

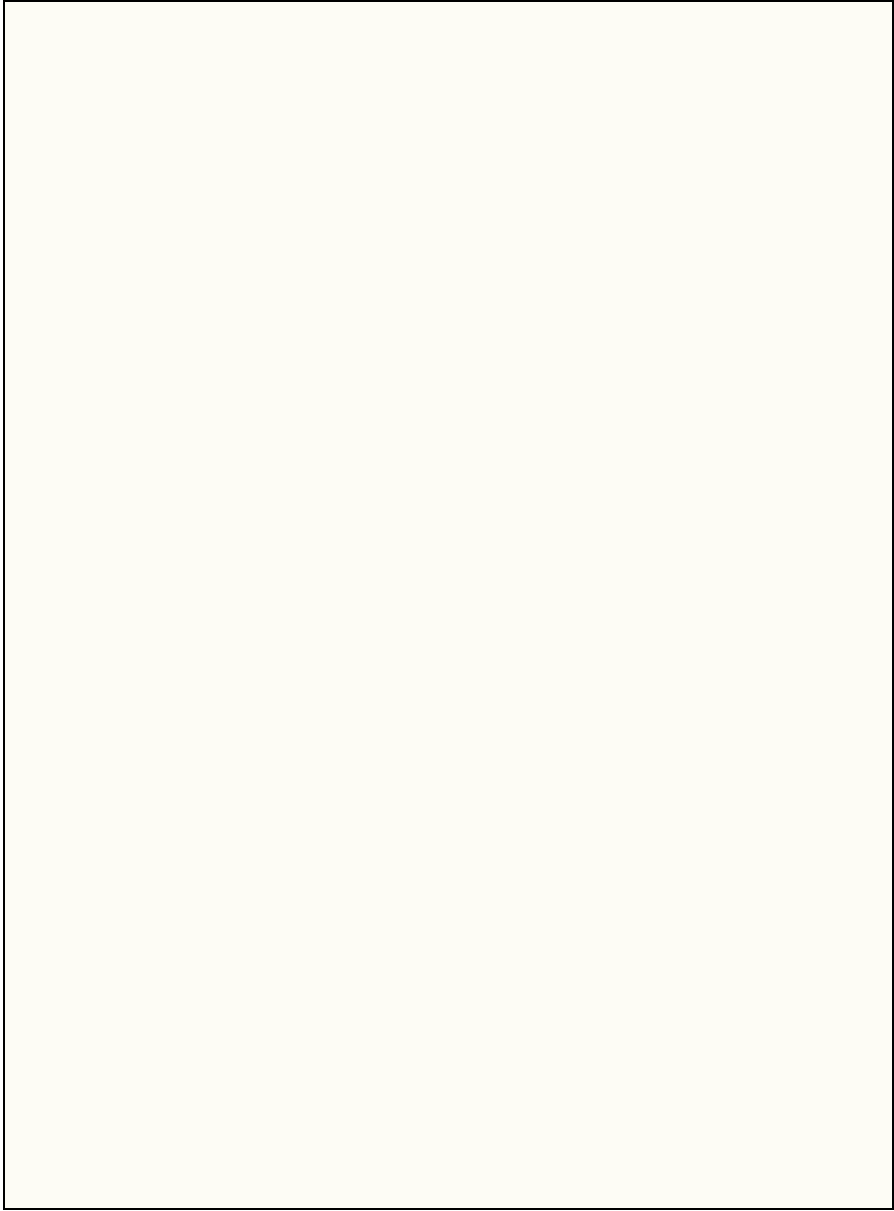
[Ornament]

# CORNELIA.

First edition.

ThoMas Kyd

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



# To the vertuously No=

ble, and rightly honoured Lady, the

*Countesse of Sußex.*

[Ornament]

*H*                      *Auing no leysure (most noble Lady)*  
                         *but such as euermore is traueld with*  
                         *th' afflictions of the minde , then*  
                         *which the world affoordes no greater*  
5                      *mifery, it may bee wondred at by*  
                         *some, how I durst vndertake a mat-*  
                         *ter of this moment : which both re-*  
                         *quireth cunning,rest and oportunity ; but chiefly, that I*  
                         *would attempt the dedication of so rough, vnpollished a*  
10                     *worke, to the suruey of your so worthy selfe.*  
                         *But beeing well instructed in your noble and heroick*  
                         *dispositions, and perfectly affur'd of your honourable fa-*  
                         *uours past, (though neyther making needles glozes of the*  
                         *one, nor spoyling paper with the others Pharisaical embro-*  
15                     *derie), I haue presum'd vpon your true conceit and enter-*  
                         *tainement of these small endeouours, that thus I purposed to*  
                         *make known, my memory of you and them to be immortall.*  
                         *A fitter present for a Patroneffe so well accomplished,*  
                         *I could not finde, then this faire president of honour, mag-*  
                         *a ij.<r>                      nanimitie,*

### *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 befeech  
your Honour to repaire, with the regarde of thofe fo bitter  
times and priuie broken paßions that I endured in the wri-  
ting it.*
- 25 *And fo vouchsafing but the paßing of a Winters weeke  
with defolate Cornelia, I will affure your Ladiship my  
next Sommers better trauell, with the Tragedy of Portia.  
And euer spend one howre of the day in fome kind feruice 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.

