

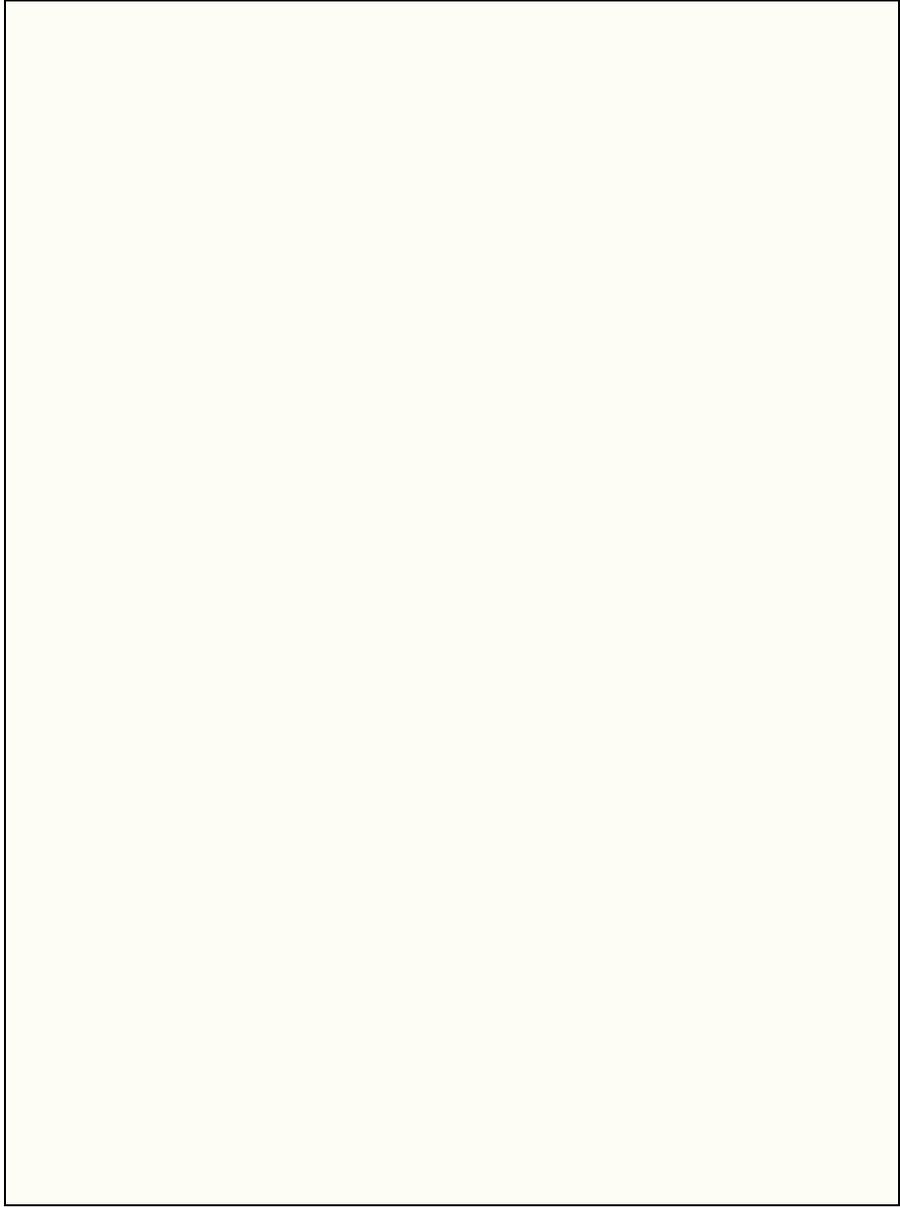
[Ornament]

CORNELIA.

☞ *First edition.* ☞

☞ *Thomas Kyd* ☞

AT LONDON,
Printed by *James Roberts*, for *N.L.*
and *John Busbie*.
1594.



The Epistle.

- 20 *namitie, and loue. Wherein, what grace that excellent
G A R N I E R hath lost by my defaulte, I shall beseech
your Honour to repaire, with the regarde of those so bitter
times and priuie broken passions that I endured in the writing it.*
- 25 *And so vouchsafing but the passing of a Winters weeke
with desolate Cornelia, I will assure your Ladship my
next Sommers better trauell, with the Tragedy of Portia.
And euer spend one howre of the day in some kind seruice to
your Honour, and another of the night in wishing you all*
- 30 *happines. Perpetually thus deuoting my poore selfe*

Yours Honors in
all humblenes.

T. K.

<a ij. v>

The Argument.

Generall of those that furuiued after the battaile af-
fembled new forces, and occupied the greater part of
Afrique,allying himfelfe to *Iuba* King of *Numidia*. A-
25 gainst all whō, Cæfar (after he had ordred the affayres
of Egipt and the fstate of Rome) in the end of VVin-
ter marched. And there (after many light encoun-
ters) was a fierce and furious battaile giuen amongft
them, neere the walls of *Tapfus*. Where *Scipio* feeing
30 himfelfe fubdued and his Armie scattered,he betooke
himfelfe, with fome fmall troope, to certaine fhippes
which he had caufed to ftay for him.

Thence he failed towarde Spayne, where *Pompeys*
Faction commaunded, and where a fuddaine tem-
35 peft tooke him on the Sea, that draue him backe to
Hippon a Towne in Affrique at the deuotion of *Cæ-*
far, where (lying at anchor) he was afsailed, beaten &
affaulted by the aduerfe Fleete ; And for hee woulde
not fall aliue into the hands of his fo mightie Enemie,
40 hee ftabd himfelfe, and fuddainly leapt ouer boorde
into the Sea, and there dyed.

Cæfar (hauing finished these warres, and quietly
reduc'd the Townes and places there-about to his o-
bedience) return'd to Rome in tryumph for his vic-
45 tories ; Where this moft faire and miferable Ladie,
hauing ouer-mour'd the death of her deere husband,

<a iij.v>

and

The Argument.

and vnderstanding of theſe croffe euentſ and haples
newes of Affrique, together with the pitteous man-
ner of her Fathers ende , ſhee tooke (as ſhee had
50 caufe) occaſion to redouble both her teares and la-
mentations : wherewith ſhe cloſeth the Cataſtrophe
of this theyr Tragedie.

INTERLOCV -
TORES.

M. Cicero.	Cornelia.
Phillip.	C. Cæsius.
Deci. Brutus.	Julius Cæfar.
M. Anthony.	The Messenger.

CHORVS.

<a iij.v>

CORNELIA.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

CICERO.

- V Ouchfawe Immortals, and (aboue the rest)
Great *Jupiter*, our Citties sole Protector,
That if (prouok'd againft vs by our euils,) You needs wil plague vs with your ceafles wroth,
5 At least to chufe thofe forth that are in fault,
And faue the rest in thefe tempeftious broiles :
Els let the mifchiefe that fhould them befall,
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath fuch facrafice appeas'd your ires,
10 And oft yee haue your heaue hands with-held
From this poore people, when (with one mans loffe,) Your pittie hath preferu'd the rest vntucht :
But we, difloiall to our owne defence,
Faint-harted do thofe liberties enthrall,
15 Which (to preferue vnto our after good)
Our fathers hazarded their dereft blood.
Yet *Brutus Manlius*, hardie *Sceuola*,
And ftout *Camillus*, are returnd fro *Stix*,
Defiring Armes to ayde our Capitoll.
20 Yea, come they are, and, fiery as before,

A.<1r>

Vnder

CORNELIA.

Vnder a Tyrant see our bastard harts
Lye idely fighting, while our shamefull foules
Endure a million of base controls.

Poyfoned Ambition (rooted in high mindes)

- 25 T'is thou that train'ft vs into all these errors :
Thy mortall couetize peruerts our lawes,
And teares our freedom from our franchiz'd harts.
Our Fathers found thee at their former walls ;
And humbled to theyr of-spring left thee dying.
- 30 Yet thou reuiuing, soyl'dft our Infant Towne,
With guiltles blood by brothers hands out-lanched.
And hongft (O Hell) vpon a Forte halfe finisht,
Thy monftrous murder for a thing to marke.
'' But faith continues not where men command.
- 35 '' Equals are euer bandying for the best :
'' A ftate deuided cannot firmly ftand.
'' Two Kings within one realme could neuer reft.
Thys day, we see, the Father and the fonne
Haue fought like foes Pharfalias miferie ;
- 40 And with their blood made marsh the parched plaines,
While th' earth, that gron'd to beare theyr carkafses,
Bewail'd th' infatiate humors of them both ;
That as much blood in wilfull follie spent.
As were to tame the world fufficient.
- 45 Now, Parthia, feare no more, for *Crafsus* death
That we will come thy borders to befiege :

<A1 v>

Nor

CORNELIA.

Nor feare the darts of our couragious troopes.
For thofe braue fouldiers, that were (fometime) wont
To terrifie thee with their names, are dead.
50 And ciuill furie, fiercer then thine hofts,
Hath in a manner this great Towne ore-turn'd;
That whilom was the terror of the world.
Of whom fo many Nations ftood in feare,
To whom fo many Nations prostrate ftoopt,
55 Ore whom (faue heauen) nought could fignorize,
And whom (faue heauen) nothing could afright.
Impregnable, immortall, and whofe power,
Could neuer haue beene curb'd, but by it felfe.
For neither could the flaxen-haird high Dutch,
60 (A martiall people madding after Armes),
Nor yet the fierce and fiery humor'd French
The More that trauels to the Lybian fands,
The Greek, Th'Arabian, Macedons or Medes,
Once dare t'assault it, or attempt to lift
65 Theyr humbled heads, in prefence of proud Rome.
But by our Lawes from libertie reftraynd,
Like Captiues Iyu'd eternally enchaind.
But Rome (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dst
The former World to thee in vaffalage?
70 What helps thee now t'haue tam'd both land and Sea?
What helps it thee that vnder thy controll,
The Morne and Mid-day both by Eaft and Weft,

A. 2<r>

And

CORNELIA.

And that the golden Sunne, where ere he driue
His glittering Chariot, findes our Ensignes spred?
75 Sith it contents not thy posteritie ;
But as a bayte for pride (which spoiles vs all,)
Embarques vs in so perilous a way,
As menaceth our death, and thy decay.
For Rome thou now resemblest a Ship,
80 At random wandring in a boiftrous Sea,
When foming billowes feele the Northern blafts :
Thou toyl'ft in perrill, and the windie ftorme,
Doth topfide-turuey toffe thee as thou floteft.
Thy Maft is fhuyerd, and thy maine-faile torne,
85 Thy fides fore beaten, and thy hatches broke.
Thou want'ft thy tackling, and a Ship vnrig'd
Can make no shift to combat with the Sea.
See how the Rocks do heaue their heads at thee,
Which if thou fhouldft but touch, thou ftraight becomft
90 A spoyle to *Neptune*, and a sportfull praie
To th' Glauc's and Trytons, pleafd with thy decay.
Thou vaunt'ft not of thine Auncestors in vaine,
But vainely count'ft thine owne victorious deeds.
What helpeth vs the things that they did then,
95 Now we are hated both of Gods and men ?
“ Hatred accompanies prosperitie,
“ For one man griueth at anothers good,
“ And so much more we thinke our miferie,

<A2v>

“The

CORNELIA.

100 “ The more that Fortune hath with others ftood ;
“ So that we fild are feene, as wifedom would,
“ To brydle time with reafon as we fould.
“ For we are proude, when Fortune fauours vs,
“ As if inconfant Chaunce were alwaies one,
“ Or ftanding now, fhe would continue thus.
105 “ O fooles looke back and fee the roling ftone,
“ Whereon fhe blindly lighting fets her foote,
“ And flightly fowes that fildom taketh roote.
Heauen heretofore (enclinde to do vs good,)
Did fauour vs, with conquering our foes,
110 When iealous Italie (exasperate,
With our vp-rifing) fought our Citties fall.
But we, foone tickled with fuch flattiring hopes,
Wag'd further warre with an infatiate hart,
And tyerd our neighbour Countries fo with charge,
115 As with their loffe we did our bounds enlarge.
Carthage and Sicily we haue fubdude,
And almoft yoked all the world befide :
And folly through defire of publique rule,
Rome and the earth are waxen all as one :
120 Yet now we liue defpoild and robd by one,
Of th'ancient freedom wherein we were borne.
And euen that yoke that wont to tame all others,
Is heauily return'd vpon our felues —
A3<r> “ And

CORNELIA.

