
That will with every water wash to dirt.

No, Barabas is born to better chance,

- 220 And framed of finer [mould](#) than common men,  
That measure naught but by the present time.  
[A reaching thought](#) will search his deepest wits,  
And [cast](#) with cunning for the time to come,  
For evils are apt to happen every day.

*Enter ABIGALL, the Jew's daughter.*

But whither wends my beauteous Abigall?  
O, what has made my lovely daughter sad?  
What, woman, moan not for a little loss.  
Thy father has enough in store for thee.

ABIGALL

- Not for myself, but aged Barabas,  
230 Father, for thee lamenteth Abigall.  
But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears,  
And, urged thereto with my afflictions,  
With fierce exclams run to the senate-house,  
And in the senate reprehend them all,  
And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,  
Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

BARABAS

- No, Abigall, [things past recovery](#)  
Are hardly cured with exclamations.  
Be silent, daughter; [sufferance breeds ease](#),  
240 [And time](#) may yield us an occasion  
Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.  
Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond  
As negligently to forgo so much  
Without provision for thyself and me.  
Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,  
Rich, costly jewels, and stones infinite,  
Fearing the worst of this before it fell,

I closely hid.

ABIGALL

Where, father?

BARABAS

In my house, my girl.

ABIGALL

Then shall they ne'er be seen of Barabas,

250 For they have seized upon thy house and wares.

BARABAS

But they will give me leave once more, I trow,  
To go into my house.

ABIGALL

That may they not,

For there I left the governor placing nuns,  
Displacing me; and of thy house they mean  
To make a nunnery, where none but their own sect  
Must enter in, men generally barred.

BARABAS

My gold, my gold, and all my wealth is gone!  
You partial heavens, have I deserved this plague?  
What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,

260 To make me desperate in my poverty,  
And, knowing me impatient in distress,  
Think me so mad as I will hang myself,  
That I may vanish o'er the earth in air  
And leave no memory that e'er I was?  
No, I will live, nor loathe I this my life;  
And since you leave me in the ocean thus  
To sink or swim, and [put me](#) to my shifts,  
I'll rouse my senses and awake myself.  
Daughter, I have it! Thou perceiv'st the plight

270 Wherein these Christians have oppressèd me.

Be ruled by me, for in extremity  
We ought to make bar of no policy.

ABIGALL

Father, whate'er it be, to injure them  
That have so manifestly wrongèd us,

What will not Abigall attempt?

BARABAS                   Why, so.

Then thus: thou told'st me they have turned my house  
Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there.

ABIGALL

I did.

BARABAS Then, Abigall, there must my girl  
Entreat the Abbess to be entertained.

ABIGALL

How, as a nun?

280 BARABAS                   Ay, daughter, for religion  
Hides many mischiefs from suspicion.

ABIGALL

Ay, but father, they will suspect me there.

BARABAS

Let 'em suspect, but be thou so [precise](#)  
As they may think it done of holiness.  
[Entreat 'em fair](#), and give them friendly speech,  
And seem to them as if thy sins were great,  
Till thou hast gotten to be entertained.

ABIGALL

Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

BARABAS Tush,

[As good](#) dissemble that thou never mean'st  
290 As first mean truth and then dissemble it.  
[A counterfeit](#) profession is better  
Than unseen hypocrisy.

ABIGALL

Well, father, say I be entertained,  
What then shall follow?

BARABAS

This shall follow then:  
There have I hid, close underneath the plank  
That runs along the upper-chamber floor,  
The gold and jewels which I kept for thee.

But here they come. Be cunning, Abigall.

ABIGALL

Then, father, go with me.

BARABAS No, Abigall, in this

300 It is not necessary I be seen,

For I will seem offended with thee for't.

Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

*Enter two* FRIARS [JACOMO and BARNARDINE] *and [an* ABBESS *and]* TWO NUNS.

FRIAR JACOMO

Sisters,

We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

ABBESS

The better; for we love not to be seen.

'Tis thirty winters long since some of us

Did stray so far amongst the multitude.

FRIAR JACOMO

But, madam, this house

And waters of this new-made nunnery

310 Will much delight you.

ABBESS

It may be so. But who comes here?

ABIGALL [*comes forward*]

Grave Abbess, and you, happy virgins' guide,

Pity the state of a distressèd maid!

ABBESS

What art thou, daughter?

ABIGALL

The hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,

The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas,

Sometimes the owner of a goodly house

Which they have now turned to a nunnery.

ABBESS

Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit with us?

ABIGALL

320 Fearing the afflictions which my father feels  
Proceed from sin or want of faith in us,  
I'd pass away my life in penitence,  
And be a novice in your nunnery,  
To make atonement for my [labouring](#) soul.

FRIAR JACOMO [*to* BARNARDINE]

No doubt, brother, but this [proceedeth](#) of the spirit.

FRIAR BARNARDINE [*to* JACOMO]

Ay, and of a [moving spirit](#) too, brother. But come,  
Let us entreat she may be entertained.

ABBESS

Well, daughter, we admit you for a nun.

ABIGALL

First let me as a novice learn to frame  
330 My solitary life to your strait laws,  
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie.  
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts  
And mine own industry, but to [profit](#) much.

BARABAS (*aside*)

As much, I hope, as all I hid is worth.

ABBESS

Come, daughter, follow us.

BARABAS [*coming forward*]

Why, how now, Abigail? [What mak'st thou](#)  
Amongst these hateful Christians?

FRIAR JACOMO

Hinder her not, thou man of little faith,  
For she has [mortified herself](#).

BARABAS How, mortified?

FRIAR JACOMO

340 And is admitted to the sisterhood.

BARABAS

Child of perdition, and thy father's shame,  
What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?  
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave  
These devils and their damnèd heresy.

ABIGALL

Father, give me –

BARABAS Nay, back, Abigall!

(*Whispers to her*) And think upon the jewels and the gold;  
The board is markèd thus [*makes the sign of the cross*]

that covers it.

[*Aloud*] Away, accursèd, from thy father's sight!

FRIAR JACOMO

Barabas, although thou art in misbelief

350 And wilt not see thine own afflictions,

Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind.

BARABAS

Blind, friar? I reckon not thy persuasions.

[*Aside to* ABIGALL.]

The board is marked thus [*makes the sign of the cross*]

that covers it.

[*Aloud*] For I had rather die than see her thus.

Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,

Seducèd daughter? (*Aside to her*) Go, forget not.

[*Aloud*] Becomes it Jews to be so credulous?

(*Aside to her*) Tomorrow early I'll be at the door.

[*Aloud*] No, come not at me! If thou wilt be damned,

360 Forget me, see me not, and so begone.

(*Aside [to her]*) Farewell. Remember tomorrow morning.

[*Aloud*] Out, out, thou wretch!

[*Exeunt separately.*]

### [Scene 3]

*Enter* MATHIAS.

MATHIAS

Who's this? Fair Abigall, the rich Jew's daughter,  
Become a nun? Her father's sudden fall  
Has humbled her and brought her down to this.  
Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love  
Than to be tired out with orisons;  
And better would she far become a bed,  
Embracèd in a friendly lover's arms,  
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

*Enter* LODOWICK.

LODOWICK

Why, how now, Don Mathias, [in a dump](#)?

MATHIAS

- 10 Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have seen  
The strangest sight, in my opinion,  
That ever I beheld.

LODOWICK      What was't, I prithee?

MATHIAS

A fair young maid, scarce fourteen years of age,  
The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,  
Cropped from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,  
And strangely [metamorphized nun](#).

LODOWICK

But say, what was she?

MATHIAS      Why, the rich Jew's daughter.

LODOWICK

What, Barabas, whose goods were lately seized?  
Is she so fair?

MATHIAS      And matchless beautiful,

- 20 As, had you seen her, 'twould have moved your heart,  
Though [countermured](#) with walls of brass, to love,  
Or at the least to pity.

LODOWICK

An if she be so fair as you report,  
'Twere time well spent to go and visit her.  
How say you, shall we?

MATHIAS

I must and will, sir, there's no remedy.

LODOWICK [*aside*]

And so will I too, or it shall go hard.

Farewell, Mathias.

MATHIAS      Farewell, Lodowick.

*Exeunt [at different  
doors].*



## ACT 2

### [Scene 1]

*Enter BARABAS, with a light.*

BARABAS

Thus like the sad presaging raven that tolls  
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,  
Vexed and tormented runs poor Barabas  
With fatal curses towards these Christians.  
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed time  
Have ta'en their flight and left me in despair,  
And of my former riches rests no more

- 10 But bare remembrance – like a soldier's scar,  
That has no further comfort for his maim.  
O Thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st  
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,  
Light Abraham's offspring, and direct the hand  
Of Abigall this night! Or let the day  
Turn to eternal darkness after this.  
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,  
Nor quiet enter my distempered thoughts,  
Till I have answer of my Abigall.

*Enter ABIGALL, above [with gold and jewels].*

ABIGALL

- 20 Now have I happily espied a time  
To search the plank my father did appoint.  
And here, behold, unseen, where I have found  
The gold, the pearls, and jewels which he hid.

BARABAS

Now I remember those old women's words,  
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,  
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by night  
About the place where treasure hath been hid.  
And now methinks that I am one of those,  
For whilst I live here lives my soul's sole hope,

30 And when I die here shall my spirit walk.

ABIGALL

Now that my father's fortune were so good  
As but to be about this happy place!  
'Tis not so happy; yet when we parted last,  
He said he would attend me in the morn.  
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests,  
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream  
A golden dream, and of the sudden wake,  
Come, and receive the treasure I have found.

BARABAS

Bueno para todos mi ganado no era.

40 As good go on as sit so sadly thus.

But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?  
The lodestar of my life, if Abigall.  
Who's there?

ABIGALL

Who's that?

BARABAS

Peace, Abigall, 'tis I.

ABIGALL

Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

BARABAS

Hast thou't?

ABIGALL

Here. (*Throws down bags*) Hast thou't?

There's more, and more, and more.

BARABAS

O my girl,

My gold, my fortune, my felicity,  
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!

Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss!  
50 O Abigall, Abigall, that I had thee here too!  
Then my desires were fully satisfied.  
But I will practise thy enlargement thence.  
O girl, O gold, O beauty, O my bliss!  
(Hugs his bags)

ABIGALL

Father, it draweth towards midnight now,  
And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake;  
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

BARABAS

Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers take  
A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

[Exit ABIGALL  
above.]

Now, Phoebus, ope the eyelids of the day,  
60 And for the raven wake the morning lark,  
That I may hover with her in the air, Singing o'er these, as she  
does o'er her young,  
[sings]

Hermoso *placer de los dineros.*

*Exit.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter FERNEZE, MARTIN DEL BOSCO, the KNIGHTS [and OFFICERS].*

FERNEZE

Now, captain, tell us whither thou art bound?  
Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?  
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

DEL BOSCO

Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;  
My ship, the *Flying Dragon*, is of Spain,

And so am I. Del Bosco is my name,  
Vice-admiral unto the [Catholic king](#).

FIRST KNIGHT [*to FERNEZE*]

'Tis true, my lord. Therefore entreat him well.

DEL BOSCO

Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and Afric Moors.

10 For, late upon the coast of Corsica,

Because we vailed not to the [Turkish](#) fleet,  
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase;  
But suddenly the wind began to rise,  
And then we [luffed and tacked](#), and fought at ease.  
Some have we [fired](#), and many have we sunk,  
But one amongst the rest became our prize.  
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,  
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

FERNEZE

Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee.

