

Accessions
153.449

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Barton Library.

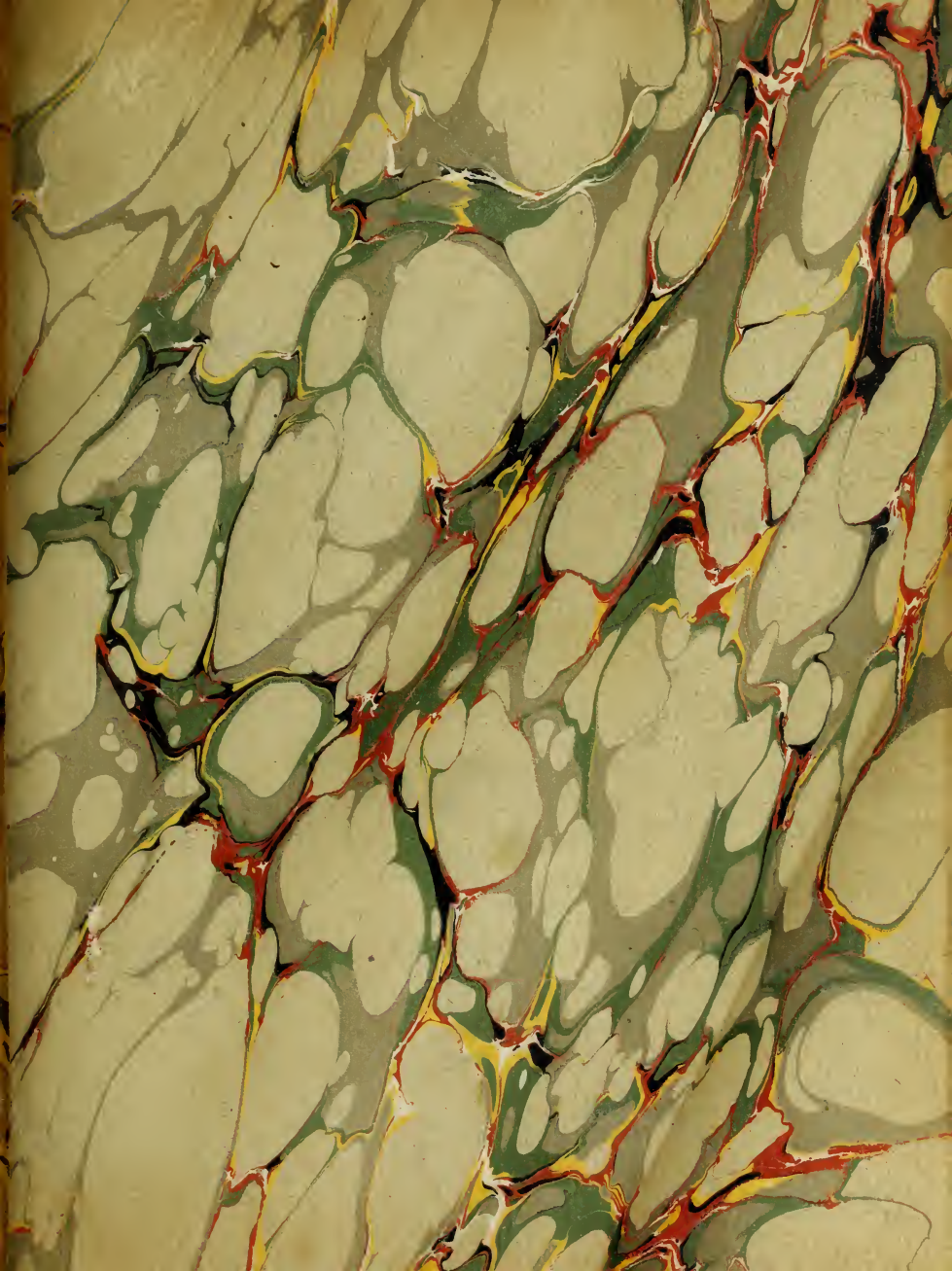


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. His family was originally a branch of the Macdonalds. — Alexander Macdonald, their ancestor, obtained from the family of Argyle a grant of the lands of Monstry, in Clackmannanshire, where they fixed their residence, and took their surnames from the Christian name of their predecessor. Our author was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and during the minority of James VI. of Scotland, he gave early specimens of a rising genius, and much improved the fine parts he had from nature, by a very polite and extensive education. He first travelled abroad as tutor to the Earl of Argyle; and, after his return, being happy in so great a patron as the Earl, he was courted by persons of the first fashion, while he yet moved in the sphere of a private gentleman. — W. Alexander, having a strong propensity to poetry, declined entering upon any public employment for some years, and dedicated all his time to the study of the ancient poets, upon whom he formed his taste. Although King James had but few regal qualities, yet he certainly was an encourager of learned men. Accordingly, he

soon took Mr. Alexander into favour, and accepted the poems our author presented to him with the most condescending marks of esteem. In the year 1614, he created him a knight, and gave him the place of Master of the requests. Charles I. also bestowed on him great marks of the royal favour, and made him Secretary of state for the Scotch affairs, in place of the Earl of Haddington, and a peer, by the title of Viscount Stirling; soon after which he raised him to the dignity of an Earl, by letters patent, dated 14 June 1633, upon the solemnity of His Majesty's coronation, at the palace of Holyrood House, in Edinburgh. His Lordship enjoyed the place of Secretary, with the most unblemished reputation for the space of fifteen years, even to his death, which happened on the 12th. of February 1640.

Biogr. Dram. under the head of Alexander.

Works.

For a list of Alexander's different works, see Leavelle's Bibliographer's Manual, under the head of Stirling. A few, however, are noticed here as the accounts given by different bibliographers are very unsatisfactory. The Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, N^o. 645, says "Julius Caesar and the Alexandrian Tragedy first

appeared in this (the present) edition, but Cræsus and Darius were printed in 1604, as well as in the enlarged volume of 1607. "G. and Malone makes the same assertion in reference to Julius Cæsar. On the other hand, the Biogr. Dramat. gives the following editions Darius, 1603. Cræsus, 1604, Julius Cæsar, 1604. The Alexandrian Tragedy, 1605. In this it is followed by Lowndes, who is still more explicit his list contains:

The Tragedy of Darius. Edinb. by Robert Waldgrave. 1603. 4to. Steevens, N^o. 1217, date 1602? 7s. 6d. Roxburgh, N^o. 5908, £2. 2s. ——— London, 1604.

Julius Cæsar, 1604. 4to. Boston Public Library

Cræsus, 1607. 4to.

The Alexandrian Tragedy, 1605. 4to.

A Parænesis to the Prince by William Alexander of Menstrie. Lond. 1604. 4to pp. 26. Reed, N^o. 7689, with the Monarchicke Tragedies, 1604, & Aurora, 1604 £2. 1s. resold Bindley, pt. 3, N^o. 1860, £3. 5s.

and I also find the copy in Needs' sale noticed in the same manner in a MS. note, by Lowndes, in my copy of the Biogr. Dram.

Boston Public Library

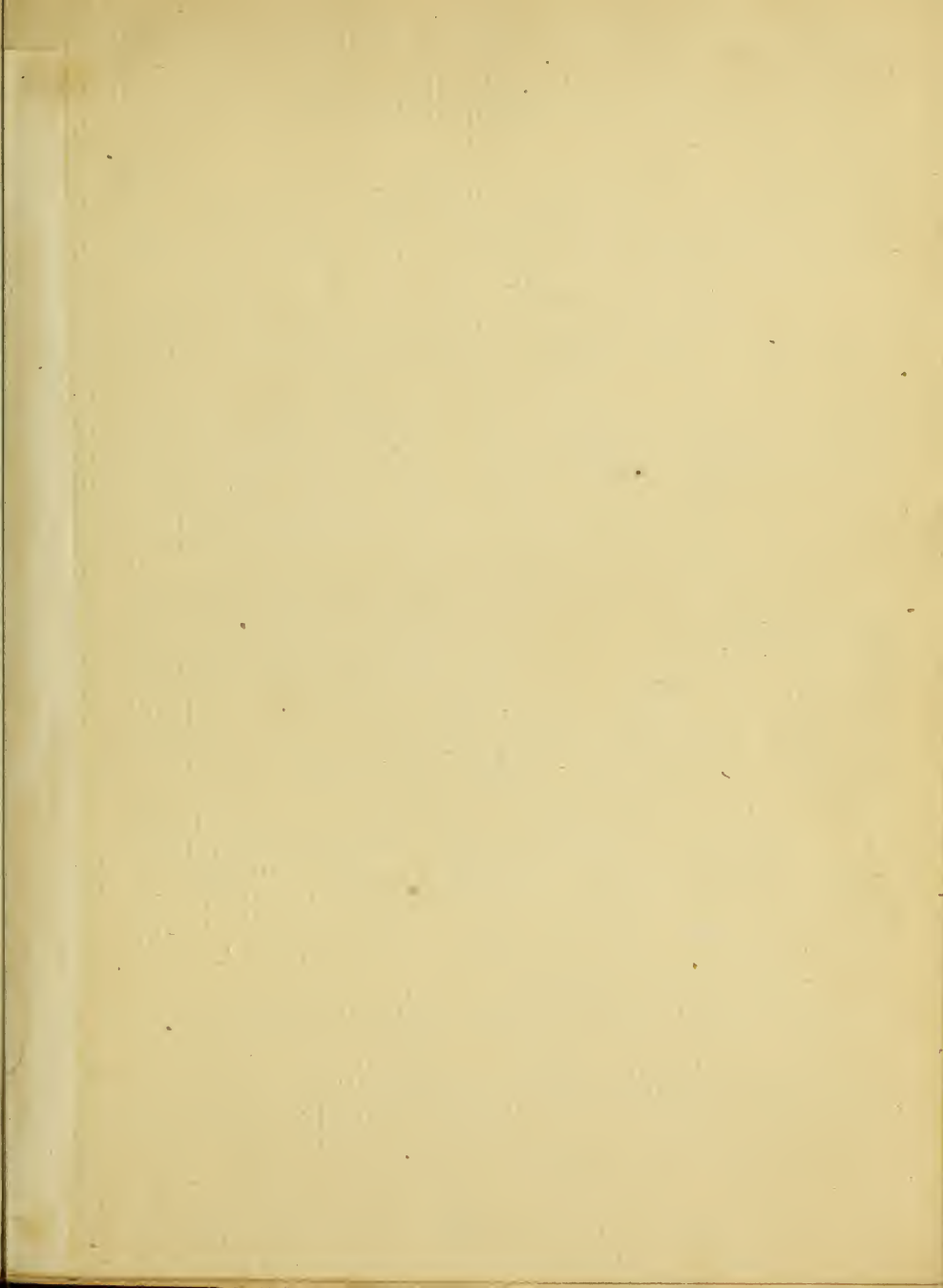
The present Edition.