125 ‘ ‘ A note of Chaunce that may the proude controle,
And shew Gods wrath againft a cruell foule.
‘ ‘ For heauen delights not in vs, when we doe
‘ That to another, which our felues dyfdaine :
‘ ‘ Iudge others, as thou wouldft be iudg’d againe.
‘ ‘ And do but as thou wouldft be done vnto.
130 ‘ For, footh to fay, (in reason) we deferue,
‘ ‘ To haue the felfe-fame meafure that we ferue.
What right had our ambitious auncestors,
(Ignobly iffued from the Carte and Plough)
To enter Asia? What, were they the heires
135 To Perfia or the Medef, firft Monarchies?
What intereft had they to Afferique?
To Gaule or Spaine? Or what did *Neptune* owe vs
Within the bounds of further Brittanie?
Are we not thieues and robbers of thofe Realmes
140 That ought vs nothing but reuenge for wrongs?
What toucheth vs the treasure or the hopes,
The lyues or lyberties of all thofe Nations,
Whom we by force haue held in feruitude?
Whofe mournfull cryes and fhreekes to heauen afcend,
145 Importuning both vengeance and defence
Against this Citty, ritch of violence.
‘ ‘ Tis not enough (alas) our power t’extend,
‘ ‘ Or ouer-runne the world from Eaft to West,
‘ ‘ Or that our hands the Earth can comprehend,
<A3v> ‘ ‘ Or

CORNELIA.

- 150 “ Or that we proudly doe what lyke vs best.
“ He lyues more quietly whose rest is made,
“ And can with reason chasten his desire,
“ Then he that blindly toyleth for a shade,
“ And is with others Empyre set on fire.
155 “ Our blyffe confits not in possessions,
“ But in commaunding our affections,
“ In vertues choyse, and vices needfull chace
“ Farre from our hearts, for staying of our face.

CHORVS.

- V *Ppon thy backe (where miserie doth sit)*
160 *O Rome, the heauens with their wrathful hand,*
Reuenge the crymes thy fathers did commit.
But if (their further furie to withstand.
Which ore thy walls thy wrack sets menacing)
Thou dost not seeke to calme heauens ireful king,
165 *A further plague will pester all the land.*

- “ The wrath of heauen (though vrg'd,) we see is flow*
“ In punishing the euils we haue done :
“ For what the Father hath deferu'd, we know,
“ If spar'd in him, and punisht in the sonne.
170 *“ But to forgiue the apter that they be,*
“ They are the more displeas'd, when they see,
“ That we continue our offence begunne.

<A 4r>

“ Then

CORNELIA.

“ Then from her lothfome Caue doth Plague repaire,
“ That breaths her heauie poifons downe to hell :
175 “ Which with their noifome fall corrupt the ayre,
“ Or maigre famin, which the weake foretell,
“ Or bloody warre (of other woes the worft,)
“ Which where it lights, doth show the Land accurst,
“ And nere did good where euer it befell.

180 Warre that hath fought Th' Aufonian fame to reare,
In warlike Emony, (now growne fo great
With Souldiers bodies that were buried there,)
Which yet to sack vs toyles in bloody sweat :
T'enlarge the bounds of conquering Theffalie,
185 Through murder, difcord, wrath, and enmitie,
Euen to the peacefull Indians pearled feate.

Whofe entrails fyerd with rancor, wrath and rage,
The former petty combats did difplace,
And Campe to Campe did endleffe battailes wage :
190 Which on the Mountaine tops of warlike Thrace,
Made thundring Mars (Diffentions common friend,)
Amongst the forward Souldiers first difcend,
Arm'd with his blood-befmeard keene Coutelace.

Who first attempted to excite to Armes,
195 The troopes enraged with the Trumpets found,
<A 4v> Head-

CORNELIA.

*Head-long to runne and reck no after harmes,
Where in the flowred Meades dead men were found ;
Falling as thick (through warlike crueltie,)
As eares of Corne for want of husbandry ;
200 That (wastfull) shed their graine vppon the ground.*

*O warre, if thou were subiect but to death,
And by defert mightst fall to Phlegiton,
The torment that Ixion suffereth,
Or his whose foule the Vulter feazeth on,
205 Were all too little to reward thy wrath :
Nor all the plagues that fierie Pluto hath
The most outragious finners layd vpon.*

*Accurfed Catiues, wretches that wee are,
Perceiue we not that for the fatall dombe,
210 The Fates make hast enough : but we (by warre)
Must seeke in Hell to haue a haples roome.
Or fast enough doe foolish men not die,
But they (by murther of themfelues) must hie,
Hopeles to hide them in a haples tombe?*

*All fad and defolate our Citty lyes,
And (for faire Corne-ground are our fields furcloid)
With worthles Gorfe, that yerely fruitles dyef ;
215 And choake the good which els we had enioy'd.*

B. <1r> Death

CORNELIA.

220 *Death dwels within vs, and if gentle Peace
Discend not foone, our sorrowes to furceafe,
Latium (alreadie quaild) will be destroyd.*

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Cornelia. Cicero.

A ND wil ye needs bedew my dead-grown ioyes,
And nourish forrow with eternall teares?
O eyes, and will yee (caufe I cannot dry
Your ceafeleffe springs) not suffer me to die ?
5 Then make the blood fro forth my branch-like vaines,
Lyke weeping Riuers, trickle by your vaults ;
And sponge my bodies heate of moifture fo,
As my difpleafed foule may shunne my hart.
Heauens let me dye, and let the Deftinies
10 Admit me paffage to th'infernall Lake ;
That my poore ghof, may reft where powerfull fate,
In Deaths fad kingdom hath my husband lodg'd.
Fayne would I die, but darkfome vgly Death,
With-holds his darte, and in difdaine doth flye me,
15 Malitioufly knowing that hels horror,
Is mylder then mine endles discontent.
And that if Death vpon my life fhould feaze.
The payne fupposed would procure mine eafe.

<B1v>

But

CORNELIA.

But yee sad Powers that rule the silent deepes,
20 Of dead-sad Night, where finnes doe maske vnseene :
You that amongst the darksome mansions
Of pynning ghoshts, twixt fighes, and fobs, and teares,
Do exercise your mirthlesse Empory.
Yee gods (at whose arbitrament all stand,)
25 Dislodge my foule, and keepe it with your felues,
For I am more then halfe your pryfoner.
My noble husbands (more then noble foules,)
Already wander vnder your commaunds.
O then shall wretched I, that am but one,
30 (Yet once both theirs,) furuiue, now they are gone?
Alas, thou shouldst, thou shouldst *Cornelia*,
Haue broke the sacred thred that tyde thee heere,
When as thy husband *Craffus* (in his flowre)
Did first beare Armes, and bare away my loue.
35 And not (as thou hast done) goe break the bands,
By calling *Hymen* once more back againe.
Lesse haples, and more worthily thou might'ft,
Haue made thine auncesters and thee renound :
If (like a royall Dame) with faith fast kept,
40 Thou with thy former husbands death hadst flept.
But partiall Fortune, and the powerful Fates,
That at their pleasures wield our purposes,
Bewicht my life, and did beguile my loue.
Pompey, the fame that ranne of thy frayle honors,

B2<r>

Made

CORNELIA.

- 45 Made me thy wife, thy loue, and (like a thiefe)
From my firft husband stole my faithles griefe.
But if (as some belieue) in heauen or hell,
Be heauenly powers, or infernall fpirits,
That care to be aueng'd of Louers othes ;
50 Oathes made in marriage, and after broke.
Thofe powers, thofe fpirits (mou'd with my light faith,)
Are now difpleas'd with *Pompey* and my felfe.
And doe with ciuill difcord (furthering it)
Vntye the bands, that facred *Hymen* knyt.
55 Els onely I, am caufe of both theyr wraths,
And of the finne that ceeleth vp thine eyes ;
Thyne eyes (O deplorable *Pompey*) I am flee,
I am that plague, that facks thy houfe and thee.
For t'is not heauen, nor *Crassus* (caufe hee fees
60 That I am thine) in iealofie purfues vs.
No, t'is a fecrete croffe, an vnknowne thing.
That I receiu'd, from heauen at my birth,
That I should heape misfortunes on theyr head,
Whom once I had receiu'd in marriage bed.
65 Then yee the noble *Romulists* that reft,
Hence-forth forbear to feeke my murdring loue,
And let theyr double loffe that held me deere,
Byd you beware for feare you be beguild.
Ye may be ritch and great in Fortunes grace,
70 And all your hopes with hap may be effected,

<B2v>

But

CORNELIA.

But if yee once be wedded to my loue :
Clowdes of aduerfitie will couer you.
So (peftilently) fraught with change of plagues,
Is mine infected bofome from my youth.
75 Like poyfon that (once lighting in the body)
No fooner tutcheth then it taints the blood ;
One while the hart, another while the liuer,
(According to th'encountring paffages)
Nor spareth it what purely feeds the hart,
80 More then the moft infected filthieft part.
Pompey what holpe it thee, (fay deereft life,)
Tell mee what holpe thy warlike valiant minde
T'encounter with the leaft of my mifhaps?
What holpe it thee that vnder thy commaund
85 Thou faw'ft the trembling earth with horror mazed?
Or (where the funne forfakes th'Ocean fea,)
Or (watereth his Courfers in the Weft)
T'haue made thy name be farre more fam'd and feard
Then Summers thunder to the filly Heard ?
90 What holpe it, that thou faw'ft, when thou wert young,
Thy Helmet deckt with coronets of Bayes ?
So many enemies in battaile ranged ?
Beat backe like flyes before a ftorme of hayle ?
T'haue lookt a-skance and fee fo many Kings
95 To lay their Crownes and Scepters at thy feete ?
B.3.<r> T'embrace

CORNELIA.

T'embrace thy knees, and humbled by their fate,
T'attend thy mercy in this morneful state?
Alas and here-withall, what holpe it thee,
That euen in all the corners of the earth,
100 Thy wandring glory, was so greatly knowne?
And that Rome saw thee while thou triumph'dst thrice
O're three parts of the world that thou hadst yok'd?
That *Neptune* weltring on the windie playnes,
Escapt not free from thy victorious hands?
105 Since thy hard hap, since thy fierce destinie,
(Enuious of all thine honors) gaue thee mee.
By whom the former course of thy faire deeds,
Might (with a biting brydle) bee restraind ;
By whom the glorie of thy conquests got,
110 Might die disgrac'd with mine unhappines.
O haples wife, thus ominous to all,
Worse than *Mege*, worse than any plague.
What foule infernall, or what stranger hell,
Hence-forth wilt thou inhabit, where thy hap,
115 None others hopes, with mischief may entrap.

Cicero.

What end (O race of *Scipio*,) will the Fates
Afford your teares? Will that day neuer come
That your defastrous griefes shall turne to ioy,
And we haue time to burie our annoy ?

<B3v>

Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

Cornelia.

120 Ne're shall I see that day, for Heauen and Time,
Haue faild in power to calme my pafsion.
Nor can they (fhould they pittie my complaints)
Once eafe my life, but with the pangs of death.

Cicero.

“ The wide worlds accidents are apt to change.

125 “ And tickle Fortune ftaiies not in a place.
“ But (like the Clowdes) continuallie doth range,
“ Or like the Sunne that hath the Night in chace.
“ Then, af the Heauenf (by whom our hopes are guided)
“ Doe coaft the Earth with an eternall courfe,
130 “ We muft not thinke a miferie betided,
“ Will neuer ceafe, but ftill grow worfe and worfe.
“ When Ifie Winter's paf, then comes the fpring,
“ Whom Sommers pride (with fultrie heate) purfues ;
“ To whom mylde Autumne doth earths treafure bring,
135 “ The sweeteft feafon that the wife can chufe.
“ Heauens influence was nere fo conftant yet,
“ In good or bad af to continue it.

When I was young, I faw againft poore *Sylla*,

140 Proud *Cynna*, *Marius*, and *Carbo* flefh'd,
So long, till they gan tiranize the Towne,
And fpilt fuch ftore of blood in euery ftreet,
As there were none but dead-men to be feene.
Within a while, I faw how Fortune plaid,

<B4r>

And

CORNELIA.

145 And wound those Tyrants vnderneath her wheele,
Who loft theyr liues, and power at once by one,
That (to reuenge himfelfe) did (with his blade)
Commit more murther then Rome euer made.

Yet *Sylla*, fhaking tyrannie afide,
Return'd due honorf to our Common-wealth,
150 Which peaceably retain'd her auncient ftate,
Growne great without the strife of Cittizens.
Till thyf ambitiouf Tyrants time, that toyld
To ftoope the world, and Rome to his defires.
But flattring Chaunce that trayn'd his firft defignes,
155 May change her lookes, and giue the Tyrant ouer,
Leauing our Cittie, where fo long agoe,
Heauens did theyr fauorf lauifhly beftow.

Cornelia.

T'is true, the Heauens (at leaft-wife if they pleafe)
May giue poore Rome her former libertie.
160 But (though they would,) I know they cannot giue
A fecond life to *Pompey*, that is flaine.

Cicero.

Mourne not for *Pompey*, *Pompey* could not die
A better death, then for his Countries weale.
For oft he fearch't amongft the fierce allarms,
165 But (wifhing) could not find fo faire an end ;
Till fraught with yeeres, and honor both at once,
Hee gaue hif bodie (as a Barricade)

<B4v>

For

CORNELIA.

