

DELIA
and
ROSAMOND
augmented.

CLEOPATRA

By
Samuel Daniel.

*AËtas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.*

1594.

Printed at London for *Simon Waterfon* , and
are to be sold in Paules Church-yard at the
figne of the Crowne.

[Ornament]

TO THE RIGHT HONO-
RABLE, THE LADY MARY,
Countesse of Pembroke.

W *Onder of these, glory of other times,*
O thou whom Enuy eu'n is forst t'admyre :
Great Patroneß of these my humble Rymes,
Which thou from out thy greatnes doost inspire:

5 *Sith onely thou hast deign'd to rayse them higher,*
Vouchsafe now to accept them as thine owne,
Begotten by thy hand, and my desire,
Wherein my Zeale, and thy great might is showne.

And seeing this vnto the world is knowne,

10 *O leaue not, still to grace thy worke in mee :*
Let not the quickning feede be ouer-throwne,
Of that which may be borne to honour thee.
Whereof, the trauaile I may challenge mine,
But yet the glory, (Madam) must be thine.

A2<r>

[Ornament]

☉ Gentle Reader correct these
faultes escaped in the
printing.

S Onnet 18. lyne 3. for error, reade terror.

G. 1. page 2. for Condemning, read Conducting.

In L. page 16. Marke the Speaker, and read thus,

The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,

5 *Doth onely fatisfie it selfe, not vs.*

In the last Chorus, for care, reade cure.

[Ornament]

<A2v>

THE
Tragedie of
CLEOPATRA
(··)

[Ornament]

AEtas prima ca-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumul-
tus.

1594.

To the Countesse

Who if shee heere doe so appeare in act,
That for his Queene & Loue he scarce wil know her,
Finding how much shee of her selfe hath lackt,
20 And mist that glory wherein I should shew her,
In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower ;
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet fauouring eyes,
My darke defects which from her sp'rit detract,
Hee yet may geffe it's shee; which will suffice.

25 And I heereafter, in another kinde,
More fitting to the nature of my vaine,
May (peradventure) better please thy minde,
And higher notes in sweeter musique straine :
Seeing that thou so graciously doost daine.
30 To countenance my song and cherish mee.
I must so worke posterity may finde
How much I did contend to honour thee.

Now when so many pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chase away this tyrant of the North:
35 *Großs Barbarism*, whose powre growne far enlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant Brothers worth,
First found, encountred, and prouoked forth :
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd,
40 Vpon that hidious Beast incroching thus.

<H5v>

And

of Pembroke.

And now muft I with that poore ftrength I haue,
Refift fo foule a foe in what I may :
And arme againft obliuion and the graue,
That els in darknes carries all away,
45 And makes of all our honors but a pray.
So that if by my penne procure I fhall
But to defend mee, and my name to faue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ftill the better part of me will liue,
50 Deckt and adorned with thy facred name,
Although thy felfe doft farre more glory giue
Vnto thy felfe, then I can by the fame.
Who dooft with thine owne hand a Bulwarke frame
Againft thefe Monfters, (enemies of honour,)
55 VVhich euer-more fhall fo defend thy Fame,
That Time nor they, fhall neuer pray vpon her.

Thofe *Hymnes* that thou dooft confecrate to heauen,
Which *Ifraels* Singer to his God did frame :
Vnto thy voyce eternitie hath giuen,
60 And makes thee deere to him frō whence they came.
In them muft reft thy euer reuerent name,
So long as *Syons* G O D remaineth honoured ;
And till confufion hath all zeale be-reauen,
And murdered Fayth, and Temples ruined.

<H6r>

By

To the Countesse

65 By this, (Great Lady,) thou muft then be knowne,
VVhen *Wilton* lyes low leuell'd with the ground :
And this is that which thou maift call thine owne,
VVhich facriligious time cannot confound ;
Heere thou furuiu'ft thy felfe, heere thou are found
70 Of late fucceeding ages, frefh in fame :
This Monument cannot be ouer-throwne,
Where, in eternall Braffe remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ftile
VVithin thefe ftrict and narrow limmits fo :
75 But that the melody of our sweet Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber, Arne, and Po.*
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go
The mufique of Declyned Italie :
And liftning to our fongs another while,
80 Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie.

O why may not fome after-comming hand,
Vnlock thefe limits, open our confines :
And breake a funder this imprifoning band,
T'inlarge our fpirits, and publifh our diffignes;
85 Planting our Rofes on the *Apenines* ?
And teach to *Rhene, to Loyre, and Rhodanus,*
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

<H6v>

VVhereby

of Pembroke.

Wherby great SYDNEY & our SPENCER might,
90 VWith thofe *Po*-fingers beeing equalled,
Enchaunt the world with fuch a fweet delight,
That theyr eternall fongs (for euer read,)
May fhew what great ELIZAS raigne hath bred.
VWhat mufique in the kingdome of her peace.
95 Hath now beene made to her , and by her might,
VWhereby her glorious fame fhall neuer ceafe.

But if that Fortune doth deny vs this,
Then *Neptune*, lock vp with thy Ocean key,
This treafure to our felues, and let them miffe
100 Of fo fweet ritches : as vnworthy they
To tafte the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmony fo pleafing growne,
Content our felues, whofe error euer is,
Strange notes to like, and difteeme our owne.

105 But, whither doe my vowes tranfport me now,
VWithout the compaffe of my courfe inioynd ?
Alas, what honour can a voyce fo low
As this of mine, expect heereby to find ?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
110 That fauored by the Worthy of our Land,
My lynes are lik'd ; the which may make me grow,
In time to take a greater tafke in hand.

<H7r>

<H7v>

THE ARGUMENT.

yeeld herselfe to Cæfars mercie. Which shee, (to
be ridd of him,) cunningly seemed to grant vnto.
After that, Octavius in person went to visite
her, to whom shee excus'd her offence, laying all
the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare shee had of
20 Antonius, and withall, seemed verie tractable,
and willing to be disposed of by him.

Where-vpon, Octavius (thinking himselfe
sure) resolu'd presently to send her away to Rome.
Whereof, Dolabella a fauorite of Cæfars, (and
25 one that was grown into some good liking of her,)
hauing certified her, shee makes her humble peti-
cion to Cæsar, that he would suffer her to sacri-
fize to the ghoft of Antonius: which being gran-
ted her, shee was brought vnto his Sepulcher,
30 where after her rites performed, shee returned to
the Monument , and there dined, with great
magnificence. And in dinner time , came there
one in the habite of a Countriman, with a basket
of figgs vnto her , who (vn suspected) was suffe-
35 red to carry them in. And in that basket (among
the figges) were conuaid the Aspicks where-
with shee did herselfe to death. Dinner beeing
<H8r> ended,

THE ARGUMENT.

ended, *ſhee diſpatched Letters to Cæſar, contayning great lamentations : with an earneſt ſupplication, that ſhee might be entomb'd with Antonius. Wherevpon, Cæſar knowing what ſhee intended, ſent preſently with all ſpeed, meſſengers to haue preuented her death , which notwithstanding, before they came was diſpatched.*

45 *Cefario her ſonne, which ſhee had by Iulius Cæſar, (conuaied before vnto India , out of the danger of the warrs,) was about the ſame time of her death , murdered at Rhodes : trained thether by the falſhood of his Tutor ,corrupted by*
50 *Cæſar. And ſo heereby, came the race of the Ptolomies to be wholly extinct, & the flourishing ritche Kingdome of Egipt vtterly ouer-throwne and ſubdued.*

I 1<r>

The

[Ornament]

[Ornament]

The Scæne supposed
Alexandria.