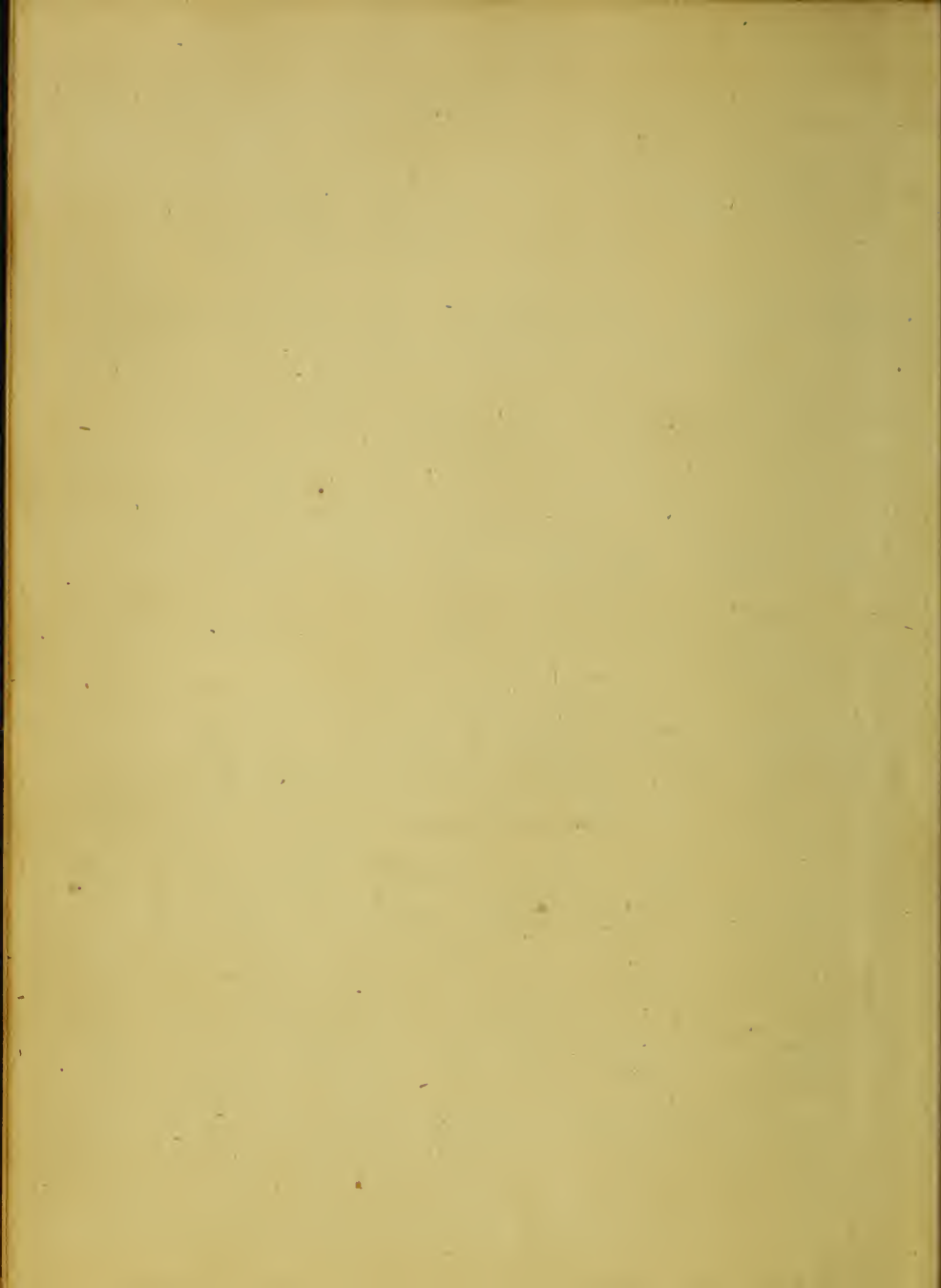
The Monarchicke Tragedie, Cræsus, Darius, The
Alexandriean, Julius Caesar. Newly enlarged by
William Alexander, Gentleman of the Princes
private Chamber. Lond. 1607. 4to.

Rhodes, No. 459, 15s. Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica
No. 645, general title, Cræsus, The Alexandriean
and Julius Caesar 1607, Darius with a proper
title and imprint "London, printed by J. Elde
for Edward Blount, 1604," and Paraenesis and
Aurora, 1604. £ 11. 11s. Napaw, Pt. 2, No. 1151
with the Paraenesis and Aurora, £ 8. 8s.

The present copy, which is in
every respect similar to the one described in
the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, cost me £ 3. 10s.
It is unfortunately wounded in the inner margin,
but is in other respects a good copy.

The third edition of the Monarchicke Tragedie,
London, 1616, 16mo. is very rare, and varies
very considerably from the former ones. Bibli-
theca Anglo-Poetica, No. 646, £ 21. Burdley,
Pt. 1, No. 69, with a portrait with the motto
'aut spero aut sperno', morocco, £ 32. 11s. Ingh,
No. 11, with the portrait, £ 14. 10s.





Alexander's tragedies of Darius and Julius Caesar
considered as Shakspearian

Boston Public Library

Darius.

In a note to a passage in the Tempest
Act. IV. "And like the baseless fabric of this vision"
&c. Steevens observes — "The exact period at which
this play was produced is unknown: it was
not, however, published before 1623. In the
year 1603, the Tragedy of Darius, by Lord Herline,
made its appearance, and there I find the
following passage:

"Let greatness of her glascie scepters vaunt;
"Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruist, soon broken:
"And let this world lie pompe our wits inchant,
"All fades, and scarce lie learn behind a token.
"Those golden Palaces, those gorgeous halls,
"With furniture superfluous lie faire:
"Those stately Courts, those sky-encountering walls
"Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

Act IV. scene 2.

Lord Herline's play must have been written
before the death of Queen Elizabeth (which happened
on the 24th of March, 1603,) as it is dedicated to
James VI. King of Scots. "Steevens.

See Boswell's Ed. vol. XV. p. 145.

It is to these lines in *Don Quixote*, that
Chalmers evidently alludes in his Apology:—
"The Monarchical Tragedies of Lord Sterling,
which must be allowed to have sentiments that
sparkle, though no words that burn, were entitled
to the honour of James's acceptance, and to
the higher honour of Shakespeare's adoption."

Julius Caesar? A question has been raised whether
Shakespeare was or was not indebted to Alexander
in the formation of his play of that name.
On this point Malone observes:— "William
Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, wrote a
tragedy on the story and with the title of Julius
Caesar. It may be presumed that Shakespeare's
play was posterior to his; for Lord Stirling, when
he composed his Julius Caesar was a very young
author, and would hardly have ventured into
that wide, within which the most eminent
dramatic writer of England had already walked.
The death of Caesar, which is not exhibited, but
related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of
his piece. In the two plays many parallel
passages are found, which might, perhaps,

have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Boston Public Library.

A passage in the "Tempest" (the cloud-capt towers, &c.) seems to have been copied from one in Danis, another play of Lord Herbert's, printed at Edinburgh, in 1603. His Julius Caesar appeared in 1604, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with Scotticism, which in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither The Tempest nor the Julius Caesar of Shakespeare was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered that Shakespeare has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are King John, King Richard II. the two parts of King Henry IV. King Henry V. King Richard III. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, and, I believe, Hamlet, Simon of Athens, and The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI: whereas no proof has hitherto

