

[Ornament]

THE
POETICALL
ESSAYES
OF
SAM. DANYEL.

Newly corrected and augmented.

*Ætas prima canat veneres,
postremas tumultus.*

[Illustration]

AT LONDON
Printed by P. Short for Simon
Waterfon 1599.

[Illustration]

The Argumentes of these
Effayes following.

The ciuill wars betwene the two houfes of *Lanca-*
fter and *Yorke.*

Mufophilus, or a defence of learning.

The Epiftle of Octauia to Antonius.

The Tragedy of *Cleopatra* corrected.

The complaint of *Rofamond.*

To

[Illustration]

To the Right honorable, Sir *Charles Blunt*

Knight, Lord *Mountioy*, and Knight of the moft
Noble order of the Garter, and his
moft worthy Lord.

- I *Do not plant thy great respected name
Here in this fron, to th'end thou shouldst protect
These my endeuors from contempt or blame,
Which none but their own forces must effect:*
- 5 *Nor do I seeke to win by more respect,
Moft learned Lord, by these Essays of mine,
Since that cleere iudgement that did first elect
To fauor me, will alwaies keepe me thine:
Nor do I this more honor to assigne.*
- 10 *Vnto thy worth that is no more hereby,
Since th'offerings made vnto the powers deuine,
Enrich not them but shew mens pietie:
But this I do to th'end if destinie
Shall any monument referue of me,*
- 15 *Those times should see my loue, how willing I
That liu'd by thee, would haue thee liue with me.*

S. D.

[Ornament]

THE
TRAGEDIA OF
CLEOPATRA

(***)

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

[Illustration]

AT LONDON
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[Ornament]

To the Right Honourable, the
Lady *Mary*, Countesse of
PEMBROOKE.

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 She, whose cleere brightnesse 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 fate, 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 plaind 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.

A2<r>

Who

To the Countesse

Who if shee heere doe so appeare in act,
That for his Queen & Loue he scarce wil know her,
Finding how much she 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 eies
My darke defects, which from her spirit detract,
He yet may geffe it's shee; which will suffise.

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 pens (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chace away this tyrant of the North:
35 *Große Barbarism*, whose powre growne far inlarg'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 hideous beast incroching thus.

<A2v>

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 elfe in darkneffe carries all away,
45 And makes of all our honours but a pray.
So that if by my pen procure I fhall
But to defend me, 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 glorie giue
Vnto thy felfe, then I can by the fame.
Who doft with thine own hand a Bulwarke frame
Againft thefe Monfters, (enemies of honour,)
55 Which 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 from whence they came.
In them muft reft thy euer reuerent name,
So long as *Syons* God remaineth honoured;
And till confufion hath all zeale be-reauen,
And murdered Faith, and Temples ruined.

A 3<r>

By

To the Countesse

65 By this (great Ladie,) 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 limits fo:
75 But that the melodie of our fweete 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,
Vnlocke thefe limits, open our confines :
And breake afunder 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.

<A3v>

Whereby

of Pembroke.

90 Wherby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
 VWith thofe *Po*-fingers beeing equalled,
 Enchant the world with fuch a fweet delight,
 That their eternall fongs (for euer read,)
 May fhew what great *Elizas* raigne hath bred.
95 VWhat Mufique in the kingdome of her peace
 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*, locke vp with thy Ocean key
 This treafure to our felues, and let them miffe
100 Of fo fweet ritches : as vnworthie they
 To tafte the great delights that we inioy.
 And let our harmonie fo pleafing growne,
 Content our felues, whose error 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 inioind ?
 Alas, what honour can a voyce fo low
 As this of mine, expect hereby to find ?
 But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
110 That fauored by the worthies of our Land,
 My lines are lik'd; the which may make me grow,
 In time to take a greater tafke in hand.

<A4r>

<A4v>

The Argument.

*at Rhodes : trayned thither by the falshoode of his Tutor,
corrupted by Cæfar. And fo hereby, came the race of the
Ptolomies to bee wholie extinct, and the flouri-
45 shing rich kingdome of Egypt vtter-
lie ouer-throwne and
subdued.*

B 2<r>

[Ornament]

The Scæne fuppofed
Alexandria.

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra. Octavius Cæfar.

Proculeius. Dolabella.

Titivs, ſeruaunt to Dolabella.

Arius,
Philoſtratus. } two Philoſophers.

Seleucus, ſecretarie to Cleopatra.

Rodon, Tutor to Cæfario.

Nuntius.

The *Chorus.* all Egyptians.

Actus

[Ornament]

<B2v>

THE TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA

ACTVS PRIMVS

CLEOPATRA.

- Y ET do I liue, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyonf my life, nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confusion haue more then I haue?
- 5 Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and she not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my felfe, and feene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes endure the gaftly looke
- 10 Of defolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on fortunes faireft fide to looke,
Where nought was but applaufe, but fmiles, and grace?
Whiles on his fhoulders all my reft relide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
- 15 My Atlas, and fupporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory fway,
Who now thrown down, difrac'd, confoüded lies
Crufht with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vn lucky party of my eies,
- 20 The traines of luft and imbecilitie,
B 3<r> Whereby

THE TRAGEDIE

Whereby my diffolution is become
The graue of *Ægypt* and the wracke of all:
My vnforefeeing weakeneffe muft intoome
My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

25 Now who would think that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, compaft with ftate,
Glittering in pomp that harts and eies bewitch'd;
Should thus diftreft, caft down from of that heigh
30 Leuell'd with low difgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the waight of fuch affliction figh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameft miferie?

Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride,
Adorn'd like *Ifis*, skornd mortalitie?

35 Is't I would haue my frailty fo belide
That flattery could perfwade *I* was not *I*?
Well now I fee they but delude that praife vs,
Greatneffe is mockt, profperity betraies vs.
And we are but our felues, although this clowd
40 Of interpofed fmokes make vs feeme more:
Witneffe thefe gallant fortune-followng traines,
Thefe Summer Swallowes of felicitie
Gone with the heate, of all see what remains,
This monument, two maydes, and wretched I.

<B3v>

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 45 And I t'adorne their triumphs, am referu'd
A captiue kept to honor others spoyles,
Whom *Cæsar* labors fo to haue preferu'd,
And seekes to entertaine my life with wiles.
But *Cæsar*, it is more then thou canst do,
- 50 Promife, flatter, threaten extremitie,
Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and will, and I can die.
Though thou of both my country and my crown,
- 55 Of powre, of means & al dooft quite bereaue me;
Though thou haft wholly *Egypt* made thine own,
Yet haft thou left me that which will deceiue thee.
That courage with my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,
- 60 Can neuer be so abiectly abated
To be thy Slaue that rull'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Cæsar* I that liued and raign'd a Queene,
Doe skorne to buy my life at such a rate,
That I fhould vnder neath my felfe be feene,
- 65 Bafely induring to furuiue my ftate:
That *Rome* fhould fee my fcepter-bearing hands,
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares.
That I fhould paffe, whereas *Octauia* ftands,
To view my misery, that purchaft hers.
- 70 No, I difdaine that head which wore a crowne,
Should ftoope to take vp that which others giue :

<B4r>

I

OF CLEOPATRA.

