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Tamburlaine, the great.

[portrait of Tamburlaine]

THE SECOND PART OF
The bloody Conquests
of mighty Tamburlaine.

With his impassionate fury, for the death of
his Lady and love, fair Zenocrate: his form
of exhortation and discipline to his three
sons, and the manner of his own death.

The Prologue.

The general welcomes Tamburlaine received,
When he arrived 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,
But what became of fair Zenocrate,
And with how many cities’ sacrifice
He celebrated her said funeral,
Himself in presence shall unfold at large.

Actus. 1. Scaena. 1.

Orcanes, king of Natolia, Gazellus, viceroy of
Byron, Uribassa, and their train, with drums
and trumpets.

Orcanes-
EGregious Viceroy 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 armor rest,
Where Sigismond the king of Hungary
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.
Byron    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 Guiron'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 Besides, king Sigismond hath brought
from Christendom,
More than his Camp of stout Hungarians,
Sclavonians, Almains, Rutters, Muffs, and Danes,
That with the Halberd, Lance, and murdering Axe,
Will hazard that we might with surety hold.
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.
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,
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.

Byron 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
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 Center 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.
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 Plage
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 Viceroyes the Christians must have peace.

Act. 1. Scaena. 2,

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
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,
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, forget’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 Axle-tree of heaven.
Forget’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 Austric Duke,

Sent Heralds out, which basely on their knees
In all your names desired a truce of me?
Forget’st thou, that to have me raise my siege,
Wagons of gold were set before my tent:
Stamped with the princely Foul that in her wings
Caries 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 Oracnes, 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 Bagdad's lofty Tower,
Or as the Ocean to the Traveler
That rests upon the snowy Apennines:
And tell me whether I should stoop so low,
Or treat of peace with the Natolian king?

   Byron  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.
Ready to charge you ere you stir your feet.

   Natolia  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:
But whilst I live will be at truce with thee.

   Natolia  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.

   Natolia  By sacred Mahomet, the friend of God,
Whose holy Alcoran remains with us,
Whose glorious body when he left the world,
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*,
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 the imperial seat.

*Natolia* 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:
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.*

**Actus. I. Scaena. 3.**

*Callapine with Almeda, his keeper.*

*Callapine*
SWeeet *Almeda*, pity the ruthless 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 soveraign 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,
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 favor sir.

*Callapine* By *Cario* runs.

*Almeda* No talk of running, I tell you sir.

*Callapine* A little further, gentle *Almeda*.

*Almeda* Well sir, what of this?

*Callapine* By *Cario* runs to *Alexandria* Bay,

*Darotes’ 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.
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 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 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 vail 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 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,
   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 labor?
   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 armed men
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 cursed Tamburlaine.
Now go I to revenge my father’s death.     Exeunt

Actus. 1. Scaena. 4.

Tamburlaine with Zenocrate, and his 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 parts,
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 subdued:
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 symbolised 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 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,
He reigned him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for fear he should have fall’n,

Tamburlaine Well done my boy, thou shalt have shield and lance
Armor 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 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 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:
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 wroth, sends lightning from his eyes.
And in the furrows of his frowning brows,
Harpers revenge, war, death and cruelty:
For in a field whose superfluitues
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 armed 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.

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 Carcases,
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:
And sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish Deputy
And all his Viceroyes, snatch it from his head,
And cleave his Pericranium 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,
The trumpets sound Zenocrate, they come.

Actus: 1. Scaena. 5.

Enter Theridamas, and his train with Drums and Trumpets.

Tamburlaine
WElcome Theridamas, king of Argier,

Theridamas   My Lord the great and mighty
Tamburlaine,
Arch-Monarch of the world, I offer here,
Enter Techelles and Usumcasane together.

My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
In all affection at thy kingly feet.
  
  tamburlaine Thanks good theridamas.
  
  theridamas Under my colors 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 Tripoli,
Will quickly ride before Natolia:
And batter down the castles on the shore.
  
  tamburlaine Well said Argier, receive thy crown again.

  Actus. 1. Scaena. 6.

Enter Techelles and Usunmasane together.

