

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,
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[Ornament]

The Argument

A
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 25
 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-
 us, (who for knitting a straiter bonde of amitie betweene
 them, had taken to wife Octauia the sîster of Cæsar)
 Antonius undertooke a iourney against the Parthians,
 with intent to regaine on them the honor wonne by them
 from the Romans, at the discomfiture and slaughter of
 Crassus. 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,
 which a great Prince and voluptuous Louer could to the
 uttermost desire. Whereupon omitting his enterprize, he
 made his returne to Alexandria, againe falling to his for-
 mer loues, without any regard of his vertuous wife Octa-
 uia, by whom neuertheles he had excellent Children. This
 occasion Octavius tooke of taking armes against him:
 and preparing a mighty fleet, encountred him at Actium,
 who also had assembled 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
 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 victorie

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
iealouse and to suspect Cleopatra. She thereupon enclosed
35 her felfe 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 } Cleopatras women.
Charmion.
Philoftratus a Philosopher.
Lucilius.
Diomede 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 obſtinate,
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 iealouſie)
For loue of her, in her allurements caught
Abandon'd life, I honor haue deſpiſde,
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 ſlaue become vnto her feeble face.
O cruell, traitres, woman moſt vnkinde,
Thou doſt, forſworne, my loue and life betraie:
And giv'ſt me vp to ragefull enemye,*
- 20 *Which ſoone (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 ſeruile 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 ſiſters 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 ſides 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 Snakie haies 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 bloud,*
- 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 yeelded 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 Aegipts 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 Goddeſſe 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
(Wandring in thee) infect thy tainted hart.
Her abſence thee beſottens : 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 grieve extreamest grief,
Which is yet of mischief highest mischief,*
- 130 *It's Cleopatra alas ! alas, it's she,
It's she augments the torment of thy paine,
Betraines 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 tempest still
Makes not Sea waters fome:
Nor still the Northern blast
Disquiets quiet streames:
150 Nor who his cheft to fill
Sayles to the morning beames,
On waves winde toffeth fast
Still kepes his Ship from home.
Nor loue still downe doth caft
155 Inflam'd with bloudie ire
On man, on tree, on hill,
His darts of thundring fire :
Nor still the heat doth last
On face of parched plaine :
160 Nor wrinkled colde doth still
On frozen furrowes raigne.
But still as long as we
In this low world remaine,
Mishapps our dayly mates
165 Our liues do entertaine:
And woes which beare no dates
Still pearch vpon our heads,
None go, but streight will be
Some greater in their Steads.*

<F 4v>

Nature

Antonius.

170 *Nature made vs not free*
When first 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 shunne them go we should,
To Scythes and Massagetes
Who neare the Pole reside :
In vaine to boiling fandes
190 *Which Phæbus battry beates,*
For with vs still they would
Cut seas and compasse 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 shadow light
The body to ensue :
Then wretchednes alwaies

G.<1 r>

Vs

Antonius.

200 *Vs wretches to purfue.*
O bleft who never breath'd,
Or whome with pittie mou'de,
Death from his cradle reau'de,
And fwadled in his graue:
205 *And bleffed alfo he*
) As curfe may blefsing haue)
Who low and living free
No princes charge hath prou'de.
By stealing facred fire
210 *Prometheus then vnwife,*
Prouoking Gods to ire,
The heape of ill did fturre,
And ficknes pale and colde
Our ende which onward fpurre,
215 *To plague our hands too bolde*
To filch the wealth of Skies.
In heauens hate fince then
Of ill with ill enchain'd
We race of mortall men
220 *Full fraught our breafts haue borne*
And thoufand thoufand woes
Our heau'nly foules now thorne,
Which free before from thofe
No earthly paffion pain'd.
225 *Warre and warres bitter cheare*
Now long time with vs ftaie,
And feare of hated foe
Still still encreafeth fore :
Our harmes worse dayly growe,
230 *Leffe yefterday they were*
<G 1v> Then

