

DELIA
and
ROSAMOND
augmented.

CLEOPATRA

By
Samuel Daniel.

*Aetas prima can-
nat veneres postre-
ma tumultus.*

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 Envy 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.

[Ornament]

 To the Right Honourable, the
Lady *Marie*, Countesse of
P E M B R O O K E .

L O E heere the worke the which she did impose,
Who onely doth predominate my Muse :
The starre of wonder, which my labours chose
To guide their way in all the course I vse.

5 Shee, whose cleere brightnes doth alone infuse
Strength to my thoughts, and makes mee what I am ;
Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragick notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song.)
10 Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd mee best,
And onely told of *DELIA*, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine owne vnrest :
(A text from whence my Muse had not degrest.)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Anthony*,
15 (Who all alone hauing remained long,)
Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

<H5r> Who

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 mift 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 countenaunce 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 muſt I with that poore ſtrength I haue,
Refiſt ſo foule a foe in what I may :
And arme againſt 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 ſhall
But to defend mee, and my name to faue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ſtill the better part of me will liue,
50 Deckt and adorned with thy ſacred name,
Although thy ſelfe doſt farre more glory giue
Vnto thy ſelfe, then I can by the fame.
Who dooſt with thine owne hand a Bulwarke frame
Againſt theſe Monſters, (enemies of honour,)
55 VVhich euer-more ſhall ſo defend thy Fame,
That Time nor they, ſhall neuer pray vpon her.

Thoſe *Hymnes* that thou dooſt confecrate to heauen,
Which *Iſraels* 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 muſt reſt thy euer reuerent name,
So long as *Syons* G O D remaineth honoured ;
And till confuſion hath all zeale be-reauen,
And murdered Fayth, and Temples ruined.

<H6r>

By

To the Countesse

65 By this, (Great Lady,) thou muſt then be knowne,
VVhen *Wilton* lyes low leuell'd with the ground :
And this is that which thou maiſt call thine owne,
VVhich ſacriligious time cannot confound ;
Heere thou furuiu'ſt thy ſelfe, heere thou are found
70 Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame :
This Monument cannot be ouer-throwne,
Where, in eternall Braſſe remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
VVithin theſe ſtrict and narrow limmits ſo :
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 muſique of Declyned Italie :
And liſtning to our ſongs another while,
80 Might learne of thee, their notes to purifie.

O why may not ſome after-comming hand,
Vnlock theſe limits, open our confines :
And breake a funder this imprifoning band,
T'inlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our diſſignes;
85 Planting our Roſes 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, whose errour euer is,
Strange notes to like, and difesteeme 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 taske in hand.

<H7r>

<H7v>

[Ornament]

THE ARGVMENT.

(. .)

A *Fter the death of Antonius,*
 Cleopatra (liuing still in the
 Monument fhee had caused to
 be built,) could not by any means
5 *be drawne forth, although Octa-*
 uius Caesar verie earnestly laboured it : & sent
 Proculeius to vse all diligence to bring her vnto
 him: For that hee though it woulde be a great
 ornament to his Tryumphes , to get her aliue to
10 *Rome. But neuer woulde shee put herselfe into*
 the hands of Proculeius, although on a time he
 found the meanes, (by a window that was at the
 top of the Monument,) to come downe vnto
 her : where hee perfwaded her (all hee might) to
 <H8r> *yeeld*

T H E A R G V M E N T .

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
fure) 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
ended,

<H8r>

THE ARGUMENT.

- ended, *ſhee diſpatched Letters to Cæſar, containing 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 rich Kingdome of Egipt vtterly ouer-throwne and ſubdued.*

I I<r>

The

[Ornament]

[Ornament]

The Scæne suppos'd
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]

ACTVS PRIMVS

Y ET doe I liue, and yet dooth breath possesse
This hatefull prison of a loathsome soule :
Can no calamitie, nor no distresse
Breake hart and all, and end a life so foule ?

5 Can *Cleopatra* liue, and with these eyes
Behold the deereft of her life bereft her ?
Ah, can shee entertaine the leaft surmise
Of any hope, that hath but horror left her ?
Why should I linger longer griefes to try ?

10 These eyes that saw what honor earth could giue mee,
Doe now behold the worst of misery :
The greatest wrack wherto Fortune could driue mee
Hee on whose shoulders all my rest relyde,
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay :

I 2<r> The

PRIN 2017 (2020-2024) - Classical Receptions in Early Modern English Drama
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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 fflame and dolors,
Following th'vnlucky party of my loue.
Th' Enfigne of mine eyes, th'vnhappy 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 afhes of my Countries spoyle.
- 25 Ah, who would think that I were fhee 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 diftrefs'd, caft down from of that heighth
- 30 Leuell'd with low difgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the waight of fuch affliction figh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameft misery.
Am I the woman, whose inuentiue pride,
(Adorn'd like *Isis*,) scornd mortalitie ?
- 35 Ift I that left my fence fo without guide,
That flattery would not let him know twas I ?
Ah, now I fee, 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 canst 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 purchaft hers.
No, I disdain that head that wore a Crowne,
Should stoope 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 beene indebted for this little breath,
But that I feare, *Cæsar* would offer wrong
To my distressed feede after my death.
- 75 Tis that which dooth my deereft 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 temporise 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 vp 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 deferu'd,
The *Ptolomeyes* should faile, and none succeed,
And that my weakenes was thereto referu'd.
That I should bring confusion to my state,
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 themselves, 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 greatness both together,
Both equally shipwrack of our states to abide,
And like destruction to procure to either :
If I should now (our common fault) survive,
120 Then all the world must hate mee if I do it,
Since both our errors did occasion give,
And both our faults have brought vs both vnto it.
I being first inamour'd with thy greatness,
Thou with my vanity bewitched wholly :
125 And both betrayd with th'outward pleasant sweetness,
The one ambition spoyld, th'other folly.
For which, thou hast already duly paid,
The statute of thy errors dearest forfeit :
Whereby thy gotten credit 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 distress I feele doth sympathize,
And even affliction makes me truly love thee.
<14v> VWhich

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

135 VVhich *Anthony*, (I muft confeffe my fault,)
I neuer did sincerely vntill now ;
Now I proteft I doe, now am I taught,
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in that greatnes stood,

140 And that I faw my ftate, and knew my beauty,
Saw how the world admir'd mee, how they woode,
I then thought all men, muft loue me of dutie,
And I loue none : for my lafciuious Courte,
(Fertile in euer-frefh and new-choyce pleafure,)

145 Affoorded me fo bountifull difport,
That I to thinke on loue had neuer leysure.
My vagabond defires no limits found,
For luft is endleffe, pleafure hath no bound.
Thou, comming from the strictnes of thy Citty,

150 The wanton pompe of Courts yet neuer learnedft :
Inur'd to warrs, in womans wiles vnwittie,
Whilst others fayn'd , thou fell'ft to loue in earneft.
Not knowing women like them beft that houer,
And make leaft reckning of a doting Louer.

155 And yet thou earn'ft but in my beauties waine,
When new-appearing wrinkles of declining,
Wrought with the hand of yeeres, feem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly fhining.

<I5r>

Euen

[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 deerely,
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.

<I6v>

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 vex their sp'rit,
The hidious face of finne,
(In formes they most detest)
Stands euer in their sight.
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 sees 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 loose 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 secreete clofely done ,
But now is vttered:
The text is made moft plaine
225 That flattry 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 defpife.
The complots of the wife,
Proue imperfections fmoake :
And all what wonder gaue
235 To pleafure-gazing eyes,
Lyes fcattered, 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 close-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence.
- 5 Who forc'd doe pay vs duty, pay not love :
Free is the hart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuarie sacred from above,
Where nature keeps the keyes that looke and bind.
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
- 10 So close shut vp, and lockt to all mankind :
I fee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The rest, anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquish haue this Land,
Subdu'de that strong Competitor of mine :
- 15 All Egypt yeelds to my all-conquering hand,
And all theyr treasure and themselves resigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath lost all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde :
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
- To
- <18v>

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

To be dispos'd as chaunce hath her assign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth shee now giue,
Will shee be brought to condescend to liue ?

Proc. My Lord, what time being sent 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 most afflicted plight;
No way I found, no meanes how to surprize her,
But through a Grate at th'entry of the place,
30 Standing to treat, I labour'd to aduise her,
To come to *Cæsar*, and to sue for grace.
Shee saide, shee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, prayd they might inherite,
That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe (in clemency,)
35 To pittie them, though shee deferu'd no merite.
So leauing her for then ; and since of late,
With *Gallus* sent 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 descending in the clost wife,
And silent manner as I could contriue :
Her woman mee descri'd, and out shee cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene raught frō her side her knife,
<19r> And

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- And euen in acte to stab her martred breft,
45 I ftept with fpeed, and held, and fau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreft.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why fhould's thou (faid I,)
Both iniurie thy felfe and *Cæfar* fo?
Barre him the honour of his victory,
50 VWho euer deales moft mildly with his foe ?
Liue and relye on him, whofe mercy will
To thy fubmiffion alwaies ready be.
With that (as all amaz'd) fhee held her ftill,
Twixt maieftie confus'd and miferie.
55 Her proud grieu'd eyes, held forrow and difdaine,
State and diftreffe warring within her foule :
Dying ambition difpoffeft her raigne,
So bafe affliction feemed to controule.
Like as a burning Lampe, whofe liquor fpent
60 With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sendes foorth a dying flafh, as difcontent,
That fo the matter failes that fhould redeeme it.
So fhee (in fpight) to fee her low-brought ftate,
(When all her hopes were now confum'd to nought,)
65 Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once difcend into a feruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnufed to befeech,
<I9v> Authoritie