THE ACTORS.

CLEOPATRA. OCTAVIVS CAESAR.
PROCVLEIVS. DOLABELLA.
TITIVS, Seruaunt to DOLABELLA.
ARIVS. ——— } two Philofophers.
PHILOSTRATVS. }
SELEVCVS. Secretary to CLEOPATRA.
RODON. Tutor to CÆSARIO.
NVNTIVS.
The CHORVS. all Egiptians.

<11v>

ACTVS.

[Ornament]

[Ornament]

ACTVS PRIMVS

CLEOPATRA.

- Y ET doe I liue, and yet doth breath possesse
This hatefull prifon of a loathsome foule :
Can no calamitie, nor no diftresse
Breake hart and all, and end a life fo foule ?
- 5 Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with these eyes
Behold the deereft of her life bereft her ?
Ah, can thee entertaine the leaft furmife
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her ?
Why fhould I linger longer griefes to try ?
- 10 These eyes that fawe what honor earth could giue mee,
Doe now behold the worft of mifery :
The greateft wrack wherto Fortune could driue mee
Hee on whose fhoulders all my reft relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay :
I 2<r> The

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDY

- 15 The *Atlas* and the Champion of my pride,
That did the world of my whole fortune fway ;
Lyes falne, confounded, dead in flame and dolors,
Following th'vn lucky party of my loue.
Th' Enfigne of mine eyes, th'vn happy collours,
- 20 That him to mischief, mee to ruine droue.
And now the modell made of misery,
scorne to the world, borne but for Fortunes foile,
My lufts haue fram'd a Tombe for mee to lie,
Euen in the ashes of my Countries spoyle.
- 25 Ah, who would think that I were shee who late,
Clad with the glory of the worlds chiefe ritches,
Admir'd of all the earth, and wondred at,
Glittring in pompe that hart and eye bewitches :
Should thus distres'd, cast down from of that heighth
- 30 Leuell'd with low disgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the waight of such affliction figh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extremest misery.
Am I the woman, whose inuentiue pride,
(Adorn'd like *Isis*,) scornd mortalitie ?
- 35 Ift I that left my fence so without guide,
That flattery would not let him know twas I ?
Ah, now I see, they scarce tell truth, that praife vs,
Crownes are beguild, prosperity betraies vs.
- <I2v> VVhat

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

What is become of all that statelie traine,
40 Thofe troopes that wont attend prosperitie ?
See what is left, what number doth remaine,
A tombe, two maydes, and miserable I.
And I t'adorne their tryumphes, am referu'd
A captiue kept to beautifie their spoyles :
45 VVhom *Cæfar* labours, fo to haue preferu'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
No *Cæfar* no, it is not thou canft doe it.
Promife, flatter, threaten extreamitie,
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force vnto it,
50 I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou of Country, kingdom, & my Crowne,
Though thou of all my glory doft bereaue me,
Though thou haft all my Egipt as thine owne,
Yet haft thou left me that which will deceiue thee.
55 That courage with my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth, as thou art now :
Cannot by threates be vulgarly abated,
To be thy flaue, that rul'd as good as thou.
Confider *Cæfar* that I am a Queene,
60 And fcorne the bafenes of a feruile thought :
The world and thou, doft know what I haue beene,
And neuer thinke I can be fo low brought,
I 3<r> That

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- That Rome should see my scepter-bearing hands,
Behinde mee bounde, and glory in my teares.
- 65 That I should passe, whereas *Octavia* stands
To view my misery, that purchaſt hers.
No, I disdain that head that wore a Crowne,
Should stoop to take vp that which others giue :
I muſt not be, vnleſſe I be mine owne.
- 70 Tis ſweet to die when we are forſt to liue.
Nor had I troubled now the world thus long,
And bene indebted for this little breath,
But that I feare, *Cæſar* would offer wrong
To my diſtreſſed ſeede after my death.
- 75 Tis that which dooth my deereſt blood controule.
Tis that (alas) detaines mee from my Tombe,
Whilſt Nature brings to contradict my foule,
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
O luckleſſe iſſue of a wofull Mother,
- 80 Th' vngodly pledges of a wanton bed;
You Kings deſign'd, muſt now be ſlaues to other,
Or els not bee (I feare) when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Cæſar*,
And liue this while for to procure your ſafetie.
- 85 For you I fayne content, and ſoothe his pleaſure,
Calamitie heerein hath made me crafty.
- <I3v> But

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

But tis not long, Ile see what may be done,
And come what will, this stands, I must die free.
Ile be my selfe, my thoughts doe rest thereon ,
90 Blood, chyldren, nature, all must pardon mee.
My foule yeelds honour vpon the victory ,
And I must bee a Queene, forget a mother :
Yet mother would I be, were I not I,
And Queene would I not now be, were I other.
95 But what know I, if th'heavens haue decreed,
And that the finnes of Egypt haue deferr'd,
The *Ptolomeyes* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto referu'd.
That I should bring confusion to my fate,
100 And fill the measure of iniquitie :
Licentiousnes in mee should end her date,
Begunne in ill-dispens'd libertie.
If so it be, and that my heedles waies,
Haue this so great a diffolation rais'd,
105 Yet let a glorious end conclude my dayes,
Though life were bad, my death may yet be prais'd,
That I may write in letters of my blood,
A fit memoriall for the times to come :
To be example to such Princes good
110 That please themselues, and care not what become.
I 4<r> And

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

And *Anthony*, because the world doth know,
That my misfortune hath procured thine,
And my imprudence brought thee follow,
To love thy glory, and to ruine mine :
115 By grappling in the Ocean of our pride,
To sinke each others greatnes both together,
Both equall shipwrack of our states t' abide,
And like destruction to procure to eyther :
If I should now (our common fault) suruiue,
120 Then all the world must hate mee if I doe it,
Sith both our errors did occasion giue,
And both our faults haue brought vs both vnto it.
I being first inamour'd with thy greatnes,
Thou with my vanity bewitched wholly :
125 And both betrayd with th' outward pleasant sweetnes,
The one ambition spoyld, th' other folly.
For which, thou hast already duly paid,
The statute of thy errors dearest forfeit :
Whereby thy gotten credite was decayd,
130 Procur'd thee by thy wanton deadly forfeit.
And next is my turne, now to sacrifice
To Death, and thee, the life that doth reprove mee,
Our like distresse I feele doth sympathize,
And euen affliction makes me truly love thee.
<14v> VWhich

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
160 Fayling of what I was, and was but thus :
VVhen fuch as wee, doe deeme in iealofie
That men loue for them-felues, and not for vs.
Then, and but thus, thou didft loue moft sincerely,
(O *Anthony*,) that beft deferu'dft it better
165 Thys Antumne of my beauty bought fo deereely,
For which (in more then death) I ftand thy debter.
VVhich I will pay thee with moft faithfull zeale,
And that ere long, no *Cæfar* fhall detaine me ;
My death, my loue and courage fhall reueale,
170 The which is all the world hath left t'vnftaine me.
And to the end I may deceiue beft, *Cæfar*,
Who dooth fo eagerly my life importune,
I muft preuaile mee of this little leifure,
Seeming to fute my minde vnto my fortune.
175 Whereby I may the better mee prouide,
Of what my death and honor beft fhall fit :
A feeming bafe content, muft warie hide
My laft diffeigne, till I accomplifh it.
That heereby yet the world fhall fee that I,
180 Although vnwife to liue, had wit to die.