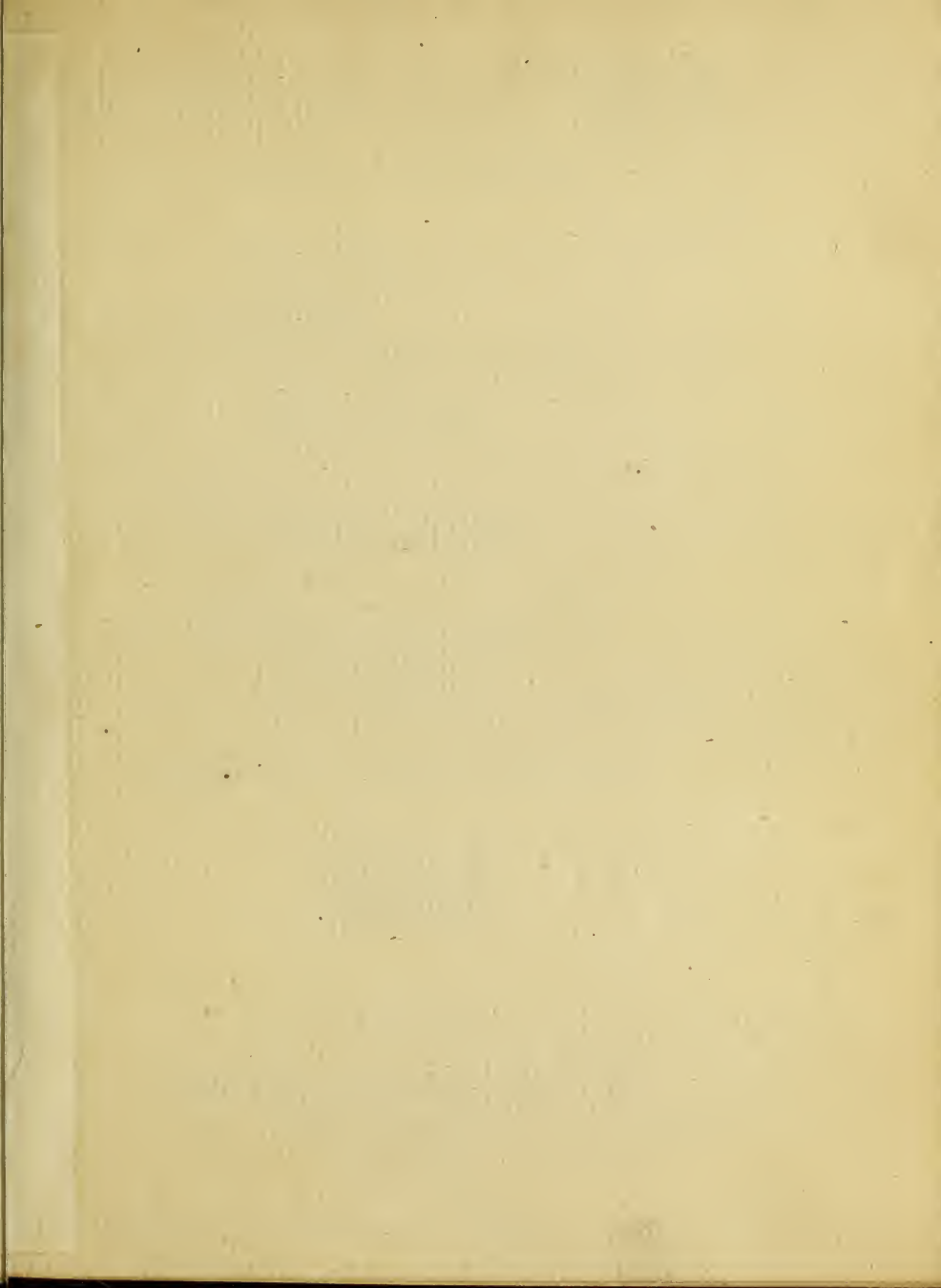
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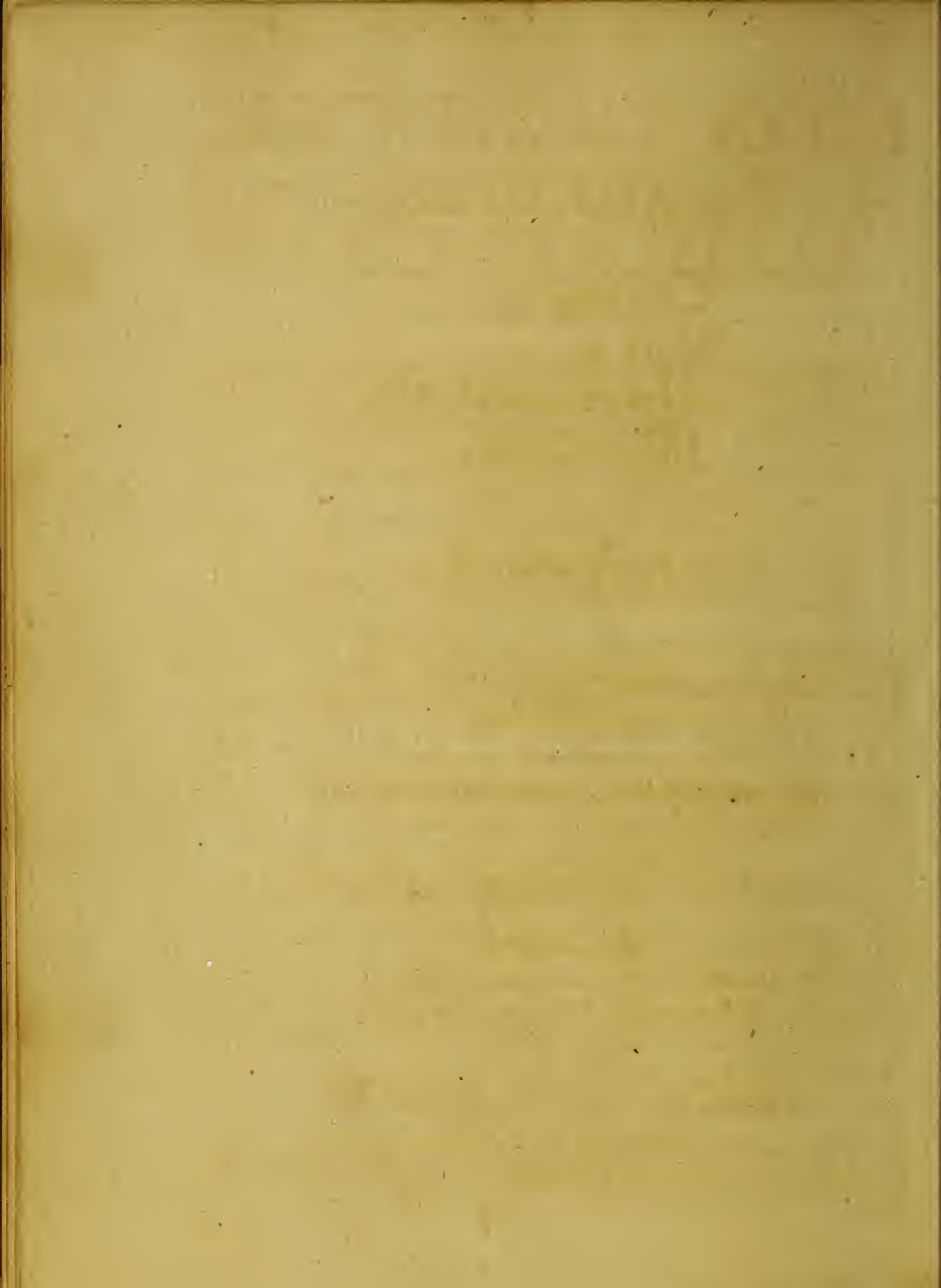
been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakespeare was indebted to Lord Sterling, than that Lord Sterling borrowed from Shakespeare. If this reasoning be just, Shakespeares Julius Caesar could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See an attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeares Plays Vol. II. Malone.

"Preliminary Remarks" to Julius Caesar,
Boston Public Library.

And in the Life of Shakespeare, Boswells' Edit. Vol. II. p. 446, Malone further observes: "Lord Sterlings Julius Caesar, though not printed till 1607, might have been written a year or two before; and perhaps its publication in that year was in consequence of our author's play (Shakespeares) on the same subject being then first exhibited." &c. It is clear that Malone knew nothing of the Edit. of Sterlings Julius Caesar, 1604. and from the fact of Boswell having added no note, though it would have strengthened Malones supposition, we may doubt the existence of that Edit. Notwithstanding the testimony of Boswell and the Biog. Dram.

B.





THE

MONARCHICKE
TRAGEDIES;

Croesus,
Darius,
The Alexandræan,
Iulius Cæsar,

Newly enlarged

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman
of the Princes priuie
Chamber.

afterwards Earl of Stirling

Carminè dîj superi placantur, carminè manes.



LONDON

Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for

ED: BLOUNT.

1607:

MONARCHY
AND
TO HIS MAJESTY

of the Alexandrian

153,449

May 1873

Newly

London

Printed by Venn's

Ed: Brown

1873



TO HIS SACRED Maiestie.



Isdaine not (mightie Prince) these humble lines,
Though too meane Musicke for so Noble eares.
Thou glorious patterne of all good ingines,
Whose sacred brow a two-fold Lawrell bears,

To whom Apollo his owne harpe resignes,
And everlasting Trophees vertue reares:
Thou canst affoord that which my soule affects,
Let thy pcrfections shaddow my defect.

Although my wit be weake, my vovues are strong,
Which consecrate deuoutly to thy name
My Muses labours, that ere it be long
May cast some feathers to enpenne thy Fame:
Wherewith embold'ned, in a sweeter Song,
And in more stately Lines I may proclaime
Thy prayses, and inestimable worth,
Through all great Britanes coastes from South to North.

No doubt our warlike Calidonian coast
(Still kept vnconque'rd by the hea'ns decree)
Expelld the Pictes, repelld the Danes, did hoast
In spite of all the Romane legions free,
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost
In this Herculean Birth) to bring forth thee.

Whom many a famous Sceptred Parent brings
From an vndaunted Race to do great things.

To his sacred Maiestie.

Of this diuided Yle the nurslings braue
Earst could not from intestine warres desist,
Yet did in forraine feelds their names ingraue,
Whilst whom th' one spoild, still th' other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they haue,
What world of worlds were able to resist?

Thus hath thy worth (great Iames) conioyn'd them now,
Whom many a bloudie battell could not bow.

And so most iustlie thy renoued deedes
Do raise thy fame aboue the staire round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breedes
To see thy vertues as thy merit croud,
Whilst thou (great Monarck) that in powre exceeds,
With a good conscience doth thy greatnes bound,
Where if thou likt to be more great then good,
Thou might soone build a Monarchie with blood.

For this faire world without the world, no doubt
Which Neptune stronglie guards with liquid bands,
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,
She by her selfe as most maiestick stands,
Thence (the worlds mistresse) to giue iudgement out,
With full authoritie for other lands,
Which on the seas would gaze attending still,
By wind-wingd messengers their Soueraignes will.

Th' Antartick regions did all realmes surpasse,
And were the first that reach'd great armies forth,
Yet Soueraintie that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne vnto the North
To this great Climate that it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worth:
For it can not from hence a passage finde,
Within our circle-mouing floods confind.

To his sacred Maieftie.

*As waters that a masse of earth restraines,
If they be swelling high begin to vent,
Do rage disdainefullie ouer all the plaines,
As scorning in strict limits to be pent :
Euen so this masse of earth that thus remains,
Wall'd in with liquid waues, if too high bent
That it be forc'd t'oreflow the floods, ô then
T'will wrack the world with a deluge of men.*

*Then since (great Priace) the torrent of thy powre
May drowne whole nations in a scarlet flood,
On th' infidels thine indignation powre,
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian blood :
The tirant Ottoman (that would deuoure
All the redeemed soules) may be withstood,
While as thy troupes (great Albions Emperour) once
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock that moanes.*

*Thy thund'ring troupes may take the stately rounds,
Of Constantines great towne renoum'd in vaine,
And barre the barb'rous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,
Reconquering Godfreys conquests once againe.
O well spent labours ! ô illustrious wounds !
Whose triumph shall eternall glorie gaine,
And make the Lion to be feard far more,
Then euer was the Eagle of befoire.*

*But ô thrise happie thou that of thy throne,
Th' unbounded powre for such an use controules,
Which if some might command, to raigne alone
Of all their life they would be-blood the scroules,
And to content th' ambition but of one,
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand soules,
Which thou doost spare, though hauing sprite and might
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.*

Then

To his sacred Maiestie.