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- Authority confounds with prayers, fo
Words of commaund conioyn'd with humble speech,
70 Shew'd fhee would liue, yet fcorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah, what hath *Cæfar* heere to doe, faid 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 *Cæfar* would vouchsafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-spring of my blood.
- 95 Confused issue, 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 must bee rapt with furious violence,
And no respect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood dispence:
Then be it so , if needes it must be so.
- 105 There stayes and shrinks in horror of her state.
VWhen I began to mitigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wishing her not dispaire, but rather come
And sue for grace, and shake off all vaine feares :
- 110 No doubt shee should obtaine as gentle doome
As shee desir'd, both for herselfe and hers.
And so with much a-doe, (well pacifide
Seeming to bee,) shee shew'd content to lyue,
Saying shee was resolu'd thy doome t'abide,
- 115 And to accept what fauour thou would'ft giue.
And heere-withall, crau'd also that shee 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 VVhofe 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]

THE TRAGEDIE

To guard her perfon, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer :
Shortly my felfe will goe to vifite her.

CHORVS.

145 O PINION, howe doost thou molest
Th affected minde of restles man ?
Who following thee, neuer can,
Nor euer shall attaine to rest.
For getting what thou faist is best,
Yet loe, that best hee findes farre wide
150 Of what thou promisedst before :
For in the same hee lookt for more,
Which proues but small when once tis tride.
Then something els thou find'st beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought :
155 When in the end all proues but nought.
Farther from rest hee findes him than,
Then at the first when he began.

*O malcontent seducing guest,
 Contriuier of our greatest woes :*
 <K2v> *Which*

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

160 *Which borne of winde, and fed with shewes,
Dooft nurse thy felfe in thine vnrest.
Iudging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceite design'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 dooft 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 fame likewife is had,
185 Then all is one, and all is bad.*

*This Anthony can fay is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis fo,
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can fay, fhee neuer knew
190 But that iust found pleafures new,
And was neuer fatif-fide :
Hee can fay 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 fubuert the minde, the ftate,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.*

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

<K3v>

And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 205 *And what a shame it were to liue,
Her kingdome loft, her Louer dead :
And fo with this perfwafion led,
Dispayre doth fuch a courage giue,
That naught els can her minde relieue.*
- 210 *Nor yet diuert her from that thought :
To this conclufion all is brought.
This is that reft this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all thing ends.*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

PHILOSTRATVS. ARIVS.

- H OW deeply *Arius* am I bounde to thee,
That fau'dft frō death this wretched life of mine :
Obtayning *Cæfars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helps els difpayr'd but thine ?
- 5 Although I fee in fuch a wofull ftate,
Life is not that which fhould be much defir'd :
Sith all out glories come to end theyr date,
Our Countries honour and our owne expir'd.
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
- 10 Liuing (as'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
K 4<r> With

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

With blood vnder our feete ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land moſt wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our deereſt good.
And ſo we liue, we care not how we liue :

- 15 So deepe we feele imressed in our blood,
That touch which nature with our breath did giue.
And yet what blafts of words hath learning found,
To blow against the feare of death and dying ?
What comforts vnlicke Eloquence can found,
20 And yet all fayles vs in the poynt of trying.
For whilst we reason with the breath of safety,
VVithout the compasse of destruction liuing :
VWhat precepts shew wee then, what courage lofty
In taxing others feares in counsell giuing ?
25 VWhen all thys ayre of sweet-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 himselfe can turne,
30 That beares about the body of a man ?
Who doth not toyle and labour to adiorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can ?
All this I speake to th'end my selfe t'excuse,
For my base begging of a seruile breath,

 $\langle K4v \rangle$

VVherin

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

35 Wherein I graunt my selfe much t'abuse,
 So shamefully to feeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philostratus, that selfe fame care to liue,
 Possesseth all alike, and grieue not then
 Nature dooth vs no more then others giue :
 40 Though we speak more then men, we are but men.
 And yet (in truth) these miseries to see,
 VWherein we stand in most extreame distresse :
 Might to our selues sufficient motiues be
 To loathe this life, and weigh our death the lesse.
 45 For neuer any age hath better taught,
 VWhat feeble footing pride and greatnes hath.
 How 'improvident prosperity is caught,
 And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
 See how dismaid Confusion keeps those streetes,
 50 That nought but mirth & Musique late refounded,
 How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
 Our state, our wealth, our pride & all confounded.
 Yet what weake sight did not discern from far
 This black-aryfing tempest , all confounding ?
 55 Who did not see we should be what we are,
 When pride and ryot grew to such abounding.
 When dissolute impiety posselt,
 Th'vnrespectiue mindes of such a people :

<K5r>

VWhen

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

When insolent Security found rest

60 In wanton thoughts, with luft and ease made feeble.

Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleasure,

New-fresh inuented ryots ftill detected,

Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* ritch treasure,

Our lawes, our Gods, our misteries neglected.