20 Welcome to Malta, and to all of us.

But to admit a sale of these thy Turks  
We may not, nay, we dare not give consent,  
By reason of a [tributary league](#).

FIRST KNIGHT

Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and honour'st us,  
Persuade our governor against [the](#) Turk.  
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,  
And with that sum he craves might we wage war.

DEL BOSCO

Will Knights of Malta be in league with Turks,  
And buy it basely too for sums of gold?

30 My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame,

[The Christian](#) isle of Rhodes, from whence you came,  
Was lately lost, and you were stated here  
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

FERNEZE

Captain, we know it, but our force is small.

DEL BOSCO

What is the sum that Calymath requires?

FERNEZE

A hundred thousand crowns.

DEL BOSCO

My lord and king hath title to this isle,  
And he means quickly to expel them hence;  
Therefore be ruled by me, and keep the gold.

40 I'll write unto his majesty for aid,  
And not depart until I see you free.

FERNEZE

On this condition shall thy Turks be sold.  
Go, officers, and set them straight in show.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS.]

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general;  
We and our warlike knights will follow thee  
Against these barbarous, misbelieving Turks.

DEL BOSCO

So shall you imitate those you succeed;  
For when their hideous force environed Rhodes,  
Small though the number was that kept the town,

50 They fought it out, and not a man survived  
To bring the hapless news to Christendom.

FERNEZE

So will we fight it out. Come, let's away.  
Proud-daring Calymath, instead of gold,  
We'll send thee bullets wrapped in smoke and fire.  
Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolved,  
Honour is bought with blood and not with gold.

*Exeunt.*

### [*Scene 3*]

*Enter OFFICERS with [ITHAMORE and other] SLAVES.*

FIRST OFFICER

This is the marketplace. Here let 'em stand.  
Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly bought.

SECOND OFFICER

Every one's price is written on his back,  
And so much must they yield or not be sold.

*Enter BARABAS.*

FIRST OFFICER.

Here comes the Jew. Had not his goods been seized,  
He'd give us [present money](#) for them all.

BARABAS [*aside*]

In spite of these swine-eating Christians,  
(Unchosen nation, never circumcised,  
Such as, poor villains, were ne'er thought upon

10 Till Titus and Vespasian conquered us)

Am I become as wealthy as I was.  
They hoped my daughter would ha' been a nun,  
But she's at home, and I have bought a house  
As great and fair as is the governor's;  
And there in spite of Malta will I dwell,  
Having [Ferneze's hand](#), whose heart I'll have—  
Ay, and his son's, too, or it shall go hard.  
I am not of [the tribe of Levi](#), I,  
That can so soon forget an injury.

20 We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please,

And when we grin, we bite; yet are our looks  
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.  
I learned in [Florence](#) how to kiss my hand,  
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
And [duck](#) as low as any barefoot friar,  
Hoping to see them starve upon a [stall](#),  
Or else [be gathered for](#) in our synagogue,  
That when the offering basin comes to me,

Even for charity I may spit into't.  
30 Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,  
One that I love for his good father's sake.

*Enter* LODOWICK.

LODOWICK

I hear the wealthy Jew walked this way.  
I'll seek him out and so [insinuate](#)  
That I may have a sight of Abigall,  
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair.

BARABAS [*aside*] Now will I [show myself](#) to have more of the serpent  
than the dove – that is, more knave than fool.

LODOWICK Yond' walks the Jew. Now for fair Abigall.

BARABAS [*aside*] Ay, ay, no doubt but she's at your command.

40 LODOWICK Barabas, thou know'st I am the governor's son.

BARABAS I would you were [his father too](#), sir; that's all the harm I wish  
you. [*Aside*] The slave looks like a [hog's cheek new singed](#).

[BARABAS *turns away*.]

LODOWICK

Whither walk'st thou, Barabas?

BARABAS

No further. 'Tis a [custom](#) held with us  
That, when we speak with gentiles like to you,  
We turn into the air to purge ourselves;  
For unto us [the promise](#) doth belong.

LODOWICK

Well, Barabas, canst help me to a diamond?

BARABAS

50 O, sir, your father had my diamonds.

Yet I have one left that will serve your turn.

(*Aside*) I mean my daughter– but ere he shall have her,

[I'll sacrifice](#) her on a pile of wood.

I ha' the [poison of the city](#) for him,

And the [white leprosy](#).

LODOWICK

What sparkle does it give without [a foil](#)?

BARABAS

The diamond that I talk of ne'er was [foiled](#).

[*Aside*] But when he touches it, it will be [foiled](#).

[*To him*] Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair.

LODOWICK

60 Is it square or [pointed](#)? Pray let me know.

BARABAS

[Pointed it](#) is, good sir – (*aside*) but not for you.

LODOWICK

I like it much the better.

BARABAS

So do I, too.

LODOWICK

How shows it by night?

BARABAS

Outshines Cynthia's rays.

(*Aside*) You'll like it better far a-nights than days.

LODOWICK

And what's the price?

BARABAS [*aside*]

Your life, an if you have it.

[*To him*] O, my lord, we will not jar about the price; come to my house and I will give't your honour – (*aside*) with a vengeance.

LODOWICK

No, Barabas, I will deserve it first.

BARABAS

70 Good sir,

Your father has deserved it at my hands,

Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,

To bring me to religious purity,

And as it were [in catechizing sort](#),

To make me mindful of my mortal sins,

Against my will, and whether I would or no,

Seized all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,

And made my house a place for nuns most chaste.



LODOWICK

No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit of it.

BARABAS

- 80 Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far off;  
And yet I know the prayers of those nuns  
And holy friars, having money for their pains,  
Are wondrous – (*aside*) and indeed do no man good.  
[*To him*] And seeing they are not idle, but still [doing](#),  
'Tis likely they in time may reap some fruit–  
I mean in fullness of perfection.

LODOWICK

Good Barabas, [glance not at](#) our holy nuns.

BARABAS

- No, but I do it through a burning zeal,  
(*aside*) Hoping ere long to set the house afire;  
90 For *though* they do a while increase and multiply,  
I'll [have a saying to](#) that nunnery.  
[*To him*] As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,  
Come home, and there's [no price](#) shall make us part,  
Even for your honourable father's sake.  
(*Aside*) It shall go hard but I will see your death.  
[*To him*] But now I must be gone to buy a slave.

LODOWICK

And, Barabas, I'll bear thee company.

BARABAS Come then, here's the marketplace. What's the price  
of this slave? Two hundred crowns? Do the Turks weigh so much?

100

FIRST OFFICER Sir, that's his price.

BARABAS

What, can he steal, that you demand so much?  
Belike he has some [new trick](#) for a purse.  
An if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,  
[So](#) that, being bought, the town seal might be got  
To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.

The sessions day is critical to thieves,  
And few or none 'scape but by being purged.

LODOWICK Ratest thou this Moor but at two hundred plates?

110 FIRST OFFICER No more, my lord.

BARABAS Why should this Turk be dearer than that Moor?

FIRST OFFICER Because he is young and has more qualities.

BARABAS [*to the Turkish SLAVE*] What, hast the philosopher's stone? An thou hast, break my head with it; I'll forgive thee.

FIRST SLAVE No, sir, I can cut and shave.

BARABAS Let me see, sirrah. Are you not an old shaver?

FIRST SLAVE Alas, sir, I am a very youth.

BARABAS A youth? I'll buy you, and marry you to Lady Vanity if you do well.

120 FIRST SLAVE I will serve you, sir.

BARABAS Some wicked trick or other. It may be under colour of shaving thou'lt cut my throat for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health well?

FIRST SLAVE Ay, passing well.

BARABAS So much the worse; I must have one that's sickly, an't be but for sparing victuals. 'Tis not a stone of beef a day will maintain you in these chops. Let me see one that's somewhat leaner.

FIRST OFFICER [*pointing to* ITHAMORE] Here's a leaner. How like you him?

130

BARABAS [*to* ITHAMORE] Where was thou born?

ITHAMORE In Thrace. Brought up in Arabia.

BARABAS

So much the better. Thou art for my turn.

An hundred crowns? I'll have him; there's the coin. [*Gives money.*]

FIRST OFFICER

Then mark him, sir, and take him hence.

BARABAS [*aside*]

Ay, mark him, you were best, for this is he

That by my help shall do much villainy.

[*To* LODOWICK]

My lord, farewell.

[*To* ITHAMORE] Come, sirrah, you are mine.

[*To* LODOWICK] As for the diamond, it shall be yours.

140 I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house;

All that I have shall be at your command.

*Enter* MATHIAS [*and his*] Mother [KATHERINE].

MATHIAS [*aside*]

What makes the Jew and Lodowick so private?

I fear me 'tis about fair Abigall.

[*Exit* LODOWICK.]

BARABAS [*aside to* ITHAMORE]

Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us stay.

He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear,

But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes

And be revenged upon the governor.

KATHERINE

This Moor is comeliest, is he not? Speak, son.

MATHIAS

No, this is the better, mother. View this well.

BARABAS [*aside to* MATHIAS]

150 Seem not to know me here before your mother,

Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand.

When you have brought her home, come to my house.

Think of me as thy father. Son, farewell.

MATHIAS [*aside to* BARABAS]

But wherefore talked Don Lodowick with you?

BARABAS [*aside to* MATHIAS]

Tush, man, we talked of diamonds, not of Abigall.

KATHERINE

Tell me, Mathias, is not that the Jew?

BARABAS [*aloud to* MATHIAS]

As for the [comment on](#) the Maccabees,  
I have it, sir, and 'tis at your command.

MATHIAS [*to* KATHERINE]

Yes, madam, and my talk with him was

160 About the borrowing of a book or two.

KATHERINE

Converse not with him, he is cast off from heaven.

[*To* OFFICER]

Thou hast thy crowns, fellow. Come, let's away.

MATHIAS Sirrah Jew, remember the book.

BARABAS Marry will I, sir.

*Exeunt* [MATHIAS,  
KATHERINE *and a*  
SLAVE].

FIRST OFFICER

Come, I have made a reasonable market, let's away.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS *with the rest of the* SLAVES, BARABAS *and*  
ITHAMORE *remain.*]

BARABAS

Now let me know thy name, and therewithal

Thy birth, [condition](#), and profession.

ITHAMORE Faith, sir, my birth is but mean, my name's

Ithamore, my profession what you please.

BARABAS

170 Hast thou no trade? Then listen to my words,

And I will [teach thee that](#) shall stick by thee.

First, be thou void of these affections:

Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear.

Be moved at nothing; see thou pity none,

But to thyself smile when the Christians moan.

ITHAMORE

O brave, master, I worship [your nose](#) for this!