Then vnto whom more iustly could I giue
The ruinde Monarchies of those great States,
That did the world of libertie deprive,
To reare tyrannick and cuil-conquerd Seates;
Then vnto thee, that may, and will not liue
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormie Fates:
But whilst, franke-spirited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,
Crownes come vsought, and Scepters seeke to thee.

Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send
Those runnels rising from a rash attempt,
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which is from all necessitie exempt.
The gods small gifts of Zealous minds commend,
Vvhile Hecatombes are holden in contempt,
So Sir, I offer at your Vertues Shrine,
This little incense, or this smoake of mine.





*To the Author of the Monarchicke
Tragedies.*



Ell may the programme of thy Tragick stage
Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eies,
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,
Which iust desert Monarchick dare baptize.
Crownes throwne from Thrones to tombes, detomb'd arise
To match thy Muse with a Monarchick theame;
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skies,
A vulgar subiect may not wrong the same:
And which giues most aduantage to thy fame;
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes Protector of thy birth to be:
Thus all Monarchick, Patron, subiect, stile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragick of this Ile.

Robert Ayton.





The Argument.



*T*hat time when the states of Greece began to growe great, and Philosophie to be thought pretious, Solon the first light of the Athenian common-wealth like a prouident Bee gathering honnie ouer many fields, learning knowledge ouer many countries, was sent for by Croesus King of Lidia as famous for his Wealth, as the other was for his Wisedome. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to haue the report of his (as he thought it) happines approoued by the testimonie of so renoumed a wittnesse. But Solon alwayes like himselfe entring the regall Pallace, and seeing the same very gloriously appavelled, but very incommodiouslie furnished with Courtiers, more curious to haue their bodies deckt with a womanishlie affected forme of rayment, and some superficiall complements of pretended curtesies, then to haue their minds enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdainne. Therefore after some conference had with Croesus concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no vnderstanding. But yet comforted by Aesop (Author of the wittie fables) who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.

Immediately after the departure of Solon, Croesus hauing two Sonnes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a braue youth) dreamd that the youngest dyed by the wound of a dart, wherewith being maruellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named Cælia, and for farther disapointing the suspected, though inevitable destinie, he discharged the vsing of all such weapons as he had dreamd of. Yet who could cut away the occasion from the heauens of accomplishing that which they had designd. The spiritfull youth being long restrained from the fields, was inuited by some countrie-men to the chace of a wild Boare, yet could very hardlie impetrate leane of his loninglie suspitious father.

Now in the meane time there arrivd at Sardis a youth named Adra-
tus, Some to the King of Phrigia, one no lesse infortunate then valourous,

The Argument.

he hauing lost his mistresse by a great disaster, and hauing kild his brother by a farre greater, came to Crœlus, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancie of the King, and the instigation of others against his owne will, who feared the forwardnes of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of Artis (so was the Prince called) whom in time of the sport thinking to kill the Boare, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing about the dead corps after the inquirie of the truth being pardoned by Crœlus, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, Crœlus sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by Sandanis, who laboured to dissuade him from his vnnecessary iourney against the Persians, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreted responses of deceauing oracles, went against Cyrus, who hauing defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaiming diuers times on the name of Solon, mouing the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his Kingdome, makes the Catastrophe of this present Tragedie.





The Scene in Sardis

Actors.

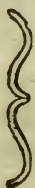
Cræsus King of *Lydia*.

Atis his sonne.

Calia wife to *Atis*.

Adrastus.

Sandanis a Counsellour.



Solon.

Æsopè.

Cyrus king of *Perfia*.

Harpagus Licutenant to *Cyrus*.

Chorus of some Countrie-men.

Chorus of all the *Lydiars*.





THE
TRAGEDIE
of Croesus.

Act. I.

SOLON.

NOe how the trustlesse world the worldlings tosses,
And leades her louers headlong vnto death,
Those that doe court her most haue maniest crosses,
And yet vaine man, this halfe-spent sparke of breath,
This dying substance, and this liuing shadow,
The sport of Fortune, and the spoyle of Time,
Who like the glory of a halfe-mow'd meadow
Doth flourish now, and strait falles in his prime,
Still toyles t'attaine (such is his foolish nature)
A constant good in this inconstant ill:
Vnreasonable reasonable creature
That makes his reason subiect to his will.

Whilst in the Stage of Contemplation plac'd
Of worldly humours I behold the strife,
Though different sprites haue diuers partes imbrac'd,
All act this transitorie Scene of Life:
Of curious mindes who can the fancies setter,

The Soule vn satisfide, a preyt' each snare,
 Still loathing what it hath, doth dreame of better,
 Which gotten, but begets a greater care.

And yet all labour for t'attaine the top
 Of th'vn sure soueraigne blisse that they surmise,
 Flowres of Felicitie, that few can crop,
 Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise.

Some place their happinesse (vnhappie beasts,
 And I must say, more sencelesse then their treasures)
 In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,
 To pamper breath-tos'd flesh with flying pleasures.

Some more austerely with a wrinckled brow
 That triumph o're their Passions with respectes,
 With neither fortune moou'd to brag or bow,
 Would make the world enamour'd of their sectes.

Some rauish'd still with vertues purest springs,
 Feede on th'*Idea* of that diuine brood,
 And search the secrets of celestiaall things
 As most vndoubted heires of that high good.

Thus with conceited ease and certaine paine,
 All seeke by seuerall wayes a perfect blisse:
 Which, O what wonder, if they not obtaine,
 Who cannot well discern what thing it is!

What happinesse can be imagin'd here?
 Though we our hopes with vaine surmises cherish,
 Who hardly conquer first what wee hold deare,
 Then feare to loose it still that once must perish.

Thinke (though of many thousands scarcely any
 Can at this poyn't of Happinesse arriue)
 Yet if it chance, it chanceth not to many,
 Onely to get for what a world did striaue.

And though one swim in th'Ocean of delights,
 Haue none about him, and his equals rare,
 Eares ioying pleasant sounds; eyes stately sights;

The Tragedy of Cræsus.

His treasures infinite; his buildings faire.

Yet doth the world on Fortunes wheele relye,
Which loue's t' aduance the wretched, wracke the great,
Whose course resembles an inconstant eye,
Euer in motion compassing deceit.

Then let the greedie of his substance boast,
Whilst th'excrements of th'earth his senses smother,
What hath he gayn'd, but what another lost?
And why may not his losse enrich another?

But ah! all loose, who seeke to profite thus,
And found their confidence on things that fade,
We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from vs;
Al's grieu'd for th'one, as for the other glad.

Vaine foole, that thinks soliditie to finde
In this fraile world, where for a while we range,
Which like sea-waues, depending on the winde,
Ebbes, flows, calms, storms, still moouing, still in change.

Each surge, we see, doth driue the first away,
The some is whitest, where the Rocke is neare,
And as one growes, another doth decay,
The greatest dangers oft do least appeare.

Their seeming blisse that trusts in frothie showes,
In Fortunes danger, burthen'd with the Fates,
First to a full, then to confusion growes,
A secret Destinie doth guide great States.

But I scorne Fortune, and was euer free
From that dead wealth that wauers in her power,
I beare my treasure still about with mee,
Which neither Time nor Tyrants can deuour.

Light authour of euent, and vaine aduenter,
Now do thy worst, I know how to vndoe thee,
The way is stop't by which thy poison enters,
Thou can harme none but them that trust vnto thee.

And I haue learn'd to moderate my minde,

Contentment is the crowne of my desires:
 My clothes are course, my fare such as I finde,
 He hath enough that to no more aspires.

What satisfaction doth ouer-flow my soule,
 While as I weigh the world which few hold fast,
 And in my memories vnblotted scroule,
 Iudge of the present by the time that's past?

The poore-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake,
 And come of dust, yet of the drosse still thinks,
 Whilst baser passions doe his vertues choake,
 The soule ouer-ballanc'd with the body sinks.

Yet neede I not to loathe the world and liue,
 As one whom stepdame she would never nourish,
 I had a part of all that she could giue,
 My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish.

And if that I would vaunt of mine owne deedes,
 Faire Cittie, where mine eies first suckt the light,
 I challenge might what most thy glory breeds
 Whose labours both enlarg'd thy fame and might.

When *Salamina* vtterly was lost,
 And by the rascall multitude neglected,
 A counterfeited foole, I went and crost
 All their desseignes, whose courses were suspected.

And when I had by pollicie perswaded
 My country to embrace the warres againe,
 I both by stratagemes and strength inuaded
 That famous Ile which vanquish't did remaine.

Then hauing compass'd that exploit with speede,
 And turn'd in triumph deckt with strangers spoyles,
 No perfect blisse belowe worse did succede,
 The peace that was abroad bred ciuill broyles.

What with more violence doth fury leade,

Then a rash multitude that wants a head?

The meaner sort could not their minds conforme,

T'abide at what their betters did commaund:
Then the weale-publike in a dangerous storme,
All ioynd to place the ruther in my hand.

I re-vnited that diuided state,
And manag'd matters with a good successe,
Which farther kindled had beene quenched too late,
That *Hidra*-headed tumult to suppress.

When I had both these glorious workes effected,
And trod the path of sou'raignty a space,
The minion of the people most respected,
None could be great faue such as I would grace.

Thus carried with the force of Fortunes streame,
I absolutely acted what I would,
For the *Democratie* was but a name,
My hand the raines did of the Citty hold.

I might a Tyrant still haue gouern'd so
But my pure soule could no such thought conceiue,
And that ouersight yet made me neuer woe,
If I may rule my selfe it's all I craue.

Yet some that seem'd to be more subtile-witted,
Saide my base sprite could not aspire t'a crowne,
And foolish *Solon* had a fault committed,
Who would not doe the like in euery towne.

My minde in this a more contentment findes,
Then if a Diademe adorn'd my brow,
I chain'd th'affections of vndaunted mindes,
And made them ciuil that were wilde till now.

I hardly could rich Citizens entise,
T'embrace the statutes that my Lawes contain'd,
What one approou'd another did despise,
Some lou'd, some loath'd, eu'n as they thought they gain'd.

At last at least in shew, all rest content,
Eu'n those that hate me most lend their applause,
A worthy minde needes neuer to repent

I haue suffered crosses for an honest cause.

I trauell now with a contented thought,
The memorie of this my fancie feedes,
When all their Empires shall be turn'd to nought,
Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deedes.