For Romes defence, by Tyrantf ouer-laide.
Brauely he died, and (haplie) takes it ill,
170 That (enuious) we repine at heauens will.
Cornelia.
Alas, my forrow would be fo much leffe.
If he had died (his fauchin in his fift.)
Had hee amidft huge troopes of Armed men
Beene wounded,by another any waie,
175 It would haue calmed many of my fighes.
For why, t'haue scene his noble Roman blood
Mixt with his enemies, had done him good.
But hee is dead, (O heauens), not dead in fight,
With pike in hand vpon a Forte befieg'd.
180 Defending of a breach, but bafely flaine.
Slaine trayterouflie, without affault in warre.
Yea, flaine he is, and bitter chaunce decreed
To haue me there, to fee this bloody deed.
I faw him, I was there, and in mine armes
185 He almoft felt the poygnard when he fell.
Whereat, my blood ftopt in my ftragling vaines,
Mine haire grew briftled, like a thornie groue :
My voyce lay hid, halfe dead, within my throate.
My frightfull hart (ftund in my ftone-cold breaft)
190 Faintlie redoubled eu'ry feeble ftroke.
My fpirite (chained with impatient rage,)
Did rauing ftriue to breake the prifon ope,
C.<1r> (Enlarg'd)

CORNELIA.

(Enlarg'd,) to drowne the payne it did abide,
In folitary *Lethes* fleepie tyde.

- 195 Thrice (to abfent me from thys hatefull light,
I would haue plund'd my body in the Sea.
And thrice detaind, with dolefull fhreeks and cryes,
(With armes to heauen vprea'd) I gan exclaime
And bellow forth againft the Gods themfelues,
200 A bedroll of outrageous blafphemies.
Till (griefe to heare, and hell for me to fpeake,)
My woes waxt ftronger, and my felfe grew weake.
Thus day and night I toyle in difcontent,
And fleeping wake, when fleepe it felfe that rydes
205 Vpon the myfts, fcarce moyfteneth mine eyes.
Sorrow confumes mee, and, in fteed of reft,
With folded armes I fadly fitte and weepe.
And if I winck, it is for feare to fee,
The fearefull dreames effects that trouble mee.
210 O heauens, what fhall I doe? alas muft I,
Muft I my felfe, be murderer of my felfe?
Muft I my felfe be forc'd to ope the way,
Whereat my foule in wounds may fally forth?
Cicero.
215 Madam, you muft not thus tranfpoze your felfe.
We fee your forrow, but who forrowes not?
The griefe is common. And I mufe, besides
The feruitude that caufeth all our cares,
<C1v> Befides

CORNELIA.

220 Besides the bafenes wherein we are yoked,
Besides the losse of good men dead and gone,
What one he is that in this broile hath bin
And mourneth not for some man of his kin?

Cornelia.

If all the world were in the like distresse,
My forrow yet would neuer feeme the lesse.

Cicero.

225 “ O, but men beare mis-fortunes with more ease,
“ The more indifferently that they fall,
“ And nothing more (in vproes) men can please,
“ Then when they see their woes not worft of all.

Cornelia.

230 “ Our friendes mis-fortune doth increafe our owne.

Cicero.

“ But ours of others will not be acknowne.

Cornelia.

“ Yet one mans forrow will another tutch.

Cicero.

“ I when himfelfe will entertaine none fuch.

Cornelia.

“ Anothers teares, draw teares fro forth our eyes.

Cicero.

235 “ And choyce of streames the greateft Riuer dryes.

Cornelia.

“ When sand within a Whirle-poole lyes vnwet,

C2 <r>

The

CORNELIA.

My teares fhall dry, and I my grieffe forget.

Cicero.

What boote your teares, or what auailles your forrow
Against th'ineuitable dart of Death ?

Thinke you to moue with lamentable plaints

240 *Perfiphone, or Plutos* gaftlie fpirits,
To make him liue that's locked in his tombe,
And wandreth in the Center of the earth?

“ No, no, *Cornelia, Caron* takes not paine,

“ To ferry thofe that muft be fetcht againe.

Cornelia.

245 *Proferpina* indeed neglects my plaints,
And hell it felfe is deafe to my laments.
Vnprofitably fhould I wafte my teares,
If ouer *Pompey* I fhould weepe to death ;
With hope to haue him be reuiu'd by them.

250 Weeping auailles not, therefore doe I weepe.
Great loffes, greatly are to be deplor'd,
The loffe is great that cannot be reftor'd.

Cicero.

“ Nought is immortall vnderneath the Sunne,

“ All things are fubiect to Deaths tiranny :

255 “ Both Clownes & Kings one felfe-fame courfe muft run,

“ And what-foeuer liues, is fure to die.

Then wherefore mourne you for your husbands death,
Sith being a man, he was ordain'd to die?

<C2v>

Sith

CORNELIA.

260 Sith *Ioues* owne fonnes, retaining humane fhape,
No more then wretched we their death could fcape.
Brave *Scipio*, your famous auncestor,
That Romes high worth to Affrique did extend ;
And thofe two *Scipios* (that in perfon fought,
Before the fearefull Carthagenian walls),
265 Both brothers, and both warrs fierce lightning fiers;
Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth)
Hath hid them both embowel'd in the earth.
And thofe great Citties, whofe foundations reach
From deepeft hell, and with their tops tucht heauen :
270 Whofe loftie Towers, (like thorny-pointed fpeares)
Whofe Temples, Pallaces, and walls emboft,
In power and force, and fiercenes, feem'd to threat
The tyred world, that trembled with their waight ;
In one daiespace (to our eternall mones)
275 Haue we not feene them turn'd to heapes of ftones ?
Carthage can witnes, and thou, heauens hand-work
Faire Ilium, razed by the conquering Greekes ;
Whofe auncient beautie, worth and weapons, feem'd
Sufficient t'haue tam'd the Mermidons.
280 " But whatfo'ere hath been begun, muft end.
" Death (haply that our willingnes doth fee)
" With brandifht dart, doth make the paffage free ;
" And timeles doth our foules to *Pluto* fend.

C.3.<r>

Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

Cornelia.

285 Would Death had stept his dart in *Lerna*-s blood,
That I were drown'd in the Tartarean deepes.
I am an offring fit for *Acheron*.
A match more equall neuer could be made,
Then I, and *Pompey*, in th' *Elifian* shade.

Cicero.

290 " Death's alwaies ready, and our time is knowne
" To be at heauens dispose, and not our owne.

Cornelia.

Can wee be ouer-haftie to good hap?

Cicero.

What good expect wee in a fiery gap?

Cornelia.

To scape the feares that followes Fortunes glaunces.

Cicero.

" A noble minde doth neuer feare mischaunces.

Cornelia.

295 " A noble minde difdaineth feruitude.

Cicero.

Can bondage true nobility exclude?

Cornelia.

How if I doe, or suffer that I would not ?

Cicero.

" True nobleffe neuer doth the thing it should not.

<C3v>

Cornelia

CORNELIA.

Cornelia.

Then muft I dye. *Cicero.* Yet dying thinke this ftill ;

300 ‘‘ No feare of death fhould force vs to doe ill.

Cornelia.

If death be fuch, why is your feare fo rife ?

Cicero.

My works will fhew I neuer feard my life.

Cornelia.

And yet you will not that (in our diftreffe,)

We afke Deaths ayde to end lifes wretchednes.

Cicero.

305 ‘‘ We neither ought to vrge nor aske a thing,

‘‘ Wherein we fee fo much affuraunce lyes.

‘‘ But if perhaps fome fierce, offended King,

‘‘ (To fright vs) fette pale death before our eyes,

‘‘ To force vs doe that goes againft our hart ;

310 ‘‘ T’were more then bafe in vs to dread his dart.

‘‘ But when for feare of an enfuing ill,

‘‘ We feeke to fhorten our appointed race,

‘‘ Then t’is (for feare) that we our felues doe kill,

‘‘ So fond we are to feare the worlds difgrace.

Cornelia.

315 T’is not for frailtie or faint cowardize,

That men (to fhunne mifchaunces) feeke for death.

<C4r>

But

CORNELIA.

But rather he that feeks it, shoves himfelfe,
Of certaine courage, gainft incertaine chaunce.
320 ‘‘ He that retyres not at the threats of death,
‘‘ Is not as are the vulgar, flightly fraied.
‘‘ For heauen it felfe, nor hels infectious breath,
‘ The reſolute at any time haue ſtayed.
‘‘ And (footh to fay) why feare we when we fee,
‘‘ The thing we feare, leſſe then the feare to be.
325 Then let me die my libertie to faue,
For t’is a death to lyue a Tyrants flaue.

Cicero.

Daughter, beware how you prouoke the heauens,
Which in our bodies (as a tower of ſtrength)
Haue plac’d our foules, and fortetide the fame ;
330 As difcreet Princes ſette theyr Garrifons,
In ſtrongeft places of theyr Prouinces.
‘‘ Now, as it is not lawfull for a man,
‘‘ At ſuch a Kings departure or deceaſe,
‘‘ To leaue the place, and falſefie his faith,
335 ‘‘ So in this caſe, we ought not to ſurrender
‘‘ That deerer part, till heauen it ſelfe commaund it.
‘‘ For as they lent vs life to doe vs pleaſure,
‘‘ So looke they for returne of ſuch a treaſure.

<C4v>

CHORVS

CORNELIA.

CHORVS.

340 *“ What e’re the maffie Earth hath fraight,
“ Or on her nurfe-like backe fuftaines,
“ Vpon the will of Heauen doth waite,
“ And doth no more then it ordaynes.
“ All fortunes, all felicities,
“ Vpon their motion doe depend.*

345 *“ And from the starres doth still arife,
“ Both their beginning and their end.
“ The Monarchies, that couer all
“ This earthly round with Maieftie,
“ Haue both theyr rifing and theyr fall,*

350 *“ From heauen and heauens varietie.
“ Fraile men, or mans more fraile defence,
“ Had neuer power, to practife ftayes
“ Of this celeftiall influence,
“ That gouerneth and guides our dayes.*

355 *“ No clowde but will be ouer-cast.
“ And what now florifheth, must fade.
“ And that that fades, reuiue at last,
“ To florifh as it first was made.
“ The formes of things doe neuer die,*

360 *“ becaufe the matter that remaines,
“ Reformes another thing thereby,
“ That ftill the former shape retaines.*

D.<1r>

The

CORNELIA.

*' The roundnes of two boules croff-cast,
' (fo they with equall pace be aim'd,)
365 ' Showes their beginning by their last,
' which by old nature is new-fram'd.
' So peopled citties that of yore
' were defert fields where none would byde,
' Become forsaken as before,
370 ' yet after are re-edified.
Perceiue we not a petty vaine,
cut from a spring by chaunce or arte,
Engendreth fountaines, whence againe,
thofe fountaines doe to floods conuart ?
375 Thofe floods to waues, thofe waues to feas,
that oft exceede their wonted bounds :
And yet thofe feas (as heauens please)
returne to springs by vnder-grounds.
Euen fo our cittie (in her prime)
380 prescribing Princes euery thing,
Is now subdu'de by conquering Time:
and liueth subiect to a King.
And yet perhaps the fun-bright crowne,
that now the Tyrans head doth deck,
385 May turne to Rome with true renoune,
If fortune chaunce but once to check.
The stately walls that once were rear'd,
and by a shephards hands erect,*

<D1v>

(With

CORNELIA.

(With haples brothers blood befmeared)
390 *shall show by whom they were infect.*
And once more vniust Tarquins frowne,
(with arrogance and rage enflam'd)
Shall keepe the Romaine valure downe ;
and Rome it felfe a while be tam'd.
395 *And chafteft Lucrece once againe,*
(becaufe her name difhonored stood)
Shall by herfelfe be carelefse flaine,
and make a riuer of her blood ;
Scorning her foule a feate fhould builde
400 *within a body, bafely feene.*
By shameles rape to be defilde,
that earst was cleere as heauens Queene.
But heauens as tyrannic shall yoke
our bafterd harts, with feruile thrall ;
405 *So grant your plagues (which they prouoke,)*
may light vpon them once for all.
And let another Brutus rife,
brauely to fight in Romes defence,
To free our Towne from tyrannie,
410 *and tyrannous proud infolence.*

CORNELIA.

Say, gentle listers, tell me, and believe
It grieues me that I know not why you grieue.

Chorus.

25 O poore *Cornelia*, haue not we good cause,
For former wrongs to furnish vs with teares?

Cornelia.

O but I feare that Fortune seekes new flaws,
And still (vnfatisfide) more hatred beares.

Chorus.

Wherein can Fortune further iniure vs,
30 Now we haue lost our conquered libertie,
Our Common-wealth, our Empire, and our honors,
Vnder thys cruell *Tarquins* tyrannie?

Vnder his outrage now are all our goods,
Where scattered they runne by Land and Sea
35 (Lyke exil'd vs) from fertill Italy,
To proudest spayne, or poorest Getulie.

Cornelia.

