

CERTAINE  
SMALL POEMS  
LATELY PRINTED.  
with the Tragedie of  
*Philotas.*

Written by SAMVEL DANIEL.

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*Carmen amat, quifquis carmine digna gerit*

[Illustration]

AT LONDON  
Printed by *G. Eld* for *Simon Waterfon.*  
1605.

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THE  
TRAGEDIE  
OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM: DANIEL.

[Illustration]

AT LONDON  
Printed by *G. E. for Simon Waterfon*  
and *Edward Blount.*  
1605.

<A3r>

<A3v>

[Ornament]

## To the Prince.

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- T    *O you moſt hopeful Prince, not as you are  
But as you may be, do I giue theſe lines :  
That whē your iudgemēt ſhall ariue ſo far,  
As t'ouerlooke th'intricate deſignes,*
- 5    *Of vncontented man : you may behold  
With what encounters greateſt fortunes cloſe,  
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold  
Incumbrances ambition undergoes :  
How hardly men digeſt felicity;*
- 10   *How to th'intemperat, to the prodigall,  
To wantonneſſe, and vnto luxury,  
Many things want, but to ambition all.  
And you ſhall finde the greateſt enemy  
That man can haue, in his proſperity.*
- 15   *Here ſhall you ſee how men diſguiſe their ends,  
And playte bad courſes vnder pleaſing ſhews,  
How well preſumption broken wayes defends,  
Which cleere-eyed iudgement grauely doth diſcloſe.  
Here ſhall you ſee how th'eafie multitude*
- 20   *Transported, take the party of diſtreſſe;  
And onely out of paſſion do conlude,  
Not out of iudgement; of mens practiſes,*
- A4<r>                      How

### THE EPISTLE.

*How powres ar thoght to wrong, that wrongs debar,  
And kings not held in danger, though they are.  
25 These ancient representments of times past;  
Tell vs that men haue, doo, and alwayes runne  
The selfe same line of action, and do cast  
Their course alike, and nothing can be donne,  
(Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same :  
30 But will be wrought vpon the selfe-same frame.  
This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yeeld  
The sure recordes of books in which we finde  
The tenure of our ftate, how it was held  
By all our anceftors, and in what kinde  
35 We hold the same, and likewise how in the end  
This fraile possession of felicitie,  
Shall to our late posteritie descend,  
By the same pattent of like destinie.  
In them we finde that nothing can accrew  
40 To man, and his condition that is new.  
And though you have a Swannet of your owne,  
Which on the bankes of Douen meditates  
Sweet notes for you, and vnto your renowne  
The glory of his Musicke dedicates;  
45 And in a loftie tune is fet to found  
The deepe reportes of Sullein tragedies.  
Yet may this last of me be likewise found,  
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice  
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day,  
50 May grace this now neglected harmonie:  
Which fet vnto your glorious actions, may  
Record the same to all posteritie.*

<A4v>

Though

### THE EPISTLE.

Though I the remnant of another time,  
Am neuer like to see that happineffe :  
55 Yet for the zeale that I have borne to rime,  
And to the Muses wifh that good succeffe  
To others trauaile, that in better place,  
And better comfort, they may be incheerd  
Who fhall deferue, and who fhall haue the grace  
60 To haue a Mufe held worthy to be heard.  
And know, fweete Prince, when you fhall come to know,  
That tis not in the powre of kings to raife  
A fpirit for verfe that is not borne thereto:  
Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes.  
65 For late Elizas raigne, gaue birth to more  
Than all the Kings of England did before.  
And it may be, the Genius of that time,  
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind ;  
And that the vtmoft powers of English Ryme,  
70 Should be within her peacefull raigne confinde.  
For fince that time our fongs could neuer thriue,  
But laine as if forlorne : though in the prime  
Of this new rifing feafon, we did ftriue  
To bring the beft we could vnto the time.  
75 And I although among the latter traine,  
And leaft of thofe that fung vnto this land,  
Haue borne my part, though in an humble ftraine,  
And pleafd the gentler that did vnderstand :  
And neuer had my harmleffe Pen at all  
80 Diftaind with any loofe immodestie,  
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,  
To aggrauate the worft mans infamy.

<A5r>

But

### THE EPISTLE.

*But ftill haue done the faireft offices  
To virtue and the time, yet naught preuailes,  
85 And all our labours are without fucceffe,  
For either fauour or our virtue failes.  
And therefore fince I haue out liud the date  
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,  
I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate  
90 Of her fpent line, had neuer come to light.  
So had I not bene tax'd for wifhing well,  
Nor now miftaken by the cenfuring ftage  
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,  
Which I efteeme more than what all the age  
95 Or th'earth can giue. But yeares hath don this wrong,  
To make me write too much, and liue too long.  
And yet I grieue for that vnfinifht frame,  
Which thou deare Mufe didft vow to facrifize,  
Vnto the Bed of peace, and in the fame  
100 Defigne our happineffe to memorize,  
Muft, as it is remaine, though as it is:  
It fhall to after times relate my zeale  
To kings, and vnto right, to quietneffe,  
And to the vnion of the common-weale.  
105 But this may now feeme a superfluous vow,  
We haue this peace; and thou haft fung ynow  
And more than wilbe heard, and then as good  
As not to write, as not be vnderftood.*

*Sam : Dan.*

<A5v>

[Ornament]

THE ARGUMENT.

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P	<i>Hilotas</i> the sonne of <i>Par-</i>	Plutarch in the life of Alex.
	<i>menio</i> , was a man of great	
	estimation among the <i>Ma-</i>	
5	<i>cedonians</i> , and next vnto	
	<i>Alexander</i> held to be the	
	most valiant of the <i>Greekes</i> :	
	patient of trauaile, excee-	
	ding bountifull , and one that loued his men	
	and friends better than any Noble-man of	
10	the Campe: but otherwise noted of vaine-	
	glorie and prodigallitie, infomuch as his fa-	
	ther hauing notice of his carriage , warned	
	him to make himselfe lesse then he was , to	
	auoide the enuie of the Campe, & the dif-	
15	like of the King, who grew fuspicious of him	
	in respect of the greatnesse of his Father,	
	<A6r> and	



### *The Argument.*

and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certeine vaunts of his vfed to *Antigona* a fayre Curtizan borne in the cittie of *Pidna*, with whome being in loue, he let fall many braue wordes and boftes of a Soldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery worde, the young man . Which fpeeches *Antigona* reuealing to a companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman carried them to *Alexander*, whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow . And in the end concealing a conspiracie ( which was reueald vnto him ) intended againft the King, was thereby fufpected to haue beene a partie in the plotte : but brought before *Alexander* , hee fo defended himfelfe, that hee obtayned his pardon for that time, fuppd with the King that night, and yet the next day notwithstanding, was arraignd for the fame fact, which he ftoutlie denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason . And indeed *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen  
<A6v> with

L. Curius  
lib.6.

### *The Argument.*

with affuming the Persian magnificence; was  
the cause that withdrew many the hearts  
of the nobilitie and people from him, and  
45 by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which  
gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue  
subuerted the King asloone as he had esta-  
blished *Asia* , and freed them from other  
feares, which being by *Ephestion* and *Cra-*  
50 *terus*, two the most especiall Councillors of  
*Alexander*, grauely and prouidently difcer-  
ned, was prosecuted in that maner as be-  
came their neereneffe , and deareneffe with  
their Lord and maister, & fitting to the safe-  
55 tie of the state, in the case of so great an af-  
pirer: who no doubt, had he not beene pre-  
uented, (howsoeuer popularly in the Armie  
it might be otherwise deemed) he had turnd  
the course of gouernment vpon his Fa-  
60 ther and himselfe, or else by his imbroyl-  
ments made it a monster of many heads, as  
it afterwards proued vpon the death of  
*Alexander*. The Chorus consisting of three  
Græcians , (as of three estates of a King-  
65 dome) and one *Persian*, representing the mul-  
titude and body of a people, who vulgarlie  
<A7r> accor-

*The Argument.*

70 according to their affections carried rather  
with compaffion on great mens miffor-  
tunes, than with the confideration of the  
caufe, frame their imaginations by  
that fquare, and cenfure  
what is done.

<A7v>

*The*

[Illustration]

[Ornament]

## The Names Of The Actors.

*Philotas.*

*Cebalinus.*

*Chalifthenes.*

*Polidamas.*

*Alexander.*

*Nichomachus.*

*Epheftion.*

*Metron.*

*Craterus.*

*Thais* a Curtizan.

*Antigone* fometimes one of the con-  
cubines of *Darius*.

*Attaras.*

*Clitus.*

*Sostratus.*

*Perdiccas.*

*Chorus.*     3. *Græcians* and a *Perfian*.

[Ornament]

<A8r>

<A8v>

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE  
of PHILOTAS.

ACTVS I.

*Philotas. Chalifthenes.*

*Philotas reading his Fathers letter.*

- M Ake thy felfe leffe *Philotas* then thou art?  
What meanes my father thus to write to me?  
Leffe than I am : in what? How can that bee?  
Muft I be then fet vnderneath my hart?
- 5 Shall I let goe the holde I haue of grace  
Gaynd with fo hard aduentures of my bloud,  
And fuffer others mount into my place,  
And from below, looke vp to where I ftood?  
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth ?
- 10 By putting off imployment; as vndone  
In fpirit or grace : whilst other men fet forth  
To get that ftart of action I haue wonne?  
As if fuch men as I, had any place,  
To ftay betwixt their ruine, and their grace.
- 15 Can any go beyond me, but they will  
Goe ouer me, and trample on my ftate,  
And make their fortunes good vpon my ill,  
Whilst feare hath powre to wound me worfe thā hate?
- B <1r> Cha

## THE TRAGEDIE

- 20 *Ch. Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this,  
Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,  
But in your popular dependences :  
Your entertainements, guifts, and publique grace,  
That doth in iealous Kings, distaste the Peeres,  
And makes you not the greater but in feares.
- 25 *Phi.* Alas, what popular dependences  
Do I retaine? can I shake off the zeale  
Of such as do out of their kindnesse  
Follow my fortunes in the common-weale.
- Cha.* Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true :  
30 They follow do, your fortunes, and not you.  
*Phi.* Yea, but I find their loue to me sincere.  
*Cha.* Euen such as to the Wolfe the Fox doth beare,  
That visits him but to partake his pray,  
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd turnes to betray.
- 35 *Phi.* I know they would if I in danger stood,  
Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.  
*Cha.* Yea like as men to burning houses run,  
Not to lend ayde, but to be lookers on.
- Phi.* But I with bountie and with gifts haue tyde  
40 Their hearts so fure, I know, they will not slide.  
*Cha.* Bountie & guifts loose more than they do find,  
Where many looke for good, few haue their mind :  
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath,  
And so guifts laid for loue do catch men wrath.
- 45 *Phi.* But many meere out of loue attend.  
*Cha.* Yea, those that loue and haue no other end :  
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know  
You haue them not for friendship but for show?
- <B1v> And

OF PHILOTAS.

And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,  
50 And haue your ends, thinke, likewise they haue theirs.  
*Phi.* But I do truly from my hart affect  
Vertue and worth where I doe find it fet:  
Besides, my foes doe force me in effect,  
To make my partie of opinion great.  
55 And I muft arme me thus against their scornes.  
Men muft be shodd, that go among the thornes.  
*Cha.* Ah good *Philotas* you your selfe beguile,  
Tis not the way to quench the fire with oyle.  
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoo,  
60 Sucks his owne dam, we see, and others too.  
In Courtes men longest liue, and keepe their rankes,  
By taking iniuries, and giuing thanks.  
*Phi.* And is it so? Then neuer are these haire,  
Like to attaine that sober hew of gray,  
65 I cannot plafter and disguise m'affaires,  
In other colours then my heart doth lay.  
Nor can I patiently endure this fond  
And strange proceeding of authoritie,  
That hath ingroft vp all into their hand,  
70 By idoliuing feeble maiestie.  
And impiously do labour all they can,  
To make the King forget he is a man.  
Whilst they diuide the spoyle, and pray of powre,  
And none at all respect the publique good :  
75 Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,  
The Solderie, ingag'd to vent their blood,  
In worse case feeme then *Pallas* old-growne Moyle,  
Th' *Athenians* fostred at their publique cost ;

B 2 <r>

For



THE TRAGEDIE

For these poore foules consum'd with tedious toile  
 80 Romaine neglected, hauing done their moſt.  
 And nothing ſhall bring home of all theſe wars,  
 But emptie age and bodies chargd with ſkarres.  
*Ch. Philotas*, all this publike care I feare  
 Is but ſome priuat touch of your diſlike.  
 85 Who ſeeing your owne deſignes not ſtand to ſquare  
 With your deſires, no others courſes like.  
 The grieſe you take things are not ordered well,  
 Is that you feele your ſelfe I feare not well.  
 But when your fortunes ſhall ſtand paralel  
 90 With thoſe you enuy now, all will be well.  
 For you great men, I ſee are neuer more  
 Your end attain'd, the ſame you were before.  
 You with a finger can point out the ſtaynes  
 Of others errors now, and now condem  
 95 The traine of ſtate, whilſt your deſire remains  
 without. But once got in you iumpe with them,  
 And interleague ye with iniquity,  
 And with a like neglect do temporize  
 And onely ſerue your owne commodity:  
 100 Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.  
 For either greatneſſe doth transforme the hart  
 In t'other ſhapes of thoughts or certaynly  
 This vulgar honeſty doth dwell apart  
 From powre, and is ſome priuate quality.  
 105 Or rather thoſe faire parts which we eſteeme  
 In ſuch as you, are not the ſame they ſeeme,  
 You double with your ſelues or els with vs.  
 And therefore now *Philotas* euen as good-  
 <B2v> T'imbrace

OF PHILOTAS.