Exit.

<16v>

CHO-

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

CHORVS.

B *Ehold what Furies still*
Torment their tortur'd brest.
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.
185 *Which when being most distrest,*
Yet more to vexe their sp'rit,
The hidious face of finne,
(In formes they moft deteft)
Stands euer in their fight.
190 *Their Conscience still within,*
Th'eternall larum is,
That euer-barking dog that calls vppon theyr miß.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himfelfe can finde :
195 *No way to start aside*
Out from the hell of mind.
But in himfelfe confin'd,
Hee still fees finne before :
And winged-footed paine,
<17r> That

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

200 *That swiftly comes behind,
The which is euer more,
The fure and certaie gaine
Impietie doth get ,
And wanton loofe respect , that dooth it felfe forget.*

205 *And CLEOPATRA now ,
Well fees the dangerous way
Shee tooke . and car'd not bow,
Which led her to decay.
And likewife makes vs pay*

210 *For her difordred luft ,
Th int'reft of our blood :
Or liue a feruile pray,
Vnder a band vniuft ,
As others fhall thinke good.*

215 *This hath her riot wonne.
And thus fhee hath her ftate, her felfe and vs vndunne.*

*Now euery mouth can tell,
What clofe was muttered :
How that fhee did not well,*

220 *To take the courfe fhee did.
For now is nothing hid,*

<17v>

Of

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

*Of what feare did restraine,
No secrete clofely done,
But now is vttered:
The text is made most plaine
225 That flattery glos'd vpon,
The bed of finne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that fhame would haue conceal d.*

*The scene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lyes,
230 The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wife,
Proue imperfections smoake :
And all what wonder gaue
235 To pleafure-gazing eyes,
Lyes scattered, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconfider at wights,
Thefe momentary pleafures, fugitiue delights.*

<I8r>

ACTVS

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

CAESAR. PROCVLEIVS.

- K Ingdoms I fee we winne, we conquere Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish harts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in clofe-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of fword or violence.
- 5 Who forc'd doe pay vs duety, pay not loue :
Free is the hart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie facred from aboue,
Where nature keeps the keyes that loofe and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
- 10 So clofe shut vp, and lockt to all mankind :
I fee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reft, anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquish haue this Land,
Subdu'de that strong Competitor of mine :
- 15 All Egipt yeelds to my all-conquering hand,
And all they treafure and themfelues refigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath loft all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde :
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
- <18v> To

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

To be difpos'd as chaunce hath her afsign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth fhee now giue,
Will fhee be brought to condiscend to liue ?

Proc. My Lord, what time being fent from you to try,
25 To win her fourth aliue, (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
Shee liues inclos'd in moft afflicted plight;
No way I found, no meanes how to furprize her,
But through a Grate at th'entry of the place,
30 Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduife her,
To come to *Cæfar*, and to fue for grace.
Shee faide, fhee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, prayd they might inherite,
That *Cæfar* would vouchfafe (in clemency,)
35 To pittie them, though fhee deferu'd no merite.
So leauing her for then ; and fince of late,
With *Gallus* fent to try another time,
The whilst hee entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to climbe.
40 Where in difcending in the clofeft wife,
And filent manner as I could contriue :
Her woman mee defcri'd, and out fhee cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene raught frō her fide her knife,
<19r> And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Authority confounds with prayers, fo
Words of commaund conioyn'd with humble fpeech,
70 Shew'd fhee would liue, yet fcorn'd to pray her foe.
 Ah, what hath *Cæfar* heere to doe, laid fhee,
 In confines of the dead in darknes liuing ?
 Will hee not graunt our fepulchers be free,
 But violate the priuiledge of dying ?
75 What, muft hee ftretch forth his ambitious hand
 Into the right of Death, and force vs heere ?
 Hath mifery no couert where to ftand
 Free from the ftorme of pryde,ift fafe no where ?
 Cannot my land, my gold, my Crowne fuffife,
80 And all what I held deere, to him made common,
 But that he muft in this fort tirannize,
 Th'afflicted body of an wofull woman ?
 Tell him, my frailty, and the Gods haue giuen,
 Sufficient glory , if hee could content him :
85 And let him now with his defires make euen,
 And leaue mee to this horror, to lamenting.
 Now hee hath taken all away from mee,
 What muft hee take mee from my felfe by force ?
90 Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue mee free
 The kingdom of this poore diftreffed corfe.
 No other crowne I feeke, no other good.

K I<r>

Yet

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- Yet with that *Cæsar* would vouchsafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-fpring of my blood.
- 95 Confused iffue, yet of Roman race.
If blood and name be linkes of loue in Princes,
Not spurres of hate ; my poore *Cæfario* may
Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæfars* blood, may *Cæfars* raging stay.
- 100 But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muft bee rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood difpence:
Then be it fo , if needes it muft be fo.
- 105 There ftayes and fhrikes in horror of her ftate.
VWhen I began to mitigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wifhing her not difpaire, but rather come
And fue for grace, and fhake off all vaine feares :
- 110 No doubt fhee fhould obtaine as gentle doome
As fhee defir'd, both for herfelfe and hers.
And fo with much a-doe, (well pacifide
Seeming to bee,) fhee fhew'd content to lyue,
Saying fhee was refolu'd thy doome t'abide,
- 115 And to accept what fauour thou would'ft giue.
And heere-withall, crau'd alfo that fhee might
<K1v> Performe

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- Performe her laft rites to her loft belou'd.
To facrifize to him that wrought her plight :
And that fhee might not bee by force remou'd.
- 120 I graunting from thy part this her request,
Left her for then, feeming in better reft.
Cæf. But dooft thou thinke fhe will remaine fo ftill ?
Pro. I thinke, and doe affure my felfe fhee will.
Cæf. Ah, priuate men found not the harts of Princes,
- 125 VVhose actions oft beare contrarie pretences.
Pro. Why, tis her fafety for to yeeld to thee.
Cæf. But tis more honour for her to die free.
Pro. Shee may thereby procure her childrens good.
Cæf. Princes respect theyr honour more then blood.
- 130 *Pro.* Can Princes powre difpence with nature than ?
Cæf. To be a Prince, is more then be a man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time perfwaded beene.
Cæf. And fo might fhee too, were fhee not a Queene.
Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclam'd.
- 135 *Cæf.* Princes (like Lyons) neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeeld, and care not how,
But greater harts will breake before they bow.
And fure I thinke fh'will neuer condifcend,
To lyue to grace our fpoyles with her difgrace :
- 140 But yet let ftill a warie watch attend,
K 2<r> To

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

160 *Which borne of winde, and fed with showes,
Doost nurse thy felfe in thine vnrest.
Iudging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceite defign'st.
And all things in the world doost deeme,*
165 *Not as they are, but as they feeme:
Which shewes, their state thou ill defin'st :
And liu'st to come, in present pin'st.
For what thou hast, thou still doost lacke :
O mindef tormentor, bodies wracke,*
170 *Vaine promifer of that sweet rest ,
Which neuer any yet possfest.*