And will the heauens that haue so oft defended
Our Romaine walls, from fury of fierce kings,
Not (once againe) returne our Senators,
40 That from the Lybique playnes, and Spanishe fields,
With feareles harts do guard our Romaine hopes?
Will they not once againe encourage them,
To fill our fields with blood of enemies.
And bring from Affrique to our Capitoll,

D3<r>

Vpon

CORNELIA.

- 45 Vpon theyr helmes, the Empyre that is stole.
Then, home-borne houſhold gods, and ye good ſpirits,
To whom in doubtfull things we ſeeke acceſſe,
By whom our family hath beene adorn'd,
And graced with the name of Affrican.
- 50 Doe ye vouchſafe that thys victorious title,
Be not expired in *Cornelias* blood ;
And that my Father now (in th'Affrique wars)
The ſelfe-fame ſtyle by conqueſt may continue.
But wretched that I am, alas I feare.

Chorus.

- 55 What feare you, Madam?

Cornelia.

That the frowning heauens,
Oppoſe themſelues againſt vs in their wrath.

Chorus.

Our loſſe (I hope) hath ſatif-fide their ire.

Cornelia.

O no, our loſſe lyfts Cæſars fortunes hyer.

Chorus.

- 60 Fortune is fickle.

Cornelia.

But hath fayld him neuer.

Chorus.

The more vnlike ſhe ſhould continue euer.

<D3v>

Chornelia.

CORNELIA.

Cornelia.

My fearefull dreames doe my despairs redouble.

Chorus.

Why fuffer you vayne dreames your heade to trouble ?

Cornelia.

65 Who is not troubled with ftrange vifions?

Chorus.

That of our fpirit are but illufions.

Cornelia.

God graunt thefe dreames, to good effect bee brought.

Chorus.

We dreame by night what we by day haue thought.

Cornelia.

The filent Night that long had foiurned,

70 Now gan to caft her fable mantle off,
And now the fleepie Waine-man foftly droue,
His flow-pac'd Teeme,that long had traueled.

When (like a flumber, if you tearme it fo)

A dulnes, that difpofeth vs to reft,

75 Gan clofe the windowes of my watchfull eyes,
Already tyerd and loaden with my teares.

And loe (me thought) came glyding by my bed,

The ghoft of *Pompey*, with a ghaftly looke ;

All pale and brawne-falne, not in tryumph borne,

80 Amongft the conquering Romans as we vs'de,
When he (enthroniz'd,) at his feete beheld

<D4r>

Great

CORNELIA.

Great Emperors, fast bound in chaynes of braffe.
But all amaz'd, with fearefull hollow eyes,
Hys hayre and beard, deform'd with blood and fweat,
85 Casting a thyn course lynfel ore hys shoulders,
That (torne in peeces) trayl'd vpon the ground.
And (gnashing of his teeth) vnlockt his iawes,
Which (flyghtly couer'd with a scarce-feene skyn,)
Thys folemne tale, he fadly did begin.
90 Sleep'ft thou, *Cornelia*? sleepft thou gentle wife,
And feeft thy Fathers misery and mine?
Wake deereft fweete, and (ore our Sepulchers)
In pitty show thy lateft loue to vs.
Such hap (as ours) attendeth on my fonnes,
95 The felfe-fame foe and fortune following them.
Send *Sextus* ouer to some forraine Nation,
Farre from the common hazard of the warrs ;
That (being yet fau'd) he may attempt no more,
To venge the valure that is tryde before.
100 He sayd. And suddainly a trembling horror,
A chyl-cold fhyuering (fetled in my vaines)
Brake vp my slumber ; When I opte my lyps
Three times to cry, but could nor cry,nor speake.
I mou'd mine head,and flonge abroade mine armes
105 To entertaine him, but his airie spirit,
Beguiled mine embrasements, and (vnkind)
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.

<D4v>

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CORNELIA.

O valiant foule, when shall this foule of mine,
Come vifite thee in the Elifian shades ?
110 O deereft life ; or when fhall fweeteft death,
Diffolue the fatal trouble of my daies,
And bleffe me with my *Pompeys* company ?
But may my father (O extreame mishap)
And fuch a number of braue regiments,
115 Made of fo many expert Souldiours,
That lou'd our liberty and follow'd him,
Be fo difcomfited ? O would it were
but an illufion.

Cho. Madam neuer feare.
120 Nor let a fenceles Idol ofthe nyght,
Encreafe a more then needfull feare in you.
Cor. My feare proceeds not of an idle dreame,
For t'is a trueth that hath aftonifht me.
I faw great *Pompey*, and I heard hym fpeake ;
125 And, thinking to embrace him, opte mine armes,
When droufy fleep, that wak'd mee at vnwares,
Dyd with hys flight vnclofe my feareful eyes
So fuddainly, that yet mee thinks I fee him.
Howbe-it I cannot tuch him,for he flides
130 More fwiftly from mee then the Ocean glydes.

Chorus.

“ These are vaine thoughts, or melancholie fhoves,
“ That wont to haunt and trace by cloiftred tombes :
E.<1r> “ Which

CORNELIA.

- “ Which eath’s appeare in fadde and ftrange difguifes.
“ To penfiue mindes deceiued, (wyth theyr fhadowes)
135 “ They counterfet the dead in voyce and figure ;
“ Deuining of our future miferies.
“ For when our foule the body hath difgaged,
“ It feeks the common paffage of the dead,
“ Downe by the fearefull gates of Acheron.
140 “ Where when it is by *Aeacus* adiudg’d,
“ It eyther turneth to the Stygian Lake,
“ Or ftaies for euer in th’Elifian fields ;
“ And ne’re returneth to the Corfe interd ;
“ To walke by night, or make the wife afeard.
145 “ None but ineuitable conquering Death,
“ Descends to hell, with hope to rife againe ;
“ For ghofts of men are lockt in fiery gates,
“ Faft-guarded by a fell remorceles Monfter.
“ And therefore thinke not it was *Pompeys* fpryte,
150 “ But fome falfe *Dæmon* that beguild your fight.

Cicero.

- Then O worlds Queene, O towne that didft extend
Thy conquering armes beyond the Ocean,
And throngdft thy conquests from the Lybian fhores
Downe to the Scithian fwift-foote feareles Porters,
155 Thou art embas’d ; and at this instant yeeld’ft
Thy proud necke to a miferable yoke.
Rome, thou art tam’d, & th’earth dewd with thy bloode
<E1v> Doth

CORNELIA.

Doth laugh to see how thou art signorizd.
The force of heauen exceeds thy former strength.
160 For thou, that wont'ft to tame and conquer all,
Art conquer'd now with an eternall fall.
Now shalt thou march(thy hands fast bound behind thee)
Thy head hung downe,thy cheeks with teares besprent,
Before the victor ; Whyle thy rebell sonne,
165 With crowned front tryumphing followes thee.
Thy brauest Captaines, whose coragious harts
(Ioyn'd with the right) did re-enforce our hopes,
Now murdred lye for Foule to feede vpon.
Petreus, Cato, -and Scipio are flaine,
170 And *Iuba* that amongft the Mores did raigne.
Nowe you whom both the gods and Fortunes grace,
Hath sau'd from danger in these furious broyles,
Forbeare to tempt the enemy againe,
For feare you feele a third calamitie.
175 *Cæsar* is like a brightlie flaming blaze
That fiercely burnes a house already fired ;
And ceaseles lanching out on euerie side,
Consumes the more, the more you seeke to quench it,
Still darting sparkles, till it finde a trayne
180 To seaze vpon, and then it flames amaine.
The men,the Ships,wher-with poore Rome affronts him,
All powreles,giue proud *Cæsar*s wrath free passage.
Nought can resist him, all the powre we raise,

E.2.<r>

Turnes

CORNELIA.

Turnes but to our misfortune and his prayfe.
185 T'is thou (O Rome) that nurc'd his infolence.
T'is thou (O Rome) that gau'ft him firft the fword
Which murdrer-like againft thy felfe he drawes :
And violates both God and Natures lawes.
Lyke morall *Efops* myfled Country fwaine,
190 That fownd a Serpent pyning in the fnowe,
And full of foolifh pittie tooke it vp,
And kindly layd it by his houfhold fire,
Till (waxen warme) it nimbly gan to ftyr,
And ftung to death the foole that foftrud her.
195 O gods, that once had care of thefe our walls,
And feareles kept vs from th'affault of foes.
Great *Iupiter*, to whom our Capitoll
So many Oxen yeerely facrafiz'd.
Minerua, *Stator*, and ftoute Thracian *Mars*,
200 Father to good *Quirinus* our firft founder.
To what intent haue ye preferu'd our Towne?
This ftatelie Towne fo often hazarded,
Againft the Samnites, Sabins, and fierce Latins ?
Why from once footing in our Fortreffes,
205 Haue yee repeld the luftie warlike Gaules?
Why from Moloffus and falfe *Hanibal*,
Haue yee referu'd the noble Romulifts?
Or why from *Catlins* lewde confpiracies,
Preferu'd yee Rome by my preuention?

<E2v>

To

CORNELIA.

- 210 To cast fo foone a ftate fo long defended,
Into the bondage where (enthrald) we pine?
To ferue (no ftranger, but amongft vs) one
That with blind frenzie buildeth vp his throne?
But if in vs be any vigor refting,
- 215 If yet our harts retaine one drop of blood,
Cæfar thou fhall not vaunt thy conqueft long.
Nor longer hold vs in this feruitude.
Nor fhalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood.
For I diuine that thou muft vomit it,
- 220 Like to a Curre that Carrion hath deuour'd,
And cannot reft vntill his mawe be fcour'd.
Think'ft thou to figniorize, or be the King
Of fuch a number, nobler then thy felfe?
Or think'ft thou Romains beare fuch baftard harts,
- 225 To let thy tyrannie be vnreueng'd?
No, for mee thinks I fee the flame, the grieffe,
The rage, the hatred that they have conceiu'd :
And many a Romaine fword already drawne,
T'enlarge the libertie that thou vfurpft.
- 230 And thy difmembred body (ftab'd and torne,)
Dragd through the ftreets, difdained to bee borne.

Phillip.

Cornelia.

Amongft the reft of mine extreame mishaps,
I finde my fortune not the leaft in this,

E.3.<r>

That

CORNELIA.

235 That I haue kept my Maister company,
Both in his life and at hys lateft houre.
Pompey the great, whom I haue honored,
With true deuotion both aliue and dead.
One felfe-fame fhyp containd vs when I faw
The murdring Egiptians bereaue his lyfe;
240 And when the man that had afright the earth,
Did homage to it with his deereft blood.
O're whom I fhed full many a bitter teare,
And did performe hys obfequies with fighes :
And on the ftrond vpon the Riuer fide,
245 (Where to my fighes the waters feem'd to turne)
I woaued a Coffyn for his corfe of Seggs,
That with the winde dyd waue like bannerets.
And layd his body to be burn'd thereon.
Which when it was confum'd I kindly tooke,
250 And fadly cloz'd within an earthen Vrne
The afhie reliques of his haples bones.
Which hauing fcapt the rage of wind and Sea,
I bring to faire *Cornelia* to interr
Within his Elders Tombe that honoured her.

Cornelia.

255 Ayh-me, what fee I? *Phil. Pompeys* tender bones,
which (in extreames) an earthen Vrne containeth.
Corn. O fweet, deere, deplorable cynders,
O myferable woman, lyuing dying.

<E3v>

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CORNELIA.

- O poore *Cornelia*, borne to be diftrest,
260 Why liu'ft thou toyl'd, that (dead) mightft lye at rest ?
O faithles hands that vnder cloake of loue,
Did entertaine him, to torment him fo.
O barbarous, inhumaine, hatefull traytors,
Thys your difloyall dealing hath defam'd
265 Your King, and his inhospitable feate,
Of the extreameft and moft odious cryme,
That gainft the heauens might bee imagined.
For yee haue safely broke the Law of Armes,
And out-rag'd ouer an afflicted foule ;
270 Murdred a man that did fubmit himfelfe,
And iniur'd him that euer vs'd you kindly.
For which mifdeed, be Egipt pestered,
With battaile, famine, and perpetuall plagues.
Let Apies, Serpents, Snakes, and Lybian Beares,
275 Tygers, and Lyons, breed with you for euer.
And let fayre Nylus (wont to nurfe your Corne)
Couer your Land with Toades and Crocadils,
That may infect, deuoure and murder you.
Els earth make way, and hell receiue them quicke.
280 A hatefull race, mongft whom there dooth abide
All treason, luxurie, and homicide.

Phillip.

Ceafe thefe laments. *Corn.* I doe but what I ought
to mourne his death: *Phil.* Alas that profits nought.