BARABAS

As for myself, I walk abroad a-nights  
 And kill sick people groaning under walls;  
 Sometimes I go about and [poison wells](#);  
 180 And now and then, to [cherish](#) Christian thieves,  
 I am content to lose some of my crowns,  
 That I may, walking in my gallery,  
 See 'em go pinioned along by my door.  
 Being young, I studied physic, and began  
 To practise first upon the Italian;  
 There I enriched the priests with burials,  
 And always kept the sexton's arms [in ure](#)  
 With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells.  
 And after that was I an engineer,  
 190 And in the [wars](#) 'twixt France and Germany,  
 Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,  
 Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.  
 Then after that was I an usurer,  
 And with extorting, cozening, [forfeiting](#),  
 And tricks belonging unto [brokery](#),  
 I filled the gaols with bankrupts in a year,  
[And with](#) young orphans planted hospitals,  
 And every [moon](#) made some or other mad,  
 And now and then [one hang](#) himself for grief,  
 200 Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll  
 How I [with interest](#) tormented him.  
 But mark how I am blest for plaguing them:  
 I have as much coin as will buy the town.  
 But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

ITHAMORE

Faith, master,  
 In setting Christian villages on fire,  
 Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley slaves.  
 One time I was an ostler in an inn,  
 And in the night-time secretly would I steal  
 210 To travellers' chambers and there cut their throats.

Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,  
I strewed powder on the marble stones,  
And therewithal their knees would rankle so  
That I have laughed [a-good](#) to see the cripples  
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

BARABAS

Why, this is something. Make account of me  
As of thy fellow; we are villains both.  
Both circumcised, we hate Christians both.  
Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold.

220 But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick.

*Enter LODOWICK.*

LODOWICK

O, Barabas, well met.  
Where is the diamond you told me of?

BARABAS

I have it for you, sir; please you [walk in with me](#).  
What ho, Abigall! Open the door, I say.

*Enter ABIGALL [with letters].*

ABIGALL

In good time, father, here are letters come  
From Ormus, and the post stays here within.

BARABAS

Give me the letters. Daughter, do you hear?  
Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,  
With all the courtesy you can afford—

230 (Aside [*to her*]) Provided that you keep your maidenhead.

Use him as if he were a [Philistine](#).  
Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him;  
He is not of the seed of Abraham.  
[*Aloud*] I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me.  
Abigall, bid him welcome for my sake.

ABIGALL

For your sake and his own he's welcome hither.

BARABAS

Daughter, a word more. [*Aside to her*]

Kiss him, speak him fair,

And like a cunning Jew so cast about

That ye be both made sure ere you come out.

ABIGALL [*aside to BARABAS*]

240 O, father, Don Mathias is my love!

BARABAS [*aside to her*]

I know it; yet, I say, make love to him.

Do, it is requisite it should be so.

[*Aloud*] Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand.

But go you in, I'll think upon the account.

[*Exeunt* LODOWICK  
and ABIGALL.]

The account is made, for Lodowick dies.

My factor sends me word a merchant's fled

That owes me for a hundred tun of wine.

I weigh it thus much. I have wealth enough.

For now by this has he kissed Abigall,

250 And she vows love to him, and he to her.

As sure as heaven rained manna for the Jews,

So sure shall he and Don Mathias die.

His father was my chiefest enemy.

*Enter* MATHIAS.

Whither goes Don Mathias? Stay a while.

MATHIAS

Whither but to my fair love Abigall?

BARABAS

Thou know'st, and heaven can witness it is true,

That I intend my daughter shall be thine.

MATHIAS

Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st me much.

BARABAS [*pretending to weep*]

O, heaven forbid I should have such a thought!  
260 Pardon me though I weep. The governor's son  
Will, whether I will or no, have Abigall.  
He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings.

MATHIAS

Does she receive them?

BARABAS

She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them back,  
And when he comes she locks herself up fast;  
Yet through the keyhole will he talk to her,  
While she runs to the window, looking out  
When you should come and hale him from the door.

MATHIAS

O, treacherous Lodowick!

BARABAS

270 Even now, as I came home, he slipped me in,  
And I am sure he is with Abigall.

MATHIAS [*drawing his sword*]

I'll rouse him thence.

BARABAS

Not for all Malta; therefore sheathe your sword.  
If you love me, no quarrels in my house.  
But steal you in, and seem to see him not.  
I'll give him such a warning ere he goes  
As he shall have small hopes of Abigall.  
Away, for here they come.

*Enter* LODOWICK [*with*] ABIGALL.

MATHIAS

What, hand in hand? I cannot suffer this.

BARABAS

280 Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

MATHIAS

Well, let it pass. Another time shall serve.

*Exit* [MATHIAS].



LODOWICK

Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

BARABAS

Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death.

LODOWICK

My death? What, is the base-born peasant mad?

BARABAS

No, no, but happily he stands in fear  
Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon:  
My daughter here, a paltry, silly girl.

LODOWICK

Why, loves she Don Mathias?

BARABAS

Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

ABIGALL [*aside*]

290 He has my heart, I smile against my will.

LODOWICK

Barabas, thou know'st I have loved thy daughter long.

BARABAS

And so has she done you, even from a child.

LODOWICK

And now I can no longer hold my mind.

BARABAS

Nor I the affection that I bear to you.

LODOWICK

This is thy diamond. Tell me, shall I have it?

BARABAS

Win it and wear it. It is yet unfoiled.  
O, but I know your lordship would disdain  
To marry with the daughter of a Jew;  
And yet I'll give her many a golden cross,

300 With Christian posies round about the ring.

LODOWICK

'Tis not thy wealth, but her that I esteem,

Yet crave I thy consent.

BARABAS

And mine you have; yet let me talk to her.

(Aside [*to* ABIGALL].)

This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite,  
That never tasted of the Passover,  
Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan,  
Nor our Messias that is yet to come,  
This gentle maggot – Lodowick, I mean –  
Must be deluded. Let him have thy hand,

310 But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes.

ABIGALL

What, shall I be betrothed to Lodowick?

BARABAS

It is no sin to deceive a Christian,  
For they themselves hold it a principle,  
Faith is not to be held with heretics.  
But all are heretics that are not Jews;  
This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not.  
[*To* LODOWICK] I have entreated her, and she will grant.

LODOWICK

Then, gentle Abigall, plight thy faith to me.

ABIGALL [*aside*]

I cannot choose, seeing my father bids.

320 [*Aloud*] Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

LODOWICK

Now have I that for which my soul hath longed.

BARABAS (*aside*)

So have not I, but yet I hope I shall.

ABIGALL [*aside*]

O wretched Abigall, what hast thou done?

LODOWICK

Why on the sudden is your colour changed?

ABIGALL

I know not; but farewell, I must be gone.

BARABAS [*to* ITHAMORE]

Stay her, but let her not speak one word more.

LODOWICK

Mute o' the sudden? Here's a sudden change.

BARABAS

O, muse not at it, 'tis the Hebrews' guise

That maidens new-betrothed should weep a while.

330 Trouble her not, sweet Lodowick, depart.

She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir.

LODOWICK

O, is't the custom? Then I am resolved.

But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim,

And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,

Than my fair Abigall should frown on me.

*Eraier* MATHIAS.

There comes the villain. Now I'll be revenged.

BARABAS

Be quiet, Lodowick. It is enough

That I have made thee sure to Abigall.

LODOWICK Well, let him go.

*Exit* [LODOWICK].

BARABAS [*to* MATHIAS]

340 Well, but for me, as you went in at doors

You had been stabbed; but not a word on't now.

Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn.

MATHIAS

Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

BARABAS

No. So shall I, if any hurt be done,

Be made an accessory of your deeds.

Revenge it on him when you meet him next.

MATHIAS

For this I'll have his heart.

BARABAS

Do so. Lo, here I give thee Abigall.

[BARABAS *brings them together.*]

MATHIAS

What greater gift can poor Mathias have?

350 Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love?

My life is not so dear as Abigall.

BARABAS

My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love,  
He's with your mother, therefore after him.

MATHIAS

What, is he gone unto my mother?

BARABAS

Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

MATHIAS

I cannot stay, for if my mother come,  
She'll die with grief.

*Exit* [MATHIAS].

ABIGALL

I cannot take my leave of him for tears.  
Father, why have you thus incensed them both?

BARABAS

What's that to thee?

ABIGALL I'll make 'em friends again.

360

BARABAS

You'll make 'em friends?  
Are there not Jews enow in Malta  
But thou must dote upon a Christian?

ABIGALL

I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

BARABAS

Yes, you shall have him. [*To* ITHAMORE] GO [put her in.](#)

ITHAMORE Ay, I'll put her in.

[*He forces ABIGALL into the house.*]

BARABAS

Now tell me, Ithamore, how lik'st thou this?

ITHAMORE

Faith, master, I think by this

You purchase both their lives. Is it not so?

BARABAS

370 True; and it shall be cunningly performed.

ITHAMORE

O, master, that I might have a hand in this!

BARABAS

Ay, so thou shalt, 'tis thou must do the deed.

[*Giving a letter*]

Take this and bear it to Mathias straight,

And tell him that it comes from Lodowick.

ITHAMORE 'Tis poisoned, is it not?

BARABAS

No, no, and yet it might be done that way.

It is a challenge feigned from Lodowick.

ITHAMORE

Fear not; I'll so set his heart afire

That he shall verily think it comes from him.

BARABAS

380 I cannot choose but like thy readiness.

Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

ITHAMORE

As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter.

BARABAS

Away, then.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE].

So, now will I go in to Lodowick,

And like a cunning spirit feign some lie,

Till I have set 'em both at enmity.

*Exit.*

## ACT 3

### [Scene 1]

*Enter [BELLAMIRA,] a Courtesan.*

BELLAMIRA

Since this town was besieged, my gain grows cold.  
The time has been that but for one bare night  
A hundred [ducats](#) have been freely given;  
But now against my will I must be chaste.  
And yet I know my beauty doth not fail.  
From Venice merchants, and from Padua  
Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,  
Scholars, I mean, learnèd and [liberal](#);  
And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,

10 And he is very seldom from my house.  
And here he comes.

*Enter PILIA-BORZA.*

PILIA-BORZA Hold thee, wench, there's something for thee to spend.

*[He gives her money from a bag.]*

BELLAMIRA

'Tis silver; I disdain it.

PILIA-BORZA

Ay, but the Jew has gold,  
And I will have it, or it shall [go hard](#).

BELLAMIRA

Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

PILIA-BORZA Faith, walking the back lanes through the gardens I  
chanced to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house,

20

where I saw some bags of money, and in the night I clambered up with my [hooks](#), and as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house; so I took only this and run my way. But here's the Jew's man.

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

BELLAMIRA Hide the bag.

PILIA-BORZA Look not towards him, let's away. Zounds, what a looking thou keep'st! Thou'lt betray's anon.

*[Exeunt BELLAMIRA  
and PILIA-BORZA.]*

ITHAMORE O, the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtesan [by her attire](#). Now would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine.

30 Well, I have delivered the challenge in such sort,

As meet they will, and fighting die. Brave sport!

*Exit.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter* MATHIAS.

MATHIAS

This is the place. Now Abigall shall see  
Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

*Enter* LODOWICK, [reading](#).

LODOWICK

What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

MATHIAS [*to* LODOWICK]

I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.

*[They] fight. Enter BARABAS above.*

BARABAS

O, bravely fought! And yet they thrust not [home](#).  
Now, Lodowick! Now, Mathias! So.

*[Both fall dead.]*



So, now they have showed themselves to be tall fellows.  
VOICES WITHIN Part 'em, part 'em!

BARABAS

Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Farewell, farewell.

*Exit* [BARABAS].

*Enter* FERNEZE, KATHERINE [*and* ATTENDANTS].

FERNEZE

10 What sight is this? My Lodowick slain!

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

KATHERINE

Who is this? My son Mathias slain!

FERNEZE

O Lodowick, hadst thou perished by the Turk,  
Wretched Ferneze might have venged thy death.

KATHERINE

Thy son slew mine, and I'll revenge his death.