But what know I if th'heauens haue de cred,
And that the finnes of *Ægypt* haue deferu'd,
100 The *Ptolomies* should faile and none fucceed,
And that my weakenes was thereto referu'd.
That I should bring confufion to my ftate,
And fill the meafure of iniquitie,
Luxurioufneffe in me should raife the rate
105 Of loofe and ill-dispenfed libertie.
If it be fo, then what needes thefe delaies?
Since I was made the meanes of miferie:
Why fhuld I friue but to make death my praife,
That had my life but for my infamie?
110 A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example to fuch Princes good
As please themfelues and care not what becom.
And *Anthony*, becaufe the world takes note
That my defects haue only ruin'd thee:
115 And my ambitious practifes are thought
The motiue and the caufe of all to be:
Though God thou know'ft, how iuft this ftaine is laid
Vpon my foule, whom ill fucceffe makes ill:
Yet fince condemn'd misfortune hath no ayd
120 Againft proud luck that argues what it will,
I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
But to bring in the witneffe of my bloud,

C<1r>

To

OF CLEOPATRA.

Which *Anthony*, I muft confesse my fault
I neuer did fincerely vntill now:
150 Now I proteft I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilst my glory in that greatneffe stood,
And that I faw my ftate and knew my beautie;
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they woo'd,
155 I then thought all men muft loue me of dutie;
And I loue none: for my lafcuious Court,
Fertile in euer fresh and new-choife pleafure,
Affoorded me fo bountifull difport
That I to ftay on loue had neuer leafure:
160 My vagabond defires no limits found,
For luft is endleffe, pleafure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ftrictnes of thy City,
And neuer this loofe pomp of monarchs learneft,
Inu'rd to wars, in womens wiles vnwitty,
165 Whilst others faynd, thou fell'ft to loue in earneft;
Not knowing how we like them beft that houer,
And make leaft reckning of a dotting louer.
And yet thou cam'ft but in my beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinkles of declining
170 Wrought with the hand of yeers, feem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly fhining
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Failing of what I was, and was but thus;

C 2<r>

VWhen

THE TRAGEDIE

When fuch as we do deeme in iealoufie
175 That men loue for themfelues and not for vs,
Then and but thus, thou didft loue moft fincerely
O *Anthony*, that beft deferu'ft it better,
This Antumne of my beauty bought fo dearely,
For which in more then death, I ftand thy debter,
180 Which I will pay thee with fo true a mind,
(Casting vp all thefe deepe accoumpts of mine)
That both our foules, and all the world fhall find
All recknings cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent proud *Cæfar*,
185 Who dooth fo eagerly my life importune,
I muft preuaile me of this little leafure,
Seeming to fute my mind vnto my fortune;
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide
For what my death and honor beft fhall fit:
190 An yeelding bafe content muft warie hide
My laft diffigne till I accomplifh it,
That hereby yet the world fhall fee that *I*,
Although vnwife to liue had wit to die.

Exit.

<C2v>

CHORVS.

OF CLEOPATRA.

CHORVS.

- B *Ehold what furies still*
195 *Torment their tortur'd brest.*
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.
Which when being most distrest,
Yet more to vex their sp'rite,
200 *The hidious face of finne,*
(In formes they must detest)
Stands euer in their fight.
Their conscience still within
Th'eternall larum is
205 *That euer-barking dog that calles vpon their misse.*

- No meanes at all to hide*
Man from himfelfe can finde :
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of minde.
210 *But in himfelfe confin'd,*
He still sees finne before :
And winged-footed paine,
That swiftly comes behind,
The which is euer-more,
C3<r> *The*

THE TRAGEDIE

215 *The fure and certaie gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton loofe respect, that dooth it felfe forget.*

*And Cleopatra now,
Well fees the dangerous way*
220 *She tooke, and car'd not bow,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes vs pay
For her difordred luft,
The int'reft of our blood:*
225 *Or liue a feruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniuft,
As others fhall thinke good.
This hath her riot wunne.
And thus ſhe hath her ſtate, herſelfe and vs vndunne.*

230 *Now euery mouth can tell,
What clofe was muttered:
How that ſhe did not well,
To take the courſe ſhee did.
For now is nothing hid,*

235 *Of what feare did refraine.
No ſecrete clofelie done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made moſt plaine*

<C3v>

That

O F C L E O P A T R A .

She faid, ſhe crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Cæſar* would vouchfafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though ſhe deferu'd no merite.
35 So leauing her for then; and ſince of late,
With *Gallus* ſent to trie another time,
The whilft he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where in diſcending in the cloſeft wife,
40 And filent manner as I could contriue :
Her woman me deſcri'd, and out ſhe cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane alie.
With that the Queen raught from her ſide her knife,
And euen in act to ſtab her martred breſt,
45 I ſtept with ſpeede, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hād the blade did wreft.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhouldſt thou, (ſaid I)
Both iniurie thy ſelfe and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honour of his victorie,
50 Who euer deales moſt mildly with his foe ?
Liue and relie on him, whoſe mercy will
To thy ſubmiſſion alwaies readie be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ftill,
Twixt maieſtie confus'd and miferie.
55 Her proud grieu'd eyes, held forow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule:
Dying ambition diſpoſſeft her raigne,

D<2r>

So

T H E T R A G E D I E

So bafe affliction feemed to controule.
Like as a burning Lampe, whose liquor spent
60 With intermitted flames, when dead you deem 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,
Authority confounds with prayers, fo
Words of cōmand conioin'd with humble fpeech,
70 Shew'd fhee would liue, yet fcorn'd to pray her foe.
 Ah, what hath *Cæfar* here to doe, faid fhe,
 In confines of the dead in darknes lying ?
 Will he not grant our fepulchers be free,
 But violate the priuiledge of dying ?
75 VVhat, muft hee fretch forth his ambitious hand
 Into the right of Death, and force vs here ?
 Hath miferie 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 frailtie, and the Gods haue giuen
 Sufficient glorie, if he could content him :

<D2v>

And

O F C L E O P A T R A .

