

[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.

T He ciuill wars betweene the two houſes of *Lancaſter* 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 affigne.*
- 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
TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA
(* **)

*Aetas prima canat veneres po-
ftrema 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 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 eies, 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 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 pens (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chace away this tyrant of the North:
35 *Große 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 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 murthered Faith, and Temples ruined.

A 3<r>

By

To the Countesse

65 By this (great Ladie,) 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 ſacrilegious 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 limits ſo:
75 But that the melodie of our ſweete 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,
Vnlocke theſe limits, open our confines :
And breake afunder 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.

<A3v>

Whereby

of Pembroke.

90 Wherby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,
 VWith thofe *Po*-fingers beeing equalled,
 Enchaunt the world with fuch a fweet delight,
 That their 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*, 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 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 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 taske in hand.

<A4r>

<A4v>

[Ornament]

THE ARGVMENT.

The Argument.

The Argument.

*at Rhodes : trayned thither by the falshood of his Tutor,
corrupted by Cæsar. 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, feruaunt to *Dolabella.*

Arius,
Philoftratus. } two Philofophers.

Seleucus, fecretarie to *Cleopatra.*

Rodon, Tutor to *Cæfario.*

Nuntius.

The *Chorus.* all Egyptians.

Actus

[Ornament]

<B2v>

THE TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA

ACTVS PRIMVS

CLEOPATRA.

- YET 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 ſelfe, and ſeene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet theſe eyes endure the gaſtly looke
- 10 Of defolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on fortunes faireſt ſide to looke,
Where nought was but applauſe, but ſmiles, and grace?
Whiles on his ſhoulders all my reſt relide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
- 15 My Atlas, and ſupporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory fway,
Who now thrown down, difrac'd, confoūded lies
Cruſht with the weight of ſhame and infamie,
Following th'vn lucky party of my eies,
- 20 The traines of luſt and imbecilitie,
- B 3
- Whereby

THE TRAGEDIE

Whereby my diffolution is become
The graue of *Ægypt* and the wracke of all:
My vnforefeeing weakenesse muſt 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, compaſt with ſtate,
Glittering in pomp that harts and eies bewitch'd;
Should thus diſtreſt, caſt down from of that heighth
30 Leuell'd with low diſgrac'd calamitie,
Vnder the waight of ſuch affliction figh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameſt miſerie?

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

- 35 Is't I would haue my frailty ſo belide
That flattery could perſwade *I* was not *I*?
Well now I ſee they but delude that praife vs,
Greatneſſe is mockt, proſperity betraies vs.
And we are but our felues, although this clowd
40 Of interpoſed ſmokes make vs ſeeme more:
Witneſſe theſe gallant fortune-followng traines,
Theſe Summer Swallowes of felicitie
Gone with the heate, of all ſee what remaines,
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 spoiles,
Whom *Cæsar* labors so 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 doost 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 should vnder neath my selfe be seene,
65 Bafely induring to furuiue my fstate:
That *Rome* should fee my scepter-bearing hands,
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares.
That I should passe, whereas *Octauia* stands,
To view my misery, that purchaft hers.
70 No, I difdaine that head which wore a crowne,
Should stoope to take vp that which others giue:

<B4r>

I

THE TRAGEDIE

I muft not be, vnleffe I be mine owne.
Tis fweet to die when we are forc'd to liue,
Nor had I ftaide dehind my felfe this fpace,
75 Nor paid fuch intrest for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I feeke to purchafe grace
For my diftreffed feed after my death.
It't that which doth my deereft bloud controule,
That's it alas detaines mee from my tombe,
80 Whiles nature brings to contradict my foule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
You luckles iffue of an wofull mother,
The wretched pledges of a wanton bed;
You Kings defign'd, muft fubiects liue to other;
85 Or elfe, I feare, fcarfe liue, when I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Cæfar*,
And ftaie this while to mediate your fafetie:
For you I faine content and footh his pleafure,
Calamity herein hath made me craftie.
90 But this is but to trie what may be done,
For come what will, this ftands, I muft die free,
And die my felfe vncaptiu'd and vnwon.
Bloud, Children, Nature, all muft pardon me.
My foule yeelds honour vp the victory,
95 And I muft bee a Queene, forget a mother,
Though mother would I be, were I not I;
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.

