

CERTAINE
SMALL WORKES
HERETOFORE
Divulged by *Samuel Daniel*
one of the Groomes of the
Queenes Maiesties priuie Cham-
ber, & now againe by him
corrected and augmented.

(tus
Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumul-

[Illustration]

AT LONDON
Printed by I.W. for Simon Waterjon,
1607.

[Ornament]

The P O E M S herein contained are

*The tragedy of Cleopatra
newly altered.*

The tragedie of Philotas.

*The Queenes Arcadia, or a pa
storall commedie.*

The epistle of Octauia to An.

The complaint of Rosamond.

Muso. or a defence of Poesie.

A Funerall Poeme vpon the

Death of the late Earle of

Deuonshire.

<C2v>

[Ornament]

To the Reader

B Ehold once more with ferious labor here
Haue I refurnisht out this little frame,
Repaired some parts effectiue here and there,
And passages new added to the same, (were
5 Some rooms enlargd, made some les thē they
Like to the curious builder who this yeare
Plus downe, and alters what he did the last
As if the thing in doing were more deere
Then being done, & nothing likes that's past
10 For that we euer make the latter day
The scholler of the former, and we find
Something is still amisse that must delay
Our busines, and leaue worke for vs behinde.
As if there were no faboath of the minde
15 And howsoeuer be it well or ill
What I haue done, it is mine owne I may
Do whatsoeuer there withall I will
I may pull downe, raise, and reedifie
It is the building of my life the fee
20 Of Nature, all th'inheritance that I
Shal leaue to those which must come after me
And all the care I haue is but to fee
C 3<r> These

To the Reader.

25 These lodgings of m'affections nearly drest
Wherein so many noble friends there be
Whose memories with mine must therin rest
And glad I am that I haue liud to see
This edifice renewd, who doo but long
To liue t'amend. For man is a tree
That hath his fruite late ripe, and it is long
30 Before he come t'his taste, there doth belong
So much t'experience, and so infinite
The faces of things are, as hardly we
Discerne which looks the likest vnto right.

35 Besides these curious times stu'd with tho
Of cōpositions in this kind, do driue (ftore
Me to examine my defects the more,
And oft would make me not my self believe
Did I not know the world wherein I liue,
Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme
40 Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth
That in dislikes, nor that it doth esteeme. (giue

45 I know no work from man yet euer came
But had his marke, and by some error shewd
That it was his, and yet what in the fame
Was rare, an worthy, euermore allowd
Safe cōuoy for the rest: the good thats sow'd
Thogh rarely paies our cost, & who so looks
T'haue all things in perfection, & in frame
In mens inuentions, neuer muft read books.

50 And howfoeuer here detraction may

$\langle C_{3v} \rangle$

Difvaleur

To the Reader.

Difvaled this my labour, yet I know
There wilbe foūd therin, that which wil pay
The reckning for the errors which I owe
And likewise will fufficiently allow
55 T'an vndiftasted iudgement fit delight
And let presumptuous felfe-opinion fay
The worft it can, I know I fhall haue right
I know I fhallbe read, among the reft
So long as men fpeake english, and fo long
60 As verfe and vertue fhallbe in request
Or grace to honeft induftry belong:
And England fince I vse thy prefent tongue
Thy forme of fpeech thou muft be my defēce
If to new eares, it feemes not well exprest
65 For though I hold not accent I hold fence
And fince the meafures of our tong we fee
Confirmd by no edict of power doth reft
But onely vnderneath the regencie
Of vse and fafhion, which may be the beft
70 Is not for my poore forces to conteft
But as the Peacock, feeing himfelfe to weake
Confest the Eagle fairer farre to be
And yet not in his feathers but his beake.
Authoritie of powerfull cenfure may
75 Preiudicate the forme wherein we mould
This matter of our fpirite, but if it pay (wold
The care with fubftance, we haue what wee
For that is all which muft our credit hold.
The reft (how euer gay, or feeming rich
<C3v> It

To the Reader.

80 It be in fashon, wife men will not wey)
The stamp will not allow it, but the touch
 And would to God that nothing faulty were
But only that poore accent in my verse
85 Or that I could all other reckonings cleere
Wherewith my heart stands charg'd, or might
The errors of my iudgmēt pass'd here (revers
Or els where, in my bookes, and vnrehearse
What I haue vainely said, or haue addrest
Vnto neglect mistaken in the rest.
90 Which I do hope to liue yet to retract
And craue that England neuer wil take note
That it was mine. Ile disavow mine act,
And wish it may for euer be forgot,
I trust the world will not of me exact
95 Against my will, that hath all els, I wrote
I will aske nothing therein for my paine
But onely this haue in mine owne againe.

<C4r>

THE
TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA.

Aetas prima canat veneres poftrema tumultus.

[Illustration]

[Ornament]

TO THE MOST
NOBLE *LADIE* THE
LADY MARIE
Countesse of P E M B R O O K E .

*B Ehold the worke which once thou didst impose
Great fister of the Muses glorious starre
Of femall worth, who didst at first disclose
Unto our times, what noble powers there are
5 In womens hart, and sent example farre
To call vp others to like studious thoughts
And me at first from out my low repose
Didst raise to sing of state and tragicke notes
Whilst I contented with an humble song
10 Made musique to my selfe that pleased me best*

A 2<r>

And

The Epistle

And onely told of Delia and her wrong
And praisd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnrest
A text from whence Muse had not digrest
Had I not seene thy well grac'd Anthonie
15 Adorn'd by thy sweet stile in our faire tongue
T'expect his Cleopatras company.
And that those notions which at first in me
The, then delicious Wilton did impresse
That arbor of the Muses grac'd by thee
20 And which did likewise grace thy worthinesse
Were growne to apprehend how th images
Of action and of greatnesse figured were
Made me attempt t'attire her misery
In th'habit I conceiud became her care
25 Which if to her it be not fitted right
Yet in the fute of nature sure it is
And is the language that affliction might
Perhaps deliuer when it spake distresse
And as it was I did the same addresse
30 To thy cleere vnderstanding and therein
Thy noble name, as in her proper right
Continued euer since that time hath beene
And so must likewise still, now it is cast
Into this shape that I haue giuen thereto
35 Which now must stand, being like to be the last
That I shall euer herein haue to doo.

<H5v>

And

Dedicatorie.

*And glad I am I haue renewd to you
The vowes I owe your worth, although thereby
There can no glory vnto you accrew
40 Who confecrate your proper memory.
Thofe holy Hymnes the melodie of heauen
Which Ifraels finger to hif God did frame
Vnto thy voice eternall fame hath giuen
And fhews thee deer to him fro whēce they came
45 In them fhall reft thy euer reuerent name
So long as Syons God remaineth honored
And till confufion hath all zeale bereauen
And murthered faith and temples ruined
By them great Lady you fhall then be knowne
50 When Wilton may lie leuell with the ground
And this is that which you may call your owne
Which facriligious Time cannot confound:
Here you furuiue your felfe, here are you found
Of late fucceeding ages fresh in fame,
55 This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where in eternall braffe remaines your name.
O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
Within thefe strict and narrow limits, fo,
But that the mufique of our well tund Ile
60 Might hence be heard to Mintium arme and Po,
That they might know, how far Thames doth out go
Declined Tyber, and might not contemne.*

A 3<r>

Our

The Epistle

Our Northern tunes, but now another while
Receiue from vs, more then we had from them
65 Or why may not some after coming hand
Vnlock these limits, open our our confines,
And breake a funder this imprifoning band
T'inlarge our spirits, and let out our designes
Planting our roses on the Apinines,
70 And to Iberus, Loyce and Arue to Teach
That we part glory with their, and our land
Being match for worth, comes not behind in speach
Let them produce the best of all they may
Since Roome left bearing, who bare more then men
75 And we shall paralell them euery way
In all the glorious actions of the pen.
Our Phœbus is the same that theirs hath beene,
How euer ignorance, phantsticke growne
Rates them aboue the valew that they pay,
80 And likes strange notes, and difesteemes our owne
They cannot shew a Sidney let they shew
All their choice peeces, and bring all in one
And altogether shall not make that shew
Of wonder and delight, as he hath donne:
85 He hath th'Olimpian prize (of all that run
Or euer shall with mortall powers) possfest
In that faire course of glory and yet now
Sydney is not our all, although our best.
<A3v> That

Dedicatoire.

That influence had Elizaes bleffed peace
90 *Peculiar to her glory as it spread*
That sacred flame of many, and th' increase
Did grace the season, and her honored
And if the same come now extinguished
By the distemperature of time, and cease
95 *Suffice we were not yet behind the rest,*
But had our part of glory with the best.

[Illustration]

<A4r>

THE
TRAGEDIE
Of CLEOPATRA.

To the Ladie Marie Countesse of Pembroke.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

[Illustration]

LONDON
Printed by I.W. for *Simon Waterfon*.
1607.

<G3r>

<G3v>

The Argument.

A
fter the death of Antonius, Cleopatra (li-
uing still in the Monument shee had caused to
be built) could not by any meanes be drawn
forth, although Octavius Caesar verie earne-
5 stly laboured it, and sent Proculeius, to vse
all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that he thought
it would be a great ornament to his Triumphs , to get her
aliue to Rome. But neuer would shee put her selfe into
the handes of Proculeius, although on a time he found
10 the meanes, (by a window that was at the toppe of the
Monument,) to come downe vnto her . where hee pers
fwaded her (all hee might) to yeeld herselfe to Cæsars
mercy. Which she(to be rid of him) cunningly seemed to
grant vnto. After that, Octavius in person went to vi-
15 site her, to whome she excused her offence, laying all the
fault vpon the greatnes, and feare she had of Antoniu-
us, and withall seemed very tractable, and willing to be
disposed of by him.

Whereupon, Octavius, thinking himselfe sure) resol-
20 ued presently to send her away to Rome Whereof Dola-
bella a fauorite of Cæsars (and one that was growne
into some good liking of her) hauing certified her, shee
makes her humble petition to Cæsar that he would suf-
fer her to sacrifice to the Ghost of Antonius, which be-
25 ing granted her, shee was brought vnto his Sepulcher,
where, after her rites performed she returned to the mo-
nument, and there dined with great magnificence. And

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The Argument.