<E4r>

Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

- Cor.* Will heauen let treason be vnpunifhed?
285 *Phil.* Heauens will performe what they haue promised.
Cor. I feare the heauens will not heare our prayer.
Phil. The plaints of men opprest, doe pierce the ayre.
Cor. Yet *Cæfar* liueth still. *Phil.* “ Due punishment
“ Succeedes not alwaies after an offence.
290 “ For oftentimes t’is for our chaftifement
“ That heauen doth with wicked men dispence.
“ That when they lift, they may with vfurie,
“ For all mifdeeds pay home the penaltie.
Cor. This is the hope that feeds my haples daies,
295 Els had my life beene long agoe expired.
I trust the gods, that see our hourelly wrongs,
Will fire his shamefull bodie with their flames.
Except some man (refolued) shall conclude,
With *Cæfars* death to end our seruitude.
300 Els (god to fore) my selfe may liue to see,
His tired corse lye toyling in his blood :
Gor’d with a thousand ftabs, and round about,
The wronged people leape for inward ioy.
And then come Murder, then come vglie Death,
305 Then *Lethe* open thine infernall Lake,
Ile downe with ioy : becaufe before I died,
Mine eyes haue seene what I in hart desir’d.
Pompey may not reuiue, and (*Pompey* dead)
Let me but see the murdrer murdered.

<E4v>

Phillip.

CORNELIA.

- 310 *Phil.* *Cæsar* bewail'd his death.
Corn. His death hee mournd,
whom, while hee lyu'd, to lyue lyke him hee scorne.
Phil. Hee punished his murderers.
Corn. Who murdred hym
- 315 but hee that followd *Pompey* with the sword?
He murdred *Pompey* that purfu'd his death,
And cast the plot to catch him in the trap.
He that of his departure tooke the spoyle,
Whose fell ambition (founded first in blood)
- 320 By nought but *Pompeys* lyfe could be with-ftood.
Phil. *Photis* and false *Achillas* he beheadded.
Corn. That was, because that *Pompey* being theyr freend,
they had determin'd once of *Cæsar*'s end.
Phil. What got he by his death?
- 325 *Cor.* Supremacie.
Phil. Yet *Cæsar* speakes of *Pompey* honourable.
Corn. Words are but winde, nor meant he what he spoke.
Phil. He will not let his statues be broke.
Cor. By which disguise (what ere he doth pretend)
- 330 His owne from beeing broke he doth defend.
And by the traynes, where-with he vs allures,
His owne estate more firmly he affures.
Phil. He tooke no pleasure in his death you see.
Corn. Because hymselfe of life did not bereaue him.
- 335 *Phil.* Nay, he was mou'd with former amitie.

F.<1r>

Cornelia

CORNELIA.

Corn. He neuer trusted him, but to deceiue him.

But, had he lou'd him with a loue vnfained,
Yet had it beene a vaine and trustlesse league ;

340 ' ' For there is nothing in the soule of man
 ' ' So firmly grounded, as can qualifie,
 ' ' Th'inextinguible thyrft of fignorie.
 ' ' Not heauens feare, nor Countries sacred loue,
 ' ' Nor auncient lawes, nor nuptiall chaft desire,
 ' ' Respect of blood, or (that which most should moue,) '
 ' ' The inward zeale that Nature doth require :

345 ' ' All these, nor any thing we can deuife,
 ' ' Can stoope the hart resolu'd to tyrannize.
Phil. I feare your griefes increafe with thys discourse.

Corn. My griefes are such, as hardly can be worfe.

Phil. ' ' Tyme calmeth all things.

350 *Corn.* No tyme quallifies
 my dolefull spyrits endles myferies.
My griefe is lyke a Rock, whence (ceafeles) ftrayne
Fresh springs of water at my weeping eyes:
Still fed by thoughts, lyke floods with winters rayne.

355 For when, to ease th'oppression of my hart,
I breathe an Autumne forth of fiery fighes,
Yet herewithall my passion neither dyes,
Nor dryes the heate the moysture of mine eyes.

Phil. Can nothing then recure these endlesse teares?

360 *Corn.* Yes, newes of *Cæsars* death that medcyn beares.

<F1v>

Phil.

CORNELIA.

Phil. Madam, beware, for, should hee heare of thys,
his wrath againft you t'will exasperate.

Corn. I neither stand in feare of him nor his.

Phil. T'is pollicie to feare a powrefull hate.

365 *Corn.* What can he doe?

Phil. Madam, what cannot men
that haue the powre to doe what pleafeth them?

Corn. He can doe mee no mifchiefe that I dread.

Phil. Yes, caufe your death.

370 *Corn.* Thrife happy were I dead.

Phil. With rigorous torments.

Corn. Let him torture mee.

Pull me in peeces, famifh, fire mee vp,

Fling mee aliue into a Lyons denn :

375 There is no death fo hard torments mee fo,

As his extreame tryumphing in our woe.

But if he will torment me, let him then

Depriue me wholly of the hope of death ;

For I had died before the fall of Rome,

380 And flept with *Pompey* in the peacefull deepes,

Saue that I lyue in hope to fee ere long

That *Cæfars* death fhall fatisfie his wrong.

C H O R V S .

“ *F* *Ortune* in powre imperious,

“ *Vs'd ore the world and worldlings thus*

385 “ *to tirannize,*

F2.<r>

“ *When*

CORNELIA.

“ *When shee hath heap’t her gifts on vs.*
“ *away shee flies.*
“ *Her feete more fwift then is the winde,*
“ *Are more inconstant in their kinde*
390 “ *then Autumne blasts,*
“ *A womans shape, a womans minde,*
“ *that fildom lasts.*
“ *One while shee bends her angry browe,*
“ *And of no labour will allow.*
395 “ *Another while,*
“ *She fleres againe, I know not how,*
“ *ftill to beguile.*
“ *Fickle in our aduerfities,*
“ *And fickle when our fortunes rife,*
400 “ *shee scoffs at vs :*
“ *That (blynd herfelfe) can bleare our eyes,*
“ *to trust her thus.*
“ *The Sunne that lends the earth his light,*
“ *Behelde her neuer ouer night*
405 “ *lye calmely downe,*
“ *But, in the morrow following, might*
“ *perceiue her frowne.*
“ *Shee hath not onely power and will,*
“ *T’abufe the vulgar wanting skill,*
410 “ *but when shee list,*
“ *To Kings and Clownes doth equall ill.*
“ *without*
<F2v>

CORNELIA.

“ without resist.
“ *Mischance that euery man abhors,*
“ *And cares for crowned Emperors*
415 “ *shee doth referue,*
“ *As for the pooreft labourers*
“ *that worke or starue.*
“ *The Merchant that for priuate gaine,*
“ *Doth fend his Ships to paffe the maine,*
420 “ *vpon the shore,*
“ *In hope he shall his wish obtaine,*
“ *doth thee adore.*
“ *Vpon the fea, or on the Land,*
“ *Where health or wealth, or vines doe stand,*
425 “ *thou canst doe much,*
“ *And often helpst the helples hande,*
“ *thy power is fuch.*
“ *And many times (difpos'd to iest)*
“ *Gainst one whofe power and caufe is best,*
430 “ *(thy power to try,)*
“ *To him that n'ere put speare in rest*
“ *giu'st victory.*
“ *For fo the Lybian Monarchy,*
“ *That with Aufonian blood did die*
435 “ *our warlike field,*
“ *To one that n'ere got victorie,*
“ *was vrg'd to yeelde.*
F.3.<r> “ So

CORNELIA.

440 “ So noble Marius, Arpins friend,
 “ That dyd the Latin state defend
 from Cymbrian rage,
 “ Did proue thy furie in the end
 “ which nought could fwage.
 “ And Pompey whose dayes haply led,
 “ So long thou seem’dst t’haue faouered,
445 “ in vaine t’is fayd
 “ When the Pharfalian field be led
 “ implor’d thine ayde.
 “ Now Cæfar fwolne with honors heate,
 “ Sits signiorizing in her feate,
450 “ and will not fee,
 “ That Fortune can her hopes defeate
 “ what e’re they be.
 “ From chaunce is nothing franchized.
 “ And till the time that they are dead,
455 “ is no man blest.
 “ He onely that no death doth dread,
 “ doth liue at rest.

CORNELIA.
ACTVS QUARTVS.

Caßius. Decim Brutus.

- A Ccurfed Rome, that arm'ft againft thy felfe
A Tyrants rage, and mak'ft a wretch thy King.
For one mans pleafure (O iniurious Rome,)
Thy chyldren gainft thy children thou haft arm'd ;
5 And thinkft not of the riuers of theyr bloode,
That earft was fhed to faue thy libertie,
Because thou euer hatedft Monarchie.
Now o're our bodies (tumbled vp on heapes,
Lyke cocks of Hay when Iuly fheares the field)
10 Thou buildft thy kingdom, and thou feat'ft thy King.
And to be feruile, (which torments me moft,)
Employeft our liues, and lauiheft our blood.
O Rome, (accurfed Rome) thou muredreft vs,
And mafacreft thy felfe in yeelding thus.
15 Yet are there Gods, yet is there heauen and earth,
That feeme to feare a certaine Thunderer,
No, no, there are no Gods, or if there be,
They leaue to fee into the worlds affaires ;
They care not for vs, nor account of men,
20 For what we fee is done, is done by chaunce.
T'is Fortune rules, for equitie and right,
Haue neither helpe nor grace in heauens fight.

<F4v>

Scipio

CORNELIA.

Scipio hath wrencht a sword into hys breft,
And launc'd hys bleeding wound into the fea.
25 Vndaunted *Cato*, tore his entrails out.
Affranius and *Faustus* muredred dyed.
Iuba-and *Petreus* fiercely combatting,
Haue each done other equall violence.
Our Army's broken, and the Lybian Beares
30 Deuoure the bodies of our Cittizens.
The conquering Tyrant, high in Fortunes grace,
Doth ryde tryumphing o're our Common-wealth.
And mournfull we behold him brauely mounted
(With ftearne lookes) in his Chariot, where he leades
35 The conquered honor of the people yok't.
So Rome to *Cæsar* yeelds both powre and pelfe,
And o're Rome *Cæsar* raignes in Rome it felfe.
But *Brutus* shall wee diffolutelie fitte,
And fee the tyrant liue to tyranize?
40 Or shall theyr ghofts that dide to doe vs good,
Plaine in their Tombes of our bafe cowardife?
Shall lamed Souldiours, and graue gray-haird men,
Poynt at vs in theyr bitter teares, and fay,
See where they goe that haue theyr race forgot.
45 And rather chufe (vnarm'd) to ferue with fhame,
Then (arm'd) to faue their freedom and their fame.

Brutus.

I fweare by heauen, th'Immortals higheft throne,
<F5r> Theyr

CORNELIA.

Their temples, Altars, and theyr Images,
To see (for one,) that *Brutus* suffer not
50 His ancient liberty to be represt.
I freely marcht with *Cæfar* in hys warrs,
Not to be subiect, but to ayde his right.
But if (enuenom'd with ambitious thoughts)
He lyft his hand imperioufly o're vs,
55 If he determyn but to raigne in Rome,
Or follow'd *Pompey* but to thys effect;
Or if (these ciuill discords now diffolu'd)
He render not the Empyre back to Rome,
Then shall he see, that *Brutus* thys day beares,
60 The selfe-fame Armes to be aueng'd on hym.
And that thys hand (though *Cæfar* blood abhor,)
Shall toyle in his, which I am forry for.
I loue, I loue him deerely. ' ' But the loue
' ' That men theyr Country and theyr birth-right beare,
65 ' ' Exceeds all lous, and deerer is by farre
' ' Our Countries loue, then friends or chyldren are.

Cæsius.

If this braue care be nourisht in your blood,
Or if fo franck a will your soule poffesse,
Why haft we not euen while these words are vttred,
70 To sheathe our new-ground fwords in *Cæfars* throate?
Why spend we day-light, and why dies he not,
That by his death we wretches may reuiue?

G<1r>

Wee

CORNELIA.

We ftay too-long, I burne till I be there
To fee this maffacre, and fend his ghoft
75 To theyrs, whom (fubtilly) he for Monarchie,
Made fight to death with fhow of liberty.
Bru. Yet haply he (as *Sylla* whylom dyd,)
When he hath rooted ciuill warre from Rome,
Will there-withall difcharge the powre he hath.
80 *Cafs. Cæfar* and *Sylla*, *Brutus*, be not like.
Sylla (affaulted by the enemie)
Did arme himfelfe (but in his owne defence)
Againft both *Cynnas* hoft and *Marius*.
Whom when he had difcomfited and chas'd,
85 And of his fafety throughly was affur'd,
He layd apart the powre that he had got,
And gaue vp rule, for he defier'd it not.
Where *Cæfar* that in filence might haue flept,
Nor vrg'd by ought but his ambition,
90 Did breake into the hart of Italie.
And lyke rude *Brennus* brought his men to field,
Trauers'd the feas : And shortly after (backt
With wintered fouldiers vs'd to conquering,)
He aym'd at vs, bent to exterminate,
95 Who euer fought to intercept his ftate.
Now, hauing got what he hath gaped for,
(Deere *Brutus*) thinke you *Cæfar* fuch a chyld,
Slightly to part with fo great figniorie.