- T'imbrace the times, as fwell, and do no good.
- 110 *Ph.* Alas *Chalifthenes* you haue not layde  
 True leuell to my nature, but are wide  
 From what I am within : all you haue fayde  
 Shall neuer make me of another fide  
 Then that I am, and I do skorne to clyme
- 115 By fhaking hands with this vnworthy time.  
*Ch.* The time, *Philotas* then will breake thy neck.  
*Ph.* They dare not, friend, my faith will keepe my neck.  
 My feruice to the state hath caufioned  
 So furely for myne honor, as it fhall
- 120 Make good the place my deedes haue purchafed,  
 With danger, in the loue, and harts of all,  
*Cha.* Thofe feruices, will ferue as waights to charge  
 And preffe you vnto death, if your foot faile  
 neuer fo little vnderneath your charge,
- 135 And will be deem'd, donne, for your owne auayle.  
 And who haue fpirits to do the greateft good,  
 May do moft hurt if they remaine not good.  
*Ph.* Tufh. They cannot want my feruice in the ftate.  
*Ch.* Thefe times want not men to fupply the ftate.
- 140 *Ph.* I feare not whilft *Parmenios* forces ftand.  
*Ch.* Water far off quenches not fire neere hand.  
 You may be faire difpatcht, ere he can heare  
 Or if he heard, before he could be here.  
 And therefore do not build vpon fuch fand
- 145 It will deceiue your hopes, when all is doone  
 For though you were the minion of the land  
 If you breake out, be fure you are vndonne.  
 When running with the current of the ftate,
- B 3 <r>                      Were

# THE TRAGEDIE

150      Were you the weakest man of men aliue,  
And in conuentions and in counsell fate,  
And did but sleepe or nod, yet shall you thruiue.  
These motiue spirits are neuer fit to rise,  
And tis a danger to be held so wife.

155 *Phil.* What call you running with the state; shall I  
Combine with those that do abuse the state ?  
Whose want of iudgement, wit and honesty,  
I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.

Ch. Tuh, tufh, my Lord thinke not of what were fit:  
The world is gouern'd more by forme, then witt.  
160 He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,  
Is but a foole, and grieues himfelfe in vaine.  
Cannot you great-men fuffer others to  
Haue part in rule, but muft haue all to do.  
Now good my Lord conforme you to the reft,  
165 Let not your wings be greater then your neft.

*Ph. folus.* See how these vaine discourfue Booke-men  
Out of thofe fhadows of their airie powres, (talke,  
And do not fee how much they muft defalke  
Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.

170 They little know to what necessities,  
Our courtes stand allied, or how we are,  
Ingag'd in reputation other-wise  
To be our selues in our particulare.  
They thinke we can command our harts to lye,  
175 Out of their place : and still they preach to vs.  
Pack-bearing Patience, that base property,  
And fillie gift of th'all enduring Afs.

But let them talke their fill, it is but wind,  
 <B3v> I muft

OF PHILOTAS.

I muft fayle by the compaffe of my minde,

*Enters a Meffenger.*

- 180 My lord, the King calls for you, come my Lord away,  
*Phi.* Well then I know there's some new stratagem  
In hand, to be confulted on to day.  
That I am fent for, with fuch fpeede, to him,  
Whofe youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.  
185 But here's a Sutor ftandes t'impeach my haft,  
I would I had gone vp the priuie way:  
Whereby we efcape th'attending multitude,  
Though I confeffe, that in humanity  
Tis better to deny, then to delude.

*Enters Cebalinus.*

- 190 My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with news,  
Of great importance that concerns vs all,  
And well hath my good fortune met with you:  
Who beft can heare, and beft difcharge my care.  
*Phi.* Say what it is and pray-thee friend be briefe.  
195 *Ceb.* The cafe requires your patience, good my lord.  
And therefore I muft craue your eare a while,  
*Phi.* I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.  
*Ceb.* Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,  
Vnles you heare, and therefore know, the newes  
200 I bring, concernes his life; and this it is,  
There is one *Dymnus* here within the campe:  
Whofe low eftate, and high affections  
Seeme to haue thruft him int'outragious wayes.  
This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*  
205 A youth, my brother, whom one day h'allures  
Int'a Temple, where being both alone,

B 4 <r>

He

## THE TRAGEDIE

- He breakes out in this fort : *Nichomacus*  
fweet louely youth, ah, should I not impart  
To thee the deepest secrets of my hart,  
210 My hart that hath no locke shut against thee,  
Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me.  
But as it iffues from my faithfull loue,  
So clofe it vp in thine, and keepe it fast:  
Sweare to be secret, deare *Nichomacus*.  
215 Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place  
To keepe my counfell, and I will reueale  
A matter of the greateft consequence  
That euer man imparted to his friend.  
Youth and desire drawne with a loue to know,  
220 Swore to be secret, and to keepe it clofe  
Then *Dymnus* tels him, that within three dayes  
There should b'effected a conspiracie  
On *Alexanders* perfon, by his meanes  
And diuers more of the Nobillitie.  
225 To free their labours, and redeeme them home,  
Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard :  
Is this your tale faith he? O God forbid  
Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this.  
This ougly finne of treason, which to tell  
230 Mine oath compels me, faith against my faith  
Must not be kept. My falshood here is truth  
And I must tell. Friend or friend not, Ile tell.  
*Dymnus* amaz'd, hearing beyond conceipt  
The selfe-willd youth vow to reueale their plot:  
235 Stands staring on him, drawing back his breath,  
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts
- <B4v> Bufied

OF PHILOTAS.

Bufied with death and horror, could not worke,  
 Not hauing leasure now to thinke what was,  
 But what would be, his feares were runne before,  
 240 And at misfortune ere she came to him.  
 At length yet, when his reason had reduc'd  
 His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,  
 Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt  
 Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,  
 245 With his returning spirits he drew his sword,  
 Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throate,  
 Then laies it down, then wrings his hands, the kneeles.  
 Then stedfast looks, then takes him in his armes,  
 Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou ?  
 250 Wilt thou, be the destruction of vs all?  
 And finding no relenting in the youth.  
 His miferies grew furious, and againe  
 He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice  
 To silence and their cause, his dearest blood.  
 255 The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,  
 Was faine to vow, and promise secrecy ;  
 And as if woe t'allow and take that part,  
 Prayes him tell, who were his complices.  
 Which, though perplext with griefe for what was done,  
 260 Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his side,  
*Dymnus* replies: No worse than *Loceus* ,  
*Demetrius* of the priue Chamber, and  
*Nicanor*, *Amyntas* , and *Archelopis*,  
*Drocenus*, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,  
 265 shall be th'affociats of *Nichomacus* .  
 This when my brother once had vnderstood,  
 <B5r> And

THE TRAGEDIE

And after much adoe had got away  
He comes, and tels me all the whole discoure:  
Which here I haue related vnto you,  
270 And here will I attend t'auouch the fame,  
Or bring my brother to confirme as much.  
Whom now I left behinde, left the conspirators  
Seeing him here vnusing to this place,  
Suspecting t'b'appeach'd, might shifts away.  
275 *Phil.* Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,  
And will finde time t'acquaint the king therewith.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Antigona and Thais.*

VV            Hat can a free estate afford me more  
                Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?  
Was I belou'd, enrich'd, and grac'd before?  
Am I not lou'd, enrich'd, and graced now ?  
5            *Tha.* Yea, but before thou wert a kings delight.  
               *Ant.* I might be his, although he was not mine.  
               *Tha.* His greatnes made thee greater in mens fight.  
               *Ant.* More great perhapps without, but not within:  
My loue was then aboue mee, I am now  
10          Aboue my loue. *Darius* then had thoufands more  
*Philotas* hath but me as I do know.  
Nor none els will he haue, and fo he fwore.  
               *Tha.* Nay, then you may belieue him, if he fwore.  
Alas, poore foule, she neuer came to know  
15          Her liberty, nor louers periuries.  
               *Ant.* Stand I not better with a meaner loue,

That

OF PHILOTAS.

That is alone to mee, than with these powres,  
Who out of all proportion muſt b'aboue  
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.  
20 And *Thais* although thou be a *Grecian*,  
And I a *Persian*, do not envie mee.  
That I embrace the onely gallant man  
*Persia*, or *Greece*, or all the world can ſee.  
Thou, who art intertein'd and grac'd by all  
25 The flowre of honour els, do not diſpiſe.  
That vnto me, poore captiue, ſhould befall  
So great a grace in ſuch a worthies eyes.  
*Tha.* *Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue,  
But thinke thee bleſt t'enioy him in that fort.  
30 But tell me truly, Didſt thou euer proue  
Whether he lou'd in earneſt or in ſporte  
*Ant.* *Thais*, let m'a little glory in my grace,  
Out of the paſſion of the ioy I feele,  
And tell the'a ſecret; but in any caſe,  
35 As y'are a woman, do not it reueille.  
One day, as I was fitting all alone,  
In comes *Philotas* from a victory,  
All bloud and duſt, yet iolly hauing wonne  
The glory of the day moſt gallantly:  
40 And warm'd with honour of his good Succeſſe.  
Relates to me the dangers he was in:  
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnes.  
Faith wench, ſayes he, thus muſt we fight, toyle, win,  
To make that young-man proud: thus is he borne:  
45 Vpon the wings of our deſerts; our bloud  
Sets him aboue himſelfe, and makes him ſkorne,

<B6r>

His



## THE TRAGEDIE

His owne, his country, and the AAutors of his good.  
 My father was the first that out from *Greece*  
 Shewd him the way of *Asia*, set him on  
 50 And by his proiect raisd the greateft peece  
 Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.  
*Parmenio* without *Alexander* much hath wrought,  
 Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.  
 But let him vse his fortune whilst he may,  
 55 Times haue their change, we must not still be lead.  
 And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day  
 Yet, bleffe the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed.  
 Wherewith he sweetly kift me. And now deeme,  
 If that so great, so wise, so rare a man,  
 60 Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme  
 Haue vttred this t'a captiue *Perfian*.  
 But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare  
 My lord returne, and find me not within,  
 Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where  
 65 But in his chamber, where I should haue bene.  
 And therefore *Thais* farewell.  
*Th.* Fare well *Antigona*.  
 Now haue I that, which I desired long  
 Layd in my lap by this fond woman here,  
 70 And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong  
 That doth concerne my reputation nere.  
 This gallant man, whom this foole in this wife  
 Vants to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,  
 And vs'd all th'engins of these conquering eyes  
 75 Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd  
 Yet neuer could: for what my labour seekes  
<B6v>
I fee

OF PHILOTAS.

I fee is loft vpon vaine ignorance.  
Whilft he that is the glory of the *Greekes*  
Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,  
80 Out of this garnish of his worthy parts  
Is fall'n vpon this foolish *Persian*,  
To whom his secrets grauely he imparts,  
Which she as wifely keepe and gouerne can:  
Tis strange to see the humour of these men,  
85 These great aspiring spirits, that should be wife,  
We women shall know all: for now and then  
Out of the humour of their iollities  
The smoake of their ambition must haue vent,  
And out it comes what racks should not reuaile,  
90 For this her humour hath so much of wind,  
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent,  
And none more fit than vs their wifedomes find,  
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.  
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue  
95 To be where they may be most eminent.  
And rating of themselves so farre aboue  
Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,  
Imagin how we wonder and esteeme  
All that they do or say; which makes them strue  
100 To make our admiration more extreame  
Which they suppose they cannot, lesse they giue  
Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts.  
And then the opinion, that we loue them too,  
Begets a confidence of secrecie,  
105 Whereby what euer they intend to doo,  
We shall be sure to know it presently.

<B7r>

But

## THE TRAGEDIE

But faith, I scorne that such a one as thee,  
 A filly wittied wench, should haue this grace  
 To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,  
 110 Hauing but only beautie, and a face.  
 I that was euer courted by the Great  
 And gallantst Peeres and Princes of the East,  
 Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state  
 The earth did euer see him, made his guest.  
 115 There where this tongue obtained for her merit  
 Eternity of Fame: there where these hands  
 Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,  
 And set a trophie that for euer stands.  
*Thais* action with the *Grecian* acts shal be  
 120 Inregiftred alike. *Thais*, she that fir'd  
 The stateliest palace th' earth did euer see,  
*Darius* house that to the clouds aspir'd,  
 She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.  
 But foone *Philotas* shall his error see,  
 125 Who thinks that beautie best, mens passions fits,  
 For that they vse our bodies, not our wittes:  
 And vnto *Craterus* will I presently,  
 And him acquaint with all this whole discourse,  
 Who I am sure will take it well of vs,  
 130 For these great minions, who with enuious eye  
 Looke on each others greatnesse, will be glad,  
 In such a case of this importancie,  
 To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.  
CHO.  
<B7v>

OF PHILOTAS.