30 *in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a coun-*
triman, with a basket of figges vnto her, who (vnfufpe-
cted) was suffered to carry them in : And in that basket
(among the figges) were conueied the Aspicks where-
with shee did her felfe to death. Dinner being ended,
35 *she difpatched Letters to Cæfar, containing great la-*
mentations with an earneft fupplication, that ſhe might
be intombed with Antonius. Whereupon Cæfar know-
ing what ſhe intended, ſent preſently with all ſpeede,
Meſſengers to haue preuented her death, which notwith
ſtanding, before they came, was difpatched,
40 *Cæſario her ſonne, which ſhe had by Iulius Cæfar*
(conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the
warres) was about the ſame time of her death murthe-
red at Rhodes : trained thether by the falſhood of his
Tutor, corrupted by Cæfar. And ſo heereby came the
45 *race of the Ptolomies to bee wholly extinct, and the flou-*
riſhing ritch kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne
and ſubdued.

The names of the Actors.

<i>Cleopatra.</i>	<i>Sileucus.</i>
<i>Oct. Cæſar.</i>	<i>Rodon.</i>
<i>Cæſario</i>	<i>Dircetus,</i>
<i>Dolabella.</i>	<i>Diomedes</i>
<i>Proculeius.</i>	<i>Charmion,</i>
<i>Arius.</i>	<i>Eras.</i>
<i>Philoſtratus.</i>	

<G4v>

Actus I. Scæna I.

C Ome *Rodon*, here, conuey from out this coast
This precious iem, the chiefeft I haue left,
The iewell of my foule I value moft,
My deare *Cafario*: Saue him, faue my theft,
5 Guide him to India, lead him farre from hence,
Conceale him where fecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And *Egypt*s peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe,
10 The rifing Sunne of our declining ftate:
Thefe be the hands that may reftore our wracke,
And raife the fhattered ruines made of late:
He may giue limits to the boundleffe pride
Of fierce *Octavius*, and abate his might,
15 Great *Iulius* ofspring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
Ro. No doubt he may, deare Soueraigne when the
Of this confused ftorme is ouerpast, (rage
That furiously now beates vpon this age,
20 And, may be, is too violent at laft.

<G5r>

And

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

And Cæfars fortune which now seemes to grow
 Into th'Ascendent of felicitie,
 And makes the round and full of glory now,
 May come to waine likel others wretchednes:
 25 No tyrant can prescribe to iniurie:
 Kings Rights may oft be ficke, but neuer die.
Cle. Rodon, my selfe, those turnes of Chance haue
 And known both sides of fortune, worst & best (seen
 And therefore he, whose birth, whose sexe hath beene
 30 Worthier then mine, why should not he rebleft
 Turne backe to rule the scepter of this land?
 Which ah, how well it would become this hand !
 O how he seemes the modell of his fyre,
 Now doe I gaze my *Cæsar* in his face:
 35 Such was his gate, so did his lookes aspire,
 Such was his threatning brow, such was his grace,
 Hie shouldred, and his forehead euen as hie,
 And had he not, ay me, bin borne so late,
 He might haue rul'd the worlds wide Monarchy,
 40 And now haue bin the Champion of our State.
 But O deare sonne, the time yeilds no delaies,
 Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
 Referue thy selfe, ordaind for better daies,
 For much thou hast to ground thy hopes vpon.
 45 Leaue me thy wofull mother to indure
 The fury of this tempest here alone,
 Who cares not for her selfe, so thou be sure:
 Thou maiest reuenge, when others can but mone.
Rodon will see thee safe, *Rodon* will guid
 50 Thee in the way, thou shalt not need to feare,
Rodon my faithfull seruant will prouide
 What shall be best for thee, take thou no care.
 And O good *Rodon*, tender well his youth,
 The wayes are long, and dangerous euery where;
 55 I vrge it not, that I doe doubt thy truth,

But motherf cast the worft, and alwaies feare.

“ The abfent danger greater ftill appeares,

“ Leffe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.

Rod. Madame, nor can, nor haue I other gage,

60 To lay for this affurance of my troth,
But th’earneft of that faith, which all my age
Your grace hath tri’d: and which againe by oath
Vnto the care of this fweet Prince I vow,
Whofe fafetie I will tender with more heed

65 Then mine owne life. For confider how
The life of Egypt ftands on his good fpeed:
And doubt not Madame *Cæfar* left vs hath
The Pofterne gate of *Nylus* free, to flie,
And *India* lies beyond the bounds of wrath,

70 And owes no homage to his Empery.
And there we fhall find welcome, there remaine
Safe, till good fortune bring vs backe againe.

Cle. But ah, I know not what prefaging thought
My fpirit fuggefts of ominous euent:

75 And yet perhaps my loue doth make me dote
On idle fhadowes, which my feares prefent.
But yet the memorie of mine owne fate,
Makes me feare his: and yet why fhould I feare?
His fortune may in time regaine his ftate,
80 And he with greater glory gouerne here.
But yet I feare the *Genius* of our race,
By fome more powerfull fpirit comes ouerthrowne,
Our blood muft be extinct, in my difgrace,
And Egypt haue no more kings of their owne.

85 Then let him ftay, and let vs fall together,
If it be fore-decreed that we muft fall:
Yet who knowes what may come, let him go thither,
What Marchant in one vefsell venters all?
Let vs diuide our ftarres, goe, goe my fonne:
90 Let not the fate of Egypt find you here.

<G6r>

Try

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Trie if fo be thy Deftinie can fhun
The common wracke of vs, by beeing there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Against the heauens, or hide him any where?
95 Then what need I to fend thee fo farre hence
To feeke thy death, that maieft af well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in reft,
Not traueilling to what will come to thee:
Why fhould we leaue our blood vnto the Eaft,
100 When Egypt may a tombe fufficient be?

O my diuided foule what fhall I doe,
Whereon fhall now my refolution reft?
What were I beft refolue to yield vnto?
When both are bad, how fhall I know the beft?
105 Stay; I may hap to worke with Cæfar now,
That he may yield him to reftore thy right.
Goe; Cæfar neuer will confent that thou
So neere in blood fhalt be fo great in might.
Then take him Rodon, goe my fonne, farewell.

110 But ftay: there's fomethings I would gladly fay,
Yet nothing now. But O God speed you well,
Left faying more, that more might make the ftay.
Yet let me fpeake, perhaps it is the laft
That euer I fhall fpeake to thee, my fonne,

115 Doe mothers vse to part in fuch poft hafte?
What muft I end when I haue scarce begun?
Ah no (deare heart) tis no fuch flender twine
Wherewith the knot if tyde twixt me and thee:
That blood within thy vaines came out of mine,

120 Parting from thee, I part from part of me.
And therefore I muft fpeake. Yet what? O fonne,
Though I haue made an ende, I haue done.

Cæf. Deare foueraigne mother, fuffer not your
To tumult thus with th'honor of your ftate: (care

125 Thefe miferies of ours no ftrangers are,

<G6v>

Nor

Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.
And this good, let your many forrows paf
Worke on your heart t'inharden it at laft.
Looke but on all the neighbour States befide,
130 Of *Europe, Afrique, Afia*, and but note
What Kings? what States? hath not the Romane pride
Ranfackt, confounded, or els feruile brought?
And fince we are fo borne that by our fate,
Againft the ftormes we cannot now beare faile,
135 And that the boiftrous current of their ftate
Will beare downe all our fortunes, and preuaile:
Let vs yet temper with the time: and thinke
The windes may change, and all thefe States oppreff,
Colleagu,d in one, may turne againe to fincke
140 Their Greatneffe, who now holds them all diftreft:
And I may lead their troupes, and at the walles
Of greedie *Rome*, reuenge the wronged blood
Of th'innocent, which now for vengeance calls,
And doe th'inthralled Prouinces this good.
145 And therefore my deare mother doe not leaue
To hope the beft. I doubt not my returne.
I fhall doe well, let nor your grieve bereaue
Your eyes of feeing thofe comforts when they turne.
Cleop. Well, worthy fomme, and worthily the fomme
150 Of fuch a father. And in this thou fhewft
From whence thou camft; I fay no more: be gone,
Grow in thy virtue, as in yeares thou growft

Exeunt.

Cleopatra folo.

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our diftreffe
Makes miferable, and like comfortlefse.
155 Alas, fuch forced cheering from our owne,
Vpon our griefes doe more affliction lay,
To thinke, that by our meanes they are vndone,
On whom we fought our glory to conuay.

<G7r>

Well

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

160

165

170

Exit.

SCENA. II.

Octavius. Dircetus. Gallus. Proculeius.

W

Dir. Noe, Cæsar he will neuer vex thee more.

His worke is ended, *Anthony* hath done.

5

Oct. Who is the man that did effect this deed?

Dir. His owne hand and this fword hath done the

10

Dir. My Lord when *Anthony* had made this laft

And desperate triall of his fortunes, and
With all the forces which he had amast
From out each coast and corner of the land.

$\langle G7v \rangle$

Had

- 15 Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
His ships in stead of blowes shooke hands with yours
And that his powers by land were vanquish't now,
Backe to the city he with griefe retires,
Confounded with his fortunes, crying out,
20 That *Cleopatra* had betraid his trust.
Shee all amaz'd, and fearing leaft he mought
In this conceipt to farther rages burft,
Hastes to the tombe which shee erected had
(A stately vault to *Ifis* temple ioyn'd)
25 And thence caus'd word be sent how shee was dead,
And had dispatcht her selfe, through griefe of mind.
Which whē Antonius heard, he straight burft forth
Into this passion: what? and hast thou then
Preuented me, braue Queene, by thy great worth
30 Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men?
Hath shee outgone me in the greatest part
Of resolution, to die worthely?
And must I follow? doth shee disappoint
Me, of th'example to teach her to die?
35 Come *Eros*, doe this seruice for thy Lord,
The best and greatest pleasure thou canst doe:
Imploy this weapon here; come, make this sword
That wone me honor, now to saue it to.
It is a deede of glory, *Eros*, this:
40 For these drie deaths are womanish and base.
It is for an vnfinew'd feebleness
T'expire in feathers, and t'attend disgrace.
There's nothing easier *Eros* then to die,
For when men cannot stand, thus they may flie.
45 *Eros*, his late infranchis'd seruant, takes
The sword, as if he would haue done thee deed,
And on it falls himselfe: and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to see him bleed,
Who should haue first euented out his breath.