C O R N E L I A, the Daughter of  
*Metellus Scipio* , a young Ro-  
maine Lady, (as much accom-  
plisht with the graces of the bo-  
die, & the vertues of the minde  
5 as euer any was), was first mar-  
ried to young *Craßus*, who died  
with his Father in the difconfiture of the Romans a-  
gainst the Parthians ; Afterward she tooke to second  
husbande *Pompey* the great, who (three yeeres after)  
10 vpon the first fiers of the ciuill warres betwixt him &  
*Cæsar*, sent her fro thence to *Mitlen*, there to attende  
the incertaine successe of those affaires. And when he  
sawe that hee was vanquishd at *Pharfalia* , returnd to  
find her out, & carrie her with him into Egipt, where  
15 his purpose was to haue re-enforc'd a newe Armie,  
and giue a second assault to *Cæsar*.  
In this voyage, hee was mured by *Achillas* and  
*Septimius* the Romaine before her eyes, and in the  
presence of his young Sonne *Sextus*, and some other  
20 Senators his friends. After which, shee retyred her-  
felfe to Rome. But *Scipio* her Father, (beeing made  
a iij.<r> Gene-

### The Argument.

Generall of thofe 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 ftate 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 fcattered,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 croſſe euentſ and haples  
newes of Affrique, together with the pitteous man-  
ner of her Fathers ende , ſhee tooke ( as ſhee had  
50 cauſe ) 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 iiij.v>



# CORNELIA.

## ACTVS PRIMVS.

*CICERO.*

- V Ouchfawe Immortals, and (aboue the rest)  
Great *Iupiter*, 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 reft 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 heauie hands with-held  
From this poore people, when (with one mans loffe,) Your pittie hath preferu'd the reft 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.

Poysoned 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'dst our Infant Towne,  
With guiltles blood by brothers hands out-lanched.  
And honght (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 stand.  
“ Two Kings within one realme could neuer reft.  
Thys day, we see, the Father and the sonne  
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 sufficient.
- 45 Now, Parthia, feare no more, for *Crafsus* death  
That we will come thy borders to besiege :

<A1 v>

Nor

*CORNELIA.*

Nor feare the darts of our couragious troopes.  
For those braue souldiers, 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 so many Nations stood in feare,  
To whom so many Nations prostrate stoopt,  
55 Ore whom (faue heauen) nought could signorize,  
And whom (faue heauen) nothing could afright.  
Impregnable, immortall, and whose 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 sands,  
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 restraynd,  
Like Captiues lyu'd eternally enchaind.  
But Rome (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dst  
The former World to thee in vassalage?  
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 East and West,  
A. 2<r> And

*CORNELIA.*

And that the golden Sunne, where ere he driue  
His glittering Chariot, findes our Ensignes spread?  
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 boistrous Sea,  
When foming billowes feele the Northern blasts :  
Thou toyl'st in perrill, and the windie storme,  
Doth topside-turuey tosse thee as thou floatest.  
Thy Maft is shyer'd, and thy maine-faile torne,  
85 Thy sides fore beaten, and thy hatches broke.  
Thou want'st 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 sholdst but touch, thou straight becomst  
90 A spoyle to *Neptune*, and a sportfull praie  
To th' Glauc's and Trytons, pleas'd with thy decay.  
Thou vaunt'st not of thine Auncestors in vaine,  
But vainely count'st 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 miserie,

<A2v>

“The

*CORNELIA.*

“ The more that Fortune hath with others stood ;  
100 “ So that we fild are seene, as wifedom would,  
“ To brydle time with reafon as we should.  
“ For we are proude, when Fortune fauours vs,  
“ As if inconstant Chaunce were alwaies one,  
“ Or fstanding 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 flattring 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 foly 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.*

" ' A note of Chaunce that may the proude controule,  
 125 And fiew Gods wrath againſt a cruell foule.  
 " ' For heauen delights not in vs, when we doe  
 ' That to another, which our felues dyfdaine :  
 " ' Iudge others, as thou wouldſt be iudg'd againe.  
 " ' And do but as thou wouldſt be done vnto.  
 130 ' For, footh to fay, (in reaſon) we deferue,  
 " ' To haue the ſelfe-fame meaſure that we ſerue.  
 What right had our ambitious aunceſtors,  
 (Ignobly iſſued from the Carte and Plough)  
 To enter Aſia? What, were they the heires  
 135 To Perſia or the Medes, firſt Monarchies?  
 What intereſt had they to Afferique?  
 To Gaule or Spaine? Or what did *Neptune* owe vs  
 Within the bounds of further Brittainie?  
 Are we not thieues and robbers of thoſe Realmes  
 140 That ought vs nothing but reuenge for wrongs?  
 What toucheth vs the treaſure or the hopes,  
 The lyues or lyberties of all thoſe Nations,  
 Whom we by force haue held in feruitude?  
 Whoſe mournfull cryes and ſhreekes to heauen aſcend,  
 145 Importuning both vengeance and defence  
 Againſt this Citty, ritch of violence.  
 " ' T'is not enough (alas) our power t'extend,  
 " ' Or ouer-runne the world from Eaſt to Weſt,  
 " ' Or that our hands the Earth can comprehend,  
 " ' Or

*CORNELIA.*

- 150   “ Or that we proudly doe what lyke vs beft.  
      “ He lyues more quietly whofe reft if made,  
      “ And can with reafon chaften hif defire,  
      “ Then he that blindly toyleth for a fhade,  
      “ And is with others Empyre fet on fire.  
155   “ Our blyffe confifts not in poffeffions,  
      “ But in commaunding our affections,  
      “ In vertues choyfe, and vices needfull chace  
      “ Farre from our harts, for ftayning of our face.