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 ?
Haft thou the Gods so angred by thy fault?
Haft 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 Giances 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 bloudy Atreus,
Whose curfed banquet for Thyestes plague*
15 *Made the beholding Sunne for horror 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 ceafles plaints
With teares and sighes make mournfull sacrifice
On Isis altars : not our felues 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 vicer 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 tempests 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 starry Sphæres :
Which fhould haue mou'd vs, had not destinie
With too strong hand warped our miserie.*
- 65 *The Comets flaming through the scat' red clouds
With fiery beames, most like vnbroaded haire :
The fearefull dragon whistling at the bankes,
And holie Apis ceafeles bellowing
(As neuer erst) and shedding endles teares:*
- 70 *Bloud raining downe from heav'n in unknown showers:
Our Gods darke faces ouercaft with woe,
And dead mens Ghosts appearing in the night.
Yea euen this night while all the Cittie stooode
Opprest with terror, horror, seruile feare,*
- 75 *Deepe silence ouer all : the sounds were heard
Of diuerse fongs, and diuers instruments,
Within the voide of aire : and howling noife,
Such as madde Bacchus priests in Bacchus feasts,
On Nifa make : and (seem'd) the company,*
- 80 *Our Cittie loft, went to theemie.
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 ouercome.*

G 3<r>

Chorus

Antonius.

Chorus.

85 *Lament we our mishaps,*
 Drowne we with teares our woe :
 For Lamentable happes
 Lamented easie growe:
 90 *And much lesse torment bring*
 Then when they first did spring.
 We want that wofull song,
 Wherwith wood-musiques Queen
 Doth ease her woes, among,
 fresh springtimes bushes greene,
 95 *On pleasant branche alone*
 Renewing auntient 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 most 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 shewe*
 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 foule, 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, loofe?
 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 griefe! Eras why with continuall cries
Your grieffull harmes doo you exasperate?
Torment your felfe with murdering complaints;
Straine your weake breaft fo oft, fo vehemently?*
- 185 *Water with teares this faire alablaster?
With forrowes fting fo many beauties wound?
Come of fo many Kings want you the hart
Brauely, stoutly, this tempeft to refift?
Cl. My eu'lls are wholly vnſupportable,*
- 190 *No humain force can them withstand, bnt death.
Eras. To him that ſtriues nought is impoſſible.
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 caſe.*
- 195 *My face hath fo entrap'd, fo caſt vs downe,
That for his conqueſt Cæſar may it thanke,
Caufing that Antony one army loſt
The other wholly did to Cæſar yeld.
For not induring (fo his amourouſe ſprite*
- 200 *Was with my beautie fir'd) my ſhamefull flight,*
H.<1 r> Soone

Antonius.

- Soone as he saw from ranke wherein he stoode
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 Germans,back-shooting Parthians,*
225 *Wandering Numidians, Brittons farre remoou'd,
And tawny nations scorched with the Sunne.
But I car'd not : so was my soule possesse,
(To my great harme) with burning ielousie :
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 feelee,
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, humane prouidence,
Holie deuotion, noble bloud preuailes:
And loue 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

Antonijs.

*How many times did force and fury swell
In Hector's veins 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 carcases.
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 odious.
275 They haue to euery 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 distressed 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
Antonie's 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 raife.
295 With-draw you from the storme: persift 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 moift 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, Leaue in deepe distres.
I am with thee, be it thy worthy soule
Lodge in thy breft, or from that lodging parte
305 Croffing 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 enuironned?
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 natieue land,*

<H 3v>

Your

Antonius.

- Your children, frends, and (which is more) your life,
With fo strong charmes doth loue bewitch our witts:
So fast in vs this fire once kindled flames.
Yet if his harme by yours redrefse might haue,*
- 360 *Cl. With mine it may be clofde in darksome graue.
Ch. And that, as Alceft to her felfe 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 muft 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 fream's*
- 375 *Of depe Enipeus: frame the graffie plaine,
Which lodg'd his campe at fieve 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 fhare,*
- 385 *And ouerliue him dead: deeming enough
To fhed fome teares vpon a widdowe tombe?*

<H 4r>

The

Antonius.

