

CERTAIN
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 Waterſon,
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 Rofamond.

Mufo. 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 refurbisht out this little frame,
Repaire 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 therein rest
 And glad I am that I have 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 likeft vnto right.

35 Besides these curious times stuf'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,
40 Which neither is so wise, as that would seeme
 Nor certaine iudgement of those things doth
 That in dislikes, nor that it doth esteeme. (giue

 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
45 Was rare, an worthy, euer more allowd
 Safe cōuoy for the rest: the good that's sow'd
 Thogh rarely paies our cost, & who so looks
 T'haue all things in perfection, & in frame
 In mens inuentions, neuer must read books.

50 And howfoeuer here detraction may

<C3v>

Difvlew

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 selfe-opinion fay
The worft it can, I know I fhall haue right
I know I fhall be read, among the reft
So long as men fpeake english, and fo long
60 As verfe and vertue fhall be in request
Or grace to honeft induftry belong:
And England fince I vfe thy prefent tongue
Thy forme of fpeech thou muft be my defēce
If to new eares, it feemes not well expref
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 vfe and fahion, 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, wif 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
Or that I could all other reckonings cleere
85 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 disfavow 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 to haue in mine owne againe.

<C4r>

THE
TRAGEDIE OF
CLEOPATRA.

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema 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 sister 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

15 *And onely told of Delia and her wrong
And praifd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnrest
A text from whence Mufe had not digrest
Had I not feene thy well grac'd Anthonie
Adorn'd by thy sweet ftile in our faire tongue
T'expect his Cleopatras company.
And that thofe notions which at firft in me
The, then dilicious Wilton did impreffe
20 That arbor of the Mufes grac'd by thee
And which did likewife grace thy worthineffe
Were growne to apprehend how th images
Of action and of greatneffe figured were
Made me attempt t'attire her mifery
In th'habit I conceiud became her care
25 Which if to her it be not fitted right
Yet in the fute of nature fure it is
And is the language that affliction might
Perhaps deliuer when it fpake diftreffe
And as it was I did the fame addrefse
30 To thy cleere vnderftanding and therein
Thy noble name, as in her proper right
Continued euer fince that time hath beene
And fo muft likewife ftill, now it is caft
Into thifhape that I haue giuen thereto
35 Which now muft stand, being like to be the laft
That I fhall 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 consecrate your proper memory.
Thofe holy Hymnes the melodie of heauen
Which Ifraels finger to his God did frame
Vnto thy voice eternall fame hath giuen
And shews thee deer to him fro whence they came
45 In them shall rest thy euer reuerent name
So long as Syons God remaineth honored
And till confusion hath all zeale bereauen
And murdered faith and temples ruined
By them great Lady you shall then be knowne
50 When Wilton may lie leuell with the ground
And this is that which you may call your owne
Which sacriligious Time cannot confound:
Here you suruiue your selfe, here are you found
Of late succeeding ages fresh in fame,
55 This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where in eternall braffe remains your name.
O that the Ocean did not bound our stile
Within these strict and narrow limits, so,
But that the musique of our well tuned 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 speech
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 about 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) poffest
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.

Aetas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.

[Illustration]

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

<G3r>

<G3v>

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 fuffered to carry them in : And in that basket
(among the figges) were conueied the Afpicks where-
with fhee did her felfe to death. Dinner being ended,
35 *fhe difpatched Letters to Cæfar, containing great la-*
mentations with an earneft fupplication, that fhe might
be intombed with Antonius. Whereupon Cæfar know-
ing what fhe intended, fent prefently with all fpeede,
Meffengers to haue preuented her death, which notwith-
ftanding, before they came, was difpatched,

40 *Cæfario her fonne, which fhe had by Iulius Cæfar*
(conueyed before vnto India, out of the danger of the
warres) was about the fame time of her death murthe-
red at Rhodes : trained thether by the falshood of his
Tutor, corrupted by Cæfar. And fo heereby came the
45 *race of the Ptolomies to bee wholly extinct, and the flou-*
rifhing ritche kingdome of Egypt vtterly ouerthrowne
and fubdued.