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CHORVS.

W E as the Chorus of the vulgar stand  
135 Spectators here, to see these great men play  
Their parts both of obedience and command,  
And cenfure all they doo, and all they say.  
For though we be esteemd but ignorant,  
Yet are we capable of truth, and know  
140 Where they do well, and where their actions want  
The grace that makes them proue the best in show.  
And though we know not what they do within,  
Where they attire, their mysteries of state:  
Yet know we by th'euent, what plottes haue beene,  
145 And how they all without do perfonate.  
We see who well a meaner part became,  
Faile in a greater, and disgrace the same.  
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,  
Saue when they haue it : some againe haue got  
150 Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd  
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.  
We see affliction act a better scene,  
Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.  
We see that all which we haue praisd in some,  
155 Haue onely beene their fortune, not defart:  
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,  
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.  
We see Philotas acts his goodnesse ill,  
And makes his passions to report of him  
<B8r> Worfe

# THE TRAGEDIE

160 *Worfe than he is: and we do feare he will  
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.  
For fure there is some engin closely laide  
Against his grace and greatneffe with the King :*  
*And that unlesse his humors proue more staide,*  
165 *We soone shall see his vtter ruining.  
And his affliction our compassion drawes,  
Which still looks on mens fortunes, not the cause,*

ACTVS 2. SCENA I.

*Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.*

*Alexander.*

E *Pheftion*, thou doeft *Alexander* loue,  
*Craterus* thou the King : yet both you meete  
In one felfe point of loyaltie and loue,  
And both I finde like carefull, like difcreet.  
5 Therefore my faithfull Counsellours to you  
I muft a weightie accident impart,  
Which lies fo heauie, as I tell you true  
I finde the burden much t'oppreffe my hart.  
10 Ingratitude and ftubburne carriage,  
In one of whom my loue deferu'd respect,  
Is that which moues my paffion into rage,  
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.  
You fee how I *Philotas* raifed haue  
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme:  
15 You fee the place, the offices I gaue,  
As

OF PHILOTAS.

As th'earneft of my loue to binde his firme.  
But all, hee deeming rather his defartes,  
Than the effects of my grace any way,  
Beginnes to play moft peremptorie parts,  
20 As fitter to controule than to obay.  
And I haue been inform'd, he fosters too,  
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,  
That would run backe from glory, and vndoo  
All the whole wonder of our enterprize,  
25 And one day to our felfe prefumes to write,  
(Seeming our ftile and title to obrayd,  
Which th'oracles themfelues held requifite  
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)  
And fayd he pitied thofe who vnder him fhould liue.  
30 Who held himfelfe the fonne of *Iupiter*.  
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,  
Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are.  
I that am Arbiter betwix my hart,  
And their opinion, know how it ftands within,  
35 And finde that my infirmities take part,  
Of that fame frailtie other men liue in.  
And yet, what if I were dispos'd to winke,  
At th'entertain'd opinion fpred fo far.  
And rather was content the world fhould thinke.  
40 Vs other than we are, than what we are.  
In doing which, I know I am not gone  
Beyond example, feeing that Maieftie  
Needs all the props of admiration  
That may be got, to beare it vp on hye.  
45 And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun  
C<1r> By

# THE TRAGEDIE

By miracles of fortune, and our worth,  
Needs all the complements to reft vpon  
That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth,  
Which this wife man conceiues not, and yet takes  
50 Vpon him to instruct vs what to do.  
But thefe are but the florifhes he makes  
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:  
For fure, methinks, I view within his face,  
The map of change and innouacion:  
55 I fee his pride contented with no place,  
Vnleffe it be the throne I fit vpon.  
*Eph* Had I not heard this from your facred tongue,  
Dear foueraigne, I would neuer haue beleueed  
*Philotas* folly would haue done that wrong  
60 T' his owne worth and th'honours he receiued,  
And yet me thought of late his carriage.  
In fuch exceeding pompe and gallantry,  
And fuch a world of followers; did preface  
That he affected popularity.  
65 Efppecially, fince for his feruice done.  
He was adiudg'd to haue the fecond place  
In honour with *Antigona*, which wonne,  
To fome th'opinion to be high in grace.  
Then his laft action leading the right winge,  
70 And th' ouerthrow he gaue, might happ inlarge  
Th'opinion of himfelfe, confidering,  
Th'efpeciall grace and honour of his charge.  
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,  
His pride might vnder-value that great grace :  
75 From whence it grew, and that which put him forth.

<B2v>

And

OF PHILOTAS.

And made his fortune futing to the place.  
 But yet I thinke he is not so vnwife,  
 Although his fortune, youth and iollity.  
 Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprize  
 80 Ought against course, his faith, and loyalty.  
 And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw,  
 Those beames of fauour, which doo daze his witts:  
 He would be soone reduc'd t'his rank of awe.  
 And know himfelfe, and beare him as befits.  
 85 *Alex.* Withdraw our grace,& how can that be  
 Without some fullination to infue. (donne.  
 Can he be safe brought in, being so far gone,  
 I hold it not. Say *Craterus* what thinke you.  
*Cra.* Soueraigne. I know the man, I find his spirit,  
 90 And malice shall not make me I protest.  
 Speake other than I know his pride doth merit,  
 And what I speake, is for your intereft.  
 Which long ere this I would haue vttered,  
 But that I feard your maiesty would take,  
 95 That from some priuate grudge it rather bred,  
 Than out of care, for your deare sisters sake.  
 Or rather that I fought to crosse your grace,  
 Or to confine your fauour within boundes,  
 And finding him to hold so high a place:  
 100 In that diuine conceit which ours confounds,  
 I thought the safest way to let it rest,  
 In hope that time some passage open would:  
 To let in those cleere looks into that brest  
 That doth but malice and confusion hold.  
 105 And now I see you haue difeem'd the man,  
 C 2<r> Whome



## THE TRAGEDIE

Whome I proteft I hold moft dangerous.  
And that you ought with all the ſpeed you can  
Worke to repreſſe a ſpirit ſo mutinous:  
For eu'n already he is ſwolne ſo high,  
110 That his affections ouer-flowe the brime  
Of his owne powres, not able to deny  
Paſſage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him.  
For but eu'n now I heard a ſtrange report  
Of ſpeeches he ſhould vſe t'his Curtizan:  
115 Wanting that he had done, and in what ſort,  
He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.  
(So terming of your ſacred maieſty)  
With other ſuch extrauagant diſcourſe:  
Whereof we ſhall attaine more certainty,  
120 I doubt not ſhortly, and diſcry his courſe.  
Meane while, about your perſon I aduiſe,  
Your Grace ſhould call a more ſufficient guard:  
And on his actions ſet ſuch wary eyes,  
As may thereof take ſpeciall good regarde.  
125 And note what perſons chiefly he frequents:  
And who to him haue the moſt free acceſſe,  
How he beſtowes his time, where he prefents,  
The large reuenue of his bounteouſneſſe.  
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes.  
130 And knowes his heart, I will about with her,  
She ſhalbe wrought t'apply her vſuall charmes:  
And I will make her my diſcouerer.  
*Alex.* This counſell *Craterus* we do well allow,  
And giue thee many thanks for thy great care.  
135 But yet we muſt beare faire, leſt he ſhould know,  
<C2v> That

OF PHILOTAS.

That we suspect what his affections are,  
For that you see he holds a side of powre:  
Which might perhaps call vp some mutinie.  
His father, old *Parmenio* at this howre,  
140 Rules *Medea* with no leffer powres then I.  
Himselfe, you see, gallantly followed  
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment:  
*Cænus*, that with his Sister married,  
Hath vnder him againe comandement:  
145 *Amintas* and *Symanus* his deare friends  
With both their honourable offices.  
And then the priuate traine that on them tendes,  
With all particular dependences.  
Are motiues to aduise vs how to deale.  
150 *Crat.* Your Grace faies true, but yet these cloudes of  
Vanish before the sun of that respect (fmooke  
Whereon mens long-inurd affections looke  
With such a natie zeale, and so affect:  
As that the vaine and shallow practises,  
155 Of no such giddy traytor (if the thing,  
Be tooke in time with due aduisednesse:  
Shall the least shew of any fealing bring.  
*Alex.* Well then to thee deare *Craterus* I refer,  
Th'especiall care of this great busines.

C 3<r>

SCE-

THE TRAGEDIE

SCENA 2.

*Philotas, Ceballinus. Seruus.*

*Ceb.* M Y Lord. I here haue long attendance made  
Expecting to be calld t'auouch my newes.

*Ph.* In troth my friend I haue not found the  
At any leafure yet to heare the fame. (king

5 *Ceb.* No not at leafure to prevent his death?  
And is the matter of no more import?

I'l trie another. Yet me thinks fuch men,  
As are the eyes and eares of princes, should,  
Not weigh folight fuch an intelligence:

10 *Ser.* My lord the fumme you willed me to giue,  
The captaine that did vifit you to day:  
To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not,

*Phi.* How if they yeeld it not, haue I not then,  
Apparell, plate iewells; why fel them:

Plutarch  
in the life  
of Alexan-  
der.

15 And go your way difpatch and giue it him.  
Me thinks I find the king much chaungd of late,  
And vnto me his graces not fo great.  
Although they feeme in fhow all of one rate,  
Yet by the touch I find them counterfet :

20 For when I fpeake, although I haue his eare  
Yet do I fee his mind is other where.  
And when he fpeakes to me I fee he ftriues,  
To giue a coulour vnto what is not,  
For he muft thinke that we whose ftates, whose liues.

25 Depend vpon his grace learne not by rote,  
<C3v> T' obferue

OF PHILOTAS.

T'obserue his actions, and to know his trym,  
And though indeed Princes be manifold,  
Yet hauethey still such eyes to waite on them.  
As are to piercing that they can beholde.  
30 And penetrate the inwards of the hart,  
That no deuice can fet so close a dore,  
Betwixt their shewes and thoughtes, but that theirs art:  
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more.  
But many, malicing my state of grace,  
35 I know do worke, with all the power they haue  
Vpon that easie nature, to displace  
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue:  
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,  
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him:  
40 Yet will I neuer stoope, and seeke to win  
My way by them, that came not in by them.  
And skorne to stand on any other feet  
Then these of mine owne worth; and what my plaine  
And open actions cannot fairely get  
45 Baseness and smoothing them, shall neuer gaine.  
And yet, I know my preference and access,  
Clears all these mists which they haue raised before:  
Though with my back freight turns that happiness,  
And they againe blow vp as much or more;  
50 Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toyle,  
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

<C4r>

SCENA

THE TRAGEDIE

SCENA 3.

*Craterus. Antigona.*

A *Ntigona*, there is no remedie,  
You needs muſt iuſtifie the ſpeech you held,  
With *Thais*, who will your conference verifie,  
And therefore now it can not be conceald.

5 *Anti.* O my good Lord I pray you vrge me not,  
*Thais* onely of a cunning enuious wit,  
Scorning a ſtranger ſhould haue ſuch a lott,  
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (ſhow,

*Crat.* Why then ſhall rackes and tortures force thee  
10 Both this and other matters which we know.  
Thinke therefore, if t'were not a wifer part,  
T'accept of reſt, rewards, preferment, grace,  
And being perhaps, ſo beautious as thou art,  
Of faire election for a neerer place,  
15 To tell the truth, than to be obſtinate,  
And fall with the miſfortune of a man.  
Who, in his dangerous and conculſed ſtate,  
No good to thee but ruine render can.  
Reſolute thee of this choyce, and let me know

20 Thy minde at full, at my returning back.  
*Ant.* What ſhall I doo, ſhall I betray my loue,  
Or die diſgrac'd? what do I make a doubt  
Betray my loue? O heauenly powres aboue  
Forbid that ſuch a thought ſhould iſſue out  
25 Of this confuſed breſt: nay rather firſt  
Let tortures, death, and horror do their worſt.

<C4v>

But

OF PHILOTAS.

