

A  
Discourse of Life  
*and Death.*

Written in French by *Ph.*  
*Mornay*

Antonius,  
*A Tragœdie written also in French*  
*by Ro. Garnier.*

Both done in English by the  
*Countesse of Pembroke*

[Illustration]

AT LONDON,  
Printed for *William Ponsonby.*  
1592.

[Ornament]

The Argument

A *Fter the ouerthrowe of Brutus and Cajsius,*  
*the libertie of Rome being now vtterly op-*  
*pressed, and the Empire setled in the hands*  
*of Octavius Cæsar and Marcus Antoni-*  
5 *us, (who for knitting a straiter bonde of amitie betweene*  
*them, had taken to wife Octauia the sifter of Cæsar)*  
*Antonius undertooke a iourney against the Parthians,*  
*with intent to regaine on them the honor wonne by them*  
*from the Romains, at the disfomfiture and slaughte of*  
10 *Craffus. But comming in his iourney into Siria, the pla-*  
*ces renewed in his remembrance the long intermitted*  
*loue of Cleopatra Queene of Aegipt: who before time*  
*had both in Cilicia and at Alexandria, entertained him*  
*with all the exquisite delightes and sumptuous pleasures,*  
15 *which a great Prince and voluptuous Louer could to the*  
*uttermoſt desire. Whereupon omitting his enterprice, he*  
*made his returne to Alexandria, againe falling to his for-*  
*mer loues, without any regard of his vertuous wife Octa-*  
*uia, by whom nevertheles he had excellent Children. This*  
20 *occafion Octavius tooke of taking armes against him:*  
*and preparing a mighty fleet, encountred him at Actium,*  
*who alfo had affembled to that place a great number of*  
*Gallies of his own, besides 60 .which Cleopatra brought*  
*with her from Aegipt. But at the very beginning of the*  
25 *battell Cleopatra with all her Gallies betooke her to*  
*flight, which Antony ſeeing could not but follow; by his*  
*departure leauing to Octavius the greateſt victorye*  
*F.<1r> which*

### The Argument.

30 *which in any Sea Battell hath beene heard off. Which he  
not negligent to pursue, followes them the next spring,  
and besiedgeth them within Alexandria, where Antony  
finding all that he trusted to faile him,beginneth to growe  
iealoufe and to suspect Cleopatra. She thereupon enclosed  
35 her selfe with two of her women in a monument she had  
before caused to be built, thence sends him woord she was  
dead: which he beleeuing for truth, gaue himselfe with  
his Swoord a deadly wound: but died not until a messen-  
ger came from Cleopatra to have him brought to her to  
40 the tombe. Which she not daring to open leaft she should  
be made a prisoner to the Romaines, & carried in Cæsars  
triumph, cast downe a corde from an high window, by  
the which (her women helping her) she truffed up An-  
tonius halfe dead, and so got him into the monument.  
The Stage supposed Alexandria: the chorus first Egip-  
tians, and after Romane Souldiors. The Historie to be read  
at large in Plutarch in the life of Antonius.*

### The Actors.

Antonius.  
Cleopatra.  
Eras and Charmion. } Cleopatras women.  
Philostratus a Philosopher.  
Lucilius.  
Diomedes Secretary to Cleopatra.  
Octavius Cæsar.  
Agrippa.  
Euphron, teacher of Cleopatras children.  
Children of Cleopatra.  
Dircetus the Messenger.

<F.1v>

[Ornament]

Antonius.

- S *Ince cruell Heau'ns  
against me obftinate,  
Since all mishappes  
of the round engin doo  
Conspire my harme:  
since men, since powers diuine  
Aire, earth, and Sea  
are all iniurious:*
- 5 *And that my Queene her self, in whome I liu'd,  
The Idoll of my hart, doth me pursue;  
It's meete I dye. For her haue I forgone  
My Country, Cæsar vnto warre provok'd  
(For iust reuenge of Sisters wrong, my wife,*
- 10 *Who mou'de my Queene (ay me!) to iealoufie)  
For loue of her, in her allurements caught  
Abandon'd life, I honor haue despifde,  
Disdain'd my freends, and of the statelye Rome  
Despoilde the Empire of her best attire,*
- 15 *Contemn'd that power that made me so much fear'd,  
A flaue become vnto her feeble face.  
O cruell, traitres, woman moft vnkinde,  
Thou dost, forsworne, my loue and life betraie:  
And giv'ft me vp to ragefull enemie,*
- 20 *Which foone (ô foole!) will plague thy periurye.*

F 2<r>

Yelded

Antonius.

*Yelded Pelufium on this countries shore,  
Yelded thou haft my Shippes and men of warre,  
That nought remaines (fo deftitute am I)  
But thefe fame armes which on my back I weare.*  
25 *Thou ſhould'ſt have had them too, and me vnarm'de  
Yeelded to Cæſar naked of defence.  
Which while I beare let Cæſar neuer thinke  
Triumph of me ſhall his proud chariot grace  
Not think with me his glory to adorne,*  
30 *On me aliue to vſe his victorie.  
Thou only Cleopatra triumph haft,  
Thou only haft my freedome feruile made,  
Thou only haft me vanquiſht: not by force  
(For forſte I cannot be) but by ſweete baites*  
35 *Of thy eyes graces, which did gaine ſo faſt  
Upon my libertie, that nought remain'd.  
None els henceforth, but thou my deareſt Queene,  
Shall glorie in commaunding Antonie.  
Haue Cæſar fortune and the Gods his freends,*  
40 *To him haue Ioue and fatall ſifters giuen  
The Scepter of the earth: he neuer ſhall  
Subiect my life to his obedience.  
But when that death, my glad refuge, ſhall haue  
Bounded the courſe of my vnſtedfaſt life,*  
45 *And froſen corps under a marble colde  
Within tombes boſome widdowe of my ſoule:  
Then at his will let him it ſubiect make:  
Then what he will let Cæſar doo with me:  
Make me limme after limme be rent: make me*  
50 *My buriall take in fides of Thracian wolfe.  
Poore Antonie! alas what was the day,*

<F 2v>

The

Antonius.

- The daies of losse that gained thee thy loue!  
Wretch Antony! since then Mægaera pale  
With Snake hairens enchain'd thy miserie.*
- 55 *The fire thee burnt was neuer Cupids fire  
(For Cupid beares not such a mortall brand)  
It was some furies torch, Orestes torche,  
Which sometimes burnt his mother-murdering soule  
(When wandring madde, rage boiling in his blood,*
- 60 *He fled his fault which folow'd as he fled)  
Kindled within his bones by shadow pale  
Of mother flaine return'd from Stygian lake.  
Antony, poore Antony! since that daie  
Thy olde good hap did farre from thee retire.*
- 65 *Thy vertue dead : thy glorie made aliue  
So ofte by martiall deeds is gone in fmoke:  
Since then the Baies so well thy forehead knewe  
To Venus mirtles yeilded haue their place :  
Trumpets to pipes: field tents to courtly bowers :*
- 70 *Launces and Pikes to daunces and to feastes.  
Since then, ô wretch! in stead of bloody warres  
Thou shouldst have made vpon the Parthian Kings  
For Romain honor filde by Crassus foile,  
Thou threw'st thy Curiace off, and fearfull healme,*
- 75 *With coward courage unto Aegypts Queene  
In haste to runne, about her necke to hang  
Languishing in her armes thy Idoll made :  
In summe, given up to Cleopatras eies.  
Thou breakest at length from thence, as one encharm'd*
- 80 *Breakes from th' enchaunter that him strongly helde.  
For thy first reason (spoyling of their force  
The poifned cuppes of thy faire Sorceres)*

<F 3r>

Recur'd

Antonius.

*Recur'd thy sprite: and then on euery side  
Thou mad'ft again the earth with Souldioursfwarme.*  
85 *All Afia hidde : Euphrates bankes do tremble  
To see at once fo many Komanes there  
Breath horror, rage, and with a threatning eye  
In mighty Squadrons croffe his fwelling streames.  
Nought feene but horfe, and fier sparkling armes :*  
90 *Nought heard but hideous noiſe of muttring troupes.  
The Parth, the Mede, abandoning their goods  
Hide them for feare in hilles of Hircanie,  
Redoubting thee. Then willing to beſiege  
The great Phraate head of Media,*  
95 *Thou campedſt at her walles with vaine affault,  
Thy engines fit (miſhap!) not thither brought.  
Solong thou ſtai'ſt, ſo long thou dooſt thee reſt,  
So long thy loue with ſuch things nourished  
Reframes, reformes it ſelfe and ſtealingly*  
100 *Retakes his force and rebecomes more great.  
For of thy Queene the lookes, the grace, the woords,  
Sweetenes, alurements, amorous delights,  
Entred againe thy ſoule, and day and night,  
In watch, in ſleepe, her Image follow'd thee :*  
105 *Not dreaming but of her, repenting ſtill  
That thou for warre hadſt ſuch a Goddeſ left.  
Thou car'ſt no more for Parth, nor Parthian bow,  
Sallies, assaults, encounters, ſhocks, alarmes,  
For diches, rampiers, wards, entrenched grounds:*  
110 *Thy only care is fight of Nilus ſtreames,  
Sight of that face whoſe gilefull ſemblant doth  
(Wandering in thee) infect thy tainted hart.  
Her abſence thee beſottes : each hower, each hower*

<F 3v>

*Of*

Antonius.

- Of staie, to thee impacient seemes an age.  
Enough of conquest, praise thou deem't enough,  
If soone enough the bristled fieldes thou see  
Of fruit-full Ægipt, and the stranger floud*
- 115 *Thy Queenes faire eyes (another Pharos) lights.  
Returned loe, dishonored, despisde,  
In wanton loue a woman thee misleades  
Sunke in foule sinke : meane while respecting nought  
Thy wife Octauia and her tender babes,*
- 120 *Of whome the long contempt against thee whets  
The sword of Cæsar now thy Lord become.  
Lost thy great Empire, all those goodly townes  
Reuerenc'd thy name as rebels now thee leaue :  
Rise against thee, and to the ensignes flocke*
- 125 *Of conqu'ring Cæsar, who enwalles thee round  
Cag'd in thy holde, scarfe maister of thy selfe,  
Late maister of so many nations.  
Yet, yet, which is of grieffe extreamest grief,  
Which is yet of mischiefe highest mischiefe,*
- 130 *It's Cleopatra alas ! alas, it's she,  
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,  
Betraies thy loue, thy life alas! betraies,  
Cæsar to please, whose grace she seekes to gaine :  
With thought her Crowne to faue, and fortune make*
- 135 *Onely thy foe which common ought haue beene.  
If her I alwaies lov'd, and the first flame  
Of her heart-killing loue shall burne me last:  
Iustly complaine I she disloyall is,  
Nor constant is, euen as I constant am,*
- 140 *To comfort my mishap, despising me  
No more, then when the heauens fauour'd me.*

<F 4r>

But

Antonius.

But ah ! by nature women wau'ring are,  
Each moment changing and rechanging mindes.  
Vnwife,who blinde in them,thinkes loyaltie  
145 Euer to finde in beauties company.

Chorus.

*The boyling tempeft ftill  
Makes not Sea waters fome:  
Nor ftill the Northern blaft  
Difquiets quiet ftreames:  
150 Nor who his cheft to fill  
Sayles to the morning beames,  
On waves winde toffeth faft  
Still kepes his Ship from home.  
Nor loue ftill downe doth caft  
155 Inflam'd with bloudie ire  
On man,on tree,on hill,  
His darts of thundring fire :  
Nor ftill the heat doth laft  
On face of parched plaine :  
160 Nor wrinkled colde doth ftill  
On frozen furrowes raigne.  
But ftill as long as we  
In this low world remaine,  
Mifhapps our dayly mates  
165 Our liues do entertaine:  
And woes which beare no dates  
Still pearch vpon our heads,  
None go, but ftreight will be  
Some greater in their Steads.*

<F 4v>

Nature

Antonius.