The names of the Actors.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| <i>Cleopatra.</i> | <i>Sileucus.</i> |
| <i>Oct. Cæfar.</i> | <i>Rodon.</i> |
| <i>Cæfario</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>

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 hif 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 veffell 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. 11

Nor is it new to be vnfortunate.
And this good, let your many forrows paft
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 opprefst,
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 griefe 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 fola.

Poore comforts can they giue, whom our diftreffe
Makes miferable, and like comfortleffe.
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

- 15 Had brought them to their worke, perceiuing how
His fhips in ftead of blowes fhooke hands with yours
And that his powers by land were vanquifht now,
Backe to the city he with grieffe retires,
Confounded with his fortunes, crying out,
20 That *Cleopatra* had betraid his truft.
Shee all amaz'd, and fearing leaft he mought
In this conceipt to farther rages burft,
Haftes to the tombe which fhee erected had
(A ftately vault to *Ifis* temple ioynd)
25 And thence caus'd word be fent how fhee was dead,
And had difpatcht her felfe, through grieffe of mind.
Which whē Antonius heard, he ftraight burft forth
Into this pafion: what? and haft thou then
Preuented me, braue Queene, by thy great worth
30 Hath *Cleopatra* taught the worke of men?
Hath fhee outgone me in the greateft part
Of refolution, to die worthely?
And muft I follow? doth fhee difapoint
Me, of th'exemple to teach her to die?
35 Come *Eros*, doe this feruice for thy Lord,
The beft and greateft pleafure thou canft doe:
Imploy this weapon here; come, make this fword
That wone me honor, now to faue it to.
It is a deede of glory, *Eros*, this:
40 For thefe drie deaths are womanifh and bafe.
It is for an vnfinewed feebleneffe
T'expire in feathers, and t'attend difgrace.
Ther's nothing eafier *Eros* then to die,
For when men cannot ftand, thus they may flie.
45 *Eros*, his late infranchif'd feruant, takes
The fword, as if he would haue done thee deed,
And on it falls himfelfe: and thereby makes
Antonius more confus'd to fee him bleed,
Who fhould haue firft euented out his breath.

<G8r>

O *Eros*

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

50 O *Eros*, faid he, and hath fortune quite
Forfaken me? muft I b'outgone in all?
What? can I not by lofing get a right?
Shall I not haue the vpper hand to fall
In death? muft both a woman, and a flauē
55 The ftart before me of this glory haue?
With that he takes his fword, 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 fends with fpeed his body to remoue,
The body of her loue imbru'd with blood.
Which brought vnto her tombe, (left that the preafe
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 miftrefse care,
Tngd at the pulley hauing no other ayds,
And vp they hoife the fwounding body there
Of pale *Antonius* fhowring out his blood
On th'under-lookers, which there gazing ftood.
75 And when they had now wrought him vp half way
(Their feeble powers vnable more to doe)
The frame ftood ftill, the body at a ftay,
When *Cleopatra* all her ftrength thereto
Puts, with what vigor loue, and care could vfe,
80 So that it mooues againe, and then againe
It comes to ftay. When fhee afrefh renewes
Her hold, and with r'inforced power doth ftraine,
And all the weight of her weake bodie laies,
Whofe furcharg'd heart more then her body wayes.

<G8v>

At

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

- 85 At length shee wrought him vp, and takes him in,
Laiest 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
Raifes 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 vndoes, 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 grieue 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, skorned Rome,
Your felues my fellow cittizens 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 amaft
Within that vault, of all the precious ftuffe
That Egypt yieldes, 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 grieffe.

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 diftrest,
Yet more to vexe 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

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 13

*Out from the hell of minde,
But in himselfe confin'd,
He still fees finne before:
And winged-footed paine,
20 That swiftly comes behinde,
The which is euermore,
The fure and certaine gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton lofe respect, that doth it selfe 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'rest of our blood:
Or liue a seruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniust,
As others shall thinke good.*

35 *This hath her riot wonne,
And thus shee hath her state, her selfe, and vs vndone.*

*Now euery mouth can tell,
What clofe was muttered:
How that shee did not well,
40 To take the course shee did,
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine,
No secret closely 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 shame 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, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconfiderate wights,*
60 *Thefe 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 fhee not dead?
Haue I outliu'd my selfe, and feene 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 faireft side to looke,
Where nought was, but applaufe, 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,
<H2v> 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 fhame 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, ingyrt with ftate,
Glittring in pompe that hearts and eyes bewitc'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 whofe inuentiue pride
30 Adorn'd like *Ifis* skornd mortallitie?
Ift 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 feekees 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 fwell vp the more: let her alone.
55 Time hath not brought this hot difeafe of grieffe,
T'a *Crifis* fit to take a medicine yet;
Tis out of feafon to apply reliefe.
To forrows late begun, and in the fit
Calamitie is ftubborne in the prime
60 Of new afflictions, we muft giue it time.