*If wee vnto ambition tende,
Then doost thou draw our weakenes on,
With vaine imagination*
175 *Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How doth that pleafant plague infest ?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straight doost cast t'intice vs by ?*
180 *And tell'st vs that is euer best,
Which wee haue neuer yet possfest.
And that more pleafure rests beside,*

K 3<r>

In

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

*In something that we haue not tride.
And when the same likewife is had,
185 Then all is one, and all is bad.*

*This Anthony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis so,
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can say, shee neuer knew
190 But that iust found pleasures new,
And was neuer satisfide :
Hee can say by prooffe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the hart of pride :
195 And findes no rest when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, listes and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.*

*200 And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leaues not heere,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere.
Perfwading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine.*

<K3v>

And

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

With blood vnder our feete ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land moft wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our deereft good.
And fo we liue, we care not how we liue :
15 So deepe we feele impreffed in our blood,
That touch which nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blafts of words hath learning found,
To blow againft the feare of death and dying ?
What comforts vnficke Eloquence can found,
20 And yet all fayles vs in the poynt of trying.
For whilst we reafon with the breath of fafety,
VWithout the compaffe of deftruction liuing :
VWhat precepts fhew wee then, what courage lofty
In taxing others feares in counfell giuing ?
25 VWhen all thys ayre of fweet-contriued words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this lyfe, pale feare and terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte ?
O who is he that from himfelfe can turne,
30 That beares about the body of a man ?
Who doth not toyle and labour to adorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can ?
All this I fpeake to th'end my felfe t'excufe,
For my bafe begging of a feruile breath,
<K4v> VVherin

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

And that fame day that highft glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poynt of back-returning.
85 For fenceles fenfualitie, doth euer
Accompany felicity and greatnes.
A fatall witch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till we leaue all in forrow for our fweetnes ;
When yet our felues muft be the caufe we fall,
90 Although the fame be firft decreed on hie :
Our errors ftill muft beare the blame of all,
This muft it be, earth afke not heauen why.
Yet mighty men with wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obftacles of feare :
95 All whatfoeuer feemes but to withftand
Theyr leaft conceite of quiet, held fo deere ;
And fo intrench themfelues with blood, w^t crymes,
With all iniuftice as theyr feares difpofe :
Yet for all thys wee fee, how oftentimes
100 The meanes they worke to keep, are means to lofe.
And fure I cannot fee, how this can ftand
With great *Augustus* fafety and his honor,
To cut off all fucceffion from our land,
For her offence that puld the warrs vpon her.
105 *Phi.* Why muft her iffue pay the price of that ?
Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.

<K6r>

Philo.

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Phi. *Cæfario* to, iffued of *Cæfars* blood?

Ari. Pluralitie of *Cæfars* are not good.

Phi. Alas what hurt procures his feeble arme ?

110 *Ari.* Not for it dooth, but that it may doe harme.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repreffe the fame,

Ari. Tis best to quench a sparke before it flame.

Phi. Tis inhumane, an innocent to kill.

Ari. Such innocents, fildome remaine fo ftill.

115 And fure his death may best procure our peace,

Competitors the fubiect deerely buies :

And fo that our affliction may furceafe,

Let geat men be the peoples facrifice.

But fee where *Cæfar* comes himfelfe, to try

120 And worke the mind of our diftressed Queene,

To apprehend fome falfed hope : whereby

Shee might be drawne to haue her fortune feene.

But yet I thinke, Rome will not fee that face

(That quel her chāpions,) blufh in bafe difgrace.

<K6v>

Scæna

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Cæf. Rife Queene, none but thy felfe is caufe of all.

And yet, would all were but thyne owne alone :
That others ruine had not with thy fall

20 Brought Rome her forowes, to my tryumphs mone.

For breaking off the league of loue and blood.
Thou mak'ft my winning ioy a gaine vnpleafing :
Sith th'eye of grieffe muft looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our owne blood-fhedding.

25 And all, we muft attribute vnto thee.

Cleo. To mee ? *Cæfar* what fhould a woman doe

Oppreft with greatnes ? What was it for mee
To contradict my Lord, beeing bent thereto ?

I was by loue, by feare, by weakenes, made

30 An infrument to fuch diffeignes as thefe.

For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obeyd? who was not glad to pleafe ?

And how could I with-draw my fuccouring hand,
From him that had my hart, or what was mine ?

35 Th'intreft of my faith in ftraighteft band,

My loue to his moft firmly did combine.

Cæf. Loue? alas no, it was th'innated hatred

That thou and thine haft euer borne our people :

That made thee feeke al meanes to haue vs fcattred,

40 To difvnite our ftrength, and make vs feeble.

<K7v>

And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

And therefore did that breft nurfe our diffention,
VVith hope t'exalt thy felfe, t'augment thy ftate :
To pray vpon the wrack of our contention,
And (with the reft our foes,) to ioy thereat.

- 45 *Cleo.* O *Cæfar*, fee how eafie tis t'accufe
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refufe
The titles of reproch he's charg'd withall.
The conquering caufe hath right, wherein y^u art,
50 The vanquifht, ftill is iudg'd the worfer part.
Which part is mine, becaufe I loft my part.
No leffer then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for mee, alas what needed arte
To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
55 But heere let weaker powers note what it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
If we take part, we oft doe perrifh thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we muft feare.
Alas, what fhall the forft partakers doe,
60 When following none, yet muft they perrifh to?
But CÆSAR. fith thy right and caufe is fuch,
Bee not a heauie weight vpon calamitie :
Deprefse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeft glory is the Victors lenitie.
<K8r> Th'inhe-

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- Poore miserable foule, that little ioyef
90 In trifling ornaments, in outward fhowes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liuis*, and *Octauias* grace.
That thereby in compafsion moued, they
Might mediat thy fauour in my cafe.
- 95 *Cæf.* Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou fhalt finde
What fauour thou defir'ft, or canft expect :
For *Cæfar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To fuch as yeeld, and can themfelues fubiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde ;
100 Relieue thy foule thus ouer-charg'd with care,
How well I will intreate thee thou fhalt find,
So foone as fome affayres difpatched are.
Til whē farewel. *Cl.* Thanks thrife-renowned *Cæfar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* refts thine owne for euer.
- 105 *Dol.* No meruaile *Cæfar* though our greateft fp'rits,
Haue to the powre of fuch a charming beautie,
Beene brought to yeeld the honour of their merits :
Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
Then whilft the glory of her youth remain'd
110 The wondring obiect to each wanton eye :
Before her full of fweet (with forrow wain'd,)
Came to the period of this mifery.
- L I<r> If