<B4v>

But

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 confution 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 ftriue 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

To testifie the faith and loue that bindes
My equall flame, to fall with whom I stood.

Though I perhaps could lighten mine own fide
With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawn down with powre:but that were to deuide

Since if I should our errors disunite,
I should confound afflictions onely reft,

$\langle C_{1v} \rangle$ Which

OF CLEOPATRA.

Which *Anthony*, I muſt confeſſe my fault
I neuer did ſincerely vntill now:
150 Now I proteſt I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For whilſt my glory in that greatneſſe ſtood,
And that I ſaw my ſtate and knew my beautie;
Saw how the world admir'd me, how they woo'd,
155 I then thought all men muſt loue me of dutie;
And I loue none: for my laſciuious Court,
Fertile in euer freſh and new-choiſe pleaſure,
Affoorded me ſo bountifull diſport
That I to ſtay on loue had neuer leaſure:
160 My vagabond deſires no limits found,
For luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ſtrictnes of thy City,
And neuer this looſe pomp of monarchs learneſt,
Inu'rd to wars, in womens wiles vnwitty,
165 Whilſt others faynd, thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt;
Not knowing how we like them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckning of a doting louer.
And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties waine,
When new appearing wrinkles of declining
170 Wrought with the hand of yeers, ſeem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining
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 reckonings 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 leafore,
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 fees 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 lust,
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 fhe hath her ftate, herfelfe and vs vndunne.

230 *Now euery mouth can tell,*
What clofe was muttered:
How that fhe did not well,
To take the courfe fhee did.
For now is nothing hid,
235 *Of what feare did reftaine.*
No fecrete clofelie done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made moft plaine

<C3v>

That

OF CLEOPATRA.

*That flattery glos'd vpon,
240 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,
245 The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wife,
Proue imperfections fmoake :
And all what wonder gaue
250 To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lyes scattred, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconferate wights,
Thefe momentarie pleasures, fugitiue delights.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

CAESAR. PROCVLEIVS.

K Ingdoms I fee we winne, we conquere Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish harts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in clofe-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence.

<C4r>

Who

THE TRAGEDIE

$\langle C5v \rangle$

She

OF CLEOPATRA.

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 whilſt he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where in diſcending in the cloſeſt wife,
40 And ſilent manner as I could contriue :
Her woman me deſcri'd, and out ſhe cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane alieue.
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 wreſt.
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 ſtill,
Twixt maieſtie confus'd and miſerie.
55 Her proud grieu'd eyes, held forow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule:
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne,

D<2r>

So

THE TRAGEDIE

- 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 VWhat, muft hee ftretch 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 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

THE TRAGEDIE

Seeming to be,) she shew'd content to liue,
 Saying she was resolu'd thy doome t' abide,
 And to accept what fauour thou would'ft giue,
 115 And here-withall, crau'd also that shee might
 Performe her laft rites to her loft belou'd.
 To sacrifice to him that wrought her plight :
 And that shee might not bee by force remou'd.
 I granting from thy part this her request,
 120 Left her for then, seeming in better reft.
Cæf. But dost thou thinke she will remaine so still ?
Pro. I thinke, and do assure my selfe she will.
Cæf. Ah, priuat men found not the harts of princes,
 Whose actions oft beare contrarie pretences.
 125 *Pro.* Why, tis her safety 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 their honor more then blood.
Pro. Can princes powre dispence with nature thā?
 130 *Cæf.* To be a prince, is more then be a man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time perfwaded beene.
Cæf. And so might she too, were she not a Queene.
Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclam'd.
Cæf. Princes (like Lyons) neuer will be tam'd.
 145 A priuate man may yeeld, and care not how,
 But greater hearts will breake before they bow.
 And fure I thinke sh'will neuer condiscend,
 To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace:

<D2v>

 But

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
Th' affected minde of restles man?
155 Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
For getting what thou faist 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 something else thou findest 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,
Contriuier of our greatest woes :
Which borne of wind, & fed with shoves,
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 pleasure rests beside,
In something that we haue not tride.
And when the fame likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.*