Tamburlaine
Kings of Moroccus and of Fez, welcome.

  usumcasane Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine,
I and my neighbor 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 armor under me,
Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.
  
  tamburlaine Thanks king of Moroccus, 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 trained to the war,
Whose coal-black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove

Meaning to aid them in this 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 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 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 rends a thousand swelling clouds,
And proud Orcales of Natolia,
With all his viceroy shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalions flood,
Were turned 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 Boetes 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 marched
Four hundred miles with armor on their backs,

And lain in leaguer fifteen months and more,
For since we left you at the Soldan’s court,
We have subdued the Southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain.
We kept the narrow strait of Gibralter,
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 Miter 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 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:
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 lead him bound in chains
Unto Damasco, where I stayed before.

_Tamburlaine_ Well done Techelles: what saith
theridamas  I left the confines and the bounds of Afrique
And made a voyage into Europe,
Where by the river Tyros I subdued
Stoka, Padalia, and Codemia.
Then crossed the sea and came to Obliia.
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 magiore, of th’ inhabitants:
Yet shall my soldiers make no period
Until Natolia kneel before your feet.

thenburlaine  Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse,
Cooks shall have pensions to provide us eats,
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 conquered him.
Mingled with coral and with oriental pearl:
Come let us banquet and carouse the whiles.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.
Actus. 2. Scaena. 1.

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 valors to such sudden arms?

Frederick  Your Majesty remembers I am sure
What cruel slaughter of our Christian bloods,
These heath’nish Turks and Pagans lately made,

Betwixt the city Zula and Danubius,
How through the midst of Verna 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 dismissed the greatest part
Of all his army, pitched against our power
Betwixt Cutheia and Orminius’ mount:
And sent them marching up to Belgasar,
Exeunt.

Actus, 2. Scaena, 2.

Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa with their train.

Actus, 2. Scaena, 2.
GAzellus, Uribassa, and the rest,
Now will we march from proud Orminus’ mount

To fair Natolia, where our neighbor 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,
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 off 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,
Be able to withstand and conquer him.

   Uribassa   Methinks I see how glad the christian King
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, damned Christians,
Have I not here the articles of peace,
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:
If he be son to everliving Jove,
And hath the power of his outstretched arm,
If he be jealous of his name and honor,
As is our holy prophet Mahomet,
Take here these papers as our sacrifice
And witness of thy servant’s perjury.
Open thou shining veil of Cynthia
And make a passage from the imperial heaven
That he that sits on high and never sleeps,
Nor in one place is circumscripible,
But everywhere fills every Continent,
With strange infusion of his sacred vigor,
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
(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.

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 accursed and hateful perjury.
O just and dreadful punisher of sin,
Let the dishonor of the pains I feel,
In this my mortal well-deserved 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.

Enter Orcanes, Gazellus, Uribassa,
with others.

Orcanes  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,
That in the midst of fire is engraft,
Yet flourisheth as Flora in her pride,
With apples like the heads of damned 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
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 honored,
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 pray upon.
Go Uribassa, give it straight in charge.
    Uribassa I will my Lord.            Exit Uribassa
    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.

Actus. 2. Scaena ultima.

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.

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,
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,
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,
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 palace of th’ imperial 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:
And 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 fixed stars,
Whose absence make 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 anchor 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,
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,
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 music.

			tamburlaine Proud fury and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my Love,
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 Center 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:
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.

			tamburlaine 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 hail the fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of Hell,
For taking hence my fair zenocrate.
Enter the kings of Trebisond and Soria, one bringing a sword, and another a sceptre: Next Natolia and Jerusalem with the Imperial crown: After Casane and theridamas to arms,
Raise Cavalieroes 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,
Behold me here divine zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate and mad,
Breaking my steeled 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,
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
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
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.

Actus. 3. Scaena. 1,
Calapine, and after him other Lords: Orcanes and Jerusalem crown him, and the other give him the sceptre.

Orcanes

Callapine

C Allepinus Cyriceliberes, 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 Callapine,

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:
And were the sinews of th’ imperial seat
So knit and strengthened, as when Bajazeth
My royal Lord and father filled the throne,
Whose cursed fate hath so dismembered it,
Then should you see this Thief of Scythia,

This proud usurping king of Persia,

Do us such honor and supremacy,

Bearing the vengeance of our father’s wrongs,

As all the world should blot our dignities


And now I doubt not but your royal cares

Hath so provided for this cursed foe,

That since the heir of mighty Bajazeth

(An Emperor so honored for his virtues)

Revives the spirits 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,

Will now retain her old inconstancy,

And raise our honors 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 cursed tamburlaine.