65 Who faw not how this confluence of vice,

This innondation of diforders, muft

At length of force pay back the bloody price

Of fad destruction, (a reward for luft.)

O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne

70 Of lyke proude ftates, as wofully incombred,

And fram'd by them, examples for our owne :

Which now among examples must be numbred.

For this decree a law from high is giuen,

An auncient Canon, of eternall date,

75 In Confistorie of the ftarres of heauen,

Entred the booke of vnauoyded Fate ;

That no ftate can in heighth of happines,

In th'exaltation of theyr glory fstand :

But thither once ariu'd, declyning leffe,

80 Ruine themfelues, or fall by others hand.

Thus doth the euer-changing courfe of things,

Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning :

$\langle K5v \rangle$

And

[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 fees 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 *Auguftus* 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 diftreffed 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]

SCENA. SECVNDA.

Cæf. W Hat *Cleopatra*, doost thou doubt so much
Of *Cæfars* mercy, that thou hid'st thy face ?
Or doost thou think, thy' offences can be such,
That they surmount the measure of our grace?

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Cæf. Rife Queene, none but thy felfe is cause 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 triumphs mone.

For breaking off the league of loue and blood.

Thou mak'st my winning ioy a gaine vnpleasing :

Sith th'eye of griefe must looke into our good,

Thorow the horror of our owne blood-fhedding.

25 And all, we must attribute vnto thee.

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

Opprest 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 instrument to such disseignes as these.

For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,

Who but obeyd ? who was not glad to please ?

And how could I with-draw my succouring hand,

From him that had my hart, or what was mine ?

35 Th'intrest of my faith in straightest band,

My loue to his most firmly did combine.

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

That thou and thine hast euer borne our people :

That made thee seeke al meanes to haue vs scattred,

40 To diuinite our strength, and make vs feeble.

<K7v>

And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

And therefore did that breſt nurſe our diſſention,
VVith hope t'exalt thy ſelfe, t'augment thy ſtate :
To pray vpon the wrack of our contention,
And (with the reſt our foes,) to ioy thereat.

45 *Cleo.* O Cæſar, ſee how eaſie tis t'accuſe
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuſe
The titles of reproch he's charg'd withall.
The conquering cauſe hath right, wherein y^u art,
50 The vanquiſht, ſtill is iudg'd the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part.
No leſſer 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 perrish thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we muſt feare.
Alas, what ſhall the forſt partakers doe,
60 When following none, yet muſt they perrish to?
But CÆSAR. ſith thy right and cauſe is ſuch,
Bee not a heauie weight vpon calamitie :
Depreſſe not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glory is the Victors lenitie.

$\langle K8r \rangle$

Th'inhe-

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- 65 Th'inheritaunce of mercy from him take,
Of whom thou haft thy fortune and thy name :
Great *Cæfar* mee a Queene at firft did make,
And let not *Cæfar* now confound the fame.
Reade heere thefe lines which ftill I keep with me,
- 70 The witnes of his loue and fauours euer :
And God forbid this fhould be faid of thee,
That *Cæfar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæfar*.
For looke what I haue beene to *Anthony*,
Thinke thou the fame I might haue been to thee.
- 75 And heere I doe prefent thee with the note,
Of all the treafure, all the Iewels rare
That Egipt hath in many ages got ;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all fet down within that roule,
- 80 I know fome things fhee hath referu'd a part.
Cle. What vile vnggreateful wretch, dar'ft thou cōtroule
Thy Queene & foueraine ? caitiue as thou art.
Cæf. Hold, holde, a poore reuenge can worke fo feeble
Cle. Ah *Cæfar*, what a great indignitie (hands.
- 85 Is this, that heere my vaffale fubiect ftands,
T' accufe mee to my Lord of trechery ?
If I referu'd fome certaine womens toyes,
Alas it was not for my felfe (God knowes,) <K8v> Poore

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- Poore miserable foule, that little ioyef
90 In trifling ornaments, in outward showes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liulia*, and *Octauias* grace.
That thereby in compafsion mooued, they
Might mediat thy fauour in my cafe.
- 95 *Cæf.* Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou defir'ft, or canst 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 shalt 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 whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
110 The wondring object 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 thee could thus moue,
 What could fhe do adorn'd with youth & loue?
 VVhat could fhe do then, when as fpredding 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 VVhat power thou fhew'ft in a diftreffed brow.
 That mak'ft affliction faire, giu'ft teares their grace.
 VVhat 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 needes no ornament.
Cæf. What in a pafion *Dolabella*? what? take heede :
 Let others frefh examples be thy warning ;
 What mifchiefes thefe, fo idle humors breed,
 VVhilt error keepes vs from a true difcerning.
 135 Indeed, I faw fhee labour'd to impart
 Her fweeteft graces in her faddeft cheere :