170 *Nature made vs not free*  
*When firft she made vs liue:*  
*When we began to be,*  
*To be began our woe :*  
*Which growing euermore*  
175 *As dying life dooth growe,*  
*Do more and more vs greeue,*  
*And tire vs more and more.*  
*No stay in fading states,*  
*For more to height they retch,*  
*Their fellow miferies.*  
180 *The more to height do stretch.*  
*They clinge euen to the crowne,*  
*And threatning furious wife*  
*From tirannizing pates*  
*Do often pull it downe.*  
185 *In vaine on waues vntride*  
*To fhunne them go we fhould,*  
*To Scythes and Maffagetes*  
*Who neare the Pole refide :*  
*In vaine to boiling fandes*  
190 *Which Phæbus battry beates,*  
*For with vs ftill they would*  
*Cut feas and compaffe landes.*  
*The darknes no more fure*  
*To ioyne with heauy night :*  
195 *The light which guildes the dayes*  
*To follow Titan pure:*  
*No more the fhadow light*  
*The body to enfue :*  
*Then wretchednes alwaies*

G.<1 r>

Vs



Antonius.

*Then now, and will be more  
To morow then to day.*

Act. 2.

Philostratus.

*What horrible furie, what cruell rage,  
O Ægipt so extremely thee torments ?  
Hast thou the Gods so angred by thy fault?  
Hast thou against them some such crime conceiu'd,  
5 That their engrained hand lift vp in threats  
They should desire in thy hart bloud to bathe?  
And that their burning wrath which nought can quench,  
Should pittiles on vs still lighten downe?  
We are not hew'n out of the monst'rous masse  
10 Of Gigantes those, which heauens wrack conspir'd :  
Ixions race, false prater of his loues :  
Nor yet of him who fained lightnings found:  
Nor cruell Tantalus, nor bloody Atreus,  
Whose curfed banquet for Thyestes plague  
15 Made the beholding Sunne for horrour turne  
His backe, and backward from his course returne :  
And hastning his wing-footed horses race  
Plunge him in sea for shame to hide his face :  
While fullene night vpon the wondring world  
20 For mid-daies light her starrie mantle cast,  
But what we be, what euer wickednes  
By vs is done, Alas ! with what more plagues,  
More eager torments could the Gods declare  
To heauen and earth that vs they hatefull holde?*

G 2<r>

With

Antonius.

- 25 *With Souldiors, strangers, horrible in armes  
Our land is hidde, our people drown'd in teares.  
But terror here and horror, nought is seene :  
And present death prizing our life each hower.  
Hard at our ports and at our porches waites*
- 30 *Our conquering foe : harts faile vs, hopes are dead :  
Our Queene laments : and this great Emperour  
Sometime (would now they did) whom worlds did feare,  
Abandoned, betraid, now mindes no more  
But from his euils by haft'ned death to passe.*
- 35 *Come you poore people tir'de with ceasles plaints  
With teares and sighes make mournfull sacrifice  
On Isis altars : not our selues to saue,  
But soften Cæsar and him pitious make  
To vs, his pray: that so his lenitie*
- 40 *May change our death into captiuitie.  
Strange are the euils the fates on vs haue brought,  
O but alas! how farre more strange the cause!  
Loue, loue (alas, who ever would have thought?)  
Hath lost this Realme inflamed with his fire.*
- 45 *Loue, playing loue, which men say kindles not  
But in soft harts, hath ashes made our townes.  
And his sweet shafts, with whose shot none are kill'd,  
Which vlcere not, with deaths our lands haue fill'd.  
Such was the bloudie, murdring, hellish loue*
- 50 *Poffest thy hart faire false guest Priams Sonne,  
Fi'ring a brand which after made to burne  
The Troian towers by Græcians ruinate.  
By this loue, Priam, Hector, Troilus,  
Memnon, Deiphobus, Glaucus, thousands mo,*
- 55 *Whome redd Scamanders armor clogged streames*

<G 2v>

Roll'd

Antonius.

- Roll'd into Seas, before their dates are dead.  
So plaguie he, fo many tempefts raifeth,  
So murdring he, fo many Cities raifeth,  
When infolent, blinde, lawles, orderles,  
60 With madd delight our fence he entertaines.  
    All knowing Gods our wracks did us foretell  
By signes in earth, by signes in ftarry Sphæres :  
Which fhould haue mou'd vs, had not deftinie  
With too ftong hand warped our miferie.  
65 The Comets flaming through the fcattered clouds  
With fiery beames, moft like vnbrooded haire :  
The fearefull dragon whiffling at the bankes,  
And holie Apis ceafeles bellowing  
( As neuer erft) and fhedding endles teares:  
70 Bloud raining downe from heav'n in unknown fhowers:  
Our Gods darke faces ouercaft with woe,  
And dead mens Ghofts appearing in the night.  
Yea euen this night while all the Cittie ftode  
Opprest with terror, horror, feruile feare,  
75 Deepe filence ouer all : the founds were heard  
Of diuerfe fongs, and diuers inftruments,  
Within the voide of aire : and howling noife,  
Such as madde Bacchus priefts in Bacchus feafts,  
On Nifa make : and (feem'd) the company,  
80 Our Cittie loft, went to the enemye.  
    So we forfaken both of Gods and men,  
So are we in the mercy of our foes :  
And we hencefoorth obedient must become  
To lawes of them who haue vs overcome.*

G 3<r>

Chorus

Antonius.

Chorus.

85        *Lament we our mishaps,  
             Drowne we with teares our woe :  
             For Lamentable happes  
             Lamented easie growe:  
             And much lesse torment bring*  
90        *Then when they first did spring.  
             We want that wofull song,  
             Wherwith wood-mufiques Queen  
             Doth ease her woes, among,  
             fresh springtimes bushes greene,*  
95        *On pleafant branche alone  
             Renewing auintient mone.  
             We want that monefull founde,  
             That pratling Progne makes  
             On fields of Thracian ground,*  
100       *Or streames of Thracian lakes :  
             To empt her breft of paine  
             For Itys by her flaine.  
             Though Halcyons doo still,  
             Bewailing Ceyx lot,*  
105       *The Seas with plainings fill  
             Which his dead limmes haue got,  
             Not euer other graue  
             Then tombe of waues to haue:  
             And though the bird in death*  
110       *That moft Meander loues:  
             So sweetly fighes his breath  
             When death his fury proues,*  
             <G 3v>

As

Antonius.

115                    *As almost softs his heart,  
                         And almost blunts his dart :*  
*Yet all the plaints of those,*  
*Nor all their tearfull larmes,*  
*Cannot content our woes,*  
*Nor ferue to waile the harmes,*  
120                    *In foule which we, poore we,*  
*To feele enforced be.*  
*Nor they of Phæbus bredd*  
*In teares can doo so well,*  
*They for their brother shedd,*  
*Who into Padus fell,*  
125                    *Rash guide of chariot cleare*  
*Surueiour of the yeare.*  
*Nor she whom heau'nly powers*  
*To weping rocke did turne,*  
*Whose teares distill in showers,*  
130                    *And shew she yet doth mourne,*  
*Wherewith his toppe to Skies*  
*Mount Sipylus doth rife.*  
*Nor weping drops which flowe*  
*From barke of wounded tree,*  
135                    *That Myrrhas shame do shoue*  
*With ours compar'd may be,*  
*To quench her louing fire*  
*Who durst embrace her fire.*  
*Nor all the howlings made*  
140                    *On Cybels sacred hill*  
*By Eunukes of her trade,*  
*Who Atys, Atys still*  
*With doubled cries resound,*  
                         <G 4r>                    *Which*

Antonius.

145            *Which Echo makes rebound.*  
*Our plaints no limits stay,*  
*Nor more then doo our woes :*  
*Both infinitely straie*  
*And neither meafure knowes*  
150            *In meafure let them plaine:*  
*Who meafur'd griefes fustaine.*

Cleopatra. Eras. Charmion. Diomede.

Cleopatra.

*That I haue the betraid, deare Antonie,*  
*My life, my soule, my Sunne ? I had fuch thought?*  
*That I haue the betraide my Lord, my King?*  
*That I would breake my vowed faith to thee?*  
155 *Leaue thee? deceiue thee? yeelde thee to the rage*  
*Of mightie foe ? I euer had that hart?*  
*Rather sharpe lightning lighten on my head:*  
*Rather may I to deepeft mifchiefe fall:*  
*Rather the opened earth deuower me:*  
160 *Rather fierce Tigers feed them on my flesh:*  
*Rather, ô rather let our Nilus fend,*  
*To fwallow me quicke, fome weeping Crocodile.*  
*And didft thou then fuppose my royall hart*  
*Had hatcht, thee to enfnare, a faithles loue?*  
165 *And changing minde, as Fortune changed cheare,*  
*I would weake thee, to winne the stronger, loose?*  
*O wretch! ô caitiue! ô too cruell happe!*  
*And did not I fufficient losse fustaine*  
*Loofing my Realme, loofing my liberty,*

<G 4v>

My

Antonius.

- 170 *My tender of-fpring, and the ioyfull light  
Of beamy Sunne, and yet, yet loofing more  
Thee Antony my care, if I loofe not  
What yet remain'd? thy loue alas! thy loue,  
More deare then Scepter, children, freedome, light.*
- 175 *So ready I to row in Charons barge,  
Shall leefe the ioy of dying in thy loue :  
So the fole comfort of my miserie  
To haue one tombe with thee is me bereft.  
So I in fhady plaines fhall plaine alone,*
- 180 *Not (as I hop'd) companion of thy mone,  
O height of grieffe! Eras why with continuall cries  
Your grieffull harmes doo you exasperate?  
Torment your selfe with murthuring complaints;  
Straine your weake breaft so oft, so vehemently?*
- 185 *Water with teares this faire alablaster?  
With sorrowes fting so many beauties wound?  
Come of so many Kings want you the hart  
Brauely, stoutly, this tempeft to refift?  
Cl. My eu'lls are wholly vn-supportable,*
- 190 *No humain force can them withstand, bnt death.  
Eras. To him that striues nought is imposfible.  
Cl. In striuing lyes no hope of my mishapps.  
Eras. All things do yeelde to force of louely face.  
Cl. My face too louely caus'd my wretched cafe.*
- 195 *My face hath so entrap'd, so caft vs downe,  
That for his conquest Cæjar may it thanke,  
Caufing that Antony one army loft  
The other wholly did to Cæfar yeld.  
For not induring (fo his amourouse fprite*
- 200 *Was with my beautie fir'de) my fhamefull flight,*  
H.<1 r> Soone

Antonius.

- Soone as he saw from ranke wherein he stooode  
In hottest fight, my Gallies making saile:  
Forgetfull of his charg(as if his soule  
Vnto his Ladies soule had bene enchain'd)*
- 205 *He left his men,who so couragiouflie  
Did leaue their liues to gaine him victorie.  
And carelesse both of fame and armies losse  
My oared Gallies follow'd with his Ships  
Companion of my flight, by this base parte*
- 210 *Blasting his former flourishing renowne.  
Eras. Are you therefore cause of his ouerthrow?  
Cl. I am sole cause : I did it,only I.  
Er. Feare of a woman troubled so his sprite?  
Cl. Fire of his loue was by my feare enflam'd.*
- 215 *Er. And should he then to warre haue ledd a Queene?  
Cl. Alas ! this was not his offence, but mine.  
Antony (ay me! who else so braue a chiefe!)  
Would not I should haue taken Seas with him:  
But would haue left me fearefull woman farre*
- 220 *From common hazard of the doubtfull warre.  
O that I had beleu'd! now,now of Rome  
All the great Empire at our beck should bende.  
All should obey, the vagabonding Scythes,  
The feared Germains,back-shooting Parthians,*
- 225 *Wandring Numidians, Brittons farre remoou'd,  
And tawny nations scorched with the Sunne.  
But I car'd not : so was my soule possfett,  
(To my great harme) with burning ieaalousie :  
Fearing leaft in my absence Antony*
- 230 *Should leauing me retake Octauia.  
Char. Such was the rigour of your destinie.*

<H 1v>

Cl.Such

Antonius.