195 *This Anthony can say is true,
Ad Cleopatra knowes tis so,*

<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 vpo 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 dispaired 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

In taxing others feares in counsell 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. Philoſtratus, 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) theſe miferies to fee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe:
Might to our felues ſufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leſſe.
45 For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatneſſe hath.
How 'improuident proſperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how diſmaid Confuſion keepes thoſe ſtreetes,
50 That nought but mirth and muſique late refounded,
E<1r> How

THE TRAGEDIE

How nothing with our eie 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 riot grew to such abounding.
When diffolute impietie posset,
Th'vnrespectiue mindes of such a people:
VWhen insolent Security found rest
60 In wanton thoughts, with lust & ease made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleasure,
New-fresh inuented ryots still detected,
Purchac'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treasure,
Our lawes, our gods, our miseries neglected.
65 VWho saw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of disorders, must
At length of force pay back the bloody price
Of sad destruction, (a reward for lust.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
70 Of like proude states, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our own:
VWhich 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 starres of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoided Fate;
That no state can in heighth of happinesse,

<E1v>

In

OF CLEOPATRA.

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

OF CLEOPATRA.

Or doft thou thinke, thy' offences can be fuch,
That they furmount 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'oppreffed 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 fhould repaire,
More after him, who here oppreffed 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 grieve 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
Oppreft 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

THE TRAGEDIE

- 30 An instrument to such disservice 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 interest of my faith in straightest band,
 My love to his most firmly did combine.
Cæf. Love? alas no, it was th'innate hatred
 That thou and thine have ever borne our people:
 That made thee seek all means to have vs scattered,
 40 To divide our strength and make vs feeble.
 And therefore did that brent nurse our dissentions,
 With hope to exalt thy selfe, to augment thy state:
 To pray upon the wreck of our contention,
 And (with the rest our foes,) to joy thereat.
- 45 *Cleo.* O *Cæfar*, see how easie tis to accuse
 Whom Fortune hath made faulty 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 vanquish't, still is iudg'd the worse part.
 Which part is mine, because I lost my part.
 No less than the portion of a Crowne.
 Enough for me, alas what needed art
 To gain by others, but to keep mine own?
- 55 But here let weaker powers note what it is,
 To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
 <E3v> If

OF CLEOPATRA.

If we take part, we oft doe perishe 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 chiefeft 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 same 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 referu'd 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.*

THE TRAGEDIE

Cleo. Ah *Cæsar*, 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 *Liua*, and *Octauias* 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 *Cæsar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To such as yeeld, and can themselues subiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy minde;

100 Relieve 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 *Cæsar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* rests thine owne for euer.

105 *Dol.* No maruel *Cæsar* 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 object to each wanton eye :

<E4v>

Before

OF CLEOPATRA.

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 fpreading 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 frefh 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

THE TRAGEDIE

To moue with what aspect fo eu'r it were.
But all in vaine, she takes her ayme amiffe,
140 The ground and marke, her leuel much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as she was, nor we as she conceiues.
And therefore now, twere best she 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 greatest Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of fuch worth.
And now, sith that she seemes so well content
150 To be dispos'd by vs, without more stay
She with her chyldren shall to Rome be sent,
Whilft I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS,

O *Fearefull frowning Nemefis,*
Daughter of Iustice, most feure,
155 *That art the worlds great arbitresse,*
And Queene of causes raining heere.
Whose swift-sure hand is euer neere
Eternall iustice, righting wrong:
Who neuer yet deferrest long
160 *The proudes decay, the weakes redresse:*
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 ftrengh 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,
Muft 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 mournefull complaints 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 efteem'd in Court
As one of Counfell, and of chiefeft place,
And euer held my credite in that fort:
Till now in this confufion of our ftate,

F 3<r>

When

THE TRAGEDIE

OF CLEOPATRA.

$\langle F4r \rangle$

Such

THE TRAGEDIE

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 tempest 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 seruant) 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 spirit suggests of luckles bad euent:
But yet it may be tis but loue doth dote,
Or idle shadowes which my feares present.

<F4v>

But

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 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 traauailing 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

THE TRAGEDIE

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

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

That he may yeeld him to reftore thy right.