But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,  
 Without my hearts consent and priuitie,  
 Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,  
 30 And now it is no wifdome to deny.  
 No wifdome to denie! Yes, yes, that tongue  
 That thus hath beene the traitour to my hart,  
 Shall either pow'efully redeeme that wrong,  
 Or neuer more shall words of breath impart,  
 35 Yet, what can my deniall profit him,  
 Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,  
 Are purpos'd , vpon matters know'n to them,  
 To ruinate on some discouered plot.  
 Let them do what they will. Let not thy hart  
 40 Seeme to be accessaire in a thought,  
 To giue the least aduantage of thy part,  
 To haue a part of shame in what is wrought.  
 O this were well, if that my dangers could  
 Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore,  
 45 For which, I vow, my life I render would,  
 If this poore life could satisfie therefore.  
 But tis not for thy honour to forsake  
 Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this fort,  
 Alas, what notice will the world take  
 50 Of such respects in women of my fort.  
 This act may yet put on so faire a cote  
 Vpon my foule profession, as it may  
 Not blush t'appare with those of cleaneft note,  
 And haue as hie a place with fame as they.  
 55 What do I talke of fame? do I not see  
 This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth

Already

## THE TRAGEDIE

- Already entred, and haue bent at me,  
The ioyes of life to batter downe my truth.  
O my subdued thoughts what haue you done.  
60 To let in feare and fallhood, to my hart,  
Whom though they haue surprizd they haue not won,  
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.  
*Crat. Antigona* what are you yet resolut.  
*Ant.* Resolu'd my Lord t'indure all misery.  
65 *Crat.* And so be sure you shall if that b'your choice.  
*Ant* What will you haue me doo my Lord, I am  
Content to say what you will haue me say.  
*Crat.* Then come go with me to *Alexander*.
- 

## CHORVS.

- H *Ow dost thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,*  
70 *Restles ambition neuer at an end:*  
*Whose trauals no herculean pillor stayes,*  
*But still beyond thy rest thy labors tend.*  
*Above good fortune, thou thy hopes dost raise.*  
*Still climbing and yet neuer canst ascend:*  
75 *For when thou hast attained vnto the top,*  
*Of thy desires thou hast not yet got vp.*  
*That height of fortune either is contrould.*  
*By some more powrefull ouerlooking eie:*  
*(That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)*  
80 *Or counter-checkt with some concurrence:*  
*That it doth cost far more adoo to hold,*  

<C5v>The

OF PHILOTAS.

*The highth attaind, then was to get so hie.*

*Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toyle,*

*Now loose thy hold without thy vtter spoile.*

85 *There doft thou struggle with thine owne diftrust,*

*And others iealosies, their counterplot:*

*Against some vnderworking pride that must,*

*Supplanted be, or els thou standest not:*

*There wrong is paid with wrong, and he that thrust:*

90 *Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.*

*The same concussion doth afflict his brest.*

*That others shooke, oppression is opprest*

*That either happines dwells not so hie,*

*Or els aboue. whereto pride cannot rise:*

95 *And that the hy'ft of mans felicity,*

*But in the region of affliction lies:*

*And that we clime but vp to misery,*

*High fortunes are but high calamities,*

*It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue,*

100 *Rest dwels below it, happines aboue.*

*For in this hight of fortune are imbred,*

*Those thundring fragors that affright the earth,*

*From thence haue all diftemperatures their head:*

*That bringes forth desolation, famine, dearth,*

105 *There certeine order is difordered:*

*And there it is confusion hath her birth.*

*It is that high of fortune doth vndoo,*

*Both her owne quietnes and others too.*

<C5r>

ACTVS



THE TRAGEDIE

ACTVS TERTIVS.

*Alex. Metron. Ceballinus. Craterus  
Perdiccas, Ephest.*

- C Ome, *Metron* fay of whom haft thou receiued,  
Th' intelligence of this conspiracie:  
Contriud againft our perfon, as thou fayft,  
By *Dymnus* and fome other of the Campe,  
5 Is't not fome vaine reportborne without caufe,  
That enuie or imagination drawes  
From priuate ends to breed a publike feare.  
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were,  
*Met.* Here may it pleafe your highnes is the man,  
10 One *Ceballinus* that brought me the newes.  
*Ceb.* O *Alexander* I haue fau'd thy life.  
I am the man that haue reueild their plot.  
*Alex.* And how cam'ft thou to be informd thereof,  
*Ceb.* By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,  
15 Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conspirators,  
Acquainted with the whole of their intents,  
*Alex.* How long fince is it, this was told to thee?  
*Ceb.* About fome three dayes, my Soueraigne Lord.  
*Alex.* What, three dayes fince? and haft thou fo long  
20 The thing cōceald from vs being of that weight. (kept  
Guard, take and lay him prefently in hold:  
*Ceb.* O, may it pleafe your grace I did not keepe,  
The thing conceald one houre, but prefently,  
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,  
<C5v> Suppo-

OF PHILOTAS.

25     Supposing him a man, so nere in place,  
       Would best respect a case that toucht so neare  
       And on him haue I waited these two dayes.  
       Expecting t'haue bene brought vnto your Grace,  
       And seeing him weigh it light, pretending that  
 30     Your graces leasure seru'd not fit to heare,  
       I, to the maister of your armory,  
       Addrest my selfe forthwith, to *Metron* here,  
       Who, without making any more delay,  
       Prest in vnto your grace being in your bath,  
 35     Locking me vp the while in th'armorie,  
       And all what I could shew reuealed hath.  
       *Alex.* If this be so then, fellow, I confesse,  
       Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,  
       Who had more reason theirs should haue bin more,  
 40     Cause *Dymnus* to be presently brought forth,  
       And call *Philotas* straight, who now I see  
       Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me,  
       Who would haue thought one whom I held so nere.  
       Would from my safetie haue bene so far off,  
 45     When most it should and ought import his care,  
       And wherein his allegiance might make prooue  
       Of those effects my fauours had deferu'd,  
       And ought t'haue claym'd more duly at his hands  
       Then any of the rest. But thus w'are seru'd.  
 50     When priuate grace out of proportion stands  
       And that we call vp men from of below:  
       From th'Element of baser property,  
       And set them where they may behold and know  
       The way of might and worke of maiestie.

<C6r>

Where

## THE TRAGEDIE

- 55 Where fe'ing thofe rayes, which being fent far off,  
 Reflect a heat of wonder and respect,  
 To faile nere hand and not to fhew that prooffe,  
 (The obiect onely working that effect,) Thinke feeing themfelues(though by our fauour)fet.
- 60 Within the felfe fame orbe of rule with vs,  
 Their light would fhine alone if ours were fet,  
 And fo prefume t'obfcure or fhadow vs.  
 But he fhall know although his neerenes hath,  
 Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too.
- 65 And grace that fhines can kindle vnto wrath:  
 And *Alexander* and the king are two.  
 But here they bring vs *Dymnus* in whose face,  
 I fee is gilt, difpayre, horror and death.  
*Guar.* Yea death indeed, for ere he could b'attachd.
- 70 He stab'd himfelfe fo deadly to the hart,  
 As tis impoffible that he fhould liue.  
*Al.* Say *Dymnus* what haue I deferud of thee:  
 That thou fhouldft thinke worthier to be thy king,  
*Philotas* then our felfe. Hold hold he finkes:
- 75 Guard keepe him vp get him to anfwere vs.  
*Guar.* H'hath fpoke his laft h'will neuer anfwere more  
*Al.* Sorry I am for that, for now hath death,  
 Shut vs cleene out from knowing him within:  
 And lockt vp in his breft all th'others harts,
- 80 But yet this deed argues the truth in groffe,  
 Though we be bar'd it in particular.  
*Philotas?* are you come looke here this man,  
 This *Ceballinus* fhould haue fuffred death:  
 Could it but haue been prou'd he had conceald,  
<C6v> Th'inten-

OF PHILOTAS.

Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes,  
Wherewith he sayes he streight acquainted thee:  
Thinke the more nere thou art about our selfe,  
The greater is the shame of thine offence.  
And which had bene leffe foule in him than thee.  
*Phil.* Renowned prince, for that my hart is cleare,  
Amazement cannot ouercast my face,  
And I must boldly with th'affured cheare,  
Of my vnguiltie conscience tel your grace:  
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made,  
By any the least thought of ill in mee:  
And that the keeping of it vnbeuaid,  
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be.  
Considering some, who were accusd were knowne,  
Your ancient and most loyall seruitors:  
And such, as rather would let out their owne:  
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours,  
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,  
But ou the brabbel of two wanton youthes,  
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought,  
In you distrust, and wrong to others truthes,  
And to no end, but only to haue made,  
My selfe a scorne, and odious vnto all.  
(For which I rather tooke the baite was laide:  
Than els for any treachery at all.)  
I must confesse I thought the safest way,  
To smoother it a while, to th'end I might:  
If such a thing could be, some proofs bewray,  
That might yeeld probability of right.  
Protesting that mine owne vnspotted thought

A like

## THE TRAGEDIE

A like beliefe of others trueth did breed,  
 115 ludging no impious wretch could haue been wrought  
 T'imagin fuch a deteftable deed.  
 And therefore O dread Sou'raigne do not way  
*Philotas* faith by this his ouer-fight,  
 But by his actions paf, and onely lay  
 120 Error t'his charge, not malice nor difpight.  
*Al.* Well, lo thou haft a fauourable iudge,  
 Whē, though thou haft not pow'r to deere thy blame,  
 Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the fame,  
 Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,  
 125 Since here the perfon alters not the cafe.  
 And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue th'offence,  
 And to confirme the fame, loe here's my hand.  
*Phi.* O fared hand the witneffe of my life,  
 By thee I hold my fafetie as fecure,  
 130 As is my confcience free from treacherie.  
*Alex.* Well, go t'your charge, & looke to our affaires,  
 For we to morrow purpofe to remoue. *Exit.*  
*Alex.* In troth I know not what to iudge herein,  
 Me thinks the man feemes furely cleare in this,  
 135 How euer otherwife his hopes haue beene,  
 Tranfported by his vnaduifedneffe :  
 It can not be, a guiltie confcience fhould  
 Put on fo fure a brow ; or els by arte  
 His looks ftand newtrall, feeming not to hold  
 140 Refpondencie of int'reft with his hart.  
 Sure, for my part, he hath diffolu'd the knot  
 Of my fufpition, with fo cleere a hand.  
 As that I thinke in this (what euer plot  
 <C7v> Of

OF PHILOTAS.

- Of mischief it may be) he hath no hand  
 145 *Crat.* My Lord, the greater confidence he shewes,  
 Who is suspected should be feared the more:  
 For danger from weake natures neuer growes,  
 Who muſt diſturb the world are built therefore.  
*He more is to be feared that nothing feares,*  
 150 *And malice moſt effects, that leaſt appeares.*  
 Prefumption of mens powres as well may breed,  
 Affuredneſſe, as innocency may:  
 And miſchiefe ſeldome but by truſt doth ſpeed,  
 Who kings betray, firſt their beleife betray.  
 155 I would your grace had firſt conferred with us  
 Since you would needes ſuch clemency haue ſhownes  
 That we might yet but haue aduiſd you thus,  
 That he his danger neuer might haue knowne.  
*In faults wherein an after ſhame will liue.*  
 160 *Tis better to conceale then to forgiue.*  
 For who are brought vnto the block of death,  
 Thinke rather on the perill they haue paſt:  
 Than on the grace which hath preferred their breath;  
 And more their ſufferings than their mercie taſte,  
 165 He now to plot your danger ſtill may liue.  
 But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.  
 Know, that a man ſo ſwoll'n with diſcontent,  
 No grace can cure, nor pardon can reſtore:  
 He knowes how thoſe who once haue mercy ſpent,  
 170 Can neuer hope to haue it any more.  
 But ſay, that through remorse he calmer proue,  
 Will great *Parmenio* ſo attended on,  
 With that braue Armye ſoftred in his loue:

D<1r>

By

## THE TRAGEDIE

- Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne?  
175 Some benefits are odious, so is this:  
Where men are still ashamed to confesse,  
To haue so done, as to deserue to die  
And euer do desire, that men should geffe,  
They rather had receiue'd an iniury,  
180 Than life; since life they know in such a case,  
May be restor'd in all, but not in grace.  
*Perd.* And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde  
That sure, he would not haue so much suppress,  
The notice of a treason in that kinde,  
185 Vnlesse he were a partie with the rest:  
Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,  
The generall commander of the horse:  
The minion of the campe, the only one,  
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse  
190 Should not in three dayes space haue found the king,  
At leasure to heare three words of that import:  
Whilst he himselfe in idle lauiſhing,  
Did thousands spend to aduance his owne report?  
*Cra.* And if he gaue no credit to the youth,  
195 Why did he two dayes space delay him then?  
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,  
To hinder his addresse to other men:  
If he had held it but a vaine conceipt,  
I pray why had he not dismiss him straight?  
200 Men in their priuate dangers may be stout:  
But in the occasions and the feares of kings,  
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt,  
The intimation of the vaineſt things.

<D1v>

Well

OF PHILOTAS.

*Alex.* Well howfoeuer, we will yet this night,  
205 Difport and banquet in vnufuall wife.  
That it may feeme, we weigh this practife light,  
How euer heauy, here within it lies.  
Kings may not know diftruft, and though they feare,  
They muft not take acquaintance of their feare.

---

SCENA 2.