<G1v>

Belieu

CORNELIA.

- Believe it not, he bought it deere you know,
100 And traueled too farre to leaue it so.
Brut. But, *Caßius, Cæfar* is not yet a King.
Caf. No, but Dictator, in effect as much.
He doth what pleafeth hym, (a princely thing,)
And wherein differ they whofe powre is fuch?
105 *Brutus.* Hee is not bloody.
Caßius. But by bloody iarres
he hath vnpeopled moft part of the earth.
Both Gaule and Affrique perrifht by his warres.
Egypt, Emathia, Italy and Spayne,
110 Are full of dead mens bones by *Cæfar* flayne.
Th'infectious plague, and Famins bitternes,
Or th'Ocean (whom no pittie can affwage,)
Though they containe dead bodies numberles,
Are yet inferior to *Cæfars* rage.
115 Who (monfter-like) wyth his ambition,
Hath left more Tombes then ground to lay them on.
Brut. Souldiers with fuch reproch fhould not be blam'd.
Caß. He with his fouldiers hath himfelfe defam'd.
Bru. Why then you thinke there is no praife in war.
120 *Caß.* Yes, where the caufes reasonable are.
Bru. He hath enricht the Empire with newe ftates.
Caß. Which with ambition now he ruinate.
Bru. He hath reueng'd the Gaules old iniurie,
And made them fubiect to our Romaine Lawes.
G2<r> *Caßius.*

CORNELIA.

Caβius.

- 125 The reftfull Allmaynes with his crueltie,
He rashly ftyrd againft vs without caufe.
And hazarded our Cittie and our felues
Against a harmeles Nation, kindly giuen,
To whom we should do well (for fome amends,)
- 130 To render him, and reconcile old frends.
Thefe Nations did he purpofely prouoke,
To make an Armie for his after-ayde,
Against the Romains, whom in pollicie
He train'd in warre to fteale theyr figniorie.
- 135 “ Like them that (ftryuing at th'Olympian fports,
“ To grace themfelues with honor of the game)
“ Annoynt theyr finewes fit for wrefthing,
“ And (ere they enter) vfe fome exercife.
The Gaules were but a fore-game fecht about
- 140 For ciuill difcord, wrought by *Cæfars* fleights,
Whom (to be King himfelfe) he foone remou'd,
Teaching a people hating feruitude,
To fight for that that did theyr deaths conclude.
Bru. The warrs once ended, we fhall quickly know,
- 145 Whether he will reftore the ftate or no.
Caf. No *Brutus*, neuer looke to fee that day,
For *Cæfar* holdeth figniorie too deere.
But know, while *Caβius* hath one drop of blood,
To feede this worthies body that you fee,

<G2v>

What

CORNELIA.

- 150 What reck I death to doe fo many good,
In spite of *Cæsar*, *Caßius* will be free.
Bru. A generous or true enobled spirit,
Detefts to learne what lafts of feruitude.
Caß. Brutus, I cannot ferue nor fee Rome yok'd.
- 155 No, let me rather dye a thoufand deaths.
“ The ftiffneckt horfes champe not on the bit,
“ Nor meekely beare the rider but by force :
“ The fturdie Oxen toyle not at the Plough,
“ Nor yeeld vnto the yoke but by conftraint.
- 160 Shall we then that are men, and Remains borne,
Submit vs to vnurged flauerie?
Shall Rome that hath fo many ouer-throwne,
Now make herfelfe a fubiect to her owne?
O bafe indignitie. A beardles youth,
- 165 Whom King *Nicomides* could ouer-reach,
Commaunds the world, and brideleth all the earth,
And like a Prince controls the Romulifts.
Braue Romaine Souldiers, fterne-borne fons of *Mars*,
And none, not one, that dares to vndertake
- 170 The intercepting of his tyrannie.
O, *Brutus* fpeake, O fay *Seruilus*,
Why cry you ayme, and fee vs vfed thus?
But *Brutus* liues, and fees, and knowes, and feeles,
That there is one that curbs their Countries weale.
- 175 Yet (as he were the femblance, not the fonne,

G3<r>

Of

CORNELIA.

Of noble *Brutus*, hys great Grandfather,)
As if he wanted hands, fence, fight, or hart,
He doth, deuifeth, fees, nor dareth ought,
That may extirpe or raze thefe tyrannies.
180 Nor ought doth *Brutus* that to *Brute* belongs,
But ftill increafeth by his negligence,
His owne difgrace, and *Cæfars* violence,
The wrong is great, and ouer-long endur'd,
We fhould haue practized, confpierd, coniu'r'd,
185 A thoufand waies, and weapons to repreffe,
Or kill out-right this caufe of our diftreffe.

Chorus.

“ W *Ho prodigally fpends his blood,*
“ *Brauely to doe his country good,*
“ *And liueth to no other end,*
190 “ *But refolutely to attempt*
“ *What may the innocent defend,*
“ *And bloody Tyrants rage preuent;*

“ *And he that in his foule affur'd*
“ *Hath waters force, and fire endur'd,*
195 “ *And past the pikes of thoufand hostes,*
“ *To free the truth from tyrannie,*
“ *And fearles fcowres in danger coasts,*
“ *T'enlarge his countries liberty,*

<G3v>

“ Were

CORNELIA.

200 “ *Were all the world his foes before,*
“ *Now shall they loue him euer-more.*
“ *His glory fpred abroad by Fame,*
“ *On wings of his posteritie,*
“ *From obfcure death shall free his name,*
“ *To liue in endles memorie.*

205 “ *All after ages shall adore,*
“ *And honor him with hymnes therefore.*
“ *Yeerely the youth for ioy shall bring,*
“ *The fairest flowers that grow in Rome.*
“ *And yeerely in the Sommer fmg,*
210 “ *O’re his heroique kingly Tombe.*

“ *For fo the two Athenians,*
“ *That from their fellow cittizens,*
“ *Did freely chafe vile feruitude,*
“ *Shall liue for valiant prowefse bleft.*
215 “ *No Sepulcher fhall ere exclude,*
“ *Their glorie equall with the beft.*

“ *But when the vulgar, mad and rude,*
“ *Repay good with ingratitude,*
“ *Hardly then they them reward :*
220 “ *That to free them fro the hands*
“ *Of a Tyrant, nere regard*
“ *In what plight their perfon stands.*

<G4r>

“ For

CORNELIA.

225 “ *For high Ioue that guideth all,*
 “ *When he lets his iust wrath fall,*
 “ *To reuenge proud Diadems,*
 “ *With huge cares doth croffe Kings liues,*
 “ *Rayfing treasons in their Realmes,*
 “ *By their chyldren, friends, or wiues.*

230 “ *Therefore he whom all men feare,*
 “ *Feareth all men euery where.*
 “ *Feare that doth engender hate,*
 “ *(Hate enforcing them thereto)*
 “ *Maketh many vnder-take,*
 “ *Many things they would not doe.*

235 “ *O how many mighty Kings*
 “ *Liue in feare of petty things.*
 “ *For when Kings haue fought by warrs,*
 “ *Stranger Townes to haue o’rethrowne,*
 “ *They haue caught deferued skarrs,*
240 “ *Seeking that was not their owne.*

 “ *For no Tyrant commonly,*
 “ *Lyuing ill, can kindly die.*
 “ *But eyther trayterously surprizd*
 “ *Doth coward poifon quaile their breath,*
245 “ *Or their people haue deuis’d,*
 “ *Or their garde to seeke their death.*

<G4v>

“ *He*

CORNELIA.

“ *He onely liues most happilie,*
“ *That free and farre from maiestie,*
“ *Can liue content, although vnknowne :*
250 “ *He fearing none, none fearing him.*
“ *Medling with nothing but his owne,*
“ *While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.*

Cæfar. Mar. Anthonie.

Caefar. O Rome, that with thy pryde doft ouer-peare,
The worthiest Citties of the conquered world.
255 Whofe honor got by famous victories,
Hath fild heauens fierie vaults with frightfull horror.
O lofty towres, O ftately battlements,
O glorious temples, O proude Pallaces,
And you braue walls, bright heauens mafonrie,
260 Grac’d with a thoufand kingly diadems.
Are yee not ftyrred with a ftrange delight,
To fee your *Cæfars* matchles victories?
And how your Empire and your praife begins
Through fame, which hee of ftranger Nations wins?
265 O beautious Tyber, with thine eafie ftreames,
That glide as fmothly as a Parthian shaft;
Turne not thy crifpie tydes like filuer curle,
Backe to thy graff-greene bancks to welcom vs?
And with a gentle murmure haft to tell
270 The foming Seas the honour of our fight?

H.<1r>

Trudge

CORNELIA.

Trudge not thy freames to Trytons Mariners
To bruite the prayfes of our conquefts paff?
And make theyr vaunts to old Oceanus,
That hence-forth Tyber fhall falute the feas,
275 More fam'd then Tyger or fayre Euphratef?
Now all the world (wel-nye) doth ftoope to Rome.
The fea, the earth, and all is almoft ours.
Be'it where the bright Sun with his neyghbor beames,
Doth early light the Pearled Indians.
280 Or where his Chariot ftaies to ftop the day,
Tyll heauen vnlock the darknes of the night.
Be'it where the Sea is wrapt in Chriftall Iffe,
Or where the Sommer doth but warme the earth.
Or heere, or there, where is not Rome renownd?
285 There lyues no King, (how great fo e're he be,)
But trembleth if he once but heare of mee.
Cæfar is now earths fame, and Fortunes terror,
And *Cæfars* worth hath ftaynd old fouldiers prayfes.
Rome, fpeake no more of eyther *Scipio*,
290 Nor of the *Fabij*, or *Fabritians*,
Heere let the *Decij* and theyr glory die.
Cæfar hath tam'd more Nations, tane more Townes,
And fought more battailes then the beft of them.
Cæfar doth tryumph ouer all the world,
295 And all they fcarcely conquered a nooke.
The Gaules that came to Tiber to caroufe,

<H1v>

Dyd

CORNELIA.

Dyd liue to see my fouldiers drinke at Loyre;
And thofe braue Germains, true borne Martialifts,
Beheld the fwift Rheyn vnder-run mine Enfignes ;
300 The Brittaines (lockt within a watry Realme,
And wald by *Neptune*,) ftoopt to mee at laft.
The faithles Moore, the fierce Numidian,
Th'earth that the Euxine fea makes fomtymes marfh,
The ftony-harted people that inhabite
305 Where feau'nfold Nilus doth difgorge it felfe,
Haue all been vrg'd to yeeld to my commaund.
Yea, euen this Cittie, that hath almoft made
An vniuerfall conqueft of the world
And that braue warrier my brother in law,
310 That (ill aduis'd) repined at my glory.
Pompey that fecond *Mars*, whose haught renowne
And noble deeds, were greater then his fortunes.
Proou'd to his loffe but euen in one affault
My hand, my hap, my hart exceeded his ;
315 When the Theffalian fields were purpled ore
With eyther Armies murdred fouldiers goe.
When hee (to conquering accuftomed,)
Did (conquered) flie, his troopes difcomfited.
Now *Scipio*, that long'd to fhew himfelfe
320 Difcent of Affrican,(fo fam'd for Armes)
He durft affront me and my warlike bands,
Vpon the Coaftes of Lybia, till he loft

H2<r>

His

CORNELIA.

His scattred Armie : and to fhun the fcorne
Of being taken captiue, kild himfelfe.
325 Now therefore let vs triumph *Anthony*.
And rendring thanks to heauen as we goe
For brideling thofe that dyd maligne our glory,
Lets to the Capitoll.
Anth. Come on, braue *Cæfar*,
330 And crowne thy head, and mount thy Chariot.
Th'impatient people runne along the ftreets,
And in a route againft thy gates they rufhe,
To fee theyr *Cæfar* after dangers pafte,
Made Conqueror and Emperor at laft.
335 *Cæfar.* I call to witnes heauens great Thunderer,
That gainft my will I haue maintaind this warre,
Nor thirfted I for conquefts bought with blood.
I ioy not in the death of Cittizens.
But through my felfe-wild enemies defpight,
340 And Romains wrong was I conftained to fight.
Anth. They fought t'eclipse thy fame, but deftinie
Reuers'd th'effect of theyr ambition.
And *Cæfars* prayfe increafed by theyr difgrace
That rekt not of his vertuous deeds : But thus
345 We fee it fareth with the enuious.
Cæfar. I neuer had the thought to iniure them.
Howbeit I neuer meant my greatnes fhould,
By any others greatnes be o're-ruld.

<H2v>

For

CORNELIA.

350 For as I am inferior to none,
So can I suffer no Superiors.
Anth. Well *Cæsar*, now they are difcomfited,
And Crowes are feasted with theyr carcafes.
And yet I feare you haue too kindly fau'd
Thofe, that your kindnes hardly will requite.

355 *Cæf.* Why *Anthony*, what would you wifh mee doe ?
Now fhall you fee that they will pack to Spaine,
And (ioyned with the Exiles there encampt,)
Vntill th'ill fpyrit that doth them defend,
Doe bring their treafons to a bloody end.