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

If still, euen in the midft of death and horror,
Such beauty fhines,thorow clouds of age & forow,
115 If euen thofe fweet decayes feeme to plead for her,
Which from affliction,mouing graces borrow ;
 If in calamity fhee could thus moue,
 What could fhe do adorn'd with youth & loue?
VWhat could fhe do then, when as fpreading wide
120 The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight ?
When arm'd with wonder, fhee could vfe befide,
Th' engines of her loue, Hope and Delight?
 Beauty daughter of Meruaile, ô fee how
 Thou canft difgracing forrowes fweetly grace ?
125 VWhat power thou fhew'ft in a diftreffed brow.
That mak'ft affliction faire, giu'ft teares their grace.
VWhat can vntreffed locks, can tornerent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire ?
 I fee then, artleffe feature can content,
130 And that true beauty needs no ornament.
Cæf. What in a pafsion *Dolabella*? what? takeheede :
Let others fresh examples be thy warning ;
What mifchiefes thefe, fo idle humors breed,
VWhilft error keepes vs from a true difcerning.
135 Indeed, I faw shee labour'd to impart
Her fweeteft graces in her faddeft cheere :
 <L1v> Prefu-

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Prefuming on the face that knew the arte
To moue with what aspect fo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, shee takes her ayme amiffe,
140 The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither if
Shee as shee was, nor wee as shee conceiues.
And therefore now, twere best fhe left fuch badnes,
Folly in youth is finne, in age, tis madnes.
145 And for my part, I feeke but t'entertaine
In her some feeding hope to draw her forth ;
The greateft Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of fuch worth.
And now, fith that fhee feemes fo well content
150 To be difpos'd by vs, without more ftay
Shee with her chyldren fhall to Rome be fent,
Whilft I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O *Fearefull frowning NEMESIS,*
Daughter of IUSTICE, moft feuere,
155 *That art the worlds great Arbitreffe,*
And Queene of caufes raigning heere.
L 2 <r> *Whofe*

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- Whofe fwift-fure hand is euer neere
Eternill iustice, righting wrong :
Who neuer yet-deferrest long*
- 160 *The proudes decay, the weakes redresse.
But through thy powre euery where,
Doost raze the great, and raife the leffe.
The leffe made great, doost ruine to,
To fhew the earth what heauen can doe.*
- 165 *Thou from dark-clos'd eternitie,
From thy black cloudy hidden feate,
The worlds diforders doost difcry :
Which when they fwel fo proudly great,
Reuerfing th'order nature fet,*
- 170 *Thou giu'ft thy all-confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come.
Th' ineuitable destinie,
Which neyther wit nor ftrengh can let,
Fast chayn'd vnto neceffitie,*
- 175 *In mortall things doth order fo,
Th'alternate courfe of weale or wo.*

*O low the powres of heauen do play
With trauailed mortalitie :*

<L2v>

And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

180 *And doth their weakenes still betray,
In theyr best prosperitie.
When beeing lifted vp so hie,
They looke beyond themfelues fo farre,
That to themfelues they take no care :
Whilst fwift confufion downe doth lay,*
185 *Theyr late proude mounting vanitie :
Bringing theyr glory to decay.
And with the ruine of theyr fall,
Extinguifh people, ftate and all.*

But is it iustice that all wee
190 *Th'innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults fhould punifht be,
And to deftruction thus perfude.
O why fhould th'heauens vs include,
Within the compaffe of theyr fall,*
195 *Who of themfelues procured all ?
Or doe the Gods (in clofe) decree,
Occafion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with crueltie ?
Ah no, the Gods are euer iust,*
200 *Our faults excufe theyr rigor must.*

L 3<r>

This

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

*This is the period Fate set downe,
To Egipts fat prosperity :
Which now vnto her greateft growne,
Must perrifh thus, by courfe muft die.*

205 *And fome muft be the caufers why
This reuolution muft be wrought :
As borne to bring theyr ftate to nought.
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie :*

210 *Which vice fo farre hath ouer-growne.
As wee, fo they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perrifh like to vs.*

ACTVS QUARTVS.

SELEVCVS. RODON.

Sel. N Euer friend *Rodon* in a better howre,
Could I haue met thee then eu'en now I do
Hauing affliction in the greateft powre
Vpon my foule, and none to tell it to.

5 For tis fome eafe our forrowes to reueale,
If they to whom wee shall impart our woes
<L3v> Seeme

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Seeme but to feele a part of what wee feele,
And meete vs with a figh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'ft thou one,
That better could beare fuch a part with thee :

10 Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,
And can in like accord of grieffe agree.

And therefore tell th'opprefion of thy hart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care :

And I will likewise vnto thee impart

15 As fad a tale as what thou fhalt declare.

So fhall we both our mournful plaints combine,
Ile waile thy ftate, and thou fhalt pittie mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'ft how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and efteem'd in Court

20 As one of Counfell, and of chiefeft place,

And euer held my credite in that fort.

Tyll now in this confufion of our ftate,

When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe,

And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,

25 (Follow'ing the fortune of the prefent time,)

Am come to be caft downe and ruin'd cleene.

And in the courfe of mine owne plot vndonne.

For hauing all the fecretes of the Queene

Reueal'd to Cefar, to haue fauour wonne :

L 4<r>

My

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- 30 My trechery is quited with disgrace,
My falhood loath'd, and not without great reafon
Though good for him, yet Princes in this cafe
Doe hate y^u Traytor, though they loue the treason.
For how could hee imagine I would be
- 35 Faithfull to him, being falfe vnto mine owne ?
And falfe to fuch a bountious Queene as shee,
That had me rais'd, and made mine honor known.
Hee faw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for bafe feare, or mine owne ftate to fettle.
- 40 Weakenes is falfe, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out shyfts, timiditie is fubtle.
And therefore fcornd of him, fcornd of mine own.
Hatefull to all that looke into my ftate :
Defpis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
- 45 The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.
Rod. Tis much thou faift, and ô too much to feele,
And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall :
But yet all this which thou dooft heere reueale,
Cōpar'd with mine, wil make thine feem but fmal.
- 50 Although my fault be in the felfe-fame kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull ;
Mine fprong of myfchiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I ftaind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
- <L4v> For

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle shadowes which my feares present.
- 105 But yet the memory of myne owne fate,
Makes mee feare his. And yet why should I feare ?
His fortune may recouer better ftate,
And hee may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our Race
- 110 By some malignant spirit comes ouer-throwne :
Our blood muft be extinct, in my difgrace,
Egypt muft haue no more Kings of theyr owne.
Then let him ftay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muft fal.
- 115 Yet who knowes what may come ? let him go thither,
What Merchaunt in one Veffell venters all ?
Let vs deuide our ftarrs. Goe, goe my Sonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee heere :
Try if fo be thy deftiny can shunne
- 120 The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is hee found euer yet defence
Againft the heauens, or hyd him any where ?
Then what neede I to fend thee fo far hence
To feeke thy death that mayft as well die heere ?
- 125 And heere die with thy mother, die in reft,
Not traуayling to what will come to thee.
- <L6r> VVhy

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,
Fild vp the paffage, and quite stopt the way :
VVhen fweet *Cæfario* with a princely fp'rite,
(Though comfortleffe himfelfe) did comfort giue ;
155 VVith mildeft words, perfwading her to beare it.
And as for him, shee should not neede to grieue.
And I (with proteftations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (which fworne I did deceaue)
That I would vfe all care, all wit and arte
160 To fee hym fafe ; And fo we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had wee trauail'd to our iourneyes end,
VVhen *Cæfar* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with speed doth fend
To labour mee, *Cæfario* to betray.
165 VVho-with rewards, and promifes fo large.
Affaild mee then, that I grew foone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* dyd reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him fent,
To make hym King of Egipt prefently.
170 And thither come, feeing himfelfe betrayd,
And in the hands of death through trecherie,
VVayling his ftate, thus to himfelfe he fayd.
Loe heere brought back by fubtile traine to death,
Betrayde by Tutors fayth, or Traytors rather :
<L7r> My