FERNEZE

Look, Katherine, look, thy son gave mine these wounds.

KATHERINE

O, leave to grieve me! I am grieved enough.

FERNEZE

O, that my sighs could turn to lively breath,  
And these my tears to blood, that he might live!

KATHERINE

20 Who made them enemies?

FERNEZE

I know not, and that grieves me most of all.

KATHERINE

My son loved thine.

FERNEZE

And so did Lodowick him.

KATHERINE

Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,  
And it shall murder me.

FERNEZE

Nay, madam, stay. That weapon was my son's,  
And on that rather should Ferneze die.

KATHERINE

Hold. Let's inquire the causers of their deaths,  
That we may venge their blood upon their heads.

FERNEZE

Then take them up, and let them be interred  
30 Within one sacred monument of stone,  
Upon which altar I will offer up  
My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,  
And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,  
Till they [reveal](#) the causers of our smarts,  
Which forced their hands divide united hearts.  
Come, Katherine, our losses equal are,  
Then of true grief let us take equal share.

*Exeunt [with the  
bodies].*

### [Scene 3]

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

ITHAMORE

Why, was there ever seen such villainy,  
So neatly plotted and so well performed?  
Both [held in hand](#), and [flatly](#) both beguiled?

*Enter* ABIGALL.

ABIGALL Why, how now, Ithamore, why laugh'st thou so?

ITHAMORE O mistress, ha, ha, ha!

ABIGALL Why, what ail'st thou?

ITHAMORE O, my master!

ABIGALL Ha!

ITHAMORE O mistress, I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle,

10 [bottle-nosed](#) knave [to](#) my master that ever gentleman had.

ABIGALL Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

ITHAMORE O, my master has the bravest policy.

ABIGALL Wherein?

ITHAMORE Why, know you not?

ABIGALL Why, no.

ITHAMORE Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?

ABIGALL No, what was it?

ITHAMORE Why, the devil invented a challenge, my master

20 writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick and *imprimis* to Mathias.

*And then* they met, *and*, as the story says,

In doleful wise they ended both their days.

ABIGALL And was my father furtherer of their deaths?

ITHAMORE Am I Ithamore?

ABIGALL Yes.

ITHAMORE So sure did your father write, and I carry, the challenge.

ABIGALL

Well, Ithamore, let me request thee this:

30 Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire

For any of the friars of *Saint Jacques*,

And say I pray them come and speak with me.

ITHAMORE I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question?

ABIGALL Well, sirrah, what is't?

ITHAMORE A very *feeling* one: have not the nuns fine *sport* with the friars now and then?

ABIGALL Go to, *sirrah sauce*, is this your question? Get ye gone.

ITHAMORE I will forsooth, mistress.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE].

ABIGALL

Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas,

40 Was this the pursuit of thy policy,

To make me show them favour severally,

That by my favour they should both be slain?

Admit thou loved'st not Lodowick for his *sire*,

Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee.

But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,  
Because the prior disposessed thee once,  
And couldst not venge it but upon his son,  
Nor on his son but by Mathias' means,  
Nor on Mathias but by murdering me.

50 But I perceive there is no love on earth,  
Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks.  
But here comes cursèd Ithamore with the friar.

*Enter* ITHAMORE [*and*] FRIAR [JACOMO].

FRIAR JACOMO *Virgo, salve!*

ITHAMORE *When, duck you?*

ABIGALL

Welcome, grave friar. Ithamore, begone.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE].

Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

FRIAR JACOMO Wherein?

ABIGALL

To get me be admitted for a nun.

FRIAR JACOMO

Why, Abigall, it is not yet long since

60 That I did labour thy admission,  
And then thou didst not like that holy life.

ABIGALL

Then were my thoughts so frail and unconfirmed,  
And I was chained to follies of the world;  
But now experience, purchasèd with grief,  
Has made me see the difference of things.  
My sinful soul, alas, hath paced too long  
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief,  
Far from the Son that gives eternal life.

FRIAR JACOMO

Who taught thee this?

ABIGALL

The abbess of the house,

70 Whose zealous admonition I embrace.

O therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,  
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood.

FRIAR JACOMO

Abigall, I will, but see thou change no more,  
For that will be most heavy to thy soul.

ABIGALL

That was my father's fault.

FRIAR JACOMO

Thy father's? How?

ABIGALL

Nay, you shall pardon me. [*Aside*] O Barabas,  
Though thou deservest hardly at my hands,  
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life.

FRIAR JACOMO

Come, shall we go?

ABIGALL

My duty waits on you.

*Exeunt.*

#### [*Scene 4*]

*Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.*

BARABAS

What, Abigall become a nun again?  
False and unkind! What, hast thou lost thy father,  
And, all unknown and unconstrained of me,  
Art thou again got to the nunnery?  
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent.  
Repentance? *Spurcal* What pretendeth this?  
I fear she knows ('tis so) of my device  
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths.  
If so, 'tis time it be seen into,

10 For she that varies from me in belief

Gives great presumption that she loves me not,  
Or, loving, doth dislike of something done.

[Enter ITHAMORE.]

But who comes here? O Ithamore, come near.  
Come near, my love, come near, thy master's life,  
My trusty servant, nay, my second [self](#)!  
For I have now no hope but even in thee,  
And on that hope my happiness is built.  
When saw'st thou Abigall?

ITHAMORE Today.

BARABAS With whom?

20

ITHAMORE A friar.

BARABAS A friar? False villain, he hath done the deed.

ITHAMORE HOW, sir?

BARABAS Why, made mine Abigall a nun.

ITHAMORE That's no lie, for she sent me for him.

BARABAS

O, unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigall!

But let 'em go; and Ithamore, from hence

Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;

30 Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,

Be blest of me, nor come [within my gates](#),

But perish underneath my bitter curse,

[Like Cain by Adam](#), for his brother's death.

ITHAMORE O, master!

BARABAS

Ithamore, entreat not for her, I am moved,

And she is hateful to my soul and me.

And '[less](#) thou yield to this that I entreat,

I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life.

ITHAMORE Who, I, master? Why, I'll run to some rock and

40

throw myself headlong into the sea. Why, I'll do anything for  
your sweet sake.

BARABAS

O trusty Ithamore, no servant, but my friend!  
I here adopt thee for mine only heir.  
All that I have is thine when I am dead,  
And, whilst I live, use half; spend as myself.  
Here, take my keys. I'll give 'em thee anon.  
Go buy thee garments. But thou shalt not want.  
Only know this, that thus thou art to do.  
But first go fetch me in the pot of rice

50 That for our supper stands upon the fire.

ITHAMORE [*aside*] I [hold](#) my head my master's hungry.  
[*To him*] I go, sir.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE].

BARABAS

Thus every villain ambles after wealth,  
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope.  
But [husht](#).

*Enter* ITHAMORE *with the pot*.

ITHAMORE Here 'tis, master.

BARABAS Well said, Ithamore.

What, hast thou brought the ladle with thee too?

ITHAMORE Yes, sir; [the proverb](#) says, he that eats with the devil

60

had need of a long spoon. I have brought you a ladle.

BARABAS

Very well, Ithamore, then now be secret,  
And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,  
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigall,  
That thou mayst freely live to be my heir.

ITHAMORE Why, master, will you poison her with a [mess of rice porridge](#)? That will preserve life, make her round and plump, and batten more than you are aware.

BARABAS

Ay, but Ithamore, seest thou this?

[*He shows a poison.*]

It is a precious powder that I bought

- 70 Of [an Italian](#) in Ancona once,  
Whose operation is to [bind](#), infect,  
And poison deeply, yet not appear  
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

ITHAMORE How, master?

BARABAS

Thus, Ithamore:

[This even they use](#) in Malta here – 'tis called  
Saint Jacques' Even – and then, I say, they use  
To send their alms unto the nunneries.  
Among the rest bear this and set it there.

- 80 There's a dark entry where they take it in,  
Where they must neither see the messenger,  
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them.

ITHAMORE HOW SO?

BARABAS

Belike there is some ceremony in't.  
There, Ithamore, must thou go place this [pot](#).  
Stay, let me spice it first.

ITHAMORE Pray do, and let me help you, master. Pray let me taste first.

BARABAS

Prithoe do. [ITHAMORE *tastes*.] What say'st thou now?

ITHAMORE Troth, master, I'm loath such a pot of pottage

- 90 should be spoiled.

BARABAS [*adding poison*]

Peace, Ithamore, ['tis better](#) so than spared.  
Assure thyself thou shalt have broth [by the eye](#).  
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine.

ITHAMORE Well, master, I go.

BARABAS

Stay, first let me stir it, Ithamore.



As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which [great Alexander](#) drunk and died,  
And with her let it work like [Borgia's wine](#),  
100 Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisonèd!  
[In few](#), the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,  
The juice of hebon, and Cocytus' breath,  
And all the poisons of the [Stygian pool](#),  
Break from the [fiery kingdom](#), and in this  
Vomit your venom and envenom her  
That like a fiend hath left her father thus!

ITHAMORE What a blessing has he given't! Was ever pot of rice porridge so  
sauced? What shall I do with it?

BARABAS

O my sweet Ithamore, go set it down,  
110 And come again so soon as thou hast done,  
For I have other business for thee.

ITHAMORE Here's a drench to poison a whole stable of [Flanders mares](#)!  
I'll carry't to the nuns with a powder.

BARABAS

And the [horse-pestilence](#) to boot. Away!

ITHAMORE I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE, *with  
the pot*].

BARABAS

I'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithamore.

*Exit.*

### [Scene 5]

*Enter* FERNEZE, [MARTIN DEL] BOSCO, KNIGHTS, [*and  
CALLAPINE, the*] *bashaw* [*with his train*].

FERNEZE

Welcome, great bashaws. How fares Calymath?

What wind drives you thus into Malta road?

CALLAPINE

The wind that bloweth all the world besides:  
Desire of gold.

FERNEZE

Desire of gold, great sir?  
That's to be gotten in the Western Inde;  
In Malta are no golden minerals.

CALLAPINE

To you of Malta thus saith Calymath:  
The time you took for respite is at hand,  
For the performance of your promise passed,  
And for the tribute-money I am sent.

10

FERNEZE

Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute here,  
Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil.  
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,  
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,  
And, shipping off our goods to Sicily,  
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,  
Whose billows, beating the resistless banks,  
Shall overflow it with their refluxence.

CALLAPINE

20 Well, governor, since thou hast broke the league  
By flat denial of the promised tribute,  
Talk not of razing down your city walls,  
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far.  
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,  
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,  
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness  
For these intolerable wrongs of yours.  
And so farewell.

[*Exeunt* CALLAPINE  
and his train.]

FERNEZE

Farewell.

And now, you men of Malta, look about,

30 And let's provide to welcome Calymath.

Close your portcullis, charge your basilisks,

And as you [profitably](#) take up arms,

So now courageously encounter them;

For by this answer broken is the league,

And naught is to be looked for now but wars,

And naught to us more welcome is than wars.

*Exeunt.*

### [Scene 6]

*Enter [the] two FRIARS [JACOMO and BARNARDINE].*

FRIAR JACOMO

O brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,

And physic will not help them! They must die.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

The abbess sent for me to be confessed.

O, what a sad confession will there be!

FRIAR JACOMO

And so did [fair Maria](#) send for me.

I'll to her lodging; hereabouts she lies.