360 *Anth.* I feare not thofe that to theyr weapons flye,
And keepe theyr ftate in Spaine, in Spaine to die.
Cæf. Whom fear'ft thou then *Mark Anthony*?
Anth. The hatefull crue,
That wanting powre in fielde to conquer you,

365 Haue in theyr coward foules deuifed fnares
To murder thee, and take thee at vnwares.
Cæfar. Will thofe confpire my death that liue by mee?
Anth. In conquered foes what credite can there be ?
Cæfar. Befides theyr liues, I did theyr goods reftore.

370 *Anth.* O but theyr Countries good concerns them more.
Cæfar. What, thinke they mee to be their Countries foe?
Anth. No, but that thou vfurp'ft the right they owe.
Cæfar. To Rome haue I fubmitted mighty things.
Anth. Yet Rome endures not the commaund of Kings.

H3<r> *Cæfar.*

CORNELIA.

- 375 *Cæf.* Who dares to contradict our Emporie ?
Anth. Those whom thy rule hath rob'd of liberty.
Cæf. I feare them not whose death is but deferd.
Anth. I feare my foe vntill he be interd.
Cæf. A man may make his foe his friend you know.
- 380 *Anth.* A man may eafier make his friend his foe.
Cæf. Good deeds the cruelft hart to kindnes bring,
Anth. But refolution is a deadly thing.
Cæf. If Cittizens my kindnes haue forgot,
whom fhall I then not feare ?
- 385 *Anth.* Those that are not.
Cæf. What, fhall I flay them all that I fufpect?
Anth. Els cannot *Cæfars* Emporie endure.
Cæf. Rather I will my lyfe and all neglect.
Nor labour I my vaine life to affure.
- 390 But fo to die, as dying I may liue,
And leauing off this earthly Tombe of myne,
Ascend to heauen vpon my winged deeds.
And fhall I not have liued long enough
That in fo fhort a time am fo much fam'd?
- 395 Can I too-foone goe tafte *Cocytus* flood?
No *Anthony*, Death cannot iniure vs,
' For he liues long that dyes victorious.
Anthony.
Thy prayfes show thy life is long enough,
But for thy friends and Country all too-fhort.

<H3v>

Should

CORNELIA.

400 Should *Cæsar* lyue as long as *Nestor* dyd,
Yet Rome may wifh his life eternized.

Cæsar.

Heauen fets our time, with heauen may nought difpence.

Anth. But we may fhorten time with negligence.

Cæf. But Fortune and the heauens haue care of vs.

405 *Anth.* Fortune is fickle, Heauen imperious.

Cæf. What fhall I then doe?

Anth. As befits your ftate,

Maintaine a watchfull guard about your gate.

Cæf. What more affurance may our ftate defend

410 Then loue of thofe that doe on vs attend?

Anth. There is no hatred more if it be mou'd,

Then theirs whom we offend, and once belou'd.

Cæf. Better it is to die then be fufpitious.

Anth. T'is wifdom yet not to be credulous.

Cæfar.

415 The quiet life, that carelefly is ledd,

Is not alonely happy in this world,

But Death it felfe doth fometime pleafure vs.

That death that comes vnfent for or vnfeene,

And fuddainly doth take vs at vnware,

420 Mee thinks is fweeteft ; And if heauen were pleas'd,

I could defire that I might die fo well.

The feare of euill doth afflict vs more,

Then th'euill it felfe, though it be nere fo fore.

<H4r>

A

CORNELIA.

A Chorus of Cæfars friends.

425 *O Faire Sunne that gentlie smiles,
From the Orient-pearled Iles,
Guilding these our gladfome daies,
With the beautie of thy rayes :*

*Free fro rage of ciuill strife,
Long preferue our Cæfars life.*
430 *That from fable Affrique brings,
Conquests whereof Europe rings.*

*And faire Venus thou of whom
The Eneades are come,
Henceforth vary not thy grace,*
435 *From Iulus happy race.*

*Rather cause thy dearest sonne,
By his tryumphs new begun,
To expell fro forth the Land,
Firce warrs quenchles fire-brand.*

440 *That of care acquitting vs,
(Who at last adore him thus)
He a peaceful starre appeare,
From our walls all woes to cleere.*

<H4v>

And

CORNELIA.

445 *And fo let his warlike browes,
Still be deckt with Lawrel boughes,
And his statues new fet
With many a fresh-flowrd Coronet.*

450 *So, in euery place let be,
Feasts, and Masks, and mirthfull glee,
Strewing Rofes in the streete,
When their Emperor they meete.*

455 *He his foes hath conquered,
Neuer leaning till they fled,
And (abhorring blood,) at last
Pardon'd all offences past.*

*“ For high love the heauens among,
“ (Their support that suffer wrong,)
“ Doth oppofe himfelfe agen
“ Bloody minded cruell men.*

460 *“ For he shortneth their dayes,
“ Or prolongs them with difpraise :
“ Or (his greater wrath to show,)
“ Giues them ouer to their foe.*

465 *Cæfar, a Cittizen fo wrong'd
Of the honor him belong'd,*

l.<1r>

To

CORNELIA.

*To defend himfelfe from harmes,
Was enforc'd to take vp Armes.*

*For he faw that Enuies dart,
(Pricking still their poyfoned hart.
470 For his fuddaine glory got,)
Made his enuious foe fo hote.*

*Wicked Enuie feeding still,
Foolish thofe that doe thy will.
475 For thy poyfons in them poure
Sundry pafsions euery houre.*

*And to choller doth conuart,
Purest blood about the hart.
Which (ore-flowing of their brest)
Suffreth nothing to digest.*

*480 " Other mens prosperitie,
" Is their infelicitie.
" And their choller then is rais'd
" When they heare another prais'd.*

*485 " Neither Phoebus faireft eye,
" Feasts, nor friendly company,
" Mirth, or what fo-e're it be,
" With their humor can agree.*

<I1v>

" Day

CORNELIA.

490 “ *Day or night they neuer rest,*
“ *Spightfull hate fo pecks their brest.*
“ *Pinching their perplexed lunges,*
“ *With her fiery poyfoned tongues.*

495 “ *Fire-brands in their brests they beare,*
“ *As if Tefiphon were there.*
“ *And their foules are pierc’d as fore*
“ *As Prometheus ghost, and more.*

“ *Wretches, they are woe-begone,*
“ *For their wound is alwaies one.*
“ *Nor hath Chyron powre or skill,*
“ *To recure them of their ill.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

The Messenger. Cornelia. Chorus.

Messenger.

V *Nhappy man, amongft so many wracks*
 As I haue suffred both by Land and Sea,
 That fcorneful destinie denyes my death.
Oft haue I feene the ends of mightier men,
5 *Whose coates of fteele bafe Death hath stolne into.*
 And in thys direful warre before mine eyes,

I 2<r>

Beheld

CORNELIA.

Beheld theyr corfes scattred on the plaines,
And endles numbers falling by my fide,
Nor thofe ignoble, but the nobleft Lords.

- 10 Mongft whom aboute the reft, that moues me moft,
Scipio (my deereft Maifter) is deceas'd.
And Death that fees the Nobles blood fo rife,
Full-gorged triumphes, and difdaines my lyfe.

Corn. We are vndone.

- 15 *Chor.* *Scipio* hath loft the day.
But hope the beft, and harken to his newes.

Corn. O cruell fortune.

Meff. Thefe mif-fortunes yet
muft I report to fad *Cornelia*.

- 20 Whofe ceafeles grieffe (which I am forry for)
Will agrauate my former mifery.

Corn. Wretch that I am, why leaue I not the world?
Or wherefore am I not already dead?
O world, O wretch.

- 25 *Chor.* Is this th'vndaunted hart
that is required in extremities?
Be more confirmd. And Madam, let not grieffe
abufe your wifdom lyke a vulgar wit.
Haply the newes is better then the noyfe,

- 30 Let's heare him fpeake.

Corn. O no, for all is loft.
Farewell deere Father.

<I2v>

Chorus.

CORNELIA.

Chor. Hee is fau'd, perhaps.

Meß. Me thinks, I heare my Maisters daughter speake.

35 What fighes, what fobs, what plaints, what pafsions
haue we endurde *Cornelia* for your fake?

Corn. Where is thine Emperour?

Meß. Where our Captaines are.

40 Where are our Legions ? Where our men at Armes ?
Or where fo many of our Romaine foules?
The earth, the fea, the vultures and the Crowes,
Lyons and Beares are theyr beft Sepulchers.

Corn. O miferable.

45 *Chor.* Now I fee the heauens,
are heapt with rage and horror gainft this houfe.

Corn. O earth, why op'ft thou not?

Chor. Why waile you fo?

50 Affure your felfe that *Scipio* brauely dyed,
And fuch a death excels a feruile life.

Say Meffenger,
The manner of his end
will haply comfort this your difcontent.

Corn. Difcourfe the manner of his hard mishap,
And what difaftrous accident did breake,

55 So many people bent fo much to fight.

Meßenger.

Cæfar, that wifely knewe his fouldiers harts,
And their defire to be approou'd in Armes,

I.3.<r>

Sought

CORNELIA.

Sought nothing more then to encounter vs.
And therefore (faintly skyrmishing) in craft,
60 Lamely they fought, to draw vs further on.
Oft (to prouoke our warie wel-taught troopes)
He would attempt the entrance on our barrs.
Nay, euen our Trenches, to our great disgrace,
And call our fouldiers cowards to theyr face.
65 But when he saw his wiles nor bitter words,
Could draw our Captaines to endanger vs,
Coasting along and following by the foote,
He thought to tyre and wearie vs fro thence.
And got hys willing hofts to march by night,
70 With heauy Armor on theyr hardned backs,
Downe to the Sea-fide; Where before faire *Tapfus*,
He made his Pyoners (poore weary foules)
The felfe-fame day, to dig and caft new Trenches,
And plant ftrong Barricades. Where he(encampt)
75 Refolu'd by force to hold vs hard at work.
Scipio, no fooner heard of his defignes,
But being afeard to loofe fo fit a place,
Marcht on the suddaine to the felfe-fame Cittie.
Where few men might doe much, which made him fee
80 Of what importance fuch a Towne would be.
The fields are fpred, and as a houfhold Campe
Of creeping Emmets, in a Countrey Farme,
That come to forrage when the cold begins :
<I4v> Leauing

CORNELIA.

- 110 That they o're-layd them in the firft affault.
Meane-while our Emperor (at all poynts arm'd)
Whofe filuer hayres and honorable front,
Were (warlike) lockt within a plumed cafke,
In one hand held his Targe of fteele emboft,
115 And in the other grafpt his Coutelas ;
And with a cheerefull looke furueigh'd the Campe.
Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men.
And to endure what ere betyded them.
For now (quoth he) is come that happie day,
120 Wherein our Countrey fhall approue our loue.
Braue Romains know, this is the day and houre,
That we muft all liue free, or friendly die.
For my part (being an auncient Senator,)
An Emperor and Conful, I difdaine
125 The world fhould fee me to become a flauie.
I'le eyther conquer, or this fword you fee,
(Which brightly fhone) fhall make an end of me.
We fight not we like thieues, for others wealth.
We fight not we t'enlarge our skant confines.
130 To purchafe fame to our pofterities,
By stuffing of our tropheies in their houfes.
But t'is for publique freedom that we fight,
For Rome we fight, and thofe that fled for feare.
Nay more, we fight for fafetie of our lyues,
135 Our goods, our honors, and our auncient lawes.

<15v>

As

CORNELIA.

As for the Empire, and the Romaine state
(Due to the victor) thereon ruminare.
Thinke how this day the honorable Dames,
With blubbred eyes, and handes to heauen vprear'd,
140 Sit inuocating for vs to the Gods,
That they will bleffe our holy purpofes.
Me thinks I fee poore Rome in horror clad,
And aged Senators in sad difcourfe,
Mourne for our sorrowes and theyr feruitude.
145 Me thinks I fee them (while lamenting thus)
Theyr harts and eyes lye houering ouer vs.
On then braue men, my fellowes and Romes friends,
To shew vs worthy of our auncestors :
And let vs fight with courage and conceite,
150 That we may reft the Maifters of the field :
That this braue Tyrant valiantly befet,
May perrifh in the preffe before our faces.
And that his troopes (as tucht wyth lightning flames)
May by our horfe, in heapes be ouer-throwne,
155 And he (blood-thirfting) wallow in his owne.
Thys fayd ; His Army crying all at once,
With ioyfull tokens did applaude his fpeeches.
Whofe fwift thrill noyfe did pierce into the clowdes,
Lyke Northern windes that beate the horned Alpes.
160 The clattring Armour buskling as they paced,
Ronge through the Forrefts with a frightfull noyfe,
K.<1r> And

CORNELIA.