- Cl. *Such was my errour and obstinacie.*  
Ch. *But since Gods would not, could you doe withall?*  
Cl. *Alwaies from Gods good haps, not harms, do fall.*  
235 Ch. *And haue they not all power on mens affaires?*  
Cl. *They neuer bow so lowe, as worldly cares.*  
*But leaue to mortall men to be dispos'd*  
*Freelie on earth what euer mortall is.*  
*If we therin sometimes some faultes commit,*  
240 *We may them not to their high maiesties,*  
*But to our selues impute ; whose passions*  
*Plunge vs each day in all afflictions.*  
*Wherwith when we our soules do thorned feele,*  
*Flatt'ring our selues we say they dest'nies are :*  
245 *That Gods would haue it so, and that our care*  
*Could not impeach but that it must be so.*  
Char. *Things here belowe are in the heau'ns begot,*  
*Before they be in this our worlde borne :*  
*And neuer can our weaknes turne awry*  
250 *The stailles course of powerfull destenie.*  
*Nought here force, reason, humaine prouidence,*  
*Holie deuotion, noble bloud preuailes:*  
*And Ioue himfelfe whose hand doth heauens rule,*  
*Who both to Gods, and men as King commaunds,*  
255 *Who earth (our firme support) with plenty stores,*  
*Moues aire and sea with twinckling of his eie,*  
*Who all can doe, yet neuer can vndoe*  
*What once hath been by their hard lawes decreed .*  
*When Troian walles, great Neptunes workmanship,*  
260 *Enuiron'd were with Greekes, and Fortunes whele*  
*Doubtfull ten yeares now to the campe did turne,*  
*And now againe towards the towne return'd:*

H 2<r>

How

Antonius.

*How many times did force and fury swell  
In Hectors veines egging him to the spoile  
265 Of conquer'd foes, which at his blowes did flie,  
As fearefull shepe at feared wolues approche:  
To saue( in vaine : for why? it would not be)  
Pore walles of Troie from aduersaries rage,  
Who died them in bloud, and cast to ground  
270 Heap'd them with bloudie burning carcafes.  
No, Madame, thinke, that if the ancient crowne  
Of your progenitors that Nilus rul'd,  
Force take from you ; the Gods haue will'd it so,  
To whome oft times Princes are odiousse.  
275 They haue to eury thing an end ordain'd;  
All worldly greatnes by them bounded is:  
Some sooner, later some, as they thinke best :  
None their decree is able to infringe.  
But, which is more, to vs disastred men  
280 Which subiect are in all things to their will,  
Their will is hidd : nor while we liue, we know  
How, or how long we must in life remaine.  
Yet must we not for that feede on dispaire,  
And make vs wretched ere we wretched bee:  
285 But alwaies hope the best, euen to the last,  
That from our selues the mischief may not growe.  
Then, Madame, helpe your selfe, leaue of in time  
Antonies wracke, lest it your wracke procure :  
Retire you from him, saue from wrathfull rage  
290 Of angry Cæsar both your Realme and you.  
You see him lost, so as your amitie  
Vnto his euills can yeeld no more reliefe.  
You see him ruin'd, so as your support*

<H 2v>

No

Antonius.

- No more hencefourth can him with comfort raise.  
295 With-draw you from the storme: persist not still  
To loose your selfe: this royall diademe  
Regaine of Cæsar. Cl. Sooner shining light  
Shall leaue the daie, and darknes leaue the night:  
Sooner moyst currents of tempestuous seas  
300 Shall waue in heauen, and the nightly troopes  
Of starres shall shine within the foming waues,  
Then I thee, Antonie, Leauē in deepe distres.  
I am with thee, be it thy worthy soule  
Lodge in thy breft, or from that lodging parte  
305 Crossing the ioyles lake to take hir place  
In place prepared for men Demy-gods.  
Liue, if thee please, if life be lothsome die:  
Dead and aliue, Antonie, thou shalt see  
Thy princeffe follow thee, folow, and lament,  
310 Thy wrack, no lesse her owne then was thy weale.  
Char. What helps his wrack this euer-lasting loue?  
Cl. Help, or help not, such must, such ought I proue.  
Char. Ill done to loose your selfe, and to no ende.  
Cl. How ill thinke you to follow such a frende?  
315 Char. But this your loue nought mitigates his paine.  
Cl. Without this loue I should be inhumaine.  
Char. Inhumaine he, who his owne death pursues.  
Cl. Not inhumaine who miseries eschues.  
Ch. Liue for your sonnes. Cl. Nay for their father die.  
320 Cha. Hardhearted mother! Cl. Wife kindhearted I.  
Ch. Then will you them depriue of royall right?  
Cl. Do I depriue them? no, it's dest'nies might.  
Ch. Do you not them depriue of heritage,  
That giue them vp to adnerfaries handes,

H 5<r>

A

Antonius.

- 325 *A man forsaken fearing to forsake,  
Whome such huge numbers hold environned?  
T'abandon one gainst whome the frowning world  
Banded with Cæsar makes conspiring warre.  
Cl. The lesse ought I to leaue him left of all.*
- 330 *A frend in most distresse should most assist.  
If that when Antonie great and glorious  
His legions led to drinke Euphrates streames,  
So many Kings in traine redoubting him;  
In triumph raif'd as high as highest heaun;*
- 335 *Lord-like disposing as him pleased best,  
The wealth of Greece, the wealth of Asia:  
In that faire fortune had I him exchaung'd  
For Cæsar, then, men would haue counted me  
Faithles, vnconstant, light: but now the storme,  
340 And blustering tempest driuing on his face,  
Readie to drowne, Alas! what would they saie?  
What would himselfe in Plutos mansion saie?  
If I, whome alwaies more then life he lou'de,  
If I, Who am his heart, who was his hope,*
- 345 *Leaue him, forsake him (and perhaps in vaine?)  
Weakly to please who him hath ouerthrowne?  
Not light, vnconstant, faithlesse should I be,  
But vile, forsworne, of treachrous cruelty.  
Ch. Crueltie to shunne, you selfe-cruell are:*
- 350 *Cl. Selfe-cruell him from cruelty to spare.  
Ch, Our first affection to ourselfe is due.  
Cl. He is my selfe. Ch. Next it extends vnto  
Our children, frends, and to our countrie soile.  
And you for some respect of wiuely loue,*
- 355 *( Albee scarce wiuelie) loose your natiue land,*

<H 3v>

Your

Antonius.

- Your children, friends, and (which is more) your life,  
With so strong charmes doth loue bewitch our witts:  
So fast in vs this fire once kindled flames.  
Yet if his harme by yours redresse might haue,*  
360 Cl. *With mine it may be clofde in darksome graue.  
Ch. And that, as Alceft to her selfe vnkinde,  
You might exempt him from the lawes of death.  
But he is fure to die: and now his fworde  
Already moifted is in his warme bloude,*  
365 *Helples for any succour you can bring  
Against deaths ftinge, which he must fhortlie feele.  
Then let your loue be like the loue of olde  
Which Carian Queene did nourifh in hir heart  
Of hir Maufolus: builde for him a tombe*  
370 *Whofe ftatelineffe a wonder new may make.  
Let him, let him haue fumtuoufe funeralles:  
Let graue thereon the horror of his fights:  
Let earth be buri'd with vnburied heaps.  
Frame their Pharfaly, and difcoulour'd ftream's*  
375 *Of depe Enipeus: frame the graffie plaine,  
Which lodg'd his campe at fiege of Mutina.  
Make all his combats, and couragioufe acts:  
And yearly plaies to his praife institute:  
Honor his memorie: with doubled care*  
380 *Breed and bring vp the children of you both  
In Cæfars grace: who as a noble Prince  
Will leaue them Lords of this moft glorioufe realme.  
Cl. What fhame were that? ah Gods! what infamie?  
With Antonie in his good haps to share,*  
385 *And ouerliue him dead: deeming enough  
To fhed fome teares vpon a widdowe tombe?*

<H 4r>

The



Antonius.

*Doe often honor to our loued Tombes.  
Straw them with flowrs: and sometimes happellie*  
420 *The tender thought of Antonie your Lorde  
And me poore foule to teares shall you inuite,  
And our true loues your dolefull voice commend.  
Ch. And thinke you Madame, we from you will part?  
Thinke you alone to feele deaths ougly darte?*  
425 *Thinke you to leaue vs? and that the same funne  
Shall fee at once you dead, and vs alieue?  
Weele die with you: and Clotho pittileffe  
Shall vs with you in hellish boate imbarque.  
Cl. Ah liue, I praie you: this disastred woe*  
430 *Which racks my heart, alone to me belongs:  
My lott longs not to you: seruants to be  
No shame, no harme to you, as is to me.  
Liue fifters, liue, and feing his fufpect  
Hath caufelesse me in sea of sorowes drown'd,*  
435 *And that I cannot liue, if so I would,  
Nor yet would leaue this life, if so I could,  
Without his loue: procure me, Diomed,  
That gainst poore me he be no more incens'd.  
Wrest out of his conceit that harmfull doubt,*  
440 *That since his wracke he hath of me conceiu'd  
Thogh wrong conceiu'd witnesse you reuerent Gods,  
Barking Anubis, Apis bellowing.  
Tell him, my foule burning, impatient,  
Forlorne with loue of him, for certaine seale*  
445 *Of her true loialtie my corpe hath left,  
T'encease of dead the number numberlesse.  
Go then, and if as yet he me bewaile,  
If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe*

*I <1r>*

*Bleft*

Antonius.

450 *Blest fhall I be: and farre with more content  
Depart this world, where so I me torment.  
Meane feason vs let this fadd tombe enclofe,  
Attending here till death conclude our woes.  
Diom. I will obey your will. Cl. So the defert  
The Gods repay of thy true faithfull heart.*

Diomed.

455 *And is't not pittie, Gods, ah Gods of heau'n!  
To see from loue such hatefull frutes to spring?  
And is't not pittie that this firebrand so  
Laies waste the trophes of Philippi fieldes?  
Where are those fwete allurements, those fwete lookes,  
460 Which Gods themfelues right hart-ficke wuld haue made?  
What doth that beautie, rareft guift of heau'n,  
Wonder of earth? Alas! what doe those eies?  
And that fwete voice all Asia vnderstoode,  
And sunburnt Africke wide in deserts spred?  
465 Is their force dead? haue they no further power?  
Can not by them Octavius be surpriz'd?  
Alas! if Ioue in middft of all his ire,  
With thunderbolt in hand some land to plague,  
Had cast his eies on my Queene, out of hande  
470 His plaguing bolte had falne out of his hande:  
Fire of his wrathe into vaine smoke should turne,  
And other fire within his brest should burne.  
Nought liues so faire. Nature by such a worke  
Her selfe, should seme, in workmanship hath past.  
475 She is all heau'nlie: neuer any man  
But seeing hir was rauish'd with her sight.*

<I 1v>

The

Antonius.