*Antigona. Thais.*

O Y'are a fecret counfell-keeper, *Thais*,  
In troth I little thought you fuch a one:  
*Tha.* And why *Antigona* what haue I done.  
*Ant.* You know ful well your confcience you bewraies,  
5 *Tha.* Alas good foule would you haue me conceale:  
That which your felfe could not but needs reueile?  
Thinke you another can be more to you,  
In what concernes them not, than you can be,  
Whom it imports? Will others holde them true:  
10 When you proue falfe to your owne fecrecie?  
But yet this is no wonder for we fee,  
Wifer than we do lay their heads to gage:  
For ryotous expences of their tongues  
Although it be a propertie belongs,  
15 Efppecially to vs and euery age,  
Can fhew ftrange prefidents what we haue ben,  
In cafes of the greateft plots of men.  
And tis the Scene on this worlds ftage we play,  
D 2<r> Whofe



## THE TRAGEDIE

- 20      Whofe reuolution, we with men conuert,  
 And are to act our parts as well as they:  
 Though commonly theweakeft, yet a-part.  
         For this great motion of a ftate we fee,  
         Doth turne on many wheelles, and fome though fmale  
         Do yet the greater moue, who in degree.  
 25      Stirre thofe who likewife turne the great'ft of all.  
         For though we are not wife, we fee the wife  
         By vs are made, or make vs parties ftill,  
         In actions of the greateft qualities  
         That they can manage, be they good or ill.  
 30      *Ant.* I can not tell : but you haue made me doo,  
         That which muft euer more afflict my hart,  
         And if this be my wofull part, t'vndo,  
         my deareft loue, would I had had no part.  
         How haue I fealy woman lifted bene  
 35      Examind, tryde, flattred, terrifide,  
         By *Craterus*, the cunningeft of men,  
         That neuer left me till I had difcride  
         What euer of *Philotas* I had knowne.  
         *Tha.* What is that all? perhapps I haue thereby  
 40      Done thee more good than thou canft apprehend.  
         *Ant.* Such good I rather you fhould get then I.  
         If that can be a good t'accufe my friend.  
         *Th.* Alas thy accufation did but quote  
         The margin of fome text of greater note.  
 45      *Ant.* But that us more than thou or I can tell.  
         *Th.* Yes yes *Antigona*, I know it well.  
         For be thou fure that alwayes thofe who feeke  
         T'attaque the Lyon, fo prouide that ftill,  
    <D2v>     Their

## THE TRAGEDIE

Their toiles be fuch as that he fhall not fcape.  
 50 To turne his rage on thofe that wrought his ill.  
*Philotas* neither was fo ftrong nor high  
 But malice ouerlookt him, and difcride,  
 Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,  
 And built her counter mounts vpon that fide.  
 55 In fuch fort, as they would be fure to raze  
 His fortunes with the engins of difgrace.  
 And now mayft thou, perhaps, come great hereby,  
 And gracious with his greateft enimie.  
 For fuch men thinke, they haue no full fucces:  
 60 Vnleffe they likewife gaine the miftreffes,  
 Of thofe they mafter, and fucced the place,  
 And fortunes of their loues with equall grace  
*Ant.* Loues! Out alas! Loue fuch a one as hee,  
 That fees t' vndoo my Loue, and in him me.  
 65 *Th.* Tuff loue his fortunes, loue his ftate, his place,  
 What euer greatneffe doth, it muft haue grace.  
*Ant.* I weigh not greatneffe, I muft pleafe mine eye.  
*Th.* Th'eye nothing fairer fees than dignity.  
*Ant.* But what is dignitie without our loue?  
 70 *Th.* If we haue that, we can not want our loue,  
*Ant.* Why, that giues but the out-fide of delight:  
 The day time joy, what comfort hath the night?  
*Th.* If powre procure not that, what can it doo?  
*Ant.* I know not how that can b'attaind vnto.  
*Th.* Nor will I teach thee, if thou knowft it not.  
 75 Tis vaine I fee to learne an *Afian* wit. *Exit.*  
*Ant.* If this be that great wit, that learned skill,  
 You *Greekes* profefle, let me be foolifh ftill,

D 3<r>

Lo

THE TRAGEDIE

So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,  
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

---

SCENA 3.

*Craterus. Epheftion. Clitus. &c.*

M Y lords, you fee the flexible concept,  
Of our indaungered fouereigne, and you know:  
How much his perile, and *Philotas* pride,  
Imports the ftate and vs, and therefore now,  
5 We either muft oppofe againft deceit:  
Or be vndon. For now hath time difcride,  
An open paffage to his fartheft ends,  
From whence if negligence now put vs back,  
Returne we neuer can without our wrack.  
10 And good my Lords fince you conceiue as much,  
And that we ftand alike, make not me profecute  
The caufe alone as if it did but touch  
Onely my felfe, and that I did both breed,  
And vrge thefe doubts out of a priuate grieffe.  
15 Indeed I know I might with much more eafe,  
Sit ftill like others, and if dangers come:  
Might thinke to fhift for one as well as they,  
But yet the faith the duty and refpect  
We owe both to our foueraigne and the ftate,  
20 My Lords, I hold, requires another care,  
*Eph.* My Lord, affure you we will take a time  
To vrge a ftricter count of *Dymnus* death.

<D3v>

My

## THE TRAGEDIE

*Cra.* My Lords I fay vnles this be the time,  
 You will apply your phificke after death.  
 25 You see the king inuited hath this night  
*Philotas* with the rest, and entertaines  
 Him with as kinde an vface to our fight,  
 As euer, and you see the cunning ftraines  
 Of fweet inffination that are vfd  
 30 T' allure the eare of grace with falfe reports,  
 So that all this will come to be excusd;  
 With one remoue; one action quite transports  
 The kings affections ouer to his hopes,  
 And fets him fo beyond the due regard  
 35 Of his owne fafetie, as one enterprize,  
 May ferue their turne, and may vs all furprize.  
*Cli.* But now fince things thus of them felue break  
 We haue aduantage to preuent the worft, (out  
 And eu'ry day will yeald vs more no doubt,  
 40 For they are fau'd that thus are warned firft.  
*Cra.* So my Lord *Clitus* are they likewise warn'd.  
 T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewraide.  
*Cli.* But that they cannot now it is too late  
 For treason taken ere the birth, doth come  
 45 Abortiue, and her wombe, is made her tombe  
*Cra.* You do not know how far it hath put forth  
 The force of malice, nor how far is fpred  
 Already the contagion of this ill.  
*Clit.* Why then there may fome one be tortured  
 50 Of thofe whom *Ceballinus* hath reueald  
 Whereby the rest may be difcouered.  
*Crat.* That one muft be *Philotas* from whose head  
D 4<r>
All

## THE TRAGEDIE

All this corruption flowes, take him, take all.

*Cli. Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may  
55 Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot.

*Cra.* That his concealing the plot bewrayes,  
And if we do not caſt to finde him firſt.  
His wit be ſure hath layd fo good a ground,  
As he will be the laſt that will be found.

60 *Cli.* But if he be not found: then in this caſe,  
We doo him more by iniuring his grace.

*Cra.* If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,  
Yet this will force out ſome ſuch thoughts of his,  
As will vndoo him, for you ſeldome ſee,  
65 Such men araignd that euer quitted be:

*Eph.* Well my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his grace  
(Though it be late) before he take his reſt,  
That ſome courſe may be taken in this caſe,  
And God ordaine it may be for the beſt.

*Exeunt.*

---

## CHORVS.

70 *S* Ee how theſe greatmen cloath their priuate hate,  
In thoſe faire coulours of the publique good:  
And to effect their ends pretend the ſtate,  
As if the ſtate by their affections ſtood.  
And arm'd with powre and princes iealoſies,  
75 Will put the leaſt conceipt of diſcontent:  
Into the greateſt ranke of treacheries:  
That no one action ſhall ſeeme innocent.

<D4v>

*Yea*

OF PHILOTAS.

*Yea, valour, honour bounty shall be made,  
As accessories vnto ends vniust:  
80 And euen the seruice of the state must lade,  
The need full't undertakings with distrust.  
So that base vileneffe, idle luxurie,  
Seeme safer far, than to do worthily.  
Suspicion full of eyes, and full of eares,  
85 Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceipt,  
See all thinges in the coulours of her feares:  
And truth it felfe must looke like to deceit,  
That what way s'euer the suspected take,  
Still, enuy will most cunningly forelay  
90 The ambush of their ruine, or will make  
Their humors of themselues to take that way.  
But this is still the fate of those that are,  
By nature or their fortunes eminent.  
Who either carried in conceipt too far,  
95 Do worke their owne or others discontent:  
Or els are deemed fit to be supprest.  
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,  
Since states haue euer had far more vnrest,  
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill:  
100 And finds that those do alwayes better proue,  
Wh'are equall to imployment not aboue.  
For felfe opinion would be seene more wise  
Than present counfels, customes, orders lawes,  
And to the end to haue them otherwise,  
105 The common wealth into combustion drawes.  
As if ordaind t'imbroyle the world with wit,  
As well as grosseneffe to dishonour it.*

<D5r>

ACTVS

OF PHILOTAS.

ACTVS 4.

SCENA I.

*Attaras. Sostratus.*

Sost. C    An there be such a sudden change in Court  
              As you report? Is it to be belieud  
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld  
In grace laft night, should be arraignd to day.

5 *Att.* It can be : and it is as I report

For states of grace are no sure holds in courts,

*Soft* But yet tis ftrange they fhould be ouerthrowne  
Before their certeine forfeitures were knowne.

Att. Tush, it was breeding long, though suddenly  
10 This thunder cracke comes but to breake out now.

*Soft.* The time I waited, and I waited long

Vntill *Philotas*, with some other Lords

Depart the Prefence, and as I conceiud,

I neuer faw the King in better mood,

15 Not yet *Philotas* euer in more grace  
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?

*Att* Yea, court formes grow, when skies there feeme  
It was about the deepest of the night (moft cleare

The blackeft houre of darknesse and of sleepe

20 When, with some other lords, comes *Craterus*  
 Falles downe before the King, intreats, implores,  
 Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke

<D5v>

To

OF PHILOTAS.

To faue his perfon and the State from spoile,  
Now to preuent *Philotas* practifes.

25 Whom they had plainly found to be the man  
Had plotted the destruction of them all.

The King would faine haue put them off to time  
And farther day, till better proofs were knowne  
Which they perceiuing, prest him still the more

30 And reinfoc'd his dangers and their owne.  
And neuer left him till they had obtaind  
Commiffion t'apprehend *Philotas* freight.

Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,  
Or els, but to beget it out of forme,

35 And careful preparations of distrust:  
About the Palace men in armour watch  
In armour men about the King attend,  
All passages and issues were forelaid

With horse, t'interrupt what euer newes

40 Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.  
I, with three hundred men in armour chargd,  
Had warrant to attach and to commit  
The perfon of *Philotas* prefently:

And comming to his lodging where he lay,

45 Found him imburied in the foundest sleepe  
That euer man could be; where neither noice  
Of clattring weapons, or our rushing in  
With rude and trampling rumour, could dissol  
The heauie humour of that drowfie brow

50 Which held perhaps his fences now more faft  
As loth to leaue, because it was the laft.

*Soft. Attaras, What, can treason sleepe so found?*

 $\langle D6r \rangle$ 

Wil



OF PHILOTAS.

Will that lowd hand of Horror that still beats,  
Vpon the guiltie conscience of diftrust:

55 Permit it t haue fo refolute a reft?

*Att* I cannot tell but thus we found him there,

Nor could we I assure you waken him:

Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice

Had fhooke him hard; and then at length he wakes,

60 And looking on me with a fetled cheere,

Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the the newes said hee?

What vp so foone, to haften the remoue,

Or rais'd by some alarme of some distrust ?

I tolde him, that the King had some diftrust.

65 Why, what will *Nabarzanes* play faith he

The villaine with the King, as he hath done

Alreadie with his miserable Lord ?

I feeling he would not or did not vnderftand

His owne distresse, tolde him the charge I had:

70 Wherewith he rofe, and rifing vs'd thefe words:

O *Alexander* ! now I fee my foes,

Haue got aboue thy goodnesse, and preuaild:

Against my innocencie and thy word.

And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,

75    Looking on that base furniture of shame,

Poore body (fayd he) hath fo many alarme:

Rais'd thee to bloud and danger from thy rest,

T'inueft thee with this armor now at laft,

Is this the service I am call'd to now?

80 But we, that were not to attend his complaints,

Couering his head with a disgracefull weed:

Tooke and conuaid him suddainly to warde,

<D6v>

From

OF PHILOTAS.