Cle. Shall Rome behold my fcepter-bearing hand
Behinde me bound, and glory in my teares?
Shall I paffe by whereas *Octauia* ftands
To view my miferie, that purchaft hers?
65 No, I difdaine that head which wore a crowne
Should ftoop to take vp that which others giue:
I muft not be, vnleffe I be mine owne,
Tis fweet to die, when we are forc'd to liue.
Nor had I ftaid behind my felfe this fpace.
70 Nor paid fuch intereft for my borrowed breath,
But that hereby I feeke to purchafe grace
For my diftreffed feed after my death.
Its that which doth my deereft blood controwle,
Thats it alas detaines me from my tombe.
75 Whilft 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 deferu'd
The *Ptolomies* fould faile, and none fucceed,
80 And that my weakenes was thereto referu'd,
That I fould bring confufion to my ftate,
And fill the meafure of iniquitie:
And my luxurioufnes fould end the date
Of loofe and ill-difpenfed libertie.
85 If it be fo, then what need thefe delaies,

<H3v>

Since

- Since I was made the meanes of miferie,
Why should I not but make my death my praife,
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 themfelues, 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 fstate, and haue as great a part
In *Cæfars* 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 truft or dignity?
Cle. Charmion, because that now I am not I,
My fortune, with my bewty, and my youth.
Hath left me vnto mifery and thrall,
- 105 And *Cæfar* cares not now by wayes of truth,
But cunning, to get honor by my fall.
Ch. You know not *Cæfars* dealing till you try.
Cle. To try, were to be loft and then difcry.
- 110 *Ch.* You to *Antonius* did commit your felfe,
And why might not *Antonius* fo haue done?
Cl. I wonne *Antonius*, *Cæfar* hath me woone.
Er. But madame, you might haue articulated
With *Cæfar*, when *Thyrius* he of late
- 115 Did offer you so kindly as he did.
Vpon conditions to haue held your fstate.
Cl. Tis true, I know I might haue held my fstate,
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?

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*, becaufe 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.

140 My constancy shall vndeceiue their mindes,
And I will bring the witness of my blood
To testify my fortitude, that binds
My equall loue, to fall with him I stood.
Though God thou knowst, this fate is wrongly laid
Vpon my foule, whom ill success 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.

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

155 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,

155 I should confound afflictions onely left,
That from sterne death euen steales a sad delight
To die with friends, 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 simpathize,
160 And now affliction makes me truly loue thee.
When heretofore my vaine lasciuious Cort
Fertile in euery fresh and new-choyce pleasure,
Afferded me so bountifull difport,
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 ryotous pompe of monarchs neuer learnedst
Invr'd to warres, in womens wiles vnwitty,
170 Whilft 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 detaine
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 ieloufie,
180 That men loue for themselues, and not for vs.
Then and but thus thou didst loue most sincerely.
(O *Antony* that best deserudst it better)
This Autumne of my beautie, bought so deerely,
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.

195 Seeming to fuite my mind vnto my fortune:
Thereby with more conuenience to prouide,
For what my death, and honor beft shall fit,
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.

Kingdoms 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 ftates, 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 shee will be pacifi'd,
And these 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 *Cæsar* and to sue for grace.

Shee said, shee crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children praid they might inherit,

35 That *Cæsar* would vouchsafe in clemencie,
To pittie them, though shee deferu'd no merit.

I now descending in the clofett wife,
And filent manner as I could contriue,

Her woman me descri'd, and out shee cries.
40 Ah *Cleopatra*, thou art forc'd alie.

With that the queene raught from her side her knife,
And euen in act to stabbe her martyred brest,

I ftept with speed, and held, and sau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreft.

45 Ah *Cleopatra*, why should you said I,
Both iniurie your selfe, and *Cæsar* 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 submission alwayes ready be.