*The Allablaster couering of hir face,  
The corall coullor hir two lips engraines,  
Her beamy eies, two Sunnes of this our world,  
480 Of hir faire haire the fine and flaming golde,  
Her braue streight stature, and her winning partes  
Are nothing else but fiers, fetters, dartes.  
Yet this is nothing th'e'nchaunting skilles  
Of her celestiall Sp'rite, hir training speache,  
485 Her grace, hir Maieftie, and forcing voice,  
Whither she it with fingers speach consorte,  
Or hearing sceptred kings embassadors  
Answer to eache in his owne language make.  
Yet now at nede it aides her not at all  
490 With all these beauties, so hir sorowe ftings.  
Darkned with woe hir only studie is  
To wepe, to sigh, to seke for lonelines.  
Careles of all, hir haire difordred hangs:  
Hir charming eies whence murthring looks did flie,  
495 Now riuers grown', whose well spring anguish is,  
Do trickling wash the marble of hir face.  
Hir faire discouer'd breft with sobbing swolne  
Selfe cruell she still martirith with blowes,  
Alas! It's our ill hap, for if hir teares  
500 She would conuert into her louing charmes,  
To make a conquest of the conqueror,  
(As well shee might, would she hir force imploie)  
She should vs saftie from these ills procure,  
Hir crowne to hir, and to hir race assure.  
505 Vnhappy he, in whome selfe-succour lies,  
Yet self-forfaken wanting succour dies.*

<I 2r>

Cho-

Antonius.

Chorus.

510 *O sweete fertile land, wherein  
Phæbus did with breth inspire  
Man who men did first begin,  
Formed first of Nilus mire.  
Whence of Artes the eldest kindes,  
Earthes most heauenly ornament,  
Were as from their fountaine sent,  
To enlight our mistie mindes.*

515 *Whose grosse sprite fro endles time,  
As in darkned prifon pente,  
Neuer did to knowledge clime.  
Wher the Nile, our father good,  
Father-like doth neuer misse  
520 Yearely vs to bring such food,  
As to life required is:  
Visiting each yeare this plaine,  
And with fatt slime cou'ring it,  
Which his seauen mouthes do spitt,*

525 *As the season comes againe.  
Making therby greatest growe  
Busie reapers ioyfull paine,  
When his flouds do highest flowe.  
Wandering Prince of riuers thou,  
530 Honor of the Æthiops lande,  
Of a Lord and master now  
Thou a slaue in awe must stand.  
Now of Tiber which is spread  
Lesse in force, and lesse in fame*

<I 2v>

Re-



Antonius.

570 " But if force muft vs enforce  
" Nedes a yoke to vndergoe,  
" Vnder foraine yoke to goe  
" Still it proues a bondage worfe.  
" And doubled subiection  
" See we shall, and feele, and knowe  
" Subiect to a stranger growne.  
From hence forward for a King,  
whose firft being from this place  
575 Should his breft by nature bring  
Care of Countrie to embrace,  
We at furly face muft quake  
Of some Romaine madly bent:  
Who, our terrour to augment,  
580 His Proconfuls axe will shake.  
Driuing with our Kings from hence  
Our establish'd gouernment,  
Iuftice fword, and Lawes defence.  
Nothing worldly of fuch might  
585 But more mightie Destinie,  
By fwift Times vnbridled flight,  
Makes in ende his ende to fee.  
Euery thing Time ouerthrowes,  
Nought to end doth fteadfaft staie :  
590 His great fithe mowes all away  
As the stalke of tender rofe.  
Onely Immortalitie  
Of the Heau'ns doth it oppofe  
Gainft his powrefull Deitie.  
595 One daie there will come a daie  
Which shall quaille thy fortunes flower,  
<I 3v> And

Antonius.

600 *And thee ruinde low shall laie  
In some barbrous Princes power.  
When the pittie-wanting fire  
Shall, O Rome,thy beauties burne,  
And to humble ashes turne  
Thy proud wealth,and rich attire,  
Thofe guilt roofes which turretwife,  
Iuftly making Enuie mourne,*

605 *Threaten now to pearce Skies.  
As thy forces fill each land  
Haruefts making here and there,  
Reaping all with rauening hand  
They find growing any where:*

610 *From each land fo to thy fall  
Multitudes repaire shall make,  
From the common spoile to take  
What to each mans share maie fall.  
Fingred all thou shalt behold:*

615 *No iote left for tokens sake  
That thou wert fo great of olde.  
Like vnto the ancient Troie  
Whence deriu'de thy founders be,  
Conqu'ring foe shall thee enioie,*

620 *And a burning praie in thee.  
For within this turning ball  
This we see,and see each daie :  
All things fixed ends do staie,  
Ends to firft beginnings fall.*

625 *And that nought,how strong or strange  
Chaungles doth endure alwaie,  
But endureth fatall change.*

<1 4r>

M An-

Antonius.

M. Antonius. Lucilius.

M. Ant.

Lucil, sole comfort of my bitter case,  
The only trust, the only hope I haue,  
630 In last despaire : Ah ! is not this the daie  
That death should me of life and loue bereaue?  
What waite I for that haue no refuge left,  
But am sole remnant of my fortune left?  
All leaue me, flie me : none, no not of them  
635 Which of my greatnes greatest good receiu'd,  
Stands with my fall : they seeme as now aſham'de  
That heretofore they did me ought regarde :  
They draw them backe, shewing they folow'd me,  
Not to partake my harm's, but coozen me.  
640 Lu. In this our world nothing is stedfast found,  
In vaine he hopes, who here his hopes doth groūd.  
Ant. Yet nought afflicts me, nothing killes me so,  
As that I ſo my Cleopatra ſee  
Practize with Cæſar, and to him transport  
645 My flame, her loue, more deare then life to me.  
Lu. Beleeue it not : Too high a heart ſhe beares,  
Too Princelie thoughts. Ant. Too wiſe a head ſhe weare  
Too much enflam'd with greatnes, euermore  
Gaping for our great Empires gouernment.  
650 Li. So long time you her conſtant loue haue tri'de.  
Ant. But ſtill with me good fortune did abide.  
Lu. Her changed loue what token makes you know?  
An. Peluſium loſt, and Actian ouerthrow,

<1 4v>

Both

Antonius.

655 *Both by her fraud: my well appointed fleet,  
And trustie Souldiors in my quarrel arm'd,  
Whome she, false she, in stede of my defence,  
Came to perswade, to yelde them to my foe :  
Such honor Thyre done, such welcome giuen,  
Their long clofe talkes I neither knew, nor would,*  
660 *And trecherouse wrong Alexas hath me done,  
Witnes too well her periur'd loue to me.  
But you O Gods (if any faith regarde)  
With sharpe reuenge her faithlesse change reward.  
Lu. The dole she made vpon our ouerthrow,*  
665 *Her Realme giuen vp for refuge to our men,  
Her poore attire when she deuoutly kept  
The solemne day of her natiuitie,  
Againe the coft and prodigall expence  
Shew'd when she did your birth day celebrate,*  
670 *Do plaine enough her heart vnfained proue,  
Equally toucht, you louing, as you loue.  
Ant. Well; be her loue to me or false, or true,  
Once in my soule a cureles wound I feele.  
I loue, nay burne in fire of her loue :*  
675 *Each day, each night her Image haunts my minde,  
Her selfe my dreames : and still I tired am,  
And still I am with burning pincers nipt.  
Extream my harme : yet sweeter to my fence  
Then boiling Torch of ielouise torments fire :*  
680 *This grief, nay rage, in me such sturre doth kepe,  
And thornes me still, both when I wake and slepe.  
Take Cæsar conquest, take my goods, take he  
Th'onor to be Lord of the earth alone,  
My Sonnes, my life bent headlong to mishapps:*  
685 *No force, so not my Cleopatra take.*

K.<1r>

So

Antonius.

*So foolish I, I cannot her forget,  
Though better were I banisht her my thought.  
Like to the sicke, whose throte the feauers fire  
Hath vehemently with thirstie drought enflam'd,  
690 Drinkes still, albee the drinke he still desires  
Be nothing else but fewell to his flame.  
He can not rule himselfe : his health's respect  
Yeldeth to his distempered stomacks heate.  
Lu. Leauē of this loue, that thus renewes your woe.  
695 An. I do my best, but ah! can not do so.  
Lu. Thinke how you haue so braue a captaine bene,  
And now are by this vaine affection falne.  
Ant. The ceasles thought of my felicitie  
Plunges me more in this aduersitie.  
700 For nothing so a man in ill torments,  
As who to him his good state repreſents.  
This makes my rack, my anguiſh, and my woe  
Equall vnto the helliſh paſſions growe,  
When I to mind my happy puiſance call  
705 Which erst I had by warlike conquest wonne,  
And that good fortune which me neuer left,  
Which hard diſaſtre now hath me bereft.  
With terror tremble all the world I made  
At my ſole worde, as Ruſhes in the ſtreames  
710 At waters will : I conquer'd Italie,  
I conquer'd Rome, that Nations ſo redoubt.  
I bare (meane while beſieging Mutina)  
Two Conſuls armies for my ruine brought.  
Bath'd in their blood, by their deaths witneſſing  
715 My force and skill in matters Martiall.  
To wreake thy vnkle, vnkinde Cæſar, I  
With blood of enemies the bankes embrou'd*

<K 1v>

*Of*

Antonius.

*Of ftain'd Enipeus, hindring his courfe  
Stopped with heapes of piled carcafes :*  
720 *When Cafsius and Brutus ill betide  
Marcht againft vs, by vs twife put to flight,  
But by my fole conduct : for all the time  
Cæfar heart-ficke with feare and feauer laie.  
Who knowes it not? and how by euery one*  
725 *Fame of the fact was giu'n to me alone.  
There fprang the loue, the neuer changing loue,  
Wherin my hart hath fince to yours bene bound:  
There was it,my Lucil,you Brutus fau'de,  
And for your Brutus Antonie you found.*  
730 *Better my happ in gaining fuch a frende,  
Then in fubduing fuch an enemie.  
Now former vertue dead doth me forfake,  
Fortune engulfes me in extreame diftreffe :  
She turnes from me her fmiling countenance,*  
735 *Cafting on me mifhapp vpon mifhapp,  
Left and betraide of thousand thousand frends,  
Once of my fute,but you Lucil are left,  
Remaining to me ftedfaft as a tower  
In holy loue, in fpite of fortunes blaftes.*  
740 *But if of any God my voice be heard,  
And be not vainely fcatt' red in the heau'ns,  
Such goodnes fhall not glorileffe be lofte.  
But comming ages ftill thereof fhall bofte.  
Lu. Men in their frendfhip euer fhould be one,*  
745 *And neuer ought with fickle Fortune fhake,  
Which ftill remoues, nor will,nor knowes the way,  
Her rowling bowle in one fure state to ftaiie.  
Wherfore we ought as borrow'd things receiue  
The goods light ſhe lends vs to pay againe :*

*K 2<r>*

*Not*

Antonius.

- 750 *Not holde them fure,nor on them build our hopes  
As on such goods as cannot faile, and fall :  
But thinke againe,nothing is dureable,  
Vertue except, our neuer failing hofte :  
So bearing faile when fauoring windes do blowe,*
- 755 *As frowning Tempefts may vs leaft difmaie  
When they on vs do fall : not ouer-glad  
With good eftate, or ouer-grieu'd with bad.  
Refift mishap. Ant. Alas ! it is too ftronge.  
Mifhappes oft times are by some comfort borne :*
- 760 *But thefe, ay me ! whose weights opprefse my hart,  
Too heauie lie,no hope can them relieue.  
There refsts no more,but that with cruell blade  
For lingring death a haftie waie be made.  
Lu. Cæfar,as heire vnto his fathers ftate :*
- 765 *So will his Fathers goodnes imitate,  
To you warde : whome he know's allied in bloud,  
Alied in mariage,ruling equallie  
Th'Empire with him,and with him making warre  
Haue purg'd the earth of Cæfars murtherers.*
- 770 *You into portions parted haue the world  
Euen like coheir's their heritages parte :  
And now with one accord fo many yeares  
In quiet peace both haue your charges rul'd.  
Ant. Bloud and alliance nothing do preuaile*
- 775 *To coole the thirft of hote ambitious breafst:  
The fonne his Father hardly can endure,  
Brother his brother,in one common Realme.  
So feruent this defire to commaund :  
Such iealoufie it kindleth in our hearts.*
- 780 *Sooner will men permit another ſhould (weare.  
Loue her they loue,then weare the Crowne they*

<K 2v>

All

Antonius.