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- 175 My faulte my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For beeing sonne of such a mightie Father.
From INDIA, (whither sent by Mothers care,
To be referu'd from Egypts common wracke,
To Rhodes, (so long the armes of Tyrants are,)
- 180 I am by *Cæsars* subtle reach brought back.
Heere to be made th' oblation for his feares, (him :
Who doubts the poore reuenge these handes may doe
Respecting neyther blood, nor youth, nor yeeres,
Or how small safety can my death be to him.
- 185 And is this all the good of beeing borne great ?
Then wretched greatnes, proud rich misery,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamity.
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers sweate,
To purchase blood and death for them and theirs?
- 190 Is this the issue that theyr glories get,
To leaue a sure destruction to theyr heyres ?
O how farre better had it beene for mee,
From low descent, deriu'd of humble birth,
To haue eate the sweet-fowre bread of pouerty,
- 195 And drunke of *Nilus* streame in *Nilus* earth :
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in minde,
Vntoucht when sad euents of Princes dotage,
- <L7v> Con-

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- Confounds what euer mighty it dooth find.
200 And not t'haue stoode in theyr way, whose condition,
Is to haue all made deere, and all thing plaine,
Betweene them and the marke of theyr ambition,
That nothing let the full fight of theyr raigne.
Where nothing ftands, that ftands not in submifsion ;
205 Where greatnes muft all in it felfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muft downe,
Neere death he ftands,that ftands too neer a Crowne.
Such is my cafe, for *Cæfar* will haue all :
My blood muft feale th'affurance of his ftate :
210 Yet ah weake ftate that blood affure him fhall,
Whofe wrongfull shedding, Gods and men do hate.
Iniuftice neuer fcapes vnpunifht fill,
Though men reuenge not,yet the heauens will.
And thou *Augustus* that with bloody hand,
215 Curt'st off fuccefsion from anothers race,
Maift find the heauens thy vowes fo to withftand.
That others may depriue thine in like cafe.
When rhou maift fee thy proude contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite :
220 Subuert thy blood, place others in theyr fted,
To pay this thy iniuftice her due merite.
If it be true, (as who can that deny

<L8r>

Which

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- Which sacred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-fay,
Some of the of-fpring yet of *Anthony*,
225 Shall all the rule of this whole Empire fway.
And then *Augustus*, what is it thou gaineft
By poore *Antillus* blood, or this of mine ?
Nothing but thys thy victory thou ftaineft,
And pull'ft the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
- 230 In vaine doth man contende againft the ftarrs,
For what hee feeke to make, his wifdom marrs.
Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates referue,
The bloody facrifices of ambition,
VVe feele the smart what euer they deferue,
235 And wee indure the prefont times condition.
The iuftice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely facrifice it felfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleafing comfort that dooth eafe
Affliction in fo great extreamitie.
- 240 To thinke theyr like destruction fhall appeafe
Our ghoftes, who did procure our mifery.
But dead we are, vncertaine what fhall bee,
And lyuing, wee are fure to feele the wrong :
Our certaine ruine wee our felues doe fee.
- 245 They ioy the while, and wee know not how long.
But yet *Cæfario*, thou muft die content,
<L8v> For

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

For men will mone, & God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he cōplain'd, & thus thou hear'ft my shame.

Sel. But how hath *Cæfar* now rewarded thee ?

250 *Rod.* As hee hath thee. And I expect the fame
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee :
For he (one of my coate) hauing betrayd
The young *Antillus*, sonne of *Anthony*,
And at his death from of his necke conuayd
255 A iewell : which being askt, he did deny :
Cæfar occafion tooke to hang him ftraight.
Such instruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they neede vs, (actors of deceit,)
Yet fill our fight seemes to vpbrayd their wrong;
260 And therefore we muft needes this danger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught :
Wee muft not liue to bray what we haue done,
For what is done, muft not appeare theyr fault.
But heere comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
265 And our shame will not that we should be feene.
Exeunt.

M I<r>

Cleo-

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

CLEOPATRA.

- W Hat, hath my face yet powre to win a Louer ?
Can this torne remnant ferue to grace me fo,
That it can *Cæfars* secrete plots difcouer
What he intends with mee and mine to do ?
- 270 VVhy then poore Beautie thou haft doone thy laft,
And best good feruice thou could'ft doe vnto mee.
For now the time of death reueal'd thou haft,
Which in my life didft ferue but to vndoe mee.
Heere *Dolabella* far forfooth in loue,
- 275 Writes, how that *Cæfar* meanes forthwith, to fend
Both mee and mine, th' ayre of Rome to proue :
There his Tryumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter ;
Th'one comes fit to warne mee thus before,
- 280 But for th'other, I muft die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I muft goe take my leaue
And laft farewell of my dead *Anthony* :
Whofe deerely honour'd Tom be muft heere receaue
- 285 This facrifice, the laft before I dye.
<M1v> 0

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

O sacred euer-memorable Stone,
That haft without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'ft mone
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
290 And you deere reliques of my Lord and Loue,
(The fweeteft parcells of the faithfull'ft liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but reft you heere for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
295 That lyuing, gaue you trouble and turmoyle :
Sleepe quiet in this euer-lafting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your foyle.
And ô, if that the fp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die,
300 Then heare thy Ghoft thy captiue Spoufe complaine,
And be attentie to her mifery.
But if that laborfome mortalitie,
Found this fweet error , onely to confine
The curious fearch of idle vanity,
305 That would the deapth of darknes vndermine :
Or rather, to giue reft vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of thofe conceiued fieldes whereon we dote,
To pacifie the prefent worlds any.

M 2<r>

If

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
335 In vaine invoking a conceiued ayde ?
Why doe I not my felfe occasion find
To breake the bounds wherein my felfe am stayd ?
VVords are for them that can complaine and lyue,
VVhose melting harts compos'd of baser frame,
340 Can to theyr forrowes time and leysure gyue,
But *Cleopatra* may not doe the fame.
No *Anthony*, thy loue requireth more.
A lingring death, with thee deserues no merit,
I must my felfe force open wide a dore
345 To let out life, and fo vnhouse my spirit.
These hands must breake the prision of my foule
To come to thee, there to enioy like state,
As doth the long-pent folitary Foule,
That hath escapt her cage, and found her mate.
350 This Sacrifice to sacrifize my life,
Is that true incense that doth best besee me :
These rites may serue a life-desiring wife,
Who dooing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart blood should the purple flowers haue beene,
355 Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred,
No smoake but dying breath should heere been seene,
And this it had beene to, had I beene suffred.

M 3<r>

But

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

So shall I act the laft act of my glory,
Dye like a Queene, and reft without controule.

Exit.

CHORVS.

M *Isterious Egipt, wonder breeder,*
385 *frict religions frange obferuer,*
State-ordrer Zeale, the best rule-keeper,
fostring ftill in temprate feruor :
O how cam'st thou to lofe fo wholly
all religion, law and order ?
390 *And thus become the most vnholly*
of all Lands that Nylus border ?
How could confus'd Diforder enter
where fterne Law fate fo feuerely ?
How durst weake lust and ryot venter
395 *th' eye of Iustice looking neerely ?*
Could not thofe means that made thee great,
Be ftill the meanes to keepe thy ftate ?