With that, as all amaz'd, shee held her still
Twixt maiestie confus'd, and miserie.

Her proude grieu'd eies, held forrow and disdaine,
State and distresse warring within her soule,

55 Dying ambition dispossess'd her raigne:
<H6r>

So

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

So bafe affliction feemed to controwle.
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 fo the matter failes that should redeeme it.
So flee in fpight to fee her low-brought ftate,
When all her hopes were now confum'd to naught,
Skornes yet to make an abiect league with fate,
Or once defcend into a feruile thought.
65 Th'imperions tongue vnufed to befeech,
Authoritie confounds with praieres fo,
As words of rule, conioynd with humble fpeech
Shew'd flee would liue, yet skornd to pray her foe.
Ah what hath Cæfar here to doe, faid flee,
70 In confines of the dead, in darknes lying,
Will he not grant our fepulchers be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What muft he ftretch forth his ambitious hand
Into the right of death, and force vs here?
75 Hath miferie no couert where to ftand
Free from the ftorme of pride, ift fafe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne fuffize,
And all that I held deare, to him made common,
But that he thus muft feeke 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 defires make euen,
And leaue me heare in horror to lament.
85 Now he hath taken all away from me,
What muft he take me from my felfe by force?
Ah let him yet in mercy leaue me free
The kingdome of this poore diftreffed coarfe.
No other crowne I feeke, no other good,
90 Yet wifh that Cæfar would vouchfafe this grace,

<H6v>

To

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 shee 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 Nemefis

Daughter of iustice, most feure,

That art the worlds great arbitresse,

And Queene of causes raigning 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 *Doest raze the great, and raise the lesse.*

The lesse made great doest ruine too,

To shew the earth what heauen can doe.

Thou from darke-cloi'd eternitie,

<H7v>

From

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 19

- 155 *From thy blacke cloudy hidden feat,
The worlds diforders doeft discry:
VWhich when they swell fo 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 weakenefse 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 prouwd 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 should 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 set downe,
To Egypt's prosperitie:
Which now vnto her greatest growne,
Must perish thus, by course must die.
And some must be the causers why
195 This reuolution must be wrought:
As borne to bring their state to naughte
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquitie:
Which vice so farre hath ouergrowne,
200 As we, so they that treat vs thus,
Must one day perish like to vs.

ACTVS III SCENA

Philostratus. Arius. 2. Philosophers.

H ow deeply *Arius* am I bound to thee
That sau'dst from death this wretched life of
Obtaining *Cæfars* gentle grace for me, (mine,
5 When I of all help else despaired but thine:
Although I see in such an wofull state,
Life is not that which should be much desir'd,
Since all our glories come to end their date,
Our countries honor, and our owne expir'd:
10 Now that the hand of wrath hath ouergone vs.
And that we live in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a land most wretched of all other:
When yet we reckon life our dearest 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 reaſon with the breath of fafetie,
Without the compaffe of deftruction liuing,
What precepts ſhew 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 ſhip of life pale terror boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our arte?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
30 That beares about the body of a man?
Who doth not toyle, and labour to adiourne
The day of death by any meanes he can.
All this I ſpeake to th'end my ſelfe t'excufe,
For my baſe begging of a feruile breath,
35 Wherein I my profefſion did abuſe,
So ſhamefully to feeke t'auoyd my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that fame deſire to liue,
Poſſeffeth all alike, and grieue not then,
No priuiledge Philoſophy doth giue,
40 Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men,
And yet in troth theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe,
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be,
To loath this life, end weigh our death the leſſe,
45 For neuer age could better teſtifie,
What feeble footing pride and greatnes hath,
How ſoone improuident proſperitie,
Comes caught, and ruin'd in the day of wrath.