Where seuen-mouth'd *Nil* from a concealed source
Inunding or'e the fieldes, no banckes can binde,
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse,
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.

And if it were but this, yet this delites,
Behold, how *Cræsus* here the *Lidian* King,
To be his guest vs earnestly inuites,
The which to some would great contentment bring.

But I disdain that world-bewitched man,
Who makes his gold his God, the earth his heauen,
Yet I will try by all the meanes I can
To make his iudgement with his fortune eauen.

CHORVS.

What can confine mans wandring thought,
Or satisfie his fancies all?
Is ought so great, but it seemes small
To that tos'd spirit, which still afflought
Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought,
And would gripe more then it can hold:
This sea-izurion'd centerd ball
Is not a bound vnto that minde,
That minde, which big with monsters,
The right deliuerie neuer consters,
And seeking here a solide ease to finde,
Would but melt mountaines and imbrace the winde.

What

What wonder, though the soule of man,
A sparke of heau'n, that shines below,
Doth labour by all meanes it can,
It selfe like to it selfe to show,
This heau'nly essence, heauen would know,
But married with this masse we see,
With payne they spend liues little span,
The better part would be aboue,
The earth from th'earth cannot remoue,
How can two contrair's well agree?
Thus as the best or worst part doth preuaile,
Man is of much, or els of no auaille.


O from what source can this proceede,
Th'haue humours: of so many kindes,
Each brayne doth diuers fancies breede,
Al's many men, al's many mindes,
And in the world, a man scarce findes
Another of his humour right,
There are not two so like indeede,
If we remarke their seuerall graces
And lineaments of both their faces,
That can abide the prooffe of sight:
If the outward formes then differ as they do,
Of force th'affections must be different too.
Al! Passions spoile our better part,
The Soule is vext with their dissentions;
We make a God of our owne hart,
And worship all our vayne inuentions.
This brain-bred miste of apprehensions,
The mind doth with confusion fill,
Whilst reason in exile doth smart,
And few are free from this infection,

For all are slaues to some affection,
Which doth extorse the senses still.
These partiall tyrants rage the sight ouersyles,
And doth ecclipse the cleereft iudgement whyles.

A thousand times ô happie he,
Who doth his passions so subdew,
That he may with cleere reasons eye,
Their imperfections fountaines view,
And as it were himselfe renew.
If that one might prescribe them lawes,
And set his soule from bondage free,
From reason neuer for to serue,
And make his passions him to serue,
And be but moon'd as he had cause:
O greater were that monarch of the minde,
Then if he might commaund from Thule to Inde.

Act. II. Scen. I.

CROESVS. ÆSOPE. SOLON.

Cræ.  Ho euer was so fauour'd by the Fates,
As could like vs of full contentment boast,
Lou'd of mine owne, and feard of forraine
I know not what it is for to be crost. (states,

No thwarting chance my good hap doth importune,
In all attempts my successe hath been such,
The darling of heauen, the minion of fortune,
I wot not what to wish I haue so much.

Mine eyes did neuer yet dismay my hart
With no delightlesse obiect that they saw,
My name applauded is in euery part

My word an Oracle, my will a Law.

My breast cannot containe this flood of ioyes
That with a mighty streame o'reflowes my mind,
Which neuer dream'd of sorrow or annoyes,
But did in all a satisfaction find.

My Soule then be content and take thy pleasure,
And be not vex't with feare of any ill,
My blisse abounds, I cannot count my treasure,
And gold that conquers all, doth what I will.

Æsop. That Græcian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,
Whose wisdom, Fame so prodigally prayse's.

Cræs. And haue you not t'extend my greatnes striu'd,
And entertain'd his eares with courteous phrales.

Æsop. I thinke in all the parts where he hath been,
In forraine Countries or his natiue home,
He neuer hath such stately wonders seen,
As since vnto this princely Court he come.

When first he in the regall Pallace entred,
As one, who borne amongst the craggie Mountaines,
That neuer for to view the plaines aduentred,
Acquainted but with dew and little Fountaines:

If he be forc'd for to frequent the Vailes,
And there the wanton water-Nymphs to see,
The rarenes of the sight so far preuailes,
Each strip appear's a flood, each flood a Sea.

So all that he re'ncountred by the way,
Did to his mind a great amazement bring,
The gold-embroidred Gallants made him stay,
Each groome appear'd a Prince, each squire a King.

And now he com's t'attaine your Graces sight,
Whom in his mind, no doubt he doth adore,
He gazd on those, who held of you their light,
Of force he must admire your selfe far more.

Now he will set your happy Empire forth,

And be eye-witnes of your glorious Raigne,
 One wise mans testimony is more worth
 Then what a world of others would maintaine.

Sol. Disdaine not (mighty Prince) the louing zeale,
 Which a meane man, yet a good mind affords,
 And who perchance as much affects your weale,
 As those that paint their loue with fairer words.

Cræs. Thy loue (sage Greeke) is gratefull vnto vs,
 Whom Fame long since enamour'd of thy deedes,
 We of thy vertues haue heard her discusse,
 Who in extolling of the same exceedes.

I wish that many such should here resort,
 Whose vnstain'd life would teach vs what were best;
 Whose graue aspect would grace so great a Court,
 And like cleare Lamps giue light vnto the rest.

Sol. My Sou'raigne, spare, I merite no such praise,
 I am but one that doth the world despise,
 And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
 A Wisedom-louer that would faine be wise.

Yet with great toyle all that I can attaine
 By long experience, and in learned schooles,
 Is for to know my knowledge is but vaine,
 And those that think them wise, are greatest fooles.

Cræs. This is the nature of a worthie minde,
 It rather would be good then be so thought,
 As if it had no ayme but Fame to finde,
 Such as the shadow not the substance sought.

Yet that pursues thee too which thou so fliest,
 Still troupes applaude thy worth though thou not spie them,
 Whilst thou wouldst presse it downe, it mounts vp hiest,
 For Fame and Honor follow those that flie them.

And now I thinke in all the world none liue's,
 That better may vnfold what I would learne,
 Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues

The grace to see, the iudgement to discern.

Sol. It's answer freely to what you propose,
If my small skill can comprehend the sence.

Cræs. Loe, you haue seene in what I most repose
My treasures huge, my great magnificence.

Sol. This is the dreame of blisse that Fortune brings,
On which the wisest neuer haue presum'd
I saw nought but a heape of sencelesse things,
A momentarie treasure soone consum'd.

This only serues the body to decore,
And for corruption fram'd cannot perseuer:
The minde immortall layes vp better store
Of vnconsuming ioyes that last for euer.

Cræs. I wot not what you meane by such surmises,
And faind *Ideaes* of imagin'd blisse,
This portrait of Fancie but intices
Sicke braines to dreame that which indeede they misse.

But I brooke more than their conceits can show,
Whose rich coniectures breede but poore effects:
And I beseeke you, did you euer know
A man more blest then I in all respects?

Sol. Yes, I knew *Tellus* an *Athenian* borne,
Whom I holde happy in the first degree:
Who eu'n the haruest of Happinesse hath shorne,
He liu'd with fame, and did with honour die.

For hauing long time liu'd, lou'd and respected,
His country in a conflict had the worst:
He come, and there false courage re-erected,
And hauing wonne the field did die vnforst.

More happy now nor when he was aliue;
He dead, doth reape the guerdon of his merite,
And in his children doth againe reuiue,
Who all their fathers worthy partes inherite.

Cræs. Well, since that to a priuate Citizen

You do ascribe the first most blest estate.
 Now in the second ranke of happy men
 Whom would you number in your owne conceate?

Sol. *ô Cleobis and Biton!* now I may
 No doubt prefer you next, without reproach,
 Their mother chanc'd on a festiuall day
 To want two horses, for to draw her coach.

Them to supply the place, Loue kindly raised,
 Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,
 And both of them exceedingly were praised,
 They for their pietie, she for her birth.

This charitable office being ended,
 Both in the Church were found dead the next morrow,
 I thinke the gods who this good worke commended,
 Were loth to let them taste of farther sorrow.

For why? our liues are fraile, do what we can,
 And like the brittle glasse, are but a glance,
 And oft the heauens t'abate the height of man,
 Do enterfour our sweets with some sad chance.

Cræs. Then from this Cathagorie am I secluded,
 And is my state so vile vnto thine eies,
 That as one of all happines denuded,
 Thou thus do'st my felicitie despise?

Or think'st thou me of iudgement too remisse,
 A miser that in miserie remaines,
 The bastard child of Fortune, barr'd from blisse,
 Whom heauens do hate, and all the world disdaines?

Are base companions then to be compar'd
 With one that may consume such in his wrath?
 Who, as I please, do punish and reward,
 Whose words, nay, euen whose lookes yeeld life or death.

Sol. Sir, be not thus commoo'd without all reason,
 Nor misconceiue my meaning as you do,
 Those that speake freely, haue no mind of treason,

I cannot be your friend and flatter to.

Vnto vs Græcians (Sir) the gods haue granted
A moderate measure of a humble wit,
And in our Countrie there haue neuer wanted
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.

And yet amongst vs all, the greatest number
Haue here dispair'd of any perfect rest,
Though some a while in Fortunes bosome slumber,
And to world-blinded eyes seeme to be blest.

Yet ouer all mortall states, change so preuailles,
We alterations daily do attend,
And hold this for a ground that neuer failes,
None should triumph in blisse before the end.

I may compare our state to table-playes,
Where by dumbe iudges matters are decided,
Their many doubts, the earnest mind dismayes,
The dice must first cast well, then be well guided.

So all our dayes in doubt what thing may chance vs,
Time runnes away, the breath of man doth chace it,
And when th'occasion come's for to aduance vs,
Amongst a thousand one can scarce embrace it.

When two by generous indignation mooued,
Would trie by sword, whose glorie fame will smother,
Whilst valour blindly by th'euent is prooued,
And th'ones ouerthrow can onely grace the other.

O what a foole his iudgement will commit
To crowne the one with vnderferu'd applauses,
Where fortune is for to giue sentence yet,
While bloody agents pleade such doubtfull causes.

This world, it is the field, where each man ventures,
And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes,
To fight against a thousand misaduentures,
Both with externall and internall foes.

And how can he the victors title gaine,

That yet is busied with a doubtfull fight,
Or he be happie that doth still remaine
In Fortunes danger for a small delight.

Th'abortiue course of man away fast weares,
Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,
Day that giue's place to night, night full of feares,
Thus all things alter, still all things decay.