<G8r>

O *Eros*

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

50 O *Eros*, said he, and hath fortune quite
 Forfaken me? muft I b'outgone in all?
 What? can I not by loſing get a right?
 Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
 In death? muft both a woman, and a flauē
 55 The ſtart before me of this glory haue?
 With that he takes his ſword, and downe he falls
 Vpon the difmall point, which makes a gate
 Spacious enough for death, but that the walles
 Of nature, ſkornd to let it in thereat.
 60 And he furuiues his death. Which when his loue,
 His royall *Cleopatra* vnderftood,
 She ſends with ſpeed his body to remoue,
 The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.
 Which brought vnto her tombe, (left that the preaſe
 65 Which came with him, might violate her vow)
 Shee drawes him vp in rowles of taffatie
 T'a window at the top, which did allow
 A little light vnto her monument.
 There *Charmion*, and poore *Eras*, two weake maids
 70 Foretir'd with watching, and their miſtreſſe care,
 Tngd at the pulley hauing no other ayds,
 And vp they hoife the ſwounding body there
 Of pale *Antonius* ſhowering out his blood
 On th'under-lookers, which there gazing ſtood.
 75 And when they had now wrought him vp half way
 (Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
 The frame ſtood ſtill, the body at a ſtay,
 When *Cleopatra* all her ſtrength thereto
 Puts, with what vigor loue, and care could vſe,
 80 So that it mooues againe, and then againe
 It comes to ſtay. When ſhee aſreſh renewes
 Her hold, and with r'inforced power doth ſtrainē,
 And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
 Whoſe furcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.

 $\langle G8v \rangle$

At

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

- 85 At length shee wrought him vp, and takes him in,
Layes his yet breathing body on her bed,
Applies all meanes his fences to rewine
Stops vp his wound againe that freshly bled.
Calles him her Lord, her spouse, her Emperor.
- 90 Forgets her owne distresse, to comfort his,
And interpoints each comfort with a kisse.
He after some small rest and cherishing
Raiseth himselfe, and frames a forced cheere,
Wills *Cleopatra* leaue her languishing,
- 95 And like herselfe these accidents to beare,
Considering they had had so full a part
Of glory in this world: and that the turne
Of Change was come, and Fortune would depart.
T'was now in vaine for her to stand and mourne:
- 100 But rather ought shee seeke her race to free,
By all the meanes (her honor sau'd) shee can,
And none about Octavius trust, said he,
But Proculeius she's an honest man.
And for my selfe, suffice I haue not fail'd
- 105 In any acte of worth: and now in this,
A Roman hath but here a Roman quayld,
And onely but by fortunes varioufnes.
And yet herein I may this glory take,
That he who me vndoeth, my sword did make.
- 110 This said, he calls for wine, which he requires
Perhaps not for his thirst, but t'end his breath:
Which hauing taken, forthwith he expires:
And thus haue I declar'd *Antonius* death.
Octa. I grieve to heare this much. And I protest
- 115 By all the gods, I am no cause of this,
He fought his ruine, wrought his owne vnrest;
And here these letters are my witnesse,
How oft I labour'd to recall him home,
And woo'd his friendship, fu'd to him for loue:
- H<1r> And

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

120 And how he still contemn'd me, scorned Rome,
Your felues my fellow cittyzens can proue.
But *Gallus* you, and *Proculeius* hafte
With fpeed vnto the cittie to preuent
Left *Cleopatra* desperat now at laft,
125 Bereaue vs of the onely ornament,
Which is her felfe, that can our triumphs grace.
Or fire the treafure which fhe hath amafte
Within that vault, of all the precious ftuffe
That Egypt yielde, and difappoint at laft
130 Our trauels of the benefit thereof.
Supple her heart with hopes of kinde reliefe,
Giue words of oyle, vnto her wounds of grieve.

CHORVS.

*B Ehold what furies ftill
Torment their tortur'd brest,
Who by their doing ill.
Haue wrought the worlds vnrest.
5 Which when being moft diftreft,
Yet more to vex their fprite,
The hideous face of finne,
(In formes they muft deteft)
Stands euer in their fight.
10 Their confcience ftill within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that calls vpon their miffe.*

*No meanes at all to hide
Man from himfelfe can finde:
15 No way to start afide*

<H1v>

Out

*Out from the hell of minde.
But in himfelfe confin'd,
He still fees finne before:
And winged-footed paine,
20 That fwiftly comes behinde,
The which is euermore,
The fure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton lofe respect, that doth it felfe forget.*

*25 And Cleopatra now,
Well fees the dangerous way
Shee tooke, and car'd not how.
Which led her to decay:
And likewise makes vs pay
30 For her difordered luft,
The int'reft of our blood:
Or liue a feruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniuft,
As others fhall thinke good.*

*35 This hath her riot wonne,
And thus fhee hath her state, her felfe, and vs vndone.*

*Now euery mouth can tell,
What clofe was muttered:
How that fhee did not well,
40 To take the courfe fhee did,
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did reftaine,
No fecret clofely done,
But now is vttered.*

*45 The text is made moft plaine
That flatterie glos'd vpon,
The bed of finne reueal'd,
And all the luxurie that fhame would haue conceal'd.*

H 2<r> The

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

50 *The scene is broken downe,
And all vncou red lies.
The purple Actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wife
Proue imperfections smooke;
55 And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure gazing eies,
Lies scattered, dashed, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconferate wights,
60 These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.*

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras.

Y Et doe I liue, and yet can breath extend
My life beyond my life nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefs, 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 shee not dead?
Haue I outliu'd my selfe, and seene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet these eyes indure the gaffly looke
10 Of defolations darke and ougly face,
Woont but on fortunes fairest side to looke,
Where nought was, but applause, but smiles, & grace
Whil'ft on his shoulders all my rest relyde.
On whom the burthen of my ambition lay,
15 My *Atlas*, and the Champion of my pride,
That

The Tragedie of Cleopatra. 14

That did the world of all my glory fway:
Who here throwne downe, disgrac'd, confounded lies
Cruft with the weight of shame and infamie,
Following th'vnluckie partie of mine eies,
20 The traines of luft and imbecillitie.
Now who would thinke that I were she who late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd with delights, ingirt with state,
Glittering in pompe that hearts and eyes bewitt'd,
25 Should thus diftreft caft downe from off the height,
Leueld with low disgrac'd calamity.
Vnder the weight of fuch affliction figh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameft miferie?
Am I the woman whose inuentiue pride
30 Adorn'd like *Ifis* skornd mortallitie?
If I would haue my frailty fo beli'd,
That flatterie could perfwade I was not I?
Well now I fee they but delude that praife vs,
Greatneffe is mockt, prosperitie betraies vs.
35 And we are but our felues, although this clowd
Of interpoifed fmoake makes vs feeme more.
The fpredding parts of pompe whereof w'are proud,
Are not our parts, but parts of other ftore.
Witneffe thefe gallant fortune following traines,
40 Thefe fummer-fwallowes of felicitie,
Gone with the heat of all, fee what remaines,
This monument, two maides, and wretched I.
And I t'adorne their triumphs am referu'd,
A captiue kept to honor others fpoyles,
45 Whom *Cæfar* labours fo to hold preferu'd,
And feeke to entertaine my life with wiles.
But *Cæfar* it is more then thou canft doe,
Promife, flatter, threaten extremities,
Imploy thy wits, and all thy force thereto,
50 I haue both hands and will, and I can die.

H 3<r>

Char.

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

Char. Come *Eras*, shall we goe and interrupt
With some perfwading words, this streame of mone?

Eras. No *Charmion*, stay, the current that is stopt
Will but swell vp the more: let her alone.
55 Time hath not brought this hot disease of griefe,
T'a *Crifis* fit to take a medicine yet;
Tis out of season to apply reliefe.
To sorrows late begun, and in the fit
Calamitie is stubborn in the prime
60 Of new afflictions, we must giue it time.

Cle. Shall Rome behold my scepter-bearing hand
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares?
Shall I passe by whereas *Octauia* stands
To view my miserie, that purchast hers?
65 No, I disdaine that head which wore a crowne
Should stoop to take vp that which others giue:
I must not be, vnlesse I be mine owne,
Tis sweet to die, when we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I staid behind my selfe this space.
70 Nor paid such interest for my borrowed breath,
But that hereby I seeke to purchase grace
For my distressed feed after my death.
Its that which doth my dearest blood controule,
Thats it alas detaines me from my tombe.
75 Whilst nature brings to contradict my foule,
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.

But what know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the finnes of Egypt haue deseru'd
The *Ptolomies* should faile, and none succeed,
80 And that my weakenes was thereto referu'd,
That I should bring confusion to my state,
And fill the measure of iniquitie:
And my luxurioufnes should end the date
Of loose and ill-dispens'd libertie.

85 If it be so, then what need these delaies,

<H3v>

Since

- Since I was made the meanes of miserie,
Why should I not but make my death my praise,
That had my life but for mine infamie?
And leaue ingrau'd in letters of my blood.
- 90 A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example for such princes good,
As please themselues, and care not what become.
- Char.* Deare madam, do not thus afflict your heart
No doubt you may worke out a meane to liue,
- 95 And hold your state, and haue as great a part
In *Cæsars* grace, as *Anthony* could giue:
He that in this fort doth follicit you,
And treats by all the gentle meanes he can,
Why should you doubt that he should proue vntrue,
- 100 Or thinke him so difnated a man,
To wrong your royall trueth or dignity?
Cle. Charmion, because that now I am not I,
My fortune, with my bewty, and my youth.
Hath left me vnto misery and thrall,
- 105 And *Cæsar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.
Ch. You know not *Cæsars* dealing till you try.
Cle. To try, were to be loft and then discry.
- 110 *Ch.* You to *Antonius* did commit your selfe,
And why might not *Antonius* so haue done?
Cl. I wonne *Antonius*, *Cæsar* hath me woone.
Er. But madame, you might haue articulated
With *Cæsar*, when *Thyrius* he of late
- 115 Did offer you so kindly as he did.
Vpon conditions to haue held your state.
Cl. Tis true, I know I might haue held my state,
If I would then haue *Anthony* betrai'd,
Er. And why not now, since *Anthony* is dead,
- 120 And that *Octavius* hath the end he fought,
May not you haue what then was offered?