*CHORVS.*

- V   *Ppon thy backe (where miferie doth fit)*  
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 fets menacing)*  
      *Thou dost not feeke to calme heauens ireful king,*  
165       *A further plague will pester all the land.*

- “ *The wrath of heauen (though vrg'd,)we fee is flow*  
      “ *In punishing the euils we haue done :*  
      “ *For what the Father hath deferu'd, we know,*  
      “ *If fpar'd in him, and punisht in the fonne.*  
170   “ *But to forgiue the apter that they be,*  
      “ *They are the more displeafed, when they fee,*  
      “ *That we continue our offence begunne.*  
          <A 4r>                                   “ *Then*

*CORNELIA.*

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

180 *Warre that hath fought Th' Ausonian fame to reare,*  
*In warlike Emony, (now growne so 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, discord, wrath, and enmitie,*  
*Euen to the peacefull Indians pearled seate.*

190 *Whose entrails fyerd with rancor, wrath and rage,  
The former petty combats did displace,  
And Campe to Campe did endleffe battailes wage :  
Which on the Mountaine tops of warlike Thrace,  
Made thundring Mars (Diffentions common friend,)  
Amongst the forward Souldiers first discend,  
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 desert mightst fall to Phlegiton,  
The torment that Ixion suffereth,  
Or his whose foule the Vulture feazeth on,  
205 Were all too little to reward thy wrath :  
Nor all the plagues that fierie Pluto hath  
The most outrageous sinners layd vpon.*

*Accursed 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?*

*215 All fad and defolate our Citty lyes,  
And (for faire Corne-ground are our fields furcloid)  
With worthles Gorfe, that yerely fruitles dyef;  
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 surcease,*  
*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 (cause I cannot dry  
Your ceaselesse 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 moisture so,  
As my displeased soule may shunne my hart.  
Heauens let me dye, and let the Destinies  
10 Admit me passage to th'infernall Lake ;  
That my poore ghost, may rest where powerfull fate,  
In Deaths sad kingdom hath my husband lodg'd.  
Fayne would I die, but darksome vgly Death,  
With-holds his darte, and in disdain doth flye me,  
15 Malitiouly knowing that hels horror,  
Is mylder then mine endles discontent.  
And that if Death vpon my life should seaze.  
The payne supposed would procure mine ease.

<B1v>

But

*CORNELIA.*

But yee fad Powers that rule the filent deepes,  
20 Of dead-fad Night, where finnes doe maske vnfeene :  
You that amongst the darksome manfions  
Of pyning ghofts, twixt fighes, and fobs, and teares,  
Do exercife your mirthleffe Empory.  
Yee gods (at whose arbitrament all ftand,) 25  
Dislodge my foule, and keepe it with your felues,  
For I am more then halfe your pryfoner.  
My noble hufbands (more then noble foules,)  
Already wander vnder your commaunds.  
O then fhall wretched I, that am but one,  
30 (Yet once both theyrs,) furuiue, now they are gone?  
Alas, thou fhouldft, thou fhouldft *Cornelia*,  
Haue broke the facred thred that tyde thee heere,  
When as thy husband *Craffus* (in his flowre)  
Did firft beare Armes, and bare away my loue.  
35 And not (as thou haft done) goe break the bands,  
By calling *Hymen* once more back againe.  
Leffe haples, and more worthily thou might'ft,  
Haue made thine auncefters and thee renound :  
If (like a royall Dame) with faith faft kept,  
40 Thou with thy former hufbands death hadft flept.  
But partiall Fortune, and the powerful Fates,  
That at their pleasures wield our purpofes,  
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 first husband stole my faithles grieve.  
       But if (as some belieue) in heauen or hell,  
       Be heauenly powers, or infernall spirits,  
       That care to be aueng'd of Louers othes ;  
50     Oathes made in marriage, and after broke.  
       Those powers, those spirits (mou'd with my light faith,)  
       Are now displeas'd with *Pompey* and my selfe.  
       And doe with ciuill discord (furthering it)  
       Vntye the bands, that sacred *Hymen* knyt.  
55     Els onely I, am cause 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 sacks thy house and thee.  
       For 'tis not heauen, nor *Craffus* (cause hee fees  
60     That I am thine) in ielosie pursues vs.  
       No, 'tis a secrete 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 rest,  
       Hence-forth forbear to seeke my murthering loue,  
       And let theyr double losse that held me deere,  
       Byd you beware for feare you be beguild.  
       Ye may be rich 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 be disgrac'd with mine unhappines.  
O haples wife, thus ominous to all,  
Worse than *Megara*, worse then any plague.  
What foule infernall, or what stranger hell,  
Hence-forth wilt thou inhabite, 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 defaistrous 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 ftayes 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 paff, 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*,  
Proud *Cynna*, *Marius*, and *Carbo* flefh'd,  
140 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 ambitious 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 lauihly 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 absent me from thys hatefull light,)  
I would haue plund'd my body in the Sea.  
And thrice detaint, with dolefull shreeks and cryes,  
(With armes to heauen vprea'd) I gan exclaime  
And bellow forth against the Gods themfelues,  
200 A bedroll of outrageous blasphemies.  
Till (griefe to heare, and hell for me to speake,)  
My woes waxt stronger, and my felfe grew weake.  
Thus day and night I toyle in discontent,  
And sleeping wake, when sleepe it felfe that rydes  
205 Vpon the myfts, scarce moyfteneth mine eyes.  
Sorrow confumes mee, and, in steed of rest,  
With folded armes I fadly fitte and weepe.  
And if I winck, it is for feare to see,  
The fearefull dreames effects that trouble mee.  
210 O heauens, what shall I doe? alas must I,  
Must I my felfe, be murderer of my felfe?  
Must I my felfe be forc'd to ope the way,  
Whereat my foule in wounds may fally forth?