135 Go; *Cæsar* neuer will consent that thou

So neere in bloud, fhalt be fo great in might.

Then take him *Rodon*, go my sonne fare-well.

But stay; ther's something else 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 me speake : It may be tis the laft

That euer I fhall fpeake to thee my Sonne.

Doe Mothers vse to part in such post-haste?

What, muſt I end when *I* haue ſcarce begun?

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

Where-with the knot is tide twixt thee and me.

That bloud within thy vaines came out of mine,

Parting from thee, I part from part of me:

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

150 Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,

Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begun,

Fild vp the paffage, and quite ftopt the way:

When fweet *Cæfario* with a princely fpirite,

(Though comfortles himself) did comfort giue,

155 with mildeft words, perfwading her to beare it.

And as for him, he should not need to grieve.

And I (with protestations of my part,)

Swore by that faith, (which fworn I did deceiue)

 $\langle G1v \rangle$

That

OF CLEOPATRA.

- That I would vse all care, all wit and arte
160 To see him safe; And so we tooke our leaue.
Scarce had we traual'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 promises 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 state, thus to himselfe he said.
Lo here brought back by subtile traine to death
Betraide 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 safety can my death be to him.
185 And is this all the good of beeing borne great?
<G2r> Then

THE TRAGEDIE

Then wretched greatneffe, proud ritch misery,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamity.
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers swear,
To purchase blood and death for them and theirs?
190 Is this the issue that theyr glories get,
To leave a sure destruction to their heyres?
O how much better had it beene for me,
From low descent, deriu'd of humble birth,
T'haue eaten the sweet-fowre bread of pouertie,
195 And drunke of *Nilus* streams in *Nilus* earth:
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, secure in mind,
Vntoucht when sad euents of princes dotage
Confounds what euer mighty it dooth find.
200 And not t'haue stood in their way, whose condition
Is to haue all made cleere, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let, the full fight of their raigne.
Where nothing stands, that stands not in submiffion;
205 Where greatneffe must all in it selfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors must downe,
Neere death he stands, that stands too neere a Crowne.
Such is my case, for *Cæsar* will haue all.
My blood must feale th'affurance of his state:
210 Yet ah weake state that blood assure him shall,
Whose wrongfull shedding, Gods and men do hate.
Iniustice neuer escapes vnpunisht still,

<G2v>

Though

OF CLEOPATRA.

Though men reuenge not,yet the heauens wil.
And thou *Auguftus* 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 *Auguftus*, 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

THE TRAGEDIE

240 To thinke their like destruction 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 instruments 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 needes 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.

THE TRAGEDIE

(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'ft liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but reft you heere for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
295 That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile:
Sleepe quiet in this euer lafting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your foile.
And ô, if that the fp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
300 Then heare thy ghoft thy captiue fpoufe cōplaine
And be attentive to her miferie.
But if that laborfome mortalitie
Found this fweete error, onely to confine
The curious fearch of idle vanitie,
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 fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the prefent worlds anoy.
310 If it be fo, why fpeake I then to th'ayre?
But tis not fo, my *Anthonie* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghoft attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering fp'rit is neere.
And I will fpeake, 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

Thou know'ft these hands entomb'd thee heer of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now muft 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 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 case,)
O worke they may theyr gracious helpe impart,
To saue thy wofull wife from such disgrace.
330 Do not permit she 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.
But what doe I spend breath and idle winde,
335 In vaine inuoking a conceiued ayde?
Why do I not my selfe occasion find
To breake the bounds wherein my' selfe am ftaid?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
340 Can to their sorrowes, time and leifure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not doe the same.
No *Anthonie*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deferues no merit,
I muft my selfe force open wide a dore

H<1r>

To

THE TRAGEDIE

- 345 To let out life, and fo vnhouse my spirit,
These 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:
These 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 these bare hands to do it?
And these 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

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 neerer return'd that brings me my dispatch.
God grant his cunning sort to good event,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
380 So shall I shun disgrace, leave to be forie,
Fly to my love, scape my foe, free my foule;
So shall I act the last act of my glorie,
Die like a Queene, and rest without controule.
Exit.