85

## SCENA 2.

*Alexander, with all his couñcel, the dead body of Dymnus,  
the reuealers of the conspiracie, Philotas.*

5

10

15

## THE TRAGEDIE

This fhame of theirs will neuer but appeare.  
*Parmenio* is the man, a man you fee  
 Bound by fo many merits both to me  
 And to my father, and our ancient frend  
 20 A man of yeeres, experience, grauity,  
 Whose wicked minifter *Philotas* is  
 Who heere *Dimetrius*, *Luculaus*, and  
 This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you fee  
 With others, hath fuborn'd to slaughter mee.  
 25 And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,  
 To whom this mured wretch at firft reueald  
 The proiect of this whole conspiracie  
 T'auere as much as was difclofd to him.  
*Nichomacus*, Looke heere, aduife thee well,  
 30 What, do'ft thou know this man that here lies dead?  
*Nic.* My fouereigne lord, I know him very well,  
 It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes fince  
 Bewray to me a treafon practifed  
 By him and others, to haue flaine your grace.  
 35 *Alex.* Where or by whom, or when did he report  
 This wicked act fhould be accomplifhed?  
*Nic.* He fayd, Within three dayes your maiefty  
 Should be within your chamber murdered  
 By fpECIAL men of the nobility  
 40 Of whom he many nam'd, and they were thefe :  
*Loceus*, *Demetrius* and *Arthelopis*  
*Nicanor*, and *Amintas*, *Luculeus*  
*Droceus*, with *Aphebetus*, and himfelfe.  
*Mot.* Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did  
 45 Reueale to me from our this youths report.

<D7v>

*Ceb.*

OF PHILOTAS.

- Ceb.* And so much, with the circumstance of all  
 65 Did I into *Philotas* intimate.  
*Alex.* Then, what hath been his minde, who did sup-  
 The information of so foule a traine (presse  
 Your felues, my worthy fouldiers, well may gesse,  
 Which *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.  
 70 Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment stayes,  
 To redifcharge himfelfe of fuch a waight,  
*Philotas* carelesse, fearelesse, nothing weighes  
 Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,  
 And telles he was content it should be done  
 75 Which, though he were no party makes him one.  
 For he that knew vpon what powre he stood  
 And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne  
 Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood  
 His vast desires, but only this my crowne.  
 80 Which in respect that I am iffullesse  
 He thinks the rather cause to b'attaind  
 But yet *Philotas* is deceiud in this  
 I haue who shall inherit all I gaind.  
 In you I haue both children, kindred friends  
 85 You are the heires of all my purchases,  
 And Whilst you liue I am not iffullesse.  
 And that these are not shadowes of my feares,  
 (For I feare nought but want of enemies,)  
 See what this intercepted letter beares,  
 90 And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise:  
 This shewes their ends. Holde, read it *Craterus*.  
*Crat. reads it.* My sonnes, Firft haue a speciall care vnto  
 Then vnto those which do depend on you. (your felues  
 <D8r> So

THE TRAGEDIE

*So shall you do what you intend to doo.*

- 95       *Alex.* See but how close he writes, that if these lines  
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,  
They might incourage them in their designs,  
If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant  
But now you see what was the thing was ment,  
100 You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.  
      And what if he, as a conspirator,  
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest:  
That shewes not his innocencie, but his powre,  
Whom they account too great to be suppress:  
105 And rather will accuse themselues than him,  
For that Whilst he shall liue, there's hope for them.  
And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate sorte.  
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne,  
Not what hath been his arrogant reporte:  
110 T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne.  
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote::  
To shew him of the stile bestow'd on mee,  
By th'Oracle of *Joue*. These things I thought  
But weakneses, and words of vanity,  
115 (Yet words that read the vlcers of his hart)  
Which I suppress, and neuer ceast to yeald  
The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compar,  
The best degrees and honors of the field,  
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,  
120 There haue I danger where I looke for strength:  
I would to God my blood had rather bene  
Powr'd out, the offering of an enemy;  
Than practiz'd to be slied by one of mine,
- That

OF PHILOTAS.

That one of mine should haue this infamy.  
125 Haue I been so referu'd from feares, to fall  
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all?  
Haue you so oft aduis'd me to regard  
The safety which you saw me running from,  
When with some hote pursute I pressed hard  
130 My foes abroad; to perish thus at home ?  
But now, that safety only rests in you  
Which you so oft haue wisht me looke vnto.  
And now vnto you bofome, must I fly  
Without whose will I will not wish to liue:  
135 And with your wils I can not, lesse I giue  
Due punishment vnto this treachery.  
*Amynt. Attaras*, bring the hatefull prisoner forth  
This traitor, which hath fought t'vndoo vs all,  
To giue vs vp to slaughter, and to make  
140 Our blood a scome, here in this barberous land.  
That none of vs should haue returned back,  
Vnto our native country to our wiues  
Our aged parents, kindred and our friends.  
To make the body of this glorious host  
145 A most deformed trunke without a head,  
Without the life or foule to guide the fame  
*Canus*. O thou base traitor impious parricide,  
Who mak'ft me loath the blood that matcht with  
And if I might but haue my will. I vow (thine  
150 Thou should'ft not die by other hand than mine.  
*Alex.Fie, Canus*, what a barbarous course is this  
He first must to his accusation pleade.  
And haue his triall, form all to our lawes

E<1r>

And

# THE TRAGEDIE

And let him make the beft of his bad caufe  
 155 *Philotas* here the *Macedonians* are  
 To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse ?  
*Phi.* The *Perſian* language if it pleaſe your grace  
 For that beſide the *Macedonians*, here  
 Are many that will better vnderſtand,  
 160 If I ſhall vse the ſpeech your grace hath vs'd,  
 Which was I hold vnto no other end,  
 But that the moſt men here might vnderſtand.  
*Alex.* See how his natiue language he diſdaines,  
 But let him ſpeake at large, as he deſires,  
 165 So long as you remember he doth hate  
 Beſides the ſpeech, our glory and the ſtate. *Exits*  
*Phi.* Black are the coulours laid vpon the crime,  
 Wherewith my faith ſtands charg'd, my worthy lords:  
 That as behinde in fortune ſo in time,  
 170 I come too late to cleere the fame with words.  
 My condemnation is gone out before  
 My innocency and my iuſt defence :  
 And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no dore  
 For mine excuſe to haue an entrance.  
 175 That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,  
 Betwixt an vpright conſcience of default  
 And an vniuſt diſgrace, I know not how  
 To ſatiſfie the time, and mine owne hart.  
 Authoritie looks with ſo ſterne an eye  
 180 Vpon this wofull bar, and muſt haue ſtill  
 Such an aduantage ouer miſery  
 As that it will make good all that it will.  
 He who ſhould only iudge my caufe, is gone,  
 <E1>

# OF PHILOTAS.

And why he would not stay, I do not see,  
 Since when my cause were heard, his power alone,  
 185 As well might then condemn as set me free :  
 Nor can I by his absence now be cleared  
 Whose presence hath condemned me thus unheard.  
 And though the grievance of a prisoners tongue,  
 May both superfluous and disgraceful seeme,  
 190 Which doth not sue, but shewes the iudge his wrong:  
 Yet pardon me, I must not disesteeme  
 My rightful cause for being despised, nor must  
 Forake my selfe, though I am left of all,  
 Feare can not make my innocence vniuelt  
 195 Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall.  
 And I had rather, feeling how my fortune drawes,  
 My words should be deformed than my cause.  
 I know that nothing is more delicate  
 Than is the sense and feeling of a state :  
 200 The clap, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt  
 In Kings behalfe, thrusts with that violence  
 The subjects will, to prosecute report,  
 As they condemn ere they discern the offence.  
*Eph. Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this  
 205 That thinke to win compassion and beliefe  
 B'impugning iustice, and to make men gesse  
 We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe;  
 Or that our place or passion did lay more  
 On your misfortune, than your one defeat  
 210 Or haue not well discern'd your fact before,  
 Or would without due proofs your state subuert,  
 These are the vsuall theames of traitors tongues  
 E 2 <r> Who



## THE TRAGEDIE

Who practise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs  
 Your treasons are too manifestly knowne  
 215 To make in other liuery than their owne.  
*Cra.* Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here  
 With bare suspitions, but with open fact,  
 And with a treason that appears as cleare  
 As is the sun, and known to be your act.  
 220 *Ph.* What is this treason? Who accuses mee?  
*Cra.* The proceſſe of the whole conspiracy.  
*Ph.* But where's the men that names me to be one?  
*Cra.* Here, this dead traitor shewes you to be one.  
*Ph.* How can he, dead, accuse me of the same  
 225 Whom liuing he nor did, nor yet could name.  
*Cra.* But we can other testimonie show  
 From those who were your chiefeſt complices.  
*Ph.* I am not to be adiudg'd in law you know  
 By testimony, but by witnesses.  
 230 Let them be here produc'd vnto my face  
 That can auouch m'a party in this case.  
 My Lords and fellowe souldiers if of those  
 Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one  
 Out of his torures will a word disclose  
 235 To shew I was a party : I haue done.  
 Thinke not so great a number euer will  
 Endure their torments and themselves accuse  
 And leaue me out . Since men in such a case, still  
 Will rather slander others than excuse.  
 240 Calamitie malignant is, and he  
 That suffers iuſtly for his guiltineſſe  
 Eafes his owne affliction, but to see  
Others

*Nō testi-  
monijsfū  
testibus*

<E2v>

## THE TRAGEDIE

Others tormented in the same distresse,  
And yet I feare not whatfoeuer they  
245 By racks and tortures can be forst to fay.  
Had I bene one would *Dymnus* haue conceald,  
My name being held to be the principall?  
Would he not for his glory haue reueald  
The best to him, to whom he must tell all?  
250 Nay, if he falsly then had nam'd me one?  
To grace himselfe, must I of force be one.  
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me  
And giuen me note of this conspiracy  
I had not stood here now, but bin as free  
255 From question, as I am from treachery.  
That is the only cloud that thundereth  
On my disgrace. Which had I deemed true  
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death  
*Philotas* had, my lords, sat there with you.  
260 My fault was, to haue been too credulous  
Wherein I shewd my weaknesse I confesse.  
*Cra. Philotas* what a monarch and confesse  
Your imperfections, and your weaknes?  
*Phi. O Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamity,  
265 It is a barbarous grossnes to lay on  
The weight of skorne where heauy misery  
To much already waies mens fortunes downe  
For if the cause be ill I vndergo,  
The law, and not reproch, must make it fo.  
270 *Can.* There's no reproch can euer be too much  
To lay on traitors, whose deserts are such.  
*Ph.* Men vse the most reproches, where they feare

## THE TRAGEDIE

The cause will better proue than they desire.

*Can.* But fir, a traitors cause that is so cleere  
275 As this of yours, will neuer need that feare.

*Phi.* I ame no traitor but suspected one,  
For not beleuing a conspiracie.  
And meere suspect by law condemneth none,  
They are approued facts for which men die.

280 *Cra.* The law, in treafons, doth the will correct,  
With like feuerenesse as it doth th'effect.  
Th'affection is the essence of th'offence,  
The execution only but the accident,  
To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the fame.

285 *Phi.* I did not erre in will, but in beliefe,  
And if that be a traitor, then am I the chiefe.

*Cra.* Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent  
To hide the practise till th'accomplishment.

*Phi.* Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,  
290 And it was but the euent that made that ill.  
Some facts men may excuse, though not defend,  
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.  
Th'example of my father made me feare  
To be too forward to relate things heard.

295 Who writing to the King, wilht him forbear,  
The potion his phisition had prepard.  
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had,  
His faith, with many talents, to b'vntrue.  
And yet his druggs in th'end not prouing bad,  
300 Did make my fathers care seeme more than due.

For oft, by an vntimely diligence,  
A busie faith may giue a prince offence.

<E3v>

So

OF PHILOTAS.

So that, what fhall we doo? if wee reueale,  
Wee are difpif'd, fufpected if conceale.  
305 And as for this where euer now thou bee  
O *Alexander* thou haft pardon'd me.  
Thou haft alreadie giuen me thy hand,  
The earnest of thy reconciled hart,  
And therefore now ô let thy goodneffe ftand,  
310 Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.  
Yf thou beleuidft me then, I am abfolud,  
Yf pardon'd me, thefe fetters are diffolu'd.  
What haue I els deferu'd fince yefter night,  
When at thy table I fuch grace did finde,  
315 What hainous crime hath fince been brought to light,  
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind?  
That from a reftfull quiet moft profound  
Sleeping in my misfortunes, made fecure  
Both by thy hand and by a confcience found,  
320 I muft be wak't for Gyues, for robes impure  
For all difgrace that on me wrath could lay,  
And fee the worft of flame, ere I faw day.  
When I leaft thought that others crueltie,  
325 Should haue wrought more thē thine owne clemency.  
*Cra. Philotas* whatfoeuer gloffe you lay,  
Vpon your rotten caufe, it is in vaine,  
Your pride, your cariage, euer did bewray  
Your difcontent, your malice, and difdaine.  
330 You can not palliat mifchiefe but it will,  
Th'row all the faireft couerings of deceit  
Be alwaies feene ; we know thofe ftreames of ill,  
Flow'd from that head that feed them with conceipt.