*Cicero.*

- 215 Madam, you must not thus transpofe your felfe.  
We see your forrow, but who forrowes not?  
The griefe is common. And I muse, besides  
The feruitude that causeth all our cares,

<C1v>

Besides

*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 seeme the lesse.

*Cicero.*

225 “ O, but men beare misfortunes 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 friends misfortune doth increase our owne.  
*Cicero.*

“ But ours of others will not be acknowne.

*Cornelia.*

“ Yet one mans forrow will another tutch.

*Cicero.*

“ I when himselfe will entertaine none such.

*Cornelia.*

“ Others teares, draw teares from forth our eyes.

*Cicero.*

235 “ And choyce of streames the greatest Riuer dryes.

*Cornelia.*

“ When sand within a Whirle-poolle 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 *Perſiphone*, or *Plutos* gaſtly ſpirits,  
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 thoſe that muſt be fetcht againe.

*Cornelia.*

245 *Proſerpina* indeed neglects my plaints,  
And hell it ſelfe is deafe to my laments.  
Vnprofitably ſhould I waſte my teares,  
If ouer *Pompey* I ſhould weepe to death ;  
With hope to haue him be reuiu'd by them.  
250 Weeping auailles not, therefore doe I weepe.  
Great loſſes, greatly are to be deplor'd,  
The loſſe is great that cannot be reſtor'd.

*Cicero.*

“ Nought is immortall vnderneath the Sunne,  
“ All things are ſubiect to Deaths tyranny :  
255 “ Both Clownes & Kings one ſelfe-fame courſe muſt run,  
“ And what-foeuer liues, is ſure to die.  
Then wherefore mourne you for your huſbands death,  
Sith being a man, he was ordain'd to die?

<C2v>

Sith

*CORNELIA.*

Sith *Ioues* owne fonnes, retaining humane fhape,  
260 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, whose foundations reacht  
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 fierceness, 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 steeped his dart in *Lerna*-s blood,  
That I were drown'd in the Tartarean deepes.  
I am an offering 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 disdaineeth feruitude.

*Cicero.*

Can bondage true nobility exclude?

*Cornelia.*

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

*Cicero.*

" True noblesse 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 feared 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 himselfe,  
Of certaine courage, gainst 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 refolute at any time haue stayd.  
      “ And (footh to fay) why feare we when we fee,  
      “ The thing we feare, leffe 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 fortifide the fame ;  
330   As difcreet Princes sette theyr Garrifons,  
      In strongest places of theyr Prouinces.  
      “ Now, as it is not lawfull for a man,  
      “ At fuch a Kings departure or deceafe,  
      “ 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 fuch a treaſure.

<C4v>

*CHORVS*



*CORNELIA.*

*CHORVS.*

340    *“ W Hat e’re the maffie Earth hath freight,  
“ Or on her nurfe-like backe fustaines,  
“ 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 Maiestie,  
“ 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 stayes  
“ Of this celestiall 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 excede 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 fubiect 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 chaftest 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 fould 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 basterd 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.*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

*Cornelia.*            *Chorus.*

T H E cheerefull Cock (the sad nights comforter),  
Wayting vpon the ryfing of the Sunne,  
Doth sing to see how *Cynthia* shrinks her horne,  
While *Clitie* takes her progresse to the Eaſt.

5    Where wringing wet with drops of siluer dew,  
Her wonted teares of loue she doth renew.

The wandring Swallow with her broken song,  
The Country-wench vnto her worke awakes ;  
While *Citherea* fighting walks to feeke

10 Her murdred loue, transf-form'd into a Rose.

Whom (though shee) to crop she kindly feares ;  
But (kissing) sighes, and dewes hym with her teares.

Sweet teares of loue, remembrancers to tyme.

Tyme past with me that am to teares conuerted,

15 Whose mournfull pafsions, dull the mornings ioyes.

Whose sweeter fleepes,are turnd to fearefull dreames.

And whose first fortunes, (filld with all distresse,)

Afford no hope of future happineffe.

But what disastrous or hard accident,

20 Hath bath'd your blubbred eyes in bitter teares?

That thus comfort me in my myferie.

Why doe you beate your brefts? why mourne you so?

 $\langle D^2 v \rangle$ 

Say

*CORNELIA.*

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

*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 this 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 fertile Italy,  
To proudest Spain, 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 Spanish 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 household gods, and ye good spirits,  
To whom in doubtfull things we seeke acceffe,  
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 felfe-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 theyr wrath.

*Chorus.*

Our losse (I hope) hath fatif-fide theyr ire.

*Cornelia.*

O no, our losse lyfts Cæfars 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 wayne dreames your heade to trouble ?

*Cornelia.*

65 Who is not troubled with strange visions?

*Chorus.*

That of our spirit are but illusions.

*Cornelia.*

God graunt these dreames, to good effect bee brought.

*Chorus.*

We dreame by night what we by day haue thought.