Ah no, the courfe of things requireth
change and alteration euer :
400 *That fame continuauance man defireth,*
M 4<r> *th'vn*

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

*th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
Wee in our counfels must be blinded,
and not see what dooth import vs :
And often-times the thing least minded,
405 is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the stearne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country flyding,
take their ease, as though contented.
410 Wee imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashon ours.*

*Th'exemple of their light regarding,
vulgar loofenes much incences :
Vice vncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
415 Kings small faults, be great offences.
And this hath set the window open
vnto lycence, lust and ryot :
This way Confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our difquiet.
420 Thofe lawes that Zoroafter founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Heereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preferued.*

<M4v>

The

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

The wanton luxurie of Court,
425 *Dyd forme the people of like fort.*

For all (respecting priuate pleafure,) vniuerfally confenting
To abuse theyr time, theyr treafure,
in theyr owne delights contenting :
430 *And future dangers nought respecting,*
whereby, (O howe easie matter
Made this fo generall neglecting,
Confus'd weakenes to difeater ?)
Cæfar found th' effect true tryed,
435 *in his easie entrance making :*
Who at the fight of armes, difcryed
all our people, all forfaking.
For ryot (worfe then warre,) fo fore
Had wasted all our strength before.

440 *And thus is Egipt feruile rendred,*
to the insolent destroyer :
And all their fumptuous treafure tendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyfon (O if heauens be rightfull,)
445 *may fo far infect their fences,*

<M5r>

That

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

*That Egipts pleafures fo delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weaknes,
be instructed in our vices :*
450 *That our fpoyles may fpoyle your greatnes,
ouercome with our deuifes.
Fill full your hands, and carry home
Inough from vs to ruine Rome.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

DOLABELLA, TITIVS.

Dol. C Ome tell mee *Titius* eu'ry circumftaunce
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes :
Tell eu'ry looke, each gefture, countenaunce,
That fhee did in my Letters reading vfe.
5 *Tit.* I fhall my Lord fo farre as I could note,
Or my conceite obferue in any wife.
It was the time when as fhee hauing got
Leaue to her Deereft dead to facrifize ;
And now was iffuing out the Monument,
<M5v> With

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

35 Then any, whofoeuer lyuing, can.
Hee that fo friendly fhewes himfelfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto mee,)
Haue had mine age a fpoyle, my youth a pray,
40 Yet his affection muft accepted be,
That fauours one diftreft in fuch decay.
Ah, hee was worthy then to haue been lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lafted;
Before fhee had declyning fortune prou'd,
45 Or feene her honor wrackt, her flower blafted.
Now there is nothing left her but difgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moue :
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her cafe,
(Poore foule,) needes rather pittie now then loue.
50 But fhortly fhall thy Lord heare more of mee.
And ending fo her fpeech, no longer ftayd,
But hafted to the Tombe of *Anthony*.
And this was all shee did, and all fhee faid.
Dol. Ah fweet diftreffed Lady. What hard hart
55 Could chufe but pittie thee, and loue thee too ?
Thy worthines, the ftate wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not *Cæfar* fee

<M6v>

The

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

60 The wrong hee doth thy Maieftie and fweetnes,
VVhich makes him now exact fo much of thee,
To add vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes.
Hee knowes thou canft no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ftrengh is ceaz'd into our hands :
Nor feares hee that, but rather labours how
65 Hee might shew Rome fo great a Queene in bands.
That our great Ladies (enuying thee fo much
That ftain'd thē all, & hell'd them in fuch wonder,)
Might ioy to fee thee, and thy fortune fuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
70 But I will feeke to ftay it what I may ;
I am but one, yet one that *Cæfar* loues,
And ô if now I could doe more then pray,
Then fhould't y^u know how far affection moues.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
75 Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy difgrace :
And euen this prefent day I will not fayle
To doe my best with *Cæfar* in this cafe.
Tit. And Sir, euen now her felfe hath Letters fent,
I met her meffenger as I came hither,
80 With a difpatch as hee to *Cæfar* went,
But knowes not what imports her fending thither.
Yet this hee told, how *Cleopatra* late
<M7r> Was

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Was come from sacrifice. How richly clad
Was feru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
85 With all the braueft ornaments shee had.
How hauing dyn'd, shee writes, and fends away
Him straight to *Cæfar*, and commaunded than
All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, and one poore Countryman.
90 *Dol.* Why then I know, she fends t'haue audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her state can doe :
To see if Maieftie will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now shee could but bring a view
95 Of that fresh beauty shee in youth posselt,
(The argument where-with shee ouer-threw
The wit of *Iulius Cæfar*, and the rest,)
Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
Whilst powrefull Loue, (far stronger thē ambition)
100 Might worke in him, a mind to be content
To graunt her asking, in the best condition.
But beeing as shee is, yet doth she merite
To be respected, for what shee hath been:
The wonder of her kinde, of rarest spirit,
105 A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakenes falling
<M7v> To

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

To doe that which perhaps fh'was forft to doe:
Alas, an error paft, is paft recalling,
Take away weakenes, and take wemen too.
110 But now I goe to be thy Aduocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now Ile vfe mine arte.
Thy prefence will mee greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA. SECVNDA.

NVN TIVS.

A MI ordaind the carefull Meffenger,
115 And fad newef-bringer of the ftrangeft death,
VWhich felfe hand did vpon it felfe infer,
To free a captiue foule from feruile breath ?
Muft I the lamentable wonder fhew,
VWhich all the world muft grieue and meruaile at ?
120 The rareft forme of death in earth below,
That euer pittie, glory, wonder gat.
Chor. What newes bring'ft y^u, can Egipt yet yeeld more
Of forrow then it hath ? what can it add
To th'already ouer-flowing ftore
125 Of fad affliction, matter yet more fad ?
<M8r> Haue

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

150 *Cho.* Why thē she's dead. Ift so? why fpeak'ft not thou?

Nun. You geffe aright, and I will tell you how.

Whē she perceiu'd al hope was cleane bereft her,
That *Cæfar* meant to fend her ftraight away,
And faw no meanes of reconcilment left her,

155 VVork what she could, she could not work to ftay.

Shee calls mee to her, and she thus began.
O thou whofe truft hath euer beene the fame
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend difgrace and fflame.

160 Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,

Neuer deterrd to leaue calamitie :
As did thofe other fsmooth ftate-pleafers all,
VVho followed but my fortune, and not me.

Tis thou muft doe a feruice for thy Queene,

165 VVherein thy faith and fkill muft doe their best :

Thy honeft care and duty fhall be feene
Performing this, more then in all the reft.

For all what thou haft done, may die with thee,

Although tis pittie that fuch faith fhould die.

170 But this fhall euer-more remembred be,

A rare example to pofterity.