CHORVS.

M Mysterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
385 strict religions strange observer,
State-orderer 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 unholy
of all Lands, that Nilus border?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
where stern Law fate so severely?
How durst weak lust and riot vent
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 continuance 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 least minded
405 *is the thing that most must hurt vs.*
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.

410 *We imitate the greater powres,*
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th' example of their light regarding,
Vulgar loosenes much incences:
Vice vncontroul'd, growes wide inlarging,

415 *Kings small faults, be great offences.*
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet.

<H2v>

Those

OF CLEOPATRA.

420 *Thofe lawes that olde Sefoftris founded,
and the Ptolomies obferued,
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 (refpecting priuate pleafure,
vniuerfally confenting
To abufe their time, their treafure,
in their owne delights contenting:*
430 *And future dangers nought refpecting,
whereby, (ô how eafie matter
Made this fo generall neglecting,
confus'd weakeneſſe to difcatter ?)
Cæſar found th'effect true tried,*
435 *in his eafie 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 treafure 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 gefture, countenaunce,
 That fhee did in my Letters reading, vfe.
5 *Tit.* I fhall my Lord, fo far as I could note,
 Or my conceite obferue in any wife.
 It was the time when as fhe hauing got
 Leaue to her Deereft dead to facrifize;
 And now was iffuing out the Monument
10 With Odors, Incenfe, Garlands in her hand,
 When I approcht (as one from *Cæfar* fent,)
 And did her clofe thy meffage t'vnderftand.
 Shee turnes her backe, and with her, takes me in,
 Reades in thy lines thy ftrange vnlookt for tale:

<H3v>

And

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 15 And reades, and smiles, and staies, and doth begin
Again 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 thee,) 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 heavy soule doth grieve
Merciesse *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
VVith 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 (fatall 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

THE TRAGEDIE

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 caſe,
(Poore foule) needs rather pity now thē loue.
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of me.
50 And ending ſo her ſpeech, no longer ſtai'd,
But haſted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſaid.
Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed 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,
Which makes him now exact ſo much of thee,
60 To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
He knowes thou canſt no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ſtrength is ſeaz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might ſhew Rome ſo great a Queene in bands:
65 That our great Ladies (enuying thee ſo 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 feeke 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 felfe hath letters fent,
I met her meffenger as I came hither,
With a difpatch as he to *Cæsar* went,
80 But knowes not what imports her fending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from facrifice. How richly clad
Was feru'd to dinner in moft fumptuous ftate,
With all the braueft ornaments fhe had.
85 How hauing dyn'd, fhe writes, and fends away
Him ftraight to *Cæsar*, and commanded than
All fhould depart the Tombe, and none to ftay
But her two maides, & one poore Countryman:
Dol. Why then I know, fhe fends t'haue audience now,
90 And means t'experience what her ftate can do:
To fee if Maiefty will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And ô, if now fhe could but bring a view
Of that fresh beauty fhee in youth poffeft,
95 (The argument wherewith fhe ouerthrew
I<1r> The

THE TRAGEDIE

The wit of *Iulius Cæsar*, and the reft,)
 Then happily *Augustus* might relent,
 VVhilft powreful Loue, (far ftronger then ambition)
 Might worke in him, a mind to be content
 100 To grant her asking, in the beft condition.
 But beeing as fhe is, yet doth fhe merite
 To be refpected, for what fhe hath beene:
 The wonder of her kind, of rareft fpirit,
 A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
 105 And now, but by a little weakenefle falling
 To do that which perhaps fh'was forft to do:
 Alas, an error pafte, is pafte recalling,
 Take away weakenes, and take women too.
 But now I go to be thy aduocate,
 110 Sweet *Cleopatra*, now Ile vfe mine arte.
 Thy prefence will me greatly animate,
 Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my hart.

SCENA. SECVNDA.

NVNTIVS.

A MI ordain'd the carefull Meffenger,
 And fad newes-bringer of the ftrangeft death,
 VVhich felfe hand did vpon it felfe infer,
 To free a captiue foule from feruile breath?
 5 Muft I the lamentable wonder fhew,
 Which all the world muft grieue and meruaile at?
 <11v> The

OF CLEOPATRA.