*Cornelia.*

The silent Night that long had sojourned,

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

When (like a slumber, if you tearme it so)

A dunes, that disposeth vs to rest,

75 Gan close the windowes of my watchfull eyes,  
Already tyed and loaden with my teares.

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

The ghost of *Pompey*, with a ghastly looke ;

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

80 Amongst the conquering Romans as we vs'de,

When he (enthroniz'd,) at his feet 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 (gnawing of his teeth) vnlockt his iawes,  
Which (flyghtly couer'd with a scarce-feene skyn,)  
Thys solemne tale, he fadly did begin.  
90 Sleep'ft thou, *Cornelia*? sleepft thou gentle wife,  
And feeft thy Fathers misery and mine?  
Wake deereft sweete, and (ore our Sepulchers)  
In pitty shew 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 shyuering (fetched 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 abroad mine armes  
105 To entertaine him, but his airie spirit,  
Beguiled mine embracements, and (vnkind)  
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.



*CORNELIA.*

O valiant foule, when shall this foule of mine,  
Come visite thee in the Elifian shades ?  
110 O deereft life ; or when shall fweeteft death,  
Diffolue the fatall 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 of the nyght,  
Encrease a more then needfull feare in you.  
*Cor.* My feare proceeds not of an idle dreame,  
For t'is a trueth that hath astonifht 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 flowes,  
“ That wont to haunt and trace by cloiftred tombes :  
E.<1r> “ Which

*CORNELIA.*

“ Which eath’s appeare in fadde and ftrange difguifes.

“To penfue 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 disgaged,

‘ ‘ It feels the common passage 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 staies 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 rise again ;

“ For ghoſts of men are lockt in fiery gates,

‘ ‘ Faft-guarded by a fell remorceles Monfter.

‘ ‘ And therefore thinke not it was *Pompeys* fpryde,

150 ‘‘ But some false *Dæmon* that beguild your fight.

*Cicero.*

Then O worlds Queene,O towne that didst extend

Thy conquering armes beyond the Ocean,

And throngdst thy conquests from the Lybian shores

Downe to the Scithian fwift-foote feareles Porters,

155    Thou art embas'd ; and at this instant yeeld'ft

Thy proud necke to a miserable yoke.

Rome, thou art tam'd, & th'earth dewd with thy bloode

 $\langle E1v \rangle$ 

Doth

*CORNELIA.*

Doth laugh to see how thou art signiorizd.  
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  
(loyn'd with the right) did re-enforce our hopes,  
Now mured lye for Foule to feede vpon.  
*Petreus, Cato, -and Scipio* are flaine,  
170 And *Iuba* that amongst 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 feeke 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 foftered 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 conspiracies,  
Preferu'd yee Rome by my preuention?

<E2v>

To

*CORNELIA.*

- 210 To cast so soone a state so long defended,  
Into the bondage where (enthrald) we pine?  
To serue (no stranger, but amongst vs) one  
That with blind frenzie buildeth vp his throne?  
But if in vs be any vigor resting,  
215 If yet our harts retaine one drop of blood,  
*Cæsar* thou shalt not vaunt thy conquest long.  
Nor longer hold vs in this seruitude.  
Nor shalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood.  
For I diuine that thou must vomit it,  
220 Like to a Curre that Carrion hath deuour'd,  
And cannot rest vntill his maw be scour'd.  
Think'ft thou to signiorize, or be the King  
Of such a number, nobler then thy selfe?  
Or think'ft thou Romans beare such bastard harts,  
225 To let thy tyrannie be vnreueng'd?  
No, for mee thinks I see the shame, the griefe,  
The rage, the hatred that they have conceiu'd :  
And many a Romaine sword already drawne,  
T'enlarge the libertie that thou vsurp't.  
230 And thy dismembred body (stab'd and torne,)  
Dragd through the streets, disdain'd to be borne.

*Phillip.*

*Cornelia.*

Amongst the rest of mine extreame mishaps,  
I finde my fortune not the least 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>

*CORNELIA.*

260 O poore *Cornelia*, borne to be diftrest,  
Why liu'ft thou toyl'd, that (dead) mightft lye at reft ?

O faithles hands that vnder cloake of loue,  
Did entertaine him, to torment him so.  
O barbarous, inhumaine, hatefull traytors,  
Thys your difloyall dealing hath defam'd

265 Your King, and his inhospitable seate,  
Of the extreamest and most odious cryme,  
That gainst the heauens might bee imagined.  
For yee haue basely broke the Law of Armes,  
And out-rag'd ouer an afflicted soule ;

270 Murdred a man that did submit himselfe,  
And iniur'd him that euer vs'd you kindly.  
For which misdeed, be Egipt pestered,  
With battaile, famine, and perpetuall plagues.  
Let Aspies, 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 treafon, luxurie, and homicide.

*Phillip.*

Cease these laments.  
to mourne his death:

*Corn.* I doe but what I ought  
*Phil.* Alas that profits nought.

<E4r>  
*Cornelia.*

 $\langle E4r \rangle$ 

*Cornelia.*

*CORNELIA.*

- Cor.* Will heauen let treason be vnpunished?  
285 *Phil.* Heauens will performe what they haue promifed.  
*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 difpence.  
“ 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 fome man (refolued) fhall conclude,  
With *Cæfars* death to end our feruitude.  
300 Els (god to fore) my felfe may liue to fee,  
His tired corfe lye toyling in his blood :  
Gor’d with a thoufand 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 feene what I in hart defir’d.  
*Pompey* may not reuiue, and (*Pompey* dead)  
Let me but fee 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 murdrers.  
*Corn.* Who murdred hym
- 315 but hee that followd *Pompey* with the fword?  
Hee murdred *Pompey* that purfu'd his death,  
And cast the plot to catch him in the trap.  
Hee 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* hee beheadded.  
*Corn.* That was, becaufe 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 hee doth defend.  
And by the traynes, where-with he vs allures,  
His owne estate more firmly he affures.  
*Phil.* Hee tooke no pleasure in his death you see.  
*Corn.* Becaufe 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 ;

“ For there is nothing in the soule of man

340 “ So firmly grounded, as can qualifie,

“ Th'inextinguible thyrft of signorie.