H 4<r>

On

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

On fairer tearmes, if things were fitly wrought
And that you would not teach him to deny,
By doubting him, or asking fearefully.

125 *Cleop.* Fearefully *Eras* peace, I skorne to feare,
Who now am got out of the reach of wrath,
Aboue the power of pride. What should I feare
The might of men, that am at one with death?
Speake ye no more to me I charge you here.

130 What? will you two, who still haue tooke my part
In all my fortunes, now conspire with feare
To make me mutinie against my heart?

135 No *Antony*, because the world takes note
That t'was my weakenesse that hath ruin'd thee,
And my ambitious practises are thought
The motiue and the cause of all to be.

My constancy shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witnesse of my blood
To testifie my fortitude, that binds
140 My equall loue, to fall with him I stood.
Though God thou knowst, this staine is wrongly laid
Vpon my foule, whom ill successe makes ill:
And my condemnd misfortune hath no aide
Against proud lucke that argues what it will.

145 Defects I grant I had, but this was worst,
That being the first to fall, I did not first.

Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne side
With some excuse of my constrained case
Drawne downe with power: but that were to diuide
150 My shame, to stand alone in my disgrace.

To cleare me so, would shew my affections naught,
And make th'excuse more hainous then the fault.
Since if I should our errors diuine,
I should confound afflictions onely reft,
155 That from sterne death euen steales a sad delight
To die with friendes, and with the like distressed.

<H4v>

And

And I confesse me bound to sacrifice
To death and thee the life that doth reprove me.
Our like distresse I feele doth sympathize,
160 And now affliction makes me truly loue thee.
When heretofore my vaine lasciuious Court
Fertile in euery fresh and new-choyce pleasure,
Afforded me so bountifull disport,
That I to stay on loue, had neuer leifure.
165 My vagabound desires no limits found,
For lust is endlesse, pleasure hath no bound.
When thou bred in the strictnesse of the citie,
The riotous pompe of monarchs neuer learnedst
Inu'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
170 Whilst others faind, thou feltest to loue in earnest
Not knowing women loue them best that houer,
And make least reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou camst but in by bewties waine,
When new appearing wrinkles of declining
175 Wrought with the hand of yeares, seem'd to detain
My graces light, as now but dimly shining,
Euen in the confines of mine age, when I
Fayling of what I was, and was but thus,
When such as we doe deeme in ialousie,
180 That men loue for themselues, and not for vs.
Then and but thus thou didst loue most sincerely.
(O *Antony* that best deserdest it better)
This Autumne of my beautie, bought so dearly,
For which, in more then death I stand thy debtor
185 Which I will pay thee with so true a mind,
Casting vp all these deepe accounts of mine
As both our soules, and all the world shall find
All reckonings cleerd betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the end I may preuent proud *Cæsar*,
190 Who doth so eagerly my life importune:
I must preuaile me of this little leifure,

<H5r>

Seeming

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Seeming to fuite my mind vnto my fortune:
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide,
For what my death, and honor beft shall fit,
195 An yeelding bafe content muft wary hide
My laft defigne, till I accomplifh it:
That hereby yet the world fhall fee that I,
Although vnwife to liue, had wit to die.

SCENA. II.

Octavius. Proculeius. Gallus.

K ingdoms I fee we win, we conquer Climats,
Yet cannot vanquifh hearts, nor force obedience
Affections kept in clofe concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of fword or violence.
5 Who forc'd doe pay vs dury, pay not loue,
Free is the heart, the temple of thy mind,
The fanctuary facred from aboue,
Where nature keyes that loofe and bind,
No mortall hand force open can that dore,
10 So clofe fhut vp and lockt to all mankind,
I fee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reft anothers right that rules the minde.
Behold my forces vanquifht haue this land,
Subdu'd that ftrong Competitor of mine,
15 All Egypt yields to my al-conquering hand:
And all their fates, and all themfelues refigne,
Onely this Queene, that hath loft all this all,
To whom is nothing left, except a mind,
Cannot into a thought of yielding fall,
20 To be difpos'd as chance hath her afign'd,
<H5v> But

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 17

But *Proculeius* tell me what y'haue done,
Will yet this womans stubborne heart be woone?

- Pro.* My Lord, we haue all gentle meanes impli'd,
According to th'instructions which you gaue,
25 And hope in time fhee will be pacifi'd,
And thefe are all the likelihoods we haue.
Firft when we came into her arched vault,
I *Gallus* fet to entertaine the time
Below with her, conferring at a grate,
30 Whilft I found meanes vp to the top to clime:
He there perfwaded her to leaue that place,
And come to *Cæfar* and to fue for grace.
Shee faid, fhee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children praid they might inherit,
35 That *Cæfar* would vouchfafe in clemencie,
To pittie them, though fhee deferu'd no merit.
I now defcending in the clofeft wife,
And filent manner as I could contriue,
Her woman me defcri'd, and out fhee cries.
40 Ah *Cleopatra*, thou art forc'd alieue.
With that the queene raught from her fide her knife,
And euen in act to ftabbe her martyred breft,
I ftept with fpeed, and held, and fau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreft.
45 Ah *Cleopatra*, why fhould you faid I,
Both iniurie your felfe, and *Cæfar* fo?
Barre him the honor of his victory,
Who euer deales moft mildly with his foe.
Liue, and rely on him, whose mercy will
50 To your fubmiffion alwayes ready be.
With that, as all amaz'd, fhee held her ftill
Twixt maieftie confu'd, and miferie.
Her proud grieu'd eies, held forrow and difdaine,
State and diftreffe warring within her foule,
55 Dying ambition difpoffeft her raigne:

<H6r>

So

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

So base affliction seemed to controule.
Like to a burning lampe whose liquor spent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flash, as discontent
60 That so the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So shee in spight to see her low-brought state,
When all her hopes were now consum'd to naught,
Skornes yet to make an abiect league with fate,
Or once descend into a seruile thought
65 Th'imperions tongue vnused to beseech,
Authoritie confounds with praiers so,
As words of rule, conioynd with humble speech
Shew'd shee would liue, yet skorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah what hath Cæsar here to doe, said shee,
70 In confines of the dead, in darknes lying,
Will he not grant our sepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What must he stretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force vs here?
75 Hath miserie no couert where to stand
Free from the storme of pride, if safe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne suffice,
And all that I held deare, to him made common,
But that he thus must seeke to tyrannize
80 On th'wofull body of a wretched woman?
Tell him my frailtie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content,
And let him now with his desires make euen,
And leaue me heare in horror to lament.
85 Now he hath taken all away from me,
What must he take me from my selfe by force?
Ah let him yet in mercy leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore distressed coarfe.
No other crowne I seeke, no other good,
90 Yet wish that Cæsar would vouchsafe this grace,

18

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The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

Oct. Princes respect their honor more then blood

Pro. Can Princes power dispence with nature thā?

Oct. To be a Prince is more then be a man.

Pro. Ther's none but haue in time perfwaded bin.

130 *Oct.* And so might she too, were shee not a queen.

Pro. Diuers respects will force her be reclaim'd.

Oct. Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.

A priuate man may yield, and care not how,

But greater hearts will breake before they bowe.

135 And fure I feare she will not condescend

To liue to grace our spoiles with her disgrace.

But yet let still a wary troupe attend,

To guard her person, and to watch the place:

And well obserue with whom shee doth conferre,

140 And shortly will my selfe goe visit her.

CHORVS.

STerne, and imperious Nemesis

Daughter of iustice, most feuer,

That art the worlds great arbitresse,

And Queene of causes raining here:

145 *Whose swift-fure hand is euer neere*

Eternall iustice, righting wrong:

Who neuer yet deferrest long

The prowds decay, the weakes redresse:

But through thy power euery where,

150 *Doeft raze the great, and raise the lesse.*

The lesse made great doeft ruine too,

To shew the earth what heauen can doe.

Thou from darke-cloi'd eternitie,

<H7v>

From

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

19

- From thy blacke cloudy hidden feat,
155 *The worlds diforders doest discry:*
 VWhich when they swell so proudly great
Reuerfing th' order nature fet,
 Thou giu'ft thy all confounding doome,
 Which none can know before it come.
160 *Th'ineuitable deftenie,*
 VWhich neither wit nor strength can let,
 Fast chain'd vnto necefsity,
 In mortall things doth order fo,
 Th'alternate courfe of weale or woe.
165 *O how the powers of heauen doe play*
 VWith trauailed mortalitie:
 And doth their weakeneffe ftill betray,
 In their beft prosperitie?
 VWhen beeing lifted vp fo hie,
170 *They looke beyond themfelues fo farre,*
 That to themfelnes they take no care;
 VWhilst fwift confufion downe doth lay,
 Their late proud mounting vanity:
 Bringing their glory to decay,
175 *And with the ruine of their fall,*
 Extinguifh people, state, and all.

- But is it iuftice that all we*
 The innocent poore multitude,
 For great mens faults fhould punifht be,
180 *And to deftruction thus purfu'd?*
 O why fhould th'heauens vs include,
 VWithin the compaffe of their fall,
 VWho of themfelues procured all?
 Or doe the gods in clofe decree,
185 *Occafion take how to extrude*
 Man from the earth with crueltie?
 Ah no, the gods are euer iuft,

<H8r>

Our

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

Our faults excuse their rigor must.