Who flourish now in peace, may fall in strife,
And haue their fame with infamie suppress;
The euening shew's the day, the death the life;
And many are fortunate, but few are blest.


Cræs. I see this Grecian of a simple spirite,
The which is capable of no great things,
Men but aduance him far aboue his merite,
He can not comprehend the States of Kings.

Fame did so largely of his worth report,
It made me long to haue him in my house,
But all my expectations are come short,
I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a mouse.

Exit Cræsus.

Act. II. Scen. II.

SOLON. ÆSOPE.

Sol.  His king hath put his trust in trustlesse treasures,
Cloi'd with th'abundance of all worldly blisse,
And like a hooded hawk gorg'd with vaine plea-
At randon flies, and wots not where he is. (sures

O how this makes me wonderfully sorie,
To see him keepe this lifelesse wealth so straitly,
Whilst witlesse worldlings wonder at his glorie,
Which I not enuie, no, but pittie greatly!

Thus wormes of th'earth, whose worst part doth preuaile,
Loue melting things, whose shew the body fits,
Where Soules of cleerer sight do neuer faile

To thefaurize the gifts of gallant wits.

Those worldly things do in this world decay,
Or at the least we leaue them with our breath,
Whereas the other makes vs liue for ay,
So differ they as farre as life and death.

Æsop. And yet what wonder though that he be thus,
Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous windes,
Though this indeed seeme somewhat strange to vs,
Who haue with learning purifide our mindes.

Was he not borne heire of a mighty State?
And vsde with Fortunes finiles, not fear'd for frownes,
Doth measure all things by his owne conceate,
Th'infirmities that fatall is to Crownes:

He hath been from his infancy addicted
To all the pompous shewes wealth could deuise,
And still entreated, neuer contradicted,
Now doth all libertie of speech despise.

Though I durst not so to his sight appeare,
Whose corrupt iudgement was from reason sveruing,
I grieu'd to see your entertainement here
So far inferior to your owne deseruing.

That diuine Wisdom which the world admires,
And rauish'd with delight amazed heares,
Because it answer'd not his vaine desires,
Did seeme vnfauorie to distemper'd eares:

Eares that are euer stopt to all discourses
Saue such as enter fraughted with his praises,
He can loue none but them that loue his courses,
And thinks all fooles that vse not flattering phrases.

This wracks the great, and makes the heauens despight
Let vertue spread forth all her heauenly powers, (them;
If not in their owne liuery to delight them,
They will not daigne her audience a few howers.

Sol. I care not *Æsop* how the King conceated

Of my franke speeches, which I euer vse,
I came not here, till I was first entreated,
Nor being come, will I my name abuse:

Should I his poysonous Sycophants resemble,
A hatefull thing to honest men that know it,
I would not for his Diadem dessemble,
What the hart thinks, the tongue was made to show it.

And what if his vaine humor to haue cherish'd,
I had my speeches for the purpose painted,
I had but gotten gifts that would haue perisht,
But nothing could haue cleer'd my fame once tainted.

If I had show'n my selfe toward him officious,
It would in end haue but procur'd my shame:
To haue our vertue prais'd by one that's vicious,
This in effect is but a secret blame.

He thinks him simple, who his anger raises,
But better simply good, then doubly ill;
I neuer value my worth by others praises,
Nor by opinions do direct my will.

And it content's me more to be applauded
By one of iudgement (though of meane degree)
Then by a Prince of princely parts defrauded,
Who hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee.

Æsop. Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.

Sol. Who come to Court, should trueth to Kings report.

Æsop. A wise man at their imperfections winks.

Sol. An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

Æsop. So should you loose your selfe, and them not win.

Sol. But I would beare no burden of their sin.

Æsop. By this you should their indignation finde.

Sol. Yet haue the warrant of a worthy minde.

Æsop. It would be long, ere you were thus prefer'd.

Sol. Then it should be the King not I that er'd.

Æsop. They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

Æsop. They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

Sol. Yet when I merite well, I care the lesse.

Æsop. It's good to be still by the Prince approued.

Sol. It's better to be vpright, though not loued.

Æsop. But by this meane, all hope of Honor failes.

Sol. Yet honestie in end euer preuailles.

Æsop. I thinke they should excell as oft they do

All men in wit, that vnto men giue lawes:

Kings are the Center of the Kingdome, to

The which each weightie thing by nature drawes:

For as the mightie Riuers, little streames,

And all the liquid powers that rise or fall,

Do seeke in sundry parts by seuerall seames

To the maine Ocean that receiue's them all.

Who as he were but steward of those waters

Returne's them backe by many secret vaines,

And as the earth hath need of moisture, scatters

His humid treasures to refresh the plaines.

So are Kings breasts the depth where daily flowes

Cleere streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,

And thus continually their wisdom growes

By many helps that others want enlarg'd.

For those that haue intelligence ouer all,

Do commonly communicate to Kings

All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall,

Their greatnes to them this aduantage brings.

They being ieaalous find out many drifts,

And by a long experience learne to scance them,

Then those whom Arte or Nature lend's great gifts,

All come to Kings as who may best aduance them.

No doubt, those Powres who put them in their places

To make their qualities with their charge euen,

Do dote them with some supernaturall graces,

Vice-gods on th'earth, great Lieutenants of heauen.

Sol. As you haue showne, Kings haue a good occasion
Whereby t'attaine vnto the height of wit.
Which whoſo do imbrace by good perſwaſion,
Are ſurely worthy on a Throne to ſit.

But ah! thoſe Riuers are not euer pure
The which through tainted channels whiles conuaid,
Vile flatt'ries poyſon rendred hath impure.
Thus are Kings hearts oft by their cares betraid.

For impudent effronted perſons dare
Court with vaine words and deteſtable lies,
Whilſt purer ſpirited men muſt ſtand aſarre,
The light is lothſome to diſeaſed eies.

But this doth rauish oft my ſoule with wonder,
Some that are wiſe, with flatt'ry can comport,
And though of all men beſt mens parts they ponder,
Yet euer entertaine the baddeſt fort.

Is't that ſuch men as thoſe cannot controlle them,
Nor neuer croſſe their appetite in ought,
But for each purpoſe that they ſpeake extolle them,
Where better wits would argue as they thought,

Or as they would haue none for to reſiſt them,
So for th'aduancement of the wortheieſt ſorie,
They will haue none that may ſeeme to aſſiſt them,
Leſt any challenge intreſt in their glorie.

This ſelfe-conceate is a moſt dangerous ſhelfe,
Where many haue made ſhipwracke vnawares:
He that doth truſt too much vnto himſelfe,
Can neuer faile to fall in many ſnares.
Of all that liue, great Monarchs haue moſt need
To ballance all their actions, and their wordes,
And with aduiſe in all things to proceed:
A faithfull Counſell oft great good affoordes.

Loe, how th'inferior Sphears their courſes bend
There, whither the firſt Moouer doth them driue:

The Commons customs on the Prince depend,
His manners are the rules by which they liue.

No man is onely for himselfe brought forth,
And Kings for th' use of many are ordaind,
They should like Sunnes, cleere Kingdoms with their worth,
Whose life a paterne must be kept vntaind.

Those that are vertuous haue an ample field
T' expresse their wisdom and t' extend their merite,
Where meane men must to their misfortune yield,
Whilst lacke of power doth burst a gallant spirite.

As precious Stones are th' ornaments of rings,
The Stone decores the ring, the ring the hand:
So Countries are conforme vnto their Kings,
The King decores the Court, the Court the Land.

And as a drop of poyson spent alone,
Th' infected fountaine doth with venome fill,
So mighty States may be orethrowne by one;
A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.

Æsop. This is an easie thing, for vs to spie
And paint in th' ayre the shadowes of our mindes,
And t' apprehend with th' intellectuall eie;
A blessing that nō worldly Kingdom findes.

Sol. I grant imaginarie groundes of ours
Will neuer mooue a world-bewitched Prince,
To disenchaunt himselfe, and spend some howrs
His owne disseignes of follie to conuince.

Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his furie,
He must forsake himselfe, and be renew'd,
And in the *Lethe* of obliuion burie
The vanities that haue his soule subdewd.

He first must his prerogatiues al smother,
And be a man, a man to be controlld,
Then all his faults as they were in another
Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold.

Could he cast off this vaile of fond selfe-loue,
Through which all things not as they are he spies,
He would those wicked Parasites remoue,
Vile instruments of shame that liue by lies.

And th'onely meanes to force them to depart,
That he might iudge more freely of his state,
Were to cast out the Idole of his hart
Which puffs him vp with a pride-swolne conceate.

For forraine flatterers could not find accessse,
Wer't not ouer-valuing his owne worth too much,
He flattred first himselfe and thinks no lesse
But all their praises ought for to be such.

And when these hireling Sycophants haue found
A Prince whose iudgement selfe-conceat disarmes,
They breach his weakest part, and bring to ground
The greatnesse of his State with flatteries charmes.

Then bearing ouer his Passions once the sway,
Least by the better sort he be aduisd,
To wholesome counsell they close vp the way,
And vse all meanes t'haue honest men despisd.

Æsop. If you at Court to credit would arise,
You must not seeke by trueth t'acquire remowne,
But learne t'applaud whiles what you most despise,
And smile in show, whilst in effect you frowne.

Sol. From Court in time I will my selfe retire,
I find my humour is not fit for Court.
I am none of those whom *Cræsus* doth desire,
I can not alway of his worth report.

O that he cannot see light Fortune flout him
While as he glories in this outward show,
Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies round about him,
That gape t'enrich themselues with his ouerthrow.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Of all the creatures below
We must call Man most miserable,
Who all his time is neuer able
T'attaine vnto a true repose,
His very birth may well disclose
What miseries his blisse ouerthrow,
For being borne he can not know
Who to his state is friend or fo.
Nor how at first for to stand stable,
But euen with cryes and teares doth show
What dangers do his life enclose,
Whose griefes are sure, whose ioyes a fable,
Thus still his dayes in dolour so
He to all perils must expose,
And with vexation liues, and dies with wo,
Not knowing whence he come nor where to go.