- 85 And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue mee to this horror, to lamenting
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
VVhat muft he take me from my felfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercie) leaue mee free
- 90 The kingdom of this poore diftreffed corfe.
No other crowne I feeke, no other good.
Yet wifh that *Cæfar* would vouchfafe this grace,
To fauour the poore ofspring of my blood.
Confused iffue, yet of Roman race.
- 95 If blood and name be linkes of loue in Princes,
Not fpurres of hate; my poore *Cæfario* may
Finde fauour notwithstanding mine offences,
And *Cæfars* blood, may *Cæfars* raging ftay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
- 100 All muft be 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.
There ftayes and fhrinkes in horror of her ftate :
- 105 VVhen I began to mitigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
VVifhing her not difpaire, but rather come
And fue for grace, and fhake off all vaine feares :
No doubt fhee fhould obtaine as gentle doome
- 110 As fhe defir'd, both for herfelfe and hers.
And fo with much a-do, (well pacifide
D 2<r> Seeming

OF CLEOPATRA.

But yet let still a warie watch attend,
150 To guard her person, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer :
Shortly my selfe will goe to visite her.

CHORVS.

O *PINION*, how doost thou molest
 T' h' affected minde of restles man?
155 *Who following thee neuer can,*
 Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
For getting what thou saist is best,
 Yet loe, that best he findes farre wide
 Of what thou promisedst before:
160 *For in the same he lookt for more,*
 Which proues but small whē once tis tride
Then somthing else thou findst beside,
 To draw him still from thought to thought :
 When in the end all proues but nought.
165 *Farther from rest hee findes him than,*
 Then at the first when he began.

O malecontent seducing guest,
Contriuer of our greatest woes :
Which borne of wind, & fed with showes,
170 *Doost nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest.*
Iudging vngotten things the best,

D 3<r>

Or

THE TRAGEDIE

*Or what thou in conceit design'ft.
And all things in the world doost deeme,
Not as they are, but as they seeme:*
175 *Which shewes, their state thou ill defin'ft:
And liu'ft to come, in present pin'ft.
For what thou hast, thou still doost lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promifer of that sweet rest,*
180 *Which neuer anie yet possfest.*

*If we vnto ambition tende,
Then doost thou drawe our weakenes on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an ende.*
185 *Or if that lust we apprehend,
How doth that pleasant plague infest?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou straight doost cast t'intice vs by?
And tell'ft vs that is euer best,*
190 *Which we haue neuer yet possfest.
And that more pleafure rests beside,
In fomething that we haue not tride.
And when the fame likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.*

195 *This Anthony can fay is true,
Ad Cleopatra knowes tis fo,*

<D3v>

By

OF CLEOPATRA.

*By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can say, she neuer knew
But that lust found pleasures new,
200 And was neuer satisfide:
He can say by prooffe of toile,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the hart of pride:
And finds no rest when all is tride.
205 For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, lifts and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the minde, the state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.*

*And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
210 Yet Opinion leaues not heere,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perfwading now, how she shall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine.
And what a shame it were to liue,
215 Her kingdome lost, her Louer dead:
And so with this perfwasion led,
Dispayre doth such a courage giue,
That naught else can her minde relieue.
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
220 To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all thing ends.*

<D4r>

ACTVS.

THE TRAGEDIE

ACTVS TERTIVS.

PHILOSTRATVS. ARIVS.

H OW deeply *Arius* am I bounde to thee,
That fau'dft from death this wretched life of mine:
Obtaining *Cæfars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helps elfe difpaird 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 their 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,
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 failes vs in the poynt of trying.
For whilft we reafon with the breath of fafety,
Without the compaffe of deftruction liuing:
What precepts fhew wee then, what courage lofty

<D4v>

In

O F C L E O P A T R A .

In taxing others feares in counfell giuing?
25 When all this ayre of fweet-contriued words
Proues but weake armour to defend the hart.
For when this life, 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 adiorne
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,
35 Wherein I grant my felfe much to abufe,
So shamefully to feeke t'auoide my death.
Arius. Philoftratus, that felfe fame care to liue,
Poffeffeth all alike, and grieue not then
Nature doth vs no more then others giue:
40 Though we fpeak more then mē, we are but mē.
And yet (in truth) thefe miferies to fee,
Wherein we ftand in moft extreame diftreffe:
Might to our felues fufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leffe.
45 For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatneffe hath.
How 'improident prosperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how difmaid Confufion keeps thofe ftreetes,
50 That nought but mirth and mufique late refounded,
E<1r> How

T H E T R A G E D I E

How nothing with our eie but horror meetes,
Our ftate, our wealth, our pride & all confounded.
Yet what weake fight did not difcerne from far
This black-aryfing tempeft, all confounding ?
55 Who did not fee we fhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to fuch abounding.
When diffolute impietie poffeft,
Th'vnrefpectiue mindes of fuch a people:
VWhen infolent Security found reft
60 In wanton thoughts, with luft & eafe made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleafure,
New-frefh inuented ryots ftill detected,
Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* ritch treafure,
Our lawes, our gods, our miferies neglected.
65 VWho faw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diforders, muft
At length of force pay back the bloody price
Of fad deftruction, (a reward for luft.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
70 Of like proude ftates, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our own:
VWhich now among examples muft be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An auncient Canon, of eternall date,
75 In Confitorie of the ftarres of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoided Fate;
That no ftate can in heighth of happineffe,

<E1v>

In

O F C L E O P A T R A .

In th'exaltation of their glory stand:
But thither once ariu'd, declining leffe,
80 Ruine themfelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing courfe of things
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that fame day that hieft glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the poynt of back-returning.
85 For fenceles fenfualitie, doth euer
Accompany felicitie and greatneffe.
A fatal witch, whose charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till we leaue all in forrow for our fweetneffe;
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 aske 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
Their leaft conceit of quiet, held fo deere;
And fo intrench themfelues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniuftice as their feares difpofe:
Yet for all this we fee, howe oftentimes
100 The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lofe.
And fure I cannot fee, howe this can ftand
With great *Auguftus* fafety and his honor,
To cut off all fucceffion from our land,
For her offence that puld the wars vpon her.

E 2<r>

Phi.

THE TRAGEDIE

- 105 *Phi.* Why muft her iffue pay the price of that?
Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.
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 doth, 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 fubiekt 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
She might be drawn to haue her fortune feene.
But yet I thinke, Rome will not fee that face
(That queld her champiōs,) blufh in bafe difgrace.

SCENA. SECVNDA.

CÆSAR. CLEOPATRA, SELEVCVS,
DOLABELLA.

Cæf. W Hat *Cleopatra*, dooft thou doubt fo much
Of *Cæfars* mercy, that thou hid'ft thy face?
<E2v> Or

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Or doft thou thinke, thy' offences can be fuch,
That they furmout the meafure of our grace?