Orcanes  I have a hundred thousand men in arms,
Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scaena. 2.

Tamburlaine with Usumcasane, and his three sons, four bearing the hearse of Zenocrat, and the drums sounding a doleful march, the Town burning.
Tamburlaine

SO, burn the turrets of this cursed 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,
Flying Dragons, lightning, fearful thunderclaps,
singe these fair plains, and make them seem as black
As is the Island where the Furies mask
Compassed with Lethe, Styx and Phlegeton,
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
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 ark,
Whose lovely faces never any viewed,
That have not passed the Center’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,
Whose looks will shed such influence in my camp,
As if Bellona, Goddess of the war
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,
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 armor through watery Fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and cold right adjuncts of the war.
And after this, to scale a castle wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.
Then next, the way to fortify your men,
In champion grounds, what figure serves you best,
For with the _quinquangle_ 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,
The Bulwarks and the rampiers large and strong,
With Cavalieroes 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 Muscatiers:
Casemates to place the great Artillery,
And store of ordinance that from every flank
May scour the outward curtains of the Fort,
Dismount the Cannon of the adverse part,
Murder the Foe and save their 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,
Invincible by nature of the place.
When this is done, then are ye soldiers,
And worthy sons of _Tamburlaine_ the great,
He cuts his arm.

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 ordinance strike A ring of pikes, mingled with shot and horse, Whose shattered limbs, being tossed as high as heaven, Hang in the air as thick as sunny motes, 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, Dying their lances with their streaming blood, And yet at night carouse within my tent, Filling their empty veins with airy wine,

That being concocted, turns to crimson blood, And wilt thou shun the field for fear of wounds: View me thy father that hath conquered kings, And with his host march 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 enamelled, Enchased with Diamonds, Sapphires, Rubies 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. Now my boys, what think you of a wound?  

Calyphas   I know not what I should think of it, Methinks ’tis a pitiful sight.  

Celebinus  ’Tis nothing: give me a wound father.  

Amyras   And me another my Lord.  

tamburlaine   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.
Exeunt.

Actus. 3. Scaena. 1,
Techelles, Theridamas and their train.

Captain with his wife and son.

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.

Usumcasane 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,
And hunt that Coward, faint-heart, runaway,
With that accursed traitor Almeda,

Till fire and sword have found them at a bay.

Usumcasane I long to pierce his bowels with my sword,
That hath betrayed my gracious Sovereign,
That cursed and damned 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.

Actus. 3. Scaena. 1,

Techelles, Theridamas and their train.

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, Fauc’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 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 friend to Tamburlaine,
Stand at the walls, with such a mighty power.

Summon the battle.

Captain with his wife 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 Pioneers of Argier in Africa, 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 ordinance 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, 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 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, Yet I am resolute, and so farewell.

theridamas Pioneers 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, labor low: And few or none shall perish by their shot.

Pioners We will my Lord.

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, 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 Canoneers from musket shot, Betwixt which, shall our ordinance thunder forth, And with the breaches fall, smoke, fire, and dust, The crack, the Echo and the soldiers’ cry Make deaf the air, and dim the Crystal Sky.

techelles Trumpets and drums, alarum presently, And soldiers play the men, the holds is yours.
Enter the Captain with his wife 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.

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 sepulcher
Contain our bodies: death, why com’st thou not?
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,
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.
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.

Enter Theridamas, Techelles and all
their train.

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,
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 imperial Orb,
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits,
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 sister's 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.

Harkening when he shall bid them plague the world,
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 Take pity of a Lady's ruthless tears,
That humbly craves upon her knees to stay,
And cast her body in the burning flame,
That feeds upon her son's and husband's flesh.

techelles Madam, sooner shall fire consume us both,
Than scorched 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 Then carry me I care not where you will,
And let the end of this my fatal journey,
Be likewise end to my accursed life.

techelles 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:
This Lady shall have twice so much again,
Out of the coffers of our treasury.  

Exeunt.

Actus: 3. Scaena. 5.

Callepine, Orcanes, Jerusalem, Trebizond, Soria, Almeda, with their train.