The after-liuers iustly might report
 That I him onlie for his empire lou'd,
 And high ft ate: and that in hard estate
 390 I for another did him lewdlie leaue?
 Like to those birds wafted with wandring wings
 From foraine lands in spring-time here arriue:
 And liue with vs so long as Somers heate,
 And their fooode lasts, then seke another soile.
 395 And as we see with ceaflesse fluttering
 Flocking of feelly flies a brownish cloud
 To vintag'd wine yet working in the tonne:
 Not parting thence while they swete liquor taste:
 After, as smoke, all vanish in the aire,
 400 And of the swarme not one so much appeare.
 Eras. By this sharp death what profit can you winne?
 Cl. I neither gaine nor profit seke therein.
 Er. What praise shal you of after-ages gett?
 Cl. Nor praise, nor glory in my cares are sett.
 405 Er. What other end ought you respect, then this?
 Cl. My only end my onely duty is.
 Er. your dutie must vpon some good be founded.
 Cl. On vertue it, the onlie good, is grounded.
 Er. What is that vertue? Cl. That which vs befeemes.
 410 Er. Outrage our selues? who that befeeming deemes?
 Cl. Finish I will my sorowes dieng thus.
 Er. Minish you will your glories doing thus-
 Cl. Good friends I pray you seeke not to reuoke
 My fix'd intent offollowing Antonie.
 415 I will die. I will die: must not his life,
 His life and death by mine be folowed?
 Meane while, deare sisters, liue: and while you liue,
 <H 4v> Doe

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 see at once you dead, and vs aliue?
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 suspect
Hath causeleffe 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'increase of dead the numberleffe.
Go then, and if as yet he me bewaile,
If yet for me his heart one sigh fourth breathe*

I <1r>

Bleft

Antonius.

450 *Bleft fhall I be: and farre with more content
Depart this world, where fo I me torment.
Meane feafon 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 fee from loue fuch hatefull frutes to fpring?
And is't not pittie that this firebrand fo
Laies waste the trophes of Philippi fieldes?
Where are thofe fwete allurements, thofe 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 thofe eies?
And that fwete voice all Afia vnderftoode,
And funburnt Africke wide in deferts fpred?
465 Is their force dead? haue they no further power?
Can not by them Octavius be fupriz'd?
Alas! if loue in middft of all his ire,
With thunderbolt in hand fome 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 fmoke should turne,
And other fire within his breft should burne.
Nought liues fo faire. Nature by fuch a worke
Her felfe, fould feme, in workmanfhip hath pafte.
475 She is all heau'nlie: neuer any man
But feeing hir was rauifh'd with her fight.*

<I 1v>

The

Antonius.

*The Allablafter 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 conforte,
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.

*O sweete fertile land, wherein
Phæbus did with breth inspire
Man who men did first begin,
510 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 prizon pence,
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.
530 Wandring Prince of riuers thou,
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.

355 *Reuerence thou must the name,
 Whome all other riuers dread,
 For his children swolne in pride,
 Who by conquest seeke to treade
 540 Now thou must begin to sende
 Tribute of thy watrie store,
 As Sea pathes thy stepps shall bende,
 Yearely presents more and more.
 545 Thy fatt skumme,our fruitfull corne,
 Pill'd from hence with theeuiſh hands
 All vncloth'd shall leaue our lands
 Into foraine Countrie borne.
 Which puft vp with such a pray
 Shall thereby the praise adorne
 550 Of that scepter Rome doth sway.
 Nought thee helps thy hornes to hide
 Farre from hence in vnknown grounds,
 Thay thy waters wander wide,
 Yearely breaking banks,and bounds.
 555 And that thy Skie-coullor'd brookes
 Through a hundred people passe,
 Drawing plots for trees and grasse
 With a thousand turn's and crookes.
 Whome all weary of their way
 560 Thy throats which in wideneſſe passe
 Powre into their Mother Sea.
 Nought so happie hapleſſe life
 " In this worlde as freedome findes:
 " Nought wherin mor sparkes are rife
 565 " To inflame couragious mindes.*

But

Antonius.

"But if force must vs enforce"

"Nedes a yoke to vndergoe,

"Vnder foraine yoke to goe

"Still it proues a bondage worse.

570 *"And doubled subiection*

"See we shall, and feele, and knowe

"Subject to a stranger growne.