E4.<r>

You

## THE TRAGEDIE

You softer malcontent, you intertaine  
335 All humors, you all factions must imbrace.  
You vaunt your own exploits, and you disdaine  
The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace.  
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on,  
With hopes of greater good than hath been seene.  
340 You bragg'd of late, that some thing would be donne  
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.  
And now we see the thing that should be donne.  
But, God be praïsd, we see you first vndonne.  
*Phi.* Ah, do not make my nature if it had,  
345 So pliable a sterne of disposition,  
To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,  
For doing good to men of all condition.  
Make not your charitie t'interprete all  
Is done for fauour, to be done for shew,  
350 And that we, in our bounties prodigall.  
Vpon our ends, not on mens needs bestow.  
Let not my one dayes error make you tell,  
That all my life-time I did neuer well.  
And that be cause this fallen out to be ill,  
355 That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.  
It is vniust to ioyne t'a present fact  
More of time past, than it hath euer had  
Before to do with-all, as if it lackt  
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.  
360 I do confesse indeed I wrote somthing.  
Against this title of the sonne of *Ioue*,  
And that not of the king but to the king,  
I freely vs'd these words out of my loue,

 $\langle E_{4\nu} \rangle$ 

And

OF PHILOTAS.

- And thereby hath that dangerous liberty  
365 Offpeaking truth, with trust on former grace,  
Betrai'd my meaning vnto emnity  
And draw'n an argument of my disgrace.  
So that I fee, though I spake what I ought,  
It was not in that maner as I ought.  
370 And God forbid, that euer fouldiers words  
Should be made liable vnto misdeeds,  
When fainting in their march, tyrd in the fight,  
Sicke in their tent, stopping their wounds that bleedes,  
Or haut and iolly after conquest gote  
375 They shall out of their heat vse words vnkind,  
Their deeds deferue, to haue them rather thought  
The passion of the season, than their minde.  
For fouldiers ioy, or wrath, is measurelesse,  
Rapt with an instant motion, and we blame,  
380 We hate, we praise, we pitty in excesse  
According as our present passions flame.  
Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine  
Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slack  
And idle, with our conquests, intertaine  
385 A fullen humor of returning back.  
All which conceits one trumpets sound doth end,  
And each man running to his rankes doth lose  
What in our tents dislike vs, and we spend  
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.  
390 And words, if they proceed of leuity  
Are to be scorn'd; of madnesse pittied  
If out of malice or of iniury  
To be remis'd or vnacknowledged :

<E5r>

For

## THE TRAGEDIE

For of themfelues, they vanifh by difdaine,  
 395 But if purfude, they will be thought not vaine.  
*Cra.* But words, according to the perfon way,  
 If his defignes are hainous, fo are they,  
 They are the tinder of fedition ftill,  
 Wherewith you kindle fires inflame mens will.  
 400 *Phi. Craterus*, you haue th'aduantage of the day,  
 The law is yours, to fay what you will fay.  
 And yet doth all your glosfe but beare the fence,  
 Only of my miffortune not offence.  
 Had I pretended mifchiefe to the king,  
 405 Could not I haue effected it without  
*Dymnus* ? did not my free acceffe bring  
 Continuall meanes t'haue brought the fame about?  
 Was not I, fince I heard the thing difcride,  
 Alone, and arm'd in priuate with his grace,  
 410 What hindred me, that then I had not tride  
 T'haue done that mifchiefe, hauing time and place?  
*Cra. Philotas*, euen the Prouidence aboue.  
 Protectreffe of the facred ftate of kings,  
 That neuer fuffers treacherie to haue  
 415 Good counfell, neuer in this cafe but bringes  
 Confufion to the actors, did vndo  
 Your harts, in what you went about to do.  
*Phi.* But yet difpayre we fee doth thruft men on  
 Se'ing no way els t'vndoo er be vndon.  
 420 *Cra.* That fame difpaire doth like wife let men fall  
 In that amaze they can do nought at all.  
*Phi.* Well, well, my lords, my feruice hath made  
 The faith I owe my Soueraigne and the ftate (knowne  
<E5v> *Philotas*

OF PHILOTAS.

*Philotas* forwardneffe hath euer showne  
425 Vnto all nations, at how high a rate  
I priz'd my King, and at how low my bloud,  
To do him honour and my countrey good. (are:  
*Eph.* We blame not what y'haue bene, but what you  
We accufe not heere your valour, but your fact,  
430 Not to haue been a leader in the warre,  
But an ill fubiect in a wicked act.  
Although we know, thrust rather with the loue  
Of your owne glory, than with dutie lead  
You haue done much; yet all your courfes proue  
515 You tide still your atchieuements to the head  
Of your owne honour, when it had bin meete,  
You had them layd downe at your fouereignes feete.  
God giues to Kings the honour to commaund,  
To fubiects all their glorie to obay:  
520 Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,  
In peace as th'ornaments of ftate aray.  
The King hath recompens'd your feruices  
With better loue than you shew thankfulneffe.  
By grace he made you greater than you were  
525 By nature; you receiu'd that which he was not tide  
To giue to you : his gift was far more deere  
Than all you did, in making you imployd.  
But fay your seruice hath deferu'd at all,  
This one offence hath made it odious all.  
530 And therefore heere in vaine you vse that meane  
To plead for life, which you haue canceald cleane.  
*Phi.* My lord, you far miftake me, if you deeme  
I plead for life, that poore weake blast of breath,

<E6r>

From



OF PHILOTAS.

From which so oft I ran with light esteeme  
 535 And so well haue acquainted me with death,  
 No, no, my lords, it is not that I feare  
 It is mine honour that I feeke to cleare.  
 And which, if my disgraced caufe would let  
 The language of my heart be vnderstood,  
 540 Is all which I haue euer fought to get  
 And which (o leaue me now )and take my bloud.  
 Let not your enuy go beyond the bound  
 Of what you feeke; my life stands in your way  
 That is your aime, take it and do not wounde  
 545 My reputation with that wrong, I pray.  
 If I must needs be made the sacrifice  
 Of enuy, and that no oblation will  
 The wrath of Kings, but only bloud, suffice ,  
 Yet let me haue something left that is not ill.  
 550 Is there no way to get vnto our liues  
 But first to haue our honour ouerthrowne ?  
 Alas, though grace of Kings all greatnesse giues  
 It can not giue vs vertue, that's our owne  
 Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do  
 555 Yet that by which we do is only ours :  
 The trophees that our bloud erects vnto  
 Their memorie, to glorifie their powres  
 Let them enjoy: yet only to haue done  
 Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone.  
 560 Let that high swelling liuer of their fame  
 Leaue humble streames, that feed them yet their name  
 O my deare father, didst thou bring that spirit  
 Those hands of vallour, that so much haue done.

<E6v>

In

OF PHILOTAS.

In this great worke of *Asia*, this to merit  
565 By dooing worthily to be vndone?  
And haft thou made this purchase of thy sword  
To get so great an Empire for thy Lord  
And so disgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,  
T'extinguish by thy seruice all thy line ?  
570 One of thy sonnes by being too valourous  
But fūe dayes since, yet ô well, loft his breath  
Thy neare *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy house,  
And here now the other at the barre of death  
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worfe case  
575 And is to be confounded with disgrace.  
Thy selfe must giue th'acquittance of thy blood  
For others debts, to whom thou haft done good.  
Which, if they would a little time afford  
Death would haue taken it without a sword.  
580 Such the rewards of great imployments are  
Hate killeth in peace, whom Fortune spares in war.  
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,  
Whose fauour and whose wrath consumes alike.  
*Eph.* Loe here the misery of kings, whose cause  
585 How euer iust it be, how euer strong,  
Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes  
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.  
But this foule fact of yours, you stand vpon  
*Philotas* shall beside th'apparancy  
590 Which all the world sees plaine, ere we haue done  
By your owne mouth be made to satisfie.  
The most stiffe partialist that will not see.  
*Phi.* My mouth will neuer proue so false I trust  
Vnto my heart, to shew it selfe vniust:

<E7r>

And

## THE TRAGEDIE

- 595 And what I here do speake, I know, my lords,  
 I speake with mine owne mouth, but other where  
 What may be fayd, I fay, may be the words  
 Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,  
 Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
- 600 About this fact, who, if it shall be true  
 Will neuer suffer those who haue conspird  
 Against *Ioues* sonne, t'escape without their due;  
 But will reueale the truth, or if this shall  
 Not seeme conuenient, why then lay on all
- 85 The tortures that may force a tongue to tell,  
 The secret'thought that could imagin ill.  
*Bel.* What need we send to know more then we know  
 This were to giue you time to acquaint your friends  
 With your estate, till some combustion grow
- 90 Within the campe to hasten on your ends:  
 And that the golde and all the treafury  
 Committed to your fathers custody  
 In *Medea*, now might arme his desp'rat troupes  
 To come vpon vs, and to cut our throtes.
- 95 What, shall we aske of *Ioue*, that which he hath  
 Reueal'd already? but let's send to giue  
 Thanks, that by him the king hath skapt the wrath  
 Of thee, disloyall traitor, and doth liue.  
*Guar.* Let's teare the wretch in peeces, let vs rend
- 100 With our owne hands the traitrous paracide.  
*Alex.* Peace *Belon*, silence louing souldiers.  
 You see, my lords, out of your iudgements graue  
 That all excuses sickly colours haue,  
 And he that hath thus false and faithles bene

<E7v>

Muft

OF PHILOTAS.

105    Must finde out other gods and other men  
      Whom to forweare, and whom he may deceiue,  
      No words of his can make vs more belieue  
      His impudence, and therefore seeing tis late,  
      We till morning, do dismisfe the court.

## ACTVS 5.

*Chorus. Grecian and Persian.*

Per. W      *Ell then I see there is small difference  
Betwixt your state and ours, you ciuill Greeks  
You great contriueurs of free gouernments.  
Whose skill the world from out all countries seekes.*  
5      *Those whom you call your kings are but the same  
As are our soueraigne tirants of the East,  
I see they only differ but in name,  
Th'e effects they shew agree, or neere at least.  
Your great men here as our great Satrapaes*  
10      *I see laid prostrate are with basest shame,  
Vpon the least suspect, or ieaiousies  
Your King, sconceiue or others enuyes frame,  
Onely herein they differ, that your Prince  
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;*  
15      *Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince  
The strongest truth: his sword the proces ends  
With present death, and maks no more adoo,  
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto  
His violence, to make it to appeare*  
20      *In other hew, then that it ought to beare,*  

<E8r>

*Wherein*

## THE TRAGEDIE

- Wherein plaine dealing best his courſe commends  
For more h'offends who by the law offends  
What need hath Alexander ſo to ſtriue  
By all theſe ſhewes of forme to find this man*
- 25 *Guiltie of treaſon, when he doth contriue  
To haue him ſo adiudgd, do what he can.  
He muſt not be acquit, though he be clere  
Th'offendor not th'offence is puniſht here.  
And what auailles the fore-condemnd to ſpeake*
- 30 *How euer ſtrong his cauſe, his ſtate is weake.  
Gre. Ah, but it ſatiffies the world, and wee  
Think that well don, which done by law we ſee.  
Per. And yet your law ſerues but your priuate ends  
And to the compaſſe of your powre extends.*
- 35 *But it is for the maieſtie of Kings  
To fit in iudgement thus themſelues with you?  
Gre. To do men iuſtice is the thing that brings  
The greateſt maieſty on earth to Kings.  
Per. That by their ſubalternate miniſters*
- 40 *May be performed as well, and with more grace  
For to command it to be don infers  
More glory then to doo. It doth imbaſe  
Th'opinion of a powre t'inuulgar ſo  
That ſacred preſence, which ſhould neuer go*
- 45 *Neuer be ſeene, but euen as Gods below  
Like to our Perſian Kings in glorious ſhow.  
And who as ſtarres affixed to their Sphere  
May not deſcend to be from what they are. (not men.  
Gre. Where kings are ſo like gods, there ſubiects are*
- 50 *Per. Your king begins this courſe, & what wil you be the?  
<E8v> Gre.*

OF PHILOTAS.

Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine  
 To head-strong powre and lust, I must confesse  
 We Grecians haue lost deeply by our gayne,  
 And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse  
 55 For by th'accession of these mighty states  
 Which Alexander wonderously hath got  
 He hath forgot himselfe, and vs, and rates  
 His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.  
 This hath thy pompe ô feeble Asia wrought,  
 60 Thy base adornings hath transformed the King  
 Into that shape of pride as he is brought  
 Out of his witts, out of acknowledging  
 From whence the glory of his greatnesse springes,  
 And that it was our swords that wrought these thinges.  
 65 How well were we within the narrow bounds  
 Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,  
 Before our kings inlargd then with our wounds  
 And made these falies of ambition.  
 Before they came to giue the regall law  
 70 To those free states which kept their crownes in awe.  
 They by these large dominions are made more  
 But we become far weaker then before.  
 What get we now by winning but wide mindes  
 And weary bodies with th'expence of blood ?  
 75 What should ill doo, since happy fortune findes  
 But misery, and is not good, though good ?  
 Action begets still action, and retaines  
 Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on  
 A neuer ending circle of our paines  
 80 That makes vs not haue donne, when we haue done.