Messenger.
REnowned Emperor, mighty Callepine,
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,
That from the bounds of Phrigia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys and the plains.
Viceroy 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' sepulcher,
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 Viceroy the number of your men,
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,
Since last we numbered to your Majesty.

trebizond From trebizond in Asia the less,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we numbered to your majesty.

Soria Of Sorian from Halla is repaired
And neighbor cities of your highness’ land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we numbered to your majesty:
So that the Army royal is esteemed
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.

Callapine Then welcome Tamburlaine unto thy death.

Who now with Jove opens the firmament,
To see the slaughter of our enemies.

Actus. 2. Scaena. I.

Tamburlaine with his three sons, Usumcasane
with other.

Tamburlaine
How now Casane? See a knot of kings,
Sitting as if they were a telling riddles.

Usumcasane 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 Græcia.
And set his warlike person to the view
Of fierce Achilles, rival of his fame,
I do you honor in the simile.

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.
Now thou art fearful of thy army’s strength,
Thou wouldst with overmatch of person fight,
But Shepherd’s issue, base-born 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,
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 rougish 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
My father’s vile abuses and mine own.

Jerusalem By Mahomet he shall be tied in chains,
Rowing with Christians in a Brigandine,
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 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 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 Jailor looks
upon us.

Tamburlaine Villain, traitor, damned fugitive,
Enter Theridamas, Techelles and their train.

I’ll make thee wish the earth had swallowed thee:
Seest thou not death within my wrathful looks.
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,
I here invest thee king of Ariadan,
Bordering on Mare Roso near to Mecca.

Orcanes    What, take it man.

Almeda    Good my Lord, let me take it.

Callapine    Dost thou ask him leave? here, take it.

Tamburlaine    Go to sirrah, take your crown, and make up the
half dozen.

So sirrah, now you are a king you must give arms.

Orcanes    So he shall, and wear thy head in his Scutcheon:

Tamburlaine    No, let him hang a bunch of keys on his standard,
to put him in remembrance he was a Jailor, 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    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.

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.

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 wreathes to crown us all.

Techelles I smile to think, how when this field is fought,
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

Actus. 4. Scaena. 1.

Alarm: Amyras and Celebinus, issues from the tent where Calyphas sits asleep.

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,
Will send a deadly lightning to his heart.

Amyras 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 dishonor to his majesty,
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,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

Celebinus O cowardly boy, fie for shame, come forth.
Thou dost dishonor 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 honor in the field, 
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company.

Amyras 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 honors he proposed for us.

Calyphas Take you the honor, I will take my ease,
My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice:
I go into the field before I need?

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.

Perdicas Here my Lord.

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.

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.

Perdicas Such a fear (my Lord) would never make ye
retire.

Calyphas I would my father would let me be put in the
front of such a battle once, to try my valor.

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.

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,
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 valor still with fresh supplies:
And glut it not with stale and daunted foes,
But where’s this coward, villain, not my son,
But traitor to my name and majesty.

He goes in and brings him out.
Image of sloth, and and picture of a slave,
The obloquy and scorn of my renown,
How may my heart, thus fired 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
Tamburlaine Stand up, ye base unworthy soldiers,
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 breathed first,
And joyed the fire of this martial flesh,
Blush, blush fair city, at thine honor’s foil,
And shame of nature with Jaertis’ stream,
Embracing thee with deepest of his love,
Can never wash from thy distained brows.
Here Jove, receive his fainting soul again,
A Form not meet to give that subject essence,
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mold whereof of thyself 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.
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 damned idleness:
Thou hast procured a greater enemy,
Than he that darted mountains at thy head.
Shaking the burden mighty Atlas bears:
Whereat thou trembling hid’st thee in the air.
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 damned tyranny.

Jerusalem Thy victories are grown so violent,
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,
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 resisting me,
The power of heaven’s eternal majesty.

Theridamas, techelles, and Casane,
Ransack the tents and the pavilions
Of these proud Turks, and take their Concubines.
Making them bury this effeminate brat,
For not a common Soldier shall defile
His manly fingers with so faint a boy.
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.

Jerusalem O damned monster, nay a Fiend of Hell,
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 cursed substance of that cruel heart,
But (wanting moisture and remorseful blood)
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 rigor 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,
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,
I will persist a terror to the world,
Making the Meteors, that like armed men
Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,
Run tilting round about the firmament,
And break their burning Lances in the air,
For honor of my wondrous victories.
Come bring them in to our Pavillion.