“ 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 myseries.

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 against 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 pleaseth them?

*Corn.* He can doe mee no mischiefe that I dread.

*Phil.* Yes, cause your death.

370 *Corn.* Thrife happy were I dead.

*Phil.* With rigorous torments.

*Corn.* Let him torture mee.

Pull me in peeces, famish, fire mee vp,

Fling mee aliue into a Lyons denn :

375 There is no death so hard torments mee so,  
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 slept with *Pompey* in the peacefull deepes,

Saue that I lyue in hope to see ere long

That *Cæfars* death shall satisfie 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 swift 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,*

“ *Still to beguile.* ”

*‘ ‘ Fickle in our aduersities,*

*'And fickle when our fortunes rise,*

400 “ *shee scoffs at vs :*

*‘‘That (blynd herself) can bleare our eyes,*

“ to trust her thus.

*‘ ‘ The Sunne that lends the earth his light,*

*“Behelde her neuer ouer night*

405    “                                 lye calmly downe,

*“ But, in the morrow following, might*

“ *perceiue her frowne.*

*‘‘Shee hath not onely power and will,*

*‘ ‘ T’abuse the vulgar wanting skill,*

410      “*but when shee list,*

*'To Kings and Clownes doth equall ill.*

 $\langle F2v \rangle$ 

“without

*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 passe 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 whose power and cause is best,*  
430 “ *(thy power to try,)*  
“ *To him that n'ere put speare in rest*  
“ *giu'st victory.*  
“ *For so 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.*

“ So noble Marius, Arpins friend,  
“ That dyd the Latin state defend  
440 “ 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 fauoured,  
445 “ in vaine t’is fayd  
“ When the Pharfalian field be led  
“ implor’d thine ayde.  
“ Now Cæsar fwolne with honors heate,  
“ Sits signiorizing in her seate,  
450 “ and will not see,  
“ 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 chyl dren 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,  
         Becaufe 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 lauiſheft 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 fword 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 stearne 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 base cowardife?  
Shall lamed Souldiours, and graue gray-haird men,  
Poynt at vs in theyr bitter teares, and say,  
See where they goe that haue theyr race forgot.  
45 And rather chuse (vnarm'd) to serue with flame,  
Then (arm'd) to saue their freedom and their fame.

*Brutus.*

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



*CORNELIA.*

50 Their temples, Altars, and theyr Images,  
To see (for one,) that *Brutus* suffer not  
His ancient liberty to be represt.  
I freely marcht with *Cæsar* in hys warrs,  
Not to be subiect, but to ayde his right.  
But if (enuenom'd with ambitious thoughts)  
He lyft his hand imperiously 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 *Cæsar* 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 loues, 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 so franck a will your foule poffesse,  
Why haft we not euen while these words are vttred,  
70 To sheathe our new-ground fwords in *Cæsar*'s 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 enemye)  
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 gap'd 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.  
*Caß.* No, but Dictator, in effect as much.  
He doth what pleafeth hym, (a princely thing,)  
And wherein differ they whose 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 (monster-like) wyth his ambition,  
Hath left more Tombes then ground to lay them on.  
*Brut.* Souldiers with fuch reproch should not be blam'd.  
*Caß.* He with his souldiers 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 ſtates.  
*Caß.* Which with ambition now he ruins.  
*Bru.* He hath reueng'd the Gaules old iniurie,  
And made them ſubiect to our Romaine Lawes.  
G2<r> *Caßius.*

*CORNELIA.*

*Caßius.*

- 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 fhould 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 Romans, 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 wrefling,  
" 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 *Caßius* hath one drop of blood,  
To feede this worthies body that you fee,

<G2v>

What

*CORNELIA.*

150      What reck I death to doe so many good,  
             In spite of *Cæsar*, *Caßius* will be free.  
*Bru.* A generous or true enobled spirit,  
             Detests to learne what lasts of seruitude.  
*Caß. Brutus*, I cannot serue nor see Rome yok'd.  
155      No, let me rather dye a thousand deaths.  
             ‘‘ The stiffneckt horses champe not on the bit,  
             ‘‘ Nor meekely beare the rider but by force :  
             ‘‘ The sturdie Oxen toyle not at the Plough,  
             ‘‘ Nor yeeld vnto the yoke but by constraint.  
160      Shall we then that are men, and Remains borne,  
             Submit vs to vnurged flauerie?  
             Shall Rome that hath so many ouer-throwne,  
             Now make herselfe a subiect 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 Romulists.  
             Braue Romaine Souldiers, sterne-borne sons of *Mars*,  
             And none, not one, that dares to vndertake  
170      The intercepting of his tyrannie.  
             O, *Brutus* speake, O say *Seruilius*,  
             Why cry you ayme, and see vs vsed thus?  
     But *Brutus* liues, and sees, and knowes, and fees,  
             That there is one that curbs their Countries weale.  
175      Yet (as he were the semblance, not the sonne,

*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 fpend 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 obscure 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 seruitude,  
“ Shall liue for valiant prowesse bleft.  
215   “ No Sepulcher shall 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.*

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

“ Therefore he whom all men feare,  
230 “ 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 theyr owne.