- 5 *Cleo.* O *Cæfar*, not for that I flie thy fight
My foule this fad retyre of forrow chofe:
But that my'opprefsed thoughts abhorring light,
Like beft in darknes, my difgrace t'inclofe.
And here to thefe clofe limmits of defpaire,
10 This folitarie horror where *I* bide :
Cæfar, I thought no Roman fould repaire,
More after him, who here opprefsed dyde.
Yet now, heere at thy conquering feete *I* lie,
Poore captiue foul, that neuer thought to bow :
15 VVhose happie foote of rule and Maieftie
Stood late on ye fame ground thou ftandeft now.
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 triumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'ft my winning ioy a gaine vnpleafing:
Sith th'eye of griefe muft looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our own bloodfhedding.
25 And all, we muft attribute vnto thee.
Cleo. To me? *Cæfar*, what fhould a woman doe
Opprefed with greatnes? what was it for me
To contradict my Lord, beeing bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakenes, made

E 3<r>

An

T H E T R A G E D I E

- 30 An instrument to such disseignes as these.
For when the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? who was not glad to please?
And how could I withdraw my succouring hand,
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?
- 35 The intrest of my faith in freightest band,
My love to his most firmly did combine.
Cæs. Love? alas no, it was th'innated hatred
That thou and thine hast euer borne our people :
That made thee seeke all means to haue vs scattred,
- 40 To difinite our strength and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breft nurse our diffentiō,
With hope t'exalt thy selfe, t'augment thy state :
To pray vpon the wracke 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 thou art,
- 50 The vanquisht, still is iudg'd the worfer part.
Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
No lesse then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, 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,
<E3v> If

O F C L E O P A T R A .

If we take part, we oft doe perish thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we must feare.
Alas, what shall the first partakers doe,
60 When following none, yet must they perish to?
But *Cæsar*, with thy right and cause is such,
Be not a heauie weight vpon calamitie :
Depresse not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefest glorie is the Victors lenitie.
65 Th'inheritance of mercie from him take,
Of whom thou hast thy fortune and thy name :
Great *Cæsar* me a Queene at first did make,
And let not *Cæsar* now confound the fame,
Read here these lines which still I keep with me,
70 The witness of his loue and fauours euer :
And God forbid this should be said of thee,
That *Cæsar* wrong'd the fauoured of *Cæsar*.
For looke what *I* haue beene to *Anthonie*,
Think thou the fame I might haue been to thee.
75 And heere I doe present thee with the note
Of all the treasure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all set downe within that roule,
80 I know some things she hath referred a part.
Cleo. What vile vngrateful wretch, dar'st thou cōtroule
Thy Queen & soueraine, caitife as thou art. (hands.
Cæf. Hold, holde, a poore reuenge can worke so feeble
<E4r> *Cleo.*

T H E T R A G E D I E

Cleo. Ah *Cæfar*, what a great indignitie

- 85 Is this, that here my vassale subiect stands
T'accuse me to my Lord of trecherie?
If I referu'd some certaine womens toys,
Alas it was not for my selfe (God knowes,)
Poore miserable foule, that little ioyes
- 90 In trifling ornaments, in outward shewes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my way
Vnto thy *Liuis*, and *Octauius* grace,
That thereby in compassion moued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my case.
- 95 *Cæf.* Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou shalt finde
What fauour thou desir'st, or canst expect :
For *Cæfar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde;
- 100 Relieue thy foule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well *I* will intreate thee thou shalt find,
So soone as some affaires dispatched are.
Til whē farewell. *Cl.* Thanks thrife-renowned *Cæfar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.
- 105 *Dol.* No maruel *Cæfar* though our greatest spirits,
Haue to the powre of such a charming beautie
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits?
Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
Then whilst the glory of her youth remain'd
- 110 The wondring obiect to each wanton eye :
<E4v> Before

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Before her full of fweet (with forrow wain'd,
Came to the period of this miferie.
If ftill, euen in the midft of death and horror
Such beautie fhines, thorow clouds of age & forow,
115 If euen thofe fweet decaies feeme to plead for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
If in calamitie fhe could thus moue,
What could fhe do adorn'd with youth and loue?
VWhat could fhe do then, when as fpredding wide
120 The pompe of beautie, in her glorie dight?
When arm'd with wonder, fhe could vfe befide,
Th' ingines of her loue, Hope and Delight?
Beautie daughter of Maruaile, ô fee how
Thou canft difgracing forrowes fweetly grace.
125 What power thou fhew'ft in a diftreffed brow,
That mak'ft affliction faire, giu'ft tears their grace.
What can vntreffed locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I fee then, artleffe feature can content,
130 And that true beautie needes no ornament.
Cæf. What in a paffion *Dolabella*? what take heed:
Let others fresh examples be thy warning;
What mifchiefes thefe, fo idle humors breed,
Whilft error keepes vs from a true difcerning.
135 In deed I faw fhe labour'd to impart
Her fweeteft graces in her faddeft cheere:
Prefuming on the face that knew the arte

F<1r>

To

T H E T R A G E D I E

To moue with what aspect fo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, fhe takes her ayme amiffe,
140 The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as fhe was, nor we as fhe 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 fhe seemes fo well content
150 To be dispos'd by vs, without more ftay
She with her chyldren fhall to Rome be fent,
Whilft I by *Syria* thither take my way.

C H O R V S,

O *Fearefull frowning Nemefis,*
Daughter of Iuftice, moft feuere,
155 *That art the worlds great arbitrefse,*
And Queene of caufes raining heere.
Whofe fwift-fure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuftice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferrest long
160 *The proudes decay, the weakes redrefse:*
But through thy power euery where,

<F1v>

Doft

OF CLEOPATRA.

*Doft raze the great, and raife the leffe.
The leffe made great, doft ruine to,
To fhew the earth what heauen can do.*

- 165 *Thou from darke-clos'd eternitie,
From thy black cloudy hidden feate,
The worlds diforders doft 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 deftinie,
Which neither wit nor ftrength can let,
Fast chain'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:
And doth their weaknes still betray,*
- 180 *In their best prosperitie?
When beeing lifted vp fo 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,*

F 2 <r>

And

THE TRAGEDIE

*And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguifh people, ftate and all.*

But is it iuftice that all we

- 190 *The 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 their fall,*
195 *Who of themfelues procured all?
Or do 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 their rigor muft.*

*This is the period Fate fet downe
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greateft growne,
Must perifh thus, by courfe muft die.*

- 205 *And fome muft be the caufers why
This reuolution muft be wrought:
As borne to bring their ftate to nought.
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:*
210 *Which vice fo farre hath ouer-growne.
As we, fo they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perifh like to vs.*

<F2v>

ACTVS

OF CLEOPATRA.

ACTVS QUARTVS.

SELEVCVS. RODON.

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

5 For tis some ease our forrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we fhall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a figh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'ft thou one

10 That better could beare fuch a part with thee:
Who by his own, knows 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:

15 And I will likewise vnto thee impart
As fad a tale as what thou fhalt declare.
So fhall we both our mournfull plaints combine,
Ile waile thy ftate, and thou fhalt pittie mine.