190 This is the period Fate fet downe,
To Egypts fat prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greateft growne,
Must perifh thus, by courfe must die.
And fome must be the caufers why
195 This reuolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their ftate to naughte
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice fo farre hath ouergrowne,
200 As we, fo they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perifh like to vs.

ACTVS III SCENA

Philoftratus. Arius. 2. Philofophers.

H ow deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee
That fau'dft from death this wretched life of
Obtaining *Cæfars* gentle grace for me, (mine,
When I of all help elfe defpaired but thine:
5 Although I fee in fuch an wofull ftate,
Life is not that which fhould be much defir'd,
Since all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honor, and our owne expir'd:
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouergone vs.
10 And that we live 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 deareft good,
<H8v> And

- 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 point of trying.
For whilst we reafon with the breath of fafetie,
Without the compaffe of deftruction liuing,
What precepts fhew we then, what courage lofetie,
In taxing others feares, in counfell giuing?
25 When all this aire of fweet contriued words,
Prooues but weake armour to defend the heart,
For when this fhip of life pale 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 adiourne
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 my profefsion did abufe,
So fhamefully to feeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philoftratus, that fame defire to liue,
Poffeffeth all alike, and grieue not then,
No priuiledge Philofophy doth giue,
40 Though we fpeake more then men, we are but men,
And yet in troth thefe miferies to fee,
Wherein we ftand in moft extreame diftreffe,
Might to our felues fufficient motiues be,
To loath this life, end weigh our death the leffe,
45 For neuer age could better teftifie,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath,
How foone improuident prosperitie,
Comes caught, and ruin'd in the day of wrath.

I<1r>

See

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

See how difmaid confuſion keepe thoſe ſtreetes,
50 That nought but mirth and muſique late reſounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes;
Our ſtate, our wealth, our glory all confounded.
Yet what weake fight did not diſcerne from farre,
This blacke ariſing tempeſt all-confounding?
55 Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to ſuch abounding?
When diffolute impietie poſſeſt.
Th vnreſpectiue mindes of prince and people,
When inſolent ſecuritie found reſt,
60 In wanton thoughts, with luſt, and eaſe made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace, with fat fed pleaſure,
New freſh inuented ryots ſtill detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treaſure,
Our lawes, our gods, our myſteries neglected.
65 Who ſaw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diſorders would
S'ingulph this ſtate in th'end, that no deuice
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold?
O thou, and I, haue heard, and read, and knowne,
70 Of mighty lands, are woſully incombred,
And fram'd by them examples for our owne,
Which now amongſt examples muſt be numbred.
For this decree a law from hie is giuen,
An ancient Cannon of eternall date,
75 In Confiſtorie of the ſtars of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded fate;
That no ſtate can in th'height of happines,
In th'exaltation ef their glory ſtand,
But thither once arriu'd, declining leſſe,
80 Doe wracke themſelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth th'euerchanging courſe of things,
Run a perpetuall circle euer turning,
And that ſame day that higheſt glory brings,

<I1v>

Brings

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 21

- Brings vs vnto the point of backe returning.
- 85 For fenfleffe fenfualitie doth euer
 Accompanie our loofe felicitie,
 A fatall which, whose charmes doth leaue vs neuer
 Till we leaue all confus'd with miferie.
 When yet ourfelues muft be the caufe we fall,
- 90 Although the fame be firft decreed on hie,
 Our error ftill muft beare the blame of all,
 Thus muft it be, earth aske not heauen why.
 Yet mightie 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 deare:
 And fo intrench themfelues with blood, with crimes,
 With all iniuftice, as their feares difpofe,
 Yet for all this wee fee, how oftentimes,
- 100 The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to lofe.
 And fure I cannot fee how this can lie
 With great *Auguftus* fafetie and renowne,
 T'extinguifh thus the race of *Antony*
 And *Cleopatra*, to confirme his owne.
- 105 *Phi.* Why muft their iffue be extinguifhed?
Ar. It muft: *Antillus* is already dead.
Ph. And what *Cæfario* fprung of *Cæfars* blood?
Ar. Pluralitie of *Cæfars* are not good.
Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?
- 110 *Ar.* Not for it doth, but that it may doe harme.
Phi. Then when it offers hurt repreffe the fame.
Ar. Men feeke to quench a fparke before it flame.
Ph. Tis humane an innocent to kill.
Ar. Such innocents feldome remaine fo ftill.
- 115 They thinke his death will farther tumults ceafe,
 Competitors are fubiects miferies,
 And to the end to purchafe publike peace,
 Great men are made the pleoples facrifice.

I 2<r>

But

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

120

But see where *Cæſar* comes himſelfe to trie,
And worke the minde of our diſtreſſed queene
To apprehend ſome emptie hope, whereby
Shee may be drawne to haue her fortunes ſeene.
Though I thinke Rome ſhall neuer ſee that face
That queld her Champions, bluſh, in baſe diſgrace.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Cæsar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella.

W

W Hat *Cleopatra*, dost thou doubt so much
 Of *Cæfars* mercie, that thou hid'st thy face?
 Or thinke you, your offences can be such,
 As they furmount the meafure of our grace?

5

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, not for that I flie thy sight
My soule this sad retire of sorrow chose:
But that my griued soule abhorring light
Likes best in darkenes, my disgrace t'inclose:

10

This folitarie horror where I bide:
I thought not euer Roman should repaire
More, after him, who here distressed di d.
Yet now here at thy conquering feet I lie,
A captiue soule that neuer thought to bow
Whose happy foote of rule and maiestie,
Stood late on that same ground thou stan

15

Cæf. Rise madame, rise, your selfe was cause of all,
And yet would all were but your owne alone,
That others ruine, had not with your fall,
Brought Rome her sorrowes, to my triumphs mone,

20

 $\langle I2v \rangle$

For

For you diffolu'd that league and loue of blood,
Which makes my winning ioy, a gaine vnpleafing,
Who cannot now looke out into our good,
But through the horror of our owne blood fhedding.
25 And all we muft attribute vnto you.

Cleop. To me? what, *Cæfar*, fhould a woman doe,
Oppreft with greatneffe what was it for me
T'contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I was by loue, by feare, by weakeneffe, made
30 An inftument to euery enterprife.
For when the Lord of all the orient bade,
Who but obeyd, who then his helpe denies?
And how could I withdraw my fuccouring hand,
From him that had my heart, and what was mine?

35 The intereft of my faith in ftraiteft band
My loue to his, moft firmly did combine.
Cæf. Loue? no, alas, it was th'innated hatred,
That you and yours haue euer borne our people.
That made you feeke all means to haue vs skattered,
40 To difvnite our ftrengh and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breaft nurce our diffention,
With hope t'exalt your felfe, t'augment your ftate.
To prey vpon the wracke of our contention,
And with the reft our foes to ioy thereat.

45 *Cle.* How eafie *Cæfar* is it to accufe,
Whom fortune hath made faultie by their fall,
They who are vanquifhed may not refufe
The titles of reproch th'are charg'd withall.
The conquering caufe hath right, wherein thou art,
50 The ouerthrowne muft be the worfer part.
Which part is mine, becaufe I loft my part,
No leffer then the portion of a crowne,
Ynough for me. Ah what neede I vfe art
To gaine by others but to keepe mine owne?
55 But weaker powers may here fee what it is,

I 3<r>

To

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

To neighbour great competitors so neere,
If we take either part we perishe thus.
If newtrall stand, both parties we must feare,
Alas what shall the forc'd partakers doo,
60 When they must aid, and yet must perishe too?
But *Cæsar* since thy right, or cause is such,
Weigh not so heauie on calamitie,
Depresse not the afflicted ouer much;
Thy chiefeft glory is thy lenitie.
65 Th'inheritaunce 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 same.
Read heare these lines which still I keepe with me,
70 The witnes of his loue and fauours euer,
And God forbid it should be said of thee,
That *Cæsar* wrongd the fauored of *Cæsar*:
For looke what I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the same I might haue beene to thee.
75 And here I doe present you with the note
Of all my treasure, all the iewels rare,
Which Egypt hath in many ages gote
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath is there.
Sel. Nay ther's not all set downe within that rowle,
80 I know some things she hath referud apart. (trowle
Cle. What? vile vngratefull wretch durst thou con-
Thy queene, and soueraigne, caytiffe as thou art?
Cef. Hold, hold, a poore reuenge, can work so feeble
Cle. Ah *Cæsar* what a great indignitie, (handes
85 Is this, that here my vassall subiect stands,
T'accuse me to my Lord of treacherie?
If I referud some certaine womens toies
Alas, it was not for my selfe, God knowes,
Poore miserable soule that little ioyes
90 In trifling ornaments, in outward showes.

<I3v>

But

- But what I kept I kept to make my way,
 Vnto thy *Liui*a and *Octauius* grace,
 That thereby in compaffion moued, they
 Might mediate thy fauour in my cafe.
- 95 *Cef.* Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, you fhall finde
 What fauour you defire or can expect,
 For *Cefar* neuer yet was found but kinde,
 To fuch as yeeld and can themfelues fubiect.
 And therefore comfort now your drooping minde
- 100 Relieue your heart thus ouerchargde with care,
 How well I will intreat ye you fhall finde,
 So foone as fome affaires difpatched are.
 Till when farewell. *Cle.* Thanks thrice renowned *Cefar*,
 Poore *Cleopatra* refts thine owne for euer.
- 105 *Dola.* No meruaile *Cefar*, though our greateft fpirites,
 Haue to the power of fuch a charming beautie,
 Bin brought to yeeld the honor of their merits,
 Forgetting all respect of other dutie.
 Then whilft the glory of her youth remaind
- 110 The wondring obiet to each wanton eie
 Before her full of fweet, with forrow waind,
 Came to the period of this miferie.
 If ftill, euen in the midft of grieve and horror
 Such beautie fhines th'row clouds of age and forrow,
- 115 If euen thofe fweet decacies feeme to plead for her,
 Which from affliction mouing graces borrow:
 If in calamitie fhe could thus moue,
 What could fhe doo adornd with youth and loue?
 What could fhe doo then when as fpreading wide,
- 120 The pompe of beautie in her glory dight,
 When armd with wonder, fhe could vfe befide
 The ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight.
 Daughter of meruaile, Beautie, how doft thou
 Vnto difgracing forrowes giue fuch grace?
- 125 What power fhows't thou in a diftreffed brow

I 4<r>

To

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

To make affliction faire, and teares to grace?
What can vndressed lockes, dispoyled haire,
A weeping eie, a wailing face be faire?
I fee then artleffe feature may content,
130 And that true bewtie needs no ornament.
Cef. What in pafsion *Dolabella*. What? take heed.
Let others fresh examples charme this heate,
You fee what mischiefs these vaine humors breed,
When once they come our iudgements to defeat.
135 Indeed I faw fhee labourd to impart,
Her sweetest graces in her saddest cheere,
Prefuming on that face that knew the art
To moue, with what aspect foeuer t'were.
But all in vaine, fhee takes her aime amiffe,
140 The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues,
Time now hath altered all, for neither is
Shee as fhee was, nor we as fhee conceiues,
And therefore now tis fit fhee were more fage,
Folly, in youth is finne, madnes in age.
145 And for my part, I feeke but t'entertaine
In her, some feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greatest trophy that my toyle shall gaine,
Is to bring home a prizall of fuch worth.
And now fince fhee doth feeme fo well content,
150 To be dispos'd by vs: without more ftay,
Shee with her children fhall to Rome be fent,
Whilft I by Syria, after take my way.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

<I4v>

CHORVS.