From hence forward for a King,

whose first being from this place

575 *Should his breſt by nature bring*

Care of Countrie to embrace,

We at furly face must quake

Of some Romaine madly bent:

Who, our terrour to augment,

His Proconsuls axe will shake.

Driving with our Kings from hence

Our establish'd government,

Iuftice fword, and Lawes defence.

Nothing worldly of such might

585 *But more mightie Destinie,*

By swift Times vnbridled fl

Makes in ende his ende to see.

Euery thing Time ouerthrowe

Nought to end doth steadfast staie :

590 *His great fithe mowes all away*

As the stalke of tender rose.

Onely Immortalitie

Of the Heav'ns doth it oppose

Gainst his powrefull Deitie.

595 *One daie there will come a daie*

Which shall quaile thy fortunes flower,

 $\langle I \ 3\nu \rangle$

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,
Those guilt roofes which turretwife,
605 luftly making Enuie mourne,
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 so 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 so 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 first 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 ground.
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 inflam'd with greatnes, euer more
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.

Both by her fraud: my well appointed fleet,
655 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 close 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 cost and prodigall expence
Shew'd when she did your birth day celebrate,
670 Do plaine enough her heart vnfaigned 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.
Extreame my harme : yet sweeter to my fence
Then boiling Torch of iealousie 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 drougt 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 bloud, by their deaths witneſſing
715 My force and skill in matters Martiall.
To wreake thy vnkle, vnkinde Cæſar, I
With bloud 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 thoufand thoufand 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'ed 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 ftate to ftiae.
Wherfore we ought as borrow'd things receiue
The goods light fhe lends vs to pay againe :*

K 2<r>

Not

Antonius.

- 750 *Not holde them fure,nor on them build our hopes
As on fuch 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 fome comfort borne :*
760 *But thefe, ay me ! whose weights opprefse my hart,
Too heauie lie,no hope can them relieue.
There refits 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,
Alid 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 breasts:
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 ioyne
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 flaine your brother Lucius,
Nor shortned hath the age of Lepidus,
Albeit both into his hands were falne,
And he with wrath against them both inflam'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 felfe accufe,*
Fortune in this her spitefull force doth vse
'Gainst my gray hayres: in this unhappie I
Repine at heau'ns in my happes pittiles.
A man, a woman both in might and minde,
825 *In Marfes fchole 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 prowefse crowned haue my praife
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 praife haue you not enignes spredd?
An. Thou know'ft rich Ægipt (Ægipt of my deeds
Faire and foule fubiect) 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 fhewing 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, affaults,
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 lost 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 noyse 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 baits 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 practise else*
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 curse within my griued soule,
Lamenting daie and night, this fencelasse loue,
Whereby my faire enticing 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 fo 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, vnwife I drunke my fill,
And through the sweteness of that poisons power
925 *By stepps I draue my former wits astray.*
I made my friends, 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 suddenly 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 fcepters from their hands,
Thence forward to be by fome straunger borne:
While that their people charg'd with heauie loades
Their flatt'ers pill, and fuck 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 againft himfelfe conspirde.
Then equall Iuftice wandreth banifhed,*
- 955 *And in hir feat fitts greedie Tyrannie.
Confus'd diforder troubleth alleftates,
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 fide
Enter at eafe, and make them Lords of all.
The hurtfull workes of pleasure here behold.
An. The wolfe is not fo 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'Affirian kinge,
On whome that Monfter woefull wrack did bring.
An. Ther nedes no prooffe, but by vnhappie I,
Who loft my empire, honor, life therby.*
- 970 *Lu. Yet hath this ill fo much the greater force,
As fcarcelie anie do againft it stand:
No, not the Demy-gods the olde world knew,
Who all fubdu'de, could Pleasures power fubdue.*
- <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, vanquishd Achelous,
Who heauens weight on his strong shoulders bar e:
980 *Did he not vnder Pleasures burthen bow?*
Did he not Captiue to this passion yelde,
When by his Captiue, so he was inflam'de,
As now your felfe in Cleopatra burne?
Slept in hir lapp, hir bosome kift and kifte,
985 *With base vnfemeliē seruice bought her loue,*
Spinning at distaffe, and with sinewy hand
Winding on spindles threde, in maides attire?
His conqu'ring clubbe at rest on wal did hang:
His bow vnstringd he bent not as he vs'de:
990 *Vpon his shafts the weauing spiders spunne:*
And his hard cloake the fretting mothes did pierce.
The monsters 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 mistresse plaie.*
An. In onlelie this like Hercules am I,
In this I proue me of his lignage right:
In this himfelfe, his deedes I shew in this,
In this, nought else, 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 shame of time abus'd,
1005 *I muft adorne the wanton loues I vs'de,*