Sel. Well then, thou know'ft how I haue liu'd in grace

20 With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Court
As one of Counfell, and of chiefest place,
And euer held my credite in that fort:
Till now in this confufion of our ftate,

F 3<r>

When

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Although my fault be in the selfe-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.
55 For vnto mee did *Cleopatra* giue
The best and deereft treafure of her blood,
Louely *Cæfario*, whom she would fhould liue
Free from the dangers wherein Egypt ftood.
And vnto me with him this charge she gaue,
60 Here *Rodon*, take, conuay from out thys Coaft,
This precious Gem, the chiefest that I haue,
The iewell of my foule I value moft.
Guide him to I N D I A, lead him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where secure he may remaine,
65 Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And Egypts peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe;
(The rifing Sunne of our declining ftate:)
Thefe be the hands that may reftore our wrack,
70 And raife the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundles pride
Of fierce *Octavius*, and abate his might:
Great Iulius of-fpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
75 O how he feemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my *Cæfar* in his face?
Such was his gate, fo did his lookes aspire;
<F4r> Such

T H E T R A G E D I E

Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace.
High shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.

80 And ô, (if he had not beene borne so late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,
And now haue beene the Champion of our state.

Then vnto him, ô my deere Sonne (the faies,)
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, ô flie, be gone :

85 Referue thy selfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me (thy wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempeft heere alone:

Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure,

90 Thou mayst reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy waies, thou shalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull seruauant) 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 dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I do doubt thy truth,
Mothers will cast the worst, and alwaies feare.

The absent daunger greater still appeares,

100 Lesse fears he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And ô, I know not what prefaging thought
My sp'rit fuggests of luckles bad euent:
But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle shadowes which my feares present.

<F4v>

But

O F C L E O P A T R A .

- 105 But yet the memory of mine owne fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why fhould I feare?
His fortune may recouer better ftate,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Genius* of our race
- 110 By fome malignant fpirit comes ouer-throwne:
Our bloud 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 fall.
- 115 Yet who knowes what may come? let him go thither,
What Merchaunt in one Veffell venters all?
Let vs deuide our ftars. Go, go my fonne,
Let not the fate of Egypt find thee heere:
Try if fo be thy deftinie can fhunne
- 120 The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againft the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what neede I to fend thee fo far hence
To feeke thy death that mayft as well die here?
- 125 And here die with thy mother, die in reft,
Not trauailing to what will come to thee.
Why fhould wee leaue our blood vnto the Eaft,
When Egypt may a Tombe fufficient be?
O my deuided foule, what fhall I do?
- 130 Whereon fhall now my refolution reft?
What were I beft refolue to yeeld vnto

G<1r>

When

T H E T R A G E D I E

When both are bad, how shall I know the best?
Stay; I may hap so worke with *Cæsar* now,
That he may yeeld him to restore thy right.
135 Go; *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou
So neere in blood, shalt be so great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, go my fonne fare-well.
But stay; ther's something else that I would say:
Yet nothing now, but ô God speed thee well,
140 Least saying more, that more may make thee stay.
Yet let me speake : It may be tis the last
That euer I shall speake to thee my Sonne.
Doe Mothers vse to part in such soft-hafte?
What, must I end when I haue scarce begun?
145 Ah no (deere hart,) tis no such slender twine
Where-with the knot is tide twixt thee and me.
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me:
And therefore I must speake. Yet what? O fonne.
150 Here more she would, when more she could not say,
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,
Fild vp the passage, and quite stopt the way:
When sweet *Cæsario* with a princely spirite,
(Though comfortles himself) did comfort giue,
155 with mildest words, perfwading her to beare it.
And as for him, she should not need to grieue.
And I (with protestations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (which fworn I did deceiue)
<G1v> That

O F C L E O P A T R A .

- That I would vse all care, all wit and arte
160 To see him fafe; And so we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we traueil'd to our iourneies end,
When *Cæsar* hauing knowledge of our way,
His Agents after vs with speed doth fend
To labour mee, *Cæfario* to betray.
- 165 Who with rewards, and promifes so large,
Affail'd me then, that I grew soone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,
To make him King of Egypt presently.
- 170 And thither come, feeling himselfe betray'd,
And in the hands of death through trechery,
Wailing his ftate, thus to himselfe he said.
Lo here brought back by subtile traine to death
Betrade by Tutors faith, or traytors rather:
- 175 My fault my bloud, 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* subtile reach brought backe:
Here to be made th'oblation for his feares, (him:
Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe
Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeeres,
Or how small safaty can my death be to him.
- 185 And is this all the good of beeing borne great?
<G2r> Then

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Though men reuenge not,yet the heauens wil.
And thou *Augustus* that with bloodie 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 proud 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 denie
Which facred Priests of *Memphis* doe fore-fay)
Some of the of-fpring yet of *Anthonie*,
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 this thy victorie thou ftaineft,
And pull'ft the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
230 In vaine doth man contende againft the ftarr's,
For what he feeke to make, his wifdom marr's.
Yet in the mean-time we whom Fates referue,
The bloodie facrifices of ambition,
We feele the fmart what euer they deferue,
235 And we 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 doth eafe
Affliction in fo great extremitie,

G 3<r>

To

T H E T R A G E D I E

240 To thinke their like deftruction fhall appeafe
 Our ghofts, who did procure our miferie.
 But dead we are, vncertaine what fhall bee,
 And liuing, we are fure to feele the wrong:
 Our certaine ruine we our felues do fee.

245 They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
 But yet *Cæfario*, thou muft die content,
 For men will mone, and 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 he hath thee. And I expect the fame
 As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee:
 For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
 The young *Antillus*, fonne of *Anthonie*,
 And at his death from of his necke conuaid

255 A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Cæfar occafion tooke to hang him ftraight.
 Such infruments with *Princes* liue not long.
 Although they need fuch actors of deceit,
 Yet ftill our fight feemes to vpbraid their wrong;

260 And therefore we muft needs this daunger runne,
 And in the net of our owne guile be caught:
 We muft not liue to brag what we haue done,
 For what is done, muft not appeare their fault.
 But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,

265 And our fhame will not that we fhould be feene.
Exeunt.

<G3v>

Cleo-

OF CLEOPATRA.