$\langle L1v \rangle$

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 fees mees fo well content
150 To be dispos'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 feure,
155 *That art the worlds great Arbitreffe,*
And Queene of caufes raining 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 fwell 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 so 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 iuftice 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 iuft,*
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 fhall 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 grieve 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 :
Despis'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 ſprong of myfchiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I ftaind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
- <L4v> For

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 55 For vnto mee did *Cleopatra* gyue
The best and deereft treafure of her blood .
Louely *Cafario*, whom fhee would fould liue
Free from the dangers wherein Egipt ftood.
And vnto mee with him this charge fhe gaue,
60 Heere *Rodon*, take, conuay from out thys Coaft,
This precious Gem, the chieft that I haue,
The ieuell of my foule I value moft.
Guide hym to I N D I A , leade him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where fecure he may remaine,
65 Till better fortune call him back from thence,
And Egipts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is hee that may our hopes bring back,
(The ryfing funne of our declyning ftate :)
Thefe be the hands that may reftore our wrack,
70 And rayfe the broken ruines made of late.
Hee may gyue limmits to the boundles pryde
Of fierce *Octavius*, and abate his might :
Great *Iulius* of-fpring, hee may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
75 O how hee feemes the modell of his Syre ?
O how I gaze my *Cæfar* in his face ?
Such was his gate, fo dyd his lookes afpyre ;
Such was his threatning brow, fuch was his grace.

<L5r>

High

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- High shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.
80 And ô, (if hee had not beene borne so late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And nowe haue beene the Champion of our ftate.
Then vnto him, ô my deere sonne, (the fayes,)
Sonne of my youth, flye hence, ô flye, be gone :
85 Referue thy selfe, ordain'd for better dayes,
For much thou haft to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue mee (thy wofull Mother) to endure,
The fury of thys tempest heere alone :
Who cares not for herselfe, so thou be sure,
90 Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone.
Rodon will fee thee safe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy waies, thou shalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull seruicant) will prouide
What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
95 And ô good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth,
The wayes are long, and daungers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,
Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.
The absent daunger greater still appeares,
100 Lefte feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And ô, I know not what prefaging thought
My spirit fuggets of luckles bad euent :
<L5v> But

[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 fome 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 knows 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 trauayling to what will come to thee.
- <L6r> VVhy

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Why fhould wee leaue our blood vnto the Eaſt,

When Egypt may a Tom be sufficient be ?

O my deuſided foule, what ſhall I doe ?

130 VWhereon fhall now my refolution reft ?

What were I best refolue to yeeld vnto

When both are bad, how shall I know the best ?

Stay ; I may hap so worke with *Cæſar* now,

That hee may yeeld him to reftore thy right.

135 Goe ; *Cæſar* neuer will conſent that thou

So neere in blood, fhalt bee fo great in might.

Then take him *Rodon*, goe my fonne fare-well.

But stay ; ther's something els that I would say :

Yet nothing now, but ô God speed thee well,

140 Leaft faying more, that more may make thee ftay.

Yet let mee speake : It may be tis the laft

That euer I fhall fpeake to thee my Sonne.

Doe Mothers vfe to parte in fuch poft-haft?

What, muſt I ende when I haue ſcarce begun ?

145 Ah no (deere hart,) tis no fuch flender twine

VVhere-with the knot is tyde twixt thee and mee.

That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,

Parting from thee, I part from part of mee :

And therefore I muſt ſpeake. Yet what ? O ſonne.

150 Here more ſhe wold, whē more ſhe could not ſay.

<L6v>

Sorrow

[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 fhould not neede to grieve.
 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 fpeed 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 stands, that stands not in submifsion ;
205 Where greatnes muft all in it felfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muft downe,
Neere death he stands,that stands too neer a Crowne.
Such is my cafe, for *Cæfar* will haue all :
My blood muft feale th'affurance of his fteate :
210 Yet ah weake fteate that blood affure him fhall,
Whofe wrongfull shedding, Gods and men do hate.
Iniuflice neuer fcapes vnpunifht ftill,
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 thou maift fee thy proude contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite :
220 Subuert thy blood, place others in theyr ftead,
To pay this thy iniuflice her due merite.
If it be true, (as who can that deny

<L8r>

Which

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- VVhich 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 seekes 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 prefent 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 fhame.

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*, fonne 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 ftill our fight feemes 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 fhame will not that we fhould 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 discouer
What he intends with mee and mine to do ?
- 270 VWhy then poore Beautie thou haft doone thy laft,
And best good seruice 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>

O

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

O sacred euer-memorable Stone,
That haft without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull't mone
That euer yet from sad affliction came.
290 And you deere reliques of my Lord and Loue,
(The sweetest parcells of the faithfull't 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 sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die,
300 Then heare thy Ghoft thy captiue Spoufe complaine,
And be attentue to her mifery.
But if that laborfome mortalitie,
Found this sweet 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 anoy.