L 3<r>

With

Antonius.

*With some couragious 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 grieve my grieve more eager growes.*

Chorus.

1015 *Alas,with what tormenting fire
Vs martireth this blind desire
To staie our life from flieng!
How ceaseleslie 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 vnclofe
The doore, whereby from curelesse woes
Our wearie soule out goeth.*

1025 *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,
What help haue we more easing?*

1030 *Hope which to vs doth comfort giue,
And doth our fainting harts reuiue,
Hath not such force in anguish:*

<L 2v>

For

Antonius.

1035 *For promising a vaine reliefe*
 She oft vs failes in midft of grieve,
 And helpes letts vs languish.
 But Death who call on her at nede
 Doth neuer with vaine semblant feed,
 1040 *But when them sorow paineth,*
 Soriddes their foules of all distresse
 Whofe heauie weight did them oppresse,
 That not one grieve remaineth.
 Who feareles and with courage bolde
 1045 *Can Acherons black face beholde,*
 Which muddie water beareth :
 And croßing ouer, in the way
 Is not amaz'd at Perruque gray
 Olde rustie Charon weareth:
 1050 *Who voide of dread can looke vpon*
 The dreadfull fhades that rome alone,
 On bankes where found no voices:
 Whome with hir fire-brands and her Snakes
 No whit afraide Alecto makes,
 1055 *Nor triple-barking noyses:*
 Who freely can himfelfe difpofe
 Of that laft hower which all muft clofe,
 And leaue this life at pleasure :
 This noble freedome more esteemes,
 1060 *And in his hart more precious deemes,*
 Then crowne and kingly treafure.
 The waues which Boreas blafts turmoile
 And caufe with foaming furie boile,
 Make not his heart to tremble:
 1065 *Nor brutifh broile,when with ftrong head*

<L 3r> Arebell

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 Ioue 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 fome great Cittie put to fack
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 curelefse griefes that vexes him ftill
For feare and faintnes falleth?
O Antonie with thy deare mate
Both in miſfortunes 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 prifon hideth :
1105 Where great Pfammetiques ghoft doth reft,
Not with infernall paine poffest,
But in fweete fields detained:
And olde Amafis foule likewife,
And all our famous Ptolemies
That whilome on vs rained.*

Act. 4

Cæsar. Agrippa. Dircetus.
the Meffenger.

Cæsar.

5 *You euer-liuing Gods which all things holde
Within the power of your celestiall hands,
By whome heate,colde,the thunder,and the winde,
The properties of enterchaunging mon'ths
Their courfe and being haue; which do fet downe
Of Empires by your destinied decree
The force,age,time,and fubiect to no chaunge
Chaunge all, referuing nothing in one ftate :
You haue aduaunst,as high as thundring heau'n
10 The Romains greatnes by Bellonas might :
Maiftring 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 fett vpon the azur'd waues*

<L 4v>

A thou-

Antoni^{us}.