- All lawes it breakes, turnes all things vpside downe:  
Amitie, kindred, nought so holy is  
But it defiles. A monarchie to gaine*
- 785 *None cares which way, so he maie it obtaine.  
Lu. Suppose he Monarch be and that this world  
No more acknowledg fundrie Emperours.  
That Rome him onlie feare, and that he ioyned  
The East with west, and both at once do rule:*
- 790 *Why should he not permitt you peaceablie  
Discharg'd of charge and Empires dignitie,  
Priuate to liue reading Philofophie,  
In learned Greece, Spaine, Asia, anie lande?  
Ant. Neuer will he his Empire thinke affur'de*
- 795 *While in this world Marke Antonie shall liue.  
Sleeples Suspicion, Pale distrust, colde feare  
Alwaies to princes companie to beare  
Bred of Reports: reports which night and day  
Perpetuall guefts from Court go not away.*
- 800 *Lu. He hath not slaine your brother Lucius,  
Nor shortned hath the age of Lepidus,  
Albeit both into his hands were falne,  
And he with wrath against them both enflam'd.  
Yet one, as Lord in quiet rest doth beare,*
- 805 *The greateft sway in great Iberia:  
The other with his gentle Prince retaines  
Of highest Priest the sacred dignitie.  
Ant. He feares not them, their feeble force he knowes.  
Lu. He feares no vanquisht ouerfill'd with woes.*
- 810 *An. Fortune may chaunge againe. L. A down-cast foe  
Can hardlie rise, which once is brought so lowe.  
Ant. All that I can, is done: for last assay  
(When all means fail'd) I to entreatie fell,*

<K 3r>

(Ah

Antonius.

- (Ah coward creature! ) whence againe repulft*  
815 *Of combate I vnto him proffer made:*  
*Though he in prime, and I by feeble age*  
*Mightily weakned both in force and skill.*  
*Yet could not he his coward heart aduaunce*  
*Bafely affraid to trie fo praisefull chaunce.*  
820 *This makes me plaine, makes me my selfe accufe,*  
*Fortune in this her spitefull force doth vse*  
*'Gainst my gray hayres: in this vnhappie I*  
*Repine at heau'ns in my happes pittiles.*  
*A man, a woman both in might and minde,*  
825 *In Marfes schole who neuer leffon learn'd,*  
*Should me repulfe, chafe, ouerthrow, deftroie,*  
*Me of fuch fame, bring to fo low an ebbe?*  
*Alcides bloud, who from my infancie*  
*With happie prowesse crowned haue my praise*  
830 *Witneffe thou Gaule vnus'd to seruile yoke,*  
*Thou valiant Spaine, you fields of Theffalie*  
*With millions of mourning cries bewail'd,*  
*Twife watred now with bloude of Italie.*  
*Lu. witneffe may Afrique, and of conquer'd world*  
835 *All fower quarters witneffes may be.*  
*For in what part of earth inhabited,*  
*Hungrie of praise haue you not ensignes spredd?*  
*An. Thou know'ft rich Ægipt (Ægipt of my deeds*  
*Faire and foule subiect) Ægypt ah! thou know'ft*  
840 *How I behau'd me fighting for thy kinge,*  
*When I regainde him his rebellious Realme:*  
*Against his foes in battaile shewing force,*  
*And after fight in victory remorfe.*  
*Yet if to bring my glory to the ground,*  
845 *Fortune had made me ouerthrowne by one*

<K 3v>

*Of*

Antonius.

*Of greater force, of better skill then I;  
One of those Captaines feared so of olde,  
Camill, Marcellus, worthy Scipio,  
This late great Cæsar, honor of our state,  
850 Or that great Pompei aged growne in armes;  
That after haruest of a world of men  
Made in a hundred battailes, fights, assaults,  
My body thorow pearst with push of pike  
Had vomited my bloud, in bloud my life,  
855 In midd'ft of millions felowes in my fall:  
The lesse her wrong, the lesse should my woe:  
Nor she should paine, nor I complaine me so.  
No, no, wheras I should haue died in armes,  
And vanquisht oft new armies should haue arm'd,  
860 New battailes giuen, and rather loft with me  
All this whole world submitted vnto me:  
A man who neuer saw enlaced pikes  
With bristled points against his stomake bent,  
Who feares the field, and hides him cowardly  
865 Dead at the very noiſe the souldiours make.  
His vertue, fraude, deceit, malicious guile,  
His armes the arts that false Vlisses vs'de,  
Knowne at Modena, where the Consuls both  
Death-wounded were, and wounded by his men  
870 To gett their armie, war with it to make  
Against his faith, against his countrie foile.  
Of Lepidus, which to his succours came,  
To honor whome he was by dutie bounde,  
The Empire he vsurpt: corrupting first  
875 With baites and bribes the most part of his men.  
Yet me hath ouercome, and made his pray,  
And state of Rome, with me hath ouercome.*

<K 4r>

Strange

Antonius.

*Strange! one difordred act at Actium  
The earth subdu'de, my glorie hath obscur'd.*  
880 *For since, as one whome heauens wrath attaints,  
With furie caught, and more then furious  
Vex'd with my euills, I neuer more had care  
My armies lost, or lost name to repaire:  
I did no more resist. Lu. All warres affaires,*  
885 *But battailes most, dayly haue their succeffe  
Now good, now ill: and though that fortune haue  
Great force and power in euery worldie thing,  
Rule all, do all, haue all things fast enchaind  
Vnto the circle of hir turning wheele:*  
890 *Yet seemes it more then any practife elfe  
She doth frequent Bellonas bloudie trade:  
And that hir fauour, wauering as the wind,  
Hir greatest power therein doth oftneft shewe.  
Whence growes, we dailie see, who in their youth*  
895 *Gatt honor ther, do loose it in their age,  
Vanquisht by some lesse warlike then themselues:  
Whome yet a meaner man shall ouerthrowe.  
Hir vse is not to lend vs still her hande,  
But sometimes headlong back a gaine to throwe,*  
900 *Wher by hir fauor she hath vs extolld  
Vnto the topp of highest happines.  
Ant. well ought I curfe within my griued soule,  
Lamenting daie and night, this fencelesse loue,  
Whereby my faire entising foe entrap'd*  
905 *My hedelesse Reason, could no more escape.  
It was not fortunes euer changing face:  
It was not Deft'nies chaungles violence  
Forg'd my mishap. Alas! who doth not know  
They make, nor marre nor any thing can doe.*

<K 4v>

For-

Antonius.

- 910 Fortune, which men so feare, adore, detest,  
Is but a chaunce whose cause unknow'n doth rest.  
Although oft times the cause is well perceiu'd,  
But not th'effect the same that was conceiu'd.  
Pleasure, *nought else, the plague of this our life,*
- 915 *Our life which still a thousand plagues pursue,*  
*Alone hath me this strange disastre spunne,*  
*Falne from a souldior to a Chamberer,*  
*Careles of vertue, careles of all praise.*  
*Nay, as the fatted swine in filthy mire*
- 920 *With glutton heart I wallow'd in delights,*  
*All thoughts of honor troden vnder foote.*  
*So I me lost: for finding this swete cupp*  
*Pleasing my tast, vnwise I drunke my fill,*  
*And through the swetenes of that poisons power*
- 925 *By stepps I draue my former wits astray.*  
*I made my frends, offended me for sake,*  
*I holpe my foes against my selfe to rise.*  
*I robd my subiects, and for followers*  
*I saw my selfe besett with flatterers.*
- 930 *Mine idle armes faire wrought with spiders worke,*  
*My scattred men without their ensignes strai'd:*  
*Cæsar meane while who neuer would haue dar'de*  
*To cope with me, me sodainely despis'de,*  
*Tooke hart to fight, and hop'de for victorie*
- 935 *On one so gone, who glorie had forgone.*  
*Lu. Enchaunting pleasure Venus swete delights*  
*Weaken our bodies, ouer-cloud our sprights,*  
*Trouble our reason, from our harts out chase*  
*All holie vertues lodging in thir place:*
- 940 *Like as the cunning fisher takes the fishe*  
*By traitor baite whereby the hooke is hidde:*

L<1r>

So

Antonius.

- So Pleasure serues to vice in steede of foode  
To baite our foules thereon too liquorifhe.  
This poifon deadlie is alike to all,*
- 945 *But on great kings doth greatest outrage worke.  
Taking the Roiall scepters from their hands,  
Thence forward to be by some straunger borne:  
While that their people charg'd with heauie loades  
Their flatt'ers pill, and suck their mary drie,*
- 950 *Not ru'ld but left to great men as a pray,  
While this fonde Prince himfelfe in pleasur's drowns:  
Who heares nought, fees noght, doth nought of a king  
Seming himfelfe against himfelfe conspirde.  
Then equall Iustice wandreth banifhed,*
- 955 *And in hir seat fitts greedie Tyrannie.  
Confus'd diforder troubleth allestates,  
Crimes without feare and outrages are done.  
Then mutinous Rebellion fhewes hir face,  
Now hid with this, and now with that pretence,*
- 960 *Prouoking enimies, which on each side  
Enter at ease, and make them Lords of all.  
The hurtfull workes of pleasure here behold.  
An. The wolfe is not so hurtfull to the folde,  
Frost to the grapes, to ripened frutes the raine:*
- 965 *As pleasure is to Princes full of paine.  
Lu. Ther nedes no prooffe, but by th'Assirian kinge,  
On whome that Monster woefull wrack did bring.  
An. Ther nedes no prooffe, but by vnhappie I,  
Who lost my empire, honor, life therby.*
- 970 *Lu. Yet hath this ill so much the greater force,  
As scarcelye anie do against it stand:  
No, not the Demy-gods the olde world knew,  
Who all subdu'de, could Pleasures power subdue.*

<L 1v>

Great

Antonius.

- Great Hercules, Hercules once that was*  
975 *Wonder of e arth and heau'n, matchles in mig ht,*  
*Who Anteus, Lycus, Geryon ouer came,*  
*Who drew from hell the triple-headed dogg,*  
*Who Hydra kill'd, vanquifhd Achelous,*  
*Who heauens weight on his ftrong fhoulders bar e:*  
980 *Did he not vnder Pleasures burthen bow?*  
*Did he not Captiue to this paffion yelde,*  
*When by his Captiue, so he was inflam'de,*  
*As now your felfe in Cleopatra burne?*  
*Slept in hir lapp, hir bofome kift and kifte,*  
985 *With bafe vnfemelie feruice bought her loue,*  
*Spinning at diftaffe, and with finewy hand*  
*Winding on fpindles threde, in maides attire?*  
*His conqu'ring clubbe at reft on wal did hang:*  
*His bow vnstringd he bent not as he vf'de:*  
990 *Vpon his shafts the weauing fpiders spunne:*  
*And his hard cloake the fretting mothes did pierce.*  
*The monfters free and fearles all the time*  
*Throughout the world the people did torment,*  
*And more and more encreafing daie by day*  
995 *Scorn'd his weake heart become a miftrefse plaie.*  
*An. In onlelie this like Hercules am I,*  
*In this I proue me of his lignage right:*  
*In this himfelfe, his deedes I fhew in this,*  
*In this, nought elfe, my anceftor he is.*  
1000 *But goe we: die I muft, and with braue ende*  
*Conclufion make of all foregoing harmes:*  
*Die, die I muft: I muft a noble death,*  
*A glorious death vnto my fuccor call:*  
*I muft deface the fhame of time abus'd,*  
1005 *I muft adorne the wanton loues I vf'de,*

L 3<r>

With

Antonius.