M 2<r>

If

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

- 310 If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre ?
But tis not so, my *Anthony* doth heare :
His euer-liuing ghoſt attends my prayer,
And I doe know his houering ſp'rite is neere.
And I will ſpeake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
- 315 O pure immortall loue that daign'ſt to heare :
I feele thou aunſwer'ſt my credulitie
VVith touch of comfort, finding none elfwhere.
Thou know'ſt theſe hands entomb'd thee heer of late,
Free and vnforſt, which now muſt ſeruile be,
- 320 Referu'd for bands to grace proude *Cæſars* ſtate,
Who ſeekes in mee to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not ſeuerd be,
Shall Death deuide our bodies now a funder ?
Muſt thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
- 325 Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes wonder ?
If any powres be there where as thou art,
(Sith our owne Country Gods betray our caſe,)
O worke they may theyr gracious helpe impart,
To ſaue thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace.
- 330 Doe not permit ſhee ſhould in triumph ſhew
The bluſh of her reproch, ioyn'd with thy flame :
But (rather) let that hatefull Tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the fame.
- <M2v> But

[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,
VWhose 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 deferues no merit,
I must my felfe force open wide a dore
345 To let out life, and so vnhouse my spirit.
These hands must breake the prison of my foule
To come to thee, there to enjoy like state,
As doth the long-pent solitary Foule,
That hath escaped her cage, and found her mate.
350 This Sacrifice to sacrifice my life,
Is that true incense that doth best besee me :
These rites may serve a life-desiring wife,
Who doing 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 smoke but dying breath should heere been seene,
And this it had beene to, had I beene suffred.

M 3<r>

But

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

But what haue I faue thefe bare hands to doe it?
 And thefe weake fingers are not yron-poynted :
 360 They cannot peirce the flefh be'ing put vnto it,
 And I of all meanes els am difapoynted.
 But yet I muft a way and meanes feeke, how
 To come vnto thee, what fo ere I doo.
 O Death, art thou fo hard to come by now,
 365 That wee muft pray, intreate, and feeke thee too?
 But I will finde thee where fo ere thou lye,
 For who can ftay a minde refolu'd to die ?
 And now I goe to worke th'effect in deede,
 Ile neuer fend more words or fighes to thee :
 370 Ile bring my foule my felfe, and that with fpeed,
 My felfe will bring my foule to *Anthony*.
 Come goe my Maydes, my fortunes fole attenders
 That minifter to mifery and forrow :
 Your Miftres you vnto your freedom renders,
 375 And quits you from all charge yet ere to morrow.
 And now by this, I thinke the man I fent,
 Is neere return'd that brings mee my difpatch.
 God graunt his cunning fort to good euent,
 And that his skill may well beguile my watch.
 380 So fhall I fhun difgrace, leaue to be forie,
 Fly to my loue, fcape my foe, free my foule;

 $\langle M_{3v} \rangle$

So

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

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

Exit.

CHORVS.

M *Isterious Egipt, wonder breeder,*
385 *strict religions strange obseruer,*
State-order Zeale, the best rule-keeper,
fostering still in temperate feruor :
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly
all religion, law and order ?
390 *And thus become the most vnholly*
of all Lands that Nilus border ?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where stern Law fate so feuerely ?
How durst weake lust and ryot venter
395 *th' eye of Iustice looking neerely ?*
Could not those means that made thee great,
Be still the meanes to keepe thy state ?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer :
400 *That fame continuance man desireth,*
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 moft 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 fashions 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 fet 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 fo 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 ftrengh before.

440 *And thus is Egipt feruile rendred,*
to the infolent 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 pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weaknes,
be instructed in our vices :*

450 *That our spoyles may spoyle 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 circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes :
Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenaunce,
That shee did in my Letters reading vse.

5 *Tit.* I shall my Lord so farre as I could note,
Or my conceite obserue in any wife.

It was the time when as thee hauing got
Leaue to her Deereft dead to facrifice ;
And now was iffuing out the Monument,

 $\langle M5v \rangle$

With

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 10 With Odors, Incense, Garlands in her hand,
When I approcht (as one from *Cæsar* sent,)
And did her close thy message t'vnderstand.
Shee turnes her backe, and with her takes mee in,
Reades in thy lynes thy strange vnlookt for tale :
15 And reades, and smyles, and stayes, and doth begin
Againe to reade, then blusht, and then was pale.
And hauing ended with a sigh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp : and with a fixed eye,
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
20 Shee mus'd a while, standing confusedly.
At length. Ah friend, (faith shee,) tell thy good Lord,
How deere I hold his pittying of my case :
That out of his sweet nature can afford,
A miserable woman so much grace.
25 Tell him how much my heauy foule doth grieve
Mercileffe *Cæsar* should so deale with mee :
Pray him that he would all the counsell giue,
That might diuert him from such crueltie.
As for my loue, say *Anthony* hath all,
30 Say that my hart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it rests and euer shall :
I haue it not my selfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he shall more commaund of mee
- Then