Exeunt.
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 yield to his detested suit,
Whose drift is only to dishonor thee.
And since this earth, dewed with thy brinish tears,
Affords no herbs, whose taste may poison thee,
Nor yet this air, beat often with thy sighs,
Contagious smells, and vapors 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 winged Hermes, to convey thee hence:
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,
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,
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,
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 honor,
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
    Distilled from the purest Balsamum,
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,
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 ’noints her throat.
   Olympia   Now stab my Lord, and mark your weapon’s point
That will be blunted if the blow be great.
   theridamas   Here then Olympia.
What, have I slain her? Villain, stab thyself:
Cut off this arm that murdered 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 Elysian,
Exit, taking her away.

A greater Lamp than that bright eye of heaven,

From whence the stars do borrow all their light,
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 masks 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.

Acts. 4. Scaena. 4.

Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by Trebizond
and Soria with bits in their mouths, reins in
his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which
he scourgeth them, Techelles, Theridamas, Usuncasane,
Amyras, Celebinus: Natolia, and 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 honor you?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gate above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their Governor,
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 valor 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:
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds:
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for naught
But perches for the black and fatal Ravens.
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,
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 an 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 honor, and to make her Queen,
So for just hate, for shame, and to subdue
This proud contemner of thy dreadful power,
Come once in fury and survey his pride,
Haling him headlong to the lowest hell.

Theridamas  Your Majesty must get some bits for these,
To bridle their contemtuous 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
These coltish coach-horse tongues from blasphemy.

Celebinus  How like you that sir king? why speak you not?
Jerusalem  Ah cruel Brat, sprung from a tyrant's loins,
How like his cursed father he begins,
To practice 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,
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
(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,
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
   Ladies O pity us my Lord, and save our honors.
   Tamburlaine Are ye not gone ye villains with your spoils?
   They run away with the Ladies.
   Jerusalem O merciless infernal cruelty.
   Tamburlaine Save your honors? ’twere but time indeed,
Lost long before you knew what honor meant.
   theridamas It seems they meant to conquer us my Lord,
And make us jest Pageants for their Trulls.
   Tamburlaine 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,
Whether 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 than ye Jades:
Now crouch ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye hear this Scourge will come,
That whips down cities, and controllmeth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store,
The Euxine sea North to Natolia,
The Terrene west, the Caspian north northeast,
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 Jaeritie’s stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,
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.
Through the streets with troops of conquered kings,
I’ll ride in golden armor like the Sun,
Enter the Governor of Babylon upon the walls
with 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_ Villain, respects thou more thy slavish life,
Than honor 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,
More strong than are the gates of death or hell.
What faintness should dismay our courages,
When we are thus defensed against our Foe,
And have no terror but his threat’ning looks?

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,
Of every 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 chariots, gilt with fire.
And drawn with princely Eagles through the path,
Paved with bright Crystal, and enchased with stars,
When all the Gods stand and gazing at his pomp.
So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
Until my soul dissoevered from this flesh,
Shall mount the milk-white way and meet him there.
To Babylon my Lords, to Babylon.

_Exeunt._

_Finis Actus quarti._
Enter another, kneeling to the Governor.

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,
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 environed,
And this eternized city Babylon,
Filled with a pack of faintheart Fugitives,
That thus entreat their shame and servitude?

Another. My Lord, if ever you will win our hearts,
Yield up the town, save our wives and children:
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.

Thou desperate Governor of Babylon,
To save thy life, and us a little labor,
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:
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.
Enter Tamburlaine, with Usuncasane. Amyras, and Celebinus, with others, the two spare kings.

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
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,
Courted 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 Theridamas and Techelles bringing
the Governor of Babylon.

Who have ye there my Lords?

Theridamas  The sturdy Governor of Babylon,
That made us all the labor for the town,
And used such slender reckoning 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 vermillion tents,
Which threatened more than if the region
Next underneath the Element of fire,
Were full of Comets and of blazing stars,
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,
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 up in chains upon the city walls,
And let my soldiers shoot the slave to death.