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* secreete plots difcouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
- 270 Why then poore Beautie thou haft done thy laft,
And beft 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 me and mine, th'ayre of Rome to proue:
There his *Triumphant* Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;
The one comes fit to warne me 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 *Anthonie* :
Whofe deerly honour'd tombe muft heere receiue
- 285 This facrifice, the laft before I die.
O facred euer-memorable ftone,
That haft without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'ft mone
That euer yet from fad affliction came.
- 290 And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue,
<G4r> (The

T H E T R A G E D I E

(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'ft liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you heere for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
295 That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile :
Sleepe quiet in this euer lasting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your foile.
And ô, if that the sp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
300 Then heare thy ghoft thy captiue spoufe cōplaine
And be attentiuē to her miferie.
But if that laborfome mortalitie
Found this sweete error, onely to confine
The curious searck of idle vanitie,
305 That would the deapth of darknes vndermine:
Or rather to giue rest vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of those conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the present worlds anoy.
310 If it be so, why speake I then to th'ayre?
But tis not so, my *Anthonie* doth heare :
His euer-liuing ghoft attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering sp'rit is neere.
And I will speake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
315 O pure immortall loue that daign'ft to heare:
I feele thou aunfwer'ft my credulitie
With touch of comfort, finding none elfwhere.

<G4v>

Thou

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Thou know'ft these hands entomb'd thee heer of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now muft feruile be,
320 Referu'd for bands to grace proude *Cæsars* state,
Who fees in mee to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not feuerd be,
Shall death deuide our bodies now afunder?
Muft 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 cafe,)
O worke they may theyr gracious helpe impart,
To faue thy wofull wife from fuch difgrace.
330 Do not permit she should in triumph shew
The blufh of her reproch, ioy'n'd with thy fame:
But (rather) let that hatefull Tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the fame.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
335 In vaine inuoking a conceiued ayde?
Why do I not my felfe occafion find
To breake the bounds wherein my'felfe am ftaid?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whofe melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
340 Can to their forrowes, time and leifure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not doe the fame.
No *Anthonie*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deferues no merit,
I muft my felfe force open wide a dore

H<1r>

To

THE TRAGEDIE

345 To let out life, and fo vnhoufe my fpirit,
Thefe hands muft breake the prifon of my foule
To come to thee, thereto enioy like ftate,
As doth the long-pent folitarie Foule,
That hath efcapt her cage, and found her mate.
350 This Sacrifice to facrifize my life,
Is that true incenfe that dooth best befeeme:
Thefe rites may ferue a life-defiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done inough doth deeme.
My hart blood fhould the purple flowers haue been,
355 Which heere vpon thy Tombe to thee are offred,
No fmoake but dying breath fhould heere been feen,
And this it had beene to, had I beene fuffred.
But what haue I faue thefe bare hands to do it?
And thefe weake fingers are not iron-poynted:
360 They cannot pierce the flefh be'ing put vnto it,
And I of all meanes els am difappointed.
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 we muft pray, intreate, and feeke thee too?
But I will finde thee where fo ere thou lie,
For who can ftay a minde refolu'd to die?
And now *I* go to worke th'effect indeed,
Ile neuer fend more words or fighes to thee:
370 Ile bring my foule my felfe, and that with fpeede,
My felfe will bring my foule to *Anthonie*.

<H1v>

Come

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Come go my Maides, my fortunes sole attenders,
That minister to misery and sorrow:
Your Mistress you unto your freedom renders.
375 And will discharge your charge yet ere to morrow.
 And now by this, I thinke the man I sent,
Is neere return'd that brings me my dispatch.
God grant his cunning fort to good event,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
380 So shall I shun disgrace, leaue to be forie,
Fly to my loue, scape my foe, free my foule;
So shall I act the last act of my glorie,
Die like a Queene, and reft without controule.
Exit.

C H O R V S .

M *Miserious Egypt, wonder breeder,*
385 *strict religions strange obseruer,*
State-order zeale, the best rule-keeper,
Fostering still in temp'rate feruor:
O how cam'ft thou to lose so wholly
all religion, law and order?
390 *And thus become the most vnholly*
of all Lands, that Nylus border?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where stern Law fate so feuerely?
How durst weake lust and riot venter
H 2<r> *th'eye*

THE TRAGEDIE

395 *th' eye of Justice looking neerely?*
Could not those means that made thee great
Be still the means to keepe thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:

400 *That fame continuaunce man desireth,*
th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And often-times the thing leaft minded
405 *is the thing that moft must hurt vs.*
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country fliding,
take their ease, as though contented.

410 *We imitate the greater powres,*
The Princes manners fashion 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 licence, luft and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet.

<H2v>

Thofe

OF CLEOPATRA.

420 *Thofe lawes that olde Sefoftris founded,
and the Ptolomies obserued,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state fo long preferued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,*
425 *Did forme the people of like fort.*

*For all (respecting priuate pleafure,
vniuerfally consenting
To abufe their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:*
430 *And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (ô how easie matter
Made this fo generall neglecting,
confus'd weakeneſſe to difcatter ?)
Cæſar found th'effect true tried,*
435 *in his easie entrance making:
Who at the fight of armes, deſcryed
all our people, all forfaking.
For ryot (worſe then warre,) fo fore
Had waſted all our ſtrength before.*

440 *And thus is Egypt ſeruile rendred
to the infolent deſtroyer:
And all their ſumptuous treasure tendred,
All her wealth that did betray her.
Which poiſon (O if heauen be rightfull,)*

H 3<r>

may

THE TRAGEDIE

- 445 *may so far infect their fences,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weaknes,
be instructed in our vices:*
- 450 *That our spoiles may spoile 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 me *Titius* eu'ry circumftaunce
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes:
Tell eu'ry looke, each gesture, countenance,
That shee did in my Letters reading, vfe.
- 5 *Tit.* I fhall my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceite obserue in any wife.
It was the time when as she hauing got
Leaue to her Deereft dead to facrifize;
And now was iffuing out the Monument
- 10 With Odors, Incense, Garlands in her hand,
When I approcht (as one from *Cæsar* sent,)
And did her clofe thy message t' vnderftand.
Shee turnes her backe, and with her, takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt for tale:
- <H3v> And

O F C L E O P A T R A .

- 15 And reades, and smiles, and staies, 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 She 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 soule doth grieve
Mercifull *Cæsar* should so deale with me:
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 command of me
Then any, whofoeuer liuing can.
- 35 Hee that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatal vnto me,)
Haue had mine age a spoile, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection must accepted be,
- 40 That fauours one distressed in such decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue been lou'd,

<H4r>

Of

T H E T R A G E D I E

Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lafted;
Before ſhe had declining fortune prou'd,
Or ſeen her honor wrackt, her flowre blafted.

45 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) needs rather pity now thē loue.
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of me.

50 And ending fo her ſpeech, no longer ſtai'd,
But hafted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſaid.

Dol. Ah ſweet diftreffed Lady. What hard hart
Could chuſe but pittie thee, and loue thee too?