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

35 Then any, whofoeuer lyuing, can.
Hee that fo friendly shewes himselfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto mee,)
Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a pray,
40 Yet his affection muft accepted be,
That fauours one distrest 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 diftressed 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

$\langle M6v \rangle$

The

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

The wrong hee doth thy Maieftie and sweetnes,
 60 VWhich 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'ft 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 brauest ornaments shee had.
How hauing dyn'd, shee writes, and sends away
Him straight to *Cæsar*, 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 sends t'haue audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her state can doe :
To see if Maiestie 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 Cæsar*, 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 bee'ing 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 T I V S.

A M I ordaind the carefull Meffenger,
115 And fad newef-bringer of the strangeft 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 grieve 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]

THE TRAGEDIE

Haue wee not feene the worft of our calamitie ?
 Is there behind yet fomething of diftreffe
 Vnfeene, vnknowne ? Tell if that greater misery
 There be, that we waile not that which is leffe.
 130 Tell vs what fo it be, and tell at fyrft,
 For forrow euer longs to heare her worft.
Nun. VVell then, the ftrangeft thing relate I will,
 That euer eye of mortall man hath feene.
 I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue ftill
 135 Attended on the perfon of the Queene.
 And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
 With her as one of chiefeft truft haue beene.
 And now in thefe fo great extreamities,
 That euer could to Maieftie befall,
 140 I did my best in what I could deuife,
 And left her not, till now fhee left vs all.
Chor. VVhat is fhee gone. Hath *Cæfar* forft her fo ?
Nun. Yea, fhee is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.
Chor. What, fled to *I N D I A*, to goe find her fonne ?
 145 *Nun.* No, not to *I N D I A*, but to find her fonne.
Chor. Why thē there's hope ſhe may her ſtate recouer.
Nun. Her ſtate? nay rather honor, and her Louer.
Chor. Her Louer? him ſhee cannot haue againe.
Nun. VVell, him ſhee hath, w^t him ſhe doth remaine.
 <M8v> *Chor.*

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

150 *Cho.* Why thē she's dead. Ift so? why speak'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 straight away,
And saw no meanes of reconcilment left her,
155 VVork what she could, she could not work to stay.
Shee calls mee to her, and she thus began.
O thou whose trust hath euer beene the same
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.
160 Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterrd to leaue calamitie :
As did those other smooth state-pleasers all,
VVho followed but my fortune, and not me.
Tis thou must doe a seruice for thy Queene,
165 VVherein thy faith and skill must doe their best :
Thy honest care and duty shall be seene
Performing this, more then in all the rest.
For all what thou hast done, may die with thee,
Although tis pittie that such faith should die.
170 But this shall euer-more remembred be,
A rare example to posterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall
In after ages liue in memory,

N I<r>

So

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

So long fhall thy cleere fame endure withall,
 175 And therefore thou muft not my fute deny ;
 Nor contradict my will. For what I will
 I am refolu'd : and this tis thou muft doe mee :
 Goe finde mee out with all thy arte and skill
 To Afpicqs, and conuay them clofe vnto mee.
 180 I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
 Enquire not what, for thou fhalt foone fee what,
 If the heauens doe not my diffeignes withftand,
 But doe thy charge, and let mee fhlyft with that.
 Being thus coniu'r'd, by her t'whom I'had vow'd
 185 My true perpetuall feruice, forth I went,
 Deuifing how my clofe attempt to fhrowde,
 So that there might no arte my arte preuent.
 And fo disguis'd in habite as you fee,
 Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
 190 I foone return'd againe, and brought with mee
 The Afpicqs, in a basket clofely pent.
 Which I had fill'd with figges, and leaues vpon.
 And comming to the Guardie that kept the dore,
 What haft thou there? faid they, and lookt thereon.
 195 Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
 But fayd, they were the faireft they had feene.
 Tafte fome, faid I, for they are good and pleafant.

<N1v>

No.

[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 ritch aray,
Great *Cleopatra* fate; as if she'had wonne
Cæsar and all the world beside this day.
205 Euen as shee was when on thy cristall streames,
O CYDNOS shee did shew what earth could shew.
VWhen 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 fooner fees mee in the place,
But straight her forrow-crowded brow shee cleeres,
Lightning a smile from out a stormy face,
220 Which all her tempest-beaten fences cheeres.
Looke how a stray'd perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by thieues, and euen at poynt of taking,
N 2<r> Discry-