*With some couragiouſe act: that my laſt daie  
By mine owne hand my ſpots may waſh away.  
Come deare Lucill: alas! why wepe you thus!  
This mortall lot is common to vs all.*

1010 *We muſtall die, each doth in homage owe  
Vnto that God that ſhar'd the Realmes belowe.  
Ah figh no more: alas: appeace your woes,  
For by your grieſe my grieſe more eager growes.*

Chorus.

1015 *Alas,with what tormenting fire  
Vs martireth this blind defire  
To ſtaie our life from flieng!  
How ceaſeleſſie our minds doth rack,  
How heauie lies vpon our back  
This daſtard feare of dieng!*

1020 *Death rather healthfull ſuccour giues,  
Death rather all miſhapps relieues  
That life vpon vs throweth:  
And euer to vs death vncloſe  
The doore, whereby from cureleſſe woes*

1025 *Our wearie ſoule out goeth.  
What Goddeſſe else more milde then ſhee  
To burie all our paine can be,  
What remedie more pleaſing?  
Our pained hearts when dolor ſtings,  
And nothing reſt, or reſpite brings,*

1030 *What help haue we more eaſing?  
Hope which to vs doth comfort giue,  
And doth our fainting harts reuiue,  
Hath not ſuch force in anguiſh:*

<L 2v>

For



Antonius.

*A rebell people madly ledde  
Against their Lords affemble :  
Nor fearefull face of Tirant wood,  
Who breaths but threats, and drinks but bloud,  
1070 No, nor the hand which thunder,  
The hand of loue which thunder beares,  
And ribbs of rock in funder teares,  
Teares mountains fides in sunder :  
Nor bloudie Marfes butchering hands,  
1075 Whofe lightnings defert laie the lands  
whome duftie cloudes do couer :  
From of whofe armour fun-beames flie,  
And vnder them make quaking lie  
The plaines wheron they houer :  
1080 Nor yet the cruell murth'ring blade  
Warme in the moiftie bowells made  
of people pell mell dieng  
In some great Cittie put to sack  
By fauage Tirant brought to wrack,  
1085 At his colde mercie lieng.  
How abiect him, how bafe think I,  
Who wanting courage can not dye  
When need him therto calleth?  
From whome the dagger drawne to kill  
1090 The cureleffe griefes that vexe him ftill  
For feare and faintnes falleth?  
O Antonie with thy deare mate  
Both in miffortunes fortunate !  
Whofe thoughts to death aspiring  
1095 Shall you protect from victors rage,  
Who on each side doth you encage,*

<L 3v>

To

Antonius.

1100           *To triumph much defiring.*  
                  *That Cæſar may you not offend*  
                  *Nought elſe but Death can you defend,*  
                  *which his weake force derideth,*  
                  *And all in this round earth containd,*  
                  *Powr'les on them whome once enchaind*  
                  *Auernus priſon hideth :*  
1105           *Where great Pſammétiques ghofſt doth reſt,*  
                  *Not with infernall paine poſſeſt,*  
                  *But in ſweete fields detained:*  
                  *And olde Amafis ſoule likewiſe,*  
                  *And all our famous Ptolemies*  
                  *That whilome on vs raigned.*

*Act. 4*

*Cæſar. Agrippa. Dircetus.*  
*the Meſſenger.*

*Cæſar.*

*You euer-liuing Gods which all things holde*  
                  *Within the power of your celeftiall hands,*  
                  *By whome heate,colde,the thunder,and the winde,*  
                  *The properties of enterchaunging mon'ths*  
5           *Their courſe and being haue; which do ſet downe*  
                  *Of Empires by your deſtinied decree*  
                  *The force,age,time,and ſubiect to no chaunge*  
                  *Chaunge all, reſeruing nothing in one ſtate :*  
                  *You haue aduaunſt,as high as thundring heau'n*  
10           *The Romains greatnes by Bellonas might :*  
                  *Maiſtring the world with fearefull violence,*

<L 4r>

*Making*

## Antonius.

- Making the world widdow of libertie.  
Yet at this day this proud exalted Rome  
Despoil'd, captiu'd, at one mans will doth bende:*
- 15 *Her Empire mine, her life is in my hand,  
As Monarch I both world and Rome commaund;  
Do all, can all; fourth my command'ment cast  
Like thundring fire from one to other Pole  
Equall to loue: beftowing by my worde*
- 20 *Happes and mishappes, as Fortunes King and Lord.  
No Towne there is, but vp my Imagefettes,  
But facrifice to me doth dayly make:  
Whither where Phæbus ioyne his mourning steedes,  
Or where the night them weary entertaines,*
- 25 *Or where the heat the Garamants doth scorche,  
Or where the colde from Boreas breaft is blowne:  
All Cæfar do both awe and honor beare,  
And crowned Kings his verie name doth feare.*
- Antonie knowes it well, for whom not one*
- 30 *Of all the Princes all this earth do rule,  
Armes againft me : for allredoubt the power  
Which heau'nly powers on earth haue made me beare.*
- Antonie, he poore man with fire inflam'de  
A womans beauties kindled in his heart,*
- 35 *Rofe againft me, who longer could not beare  
My fifters wrong he did fo ill entreat :  
Seing her left while that his leud delights  
Her husband with his Cleopatra tooke  
In Alexandrie, where both nights and daies*
- 40 *Their time they pafs'd in nought but loues and plaies.  
All Aſias forces into one he drewe,  
And forth he sett vpon the azur'd waues*

<L 4v>

A thou-

Antonius.

- A thousand and a thousand Shippes, which fill'd  
With Souldiours, pikes, with targets, arrowes, darts,  
45 Made Neptune quake, and all the watrie troupes  
Of Glanques, and Tritons lodg'd at Actium,  
But mightie Gods, who still the force withstand  
Of him, who causes doth another wrong,  
In lesse then moments, space redus'd to nought  
50 All that proud power by Sea or land he brought.  
Agr. Presumptuouse pride of high and hawtie sprite,  
Voluptuouse care of fond and foolish loue,  
Haue iustly wrought his wrack : who thought he helde  
(By ouerweening) Fortune in his hand.  
55 Of vs he made no count, but as to play,  
So fearles came our forces to affay.  
So sometimes fell to Sonnes of Mother Earth,  
Which crawl'd to heau'n warre on the God to make,  
Olymp on Pelion, Ossa on Olymp,  
60 Pindus on Ossa loading by degrees :  
That at hand strokes with mightie clubbes the might  
On mossie rocks the Gods make tumble downe:  
When mightie Ioue with burning anger chaf'd,  
Disbraind with him Gyges and Briareus,  
65 Blunting his darts vpon their brused bones.  
For no one thing the Gods can lesse abide  
In deedes of men, then Arrogance and pride.  
And still the proud, which too much takes in hand,  
Shall fowlest fall, where best he thinkes to stand.  
70 Cæs. Right as some Pallace, or some stately tower,  
Which ouer-lookes the neighbour buildings round  
In scorning wise, and to the Starres vp growes,  
Which in short time his owne weight ouerthrowes.  
What monstrous pride, nay what impietie*

*M.<1 r>*

*Incenft*

Antonius.

- 75 *Incenft him onward to the Gods difgrace?  
When his two children, Cleopatras bratts,  
To Phoebe and her brother he compar'd,  
Latonasrace, caufing them to be call'd  
The Sunne and Moone? Is not this folie right?*
- 80 *And is not this the Gods to make his foes?  
And is not this himfelfe to worke his woes?  
Agr. In like proud fort he caus'd his head to leefe  
The Iewifh king Antigonus, to haue  
His Realme for balme, that Cleopatra lou'd,*
- 85 *As though on him he had fome treason prou'd.  
Cæf. Lydia to her, and Siria he gaue,  
Cyprus of golde, Arabia rich of fmelles :  
And to his children more Cilicia,  
Parth's, Medes, Armenia, Phoenicia :*
- 90 *The kings of kings proclaiming them to be,  
By his owne word, as by a found decree.  
Agr. What? Robbing his owne country of her due  
Triumph'd he not in Alexandria,  
Of Artabasus the Armenian King,*
- 95 *Who yelded on his periur'd word to him?  
Cæf. Nay, neuer Rome more iniuries receiu'd,  
Since thou, ô Romulus, by flight of birds  
with happy hand the Romain walles did'ft build,  
Then Antonies fond loues to it hath done.*
- 100 *Nor euer warre more holie, nor more iuft,  
Nor vndertaken with more hard constraint,  
Then is this warre : which were it not, our ftate  
Within fmall time all dignitie should loofe :  
Though I lament (thou Sunne my witnes art,*
- 105 *And thou great Ioue) that it fo deadly proues :*

<M 1v>

*That*

## Antonius.

- That Romain bloud should in such plentie flowe,  
Watring the fields and pastures where we go.  
What Carthage in olde hatred obstinate,  
What Gaule still barking at our rising state,*
- 110 *What rebell Samnite, what fierce Phyrus power,  
What cruell Mithridates, what Parth hath wrought  
Such woe to Rome? whose common wealth he had,  
(Had be bene victor) into Egipt brought.  
Agr. Surely the Gods, which haue this Cittie built*
- 115 *Steadfast to stand as long as time endures,  
Which kepe the Capitoll, of vs take care,  
And care will take of those shall after come,  
Haue made you victor, that you might redresse  
Their honor growne by passed mischieues lesse.*
- 120 *Cæs. The feelie man when all the Greekish Sea  
His fleete had hidd, in hope me sure to drowne,  
Me battaile gaue : where fortune, in my stede,  
Repulſing him his forces disaraied.  
Him selfe tooke flight, soone as his loue he saw*
- 125 *All wanne through feare with full sailes flie away.  
His men, though lost, whome none did now direct,  
With courage fought fast grappled shipp with shipp,  
Charging, resisting, as their oares would serue,  
With darts, with swords, with Pikes, with fierie flames.*
- 130 *So that the darkned night her starrie vaile  
Vpon the bloudie sea had ouer-spred,  
Whilst yet they held : and hardlie, hardlie then  
They fell to flieng on the waue plaine.  
All full of Souldiors ouerwhelm'd with waues :*
- 135 *The aire throughout with cries and groanes did found :  
The Sea did blush with bloud : the neighbor shores  
M 2 <r> Groned*

Antonius.

- Groned, fo they with ſhipwracks peſtred were,  
And floting bodies left for pleaſing foode  
To birds, and beaſts, and fiſhes of the ſea.*
- 140 *You know it well Agrippa. Ag. Mete it was  
The Romain Empire fo ſhould ruled be,  
As heau'n is rul'd : which turning ouer vs,  
All vnder things by his example turnes.  
Now as of heau'n one onely Lord we know :*
- 145 *One onely Lord ſhould rule this earth below.  
When one ſelf pow're is common made to two,  
Their duties they nor ſuffer will, nor doe.  
In quarrell ſtill, in hate, in feare;  
Meane while the people all the ſmart do beare.*
- 150 *Cæs. Then to the end none, while my daies endure,  
Seeking to raiſe himſelfe may ſuccours finde,  
We muſt with bloud marke this our victorie,  
For iuſt example to all memorie.  
Murther we muſt, vntil not one we leaue,*
- 155 *Which may hereafter vs of reſt bereaue.  
Ag. Marke it with murthers? Who of that can like?  
Cæ. Murthers muſt vſe, who doth aſſurance ſeeke.  
Ag. Aſſurance call you enemies to make?  
Cæ. I make no ſuch, but ſuch away I take.*
- 160 *Ag. Nothing ſo much as rigour doth diſpleaſe.  
Cæ. Nothing ſo much doth make me liue at eaſe.  
Ag. What eaſe to him that feared is of all?  
Cæ. Feared to be, and ſee his foes to fall.  
Ag. Commonly feare doth brede. and nourifh hate.*
- 165 *Cæ. Hate without pow'r, comes commonly too late.  
Ag. A feared Prince hath oft his death deſir'd.  
Cæ. A Prince not fear'd hath oft his wrong conſpir'de.*
- <M 2v> Ag. No

Antonius.

