

# CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

TAMBURLAINE  
THE GREAT —  
PART 2

**Christopher Marlowe**  
**Tamburlaine the Great — Part 2**

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*Tamburlaine the Great — Part 2:*

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# Christopher Marlowe

## Tamburlaine the Great — Part 2

### 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.

TEHELLES, 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.

# THE SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

## 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, Almain, 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,  
Stamp't 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; [21](#)  
Which if your general refuse or scorn,  
Our tents are pitch'd, our men stand [22](#) in array,  
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

ORCANES. So prest [23](#) 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 [24](#) 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 [25](#) 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 [26](#) 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 27 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 [28](#) 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 [29](#) 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, [30](#) wherein at [31](#) 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 metamorphosed:  
With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn,  
And, as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets,  
The pavement underneath thy chariot-wheels  
With Turkey-carpets 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.

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 crown'd 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 armed men  
To intercept this haughty enterprize,  
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 lingering let [36](#) us both.

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

CALLAPINE. Even straight:—and farewell, cursed  
Tamburlaine!

Now go I to revenge my father's death.

[**Exeunt.**]

### SCENE III

Enter TAMBURLAINE, ZENOCRATE, and their  
three sons,

CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, with  
drums and trumpets.

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 part

Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,

And every one commander of a world.

ZENOCRATE. Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave  
these arms,  
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 horned 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 subdu'd,  
Plac'd by her side, look on their mother's face.  
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,  
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine:  
Water and air, being symboliz'd 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,  
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,  
Would make me think them bastards, not my sons,

But that I know they issu'd from thy womb,  
That never look'd 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 [37](#) with his slender rod,  
He rein'd him straight, and made him so curvet  
As I cried out for fear he should have faln.

TAMBURLAINE.

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,  
And shine in complete virtue more than they,  
Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed  
Shall issue crowned 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 [38](#) tremble at their view.

TAMBURLAINE. These words assure me, boy, thou art my  
son.

When I am old and cannot manage arms,  
Be thou the scourge and terror of the world.

AMYRAS. Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,  
Be term'd the scourge and terror of [39](#) the world?

TAMBURLAINE. Be all a scourge and terror to [40](#) 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 [41](#) from some  
coward's loins,

And not the issue of great Tamburlaine!  
Of all the provinces I have subdu'd  
Thou shalt not have a foot, unless thou bear  
A mind courageous and invincible;  
For he shall wear the crown of Persia  
Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most wounds,  
Which, being wroth, 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 [42](#)  
Is cover'd with a liquid purple veil,  
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughter'd men,  
My royal chair of state shall be advanc'd;  
And he that means to place himself therein,  
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood.

ZENOCRATE. My lord, such speeches to our princely sons  
Dismay 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,  
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

AMYRAS. And I would strive to swim through [43](#) pools of

blood,  
Or make a bridge of murder'd carcasses, [44](#)  
Whose arches should be fram'd with bones of Turks,  
Ere I would lose the title of a king.

TAMBURLAINE. Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors  
both,  
Stretching your conquering arms from east to west:—  
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,  
When we [45](#) shall meet the Turkish deputy  
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head,  
And cleave his pericranion with thy sword.

CALYPHAS. If any man will hold him, I will strike,  
And cleave him to the channel [46](#) 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  
Promis'd to meet me on Larissa-plains,  
With hosts a-piece against this Turkish crew;  
For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet  
To make it parcel of my empery.  
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.

TAMBURLAINE. Thanks, good Theridamas.

THERIDAMAS. Under my colours march ten thousand  
Greeks,  
And of Argier and Afric's frontier towns  
Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms;  
All which have sworn to sack Natolia.  
Five hundred brigandines are under sail,  
Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,  
That, launching from Argier to Tripoly,  
Will quickly ride before Natolia,  
And batter down the castles on the shore.

TAMBURLAINE. Well said, Argier! receive thy crown again.

Enter USUMCASANE and TECHELLES.  
Kings of Morocco [47](#) and of Fez, welcome.

USUMCASANE. Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine,  
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. Thanks, king of Morocco: take your  
crown again.

TECHELLES. And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,  
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,  
I here present thee with the crown of Fez,  
And with an host of Moors train'd to the war, [48](#)  
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,  
And quake for fear, as if infernal [49](#) Jove,  
Meaning to aid thee [50](#) in these [51](#) Turkish arms,  
Should pierce the black circumference of hell,  
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,  
And millions of his strong [52](#) tormenting spirits:

]From strong Tesella unto Biledull  
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake.

TAMBURLAINE. Thanks, king of Fez: take here thy crown  
again.

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 open'd 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;  
And proud Orcanes of Natolia  
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,  
That, though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,  
Were turn'd to men, he should be overcome.  
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,  
That Jove shall send his winged 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 Bootes' [53](#) charge;  
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  
march'd

Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,  
And lain in leaguer 54 fifteen months and more;

For, since we left you at the Soldan's court,

We have subdu'd the southern Guallatia,

And all the land unto the coast of Spain;

We kept the narrow Strait of Jubalter, 55 And made  
Canaria 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 march'd along the river Nile

To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,

Call'd John the Great, 56 sits in a milk-white robe,

Whose triple mitre I did take by force,

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 vouchsaf'd a league,

And with my power did march to Zanzibar,

The western part of Afric, where I view'd

The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,  
But neither man nor child in all the land:  
Therefore I took my course to Manico,  
Where, [57](#) unresisted, I remov'd my camp;  
And, by the coast of Byather, [58](#) at last  
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,  
And, conquering that, made haste to Nubia.  
There, having sack'd Borno, the kingly seat,  
I took the king and led him bound in chains  
Unto Damascus, [59](#) where I stay'd before.

TAMBURLAINE. Well done, Techelles!—What saith  
Theridamas?

THERIDAMAS. I left the confines and the bounds of Afric,  
And made [60](#) a voyage into Europe,  
Where, by the river Tyras, I subdu'd  
Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia;  
Then cross'd 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 cross'd the gulf call'd by the name  
Mare Majore of the 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;

Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines

Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,

Ay, liquid gold, when we have conquer'd him, [61](#)

Mingled with coral and with orient [62](#) pearl.

Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

**[Exeunt.]**

# ACT II

## SCENE I

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

SIGISMUND. 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,  
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 dismiss'd the greatest part  
Of all his army, pitch'd against our power

Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius' mount,  
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,  
Acantha, Antioch, and Caesarea,  
To aid the kings of Soria [63](#) and Jerusalem.  
Now, then, my lord, advantage take thereof, [64](#)  
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.

SIGISMUND. But calls not, then, your grace to memory  
The league we lately made with King Orcanes,  
Confirm'd by oath and articles of peace,  
And calling Christ for record of our truths?  
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 esteem'd assurance for ourselves,  
So that we vow [65](#) to them should not infringe  
Our liberty of arms and victory.

SIGISMUND. Though I confess the oaths they undertake  
Breed little strength to our security,  
Yet those infirmities that thus defame  
Their faiths, [66](#) their honours, and religion, [67](#)  
Should not give us presumption to the like.  
Our faiths are sound, and must be consummate, [68](#)  
Religious, righteous, and inviolate.

FREDERICK. Assure your grace, 'tis superstition  
To stand so strictly on dispensive faith;  
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 pour'd with rigour on our sinful heads,  
If we neglect this [69](#) offer'd victory.

SIGISMUND. 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 II

Enter ORCANES, GAZELLUS, and 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 [70](#) tools  
Makes earthquakes in the hearts of men and heaven.

GAZELLUS. And now come we to make his sinews shake  
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 steeled crests,  
And numbers, more than infinite, of men,

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