I<1r>

See

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

50 See how difmaid confufion keepe thofe ftreetes,
That nought but mirth and mufique late refounded,
How nothing with our eie but horror meetes;
Our ftate, our wealth, our glory all confounded.
Yet what weake fight did not difcerne from farre,
This blacke arifing tempeft all-confounding?
55 Who did not fee we fhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to fuch abounding?
When diffolute impietie poffeft.
Th vnrefpectiue mindes of prince and people,
When infolent fecuritie found reft,
60 In wanton thoughts, with luft, and eafe made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace, with fat fed pleasure,
New frefh inuented ryots ftill detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treafure,
Our lawes, our gods, our myfteries neglected.
65 Who faw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diforders would
S'ingulph this ftate in th'end, that no deuce
Our vtter ouerwhelming could withhold?
O thou, and I, haue heard, and read, and knowne,
70 Of mighty lands, are wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them examples for our owne,
Which now amongft examples muft be numbred.
For this decree a law from hie is giuen,
An ancient Cannon of eternall date,
75 In Confiftorie of the ftars of heauen,
Entred the booke of vnauoyded fate;
That no ftate can in th'height of happines,
In th'exaltation ef their glory ftand,
But thither once arriu'd, declining leffe,
80 Doe wracke themfelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth th'euerchanging courfe of things,
Run a perpetuall circle euer turning,
And that fame day that higheft 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 facrifce.

I 2<r>

But

The Tragedie of Cleopatra. 22

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 infrument 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 ftrength 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

But what I kept I kept to make my way,
Vnto thy *Liui* and *Octavius* 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 obiect 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 sweeteft graces in her faddeft 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, fome feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greateft trophy that my toyle fhall 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 fame 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 guest,
Contriuer of our greatest woes:
VWhich borne of winde, and fed with showes,
170 *Doost nurse thy selfe in thine vnrest.*
Iudging vngotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit designst,
And all thinges in the world doost 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 doost lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiser of that sweete rest,
180 *VWhich neuer any yet posshest.*

<15r>

If

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

*If we vnto ambition tend,
Then doest thou draw our weakenesse 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 straight doft cast t'intice vs by?
And tel'ft vs that is euer best,
190 Which we haue neuer yet possfest.
And that more pleafure rests beside,
In fomething that we haue not tri'd.
And when the fame likewise 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, shee 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 rest 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 state,
Procure destruction, enuie, hate.*

*210 And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet Opinion leaues not here,
But sticks to Cleopatra neere,
Perfwading now, how shee shall 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,
Despaire 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 IIII.

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 grieffe 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.
<16r> *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,
When thinking to haue vs'd a meane to clime,
25 And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
Following the fortune of the prefont time;
I come to be difgrac'd and ruin'd cleane:
For hauing all the secrets of the Queene
Reueal'd to *Cefar*, to haue fauour wonne
30 My treachery hath purchas'd due difgrace,
My falshood's loath'd, and not without great reafon,
For Princes though they get, yet in this cafe,
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 fuch a worthy queene as shee
As had merais'd, by whome my ftate was growne.
He faw t'was not for zeale to him I bare,
But for bafe feare, and mine eftate to fettle,
40 Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare finds out shifts, timiditie is fubtile.
And therefore skornd of him, skornd 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 faieft, and too too much to feele,
And I doe pittie, and lament thy fall:
But yet all this which thou doeft here reueale,
Compar'd with mine, wil make thine seem but smal,
50 Although my fault be in the felfe-fame kind,
Yet in degree far greater, far more hatefull,
Mine sprung of mifchiefe, thine from feeble minde,
Mine ftaind 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 liue 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 liue to brag what they have done,
For what is done is not the Princes fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra* wofull Queene,
<17r> And

The Tragedy of Cleopatra.

90

And our fhamē will not that we should be feene.

Exeunt.

SCENA. II.

Cleopatra
reading *Dolabella's*
letter.

5

Cleopatra. Charmion. Eras. Diomedes.
W Hat hath my face yet power to win a louer,
Can this torne remnant serue to grace me so
That it can *Cæfars* secreet plots discouer

What he intends with me and mine to doe?
Why then poore bewty thou haft done thy laft,
And best good seruice thou couldst euer doe me,
For now the time of death reueald thou haft,
Which in my life didst serue but to vndoe me.

10

Here *Dolabella* far forfooth in loue,
Writes now that *Cæfar* meanes forthwith to send
Both me and mine, the aire of Rome to prooue,
There his triumphant Chariot to attend.

15

I thanke the man, both for his loue, and letter,
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for the other, I must die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.

20

Come *Diomedes*, thou who haft bin one,
In all my fortunes, and art still all one,
Whom the amazing ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterd to leaue calamitie,
As did those other smooth State-pleasures all,
Who followed but my fortune, and not me.