- A thousand and a thousand Shipps, which fill'd
With Souldiours, pikes, with targets, arrowes, darts,
45 Made Neptune quake, and all the wat'rie 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 assay.
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 treafon 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 Artabafus 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 fhould 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 Egypt 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 disaraided.
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 grones 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 pleafing foode
To birds, and beafts, and fifhes of the fea.*
- 140 *You know it well Agrippa. Ag. Mete it was
The Romain Empire fo fould 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 fould rule this earth below.
When one felf pow're is common made to two,
Their duties they nor fuffer will, nor doe.
In quarrell ftill, in hate, in feare;
Meane while the people all the fmart do beare.*
- 150 *Cæs. Then to the end none, while my daies endure,
Seeking to raife himfelfe may fuccours finde,
We muft with bloud marke this our victorie,
For iuft example to all memorie.
Murther we muft, vntil not one we leaue,*
- 155 *Which may hereafter vs of reft bereaue.
Ag. Marke it with murthers? Who of that can like?
Cæ. Murthers muft vfe, who doth affurance feeke.
Ag. Affurance call you enemies to make?
Cæ. I make no fuch, but fuch away I take.*
- 160 *Ag. Nothing fo much as rigour doth difpleafe.
Cæ. Nothing fo much doth make me liue at eafe.
Ag. What eafe to him that feared is of all?
Cæ. Feared to be, and fee 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 defir'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 encline.*
Ag. *Good Gods! what loue to gracious Prince men beare!*
Cæf. *What honor to the Prince that is feuer!*
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 Cæfar, 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 brest.*
Cæ. *But what is he, that breathles comes so fast,
Approching vs, and going in such haft?*
190 Ag. *He femes 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 towar ds vs hath broght?*
Dir. *A lamentable chance. O wrath of heau'ns!*

<M 3r>

0

Antonius.

- 200 *O gods too pittiles! Cæſ. 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 breſt with tempeſt toſt*
205 *Killes in my throte my wordes, ere fully borne.
Dead, dead he is: be ſure of what I ſay,
This murdering ſword hath made the man away.
Cæſ. Alas my heart doth cleaue, pittie me rackes,
My breſt doth pant to heare this dolefull tale.*
210 *Is Antonie then dead? To death, alas!
I am the cauſe deſpaire him ſo compelld.
But ſouldior of his death the manner ſhowe,
And how he did this liuing light forgoe.
Dir. When Antonie no hope remaining ſaw*
215 *How warre he might, or how agreement make,
Saw him betraid by all his men of warre
In euery fight as well by ſea, as lande;
That not content to yeeld them to their foes
They alſo came againſt himſelfe to fight:*
220 *Alone in Court he gan himſelf torment,
Accuſe the Queene, himſelfe of hir lament,
Call'd hir vntrue and traytreſſe, as who fought
To yeld him vp ſhe could no more defend:
That in the harmes which for hir ſake he bare,*
225 *As in his blisfull ſtate, ſhe might not ſhare.
But ſhe againe, who much his fury fear'd,
Gatt to the Tombes, darke horrors dwelling place:
Made lock the doores, and pull the hearſes downe.
Then fell ſhee wretched, with hir ſelfe to fight.*
230 *A thouſand plaints, a thouſand ſobbes ſhe caſt
From hir weake breſt which to the bones was torne.*

<M 3v>

Of

Antonius.

*Of women hir the most vnhappie 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 doſt thou more attend-
Ah Antonie! why doſt 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 diſarm'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 thankes (quoth Antonie) for this
260 Moſt noble acte, who pow'rles me to kill,
On thee haſt 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 foule had then his lodging left
270 *But he reuiu'd, and marking all our eies*
Bathed in teares, and how our breafes we beatt
For pittie, anguifh, and for bitter grieve,
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 foule at thefe 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 fould to Rome in triumph goe,*
Kept clofe the gate: but from a window high
Caft 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 caft:*

<M 4v>

Held

Antonius.

*Held vp his hands, and holpe himself to raife,
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,
Enlaft 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 finewes stiff, her felfe did breathles growe.
The people which beneath in flocks beheld,
Affifted her with gesture, speech, desire:
Cri'de and encourag'd her, and in their foules
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-headed age
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 breaſt wounded with their piteouſe plaints
I left their towne, and tooke with me this ſworde,
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.
Cæſ. Ah Gods what cruell happ! poore Antonie.
335 Alas haſt thou this ſword ſo long time borne
Againſt thy foe,, that in the ende it ſhould
Of thee his Lord the curſed murthr'er be?
O Death how I bewaile thee! we(alas!)
So many warres haue ended, brothers, friends,
340 Companions, coozens, equalls in eſtate:
And muſt it now to kill thee be my fate?
Ag. Why trouble you your ſelfe with bootles grieve?
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.
Cæſ. 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 lewells to deface,
355 You to defraud, hir funerall to grace.
Sende then to hir, and let ſome meane be vſ'd
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 foule difconſolate.
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.