*Governor*  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 valor, you would save your life,
Where about 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,
The rest forward with execution,
Away with him hence, let him speak no more:
I think I make your courage something quail,
When this is done, we’ll march from Babylon,
And make our greatest haste to Persia:
These Jades are broken-winded, and half-tired,
Unharness them, and let me have fresh horse:
So, now their best is done to honor me,
Take them, and hang them both up presently.

*Trebizon*  Vild Tyrant, barbarous bloody Tamburlaine

*Tamburlaine*  Take them away Theridamas, see them dispatched.

*Theridamas*  I will my Lord.

*tamburlaine*  Come Asian Viceroy, to your tasks a while
And take such fortune as your fellows felt.

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

*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.*
Amyras

See now my Lord how brave the Captain hangs.

Tamburlaine

'Tis brave indeed my boy, well done,

They shoot.

Shoot first my Lord, and then the rest shall follow.

Theridamas

Then have at him to begin withal.

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 Bagdad’s Governor,

Having as many bullets in his flesh,

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 Africa

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,

Leave not a Babylonian in the town.

Techelles

I will about it straight, come 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

Here they are my Lord.

Tamburlaine

Well said, let there be a fire presently,

In vain I see men worship Mahomet,

My sword hath sent millions of Turks to hell.

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.

Now Mahomet, if thou have any power,

Come down thyself and work a miracle,

Thou art not worthy to be worshipped,

That suffers flames of fire to burn the writ

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,
The God that sits in heaven, if any God,
For he is God alone, and none but he.

_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 feed 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
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,
But forth ye vassals, whatsoe’er it be,
Sickness or death can never conquer me.

Exeunt

Actus. 5. Scaena. 4.

Enter Callapine, Amasia, 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,
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 sepulcher
Shall grace that base-born Tyrant tamburlaine.

Callapine    When I record my Parents’ slavish life,
Their cruel death, mine own captivity,
My Viceroy’s 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 honor thee.
And thy obedient servant Callapine.
And make him after all these overthrows,
To triumph over cursed Tamburlaine.

Amasia    Fear not my Lord, I see great Mahomet
Clothed in purple clouds, and on his head
A Chaplet brighter than Apollo’s crown,
Marching about the air with armed men,
To join with you against this Tamburlaine.
Renowned General mighty Callapine,
Though God himself and holy Mahomet,
Should come in person to resist your power,
Yet might your mighty host encounter all,
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:
Nor plowman, 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 conquered.
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.
Actus. 5. Scaena. 6.

Theridamas, Techelles, Usumcasane.

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.

Now in defiance of that wonted love,
Your sacred virtues poured upon his throne,
And made his state an honor 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,
As your supreme estates instruct our thoughts,
Be not inconstant, careless of your fame,
Bear not the burden of your enemy's joys,
Triumphing in his fall whom you advanced,
But as his birth, life, health and majesty
Were strangely blessed and governed by heaven,
So honor heaven till heaven dissolved be,
His birth, his life, his health and majesty.

Usumcasane.  Blush heaven to lose the honor of thy name,
To see thy footstool set upon thy head,
And let no baseness in thy haughty breast,
Sustain a shame of such inexcellence:
To see the devils mount in Angels' thrones,
And Angels dive into the pools of hell.
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.
For if he die, thy glory is disgraced,
Earth droops and says that hell in heaven is placed.

\textit{tamburlaine} What daring God torments my body thus,
And seeks to conquer mighty \textit{Tamburlaine},
Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
That have been termed the terror of the world?

\textit{Techelles} and the rest, come take your swords,
And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul,
Come let us march against the powers of heaven,
And set black streamers in the firmament,
To signify the slaughter of the Gods,
Ah friends, what shall I do I cannot stand,
Come carry me to war against the Gods,
That thus envy the health of \textit{Tamburlaine}.

\textit{theridamas} Ah good my Lord, leave these impatient words,
Which add much danger to your malady.

\textit{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,
That if I perish, heaven and earth may fade,

\textit{theridamas}, haste to the court of \textit{Jove},
Will him to send \textit{Apollo} hither straight,
To cure me, or I’ll fetch him down myself.

\textit{techelles} Sit still my gracious Lord, this grief will cease,
And cannot last, it is so violent.

\textit{tamburlaine} Not last \textit{techelles}, no, for I shall die,
See where my slave, the ugly monster death
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
Who flies away at every glance I give,
And when I look away, comes stealing on:
Villain away, and hie thee to the field,

I and mine army come to load thy bark
With souls of thousand mangled carcasses,
Look where he goes, but see, he comes again
Because I stay, \textit{techelles} let us march,
And weary Death with bearing souls to hell.