“ For no Tyrant commonly,  
“ Lyuing ill, can kindly die.  
“ But eyther trayteroufly furprizd  
“ Doth coward poifon quaille their breath,  
245 “ Or their people haue deuis’d,  
“ Or their garde to feeke 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.*

*Caesar.* O Rome, that with thy pryde doft ouer-peare,  
The worthiest Citties of the conquered world.  
255 Whose 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 easie ftreames,  
That glide as fmothly as a Parthian fhafte;  
Turne not thy crispie 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 pait?  
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 lfe,  
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 ftoney-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 maintained this warre,  
Nor thirfted I for conquests 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.*

For as I am inferior to none,  
350 So can I suffer no Superiors.  
*Anth.* Well *Cæsar*, now they are discomfited,  
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 with 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 cruelt hart to kindnes bring,

*Anth.* But resolution 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 *Cæfar* lyue as long as *Nestor* dyd,  
          Yet Rome may wifh his life eternized.

*Cæfar.*

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.

O    *Faire Sunne that gentlie fmiles,*  
425    *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,*

*I.<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.*

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

490

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

495

*“ 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, amongst so many wracks  
       As I haue suffered both by Land and Sea,  
       That scorneful destinie denyes my death.  
 Oft haue I seene the ends of mightier men,  
 5   Whose coates of steele base Death hath stolne into.  
       And in thys direful warre before mine eyes,

5

 $1/2\langle r \rangle$ 

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 aboue 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 grieve (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 grieve  
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.

      Where are our Legions ? Where our men at Armes ?  
40   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.

*Chor.* Now I fee the heauens,

45   are heapt with rage and horror gainft this houle.

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

*Chor.* Why waile you fo?

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

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

*Corn.* Discourfe 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 souldiers 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-side; Where before faire *Tapfus*,  
 He made his Pyoners (poore weary foules)  
 The selfe-fame day, to dig and cast new Trenches,  
 And plant strong Barricades. Where he(encampt)  
 75 Refolu'd by force to hold vs hard at work.  
*Scipio*, no fooner heard of his designs,  
 But being afeard to loofe so fit a place,  
 Marcht on the suddaine to the selfe-fame Cittie.  
 Where few men might doe much, which made him see  
 80 Of what importance such a Towne would be.  
 The fields are spred, and as a household Campe  
 Of creeping Emmets, in a Countrey Farme,  
 That come to forrage when the cold begins :  
 <14v> Leauing

*CORNELIA.*

Leaning theyr crannyes to goe search about,  
 85 Couer the earth so thicke, as scarce we tread  
 But we shall see a thousand of them dead.  
 Euen so our battails scattred on the sands,  
 Dyd scoure the plaines in pursuite of the foe.  
 One while at *Tapfus* we begin t'entrench,  
 90 To ease our Army, if it should retyre.  
 Another while we softly fally foorth.  
 And wakefull *Cæsar* that doth watch our being,  
 (When he perceiues vs marching o're the plaine,)  
 Doth leape for gladnes. And (to murder vow'd)  
 95 Runnes to the Tent for feare we should be gone,  
 And quickly claps his rustic Armour on.  
 For true it is, that *Cæsar* brought at first,  
 An hoste of men to Affrique, meanelly Arm'd,  
 But such as had braue spirits, and (combatting)  
 100 Had powre and wit to make a wretch a King.  
 Well, forth to field they marched all at once,  
 Except some fewe that stayd to guard the Trench.  
 Them *Cæsar* soone and subt'ly sets in ranke.  
 And euery Regiment (warn'd with a worde  
 105 Brauely to fight for honor of the day.)  
 He shoves that auncient souldiers need not feare,  
 Them that they had so oft disordered.  
 Them that already dream'd of death orflight.  
 That tyer'd, would nere hold out, if once they see  
 <15r> That

*CORNELIA.*

- 110 That they o're-layd them in the first affault.  
Meane-while our Emperor (at all poynts arm'd)  
Whose filuer hayres and honorable front,  
Were (warlike) lockt within a plumed caske,  
In one hand held his Targe of steele emboft,  
115 And in the other graspt his Coutelas ;  
And with a cheerefull looke surueigh'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 shall approue our loue.  
Braue Romans know, this is the day and houre,  
That we must all liue free, or friendly die.  
For my part (being an auncient Senator,)  
An Emperor and Consul, I disdaine  
125 The world should see me to become a slaue.  
I'le eyther conquer, or this sword you see,  
(Which brightly shone) shall 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 purchase fame to our posterities,  
By stuffing of our tropheies in their houses.  
But t'is for publique freedom that we fight,  
For Rome we fight, and those that fled for feare.  
Nay more, we fight for safetie 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 fad difcoursfe,  
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 speeches.  
Whofe fwift shrill 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.*

And euery Eccho tooke the Trompets clange.  
 When (like a tempest rais'd with whire-winds rage,)

165 They ranne at euer-each other hand and foote.  
 Where-with the duft, as with a darksome clowde,  
 Arofe, and ouer-fhadowed horfe and man.  
 The Darts and Arrowes on theyr Armour glaunced,  
 And with theyr fall the trembling earth was fhaken.  
 The ayre (that thicken'd with theyr thundring cries,)

170 With pale wanne clowdes difcoloured the Sunne.  
 The fire in fparks fro forth theyr Armour flew,  
 And with a duskifh yellow, chokt the heauens.  
 The battels lockt, (with bristle-poynted fpeares)  
 Doe at the halfe pyke freely charge each other,