O PINION, *how doest thou molest*
Th'affected minde of restlesse man?
155 *VWho 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 when once tis tride,
Then something else thou findest beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought,
VWhen in the end all proues but nought.
165 *Farther from rest he findes him than,*
Then at the first when he began.

O malecontent seducing guesst,
Contriuer of our greatest woes:
VWhich borne of winde, and fed with showes,
170 *Dooft nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest.*
Iudging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit designst,
And all thinges in the world doft deeme,
Not as they are, but as they seeme:
175 *Which shews, thou ill defin'ft,*
And liu'ft to come, in present pin'ft.
For what thou hast, thou still doft lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiser of that sweete rest,
180 *VWhich neuer any yet posscest.*

<15r>

If

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

*If we vnto ambition tend,
Then doest thou draw our weakeneffe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
185 Or if that lust we apprehend.
How doth that pleafant plague infest?
O what strange formes of luxurie,
Thou ftraight doft caft t'intice vs by?
And tel'ft vs that is euer beft,
190 Which we haue neuer yet poffeft.
And that more pleafure refts beside,
In fomething that we haue not tri'd.
And when the fame likewife is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.*

*195 This Antony can fay is true,
And Cleopatra knowes tis fo,
By th'experience of their woe.
Shee can fay, fhee neuer knew
But that lust found pleafures new,
200 And was neuer fatisfi'd:
He can fay by prooffe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feeds vpon the heart of pride:
And finds no reft when all is tri'd.
205 For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other lists and bounds hath none.
And both fubuert the mind, the ftate,
Procure deftruction, enuie, hate.*

*210 And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leaues not here,
But fticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perfwading now, how fhee fhall gaine,
Honour by death, and fame attaine.
<15v> And*

215 *And what a shame it were to liue,
Her kingdome loft, her louer dead:
And fo with this perfwafion led,
Defpaire doth fuch a corrage giue,
That nought elfe can her mind relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:*
220 *To this conclufion all is brought,
This is that rest this vaine world lends,
To end in death, that all things ends.*

ACTVS III.

Seleucus. Rodon.

F Riend *Rodon*? neuer in a better hower
Could I haue met a friend then now I doe,
Hauing affliction in the greateft power
Vpon my foule, and none to tell it to.
5 For tis fome eafe 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 clofe.
Rod. And neuer friend *Seleucus* foundft thou one,
10 That better could beare fuch a part with thee,
Who by his owne knowes others care to mone,
And can in like accord of grieve agree.
And therefore tell th'opprefion of thy heart,
Tell to an eare prepar'd and tun'd to care,
15 And I will likewife vnto thee impart
As fad a tale, as what thou fhalt declare.
So fhall we both our mournefull plaints combine
I will lament thy ftate, thou pittie mine.

<I6r>

Sel.

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

20 *Sel.* Well then thou know'st how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopatra*, and esteem'd in Corte
As one of Councell, and of worthy place,
And euer held my credit in that fort,
Till now, in this late shifting of our ftate,
25 When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the present time;
I come to be disgrac'd and ruin'd cleane:
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
30 Reueal'd to *Cesar*, to haue fauour wonne
My treachery hath purchas'd due disgrace,
My falshood's loath'd, and not without great reason,
For Princes though they get, yet in this case,
They hate the traytor, though they loue treason.
For how could he imagine I could be
35 Entire to him, beeing false vnto myne owne?
And false to such a worthy queene as shee
As had merais'd, by whome my ftate was growne.
He saw t'was not for zeale to him I bare,
But for base feare, and mine estate to settle,
40 Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is subtile.
And therefore scorn'd of him, scorn'd of mine owne,
Hatefull to all that looke into my ftate:
Defpis'd *Seleucus* now is onely growne
45 The marke of infamie, that's pointed at.
Rod. Tis much thou saiest, and too too much to feele,
And I doe pittie, and lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou doest here reueale,
Compar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but smal,
50 Although my fault be in the selfe-fame kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull,
Mine sprung of mischiefe, thine from feeble minde,
Mine stained with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.

<16v>

For

- For *Cleopatra* did commit to me
55 The best and dearest treasure of her blood,
Her sonne *Cesar*, with a hope to free
Him, from the danger wherein Egypt stood:
And chard'd my faith, that I should safely guide,
And close, to India should convey him hence:
60 Which faith, I most unkindly falsifi'd,
And with my faith and conscience did dispence.
For scarce were we arriv'd unto the shore,
But *Cesar* having knowledge of our way,
Had set an agent, thither sent before,
65 To labour me *Cesar* to betray,
Who with rewards and promises so large,
Affail'd me then, that I grew soone content,
And backe againe did reconvey my charge,
Pretending that *Octavius* for him sent,
70 To make him king of Egypt presently,
And in their hands have left him now to die.
Sel. But how hath *Cesar* since rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee; and I expect the same
As *Theodorus* had, to fall to me.
75 And with as great extremitie of flame,
For *Theodorus* when he had betraid
The yong *Antillus*, sonne of *Antony*,
And at his death from off his necke, conveyd
A iewel: which being askt, he did deny:
80 *Cesar* occasion tooke to hang him straight
Such instruments with Princes live not long:
Though they must vse those Actors of deceit,
Yet still their fight, seemes to obraid their wrong:
And therefore they must needs this danger run,
85 And in the net of their owne guile be caught,
They may not live to brag what they have done,
For what is done is not the Princes fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra* wofull Queene,
<17r> And

90

Exeunt.

Cleopatra
reading *Do-*
labellas let-
ter.

W Hat hath my face yet power to win a louer,
Can this torne remnant ferue to grace me fo
That it can *Cæsars* secreet plots discouer

10

15

20

25

<I7v>

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Thou muſt ſeeke out with all thy induſtrie,
Two *Aſpicks*, and conuey them cloſe to me.

- 30 I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,
If th'heauens doe not my deſignes withſtand,
But doe the charge, and let me ſhift for that.

Diom. I who am ſworne of the ſocietie

- 35 Of death, and haue indur'd the worſt of ill,
Prepar'd for all euent, muſt not deny
What you cōmand me, come there what there will.
And I ſhall uſe the apteſt ſkill I may
To cloake my worke and long I will not ſtay.

Exit.

- 40 *Cleop.* But hauing leaue I muſt goe take my leaue
And laſt farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whoſe dearely honord tombe muſt here receiue
This ſacrifice, the laſt before I die.

Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.

- 45 O ſacred euer memorable ſtone,
That haſt without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull mone.
That euer yet from ſad affliction came.
And you deare Reliques of my Lord and loue,
50 Moſt precious parcels of the worthieſt liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remooue
You out from hence, but reſt you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
Who liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile,
55 Sleepe quiet in this euerlaſting bed,
In forraine land preferd before your foyle.
And O if that the ſpirits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die:
Then heare thy ghoſt, thy captiue ſpouſe complain,
60 And be attentive to her miſerie.
But if that labourſome mortalitie,

<18r>

Found

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Found this fweete error onely to confine
The curious fearch of idle vanitie,
That would the depth of darkneffe vndermine
65 Or els to giue a reft vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'aftercomming ioy
Of thofe conceiued fields, whereon we dote,
To pacifie the prefent worlds annoy
Then why doe I complaine me to the aire?
70 But tis not fo, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer liuing ghofte attends my praier,
And I do know his houering fpirit is neere.
And I will fpeake and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall foule, that deign'ft to heare:
75 I feele thou anfwerft my credulitie,
With touch of comfort, finding none elfwhere.
Thou knowft thefe hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now muft feruile be,
Referu'd for bands to grace proud *Cefars* ftate,
80 Who feeke in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not feuerd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now afunder?
Muft thine in Egypt, mine in Italie,
Be made the monuments of fortunes wonder?
85 If any powers be there whereas thou art,
Since our owne country gods betraies our caufe,
O worke they may their gracious help impart,
To faue thy wofull wife from fuch difgrace.
Doe not permit fhee fhould in triumph fhew
90 The blufh of her reproch, ioynd with thy fhame,
But rather let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had power t'auoid the fame.
But what doe I fpend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking, a conceiued aide,
95 Why doe I not my felfe occafion find,
To breake thefe bounds, wherein my felfe am ftaid?