*Exit [FRIAR JACOMO].*

*Enter ABIGALL.*

FRIAR BARNARDINE

What, all dead save only Abigall?

ABIGALL

And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.

Where is the friar that conversed with me?

FRIAR BARNARDINE

10 O, he is gone to see the other nuns.

ABIGALL

I sent for him, but seeing you are come,  
Be you my [ghostly father](#); and first know  
That in this house I lived religiously,  
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my sins.  
But ere I came—

FRIAR BARNARDINE What then?

ABIGALL

I did offend high heaven so grievously,  
As I am almost [desperate](#) for my sins,  
And one offence torments me more than all.

20 You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick?

FRIAR BARNARDINE Yes, what of them?

ABIGALL

My father did [contract](#) me to 'em both:  
First to Don Lodowick, him I never loved.  
Mathias was the man that I held dear,  
And for his sake did I become a nun.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

So. Say, how was their end?

ABIGALL

Both, jealous of my love, envied each other,  
And by my father's practice, which is there  
[Set down at large](#), the gallants were both slain.

*[She gives him a paper.]*

FRIAR BARNARDINE O, monstrous villainy!

30

ABIGALL

To [work my peace](#), this I confess to thee.  
Reveal it not, for then my father dies.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

Know that confession must not be revealed,  
The canon law forbids it, and the priest  
That makes it known, being [degraded](#) first,  
Shall be condemned and then [sent to the fire](#).

ABIGALL

So I have heard; pray therefore keep it close.  
Death seizeth on my heart. Ah, gentle friar,  
Convert my father that he may be saved,  
40 And witness that I die a Christian.

*[She dies.]*

FRIAR BARNARDINE

Ay, and a virgin, too, that grieves me most.  
But I must to the Jew and [exclaim on](#) him,  
And make him stand in fear of me.

*Enter* FRIAR [JACOMO].

FRIAR JACOMO

O brother, all the nuns are dead! Let's bury them.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

First help to bury this, then go with me  
And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

FRIAR JACOMO Why? What has he done?

FRIAR BARNARDINE

A thing that makes me tremble to unfold.

FRIAR JACOMO What, has he [crucified a child](#)?

FRIAR BARNARDINE

50 No, but a worse thing. 'Twas told me [in shrift](#);  
Thou know'st 'tis death an if it be revealed.  
Come, let's away.

*Exeunt* [carrying  
ABIGALL's body].

## ACT 4

### [Scene 1]

*Enter BARABAS [and] ITHAMORE. Bells within.*

BARABAS

There is no music to a Christian's knell.  
How sweet the bells ring, now the nuns are dead,  
That sound at other times like tinkers' pans!  
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,  
Or, though it wrought, it would have done no good,  
For every year they swell, and yet they live.  
Now all are dead; not one remains alive.

ITHAMORE That's brave, master. But think you it will not be known?

10 BARABAS How can it, if we two be secret?

ITHAMORE For my part fear you not.

BARABAS I'd cut thy throat if I did.

ITHAMORE

And reason, too.  
But here's a royal monast'ry hard by;  
Good master, let me poison all the monks.

BARABAS

Thou shalt not need, for, now the nuns are dead,  
They'll die with grief.

ITHAMORE Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?

BARABAS

No, but I grieve because she lived so long.  
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian!

20

*Cazzo, diavole!*

*Enter the two FRIARS [JACOMO and BARNARDINE].*

ITHAMORE Look, look, master, here come two religious caterpillars.

BARABAS I smelt 'em ere they came.

ITHAMORE God-a-mercy, nose! Come, let's be gone.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

Stay, wicked Jew! Repent, I say, and stay.

FRIAR JACOMO

Thou hast offended, therefore must be damned.

BARABAS [*aside to* ITHAMORE]

I fear they know we sent the poisoned broth.

ITHAMORE [*aside to* BARABAS]

And so do I, master. Therefore speak 'em fair.

30 FRIAR BARNARDINE Barabas, thou hast –

FRIAR JACOMO Ay, that thou hast –

BARABAS True, I have money. What though I have?

FRIAR BARNARDINE Thou art a –

FRIAR JACOMO Ay, that thou art, a –

BARABAS What needs all this? I know I am a Jew.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Thy daughter –

FRIAR JACOMO Ay, thy daughter –

BARABAS O, speak not of her; then I die with grief.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Remember that –

40 FRIAR JACOMO Ay, remember that –

BARABAS I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Thou hast committed –

BARABAS Fornication? But that was in another country; and besides, the wench is dead.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Ay, but Barabas, remember Mathias and Don Lodowick.

BARABAS Why, what of them?

FRIAR BARNARDINE I will not say that by a forged challenge they met.

BARABAS (*aside [to* ITHAMORE])

50 She has confessed, and we are both undone,

My bosom inmate!

But I must dissemble. [*To them*]  
O holy friars, the burden of my sins  
Lie heavy on my soul. Then pray you tell me,  
Is't not too late now to turn Christian?  
I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,  
Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch,  
That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul.  
[A hundred](#) for a hundred I have ta'en,  
And now for store of wealth may I compare

60 With all the Jews in Malta. But what is wealth?

I am a Jew, and therefore am I [lost](#).  
Would penance serve for this my sin,  
I could afford to whip myself to death –

ITHAMORE [*aside*]

And so could I; but penance will not serve.

BARABAS

To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,  
And on my knees creep to Jerusalem.  
Cellars of wine and sollars full of wheat,  
Warehouses stuffed with spices and with drugs,  
Whole chests of gold, in bullion and in coin,

70 Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,  
Orient and round, have I within my house;  
At Alexandria, merchandise unsold.  
But yesterday two ships went from this town,  
Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.  
In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,  
Frankfurt, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not,  
Have I debts owing; and in most of these,  
Great sums of money lying in the [banco](#).  
All this I'll give to some religious house,

80 So I may be baptized and live therein.

FRIAR JACOMO

O good Barabas, come to our house!

FRIAR BARNARDINE



O no, good Barabas, come to our house!  
And Barabas, you know –

BARABAS

I know that I have highly sinned.  
You shall convert me; you shall have all my wealth.

FRIAR JACOMO

O, Barabas, their laws are strict.

BARABAS

I know they are, and I will be with you.

FRIAR JACOMO

They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.

BARABAS

Then 'tis not for me; and I am resolved  
90 You shall confess me and have all my goods.

FRIAR BARNARDINE

Good Barabas, come to me.

BARABAS

You see I answer him, and yet he stays.  
Rid him away, and go you home with me.

FRIAR JACOMO

I'll be with you tonight.

BARABAS

Come to my house at one o'clock this night.

FRIAR JACOMO

You hear your answer, and you may be gone.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Why, go get you away.

FRIAR JACOMO I will not go for thee.

FRIAR BARNARDINE Not? Then I'll make thee, rogue.

100 FRIAR JACOMO How, dost call me rogue?

[*The FRIARS fight.*]

ITHAMORE Part 'em, master, part 'em.

BARABAS

This is mere frailty. Brethren, be content.  
Friar Barnardine, go you with Ithamore.

[*Aside to* FRIAR BARNARDINE]

You know my mind, let me alone with him.

FRIAR JACOMO

Why does he go to thy house? Let him be gone.

BARABAS [*aside to* FRIAR JACOMO]

I'll give him something, and so stop his mouth.

*Exit* [ITHAMORE *with* FRIAR

BARNARDINE].

I never heard of any man but he

Maligned the order of the Jacobins.

But do you think that I believe his words?

110 Why, brother, you converted Abigall,

And I am bound in charity to requite it,

And so I will. O Jacomo, fail not, but come.

FRIAR JACOMO

But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

For presently you shall be shrived.

BARABAS

Marry, [the Turk](#) shall be one of my godfathers.

But not a word to any of your convent.

FRIAR JACOMO

I warrant thee, Barabas.

*Exit* [FRIAR JACOMO].

BARABAS

So, now the fear is past, and I am safe,

For he that shrived her is within my house.

120 What if I murdered him ere Jacomo comes?

Now I have such a plot for both their lives,

As never Jew nor Christian knew the like.

One [turned](#) my daughter, therefore he shall die;

The other knows enough to have my life,

Therefore 'tis not requisite he should live.

But are not both these wise men to suppose

That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,  
To fast and be well whipped? I'll none of that.

Now, Friar Barnardine, I come to you.

130 I'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,  
And after that, I and my trusty Turk –  
No more but so. It must and shall be done.

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

Ithamore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

ITHAMORE

Yes, and I know not what the reason is,  
Do what I can, he will not strip himself,  
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes.  
I fear me he mistrusts what we intend.

BARABAS

No, 'tis an order which the friars use.  
Yet if he knew our meanings, could he 'scape?

ITHAMORE

140 No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud.

BARABAS

Why, true. Therefore did I place him there.  
The other chambers open towards the street.

ITHAMORE

You loiter, master. Wherefore stay we thus?  
O, how I long to see him shake his heels!

[FRIAR BARNARDINE *is discovered asleep*.]

BARABAS

Come on, sirrah,  
Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose.  
[*They secure the FRIAR'S belt around his neck.*]

Friar, awake!

FRIAR BARNARDINE

What, do you mean to strangle me?

ITHAMORE

Yes, 'cause you use to [confess](#).

BARABAS

150 Blame not us but the proverb, 'Confess and be hanged.'

Pull hard!

FRIAR BARNARDINE

What, will you [have](#) my life?

BARABAS

Pull hard, I say! You would have had my goods.

ITHAMORE

Ay, and our lives too. Therefore, pull amain.

*[They strangle him.]*

'Tis neatly done, sir. Here's no [print](#) at all.

BARABAS

Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

ITHAMORE Nay, master, be ruled by me a little. So, let him lean upon his staff.

*[He props up the body.]*

Excellent! He stands as if he were begging of bacon.

BARABAS

160 Who would not think but that this friar lived?

What time o' night is't now, sweet Ithamore?

ITHAMORE

Towards one.

BARABAS

Then will not Giacomo be long from hence.

*[They hide themselves.]*

*Enter [FRIAR] JACOMO.*

FRIAR JACOMO

This is the hour

Wherein I shall [proceed](#). O happy hour,

Wherein I shall convert an infidel

And bring his gold into our treasury!

But soft, is not this Barnardine? It is;

And, understanding I should come this way,  
 170 Stands here o' purpose, meaning me some wrong,  
 And intercept my going to the Jew.  
 Barnardine!  
 Wilt thou not speak? Thou think'st I see thee not.  
 Away, I'd wish thee, and let me go by.  
 No, wilt thou not? Nay then, I'll force my way.  
 And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose.  
 As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.  
 [FRIAR JACOMO *seizes* FRIAR BARNARDINE'S *staff and*  
*strike[s] him*; [BARNARDINE] *falls*. Enter BARABAS [*and* ITHAMORE  
*from hiding*].  
 BARABAS  
 Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?  
 FRIAR JACOMO  
 Why, stricken him that would have struck at me.  
 BARABAS Who is it? Barnadine? Now out, alas, he is slain!  
 180 ITHAMORE Ay, master, he's slain. Look how his brains drop out on's  
 nose.  
 FRIAR JACOMO Good sirs, I have done't, but nobody knows it but you  
 two, I may escape.  
 BARABAS So might my man and I hang with you for company.  
 ITHAMORE  
 No, let us bear him to the magistrates.  
 [*They seize* FRIAR JACOMO.]  
 FRIAR JACOMO  
 Good Barabas, let me go.  
 BARABAS  
 No, pardon me, the law must have his course.  
 I must be forced to give in evidence  
 190 That, being importuned by this Barnardine  
 To be a Christian, I shut him out,  
 And there he sat. Now I, to keep my word,

And give my goods and substance to your house,  
Was up thus early with intent to go  
Unto your friary, because you stayed.