While as he brookes this lowest place,
O how vncertaine is his state,
Which gouern'd by a secret fate
Is subiect to inconstancie,
And euer changing as we see
Is still in toile, neuer in peace.
For if man prosper but a space,
With each good successe too too bold,
And puf't up in his owne conceit,
He but abuses Fortunes grace:
And when that with aduersitie
His pleasures come to end their date,
And with disasters are controll'd,
Straight he begins for griefe to die:
And still the top of some extreme doth hold,

Not suffering Summers heate, nor winters cold.

His state doth in most danger stand
 That most abounds in worldlie things,
 And soares too hie with Fortunes wings,
 Which carrie vp aspiring mindes
 For to be beaten with all windes,
 The course of such being rightlie scand,
 Whilst men can not themselues command
 Transported with a pow'les name,
 Oft vnexpected ruine brings.
 We haue scene examples in this land,
 How worldlie blisse the senses blindes,
 And on a reed vn'surely hings,
 He that presumes vpon the same
 Hid poyson in his pleasure findes,
 And sailing rashlie with the windes of fame,
 Doth oft times sinke into a sea of shame.

It's to be fear'd our King at last
 Whilst he for nothing is affraid,
 Be by prosperitie betraid,
 For growing thus in greatnes still,
 And hauing worldlie things at will,
 He thinks though Time should all things wast,
 Yet his estate shall euer last,
 The wonder of th' inferiour round,
 And in his owne conceit hath said,
 No course of heau'n his state can cast,
 Nor make his successe to be ill;
 If Fortune once those thoughts t' obbraid
 Will haue our King to be vn-crown'd,
 She may that mind with horror fill,
 And in an instant utterly confound

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

*The state, that stands upon so slipperie ground,
 When such a Monarchs mind is bent
 To follow most the most vnwise,
 Who can their follie disguise
 With sugred speaches poisonous baites,
 The secret canker of great states,
 From which at first few disassent,
 The which at last all do repent,
 While as repenting lust must go,
 When Kings begin for to despise
 Of honest men the good intent,
 Who to assure their Soueraignes seates,
 Would faine in time some help devise,
 And would cut off all cause of wo,
 Yet can not second their conceats,
 These dreadfull Comets commonly forgo
 The Kings destruction that's miscaried so.*

Act. III. Scen. I.

CROESVS. ADRASTVS.

Cræs. **W**Hat vncoth fancies do affright my soule,
 And haue captiu'd it to a thousand feares:
 Strange cares suggesting grieffe my ioyes controule,
 My mind some comming euill charactred beares,
 And credulous suspition too too wise,
 To fortifie my feares doth meanes inuent,
 Whilst suddaine terrors do my sprite surprise,
 An ominous presage of some bad euent.

I thinke the soule come of immortall brood
 As being partner of a diuine powre

Hath

Hath a fore-knowledge both of euill and good,
Although she can not flie a fatall houre.

Though with this mortall vaile being made halfe blinde,
She can not soare outright with her owne wings,
Yet she communicates vnto the mind
In cloudie dreames and misteries strange things.

Th'imagination wonderfull in force
Of foiles the iudgement with confusion so,
That presupposing all things to be worse
Then they fall foorth, we double our owne wo.

For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still
Then doth the substance whence it hath the being,
So th'apprehension of approaching ill
Seemes greater then it selfe, whilst feares are lying.

This alteration too seemes more then strange,
Which at an instant hath ore-whelm'd my senses,
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,
Against the heauen th'earth can find no defences.

My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing,
This hath indeede so deepe impression left,
A dreame, a fantasie, a shadow, nothing
Hath all my mirth euen in a moment rest.

Adraf. Whence (mightie Soueraigne) can this change
That doth obscure the rayes of princely grace, (proceede,
Those that are schoold in wo may cleerely reede,
A mightie passion written in your face.

And if a stranger may presume so farre,
I would the copie of your passions borrow,
I else coniecture in what state you are,
Taught by a secret sympathie in sorrow.

Two strings in diuers Lutes set in accord,
(Although th'one be but toucht) together sound,
Euen so soules tun'd to grieve the like afford,
And other with a mutuall motion wound.

Cræs. No doubt but it disburdens much the mind,
A Secretarie in distresse to haue,
Who by his owne anothers grieffe can finde,
Where glad minds scorne what they can not conceaue.

And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare
With which I so torment my selfe in vaine,
O but I blush t'vnfold my foolish care,
It's but th'illusion of a drowsie braine.

Adraf. According to the bodies constitution,
The soule by night with fancies is afflicted,
Or by these thoughts continuall reuolution,
To which by day the mind is most addicted.

Cræs. Now whilst the Sunne did peepe through *Thetis*
And on the beauties of *Aurora* gaz'd, (bower,
Out of my body spoild of mouing power,
All faculties of life dull sleepe had raz'd,

While as the sprite more powerfull then euer
Since least impeached with this earthlie part
The veritie from lies could best disseuer
Hid mysteries vnclouding to the hart.

I only haue two sonnes, and th'one you see
The signe of Natures indignation beares,
And from his birth day domme is dead to me,
Since he can powre no pleasure in my cares.

The other *Atis* all my life's delight,
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twie-light
I wot not whether yet I walkt or slept.

Whilst he was sporting voyd of worldlie cares,
Not in a lists belonging to his merites,
A pointed toole of iron fell vnawares,
And pearc'd his temples, and expeld his spirites.

Whilst the pale carcase seem'd t'vpbraid mine eyes,
The horrour of the sight my sense recal'd,

Which when I thinke of, yet my comfort dyes,
Such an exceeding feare my sprit appald.

This hath me mou'd, it touch'd my state so neerelie,
To match my sonne in mariage at this time
With beauteous *Celia* whom he lou'd most deerelie,
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime.

And if the heauens his o'rethrow haue decreed
By destinie that can not be reuoked,
So shall we haue behind some of his seed,
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choaked.

Thus ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,
T'haue of his race twill mitigate my mind,
I can not hold him altogether dead,
That leaues his Image in some one behind.

And for the time we do all that seemes best
For to preuent those but surmiz'd annoyes,
Yet for all this my mind hath neuer rest,
Some secret terror still disturbs my ioyes.

Adraf. Ah Sir! if but th'imagind euill of this
Hath plung'd your soule in such a gulfe of griefe,
Vnhappie I who waile a thing that is,
And haue not meanes to hope for no reliefe.

If all these dreadfull fancies tooke effect
(Which heauie chance th'almightie Ioue withhold)
It could not be compar'd in no respect
With those misfortunes that my state enfold.

For when your sonne fell by anothers hand,
You should but waile his death, and not your crime,
The heauens of me my brothers blood demand,
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

Cræs. In what strange forme could this disaster fall,
That is th'occasion of so great distresse,
Tell on at length th'originall of all,
To heare of greater griefe t'will make mine lesse.

Adraf. I haue conceald my sorrowes still till now,
As too offensiue foode for daintie eares,
Yet since of such a subiect you allow,
Ile tell a tale that may moue stones to teares.

My Father of the *Phrigian* Princes come,
Had in my growing age a tender care,
That all my education might become
One whom he might for mightie hopes prepare :

As yet foure lusters scarcely had begun
For to discern my sex with downie cheekes,
When I into that Labirinth was runne,
Whence back in vaine the straying entrer sheekes.

I lou'd, O fatall loue ! vnlovely fate,
The vertuoullie faire, yet fairest Dame
That euer was enshrin'd in soules conceat,
Or gaue a dittie to the sounds of fame.

Straight were my fancies to her beauties tyed,
None can paint passions but in feeling mindes,
I burnd, freezd, hopd, dispaire, and liud, and dyed,
My actions chang'd as oft as th' *Autumnes* windes.

Yet after many doubtfull hopes and feares
That I attaind the height of my desires,
She had subscrib'd a truce vnto my teares,
And temperd with encoutring flames my fires.

For as she was the most affected Saint,
Whose image was erected in my thought,
She had compassion too of my complaint,
And to acquit my firme affection sought.

Thus whilst I triumphd in mine owne conceat,
As one whose loue his Ladie did preferre,
I was corriuald (O vnhappy fate !)
By one who lou'd, but was not lou'd by her.

He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight :

And as a blind god blind guide did him draw
Still like a lizard liu'd but by her sight.

Then strait he striues the Jewell for to wonne,
Whose vnstaind worth he rates aboue his breath,
He hates the light that comes not from my Sunne,
And thinks to liue without her worfe then death.

And this affection fauour'd was by Fortune
Which seem'd to ratifie his high rear'd hopes,
The Nymph her parents dayly did importune,
For to confine his flying fancies scopes.

Now iudge if that my miseries were rise,
Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,
Was like to lose a deerer thing then life,
Whilst others striu'd my treasure to entrap.

The man that sought my ioyes to vndermine,
I could not wish for this t'haue him ouerthrowne,
Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine,
I enuied not his hap, but wail'd mine owne.

Now in my breast a battell did begin,
Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleede,
Some fancies fear'd to what his loue might winne,
And possibilitie for to come speede:

Then others call'd her constancie to mind,
Which would not yeeld although she were inuaded,
Yet forc'd to feare the frailtie of her kind.

A woman that hath eares may be perswaded.

Thus toss'd with doubts into a deepe of wo,
Which with suspicion had my ioyes supplanted,
I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,
As vertues patterne had one vertue wanted.

As I concluded, so it come to passe,
Th'affliction seru'd for fuell to affection,
For she who th'ornament of women was,
Would neuer wrong her worth with a defection.

When

When in my absence they had oft assay'd
To haue me from her memorie remou'd,
The *Sunne* burn's hottest when his beames are stay'd,
The more that they would let, the more she lou'd.

And finding that delay no ende affords,
And that faire generals are th'abusers Arte,
She did repell him with disdainfull words
To raze all thought of her out of his harte.

Loue is a ioy that vpon paine depends,
A drop of sweet drown'd in a sea of sowres,
What Follie doth begin, oft Furie ends,
They hate for euer, that haue lou'd for howres.

When all his arguments prou'd of no force,
Strait with disdain his soule in secret bur'nd,
And what he thought was euill, to make farre worse,
He vnto furour all his fauour turn'd.

As he extreame ly lou'd, farre more he hated,
And musde of many meanes how to annoy her,
Which was the best a long time he debated,
To see her dead, or to see me enjoy her.

What? saith he when he first had musde a space,
So hard it is to quench a great affection:
Shall I disfigure that angelike face,
And make the world ecclypsde of all perfection?

Shall she by me be to confusion brought,
To whom I voves and prayers did impart,
To whom I sacrific'd my secret thought,
And on her beauties altar burn'd my hart?