175 And dafh together like two luftie Bulls,  
 That (iealous of fome Heyfar in the Heard,)  
 Runne head to head, and (fullen) wil not yeeld,  
 Till dead or fled, the one forfake the field.  
 The fhyuered Launces (ratling in the ayre,)

180 Fly forth as thicke as moates about the Sunne :  
 When with theyr fwords (fleht with the former fight,)  
 They hewe their Armour, and they cleaue their casks,  
 Till ftreames of blood, like Riuers fill the Downes.  
 That being infected with the ftench thereof

185 Surcloyes the ground, and of a Champant Land,  
 Makes it a Quagmire, where (kneedeepe) they ftand.  
 Blood-thirftie *Discord*, with her fnakie hayre,

 $\langle K1v \rangle$ 

A fear-

*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 retreate,  
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 Lyoneſſe,

K 2<r>

When

*CORNELIA.*

215 When they haue vomited theyr long-growne rage,  
 And proou'd each others force sufficient,  
 Paffant regardant softly they retyre.  
 Theyr iawbones dy'd with foming froth and blood.  
 Their lungs like fponges, ramm'd within their fides,  
 220 Theyr tongues difcouerd, and theyr tailes long trailing.  
 Till iealous rage (engendered with reft,)
 Returnes them sharper fet then at the firft ;  
 And makes them couple when they fee theyr prize,  
 With briftled backs, and fire-fparkling eyes,  
 Tyll, tyer'd or conquer'd, one fubmits or flies.  
 225 *Cæfar*, whose kinglike lookes like day-bright ftarrs,  
 Both comfort and encourage his to fight,  
 Marcht through the battaile (laying ftill about him.)  
 And fubt'ly markt whose hand was happieft.  
 Who nicely did but dyp his fpeare in blood,  
 230 And who more roughly fmear'd it to his fifte.  
 Who (ftaggering) fell with euery feeble wound,  
 And who (more ftongly) pac'd it through the thickeft,  
 Him he enflam'd, and fpur'd, and fild with horror.  
 As when *Alecto* in the loweft hell,  
 235 Doth breathe new heate within *Oreftes* breft,  
 Till out-ward rage with inward grieve begins,  
 A frefh remembrance of our former fins.  
 For then (as if prouokt with pricking goades,)
 Theyr warlike Armies, (faft lockt foote to foote,)
 <K2v>
 Stooping

*CORNELIA.*

240    Stooping their heads low bent to toffe theyr ftaues,  
         They fiercely open both Battalions.  
         Cleaue, breake, and raging tempest-like o're-turne,  
         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 stay them in this strange carrier.  
         Stragling, as in the faire Calabrian fields,  
         When Wolues for hunger ranging fro the wood,  
250    Make forth amongft the flock, that scattered 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 (remorseles) 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,  
Offer'd 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 purfuite,

<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 losse,  
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 truſteth to the truſtles windes.  
Now had he thought to haue ariu'd in Spayne,  
To raife newe forces, and returne to field.  
But as one miſchiefe drawes another on,  
305 A fuddaine tempeſt takes him by the way,  
And caſts him vp neere to the Coaſts of Hyppon.  
Where th'aduerſe Nauie ſent to ſcoure the ſeas,  
Did hourelly keepe their ordinary courſe ;  
Where ſeeing himſelfe at anchor flightly ſhipt,  
310 Beſieg'd, betraide by winde, by land, by ſea,  
(All raging mad to rig his better Veſſels,  
The little while this naual conflict laſted,)  
Behold his owne was fiercely fet vpon.  
Which being fore beaten, till it brake agen,  
315 Ended the liues of his beſt 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 fulfild with fire and blood,  
His people put to fword, Sea, Earth, and Hell,  
And Heauen it felfe coniur'd to iniure him,)  
Stepts 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 flaue.  
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 miserable, desolate, distresful 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 sorrowes 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 *Craßus*?  
Or wherein did I merrite so much wrong,  
To see my second husband *Pomfey* flayne?  
But mongft the reft, 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 refolutions did confirme the reft.  
Whofe ende, fith it hath ended all my ioyes,  
O heauens at leaft permit, of all thefe plagues,  
That I may finifh the Cataftrophe.  
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 fweet Death,  
Hath giuen bleffed reft for lifes bereauing,  
385 O enuious *Iulia*, in thy iealous hart  
Venge not thy wrong vpon *Cornelia*.  
But facred ghofte, appeafe thine ire, and fee

<L1v>

My

*CORNELIA.*

My hard mishap in marrying after thee.  
O fee mine anguifh ; Haplie feeing 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 inflam'dft fo cruell a reuenge  
In *Cæfars* hart, vpon fo flight a caufe.  
395 And mad't him raife fo many mournfull Tombes,  
Becaufe thy husband did reuiue the lights  
Of thy forfaken 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 facred 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) perisht 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 luorie 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* houle,  
(A houle 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 fpare  
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 hearſes.  
Where (languifhing,) my fumous, faithful teares  
470 May trickling bathe your generous ſweet cynders.  
And afterward (both wanting ſtrength and moyſture,  
Fulfillng with my lateſt ſighes and gasps,  
The happie veſſels that encloſe your bones,)  
I will ſurrender my furcharged life.  
475 And (when my ſoule Earths pryſon ſhall forgoe,)  
Encreaſe the number of the ghoſts be-low.

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

Tho : Kyd.