<18v>

Words

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 28

Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whose melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their sorrows time and leisure give,
100 But *Cleopatra* must not do the same.
No *Antony*, thy love requireth more,
A lingering death with thee deserves no merit
I must my selfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and to vnhouse my spirit.
105 These hands must breake the prison of my foule,
To come to thee, there to enjoy like state,
As doth the long pent solitary fowle,
That hath escaped her cage, and found her mate,
This sacrifice, to sacrifice my life,
110 Is that true incense that my love befeemes,
These rites may serve a life-defiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done sufficient deemes.
My heart-blood should the purple flowers haue been,
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offered,
115 No smoke but my last gaspe should here be seene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin suffred.
But what haue I, save onely these bare hands,
And these weak fingers are not iron-pointed,
They cannot pierce the flesh that them withstands,
120 And I of all meanes else am disappointed.
But yet I must away, and meanes seek how
To come vnto thee, and to vniou vs,
O death art thou art so hard to come by now,
That we must pray, intreat, and seek thee thus?
125 But I will find, where euer thou doest lie,
For who can stay a mind resolute to die.
And now I come to worke th'effect indeed,
I neuer will send more complaints to thee,
I bring my foule, my selfe, and that with speed,
130 My selfe will bring my foule to *Antony*.
Come, goe my maides, my fortunes sole attenders.
K 1<r> That

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

That minifery to mifery and forrow,
 Your miftrefle you vnto your freedome renders,
 And will difcharge your charge, yet ere to morrow.
 135 *Eras.* Good madame, if that worthy heart you beare
 Doe hold it fit; it were a finne in vs
 To contradict your will: but yet we feare
 The world will cenfure that your doing thus,
 Did iffue rather out of your defpaire
 140 Then refolution, and thereby you loofe
 Much of your glory, which would be more faire
 In fuffring, then efcaping thus your foes.
 For when *Pandora* brought the boxe from heauen
 Of all the good and ill that men befall,
 145 And them immixt vnto the world had giuen,
 Hope in the bottom lay, quite vnder all.
 To fhew that we muft ftill vnto the laft
 Attend our fortune, for no doubt there may
 Euen at the bottom of afflictions paff
 150 Be found fome happier turne if we but ftay.
Cl. Eras, that hope is honors enemy,
 A traytor vnto worth, lies on the ground,
 In the bafe bottom of feruilitie:
 The beggars wealth, a treafure neuer found,
 155 The dreame of them that wake, a ghofte of th'aire,
 That leads men out of knowledge to their graues,
 A fpirit of groffer fubftance then defpaire,
 And let them *Eras* hope, that can be flaued.
 And now I am but onely to attend
 160 My mans returne, that brings me my difpatch,
 God grant his cunning fort to happy end,
 And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
 So fhall I fhun difgrace, leaue to be fory,
 Fly to my loue, fcape my foe, free my foule,
 165 So fhall I act the laft of life with glory,
 Die like a Queen, & reft without controule. *Exeunt.*

 $\langle K1v \rangle$

Scena

SCENA III.

*Cæfario, with a Guard conueying him
to Execution.*

N Ow gentle Guard, let me in curtesie
 Best me a little here, and ease my bands,
 You shall not need to hold me, for your eye
 May now as well secure you, as your hands.

5 *Gu.* Doe, take your ease *Cæfario*, but not long,
We haue a charge, which we muft needs performe.

Cef. Loe here brought back, by subtile traine to
Betraid by Tutors faith, or traitors rather. (death,
My fault, my bloud, and mine offence my birth,

10 For being the sonne of such a mighty father.
I now am made th'oblation for his feares, (him,
Who doubts the poore reuenge these hands may doe
Respecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares.
Or how small safetie can my death be to him.

15 And is this all the good of beeing borne great?
Then wretched greatnes, golden miserie,
Pompous distresse, glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th ambitious fathers sweate
To purchase blood and death, for them and theirs?

20 Is this th'inheritance that glories get,
To leaue th'eftate of ruine to their heires?
Then how much better had it been for me,
From low descent, deriu'd from humble birth,
T'haue eate the sweet-fower bread of pouertie,

25 And drunke of *Nylus* ftreames, in *Nylus* earth?
Vnder the cou'ring of some quiet cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, fecure in mind,

K 2<*r*> Vntought,

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Vntoucht, when prowd attempts of Princes dotage,
Imbroyle the world, and ruinate mankind.
30 So had I not impeach'd their hie condition,
Who muft haue all things cleere, and al made plaine
Betweene them, and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let the prospect of their raigne:
Where nothing ftands, that ftands not in fubmiffion,
35 Whofe greatneffe muft all in it felfe containe.
Kings will alone, competitors muft downe,
Neere death he ftands, who ftands too neere a crown,
Such is my cafe, *Auguftus* will haue all,
My blood muft feale th'affurance of his ftate,
40 Yet ah weake ftate, which blood affure him fhall,
Whofe wrongfull fhedding, gods and men doe hate.
Iniuftice cannot fcape and flourifh ftill,
Though men doe not reuenge it, th'heauens will.
And he that thus doth feeke with bloudy hand,
45 T'extinguifh th'ofspring of anothers race,
May finde the heauens, his vowes fo to withftand,
That others may depriue his in like cafe.
When he fhall fee his proud contentious bed
Yeilding him none of his that may inherit,
50 Subuert his blood, place others in their ftead,
To pay this his iniuftice, her due merit,
If it be true, (as who can that denie
Which facred Priests of *Memphis*, doe forefay,)
Some of the ofspring yet of *Antony*,
55 Shall all the rule of this whole Empire fway.
And then *Auguftus* what is it thou gaineft
By poore *Antillus* blood, and this of mine?
Nothing but this, thy victory thou ftaineft,
And pulft the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
60 In vaine doth man contend againft the ftarres,
For what he feeke to make, his wifedom mars.
But in the meane time, he whom fates referue,
<K2v> The

The bloody sacrifices of ambition,
We feele the smart, what euer they deferue,
65 And we endure the heauy times condition,
The iustice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely satisfie it selfe not vs.
But yet *Cæfario* thou must die content,
God will reuenge, and men bewaile the innocent.
70 Well now alone, I refted haue ynow,
Performe the charge, my friends, you haue to doe.
Exeunt.

CHORVS.

M *Isterious Egypt, wonder breeder,*
Strict Religions ftrange obferuer,
State-order zeale the best rule-keeper,
75 *Foftring still in temp'rate feruor:*
O how cam'st thou to lose fo wholly,
all religion, law, and order?
And thus become the most vnholly
of all Lands, that Nylus border?
80 *How could confus'd Diforder enter*
where sterne Law fate fo feuerely?
How durst weake lust and riot venter,
th'eye of iustice looking neerely?
Could not those meanes that made thee great,
85 *Be still the meanes to keepe thy state?*

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That staid continuance man desireth,
Th'vnconstant world yeildeth neuer.

K 3<r>

We

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

90 *We in our counfels must be blinded,
 and not see what doth import vs:
And oftentimes the thing least minded,
 is the thing that moft muft hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the fterne in guiding,*
95 *tis their fault that fhould preuent it,
Who when they fee their Countrey fliding,
 for their priuate are contented.
VVe imitate the greater powers,
The Princes manners fashions ours.*

100 *Th'exemple of their light regarding,
 vulgar loofeneffe much incenfes:
Vice vncontrould, growes wide inlarging,
 Kings fmall faults be great offences.
And this hath fet the window open*
105 *vnto licence, lust, and riot;
This way confufion firft found broken,
 whereby entred our difquiet,
Thofe lawes that old Sefoftris founded,
 and the Ptolomies obserued,*
110 *Hereby firft came to be confounded.
 which our state fo long preferued.
The wanton luxurie of Court,
Did forme the people of like fort.*

115 *For all (refpecting priuate pleafure,)
 vniuerfally confenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
 in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought refpecting,
 whereby, (O how eafie matter*
120 *Made this fo generall neglecting,
 confus'd weakneffe to difcatter?)
Cæfar found th'effect true tried,*
 <K3v>

in

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 31

in his easie entrance making.
Who at the sight of armes, discried
125 *all our people, all forfaking.*
For riot (worfe then warre) so fore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus is Egypt seruile rendred
to the insolent destroyer:
130 *And all their sumptuous treasure tendred,*
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyson (O if heaueu be rightfull,)
may so farre infect their fences,
That Egypts pleasures so delightfull.
135 *may breed them the like offences.*
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be instructed in our vices:
That our spoyles may spoyle your greatnesse,
ouercome with our deuises.
140 *Fill full your hands, and carry home*
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Dolabella. Titius.

C ome tell me *Titius* euery circumstance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes,
Tell euery looke, each gesture, countenance,
That shee did in my letters-reading vse.
5 *Tit.* I shall my Lord, so far as I could note,
Or my conceit obserue in any wife.
It was the time when as shee hauing gote
K 4<r> Leauē

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Leaue to her dearest dead to sacrifice.
And now was issuing out the monument
10 With odours, incense, garlands in her hand,
When I approach't (as one from *Cæsar* sent)
And did her close thy message, t'vnderstand
Shee turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy strange vnlookt-for tale,
15 And reades, and smiles, and stares, and doth begin
Again to read, then blusht, and then was pale,
And hauing ended with a sigh, refolds
The letter vp; and with a fixed eye
(Which stedfast her imagination holds)
20 Shee mus'd a while, standing confusedly,
At length, ah friend, faith thee, tell thy good Lord
How deare 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
Merciesse *Cæsar* should so deale with me,
Pray him that hee the best aduice would giue
That might diuert him from such cruelty.
As for my loue, say *Antony* hath all,
30 Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it rests, and euer shall.
I haue it not my selfe, nor can it haue,
Yet tell him, he shall more command of me
Then any whofoeuer liuing can.
35 He that so friendly shewes himselfe to be
A worthy Roman and a gentleman.
Although his nation fatall vnto me,
Haue had mine age a spoyle, my youth a prey,
Yet his affection must accepted be
40 That fauours one from whom all run away.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue been lou'd
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory lasted,
<K4v> Before

Before fhee had declining fortune prou'd,
Or feene her honour wrackt, her flower all blasted.

45 Now there is nothing left her but difgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can mooue.
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her cafe,
Poore foule, needs rather pittie now then loue.
But fhortly fhall thy Lord heare more of me.

50 And ending fo her fpeech, no longer ftaid.
But hafted to the tombe of *Antony*.
And this was all fhee did, and all fhee faid.

Dol. Ah fweet diftreffed Lady, what hard heart
Could choofe but pittie thee and loue thee to?