And looke how long as *Cleopatra* fhall

In after ages liue in memory,

N I<r>

So

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- No, no, fayd they, goe beare them to thy Queene.
200 Thinking mee some poore man y^t brought a Present.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all her pompous ritche aray,
Great *Cleopatra* fate; as if she'had wonne
Cæsar and all the world befide this day.
205 Euen as shee was when on thy cristall streames,
O CYDNOS shee did shew what earth could shew.
VVhen Afia all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
VENVS from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as shee went at first to meete her Loue,
210 So goes shee now at last againe to finde him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue.
This last her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as shee fate, the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke :
215 Cheere-marrer Care, did then such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care shee tooke.
But shee no sooner fees mee in the place,
But straight her forrow-clowded brow shee cleeres,
Lightning a smile from out a stormy face,
220 Which all her tempest-beaten fences cheeres.
Looke how a fray'd perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by thieues, and euen at poynt of taking,
N 2<r> Dify-

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

And in a pleafing fleepe our foule inlargest,
Making our felues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, ô then how happy error,
250 Thinking to make thee worft, shee made thee best :
Sith thou best freeft vs from our liues worft terror,
In fwetly bringing foules to quiet rest.
VWhen that inexorable Monfter Death
That followes Fortune, flyes the poore diftressed,
255 Tortures our bodies ere hee takes our breath,
And loades with paines th'already weake oppreffed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, and yet could neuer get him ?
And when he comes, he comes fo vgly grim,
260 That who is he (if he could chufe) would let him ?
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,
That open canft with fuch an eafie key
The dore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our felues fo fteal'ft our felues away.
265 VWell did our Priests difcerne fomething diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore firft they did
Offrings and worfhyps due to thee affigne,
In whom they found fuch mifteries were hid.
Comparing thy fwet motion to the Sunne,
270 That mou'ft without the inftruments that moue :
N 3<r> And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 295 Pleas'd hee should goe, yet cannot let him goe.
So fhee, although fhee knew there was no way
But this, yet this shee could not handle fo
But shee muft shew that life defir'd delay.
Faine would shee entertaine the time as now,
300 And now would faine y^t Death would feaze vpō her.
Whilft I might fee presented in her brow,
The doubtfull combat tryde twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the prooffe of Time, which yeelds we fay
305 Comfort and Help, to fuch as doe refer
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honor fcorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright Immortalitie in fhyning armour :
Thorow the rayes of whofe cleere glory, fhee
310 Might fee Lifes bafenes, how much it might harm her.
Besides, fhee faw whole Armies of Reproches,
And bafe Difgraces, Furies fearefull fad,
Marching with Life, and flame that ftill incroches
Vppon her face, in bloody collours clad.
315 Which reprentments feeing worfe then death
Shee deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore chofe
To render all to Honour, hart and breath;
And that with fpeede, leaft that her inward foes
N 4<r> Falfe

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

320 Falfe flesh and blood, ioyning with lyfe and hope,
Should mutinie againfther resolution.
And to the end shee would not giue them scope,
Shee presently proceeds to th'execution.
And sharply blaming of her rebell powres,
Falfe flesh, (fayth shee,) and what doft thou cōspire
325 With *Cæfar* to, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire ?
Wilt thou retaine in clofure of thy vaines,
That enemy Bafe life, to let my good ?
No, know there is a greater powre contraines
330 Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing seemes great.
And feeing death to be the laft of woes,
And life lafting difgrace, which I shall get,
What doe I lofe, that haue but life to lofe ?
335 This hauing faid, ftrengthened in her owne hart,
And vnion of her felfe fences in one
Charging together, shee performes that part
That hath fo great a part of glory wonne.
And fo receiues the deadly poyfning touch.
340 That touch that tryde the gold of her loue pure,
And hath confirm'd her honor to be fuch,
As muft a wonder to all worlds endure.
<N4v> Now

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Now not an yeelding fhrinke or touch of feare.
Confented to bewray leaft fence of paine :
345 But ftill in one fame fweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honor did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this work is done (faith she,) here ends
This act of life, that part of Fates affign'd mee :
What glory or difgrace heere this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behinde mee.
350 And now ô Earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I dye vnforft.
Witnes my foule parts free to *Anthony*,
And now proude Tyrant *Cæfar* doe thy worft.
This fayd, fhee ftayes, and makes a fuddaine pause,
355 As twere to feele whither the poyfon wrought :
Or rather els the working might be caufe
That made her ftay, as likewife may be thought.
For in that inftant I might well perceiue,
The drowfie humor in her falling brow :
And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue
360 Theyr former office, and did fenceleffe grow.
Looke how a new-pluckt branch againft the Sunne,
Declynes his fading leaues in feeble fort,
So her disioyned ioyntures as vndonne.
Let fall her weake diffolued limmes fupport.

<N5r>

Yet

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Couller fo liuely, cheere fo louely rife,
That none wold think fuch beauty could want breath.
365 And in that cheere, th'imprefion of a fmile
Did feeme to fhew shee fcornd Death and *Cæfar*,
As glorying that shee could them both beguile,
And telling death how much her death did please her.
VVonder it was to fee how foone shee went,
370 Shee went with fuch a will, and did fo hafte it,
That fure I thinke shee did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or ftaying not to tafte it.
And fenceleffe, in her finking downe shee wryes
The Diadem which on her head shee wore,
375 Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble mayd) efpyes,
And haftes to right it as it was before.
For *Eras* now was dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the poynt, for both would imitate
Theyr Miftres glory, ftriuing like to doo.
380 But *Charmion* would in this excede her mate,
For shee would haue this honour to be laft,
That should adorne that head that muft be feene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held faft,
That all the world might know shee dyde a Queene.
<N5v> And

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

CHORVS.

Then thus we haue beheld
410 *Th'accomplishment of woes,*
The full of ruine, and
The worst of worst of ill.
And feene all hope expeld,

That euer sweet repose
415 *Shall re-poffeß : the Land*
That Defolations fills,
And where Ambition spills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'iffue of all those,

420 *That fo long rule haue hell'd :*
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canst O Nylus thou,
Father of floods indure,
425 *That yellow Tyber should*
With sandy streames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him those feete fo pure,

<N6v>

Whofe

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

Whofe vnknowne head we hold
430 *A powre diuine to bee ?*
Thou that didst euer see
Thy free banks vncontroul'd
Liue vnder thine owne care :
Ah wilt thou beare it now ?
435 *And now wilt yeeld thy fstreams*
A pray to other Reames ?

Draw backe thy waters floe
To thy concealed head :
Rockes fstrangle vp thy waues,
440 *Stop Cataractes thy fall.*
And turne thy courfes so,
That fandy Dezarts dead,
(The world of dust that craues
To fwallow thee vp all,)
445 *May drinke fo much as fhall*
Reuiue from vastie graues
A lyuing greene, which fpredd
Far florsfhing, may gro
On that wide face of Death.
450 *Where nothing now drawes breath.*

<N7r>

Fatten

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

*Our weight of wantonnes,
475 Lyes heauy on their hart,
Who neuer-more fhall see
The glory of that worth
They left who brought vs forth.*

*O thou all feeing light,
480 High Prefident of heauen,
You Magistrates the starres
Of that eternall court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are thefe the bounds y'haue giuen
485 Th'vntr anspañable barres,
That limit pride fo fhort,
Is greatnes of this fort,
That greatnes greatnes marres,
And wracks it felfe, felfe driuen
490 On Rocks of her owne might ?
Doth Order order fo
Diforders ouer-thro ?*

FINIS.

<N8r>

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

[Ornament]

A T L O N D O N ,
Printed by *James Roberts*, and
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Waterfon.
1594.

<N8v>

[Ornament]