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

Dircrying fuddainly fome towne not far,
 Or fome vnlookt-for ayde to him-ward making ;
 225 Cheeres vp his tired fp'rits, thrufts forth his strength
 To meete that good, that comes in fo good houre :
 Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
 Her honor was t'escape fo proude a powre.
 Foorth from her feate fhee haftes to meet the prefent,
 230 And as one ouer-ioyd, fhee caught it ftraight.
 And with a fmyling cheere in action pleafant,
 Looking among the figges, findes the deceite.
 And feeing there the vgly venemous beaft,
 Nothing difmayde, fhee ftayes and viewes it well.
 235 At length, th'extreameft of her paffion ceaft,
 VVhen fhee began with words her ioy to tell.
 O rareft Beaft (fayth fhee) that Affrick breeds,
 How deerely welcome art thou vnto mee ?
 The fayreft creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
 240 Mee thinks I fee, in now beholding thee.
 VVhat though the euer-erring world doth deeme
 That angred Nature fram'd thee but in fpight :
 Little they know what they fo light esteeme,
 That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
 245 Better then Death, Deathes office thou difchargeft,
 That with one gentle touch canft free our breath :
 <N2v> And

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

And in a pleafing fleepe our foule inlargeft,
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 reft.
VWhen that inexorable Monfter Death
That followes Fortune, flyes the poore diftreffed,
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 fomethig 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]

THE TRAGEDIE

And neuer waxing old, but alwaies one,
Dooft fure thy ftrange diuinitie approue.
And therefore to, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
275 Calamitie confirming now in mee
A fure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous,
And onely the afflicted are religious.
And heere I facrifize thefe armes to Death,
280 That Luft late dedicated to Delights :
Offling vp for my laft, this laft of breath,
The complement of my loues deereft rites.
With that fhee bares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
285 And feeming more to fpeake, occafion takes,
Willing to die, and willing to to pause.
Looke how a Mother at her fonnes departing
For fome far voyage, bent to get him fame,
Doth intertaine him with an idle parling.
290 And ftill doth fpeake, and ftill fpeakes but the fame;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him back,
Tells what was told, and bids againe fare-well,
And yet againe recalls; for ftill doth lack
Something that loue would faine and cannot tell.
<N3v> Pleas'd

[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 prefented 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 therfore chofe
To render all to Honour, hart and breath;
And that with fpeede, leaft that her inward foes
N 4<r> Faffe

[Ornament]

THE TRAGEDIE

320 Falfe flesh and blood, ioyning with lyfe and hope,
Should mutinie againsther 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 doest thou cōspire
325 With *Cæsar* 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 Base life, to let my good ?
No, know there is a greater powre constraines
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 lasting disgrace, which I shall get,
What doe I lose, that haue but life to lose ?
335 This hauing faid, strengthned in her owne hart,
And vnion of her selfe fences in one
Charging together, shee performs that part
That hath so great a part of glory wonne.
And so receiues the deadly poyfning touch.
340 That touch that tryde the gold of her loue pure,
And hath confirm'd her honor to be such,
As must 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 instant 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 pleafe 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]

OF CLEOPATRA.

385 And as shee stood setting if fitly on,
Lo in rufh *Cæfars* Messengers in hafte,
Thinking to haue preuented what was doone,
But yet they came too late, for all was pafte.
For there they found fretch'd on a bed of gold,
390 Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the riche attyre procure fhee could,
And dying *Charmion* trymming of her head.
And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like cafe.
Charmion, is this well doone ? faid one of them.
395 Yea, well fayd fhee, and her that from the race
Of fo great Kings difcends, doth beft become.
And with that word, yeelds too her faithful breath,
To paffe th'affurance of her loue with death.
Chor. But how knew *Cæfar* of her clofe intent ?
400 *Nun.* By Letters which before to him shee fent.
For when shee had procur'd this meanes to die,
Shee writes, and earnestly intreates, shee might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Anthony*.
Whereby then *Cæfar* gefs'd all went not right.
405 And forth-with fends, yet ere the meffage came
Shee was difpatcht, he croft in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred fo the fame
That fhee was fure none should her plot preuent.

<N6r>

CHO-

[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-posseß : the Land*
That Defolations fills,
And where Ambition spills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'issue of all those,
420 *That so 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 so 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 ftrangle vp thy waues,
440 *Stop Cataractes thy fall.*
And turne thy courfes fo,
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]

THE TRAGEDIE

*Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs haft doone,
With plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie :*

455 *And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.
Leaue leuell'd Egipt dry,
A barraine pray to lye,*

460 *Wafted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.*

465 *And fo O leaue to bee,
Sith thou art what thou art :
Let not our race possesse
Th'inheritance of shame,
The see of fin, that wee*

470 *Haue left them for theyr part :
The yoke of whose distresse
Must still vpbraide our blame,
Telling from whom it came.*

<N7v> Our

[Ornament]

OF CLEOPATRA.

*Our weight of wantonnes,
475 Lyes heauy on their hart,
Who neuer-more fhall fee
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 *Iames Roberts*, and
Edward Allde, for Simon
VWaterfon.
1 5 9 4 .

<N8v>

[Ornament]