ITHAMORE

Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian,  
When holy friars turn devils and murder one another?

BARABAS

No, for this example I'll remain a Jew.  
Heaven bless me! What, a friar a murderer?

200 When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

ITHAMORE

Why, a Turk could ha' done no more.

BARABAS

Tomorrow is the sessions; you shall to it.  
Come, Ithamore, let's help to take him hence.

FRIAR JACOMO

Villains, I am a sacred person, touch me not.

BARABAS

The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we.  
'Las, I could weep at your calamity.  
Take in the staff too, for that must be shown;  
Law wills that each particular be known.

*Exeunt.*

## [Scene 2]

*Enter [BELLAMIRA the] Courtesan and PILIA-BORZA.*

BELLAMIRA Pilia-Borza, didst thou meet with Ithamore?

PILIA-BORZA I did.

BELLAMIRA And didst thou deliver my letter?

PILIA-BORZA I did.

BELLAMIRA And what think'st thou, will he come?

PILIA-BORZA I think so, and yet I cannot tell, for at the reading of the  
letter he looked like a man of another world.

BELLAMIRA Why so?

PILIA-BORZA That such a base slave as he should be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

10

BELLAMIRA And what said he?

PILIA-BORZA Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, 'Is it even so?' And so I left him, being driven to a nonplus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance.

BELLAMIRA And where didst meet him?

PILIA-BORZA Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, I take it, looking of a friar's execution, whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, 'Hodie tibi, cras mihi', and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman. But the exercise being done, see where he comes

20

*Enter* ITHAMORE.

ITHAMORE I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar. He was ready to leap off ere the halter was about his neck, and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet he made such haste to his prayers as if he had had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste. And now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes like a raven's wing and a dagger with a hilt like a warming-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his

30

lips; the effect was that I should come to her house. I wonder what the reason is. It may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself, for she writes further that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone. I am not worthy to look upon her.

PILIA-BORZA This is the gentleman you writ to.

ITHAMORE [*aside*] 'Gentleman'! He flouts me. What gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll be gone.

40 BELLAMIRA Is't not a sweet-faced youth, Pilia?

ITHAMORE [*aside*] Again, 'sweet youth'! [*To PILIA-BORZA*] Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

PILIA-BORZA I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself and the rest of the family, stand or fall at your service.

BELLAMIRA

Though woman's modesty should hale me back,  
I can withhold no longer. Welcome, sweet love.

[*She kisses him.*]

ITHAMORE [*aside*] Now am I clean, or rather fouly, out of the way.

[*He starts to leave.*]

BELLAMIRA Whither so soon?

50 ITHAMORE [*aside*] I'll go steal some money from my master, to make me handsome. [*Aloud*] Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharged.

BELLAMIRA Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus?

PILIA-BORZA An ye did but know how she loves you, sir!

ITHAMORE Nay, I care not how much she loves me. Sweet

Bellamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake.

PILIA-BORZA And you can have it, sir, an if you please.

ITHAMORE If 'twere above ground I could and would have it,  
but he hides and buries it up as partridges do their eggs, under

60

the earth.

PILIA-BORZA And is't not possible to find it out?

ITHAMORE By no means possible.

BELLAMIRA [*aside to PILIA-BORZA*]

What shall we do with this base villain, then?

PILIA-BORZA [*aside to BELLAMIRA*]

Let me alone, do but you speak him fair.

[*To ITHAMORE*]

But you know some secrets of the Jew,  
Which if they were revealed would do him harm.



ITHAMORE Ay, and such as - Go to, no more, I'll make him send me half he has, and glad he 'scapes so too. Pen and ink!

I'll write unto him; we'll have money straight.

PILIA-BORZA [*giving pen and ink*] Send for a hundred crowns

70

at least.

ITHAMORE Ten hundred thousand crowns. (*He writes*) 'Master Barabas \_',

PILIA-BORZA Write not so submissively, but threat'ning him.

ITHAMORE 'Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns.'

PILIA-BORZA Put in two hundred at least.

ITHAMORE 'I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be your warrant. If you do not, no more but so.'

PILIA-BORZA Tell him you will confess.

80 ITHAMORE 'Otherwise I'll confess all.' Vanish, and return in a twinkling.

PILIA-BORZA Let me alone. I'll [use him in his kind](#).

[*Exit PILIA-BORZA.*]

ITHAMORE Hang him, Jew!

BELLAMIRA

Now, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Where are my maids? Provide a running banquet;

Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks.

Shall Ithamore my love go in such rags?

ITHAMORE

And bid the jeweller come hither too.

BELLAMIRA

I have no husband, sweet, I'll marry thee.

90 ITHAMORE

[Content](#), but we will leave this paltry land,

And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece.

I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece;

Where [painted carpets](#) o'er the meads are hurled,

And Bacchus' vineyards overspread the world,

Where woods and forests go in goodly green,

I'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's queen.  
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,  
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes.

100 Thou in those groves, by Dis above,  
Shalt live with me and be my love.

BELLAMIRA

Whither will I not go with gentle Ithamore?

*Enter PILIA-BORZA [with a moneybag].*

ITHAMORE How now? Hast thou the gold?

PILIA-BORZA Yes.

ITHAMORE But came it freely? Did the cow give down her milk freely?

PILIA-BORZA At reading of the letter, he stared and stamped,  
and turned aside. I took him by the [beard](#) and looked upon  
him thus, told him he were best to send it, then he hugged

110

and embraced me.

ITHAMORE Rather for fear than love.

PILIA-BORZA Then like a Jew he laughed and jeered, and told me he  
loved me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

ITHAMORE The more villain he to keep me thus. Here's goodly 'parel, is  
there not?

PILIA-BORZA To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

ITHAMORE But ten? I'll not leave him worth a [grey\\_groat](#). Give me a  
[ream](#) of paper. We'll have a kingdom of gold for't.

120 PILIA-BORZA [*providing paper*] Write for five hundred crowns.

ITHAMORE [*writing*] 'Sirrah Jew, as you love your life, send me five  
hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hundred.' Tell him I must  
have't.

PILIA-BORZA I warrant your worship shall have't.

ITHAMORE And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him I scorn to  
write a line under a hundred crowns.

PILIA-BORZA You'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone.

*Exit [PILIA-BORZA].*

ITHAMORE

Take thou the money. Spend it for my sake.

BELLAMIRA

130 'Tis not thy money but thyself I weigh.

Thus Bellamira esteems of gold;

*[she throws it aside]*

But thus of thee.

*[She] kiss [es] him.*

ITHAMORE *[aside]* That kiss again! She runs division of my lips.

What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star.

BELLAMIRA

Come, my dear love, let's in and sleep together.

ITHAMORE O, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

BELLAMIRA

Come, amorous wag, first banquet and then sleep.

*[Exeunt.]*

### **[Scene 3]**

*Enter BARABAS, reading a letter.*

BARABAS

'Barabas, send me three hundred crowns.'

Plain 'Barabas'? O, that wicked courtesan!

He was not wont to call me 'Barabas'.

'Or else I will confess.' Ay, there it goes.

But if I get him, coupe de gorge for that.

He sent a shaggy, tottered, staring slave

That, when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard

And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;

Whose face has been a grindstone for men's swords,

10 His hands are hacked, some fingers cut quite off;

Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog and looks

Like one that is employed in catzerie

And crossbiting – such a rogue  
As is the husband to a hundred whores.  
And I by him must send three hundred crowns!  
Well, my hope is he will not stay there still;  
And when he comes – O, that he were but here!

*Enter PILIA-BORZA.*

PILIA-BORZA Jew, I must ha' more gold.

BARABAS Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?

20 PILIA-BORZA No; but three hundred will not serve his turn.

BARABAS Not serve his turn, sir?

PILIA-BORZA No, sir, and therefore I must have five hundred more.

BARABAS I'll rather –

PILIA-BORZA O, good words, sir, and send it, you were best; see, there's his letter.

*[He presents ITHAMORE'S second letter.]*

BARABAS Might he not as well come as send? Pray bid him come and fetch it; what he writes for you, ye shall have straight.

30 PILIA-BORZA Ay, and the rest too, or else –

BARABAS *[aside]* I must make this villain away. *[To him]* Please you dine with me, sir, *(aside)* and you shall be most heartily poisoned.

PILIA-BORZA No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these crowns?

BARABAS I cannot do it, I have lost my keys.

PILIA-BORZA O, if that be all, I can pick ope your locks.

BARABAS Or climb up to my counting-house window? You know my meaning.

PILIA-BORZA I know enough, and therefore talk not to me of

40

your counting-house. The gold! – or know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

BARABAS *[aside]* I am betrayed.

*[To him]*

'Tis not five hundred crowns that I esteem,  
I am not moved at that. This angers me,

That he who knows I love him as myself  
Should write in this imperious vein. Why, sir,  
You know I have no child, and unto whom  
Should I leave all but unto Ithamore?

PILIA-BORZA Here's many words but no crowns. The crowns!

BARABAS

50 Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,

And unto your good mistress [as unknown](#).

PILIA-BORZA Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

BARABAS Sir, here they are. [*He gives money.*]

[*Aside*] O, that I should part with so much gold!

[*To him*] Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will –

[*Aside*] As I would see thee hanged.

[*To him*] O, love stops my breath.

Never loved man servant as I do Ithamore.

PILIA-BORZA I know it, sir.

BARABAS

Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my house?

PILIA-BORZA Soon enough, to your cost, sir. Fare you well.

60

*Exit* [PILIA-BORZA].

BARABAS

Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou com'st.

Was ever Jew tormented as I am?

To have a shag-rag knave to come [demand](#)

Three hundred crowns, and then five hundred crowns?

Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all,

And presently, for in his villainy

He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for't.

I have it!

I will in some disguise go see the slave,

70 And how the villain revels with my gold.

*Exit.*

#### [Scene 4]

*Enter [BELLAMIRA] the Courtesan, ITHAMORE, PILIA-BORZA [and SERVANTS with wine].*

BELLAMIRA I'll [pledge thee](#), love, and therefore drink it off.

ITHAMORE Say'st thou me so? Have at it! And do you hear?

*[He whispers to her.]*

BELLAMIRA GO to, it shall be so.

ITHAMORE Of that condition I will drink it up. Here's to thee.

BELLAMIRA [Nay](#), I'll have all or none.

ITHAMORE There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a drop.

BELLAMIRA Love thee? Fill me three glasses!

ITHAMORE Three-and-fifty dozen I'll pledge thee.

PILIA-BORZA Knavelly spoke, and like a knight at arms.

10 ITHAMORE Hey, [Rivo Castiliano! A man's a man](#).

BELLAMIRA Now to the Jew.

ITHAMORE Ha, to the Jew! And send me money, you were best.

PILIA-BORZA What wouldst thou do if he should send thee none?

ITHAMORE Do? Nothing. But I know what I know. He's a murderer.

BELLAMIRA I had not thought he had been so brave a man.

ITHAMORE You knew Mathias and the governor's son? He and

20 I killed 'em both, and yet never touched 'em.

PILIA-BORZA O, bravely done!