55 Thy worthines, the ſtate wherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to doo.
Although ambition lets not *Cæſar* ſee
The wrong hee doth thy maieſty and ſweetnes,

60 To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
He knowes thou canſt no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ſtrength is feaz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might ſhew Rome fo great a Queene in bands:

65 That our great Ladies (enuying thee fo much
That ſtain'd them al, and held them in ſuch wonder,)
Might ioy to ſee thee, and thy fortune ſuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.

<H4v>

But

OF CLEOPATRA.

But I will seeke to stay it what I may;
70 I am but one, yet one that *Cæsar* loues,
And ô if now I could doe more then pray,
Then should'ft thou know how far affection moues.
But what my powre and praier may preuaile,
Ile ioine them both, to hinder thy difgrace:

75 And euen this present day I will not faile
To do my best with *Cæsar* in this cafe.

Tit. And fir, euen now her selfe hath letters sent,
I met her messenger as I came hither,
With a difpatch as he to *Cæsar* went,

80 But knowes not what imports her sending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from sacrifice. How richly clad
Was seru'd to dinner in most sumptuous state,
With all the braueft ornaments she had.

85 How hauing dyn'd, she writes, and sends away
Him straight to *Cæsar*, and commanded than
All should depart the Tombe, and none to stay
But her two maides, & one poore Countryman:

Dol. Why then I know, she sends t'haue audience now,

90 And means t'experience what her state can do:
To see if Maiesty will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now she could but bring a view
Of that fresh beauty shee in youth possesst,

95 (The argument wherewith she ouerthrew
I<1r> The

O F C L E O P A T R A .

The rareft forme of death in earth below,
That euer pittie, glory, wonder gat. (more

Chor. what newes bring'ft thou, can Egypt yet yeelde

10 Of forrow then it hath? what can it adde
To the already ouerflowing ftore
Of fad affliction, matter yet more fad?
Haue we not feene the worft of our calamity?
Is there behind yet fomething of diftreffe

15 Vnfeene, vnknown? Tel if that greater mifery
There be, that we waile not that which is leffe.
Tell vs what fo it be, and tell at firft,
For forrow euer longs to heare her worft.

Nun. Well then, the ftrangeft thing relate I will,

20 That euer eye of mortall man hath feene.
I (as you know) euen frō my youth, haue ftill
Attended on the perfon of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeft truft haue beene.

25 And now in thefe fo great extreamities,
That euer could to maieftie befall,
I did my beft in what I could deuife,
And left her not, till now ſhe left vs all.

Chor. What is ſhe gone. Hath *Cæſar* forft her fo?

30 *Nun.* Yea, ſhe is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Chor. What, fled to I N D I A , to go find her fonne?

Nun. No, not to I N D I A , but to find her fonne.

Chor. why then ther's hope ſhe may her ftate recouer.

I 2 <r>

Nun

T H E T R A G E D I E

Nun. Her state? nay rather honor, and her Louer.

Chor. Her Louer? him she cannot haue againe.

35 *Nun.* Well, him she hath, with him she doth remaine.

Cho. Why then she's dead. Ift fo? why speake'ft not thou?

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

When she perceiu'd al hope was cleane bereft her,

That *Cæsar* meant to fend her straight away,

40 And saw no meanes of reconcilment left her,

Worke what she could, she could not worke to stay:

She calls me to her, and she thus began.

O thou, whose trust hath euer beene the same

And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,

45 Alone content t'attend disgrace and shame.

Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,

Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:

As did those other smooth state-pleasers all,

Who followed but my fortune, and not me.

50 Tis thou must do a seruice for thy Queene,

Wherein thy faith and skill must do their best:

Thy honest care and duty shall be seene

Performing this, more then in all the rest.

For al what thou hast don, may die with thee,

55 Although tis pittie that such faith should die.

But this shall euermore remembred be,

A rare example to posterity.

And looke how long as *Cleopatra* shall

In after ages liue in memory,

<12v>

So

O F C L E O P A T R A .

- 60 So long fhall thy cleere fame endure withall,
And therefore thou muft not my fute denie;
Nor contradict my will. For what *I* will
I am refolu'd : and this tis thou muft do me:
Go find mee out with all thy arte and skill
- 65 Two Afpicqs, and conuay them clofe vnto me.
I haue a worke to do with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou fhalt foone fee what,
If the heauens doe not my diffeignes withftand,
But do thy charge, and let me fhift with that.
- 70 Being thus coniu'r'd by her t'whom I had vow'd
My true perpetuall feruice, forth I went,
Deuifing how my clofe attempt to fhrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And fo difguis'd in habite as you fee,
- 75 Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I foone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Afpicqs, in a basket clofely pent.
Which I had fill'd with figges, and leaues vpon.
And coming to the guard that kept the dore,
- 80 What haft thou there? faid they, and lookt thereon.
Seeing the figgs, they deem'd of nothing more,
But faid, they were the faireft they had feene.
Tafte fome, faid I, for they are good and pleafant.
No, no, faid they, goe beare them to thy Queene,
- 85 Thinking me fome poore mā y^t brought a prefent.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
I 3<r> Glitte-

T H E T R A G E D I E

Glittering in all her pompous rich aray,
Great *Cleopatra* fate; as if sh'had wonne
Cæsar and all the world beside this day:

90 Euen as she was when on thy cristall freames,
O *Cydnos* she did fiew what earth could fiew.
When *Afia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.

Euen as she went at firft to meete her Loue,
95 So goes she now at laft againe to find him.
But that firft, did her greatnes onely proue,
This laft her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as she fate, the doubt of my good speed,
Detracts much from the sweetnes of her looke:

100 Cheer-marrer Care, did then fuch paffions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care she tooke.
But she no fooner fees me in the place,
But ftraight her forrow-clouded brow she cleeres,
Lightning a fmile from out a stormie face,

105 Which all her tempeft-beaten fences cheeres.

Looke how a fray'd perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by theeues, & euē at poynt of taking,
Difcrying fuddainly fome towne not far,
Or fome vnlookt-for ayde to him-ward making;

110 Cheeres vp his tired sp'rits, thrufts forth his ftrēgth
To meet that good, that comes in fo good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
Her honour was t'escape fo proude a powre.

<13v>

Forth

O F C L E O P A T R A .