55 Thy worthineffe, the ftate wherein thou art,
Requireth both, and both I vow to doe:
And what my powers and praiera may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both to hinder thy difgrace:
And euen this prefent day, I will not faile
60 To do my beft with *Cæfar* in this cafe.

Tit. And Sir, euen now her felfe hath letters fent,
I met her meffengers as I came hither,
With fome difpatch, as he to *Cæfar* went
B'ut knowing not what meanes her fending thither;

65 Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late
Was come from facrifice, how richly clad
Was feru'd to dinner, with moft fumptuous ftate,
In all the braueft ornaments fhee had.
How hauing din'd, fhee writes, and fends away
70 Him, ftreight to *Cæfar*, and commanded than,
All fhould depart the tombe, and none to ftay
But her two maides, and one poore countriman.

Dol. When then I know fhee fendes t'haue audience
And means t'experience what her ftate can doe,(now

75 To fee if Maieftie will make him bow,
To what affliction could not mooue him to.
And now if that fhee could but bring a view

<K4r>

Of

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

80 Of that rare beawtie fhee in youth poffeft,
The argument wherewith fhee ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæfar* and the reft.
Then happily *Auguftus* might relent,
Whilft powerful loue, far ftronger then ambition,
Might worke in him a minde to be content
To grant her asking in the beft condition.
85 But beeing as fhee is, yet doth fhee merit,
To be refpected for what fhee hath beene.
The wonder of her kind of powerfull fpirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty queene.
And now but by a little weakenes falling
90 To doe that which perhaps fh'was forc'd to doe,
Alas, an error pafte, is pafte recalling,
Take away weakenefte, and take women too.
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweete *Cleopatra*, now Ile vfe my heart,
95 Thy prefence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA. II.

*Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomedes.
the Guard, and Cæfars meffengers.*

N Ow *Eras*; come, what newes haft thou lookt out,
Is *Diomedes* comming yet or not?
Eras. Madame, I haue from off the turret top,
View'd euery way, he is not comming yet,
5 *Cl.* Didft thou fee no man tending hitherward?
Er. None truly madame, but one countriman
Carrying a basket as I could difcerne.
<K4v> *Cleo*

The Tragedie of Cleopatra. 33

- Cle.* Alas then *Eras* I doe feare th'euent
Of my designe. For fure he would not ftay
Thus long I know, did not fome force preuent
10 His forward faith, and hold him by the way.
Char. Madame there may be many hindrances
To counterchecke and interrupt his speed.
He hath a wary worke to doe in thif
He muft take time.
15 *Cl.* *Charmion* tis true indeed.
And yet in all this time, me thinkes he might
Effectted haue his worke, had all gone right.
Er. Alas we euer thinke the ftay is more,
When our defire is run t'our wifh before.
20 *Cle.* *Eras* I know my will to haue it done
Rides poft, and feare in doing to b'vndone
Puts fþurs thereto: whilft that for which we long
Creepes but a foote. Yet fure he ftaies too long.
Good *Eras* goe and looke out once againe,
25 Yet ftay a while, I know it is in vaine.
O gods, I craue no other fortune I
Of heauen and you, but onely lucke to die:
And fhall I not haue that. Well, I will yet
Write my difpatch to *Cæfar*, and when that
30 Is done, I will difpatch my felfe, what way
So euer, I muft vfe no more delay.
Enter the Guard with Diomedes.
Gua. And whither now fir, ftay, what haue you there?
Diom. Good firs, I haue a fimple prefent here,
35 Which I would faine deliuer to our queene.
Gu. What ift? lets fee? *Diom.* And pleafe you firs it is
Onely a few choyce figs which I haue growne
In mine owne garden, and are fooneft ripe
Of any here about, and euery yeare
40 I vfe to bring a few vnto our queene.
And pray my mafters take a tafte of them
<K5r> For

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

For I affure you they are very good.

Gua. No, no, my friend, goe on, and beare them in.

Cl. Now *Eras*, looke if he be comming yet.

45 See here he comes, This is that countriman
Which *Eras* thou discrid'ft, O happy man,
Can such poore robes beguile a Princes power?
Why then I fee, it is our outfides moft
Doe mocke the world. But tell me are they here?
50 Speake *Diomedes*. *Diom.* Madame they are there.

Cle. O good-ill lucke, moft fortunate diftrefse,

Deare *Diomedes*, thou haft blest me now:

And here, goe take these letters, and disguise

Thy selfe againe, returne to thine owne shape

55 Good *Diomedes*, and giue *Cæsar* these.

Goe, leaue me here alone, I need no more:

I haue but these to keepe a death in store.

I will not vse their helpe till needes I must,

(And that is now) goe *Diomedes* goe.

60 *Diom.* Good madame, I know well this furniture
Of death, is farre more requisite, then that
Of life, where such as you cannot endure
To be beneath your felues, debas'd in state.

I goe t'effect your will as well in this

65 As I haue done in that onely pray

Our tutelarie gods to giue successe

Vnto the fame, and be it what it may.

Cl. Come rarest beaft, that all our Egypt breeds,

How deerely welcome art thou now to me?

70 The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes,

Me thinkes I fee, in now beholding thee.

Better then death, deaths office thou discharge.

That with one gentle touch canst free our breath,

And in a pleasing sleepe our soule in largest,

75 Making our felues not priue to our death.

O welcome now of wonders, wonder chiefe,

<K5v>

That

That open canst with such an easie key,
The dore of life, come gentle cunning theefe,
That from our felues so ftealt our felues away.

80 And now I sacrifice these armes to death,
That lust late dedicated to delights,
Offering vp for my last, this last of breath,
The complement of my loues dearest rites.

What now false flesh: what? and wilt thou conspire
85 With *Cæsar* too, as thou wert none of ours,
To worke my shame, and hinder my desire:
And bend thy ribble parts against my powers?
Wouldst thou retaine in clofure of thy vaines
That enemy, base life, to le: my good?

90 No know, there is a greater power contraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood:
For to a minde that's great nothing seemes great:
And seeing death to be the last of woes,
And life lasting disgrace which I shall get,

95 What doe I lose that haue but life to lose?
Eras. See, not a yeilding shrink, or touch of feare
Consents now to bewray least fence of paine,
But still in one same sweet vnaltered cheere,
Her honor doth her dying spirits retaine.

100 *Cle.* Well now this worke of mine is done, here endes
This act of life, that part the fates assign'd
What glory or disgrace this world could lend,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And Egypt now the Theater where I

105 Haue acted this, witnes I die vnforc'd,
Witnes my soule parts free to *Antony*,
And now proud tyrant *Cæsar* doe thy worft.

Eras. Come *Charmion*, come, wee must not onely
Spectators in this Scene, but Actors too. (be
110 Now comes our part, you know we did agree
The fellowship of death to vndergoe.

<K6r>

And

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

And though our meaner fortunes cannot claime
A glory by this acte, they fhall haue fame.

115 *Ch. Eras* I am prepar'd, and here is that
Will do the deed.

Er. And here is of the fame.

Ch. But *Eras* Ile begin, it is my place.

Er. Nay *Charmion*, here I drinke a death to thee.
I muft be firft.

120 *Ch.* Indeed thou haft preuented me.
Yet will I haue this honor to be laft
Which fhall adorne this head, which muft be feene
To weare that crowne in death, her life held faft,
That all the world may fee, fhee di'd a queene.

125 O fee this face, the wonder of her life,
Retaines in death a grace, that graces death.
Colour fo liuely, cheere fo louely rife,
As none would thinke this bewty could want breath.

130 And in this cheere th'impreflion or a fmile
Doth feeme to fheew fhe skorns both death & *Cæfar*,
And glories that fhee could them fo beguile, (her
And here tels death, how well her death doth pleafe
Cef. meff. fee, we are come too late, this is difpatcht,
Cæfar is difappointed of this grace.

135 Why how now *Charmion*, what is this well done?

Ch. Yea very well, and fhee that from the race
Of fo great kings defcends doth beft become.

C H O R V S.

T Hen thus we haue beheld
Th'accomplishment of woes
The full of ruine and

<K6v>

The

The worst of worst of ills:

- 5 *And feeme all hope expeld,
That euer fweet repose,
Shall repoffesse the land,
That Defolation fils,
And where ambition spils*
- 10 *With vncontrouled hand,
All th iffue of all thofe
That fo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.*
- 15 *And canst O Nylus thou,
Father of flouds indure
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streames rule thee?
Vilt thou be pleas'd to bowe*
- 20 *To him thofe feete fo pure,
Vhose vnknown head we hold
A power diuine to be ?
Thou that didst euer fee
Thy free bankes vncontrould,*
- 25 *Liue vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yield thy fstreams
A prey to other Reames?*
- Draw backe thy waters flo*
- 30 *To thy concealed head:
Rockes strangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.
And turne thy courfes fo,
That sandy Defarts dead,*
- 35 *The world of duft that craues
To fwallow thee vp all,*

<K7r>

May

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

40 *May drinke fo much as fhall
Reuiue from vastie graues
Aliuing greene which spred
Far flourishing, may gro
On that wide face of Death,
VWhere nothing now drawes breath,*

45 *Fatten some people there,
Euen as thou vs haft done,
VWith plenties wanton store,
And feeble luxurie:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Respected not before.
50 *Leaue leueld Egypt drie,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for euermore,
Of plenties yielding none
To recompence the care
55 *Of Victors greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.***

60 *And fo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race posseſſe
Th'inheritance of fhame,
The fee of finne, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whose distresse
Must still vpbraid our blame,
65 *Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonneſſe
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer more fhall see
The glory of that worth**

<K7v>

They

The Tragedie of Cleopatra. 36

60 *They left who brought vs forth.*

*O thou al-feeing light,
High Prefident of Heauen,
You Magistrates the starres
Of that eternall Court*

65 *Of Prouidence of Right
Are these the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntranspassable barres,
That limit pride so short,
Is greatnesse of this sort,*

70 *That greatnesse greatnessemarrs,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Disorders ouerthrow?*

FINIS.

[Illustration]

L<1r>