25

Tis thou must doe a seruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy loyaltie must worke her best.
Thy honest care and dutie shall be feene,
Performing this, more then in all the rest.

<17v>

Thou

The Tragedy of Cleopatra. 27

Thou muft feeke out with all thy induftrie,
Two *Afpicks*, and conuey them clofe to me.

- 30 I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou fhalt foone fee what,
If th'heauens doe not my defignes withftand,
But doe the charge, and let me fhift for that.

Diom. I who am fworne of the focietie

- 35 Of death, and haue indur'd the worft of ill,
Prepar'd for all euent, muft not deny
What you cōmand me, come there what there will.
And I fhall vse the apteft skill I may
To cloake my worke and long I will not ftay.

Exit.

- 40 *Cleop.* But hauing leaue I muft goe take my leaue
And laft farewell of my dead *Antony*,
Whofe dearely honord tombe muft here receiue
This facrifice, the laft before I die.

Cleopatra at the tombe of Antonius.

- 45 O facred euer memorable ftone,
That haft without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofult mone.
That euer yet from fad affliction came.
And you deare Reliques of my Lord and loue,
50 Moft precious parcels of the worthieft liuer,
O let no impious hand dare to remooue
You out from hence, but reft you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
Who liuing, gaue you trouble and turmoile,
55 Sleepe quiet in this euerlafting bed,
In forraine land preferd before your foyle.
And O if that the fpirits of men remaine
After their bodies, and doe neuer die:
Then heare thy ghoft, thy captiue fpoufe complain,
60 And be attentive to her miferie.
But if that labourfome 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 present 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 anfwert 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, ioyn'd 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,
Whofe melting hearts compos'd of baser frame,
Can to their forrowes time and leifure giue,
100 But *Cleopatra* muft not doe the fame.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more,
A lingring death with thee deferues no merit
I muft my felfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and to vnhoufe my fpirit.
105 Thefe hands muft breake the prifon of my foule,
To come to thee, there to inioy like ftate,
As doth the long pent folitary fowle,
That hath efcapt her cage, and found her mate,
This facrifice, to facrifice my life,
110 Is that true incenfe that my loue befeemes,
Thefe rites may ferue a life-defiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done fufficient deemmes.
My heart-blood fould the purple flowers haue been,
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred,
115 No fmoake but my laft gafpe fould here bin feene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin fuffred.
But what haue I, faue onely thefe bare hands,
And thefe weake fingers are not yron-pointed,
They cannot pierce the flefh that them withftands,
120 And I of all meanes elfe am difappointed.
But yet I muft away, and meanes feeke how
To come vnto thee, and to vnion vs,
O death art thou art fo hard to come by now,
That we muft pray, intreat, and feeke thee thus?
125 But I will find, where euer thou doeft lie,
For who can ftay a mind refolu'd to die.
And now I come to worke th'effect indeed,
I neuer will fend more complaints to thee,
I bring my foule, my felfe, and that with fpeed,
130 My felfe will bring my foule to *Antony*.
Come, goe my maides, my fortunes fole attenders.
K 1<r> That

The Tragedie of Cleopatra.

Vntoucht, when proude 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 ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſſion,
35 Whoſe greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will alone, competitors muſt downe,
Neere death he ſtands, who ſtands too neere a crown,
Such is my caſe, *Auguſtus* will haue all,
My blood muſt ſeale th'affurance of his ſtate,
40 Yet ah weake ſtate, which blood affure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men doe hate.
Iniuſtice cannot ſcape and flouriſh ſtill,
Though men doe not reuenge it, th'heauens will.
And he that thus doth ſeeke with bloody hand,
45 T'extinguifh th'ofspring of anothers race,
May finde the heauens, his vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue his in like caſe.
When he ſhall ſee his proud contentious bed
Yeilding him none of his that may inherit,
50 Subuert his blood, place others in their ſtead,
To pay this his iniuſtice, her due merit,
If it be true, (as who can that denie
Which ſacred Priests of *Memphis*, doe foreſay,)
Some of the ofspring yet of *Antony*,
55 Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway.
And then *Auguſtus* what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillus* blood, and this of mine?
Nothing but this, thy victory thou ſtaineſt,
And pulſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
60 In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarres,
For what he ſeekes to make, his wiſedom mars.
But in the meane time, he whom fates referue,
<K2v> The

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

CHORVS.