The rarest 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 worst of our calamity?
Is there behind yet something of diftreffe
15 Vnfeene, vnknown? Tel if that greater misery
There be, that we waile not that which is leffe.
Tell vs what fo it be, and tell at first,
For forrow euer longs to heare her worst.

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

20 That euer eye of mortall man hath feene.
I (as you know) euen frō my youth, haue still
Attended on the person of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeft trust haue beene.
25 And now in these so great extremities,
That euer could to maiestie befall,
I did my best in what I could deuife,
And left her not, till now she left vs all.

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

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

Chor. What, fled to INDIA, to go find her sonne?

Nun. No, not to INDIA, but to find her sonne.

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

I 2 <r>

Nun

THE TRAGEDIE

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. Ist so? why speak'st 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 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 coniur'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 comming 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-

THE TRAGEDIE

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 streames,
O *Cydno*s she did shew what earth could shew.
When *Afia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.

Euen as she went at first to meete her Loue,
95 So goes she now at last againe to find him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
This last 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 such passions breed,
That made her eye bewray the care she tooke.
But she no sooner sees me in the place,
But straight her forrow-clouded brow she cleeres,
Lightning a smile from out a stormie face,

105 Which all her tempest-beaten fences cheeres.

Looke how a strayed perplexed trauailer,
When chas'd by theeues, & euē at poynt of taking,
Discreyning suddainly some towne not far,
Or some vnlookt-for ayde to him-ward making;

110 Cheeres vp his tired spirits, thrusts forth his strength
To meet that good, that comes in so good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
Her honour was to escape so proude a powre.

<13v>

Forth

OF CLEOPATRA.

Forth from her feat she hastes to meet the present,
115 And as one ouer-ioy'd, shee caught it straight.
And with a smiling 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 breeds,
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 fleepe 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,

<I4r>

And

THE TRAGEDIE

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 mysteries 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 sacrifize 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.

<I4v>

With

OF CLEOPATRA.

With that shee 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 pause.
Looke how a Mother at her fannes 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 same;
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 prooffe of time, which yeelds we say
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:
Thorow the rayes of whose cleere glorie, shee
195 Might see Lifes bafeness, 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 reпреntments 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 conftaines
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, ftrenghned 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

OF CLEOPATRA.

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 fhinke 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 ſhe,) 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 *Cæſar* doe thy worft.
240 This faid, ſhe ſtaies, and makes a fuddaine pauſe,
As twere to feele whether the poyſon wrought :
Or rather else the working might be cauſe
That made her ſtay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that inſtant 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 fenceleſſe grow.
Looke how a new pluckt branch againſt the Sun,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble fort,
250 So her diſioyned ioyntures as vndonne,
Let fall her weake diffolued limmes ſupport.

K 2<r>

Yet

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,
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 please 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 paf.

<K2v>

For

OF CLEOPATRA.

- 280 For there they found stretch'd on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the rich attyre procure she could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head.
And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like case.
- 285 *Charmion*, is this well doone? said one of them.
Yea, well said she, and her that from the race
Of so great Kings descends, doth best become.
And with that word, yeelds too her faithful breath,
To passe th'affurance of her loue with death.
- 290 *Chor.* But how knew *Cæsar* of her close intent?
Nun. By Letters which before to him she sent.
For when she had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earnestly intreats, she might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.
- 295 Whereby then *Cæsar* gets'd all went not right.
And forth-with fends, yet ere the message came
She was dispatcht, he croft in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred so the same
That shee was fure none should her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

- 300 *Then thus we haue beheld*
Th'accomplishment of woes,
The full of ruine and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seene all hope expeld,

<K3r>*That*

THE TRAGEDIE

305 *That euer fweet refofe*
Shall re-possesse the Land
That Defolations fils,
And where Ambition fpils
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 fhould
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 didft euer fee
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 ftrangle 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 store,
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 dust.*

*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 fee of fin, that we*
Haue left them for their part:
The yoke of whose diftreffe
Muft ftill vp braid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
365 *Our weight of wantonneffe*
Lies heauie on their hart,
Who neuer-more fhall fee
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'vntranfpafable 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>