A fearfull Hagge, with fier-darting eyes,
Runnes croffe the Squadrons with a fmokie brand :
190 And with her murdring whip encourageth
The ouer-forward hands, to bloode and death.
Bellona fiered with a quenchles rage,
Runnes vp and downe, and in the thickeft throng,
Cuts, cafts the ground, and madding makes a poole,
195 Which in her rage, free paffage doth afford,
That with our blood ſhe may annoynt her ſword.
Now we of our fide, vrge them to retreat,
And nowe before them, we retyre as faſt.
As on the Alpes the ſharpe Nor-North-eaſt wind,
200 Shaking a Pynetree with theyr greateſt powre,
One while the top doth almoſt touch the earth,
And then it rifeth with a counterbufſe.
So did the Armies preſſe and charge each other,
With ſelfe-fame courage, worth and weapons to ;
205 And prodigall of life for libertie,
With burning hate let each at other flie.
Thryce did the Cornets of the ſouldiers (cleerd,)
Turne to the Standerd to be newe ſupplyde ;
And thrice the beſt of both was faine to breathe.
210 And thrice recomforted they brauely ranne,
And fought as freſhly as they firſt beganne.
Like two fierce Lyons fighting in a Defart,
To winne the loue of ſome faire Lyoneffe,

K 2<r>

When

CORNELIA.

240 Stooping their heads low bent to toffe theyr ftaues,
 They fiercely open both Battalions.
 Cleauē, breake, and raging tempeft-like o're-terne,
 What e're makes head to meet them in this humor.
 Our men at Armes (in briefe) begin to flye.
245 And neither prayers, intreatie, nor example
 Of any of theyr leaders left aliue,
 Had powre to ftay them in this ftange carrier.
 Stragling, as in the faire Calabrian fields,
 When Wolues for hunger ranging fro the wood,
250 Make forth amongft the flock, that fcattered flyes
 Before the Shepheard, that refiftles lyes.
Corn. O cruell fortune.
Meß. None refifting now,
 the field was fild with all confufion,
255 of murder, death, and direfull maffacres.
 The feeble bands that yet were left entyre,
 Had more defire to fleepe then feeke for fpoyle.
 No place was free from forrow, euery where
 Lay Armed men, ore-troden with theyr horfes.
260 Difmembred bodies drowning in theyr blood,
 And wretched heapes lie mourning of theyr maimes.
 Whofe blood, as from a fpunge, or bunche of Grapes
 Cruft in a Wine-prette, gusheth out fo faft,
 As with the fight doth make the found agaft.

K3.<r>

Some

CORNELIA.

265 Some should you see that had their heads halfe clouen,
And on the earth their braines lye trembling.
Here one new wounded, helps another dying.
Here lay an arme, and there a leg lay shiuer'd.
Here horse and man (o're-turn'd) for mercy cryde,
270 With hands extended to the mercies.
That stopt their eares, and would not heare a word,
But put them all (remorces) to the sword.
He that had hap to scape, doth helpe a fresh,
To re-enforce the side wheron he seru'd.
275 But seeing that there the murdering Enemie,
Pelle-melle, pursued them like a storme of hayle,
They gan retyre where *Iuba* was encamp't ;
But there had *Cæsar* eftsoones tyranniz'd.
So that dispayring to defend themselves,
280 They layd aside their Armour, and at last,
Offred to yeeld vnto the enemy.
Whose stony hart, that nere dyd Romaine good,
Would melt with nothing but their deereft blood.
And *Scipio* my Father,
285 when he beheld
His people so discomfited and scorn'd.
When he perceiu'd the labour profitles,
To seeke by new encouraging his men,
To come vpon them with a fresh alarme.
290 And when he saw the enemies pursuite,

<K3v>

To

CORNELIA.

To beate them downe as fierce as thundring flints,
And lay them leuell with the charged earth,
Lyke eares of Corne with rage of windie showres,
Their battailes scattred, and their Ensignes taken.
295 And (to conclude) his men difmayd to fee,
The paffage choakt with bodies of the dead ;
(Inceffantly lamenting th'extreame loffe,
And fouspirable death of fo braue fouldiers.)
He spurrs his horfe, and (breaking through the preffe)
300 Trots to the Hauen, where his fhips he finds,
And hopeles trufteth to the truftles windes.
Now had he thought to haue ariu'd in Spayne,
To raife newe forces, and returne to field.
But as one mifchiefe drawes another on,
305 A fuddaine tempeft takes him by the way,
And cafts him vp neere to the Coafts of Hyppon.
Where th'aduerfe Nauie fent to fcoure the feas,
Did hourelly keepe their ordinary courfe ;
Where feeing himfelfe at anchor flightly fhipt,
310 Befieg'd, betraide by winde, by land, by fea,
(All raging mad to rig his better Veffels,
The little while this naual conflict lafted,)
Behold his owne was fiercely fet vpon.
Which being fore beaten, till it brake agen,
315 Ended the liues of his beft fighting men.

<K4r>

There

CORNELIA.

There did the remnant of our Romaine nobles,
Before the foe, and in theyr Captaines prefence
Dye brauely, with their fauchins in their fifts.
Then *Scipio*, (that faw his fhips through-galled,
320 And by the foe fulfilled with fire and blood,
His people put to fword, Sea, Earth, and Hell,
And Heauen it felfe coniu'r'd to iniure him,)
Steps to the Poope, and with a princely vifage
Looking vpon his weapon, dide with blood,
325 Sighing he fets it to his breft, and faid :
Since all our hopes are by the Gods beguil'd,
What refuge now remaines for my diftreffe,
But thee my deereft nere-deceiuing fword?
Yea, thee my lateft fortunes firmeft hope.
330 By whom I am affurde this hap to haue,
That being free borne, I fhall not die a flauie.
Scarce had he faid, but cruelly refolu'd,
He wrencht it to the pommel through his fides,
That fro the wound the fmoky blood ran bubling,
335 Where-with he ftaggred ; And I ftept to him
To haue embrac'd him. But he (beeing afraid
T'attend the mercy of his murdring foe,
That ftill purfued him, and opprest his fhips,)
Crawld to the Deck, and lyfe with death to eafe,
340 Headlong he threw himfelfe into the feas.

<K4v>

Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA.

O cruell Gods, O heauen, O direfull Fates,
O radiant Sunne that flightly guildft our dayes,
O night starrs, full of infelicities,
O triple titled *Heccat*, Queene and Goddeffe,
345 Bereaue my lyfe, or lyuing strangle me.
Confound me quick, or let me sinck to hell.
Thrust me fro forth the world,that mongft the spirits
Th' infernall Lakes may ring with my laments.
O miserabile, desolate, diftresful wretch,
350 Worne with mishaps, yet in mishaps abounding.
What shall I doe, or whether shall I flye
To venge this out-rage, or reuenge my wrongs ?
Come wrathfull Furies with your Ebon locks,
And feede your felues with mine enflamed blood.
355 *Ixions* torment, *Syfiph's* roling ftone,
And th' Eagle tyering on *Prometheus*,
Be my eternall tasks ; That th'extreame fire,
Within my hart, may from my hart retyre.
I suffer more, more forrowes I endure,
360 Then all the Captiues in th'infernall Court.
O troubled Fate, O fatall misery,
That vnprouoked, deal'ft fo partiallie.

L<1r>

Say

CORNELIA.

Say, freatfull heauens, what fault haue I committed,
Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
365 When (being but young) I loft my first loue *Craβus*?
Or wherein did I merrite so much wrong,
To see my second husband *Pomfey* flayne?
But mongft the rest, what horrible offence,
What hatefull thing (vnthought of) haue I done,
370 That in the midft of this my mournfull ftate,
Nought but my Fathers death could expiate ?
Thy death deere *Scipio*, Romes eternall loffe,
Whofe hopefull life preferu'd our happines.
Whofe filuer haire encouraged the weake.
375 Whofe resolutions did confirme the rest.
Whofe ende, fith it hath ended all my ioyes,
O heauens at least permit, of all these plagues,
That I may finish the Catastrophe.
Sith in this widdow-hood, of all my hopes
380 I cannot looke for further happines.
For both my husbands and my Father gone,
What haue I els to wreak your wrath vpon.
Now as for happy thee, to whom sweet Death,
Hath giuen blessed rest for lifes bereauing,
385 O enuious *Iulia*, in thy iealous hart
Venge not thy wrong vpon *Cornelia*.
But sacred ghost, appeafe thine ire, and see

<L1v>

My

CORNELIA.

My hard mishap in marrying after thee.
O see mine anguish ; Haplie seeing it,
390 T'will moue compafsion in thee of my paines :
And vrge thee (if thy hart be not of flynt,
Or drunck with rigor,) to repent thy felfe ;
That thou enflam'dft fo cruell a reuenge
In *Cæfars* hart, vpon fo flight a caufe.
395 And mad't him raife fo many mournfull Tombes,
Because thy husband did reuiue the lights
Of thy forsaken bed ; (Vnworthely)
Oppofing of thy freatfull ielofie,
Gainft his mishap, as it my helpe had bin,
400 Or as if fecond marriage were a fin.
Was neuer Citty where calamitie,
Hath fojour'd with fuch forrow as in this.
Was neuer ftate wherein the people ftood
So careles of their conquered libertie,
405 And careful of anothers tyranny.
O Gods, that earft of Carthage tooke fome care,
Which by our Fathers (pittiles) was fpoyl'd.
When thwarting Deftinie, at Affrique walls
Did topside turuey turne their Common-wealth.
410 When forcefull weapons fiercely tooke away,
Their fouldiers (fent to nourifh vp thofe warrs.)
When (fierd) their golden Pallaces fell downe.

L 2.<r>

When

CORNELIA.

When through the slaughter th'Afrique seas were dide,
And faced Temples quenchlesly enflam'd.
415 Now is our haples time of hopes expired.
Then fatif-fie yourfelues with this reuenge,
Content to count the ghofts of thofe great Captains,
Which (conquered) perifht by the Romaine fwords.
The Hannons, the Amilcars, Afrubals,
420 Eſpecially, that proudeſt Hanniball,
That made the fayre Thraſymene ſo dezart.
For euen thofe fields that mourn'd to beare their bodies,
Now (loaden) groane to feele the Romaine corfes.
Theyr earth we purple ore, and on theyr Tombes
425 We heape our bodies, equalling theyr ruine.
And as a *Scipio* did reuerſe theyr powre,
They haue a *Scipio* to reuenge them on.
Weepe therefore Roman Dames, and from henceforth,
Valing your Criſtall eyes to your faire boſoms,
430 Raine ſhowres of greefe vpon your Roſe-like cheeks,
And dewe your felues with ſpringtides of your teares.
Weepe Ladies weepe, and with your reeking fighes,
Thicken the paſſage of the pureſt clowdes,
And preſſe the ayre with your continuall plaints.
435 Beate at your Iuorie breafes, and let your robes
(Defac'd and rent) be witnes of your forrowes.
And let your haire that wont be wreath'd in treſſes,

<L2v>

Now

CORNELIA.

Now hang neglectly, dangling downe your fholders,
Careles of Arte, or rich accouftrements.
440 That with the gold and pearle we vs'd before,
Our mournfull habits may be deckt no more.
Alas what fhall I doe? O deere companions,
Shall I, O fhall I liue in thefe laments?
Widdowed of all my hopes, my haps, my husbands,
445 And laft, not leaft, bereft of my beft Father;
And of the ioyes mine auncestors enioy'd,
When they enioy'd their liues and libertie.
And muft I liue to fee great *Pompeys* houfe,
(A houfe of honour and antiquitie)
450 Vfurpt in wrong by lawleffe *Anthony*?
Shall I behold the fumptuous ornaments,
(Which both the world and Fortune heapt on him,)
Adorne and grace his graceles Enemy?
Or fee the wealth that *Pompey* gain'd in warre,
455 Sold at a pike, and borne away by ftrangers ?
Dye, rather die *Cornelia* ; And (to spare
Thy worthies life that yet muft one day perifh,)
Let not thofe Captains vainlie lie inter'd,
Or *Cæfar* triumph in thine infamie,
460 That wert the wife to th'one, and th'others daughter.
But if I die, before I haue entomb'd,
My drowned Father in fome Sepulcher,

L3<r>

Who

CORNELIA.

Who will performe that care in kindnes for me?
Shall his poore wandring lymbs lie ftill tormented,
465 Toft with the falte waues of the wasteful Seas?
No louely Father, and my deereft husband,
Cornelia muft liue, (though life ſhe hateth)
To make your Tombes, & mourne vpon your hearfes.
Where (languifhing,) my fumous, faithful teares
470 May trickling bathe your generous ſweet cynders.
And afterward (both wanting ſtrength and moyfture,
Fulfilling with my lateft ſighes and gasps,
The happie veffels that encloſe your bones,)
I will ſurrender my furcharged life.
475 And (when my foule Earths pryfon ſhall forgoe,)
Encreate the number of the ghofts be-low.

*Non profunt Domino, quae profunt
omnibus ; Artes.*

Tho : Kyd.

<L3v>