- Ag. *No guard so fure, no forte so strong doth proue,  
No such defence, as is the peoples loue.* (winde,  
170 Cæf. *Nought more vnfare more weak, more like the  
Then Peoples fauour still to change enclinde.  
Ag. Good Gods! what loue to gracious Prince men beare!  
Cæf. What honor to the Prince that is feure!  
Ag. Nought more diuine then is Benignitie.*  
175 Cæf. *Nought likes the Gods as doth Seueritie.  
Ag. Gods all forgiue. Cæ. On faults they paines do laie.  
Ag. And giue their goods. Cæ. Oft times they tak away.  
Ag. They wreake them not, ô Cæsar, at each time  
That by our finnes they are to wrathe prouok'd.*  
180 *Neither must you( beleue, I humblie praie)  
Your victorie with crueltie defile.  
The Gods it gaue, it must not be abus'd,  
But to the good of all men mildly vs'd,  
And they be thank'd: that hauing giu'n you grace*  
185 *To raigne alone, and rule this earthlie masse,  
They may hence-forward hold it still in rest,  
All scattered power vnited in one breft.  
Cæ. But what is he, that breathles comes so fast,  
Approching vs, and going in such haft?*  
190 *Ag. He semes affraid: and vnder his arme I  
(But much I erre) a bloody sword espie.  
Cæs. I long to vnderstand what it may be.  
Ag. He hither comes: it's best we stay and see.  
Dirce. What good God now my voice will reenforce,*  
195 *That tell I may to rocks, and hilles, and woods,  
To waues of sea, which dash vpon the shore,  
To earth, to heau'n, the woefull newes I bring?  
Ag. What sodaine chancethee toward vs hath broght?  
Dir. A lamentable chance. O wrath of heau'ns!*

<M 3r>

0

Antonius.

- 200 *O gods too pittiles! Cæf. What monstrous happ  
Wilt thou recount? Dir. Alas too hard mishapp!  
When I but dreame of what mine eies beheld,  
My hart doth freeze, my limmes do quiuering quake,  
I fenceles stand, my breft with tempeft toft*
- 205 *Killes in my throte my wordes, ere fully borne.  
Dead, dead he is: be fure of what I fay,  
This murdering fword hath made the man away.  
Cæf. Alas my heart doth cleaue, pittie me rackes,  
My breaft doth pant to heare this dolefull tale.*
- 210 *Is Antonie then dead? To death, alas!  
I am the caufe despaire him so compelld.  
But fouldior of his death the manner fhowe,  
And how he did this liuing light forgoe.  
Dir. When Antonie no hope remaining faw*
- 215 *How warre he might, or how agreement make,  
Saw him betraid by all his men of warre  
In euery fight as well by fea, as lande;  
That not content to yeeld them to their foes  
They alfo came againft himfelfe to fight:*
- 220 *Alone in Court he gan himfelf torment,  
Accufe the Queene, himfelfe of hir lament,  
Call'd hir vntrue and traytreffe, as who fought  
To yeld him vp fhe could no more defend:  
That in the harmes which for hir fake he bare,*
- 225 *As in his blisfull state, fhe might not fhare.  
But fhe againe, who much his fury fear'd,  
Gatt to the Tombes, darke horrors dwelling place:  
Made lock the doores, and pull the hearfes downe.  
Then fell fhee wretched, with hir felfe to fight.*
- 230 *A thousand plaints, a thousand fobbes fhe caft  
From hir weake breft which to the bones was torne.*

<M 3v>

*Of*

Antonius.

*Of women hir the most vnhappy call'd,  
Who by hir loue, hir woefull loue, had loft  
Hir realme, hir life, and more the loue of him,  
235 Who while he was, was all hir woes support.  
But that she faultles was she did inuoke  
For witnes heau'n, and aire, and earth, and sea.  
Then sent him worde, she was no more aliue,  
But lay inclosed dead within her Tombe.  
240 This he beleeu'd; and fell to sigh and grone,  
And croft his armes, then thus began to mone.  
Cæs. Poore hopeles man! Dir. What doft thou more attend-  
Ah Antonie! why doft thou death deferre:  
Since Fortune thy professed enimie,  
245 Hath made to die, who only made thee liue?  
Sone as with sighes hee had these words vp clos'd,  
His armor he vnlaste and cast it of,  
Then all difarm'd he thus againe did say:  
My Queene, my heart, the grief that now I feele,  
250 Is not that I your eies, my Sunne, do loose,  
For soone againe one Tombe shall vs conioyne:  
I grieue, whome men so valorouse did deeme,  
Should now, then you, of lesser valor seeme.  
So said, forthwith he Eros to him call'd,  
255 Eros his man; summond him on his faith  
To kill him at his nede. He tooke the sworde,  
And at that instant stab'd therewith his breast,  
And ending life fell dead before his fete.  
O Eros thanks (quoth Antonie) for this  
260 Most noble acte, who pow'les me to kill,  
On thee haft done, what I on mee should doe.  
Of speaking thus he scarce had made an ende,  
And taken vp the bloudie sword from ground,*

<M 4r>

*But*

Antonius.

- 265 *But he his bodie piers'd; and of redd bloud  
A gushing fountaine all the chamber fill'd.  
He stagged at the blow, his face grew pale,  
And on a couche all feeble downe he fell,  
Sounding with anguifh: deadly cold him tooke,  
As if his soule had then his lodging left*
- 270 *But he reuiu'd, and marking all our eies  
Bathed in teares, and how our breafcs we beatt  
For pittie, anguifh, and for bitter grieffe,  
To see him plong'd in extreame wretchednes:  
He prai'd vs all to hafte his lingr'ing death:*
- 275 *But no man willing, each himfelfe withdrew.  
Then fell he new to crie and vexe himfelfe,  
Vntill a man from Cleopatra came,  
Who said from hir he had commaundement  
To bring him to hir to the monument.*
- 280 *The poore soule at these words euen rapt with Ioy  
Knowing fhe liu'd, prai'd vs him to conuey  
Vnto his Ladie. Then vpon our armes  
We bare him to the Tombe, but entred not.  
For fhe, who feared captiue to be made,*
- 285 *And that fhe should to Rome in triumph goe,  
Kept clofe the gate: but from a window high  
Caf downe a corde, wherein he was impactt.  
Then by hir womens helpt the corps fhe rais'd,  
And by strong armes into hir windowe drew.*
- 290 *So pittifull a fight was neuer fene.  
Little and little Antonie was pull'd,  
Now breathing death: his beard was all vnkempt,  
His face and breft al bathed in his bloud.  
So hideous yet, and dieng as he was,*
- 295 *His eies half-clos'd vppon the Queene he cast:*

<M 4v>

Held

Antonius.

*Held vp his hands, and holpe himself to raise,  
But still with weaknes back his bodie fell.  
The miserable ladie with moist eies,  
With haire which careles on hir forehead hong,  
300 With breft which blowes had bloudily benumb'd,  
With stooping head, and body down-ward bent,  
Enlapt hir in the corde, and with all force  
This life-dead man couragiously vprais'de,  
The bloud with paine into hir face did flowe,  
305 Hir sinewes stiff, her selfe did breathles growe.  
The people which beneath in flocks beheld,  
Assisted her with gesture, speech, desire:  
Cri'de and encourag'd her, and in their soules  
Did sweate, and labor, no whit lesse then shee.  
310 Who neuer tir'd in labor, held so long  
Helpt by her women, and hir constant heart,  
That Antonie was drawne into the tombe,  
And ther (I thinke) of dead augments the summe.  
The Cittie all to teares and sighes is turn'd,  
315 To plaints and outcries horrible to heare:  
Men, women, children, hoary-headedage  
Do all pell mell in house and strete lament,  
Scratching their faces, tearing of their haire,  
Wringing their hands, and martyring their brefts.  
320 Extreame their dole: and greater misery  
In sacked townes can hardlie euer be.  
Not if the fire had scal'de the highest towers:  
That all things were of force and murther full;  
That in the streets the bloud in riuers stream'd;  
325 The sonne his fire saw in his bosome flaine,  
The fire his sonne : the husband reft of breath  
In his wiues armes, who furious runnes to death.*

N <1r>

Now

Antonius.

Now my breaft wounded with their piteoufe plaints  
I left their towne, and tooke with me this fworde,  
330 Which I tooke vp at what time Antonie  
Was from his chamber caried to the tombe:  
And brought it you, to make his death more plaine,  
And that thereby my words may credite gaine.  
Cæf. Ah Gods what cruell happ! poore Antonie.  
335 Alas haft thou this fword fo long time borne  
Against thy foe,, that in the ende it fhould  
Of thee his Lord the curfed murthr'er be?  
O Death how I bewaile thee! we( alas! )  
So many warres haue ended, brothers, frends,  
340 Companions, coozens, equalls in eſtate:  
And muſt it now to kill thee be my fate?  
Ag. Why trouble you your ſelfe with bootles grieſe?  
For Antonie why ſpend you teares in vaine?  
Why darken you with dole your victorie?  
345 Me ſeemes your ſelf your glorie do enuie.  
Enter the towne, giue thanks vnto the Gods.  
Cæf. I cannot but his tearefull chaunce lament,  
Although not I, but his owne pride the cauſe,  
And vnchaſte loue of this Aegyptian.  
350 Agr, But beſt we fought into the tombe to gett,  
Left ſhee conſume in this amazed caſe  
So much rich treaſure, with which happely  
Despaire in death may make hir feede the fire:  
Suffring the flames hir Iewells to deface,  
355 You to defraud, hir funerall to grace.  
Sende then to hir, and let ſome meane be vʼd  
With ſome deuife ſo holde hir ſtill aliue,  
Some faire large promiſes: and let them marke  
Whither they may by ſome fine cunning flight  
<N 1v> Enter

Antonius.

360 *Enter the tombes. Cæſar. Let Proculeius goe,  
And fede with hope hir ſoule diſconſolate.  
Affure hir ſo, that we may wholie gett  
Into our hands hir treaſure and her ſelfe.  
For this of all things moſt I doe deſire*  
365 *To kepe her ſafe vntill our going hence:  
That by hir prefence beautified may be  
The glorious triumph Rome prepares for me.*

*Chorus of Romaine  
Souldiors.*

*Shall euer ciuile bate  
gnaw and deuour our ſtate?*  
370 *Shall neuer we this blade,  
Our bloud hath bloudie made,  
Lay downe? theſe armes downe lay  
As robes we weare alway?  
But as from age to age.*  
375 *So paſſe from rage to rage?  
Our hands ſhall we not reſt  
To bath in our owne breſt?  
And ſhall thicke in each land  
Our wretched trophees ſtand,*  
380 *To tell poſteritie,  
What madd Impietie  
Our ſtonie ſtomacks ledd  
Againſt the place vs bredd?  
Then ſtill muſt heauen view*  
385 *The plagues that vs purſue.  
And euery wher deſcrie  
Heaps of vs ſcattred lie,*

*N 2<r>*

*Ma-*



Antonius.

420 *And rust the sword confume,  
And spoild of wauing plume,  
The vfeles morion shall  
On crooke hang by the wall.  
At least if warre returne  
It shall not here fojourne,  
To kill vs with those armes*  
425 *Were forg'dfor others harmes:  
But haue their pointes addrest,  
Against the Germains breft,  
The Parthians fayned flight,  
The Biscaines martiall might.*  
430 *Olde Memorie doth there  
Painted on forehead weare  
Our Fathers praife : thence torne  
Our triumphes baies haue worne :*  
435 *Therby our matchles Rome  
Whilome of Shepeheards come  
Rais'd to this greatnes stands,  
The Queene of forraine lands.  
Which now euen seemes to face  
The heau'ns,her glories place:*  
440 *Nought resting vnder Skies  
That dares affront her eies.  
So that she needes but feare  
The weapons loue doth beare,  
Who angry at one blowe*  
445 *May her quite ouerthrowe.*

N 3<r>

Act.

