

**Tamburlaine the Great,**  
*Part 2*

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# Tamburlaine the Great, Part 2

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## Prologue and Dramatis Personae

### THE PROLOGUE.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine receiv'd,  
When he arrived last upon the[1] stage,  
Have made our poet pen his Second Part,  
Where Death cuts off the progress of his pomp,  
And murderous Fates throw all his triumphs[2] down.  
But what became of fair Zenocrate,  
And with how many cities' sacrifice  
He celebrated her sad[3] funeral,  
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TAMBURLAINE, king of Persia.  
CALYPHAS, ]  
AMYRAS, ] his sons.  
CELEBINUS, ]  
THERIDAMAS, king of Argier.  
TECHELLES, king of Fez.  
USUMCASANE, king of Morocco.  
ORCANES, king of Natolia.  
KING OF TREBIZON.  
KING OF SORIA.  
KING OF JERUSALEM.  
KING OF AMASIA.  
GAZELLUS, viceroy of Byron.  
URIBASSA.  
SIGISMUND, King of Hungary.  
FREDERICK, ]  
BALDWIN, ] Lords of Buda and Bohemia.  
CALLAPINE, son to BAJAZETH, and prisoner to TAMBURLAINE.  
ALMEDA, his keeper.  
GOVERNOR OF BABYLON.  
CAPTAIN OF BALSERA.  
HIS SON.  
ANOTHER CAPTAIN.

MAXIMUS, PERDICAS, Physicians, Lords, Citizens, Messengers,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.

ZENOCRATE, wife to TAMBURLAINE.

OLYMPIA, wife to the CAPTAIN OF BALSERA.

Turkish Concubines.

# ACT I

## SCENE I.

Enter ORCANES king of Natolia, GAZELLUS viceroy of Byron,  
URIBASSA,[4] and their train, with drums and trumpets.

**ORCANES.** Egregious viceroys of these eastern parts,  
Plac'd 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 march'd from fair Natolia  
Two hundred leagues, and on Danubius' banks  
Our warlike host, in complete armour, rest,  
Where Sigismund, the king of Hungary,  
Should meet our person to conclude a truce:  
What! shall we parle 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 glutted 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, you must address your power.

**URIBASSA.** Besides, King Sigismund hath brought from Christendom  
More than his camp of stout Hungarians,--  
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters,[5] Muffs, and Danes,  
That with the halberd, lance, and murdering axe,  
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.

**ORCANES.**[6] Though from the shortest northern parallel,  
Vast Grantland, compass'd with the Frozen Sea,  
(Inhabited with tall and sturdy men,  
Giants as big as hugy[7] Polypheme,)  
Millions of soldiers cut the[8] arctic line,  
Bringing the strength of Europe to these arms,  
Our Turkey blades shall glide through all their throats,  
And make this champion[9] mead a bloody fen:  
Danubius' stream, that runs to Trebizon,  
Shall carry, wrapt within his scarlet waves,  
As martial presents to our friends at home,  
The slaughter'd bodies of these Christians:

The Terrene[10] main, wherein Danubius falls,  
Shall by this battle be the bloody sea:  
The wandering sailors of proud Italy  
Shall meet those Christians, fleeing with the tide,  
Beating in heaps against their argosies,  
And make fair Europe, mounted on her bull,  
Trapp'd with the wealth and riches of the world,  
Alight, and wear a woful mourning weed.

**GAZELLUS.** Yet, stout Orcanes, pro-rex of the world,  
Since Tamburlaine hath muster'd all his men,  
Marching from Cairo[11] northward, with his camp,  
To Alexandria and the frontier towns,  
Meaning to make a conquest of our land,  
'Tis requisite to parle for a peace  
With Sigismund, 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.  
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes,  
Fear[12] not Orcanes, but great Tamburlaine;  
Nor he, but Fortune that hath made him great.  
We have revolted Grecians, Albanese,  
Sicilians, Jews, Arabians, Turks, and Moors,  
Natolians, Sorians,[13] black[14] Egyptians,  
Illyrians, Thracians, and Bithynians,[15]  
Enough to swallow forceless Sigismund,  
Yet scarce enough t' encounter Tamburlaine.  
He brings a world of people to the field,  
]From Scythia to the oriental plage[16]  
Of India, where raging Lantchidol  
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, viceroy,[17] the Christians must have peace.