ITHAMORE I carried the broth that poisoned the nuns, and he and I – [snickle hand too fast](#) – strangled a friar.

BELLAMIRA You two alone?

ITHAMORE We two, and 'twas never known, nor never shall be for me.

PILIA-BORZA [*aside to BELLAMIRA*]

This shall with me unto the governor.

BELLAMIRA [*aside to PILIA-BORZA*]

And fit it should; but first let's ha' more gold.

*[To ITHAMORE]*

Come, gentle Ithamore, lie in my lap.

- ITHAMORE
- 30 Love me little, love me long. Let music rumble,  
 Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.  
*Enter BARABAS with a lute, disguised.*
- BELLAMIRA  
 A French musician! Come, let's hear your skill.
- BARABAS  
 Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.
- ITHAMORE Wilt drink, Frenchman? Here's to thee with a – Pox on this drunken hiccup!
- BARABAS Gramercy, monsieur.
- BELLAMIRA Prithce, Pilia-Borza, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there.
- PILIA-BORZA Sirrah, you must give my mistress your posy.
- BARABAS A vôtre commandement, madame.
- 40 [*He presents a nosegay which they sniff.*]
- BELLAMIRA  
 How sweet, my Ithamore, the flowers smell!
- ITHAMORE Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em.
- PILIA-BORZA Foh, methinks they stink like a hollyhock.
- BARABAS [*aside*]  
 So, now I am revenged upon 'em all.  
 The scent thereof was death; I poisoned it.
- ITHAMORE Play, fiddler, or I'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings.
- BARABAS Pardonnez-moi, be no in tune yet. [*He tunes.*] So now, now all be in.
- ITHAMORE Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.
- 50 PILIA-BORZA [*giving money*] There's two crowns for thee. Play.
- BARABAS [*aside*] How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold!  
 [*He plays the lute.*]
- PILIA-BORZA Methinks he fingers very well.
- BARABAS [*aside*] So did you when you stole my gold.
- PILIA-BORZA How swift he runs!

- BARABAS (*aside*) You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window.
- BELLAMIRA Musician, hast been in Malta long?
- BARABAS Two, three, four month, madame.
- 60 ITHAMORE Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?
- BARABAS Very mush, monsieur. You no be his man?
- PILIA-BORZA His man?
- ITHAMORE I scorn the peasant. Tell him so.
- BARABAS [*aside*] He knows it already.
- ITHAMORE 'Tis a strange thing of that Jew: he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauced mushrooms.
- BARABAS (*aside*) What a slave's this! The governor feeds not as Ido.
- ITHAMORE He never put on clean shirt since he was circum
- 70 cised.
- BARABAS (*aside*) O, rascal! I change myself twice a day.
- ITHAMORE The hat he wears, Judas left under [the elder](#) when he hanged himself.
- BARABAS (*aside*) 'Twas sent me for a present from the [Great Cham](#).
- PILIA-BORZA A [masty](#) slave he is.
- [BARABAS *starts to leave*.]
- Whither now, fiddler?
- BARABAS *Par donnez-moi*, monsieur, me be no well.
- Exit* [BARABAS].
- 80 PILIA-BORZA Farewell, fiddler. One letter more to the Jew.
- BELLAMIRA Prithee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp.
- ITHAMORE No, I'll send by word of mouth now. [*To* PILIA-BORZA] Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token that the nuns loved rice, that Friar Barnardine slept in his own clothes – any of 'em will do it.
- PILIA-BORZA Let me alone to urge it, now I know [the meaning](#).
- ITHAMORE
- The meaning has a meaning. Come, let's in.



To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT 5

### [Scene 1]

*Enter [FERNEZE the] Governor, KNIGHTS, MARTIN DEL BOSCO [and OFFICERS].*

FERNEZE

Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,  
And see that Malta be well fortified.  
And it behoves you to be resolute,  
For Calymath, having [hovered here](#) so long,  
Will win the town or die before the walls.

FIRST KNIGHT

And die he shall, for we will never yield.

*Enter [BELLAMIRA the] Courtesan [and] PILIA-BORZA.*

BELLAMIRA

O, bring us to the governor.

FERNEZE

Away with her! She is a courtesan.

BELLAMIRA

Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak.

I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain:

10 Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

PILIA-BORZA Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen, poisoned his own daughter and the nuns, strangled a friar, and I know not what mischief beside.

FERNEZE

Had we but proof of this!

BELLAMIRA

Strong proof, my lord. His man's now at my lodging  
That was his agent; he'll confess it all.

FERNEZE

Go fetch him straight.

[*Exeunt* OFFICERS.]

I always feared that Jew.

*Enter* BARABAS [*and*] ITHAMORE [*guarded by some* OFFICERS].

BARABAS

I'll go alone, dogs, do not hale me thus.

20 ITHAMORE Nor me neither. I cannot out-run you, constable. O, my belly!

BARABAS [*aside*]

One dram of powder more had made all sure.

What a damned slave was I!

FERNEZE

Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be fetched.

FIRST KNIGHT

Nay, stay, my lord, 't may be he will confess.

BARABAS

Confess? What mean you, lords, who should confess?

FERNEZE

Thou and thy Turk: 'twas you that slew my son.

ITHAMORE Guilty, my lord, I confess. Your son and Mathias were both contracted unto Abigall; he forged a counterfeit

30 challenge.

BARABAS Who carried that challenge?

ITHAMORE I carried it, I confess, but who writ it? Marry, even he that strangled Barnardine, poisoned the nuns, and his own daughter.

FERNEZE

Away with him! His sight is death to me.

BARABAS

For what? You men of Malta, hear me speak.

She is a courtesan, and he a thief,

And he my bondman. Let me have law,

For none of this can prejudice my life.

FERNEZE

40 Once more, away with him! You shall have law.

BARABAS

Devils, do your worst, I'll live in spite of you.

As these have spoke, so be it to their souls.

[*Aside*] I hope the poisoned flowers will work anon.

*Exeunt* [OFFICERS *with*

BARABAS, ITHAMORE,

BELLAMIRA *and* PILIA-BORZA]. *Enter*

KATHERINE.

KATHERINE

Was my Mathias murdered by the Jew?

Ferneze, 'twas thy son that murdered him.

FERNEZE

Be patient, gentle madam, it was he.

He forged the daring challenge made them fight.

KATHERINE

Where is the Jew? Where is that murderer?

FERNEZE

In prison, till the law has passed on him.

*Enter [an] OFFICER.*

OFFICER

My lord, the courtesan and her man are dead;

50 So is the Turk, and Barabas the Jew.

FERNEZE Dead?

OFFICER

Dead, my lord, and here they bring his body.

[*Enter* OFFICERS, *carrying* BARABAS *as dead.*]

DEL BOSCO

This sudden death of his is very strange.

FERNEZE

Wonder not at it, sir, the heavens are just.

Their deaths were like their lives, then think not of 'em.

Since they are dead, let them be buried.  
For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the walls,  
To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts.

[OFFICERS *throw down the body.*]

60 So, now away, and fortify the town.

*Exeunt* [; BARABAS  
*remains*].

BARABAS [*rising*]

What, all alone? Well fare, sleepy drink!  
I'll be revenged on this accursed town,  
For by my means Calymath shall enter in.  
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,  
To fire the churches, pull their houses down,  
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands.  
I hope to see the governor a slave,  
And, rowing in a galley, whipped to death.

Enter CALYMATH, BASHAWS, [*and*] TURKS.

CALYMATH

Whom have we there, a spy?

BARABAS

70 Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a place  
Where you may enter and surprise the town.  
My name is Barabas, I am a Jew.

CALYMATH

Art thou that Jew whose goods we heard were sold  
For tribute-money?

BARABAS

The very same, my lord;  
And since that time they have hired a slave, my man,  
To accuse me of a thousand villainies.  
I was imprisoned, but escaped their hands.

CALYMATH

Didst break prison?

BARABAS

No, no,  
80 I drank of [poppy](#) and cold mandrake juice,  
And, being asleep, belike they thought me dead,  
And threw me o'er the walls. So, or how else,  
The Jew is here, and rests at your command.

CALYMATH

'Twas bravely done. But tell me, Barabas,  
Canst thou, as thou reportest, make Malta ours?

BARABAS

Fear not, my lord, for here against the [sluice](#)  
The rock is hollow and of purpose digged  
To make a passage for the running streams  
And common channels of the city.

90 Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls,  
I'll lead five hundred soldiers through the [vault](#),  
And rise with them i'th'middle of the town,  
Open the gates for you to enter in,  
And by this means the city is your own.

CALYMATH

If this be true, I'll make thee governor.

BARABAS

And if it be not true, then let me die.

CALYMATH

Thou'st doomed thyself. Assault it presently.

*Exeunt.*

## [Scene 2]

[Alarms.](#) *Enter* [CALYMATH,] TURKS, [*and*] BARABAS,  
[*with*] FERNEZE *and* KNIGHTS *prisoners.*

CALYMATH

Now vail your pride, you captive Christians,  
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe.  
Now where's the hope you had of haughty Spain?  
Ferneze, speak. Had it not been much better

To keep thy promise than be thus surprised?

FERNEZE

What should I say? We are captives and must yield.

CALYMATH

Ay, villains, you must yield, and under Turkish yokes

Shall groaning bear the burden of our ire.

And, Barabas, as erst we promised thee,

For thy desert we make thee governor.

10 Use them at thy discretion.

BARABAS Thanks, my lord.

FERNEZE

O, fatal day, to fall into the hands

Of such a traitor and unhallowed Jew!

What greater misery could heaven inflict?

CALYMATH

'Tis our command; and Barabas, we give,

To guard thy person, these our janizaries;

Entreat them well, as we have usèd thee.

And now, brave bashaws, come, we'll walk about

The ruined town and see the wrack we made.

20 Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Barabas.

BARABAS

May all good fortune follow Calymath!

*Exeunt* [CALYMATH  
and BASHAWS].

And now, as [entrance](#) to our safety,

To prison with the governor and these

Captains, his consorts and confederates.

FERNEZE

O villain, heaven will be revenged on thee!

BARABAS

Away, no more! Let him not trouble me.

*Exeunt* [TURKS with FERNEZE  
and KNIGHTS].

- Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,  
 No simple place, no small authority.  
 I now am governor of Malta. True,
- 30 But Malta hates me, and, in hating me,  
 My life's in danger; and what boots it thee,  
 Poor Barabas, to be the governor,  
Whenas thy life shall be at their command?  
 No, Barabas, this must be looked into;  
 And since by wrong thou got'st authority,  
 Maintain it bravely by firm policy,  
 At least unprofitably lose it not.  
 For he that liveth in authority,  
 And neither gets him friends nor fills his bags,
- 40 Lives like the ass that Aesop speaketh of,  
 That labours with a load of bread and wine  
 And leaves it off to snare on thistle tops.  
 But Barabas will be more circumspect.  
 Begin betimes; Occasion's bald behind;  
 Slip not thine opportunity, for fear too late  
 Thou seek'st for much but canst not compass it.

[*Calling offstage*]

Within, there!

*Enter FERNEZE, with a GUARD [of TURKISH JANIZARIES].*

FERNEZE My lord?

BARABAS [*aside*]

Ay, 'lord'; thus slaves will learn.

[*To him*] Now, governor.

[*To the GUARD*] Stand by, there.