Making the stranger plaines
 Fatt with our bleeding raines,
 Proud that on them their graue
 390 So many legions haue.
 And with our fleshes still
 Neptune his fishes fill
 And dronke with bloud from blue
 The sea take blushing hue:
 395 As iuice of Tyrian shell,
 When clarified well
 To wolfe of finest fields
 A purple glosse it yelds.
 But since the rule of Rome,
 400 To one mans hand is come,
 Hir now vnited state,
 Late iointlie rulde by three
 Enuieng mutuallie,
 Whose triple yoke much woe
 405 On Latines necks did throwe:
 I hope the cause of iarre,
 And of this bloudie warre,
 And deadly discord gone
 By what we last haue done:
 410 Our banks shall cherish now
 The branchie pale-hew'd bow
 Of Oliue, Pallas praise,
 In stede of barraine bayes.
 And that his temple dore,
 415 Which bloudie Mars before
 Held open, now at last
 Olde Ianus shall make fast:
 <N 2v> And

Antonius.

420 *And rust the sword consume,
And spoild of wauing plume,
The vfeles morion shall
On crooke hang by the wall.*
*At leaft if warre returne
It fhall not here fojourne,
To kill vs with thofe armes*
425 *Were forg'dfor others harmes:
But haue their pointes addrest,
Against the Germains breft,
The Parthians fayned flight,
The Bifcaines martiall might.*
430 *Olde Memorie doth there
Painted on forehead weare
Our Fathers praife : thence torne
Our triumphes baies haue worne :*
Therby our matchles Rome
435 *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 refting vnder Skies
That dares affront her eies.
So that fhe 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 detested brand!
O wretched ioyes! ô beauties miserable!
O deadly state! ô deadly roialtie!
5 *O hatefull life! ô Queene most lamentable!*
O Antonie by my faulte buriable!
O hellish 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 seemes I see
Thefe little soules to feruile bondage falne,
And borne in triumph. Cl. Ah most miserable!
Euph. Their tender armes with curfied cord fast bound
- 35 *At their weake backs. Cl. Ah Gods what pittie more!*
Euph. Their feelie necks to ground with weaknesse bend.
Cl. Neuer on vs, good Gods, fuch mischiefe send.
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 swift, 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 anceſtors haue beene :
That this great Antonie your Father was,
Hercules bloud, and more then he in praiſe.*

*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. (Jhe 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 caufefull woe
For thy dead children,that a fenceleffe rocke
With grieve become, on Sipylus thou ftand'ft
In endles teares : yet didft thou neuer feele*
- 100 *The weights of grieve that on my heart do lie.
Thy Children thou,mine I poore foule 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 fifters, 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 ceaſes 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 Ghoſt with his,and fobbe no more
Without his loue within theſe tombes enclos'd.
Eras. Alas ! yet let vs wepe,left fodaine death*

O.<1r>

From

Antonius.

- From him our teares, and thofe 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, Antoniemy heart?
Alas, how much I weeping liquor want !*
125 *Yet haue mine eies quite drawne their Condis drie
By long beweeeping my difaftred harmes.
Now reafon is that from my fide they fucke
Firft vitall moifture, then the vitall bloud.
Then let the bloud from my fad 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 Cyprusdoth 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 ftateli 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.

- Thy eies, two Sunnes, the lodging place of loue,
150 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.
 Antonie by our true loues I thee befeche,
And by our hearts fwete sparks haue jett on fire,
155 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 fighes, 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 iust 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, grieve thy reason reaues.
No, no, most happie in this happes case,
To die with thee, and dieng thee embrace:
My bodie ioynde with thine, my mouth with thine,
My mouth, whose moisture burning fighes 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 straight 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 ftay, and yet thee ouerliue,
That ere I die due rites I may thee giue.*
- 185 *A thoufand jobbes I from my breft will teare,
With thoufand 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 ftream.*
- 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 breſt where death
(Oh miſchiefe) 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>