M *Isterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
Strict Religions strange obseruer,
State-order zeale the best rule-keeper,*
75 *Foftring still in temp'rate feruor:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly,
all religion, law, and order?
And thus become the most vnholly
of all Lands, that Nylus border?*
80 *How could confus'd Disorder enter
where sterne Law fate so 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 sterne in guiding,*
95 *tis their fault that fhould preuent it,
 Who when they see their Countrey fliding,
 for their priuate are contented.
 VVe imitate the greater powers,
 The Princes manners fashions ours.*

100 *Th'example of their light regarding,
 vulgar loofeneffe much incenses:
 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 contenting
 To abuse their time, their treafure,
 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 fight of armes, discried
125 *all our people, all forfaking.*
For riot (worfe then warre) so sore
Had wafted all our strength before.
- And thus is Egypt seruile rendred*
to the insolent destryer:
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 deuifes.
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 gefture, countenance,
That shee did in my letters-reading vse.
5 *Tit.* I fhall 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 deareft dead to facrifice.
And now was iffuing out the monument
10 With odours, incenfe, garlands in her hand,
When I approch't (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,
15 And reades, and fmiles, and ftares, and doth begin
Againe to read, then blufht, and then was pale,
And hauing ended with a figh, refolds
The letter vp; and with a fixed eye
(Which ftedfaft her imagination holds)
20 Shee mus'd a while, ftanding confufedly,
At length, ah friend, faith fhee, tell thy good Lord
How deare I hold his pittying of my cafe,
That out of his fweet nature can affoord
A miferable woman fo much grace,
25 Tell him how much my heauy foule doth grieue
Mercileffe *Cæfar* fhould fo deale with me,
Pray him that hee the beft aduice would giue
That might diuert him from fuch cruelty.
As for my loue, fay *Antony* hath all,
30 Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it refts, and euer fhall.
I haue it not my felfe, nor can it haue,
Yet tell him, he fhall more command of me
Then any whofoeuer liuing can.
35 He that fo friendly fhewes himfelfe to be
A worthy Roman and a gentleman.
Although his nation fatall vnto me,
Haue had mine age a fpoyle, my youth a prey,
Yet his affection muft 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 lafted,

<K4v>

Before

The Tragedie of Claeopatra. 32

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

45 Now there is nothing left her but difgrace,
Nothing but her affliction that can moouē.
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, freight 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 moouē 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 defigne. 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
Effected 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 fpurs thereto: whilft that for which we long
Creepes but a foote. Yet fure he ftayes 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 assure 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 didst, O happy man,
Can such poore robes beguile a Princes power?
Why then I see, it is our outsidest 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 distresse,

Deare *Diomedes*, thou hast 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 to 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 beast, that all our Egypt breeds,

How deere welcome art thou now to me?

70 The fairest creature that faire *Nylus* feedes,

Me thinkes I see, in now beholding thee.

Better then death, deaths office thou dischargest.

That with one gentle touch canst free our breath,

And in a pleasing sleepe our soules in largest,

75 Making our felues not priue to our death.

O welcome now of wonders, wonder chiefe,

<K5v>

That

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'impreffion or a fmile
Doth feeme to fhew fhee 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 seeme all hope expeld,*
That euer sweet repose,
Shall repoffesse the land,
That Defolation fils,
And where ambition spils
10 *With vncontrouled hand,*
All th iffue of all those
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 floods indure
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streames rule thee?
VVilt thou be pleas'd to bowe
20 *To him those feete so pure,*
VVhose vnknown head we hold
A power diuine to be ?
Thou that didst euer see
Thy free bankes vncontrould,
25 *Liue vnder thine owne care:*
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yield thy streams
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 so,
That sandy Defarts dead,
35 *The world of dust that craues*
To swallow 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.***

*And fo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possesse
60 *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 wantonneffe
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer more shall 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 greatneffe of this sort,*

70 *That greatneffe greatneßemarres,
And wrackes it selfe, selfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order so
Diforders ouerthrow?*

FINIS.

[Illustration]

L<1r>