50

Wait within.

[*Exit GUARD.*]

This is the reason that I sent for thee:  
 Thou seest thy life and Malta's happiness



Are at my arbitrament, and Barabas  
At his discretion may dispose of both.  
Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,  
What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

FERNEZE

This, Barabas: since things are in thy power,  
I see no reason but of Malta's wrack,  
Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty,  
Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

60 BARABAS

Governor, good words, be not so furious.  
'Tis not thy life which can avail me aught.  
Yet you do live, and live [for me](#) you shall;  
And as for Malta's ruin, think you not  
'Twere slender policy for Barabas  
To dispossess himself of such a place?  
For sith, as once you said, within this isle,  
In Malta here, that I have [got my goods](#),  
And in this city still have had success,  
And now at length am grown your governor,

70   Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot.

For, as a friend not known but in distress,  
I'll rear up Malta, now [remediless](#).

FERNEZE

Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?  
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

BARABAS

What wilt thou give me, governor, to procure  
A dissolution of the slavish bands  
Wherein the Turk hath yoked your land and you?  
What will you give me if I render you

80   The life of Calymath, surprise his men,

And in an [outhouse](#) of the city shut  
His soldiers till I have consumed 'em all with fire?

What will you give him that procureth this?

FERNEZE

Do but bring this to pass which thou [pretendest](#),  
Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,  
And I will send amongst the citizens  
And by my letters privately procure  
Great sums of money for thy recompense.  
Nay, more; do this, and live thou governor still.

BARABAS

90 Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free.  
Governor, I enlarge thee. Live with me,  
Go walk about the city, see thy friends.  
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,  
And let me see what money thou canst make.  
Here is my hand that I'll set Malta free.  
And thus we [cast it](#): to a solemn feast  
I will invite young Selim Calymath,  
Where be thou present only to perform  
One stratagem that I'll impart to thee,  
100 Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,  
And I will warrant Malta free for ever.

FERNEZE

Here is my hand. Believe me, Barabas,  
I will be there and do as thou desirest.  
When is the time?

BARABAS Governor, presently.

For Calymath, when he hath viewed the town,  
Will take his leave and sail toward [Ottoman](#).

FERNEZE

Then will I, Barabas, [about this coin](#),  
And bring it with me to thee in the evening.

BARABAS

Do so, but fail not. Now farewell, Ferneze.

[*Exit* FERNEZE.]

And thus far roundly goes the business.  
110 Thus, loving neither, will I live with both,  
Making a profit of [my policy](#);  
And he from whom my most advantage comes  
Shall be my friend.  
This is the life we Jews are used to lead,  
And reason, too, for Christians do the like.  
Well, now about effecting this device:  
First, to surprise great Selim's soldiers,  
And then to make provision for the feast,  
That at one instant all things may be done.  
120 My policy detests prevention.  
To what event my secret purpose drives,  
I know, and they shall witness with their lives.  
*Exit.*

### [Scene 3]

*Enter* CALYMATH [*and*] BASHAWS.

CALYMATH

Thus have we viewed the city, seen the sack,  
And caused the ruins to be new repaired,  
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisks  
We rent in sunder at our entry.  
And, now I see the situation,  
And how secure this conquered island stands  
Environed with the Mediterranean Sea,  
Strong [countermured](#) with other petty isles,  
And, [toward Calabria](#), backed by Sicily  
([Where](#) Syracusan [Dionysius](#) reigned),  
10 [Two lofty turrets](#) that command the town –  
I wonder how it could be conquered thus.

*Enter a* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

From Barabas, Malta's governor, I bring  
A message unto mighty Calymath.  
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea  
To sail to Turkey, to [great Ottoman](#),  
He humbly would entreat your majesty  
To come and see his homely citadel  
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle.

CALYMATH

- 20 To banquet with him in his citadel?  
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train  
Within a town of war so lately pillaged  
Will be too costly and too troublesome.  
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,  
For well has Barabas deserved of us.

MESSENGER

- Selim, for that, thus saith the governor:  
That he hath in store a pearl so big,  
So precious, and withal so orient,  
As, be it valued but indifferently,  
30 The price thereof will serve to entertain  
Selim and all his soldiers for a month.  
Therefore he humbly would entreat your highness  
Not to depart till he has feasted you.

CALYMATH

I cannot feast my men in Malta walls,  
Except he place his tables in the streets.

MESSENGER

Know, Selim, that there is a monastery  
Which standeth as an outhouse to the town.  
There will he banquet them, but thee at home,  
With all thy bashaws and brave followers.

CALYMATH

- 40 Well, tell the governor we grant his suit.  
We'll in this summer evening feast with him.

MESSENGER I shall, my lord.

*Exit* [MESSENGER].

CALYMATH

And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,  
And meditate how we may grace us best  
To solemnize our governor's great feast.

*Exeunt.*

#### [Scene 4]

*Enter* FERNEZE, KNIGHTS, [*and* MARTIN] DEL BOSCO.

FERNEZE

In this, my countrymen, be ruled by me:  
Have special care that no man sally forth  
Till you shall hear a [culverin](#) discharged  
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus;  
Then issue out and come to rescue me,  
For happily I shall be in distress,  
Or you released of this servitude.

FIRST KNIGHT

Rather than thus to live as Turkish thralls,  
What will we not [adventure](#)?

FERNEZE

On then, begone.

10 FIRST KNIGHT

Farewell, grave governor.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### [Scene 5]

*Enter* [BARABAS] *with a hammer above, very busy, [and*  
CARPENTERS].

BARABAS

How stand the cords? How hang these hinges, fast?  
Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

CARPENTER

All fast.

BARABAS

Leave nothing loose, all levelled to my mind.

Why, now I see that you have art indeed.

*[He gives money.]*

There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you.

Go swill in bowls of sack and muscadine;

Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines.

CARPENTER

We shall, my lord, and thank you.

*Exeunt*

*[CARPENTERS].*

BARABAS

And if you like them, drink your fill and die;

10 For, so I live, perish may all the world.

Now, Selim Calymath, return me word

That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

MESSENGER

He will, and has commanded all his men

To come ashore and march through Malta streets,

That thou mayst feast them in thy citadel.

*[Exit MESSENGER.]*

BARABAS

Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em.

There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf –

*Enter FERNEZE [to BARABAS, with a bag of money],*

And see, he brings it. Now, governor, the sum?

FERNEZE

20 With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds.

BARABAS

Pounds, say'st thou, governor? Well, since it is no more,  
I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,  
For if I keep not promise, trust not me.  
And, governor, now partake my policy:  
First, for his army, they are sent before,  
Entered the monastery, and underneath  
In several places are field-pieces pitched,  
Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,  
That on the sudden shall dissever it,  
And batter all the stones about their ears,

30 Whence none can possibly escape alive.

Now, as for Calymath and his consorts,  
Here have I made a dainty gallery,  
The floor whereof, this cable being cut,  
Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink  
Into a deep pit past recovery.

[*He gives FERNEZE a knife.*]

Here, hold that knife, and when thou seest he comes,  
And with his bashaws shall be [blithely set](#),  
A [warning-piece](#) shall be shot off from the tower  
To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord

40 And fire the house. Say, will not this be brave?

FERNEZE

O, excellent! [*He offers the bag of money.*]

Here, hold thee, Barabas.

I trust thy word. Take what I promised thee.

BARABAS

No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first.  
Thou shalt not live in doubt of anything.  
Stand close, for here they come. [*FERNEZE hides himself.*]

Why, is not this

A kingly kind of trade, to purchase towns  
By treachery and sell 'em by deceit?

Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun  
If greater falsehood ever has been done.

50      *Enter CALYMATH and BASHAWS.*

CALYMATH

Come, my companion bashaws, see, I pray,  
How busy Barabas is there above  
To entertain us in his gallery.  
Let us salute him. Save thee, Barabas!

BARABAS

Welcome, great Calymath.

FERNEZE [*aside*]

How the slave jeers at him!

BARABAS

Will't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,  
To ascend our homely stairs?

CALYMATH

Ay, Barabas.

Come, bashaws, attend.

FERNEZE [*coming forward*]

Stay, Calymath!

60    For I will show thee greater courtesy  
Than Barabas would have afforded thee.

FIRST KNIGHT [*within*]

Sound a charge there!

*A charge [sounded], the cable cut, a cauldron discovered  
[into which BARABAS falls].*

*[Enter MARTIN DEL BOSCO and KNIGHTS.]*

CALYMATH

How now, what means this?

BARABAS

Help, help me, Christians, help!

FERNEZE

See, Calymath, this was devised for thee.

CALYMATH



Treason, treason! Bashaws, fly!

FERNEZE

No, Selim, do not fly.

See his end first, and fly then if thou canst.

BARABAS

O, help me, Selim, help me, Christians!

70 Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

FERNEZE

Should I, in pity of thy complaints or thee,

Accursèd Barabas, base Jew, relent?

No, thus I'll see thy treachery repaid,

But wish thou hadst behaved thee otherwise.

BARABAS

You will not help me, then?

FERNEZE

No, villain, no.

BARABAS

And, villains, know you cannot help me now.

Then, Barabas, [breathe forth](#) thy latest fate,

And in the fury of thy torments strive

To end thy life with resolution.

Know, governor, 'twas I that slew thy son;

80 I framed the challenge that did make them meet.

Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow,

And had I but escaped this stratagem,

I would have brought confusion on you all,

Damned Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels!

But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs.

Die, life! Fly, soul! Tongue, curse thy fill and die!

[*He dies.*]

CALYMATH

Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

FERNEZE

This [train](#) he laid to have entrapped thy life.

90 Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:

Thus he determined to have handled thee,  
But I have rather chose to save thy life.

CALYMATH

Was this the banquet he prepared for us?  
Let's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

FERNEZE

Nay, Selim, stay, for since we have thee here,  
We will not let thee part so suddenly.  
Besides, if we should let thee go, [all's one](#),  
For with thy galleys couldst thou not get hence

100 Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

CALYMATH

Tush, governor, take thou no care for that.  
My men are all aboard,  
And do attend my coming there by this.

FERNEZE

Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

CALYMATH

Yes, what of that?

FERNEZE

Why, then the house was fired,  
Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

CALYMATH

O, monstrous treason!

FERNEZE

A Jew's courtesy;  
For he that did by treason work our fall,  
By treason hath delivered thee to us.

110 Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good

The ruins done to Malta and to us,  
Thou canst not part; for Malta shall be freed,  
Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman.

CALYMATH

Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,  
In person there to [meditate](#) your peace.

To keep me here will naught advantage you.

FERNEZE

Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,  
And live in Malta prisoner; for, [come all the world](#)

To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,

120 As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry

Than conquer Malta or endanger us.

So, march away, and let due praise be given

Neither to fate nor fortune, but to heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE [SPOKEN AT COURT]

It is our fear, [dread sovereign](#), we have been  
Too tedious; neither can't be less than sin  
To wrong your princely patience. If we have,  
[Thus low dejected](#), we your pardon crave;  
And if aught here offend your ear or sight,

5 We only act, and speak, what others write.

## EPILOGUE

In graving with Pygmalion to contend,  
Or painting with Apelles, doubtless the end  
Must be disgrace. Our actor did not so;  
He only aimed to go, but not outgo.

- 5 Nor think that this day any prize was played;  
Here were no bets at all, no wagers laid.  
All the ambition that his mind doth swell  
Is but to hear from you (by me) 'twas well.

# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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