F<1r>

What

## THE TRAGEDIE

*What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends  
Who countes the world but fmall, that calles him great:  
And his defires beyond his pray diftends,  
Like beafts that murther more than they can eate?*  
85 *When fhall we looke his trauels will be done,  
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?  
What difcontentments will there ftill arife  
In fuch a Campe of kings, to inter-fhock  
Each others greatneffe, and what mutinies,*  
90 *Will put him from his comforts, and will mock  
His hopes, and neuer fuffer him to haue  
That which he hath of all which fortune gaue?  
And from Philotas bloud (ó worthy man)  
Whofe body now rent on the torture lyes*  
95 *Will flow that vaine of frefh conspiracies,  
As ouer-flow him will, do what he can.  
For cruelty doth not imbetter men  
But them more wary makes, then they haue ben.*  
    *Per. Are not your great men free from tortures then*  
100 *Must they be likewise rackt as other men ?*  
    *Græ. Treafon affoords a priuiledge to none,  
Who like offends hath puifhment all one.*

<C9v>

SCE-

OF PHILOTAS.

---

SCENA 2.

*Polidamas, Softratus.*

- F Riend *Softratus*, come haue you euer knowne  
Such a diftracted face of court as now,  
Such a diftrftfull eye, as men are growne  
To feare themfelue and all : and do not know.  
5 Where is the fide that fhakes not, who looks beft  
In this foule day, th'oppreffor or th'oppreft.  
What pofting, what difpatches, what aduice,  
What fearch, what running, what difcoueries?  
What rumors, what fuggeftions, what deuice  
10 To cleere the king, pleafe people, hold the wife,  
Retaine the rude, cruft the fufpected forte  
At vnawares, ere they difcerne th'are hurt.  
So much the fall of fuch a weighty peere  
Doth fhake the State, and with him tumble downe,  
15 All whom his beame of fauour did vpbeare,  
All who to reft vpon his bafe were knowne.  
And none, that did but touch vpon his loue  
Are free from feare to perifh with his loue.  
My felfe whom all the world haue knowne t'imbrace  
20 *Parmenio* in th'intireneffe of my hart,  
And euer in all battels, euery chace  
Of danger, fought ftill next him on that part:  
Was feazed on this laft night, late in my bed,  
And brought vnto the prefence of the king.

F 2<r>

To



## THE TRAGEDIE

- 25 To pay I thought the tribute of my head,  
 But ô twas for a more abhorred thing :  
 I muft redeeme my danger with the bloud  
 Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenios* bloud.  
 His life muft pay for mine, thefe hands muft gore,  
 30 That worthy hart for whom they fought before.  
*Sost.* What, hath the King commanded fuch a deed,  
 To make the harts of all his fubiecks bleed?  
 Muft that olde worthy man *Parmenio* die?  
*Pol.* O *Sostratus*, he hath his doome to die,  
 35 And we muft yeeld vnto neceffity.  
 For comming to the King, and there receiud  
 With vnexpected grace, he thus began:  
*Polidamas* we both haue ben deceiud  
 In holding frienfhup with that faithleffe man  
 40 *Parmenio*, who for all his glozing mine  
 Thou feeft hath fought to cut my throte and thine,  
 And thou muft worke reuenge for thee and me :  
 And therefore hafte to *Media* fpeedely,  
 Take thefe two letters here, the one from mee  
 45 Vnto my fute and truftie feruants there,  
 The other figned with *Philotas* feale,  
 As if the fame t'his father written were:  
 Carrie them both, effect what I haue faid,  
 The one will giue th'acceffe, the other ayde,  
 50 I tooke the letters, vow'd t'effect the fame.  
 And here I go the instrument of fhame. (fhame?  
*Soft.* But will you charge your honor with this  
*Poli.* I muft, or be vndone with all my name.  
 For I haue left all th'adamantine tyes

<F2v>

Of

# OF PHILOTAS.

- 55 Of bloud and nature, that can holde a hart  
 Chaind to the world )my brethren and allies  
 The Oftages to caution for my parte.  
 And for their liues muft I difhonor mine.  
 Els should the king rather haue turnd this fword
- 60 Vpon my hart, then forft it impioufly,  
 (Hauing done all faire feruice to his Lord  
 Now to b'employd in this foule villanie. )  
 Thus muft we do who are inthrald to kings,  
 whether they will iuft or vnlawfull things.
- 65 But now *Parmenio*, ô, me thinks I fee  
 Thee walking in th'artificiall Groue  
 Of pleafant *Sufis*, when I come to thee,  
 And thou remembring all our ancient loue  
 Haftes to imbrace me, Saying ô my friend,
- 70 My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend,  
 Well art thou come that we may fit and chate  
 Of all the old aduentures we haue run.  
 Tis long *Polidamas* fince we two met,  
 How doth my foueraigne Lord, how doth my fonne?
- 75 When I vile wretch, whilft m'anfwere he attends  
 With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends  
 His fpeaking ioy, and stabbs him to the hart.  
 And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art  
 For all thy feruice, thou that didft agree
- 80 For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*  
 For *Alexander* I muft now kill thee.  
 Such are the iudgements of the heauenly powrs,  
 We others ruynes worke, and others ours.  
*Cho. P.* Why this is right now *Alexander* takes  
 F 3<r> The

# THE TRAGEDIE

- 85 The courfe of powre, this is a *Perſian* tricke,  
This is our way, here publike triall makes  
No doubtfull noyfe, but buries clamor quick.  
*Gr.* Indeed now *Perſia* hath no cauſe to rew,  
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NUNCIVS.

- 90 T *His worke is donne, the sad Catastrophe*  
*Of this great act of bloud is finisht now.*  
*Philotas ended hath the tragedie.*  
 Cho. *Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.*  
 N. *As willing to relate as you to heare*  
 95 *A full-chargd heart is glad to finde an eare.*  
*The Councell being dismijs'd from hence, and gone,*  
*Still Craterus plyes the King, still in his eare,*  
*Still whispering to him priuately alone,*  
*Vrging it seemd a quicke dispatch of feare:*  
 100 *For they who speake but priuately to Kings,*  
*Do seldome speake the best and fittest things.*  
*Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death.*  
*According to the Macedonian course :*  
*But yet that would not satisfie the breath*  
 105 *Of busie rumour, but would argue force,*  
*There must be some confessions made within,*  
*That must abroad more satisfaction winne.*  
*Craterus with Cænus and Ephestion,*  
*Do mainely vrge to haue him tortured,*  
 <F3v> Where-

OF PHILOTAS

- 110 *Whereto the king consents, and there uppon  
They there are sent to see't accomplished.  
Racks, Yrons, Fires, the grisely torturers  
Stand hideously prepar'd before his face.  
Philotas all vn-mou'd, vnchaungd appeares.*
- 115 *As if he would, deathes ouglyest brow out-face,  
And skorne the worst of force, and askt them why  
They staid to torture the kings enemy.  
Cho. That part was acted well, God grant we heare  
No worse a Scene then this, and all goes cleare.*
- 120 *So should worth act, and they who dare to fight  
Against corrupted times should dye vpright :  
Such hearts kings may dissolue but not defeat,  
A great man where he falles he should lye great  
Whose ruine ( like the sacred carkefes*
- 125 *Of skattered temples which still reuerent lie,  
And the religious honour them no lesse  
Than if they stood with all their gallantry.  
But on with thy report.  
Nu. Straight were hote-yrons appli'd to fore his flesh,*
- 130 *There wrestling racks, his comely body straine :  
Then yron whips, and then the rack a-fresh,  
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe :  
Which he endures with so resolute a looke  
As if his minde were of another side*
- 135 *Than of his bodie, and his sense for looke  
The part of nature, to be wholly tyde  
To honour, that he would not once consent  
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.  
Cho. Yet doth he like himselfe yet all is well.*

F 4<r>

This

## THE TRAGEDIE

- 140 *This Argument no tyrant can refell,  
This plea of resolution winnes his cause  
More right than all, more admiration drawes,  
For we loue nothing more, than to renowne  
Men stoutly miserable, highly downe.*
- 145 *N. But now.  
Ch. We feare that but. O if he ought descend  
Leaue here, and let the Tragedie here end,  
Let not the leaft act now of his at last,  
Marre all his act of life and glories past.*
- 150 *Nu, I must tell all, and therefore giue me leaue,  
Swolne with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierkes  
Of Iron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd.  
And no part free from wounds, it erkes  
His foule to see the house so foule defast,*
- 155 *Wherein his life had dwelt so long time clene,  
And therefore craues he, they would now dismiss  
His grievous tortures, and he would begin  
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.  
Streight were his tortures ceast, and after they*
- 160 *Had let him to recouer sense he said,  
Now Craterus, Say what you will haue me say?  
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,  
Craterus in wrath calles presently againe,  
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.*
- 165 *When, whatfoeuer secret of his hart  
Which had been fore-conceiued but in a thought  
What friend foeuer had but tooke his part  
In common loue h'accus'd; and so forgot  
Himselfe that now he was more forward to*
- <F4v>

Con-

OF PHILOTAS.

- 170 *Confesse, then they to vrge him thereunto,  
Whether affliction had his spirits vndonne,  
Or seeing to hide or vtter was all one;  
Both wayes lay death, and therefore he would vie  
Now to be fure to say enough to die.*
- 175 *And then began his fortunes to deplore  
Humbly befought them whom he skornd before,  
That Alexander where he stood behind  
A Trauers, out of fight, was heard to speake:  
I neuer thought, a man that had a mind*
- 180 *T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake.  
There he confest, that on, Hegelochus,  
When first the King proclaimd himfelfe Ioues sonne :  
Incenc'd his fathers heart against him thus,  
By telling him that now we were vndone,*
- 185 *If we indur'd, that he, which did difdaine  
To haue beene Philips sonne, should liue and raigne.  
He that aboue the state of man will straine  
His stile, and will not be that which we are,  
Not onely vs contemnes, but doth difdaine*
- 190 *The godds themfelues, with whom he would compare,  
We haue loft Alexander, loft ( said he )  
The King; and falne on pride and vanitie :  
And we haue made a god of our owne bloud,  
That glorifies himfelfe, neglects our good.*
- 195 *Intolerable is this impious deed,  
To Godds,whom he would match,to men he would exceed.  
Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus  
Difcourfd : my father fendes next day  
For me to beare the same : and there to vs*

<F5r>

All

# THE TRAGEDIE

- 200 *All he had faid to him he made him re-fay.  
Supposing, out of wine, the night before  
He might but idlie raue. When he againe  
Far more unrag'd, in heat and passion more  
Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a stayne.*
- 205 *Coniur'd vs to redeeme the common-weale  
And do like men, or els as men conceale.  
Parmenio thought, whil'st yet Darius stood  
This course was out of season, and thereby  
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders bloud*
- 210 *Would not profit vs but th'enemy.  
But he once dead, we feazing th'others powres  
Might make all th'Orient and all Asia ours,  
That course we like, to that our counsell stands,  
Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.*
- 215 *And as for this, he faid, for Dymnus plot,  
Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.  
And yet the force of racks at last could do  
So much with him, as he confest that too.  
And faid, that fearing Bactra would detaine*
- 220 *The king too long, be haftned on his endes,  
Least that his father, Lord of such a traine  
And such a wealth, on whome the whole depends,  
Should being aged, by his death preuent  
These his designs, and frustrate his intent.*
- 225 *Cho. O would we had not heard this latter iarre,  
This all his former straines of worth doth marre :  
Before this last his foes his spirit commends,  
But now he is vnpittied of his friends.  
Nun. Then was Demetrius likewise brought in place,  
<F6v> And*

*Dum infici-  
atus est fa-  
cinus cru-  
deliter tor-  
queri vide-  
batur post  
confessionē  
Philotas  
ne amicorū  
quidē mi-  
sericordiam  
meruit.*

OF PHILOTAS.

- 230 *And put to torture, who denies the deed,  
Philotas he auerres it to his face.  
Demetrius still denies : then he espide  
A youth one Calin that was standing by ;  
Calin said he, how long wilt thou abide,*
- 235 *Demetrius vainely to auouch a lie.  
The youth, that neuer had ben nam'd before  
In all his tortures gaue them cause to geffe  
Philotas ear'd not now to vtter more  
Than had been priuie to his practifes.*
- 240 *And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,  
They with Demetrius stow'd him vnto death,  
And all whom Dymnus nam'd to haue conspird,  
With greuous tortures now most loose their breath :  
And all that were allyde which could not flie,*
- 245 *Are in the hands of Iustice now to dye.  
Ch. What must the punishment ariue beyond  
Th'offence, not with th'offender make an end?  
Nu. They all must dye who may be feard in time  
To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.*
- 250 *All other punishments end with our breath,  
But treason is purfude beyond our death,  
Ch. The wrath of Kings doth feldome measure keepe,  
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe :  
When punishment like lightning should appeare*
- 255 *To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare.  
Great Elephants and Lyons murther least,  
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast,  
But all is well if by the mightie fall  
Of this great man, the King be safely freed:*

<F7r>

But



THE TRAGEDIE

260 *But if this Hydra of ambition shall  
Haue other heads to spring vp in his steed  
Then hath he made his way for them to rife,  
Who will affault him with fresh trecheries.  
The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,*  
265 *To admire high hills, but liue within the plaine.*

*F I N I S .*

[Illustration]

<F7v>