Forth from her feat she hastes to meet the present,
115 And as one ouer-ioy'd, shee caught it ftraight.
And with a fmiling cheere in action pleafant,
Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
And feeing there the vgly venomous beaft,
Nothing difmaid, she ftayes and viewes it well.
120 At length, th'extreameft of her paffion ceaft,
When she began with words her ioy to tell.
O rareft Beaft (faith she) that Affrick breedes,
How deerly welcome art thou vnto me?
The faireft creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
125 Me thinks I fee, in now beholding thee.
What 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.
130 Better then Death, Deaths office thou difchargeft,
That with one gentle touch can free our breath:
And in a pleafing sleepe our foule inlargeft,
Making our felues not priuie to our death.
If Nature err'd, ô then how happy error,
135 Thinking to make thee worft, she made thee beft:
Sith thou beft freeft vs from our liues worft terror,
In fweetly bringing foules to quiet reft.
When that inexorable Monfter Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore deftreffed,
140 Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,

<14r>

And

T H E T R A G E D I E

And loads with paines th'already weak oppressed.
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 so vgly grim,
145 That who is he (if he could chuse) would let him?
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe,
That open canst with such an easie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our felues so steal'ft our felues away.
150 Well did our Priests discerne something diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore first they did
Offerings and worships due to thee assigne,
In whom they found such myfteries were hid.
Comparing thy swift motion to the Sunne,
155 That mou'ft without the instruments that moue :
And neuer waxing olde, but alwayes one,
Dooft sure thy strange diuinitie approue.
And therefore to, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offering of my blood,
160 Calamitie confirming now in me
A sure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
And onely the afflicted are religious.
And heere I facrifice these armes to Death,
165 That Lust late dedicated to Delights :
Offering vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites.

<14v>

With

O F C L E O P A T R A .

With that she bares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
170 And seeming more to speake, occasion takes,
Willing to die, and willing to to pause.
 Looke how a Mother at her finnes departing
For some far voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth intertaine him with an idle parling
175 And still doth speake, and still speakes but the fame;
Now bids farewell, and now recalls him backe,
Tels what was told, and bids againe fare-well,
And yet againe recalls; for still doth lacke
Something that loue would faine and cannot tell.
180 Pleas'd hee should go, yet cannot let him go.
So she, although she knew there was no way
But this, yet this she could not handle so
But she must shew that life desir'd delay.
Faine would she entertaine the time as now,
185 And now would faine that Death would feaze vpō her.
Whilst I might see presented in her brow,
The doubtfull combat try'd twixt Life and Honor.
Life bringing Legions of fresh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the prooue of time, which yeelds we fay
190 Comfort and helpe, to such as do refer
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honor scorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright immortalitie in shining armour:
Therow the rayes of whose cleere glorie, shee
195 Might see Lifes benefites, how much it might harm her.

K<1r>

Besides

THE TRAGEDIE

Befides, fhee faw whole armies of Reproches,
And bafe Difgraces, Furies fearfull fad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that ftill incroches
Vpon her face, in bloodie colours clad.
200 Which repretments feeing, worfe then death
She 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
Falfe flefh and blood, ioyning with lyfe and hope,
205 Should mutinie againft her refolution.
And to the end fhe would not giue them fcope,
She prefently proceeds to th'execution.
And fharpely blaming of her rebell powres,
Falfe flefh (fayth fhe,) & what doft thou confpire
210 With *Cæfar* to, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my fhame, and hinder my defire?
Wilt thou retaine in clofure of thy vaines,
That enemie Bafe life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre conftraines
215 Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.
For to the mind that's great, nothing feems great:
And feeing death to be the laft of woes,
And life lafting difgrace, which I fhall get,
What do I lofe, that haue but life to lofe?
220 This hauing faid, ftrengthened in her owne hart,
And vnion of her felfe, fences in one
Charging together, fhe performes that part
That hath fo great a part of glory wonne.
<K1v> And

O F C L E O P A T R A .

And so receiues the deadly poyfning touch;
225 That touch that tryde the gold of her loue pure,
And hath confirm'd her honor to be such,
As muft a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yeelding fhrinke or touch of feare.
Confented to bewray leaft fence of paine :
230 But ftill in one fame fweete vnaltred cheere,
Her honor did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this work is done (faith fhe,) here ends
This act of life, that part of Fates affign'd :
What glory or difgrace heere this world lends,
235 Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now ô Earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witnes I dye vnforft.
Witnes my foule parts free to *Anthonie*,
And now proude Tyrant *Cæfar* doe thy worft.
240 This faid, fhe ftaiues, and makes a fuddaine paufe,
As twere to feele whether the poyfon wrought :
Or rather else the working might be caufe
That made her ftay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that infant I might well perceiue
245 The drowfie humor in her falling brow :
And how each powre, each part opprest did leaue
Theyr former office, and did fenceleffe grow.
Looke how a new pluckt branch againft the Sun,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble fort,
250 So her difioyned ioyntures as vndonne,
Let fall her weake diffolued limmes fupport.

K 2<r>

Yet

T H E T R A G E D I E

Yet loe that face the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Couller fo liuely, cheere fo louely rife,
255 That none wold think fuch beauty could want breath.
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.
260 VVonder it was to fee how foone shee went,
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
265 The Diadem which on her head shee wore,
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
270 Theyr Miftres glory, ftriuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* would in this exceede 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,
275 That all the world might know shee dyde a Queene.
And as shee ftood fetting if fitly on,
Lo in rufh *Cæfars* Meffengers in hafte,
Thinking to haue preuented what was doone,
But yet they came too late, for all was paft.

<K2v>

For

THE TRAGEDIE

305 *That euer sweet repose
Shall re-poffesse the Land
That Defolations fils,
And where Ambition spils
With vncontrouled hand,*
310 *All th'iffue of all thofe
That fo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.*

*And canst ô Nylus thou,
315 Father of floods indure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thofe feete fo pure,
320 Whofe vnknown head we hold
A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didst euer see
Thy free banks vncontrould
Liue vnder thine own care:
325 Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy streams
A pray to other Reames?*

*Draw backe thy waters flo
To thy concealed head:
330 Rockes strangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.*

<K3v>

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

*And turne thy courfes fo,
That fandy Defarts dead,
(The world of dust that craues
335 To fwallow thee vp all,)
May drinke fo much as fhall
Reuiue from vastie graues
A liuing green which fpred
Far florsfhing, may gro
340 On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.*

*Fatten fome people there,
Euen as thou vs haft done,
With plenties wanton ftore,
345 And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.
Leaue leuell'd Egypt drie,
350 A barren pray to lie,
Wafted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy luft,
355 And bring forth nought but duft.*

*And fo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race poffeße*

<K4r>

Th'inheritance

THE TRAGEDIE

- Th'inheritance of fhame,*
360 *The see of fin, that we*
Haue left them for their part:
The yoke of whose diftreße
Muft ftill vpbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
365 *Our weight of wantonneße*
Lies heaue on their hart,
Who neuer-more fhall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.
- 370 *O thou all-feeing light,*
High Prefident of heauen,
You magistrates the ftarres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence and Right,
375 *Are thefe the bounds y'haue giuen*
Th'vntranfpaßable barres,
That limit pride fo fhort,
Is greatneffe of this fort,
That greatneffe greatneffe marres,
380 *And wracks it felfe, felfe driuen*
On Rocks of her own might?
Doth Order order fo
Diforders ouer-thro?

FINIS.

<K4v>