\textit{Physician} Pleaseth your Majesty to drink this potion.
Which will abate the fury of your fit,
And cause some milder spirits govern you.

\textit{tamburlaine} Tell me, what think you of my sickness now?
\textit{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 \textit{Humidum} and \textit{Calor}, which some hold
Is not a parcel of the Elements,
But of a substance more divine and pure,
Is almost clean extinguished and spent.
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,
Can not endure by argument of art.
Yet if your majesty may escape this day,
No doubt, but you shall soon recover all.

    tamburlaine    Then will I comfort all my vital parts,

    Alarm within.

    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    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 will Casane: draw you slaves,
In spite of death I will go show my face.

    Alarm, Tamburlaine goes in, and comes out
again with all the rest.

Thus are the villains, cowards fled for fear,
Like Summer’s vapors, 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,
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,
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.
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:
And shall I die, and this unconquered?
Lo here my sons, are all the golden Mines,
Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
More worth than Asia, and the world beside,
And 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 unconquered?
Here lovely boys, what death forbids my life,
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,
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:
First take my Scourge and my imperial Crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crowned before I die,
Help me (my Lords) to make my last remove.

_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 resolved pains,
My body’s mortified lineaments
should exercise the motions of my heart,
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 honor son,
Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity,
That nobly must admit necessity:
Sit up my boy, and with those silken reins,
Bridle the steeled stomachs of those Jades.

_theridamas_ My Lord, you must obey his majesty,
Since Fate commands, and proud necessity.

_Amyras_ Heavens witness me, with what a broken heart
And damned spirit I ascend this seat,

And send my soul before my father die,
His anguish and his burning agony.

_tamburlaine_ Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate,
Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
And serve as parcel of my funeral.

_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.

_techeles_ Then let some God oppose his holy power,
Against the wrath and tyranny of death,
That his tear-thirsty and unquenched hate,
May be upon himself reverberate.
They bring in the hearse.

*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.
As precious is the charge thou undertak’st
As that which *Clymen*’s brainsick son did guide,
When wand’ring *Phœbe*’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,
And draw thee piecemeal like *Hippolytus*,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian cliffs.
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than heaven’s coach, the pride of *Phaeton*.

**Farewell** my boys, my dearest friends, farewell,
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For *Tamburlaine*, the Scourge of God must die.

**Amyras**  Meet heaven and earth, and here let all things end
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.

*FINIS.*
Textual Notes

1. **20 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Uribassa* is amended from the original *Vpibassa*.
2. **42 (44-a)**: The regularized reading *Uribassa* is amended from the original *Vpibas*.
3. **87 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Illyrians* is amended from the original *Illicians*.
4. **227 (47-a)**: The regularized reading *many* is amended from the original *mady*.
5. **300 (48-a)**: The regularized reading *precious* is amended from the original *procious*.
6. **385 (49-b)**: The regularized reading *Pericranion* is amended from the original *Pecicranion*.
7. **534 (52-a)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maiesly*.
8. **626 (53-b)**: The regularized reading *there* is amended from the original *there*.
9. **655 (54-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *ro*.
10. **971 (59-a)**: The regularized reading *mournful* is amended from the original *mournful*.
11. **1005 (59-b)**: The regularized reading *list* is supplied for the original [*]ist.
12. **1174 (62-a)**: The regularized reading *Gabions* is amended from the original *Galions*.
13. **1232 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original [*]·*·*·*
14. **1243 (63-a)**: The regularized reading *Rhamnusia* is amended from the original *Rhammusia*.
15. **1996 (75-b)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *pet*.
16. **2026 (76-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is amended from the original *you*.
17. **2272 (79-b)**: The regularized reading *Majesty* is amended from the original *Maisty*.
18. **2342 (81-a)**: The regularized reading *medicine* is amended from the original *medicince*.
19. **2395 (81-b)**: The regularized reading *bright* is amended from the original *kright*.
20. **2448 (82-b)**: The regularized reading *And* is supplied for the original [*]nd.
21. **2486 (83-a)**: The regularized reading *Farewell* is supplied for the original *Fa[*]l*.