Antonius.

Act. 5.

Cleopatra. Euphron. Children of Cleopatra.  
Charmion. Eras.

Cleop.

*O cruell Fortune! ô accursed lott!  
O plaguy loue! ô most detefted brand!  
O wretched ioyes! ô beauties miferable!  
O deadly ftate! ô deadly roialtie!  
5 O hatefull life! ô Queene moft lamentable!  
O Antonie by my faulte buriable!  
O hellifh worke of heau'n! alas! the wrath  
Of all the Gods at once on vs is falne.  
Vnhappie Queene ! ô would I in this world  
10 The wandring light of day had neuer fene?  
Alas ! of mine the plague and poifon I  
The crowne haue loft my anceftors me left,  
This Realme I haue to strangers fubiect made,  
And robd my children of their heritage.  
15 Yet this is nought(alas! ) vnto the price  
Of you deare husband, whome my fnares entrap'd:  
Of you, whome I haue plagu'd,whom I haue made  
With bloudie hand a gueft of mouldie Tombe :  
Of you, whome I deftroid, of you, deare Lord,  
20 Whome I of Empire,honor,life haue spoil'd.  
O hurtfull woman ! and can I yet liue,  
Yet longer liue in this Ghoft-haunted tombe?  
Can I yet breathe! can yet in such annoy,  
Yet can my Soule within this bodie dwell?*

<N 3v>

0

Antonius.

- 25 *O Sifters you that spinne the thredes of death!*  
*O Styx! ô Plegethon! you brookes of hell!*  
*O impes of Night! Euph. Liue for your childrens fake :*  
*Let not your death of kingdome them depriue.*  
*Alas what shall they do? who will haue care?*
- 30 *Who will preferue this royall race of yours?*  
*Who pittie take ? euen now me feemes I see*  
*Thefe little soules to feruile bondage falne,*  
*And borne in triumph. Cl. Ah most miferable!*  
*Euph. Their tender armes with cursed cord fast bound*
- 35 *At their weake backs. Cl. Ah Gods what pittie more!*  
*Euph. Their feelie necks to ground with weakneffe bend.*  
*Cl. Neuer on vs, good Gods, fuch mischiefe fend.*  
*Euph. And pointed at with fingers as they go.*  
*Cl. Rather a thousand deaths. Euph. Lastly his knife*
- 40 *Some cruell caytiue in their bloud embrue.*  
*Cl. Ah my heart breaks. By shadie bankes of hell,*  
*By fieldes whereon the lonely Ghosts do treade,*  
*By my soule, and the soule of Antonie*  
*I you befeche, Euphron, of them haue care.*
- 45 *Be their good Father, let your wifedome lett*  
*That they fall not into this Tyrants handes.*  
*Rather conduct them where their freezed locks*  
*Black Æthiopes to neighbour Sunne do shewe;*  
*On wauie Ocean at the waters will;*
- 50 *On barraine cliffes of snowie Caucasus;*  
*To Tiger fwift, to Lions, and to Beares;*  
*And rather, rather vnto euery coaste,*  
*To eu'ry land and sea: for nought I feare*  
*As rage of him, whose thirst no bloud can quench.*
- 55 *Adieu deare children, children deare adieu:*

<N 4r>

Good

Antonius.

*Good Iſis you to place of ſafetie guide,  
Farre from our faces, where you your liues may leade  
In free eſtate deuoid of ſeruile dread.*

*Remember not, my children, you were borne*

60 *Of ſuch a Princelie race: remember not  
So many braue Kings which haue Egipt rul'de  
In right deſcent your anceftors haue beene :  
That this great Antonie your Father was,  
Hercules bloud, and more then he in praife.*

65 *For your high courage ſuch remembrance will,  
Seing your fall with burning rages fill.*

*Who knowes if that your hands falſe Deſtinie  
The Scepters promis'd of imperiouſe Rome,  
In ſtede of theme ſhall crooked ſhepehookes beare,  
70 Needles or forkes, or guide the carte, or plough?  
Ah learne t'endure : your birth and high eſtate  
Forget, my babes, and bend to force of fate.*

*Farwell, my babes, farwell, my heart is clos'de,  
With pitie and paine, my ſelf with death enclos'de,*

75 *My breath doth faile. Farwell for euermore,  
Your Sire and me you ſhall ſee neuer more.  
Farwell ſweet care, farwell. Chil. Madame Adieu.  
Cl. Ah this voice killes me. Ah good Gods ! I ſwounde.  
I can no more, I die. Eras. Madame, alas !*

80 *And will you yeld to woe? Ah ſpeake to vs. (chaunce.  
Eup. Come children. Chil. We come. Eup. Follow we our  
The Gods ſhall guide vs. Char. O too cruell lott!  
O too hard chaunce ! Sifter what ſhall we do,  
What ſhall we do, alas ! if murthering darte*

85 *Of death arriue while that in ſlumbering ſwound  
Half dead ſhe lie with anguiſh ouergone?*

<N 4v>

Er.

Antonius.

- Er. *Her face is frozen. Ch. Madame for Gods loue  
Leaue vs not thus : bidd vs yet firft farwell.  
Alas ! wepe ouer Antonie : Let not*
- 90 *His bodie be without due rites entomb'de. (fhe is?  
Cl.Ah,ah. Char.Madame. Cle.Ay me ! Cl.How fainte  
Cl.My Sifters,holde me vp. How wretched I,  
How curfed am ! and was there euer one  
By Fortunes hate into more dolours throwne?*
- 95 *Ah, weeping Niobe,although thy hart  
Beholdes it felfe enwrap'd in caufe full woe  
For thy dead children,that a fenceleffe rocke  
With grieffe become, on Sipylus thou stand'ft  
In endles teares : yet didft thou neuer feele*
- 100 *The weights of grieffe that on my heart do lie.  
Thy Children thou,mine I poore soule haue loft,  
And loft their Father,more then them I waile,  
Loft this faire realme; yet me the heauens wrathe  
Into a Stone not yet tranfformed hath.*
- 105 *Phaetons sifters, daughters of the Sunne,  
Which waile your brother falne into the streames  
Of stately Po : the Gods vpon the bankes  
Your bodies to banke-louing Alders turn'd.  
For me, I figh, I ceafles wepe, and waile,*
- 110 *And heauen pittiles laughes at my woe,  
Reuiues,renewes it ftill : and in the ende  
(Oh crueltie ! ) doth death for comfort lend.  
Die Cleopatra then,no longer ftay  
From Antonie,who thee at Styx attends :*
- 115 *Goe ioine thy Ghoft with his,and fobbe no more  
Without his loue within thefe tombes enclos'd.  
Eras. Alas ! yet let vs wepe,left fodaine death*

O.<1r>

From

Antonius.

- From him our teares, and those laft duties take  
Vnto his tombe we owe. Ch. Ah let vs wepe*
- 120 *While moifture lafts, then die before his feete.  
Cl. who furnifh will mine eies with ftreaming teares  
My boiling anguifh worthily to waile,  
Waile thee Antonie, Antonie my heart?  
Alas, how much I weeping liquor want !*
- 125 *Yet haue mine eies quite drawne their Condit drie  
By long beweeeping my difaftred harmes.  
Now reason is that from my fide they fucke  
Firft vitall moifture, then the vitall bloud.  
Then let the bloud from my sad eies out flowe,*
- 130 *And fmoking yet with thine inmixture growe.  
Moift it, and heate it newe, and neuer stopp,  
All watring thee, while yet remains one dropp.  
Cha. Antonie take our teares : this is the laft  
Of all the duties we to thee can yelde,*
- 135 *Before we die. Er. Thefe facred obfequies  
Take Antonie, and take them in good parte.  
Cl. O Goddeffe thou whom Cyprus doth adore,  
Venus of Paphos, bent to worke vs harme  
For olde Iulus broode, if thou take care*
- 140 *Of Cæfar, why of vs tak'ft thou no care?  
Antonie did defcend, as well as he,  
From thine owne Sonne by long enchained line :  
And might haue rul'd by one and felf fame fate,  
True Troian bloud, the ftatlie Romain ftate.*
- 145 *Antonie, poore Antonie, my deare foule,  
Now but a blocke, the bootie of a tombe,  
Thy life, thy heate is loft, thy coullor gone,  
And hideous palenes on thy face hath feaz'd.*

<O 1v>

Thy

Antonius.

- 150 *Thy eies, two Sunnes, the lodging place of loue,  
Which yet for tents to warlike Mars did serue,  
Lock'd vp in lidds (as faire daies cherefull light  
Which darkeneffe flies) do winking hide in night.*
- 155 *Antonie by our true loues I thee befeche,  
And by our hearts fwete sparks haue jett on fire,  
Our holy mariage, and the tender ruthe  
Of our deare babes, knot of our amitie:  
My dolefull voice thy eare let entertaine,  
And take me with thee to the hellish plaine,  
Thy wife, thy frend: heare Antonie, ô heare*
- 160 *My sobbing sighes, if here thou be, or there.  
Liued thus long, the winged race of yeares  
Ended I haue as Destinie decreed,  
Flourish'd and raign'd, and taken iuft reuenge  
Of him who me both hated and despisde.*
- 165 *Happie, alas too happie! if of Rome  
Only the fleete had hither neuer come.  
And now of me an Image great shall goe  
Vnder the earth to bury there my woe.  
What say I? where am I? ô Cleopatra,*
- 170 *Poore Cleopatra, grieue thy reafon reaues.  
No, no, moft happie in this happles cafe,  
To die with thee, and dieng thee embrace:  
My bodie ioynde with thine, my mouth with thine,  
My mouth, whose moifture burning sighes haue dried*
- 175 *To be in one selfe tombe, and one selfe cheft,  
And wrapt with thee in one selfe sheete to rest.  
The sharpest torment in my heart I feele  
Is that I stay from thee, my heart, this while.  
Die will I ftraight now, now streight will I die,*
- 180 *And streight with thee a wandring shade will be,*
- <O 2r>
- Vnder

Antonius.

- Vnder the Cypres trees thou haunt'ft alone,  
Where brookes of hell do falling feeme to mone.  
But yet I stay, and yet thee ouerliue,  
That ere I die due rites I may thee giue.*
- 185     *A thousand jobbes I from my breft will teare,  
With thousand plaints thy funeralls adorne:  
My haire fhall ferue for thy oblations,  
My boiling teares for thy effufions,  
Mine eies thy fire: for out of them the flame*
- 190     *(Which burnt thy heart on me enamour'd) came.  
Wepe my companions, wepe, and from your eies  
Raine downe on him of teares a briniſh ſtreame.  
Mine can no more, confumed by the coales  
Which from my breaft, as from a funace, riſe.*
- 195     *Martir your breafte with multiplied blowes,  
With violent hands teare of your hanging haire,  
Outrage your face: alas! why ſhould we ſeeke  
(Since now we die) our beawties more to kepe?  
I ſpent in teares, not able more to ſpende,*
- 200     *But kiſſe him now, what reſts me more to doe?  
Then lett me kiſſe you, you faire eies, my light,  
Front ſeate of honor, face moſt fierce, moſt faire!  
O neck, ô armes, ô hands, ô breast where death  
(Oh miſchieſ) comes to choake vp vitall breath.*
- 205     *A thouſnd kiſſes, thouſand thouſand more  
Let you my mouth for honors farewell giue:  
That in this office weake my limmes may growe,  
Fainting on you, and fourth my ſoule may flowe.*

At Ramsburie. 26. of Nouember.

1 5 9 0.

<0 2v>