Enter SIGISMUND, FREDERICK, BALDWIN, and their  
train, with drums and trumpets.

**SIGISMUND.** Orcanes, (as our legates promis'd thee,) We, with our peers, have cross'd Danubius' stream,  
To treat of friendly peace or deadly war.  
Take which thou wilt; for, as the Romans us'd,  
I here present thee with a naked 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, Sigismund: 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[s] about the axle-tree of heaven?  
Forgett'st thou that I sent a shower of darts,  
Mingled with powder'd shot and feather'd steel,  
So thick upon the blink-ey'd burghers' heads,  
That thou thyself, then County Palatine,  
The King of Boheme,[18] and the Austric Duke,  
Sent heralds out, which basely on their knees,  
In all your names, desir'd a truce of me?  
Forgett'st thou that, to have me raise my siege,  
Waggons of gold were set before my tent,  
Stampt with the princely fowl that in her wings  
Carries the fearful thunderbolts of Jove?  
How canst thou think of this, and offer war?

**SIGISMUND.** Vienna was besieg'd, 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 Bagdet's[19] lofty tower,  
Or as the ocean to the traveller  
That rests upon the snowy Appenines;  
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 parle[20] might become you both.

**FREDERICK.** And we from Europe, to the same intent;<sup>[21]</sup>  
Which if your general refuse or scorn,  
Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand<sup>[22]</sup> in array,  
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

**ORCANES.** So prest<sup>[23]</sup> are we: but yet, if Sigismund  
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.

**SIGISMUND.** Then here I sheathe it, and give thee my hand,  
Never to draw it out, or<sup>[24]</sup> manage arms  
Against thyself or thy confederates,  
But, whilst I live, will be at truce with thee.

**ORCANES.** But, Sigismund, confirm it with an oath,  
And swear in sight of heaven and by thy Christ.

**SIGISMUND.** By Him that made the world and sav'd 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,  
Clos'd 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<sup>[25]</sup> and our solemn oaths,  
Sign'd with our hands, each shall retain a scroll,  
As memorable witness of our league.  
Now, Sigismund, if any Christian king  
Encroach upon the confines of thy realm,  
Send word, Orcanes of Natolia  
Confirm'd<sup>[26]</sup> this league beyond Danubius' stream,  
And they will, trembling, sound a quick retreat;  
So am I fear'd among all nations.

**SIGISMUND.** If any heathen potentate or king  
Invade Natolia, Sigismund will send  
A hundred thousand horse train'd to the war,  
And back'd by<sup>[27]</sup> stout lancers of Germany,  
The strength and sinews of the imperial seat.



**ORCANES.** I thank thee, Sigismund; but, when I war,  
All Asia Minor, Africa, and Greece,  
Follow my standard and my thundering drums.  
Come, let us go and banquet in our tents:  
I will despatch chief of my army hence  
To fair Natolia and to Trebizon,  
To stay my coming 'gainst proud Tamburlaine:  
Friend Sigismund, and peers of Hungary,  
Come, banquet and carouse with us a while,  
And then depart we to our territories.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter CALLAPINE, and ALMEDA his keeper.

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

**ALMEDA.** My lord, I pity it, and with my heart  
Wish your release; but he whose wrath is death,  
My sovereign lord, renowned<sup>[28]</sup> 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,  
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<sup>[29]</sup> 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  
Darotes' stream,<sup>[30]</sup> wherein at<sup>[31]</sup> anchor lies

A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,  
Waiting my coming to the river-side,  
Hoping by some means I shall be releas'd;  
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,  
And soon put forth into the Terrene[32] sea,  
Where,[33] 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,  
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive.  
Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and more,  
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home.  
Amongst so many crowns of burnish'd gold,  
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command:  
A thousand galleys, mann'd with Christian slaves,  
I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,  
And bring armadoes, from[34] 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 metamorphos'd:  
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 covered,  
And cloth of arras hung about the walls,  
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce:  
A hundred bassoes, cloth'd in crimson silk,  
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds;  
And, when thou goest, a golden canopy  
Enchas'd with precious stones, which shine as bright  
As that fair veil that covers all the world,  
When Phoebus, leaping from his hemisphere,  
Descendeth downward to th' Antipodes:--  
And more than this, for all I cannot tell.

**ALMEDA.** How far hence lies the galley, say you?

**CALLAPINE.** Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence.

**ALMEDA.** But need[35] we not be spied going aboard?

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

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