Or shall I see her in anothers powre,
And in his bosome lie r'vpbraid my losse,
Whilst both with scornfull smiles then death more sowre,
To poynt me out for sport report my crosse?

That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,
Should it become a cause of grieffe to me?

No, none that liues, shall glorie in my harme,
 Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.

Th'unlouing Louer hauing vow'd her death,
 Did with a cup of poison drowne my ioyes.
 The fairest body from the sweetest breath
 Was parted thus, (O Ocean of annoyes!)

That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares
 Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,
 And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares
 The worst newes first, inform'd me of this wrong.

For neighbouring neere the most vnhappy part
 That had beene spoild of such a beauteous guest,
 No sooner had death seazde on the chaste hart
 Then sorrow on my eares to rob my rest.

How the sadde newes first sounded in my soule,
 I will not wearie you with long laments,
 Rage did the outward signes of grieffe controule;
 When great windes blow the fire, the smoke worst vents.

Whilst generous disdain disguise my grieffe,
 (As one transported with a mighty rage)
 I ranne vnto the Theater of mischief,
 A tragicke Actor for a bloody stage.

For I was come no sooner to the place
 Where as I thought the Murtherer to haue found,
 But I'encountred (O vnhappy case)
 Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound.

Ah! passions dim'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,
 I was no more my selfe, sorrow had kild me,
 The first (t'was night) that did before me stand,
 I fiercely did pursue, as Furor will me.

And as it chanc'd, ere one could speake a word,
 I filld his bosome with a luke-warme flood,
 And in his kind breast drown'd the cruell sword,
 That in anothers body dranke my blood.

When

When as a Torch had partly robde the night,
Prowd of supposde reuenge (ah bitter gaine)
I saw, I knew, blacke knowledge, cruell sight,
T'was mine owne brother that my selfe had slaine.

O bitter losse that nothing can repaire!
My soule at once with all woes armie wounded,
Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement and despaire,
Gauld, tolld, burnd, dashd, astonishd, and confounded.

The thought of my offence torments me most,
Yet am I whiles by my Loues verdict cleansde,
And whiles my brothers violated ghost
By dreadfull dreames doth boast to be reuengde.

Cræs. Now whilst this great disaster did occurre,
What came of him who was the cause of all?

Adra. He hauing heard this lamentable sturre,
Whom selfe-accusing thoughts did guiltie call,
Srait strucken with a wonderful remorse,
I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him,
If not t'ore-lie her death, or dreading worse,
He killd himselfe, his conscience so disproou'd him.

Cræs. I grant the manner of so rare mischances
Would force compassion from your greatest foe,
Where all the griefe-begetting circumstances
Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe.

But naturall loue doth at our selfe begin,
It mooues farre more to feele then heare mishaps,
The perturbation that my sprite is in,
Me in a maze of discontentments wraps.

We should such past misfortunes pretermit,
At least no more immoderately lament them,
And as for those that are but comming yet,
Vse ordinary meanes for to preuent them.

Adra. No wonder Sir, although you take great care,
Lest all your hopes in *Atis* person perish.

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Cræf. I will by all the meanes I may, prepare
To faue his youth, that he my age may cherish.

If it be poffible for mortall states
To ftriuue againft the Starres and be more strong,
I'll vnarme Fortune, and refift the fates,
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong.

I haue commanded vnder paine of death,
That no fuch weapon be within my walles,
As I fuppos'd fould haue abridg'd his breath,
T'efchew fuch fudden euill as rashly falles.

He fhall goe rarely to the fields, and then
With chofen bands be guarded all the time:
Loe where he communes with fome countrey-men,
We will goe trie what they would haue of him.

Act. III. Scen. II.

CHORVS of countrey-men. CROESVS. ATIS.
ADRASTVS. CAELIA.

Lend (Sir) a willing eare to humble wordes,
Let not our basenefse barre vs from your grace,
Which ftill it felfe alike to all affords
Who bleffe their fight with that Maieftike face.

My Soueraigne all his fubiefts well remembers,
As vile as our eftate is thought of now
You are our head, and we are of your members,
And you muft care for vs, we care for you.

Our pouertie to vs is no reproach,
Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's,
We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach,
But by our labours liue midft many thornes.

And eüer bufied for the Countries good,
We haue no time to mufe of vaine conceates,

Yet earning with continuall toile our food
We entertaine the pompe of powder States.

And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill,
That thus dare speake so freely as we do,
Whilst mediators do dilate our will
They wrest it as they will, and wracke vs too.

To count'nance such as vs you neede not shunne,
A great man too well grac'd may do more harme:
And t'is no staine vnto the glorious Sunne,
Though oft his beames an abiect object warme.

Cræf. Be not discourag'd by your base estate,
Yee are my people, and I'le heare your plaint,
A King must care for all, both small and great,
And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint.

The Scepter such as these should chiefly shrowd,
Not cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,
T'aduancethe humble and t'abate the proude;
This is a Vertue that makes Kings to stand.

Chor. Sir, our estate some speedy helpe requires,
In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine
Of great *Olimpus* that the World admires,
There haunt's a Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine

Of a big body, and a hideous forme,
His somie lawe with tuskes like Iauelins strikes,
And all parts in deformitie conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to yron Pikes.

This Monster of Nature, wonder of Men,
The Forrests tyran, and the Countries terrour,
Teares all to death, and drawes them to his Den,
That chance into his way by fatall error.

Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile
The goared Infants toyling in their blood,
Th'abominable beast them doth assaile,
And in his bowels buries both for food.

34
Then when we fly the field where he sojournes,
To haue his hunger or his rage alayde,
He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes,
Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde.

Ere this, of true Repose we were the types,
And pastur'd on each plaine our fleecie flockes,
And made a consort of our waibling pypes,
With mouing christals th'issue of the rockes.

And sometime to refresh vs after trauell,
With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames
We gazd vpon *Pactolus* golden grauell,
Glassd, bathd, and quenched our thirst with his pure streames:

Whilst we preferd, the Riuer seemd amazd,
Vnto his golden bed, his grassye bancke,
And lay and lookd whereas our cattell grazd,
Without all enuie of a greater ranke.

That to repress oppression you take care,
This rest of ours is an effectuall token,
Your Lawes like Spiders webs do not ensnare
The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken.

For we by them are fenc'd from great mens pride,
The Heau'ns perpetuate your prosp'rous raigne,
And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide,
To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine.

Cræs. What would ye then, that should be done by me?
For to repay your losse; repayre this wrong.

Chorus. We craue none of your wealth, yet wish to see
This Boare be-blood the staffe of the most strong:

Let valorous *Atis* worthily your sonne,
Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth,
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne
Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth,

And we shall leade them crownd with lawrell forth,
Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater

For men to make a tryall of their worth
This Monster staves : th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater.

So shall we both reape profite, and they pleasure,
Which may be brought to passe without great obstacle,
By making this waster of the worlds treasure,
Of a horrid sight, a delightfull spectacle.

Cræs. I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,
Which is not needfull now for to be knowne,
But I'll send others for the same effect,
That this pestiferous Beast may be o'rethrowne.

Th'ostentive gallants that our Grace attend,
And wait th'occasion but t'advance their strength,
Against the Boare shall all their forces bend,
With houndes and darts still till he fall at length.

I sweare this Monster shall when he is dead,
A memorable monument remaine,
To *Dians* Church I'll consecrate his head,
The Virgin-goddesse darts no shaft in vaine.

Atis. Ah wherein Father haue I thus offended!
Or what vile signe of a degenerd mind
Haue you remark'd in me that euer tended
To the reproch of our Imperiall kind?

That of this praise you would giue me no part,
But barre me from a famous enterprise,
As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart:
Who still in vile repose inglorious lies,
Lies like a wanton with vaine thoughts bewitchd,
Who spoyle of force effeminately liues,
A Peacocke but with painted pennes enrichd,
Yet poore in all the parts that Glorie giues.

What glorie giues those glorious Styles to me
Which by succession fall, not by desert,
Should but my Fame with borrowd feathers flee;
For come of Kings a kingdome is my part.

Who only by his Birth aduancement claimes,
 Like a base bastard doth his birth-right blote,
 I will not beg my worth from dead mens names,
 Nor conquer Credit only by my Cote.

What comforts this to brooke th'Imperiall seate,
 And all the blisse that Maieestic impartes?
 If those whom only we exceed in State,
 Be our Superiors in farre better partes.

More then a Crowne true Worth is to be valued,
 Th'one Fortunes gift, and th'other our owne merite,
 By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is salued,
 When Fortune takes what we by her inherite.

Cræf. I see what braue Desires boyle in thy Soule,
 And make thee with immortall wings to flee,
 This hie-bent courage, nothing can controule,
 All *Lidia* is not large euough for thee.

Go, seeke an Empire equall with thy mind,
 No common limits can confine thy thought;
 But while a full perfection thou wouldst find,
 I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought.

And pardon me, (deare Sonne) it's a great Loue
 That makes me watch so warily o're thy wayes,
 Th'affection of a Father what may moue,
 Whom such an eminent danger not dismayes?

The Heau'ns of late aduertisde me by Dreame,
 That some sadde fortune did attend thy Youth,
 New Meteors and strange Stars through th'aire still streame,
 Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth.

This was the cause that hastned Vs so much
 To haue thee bound to *Himens* hallow'd Law,
 This was the cause that all our care was such,
 Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw.

Scorne not th'amazing Comets that thou notes,
 The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt,

And

And thinke not only that my loue but dotes,
For if thou fall, my fate with thine is mixt.

Atis. Would God I had some meanes once ere my death
To satisfie that infinite defart,
Which I shall hold so long as I haue breath,
Deepe registred with reu'rence in my hart.

Yet (Sir) we see it is a naturall thing
For too excessiue loue t'engender feares,
A sport like this can no great perill bring
Where either all delights the eyes or th'cares.

If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,
As void of vertue to soft pleasure thrall,
Of your two Sonnes what might your subiects thinke,
Th'one wanting but one sense, and th'other all.

What fancies might my late spousd loue possesse,
To see her husband hatefull in their sights?
And from the height of Honour to digresse,
To womanize with courtly vaine delights:

§ Though women loue t'haue men at their deuotion,
² They hate base mindes that hatch no noble motion.

Cræs. Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must preuaile,
Go follow forth the chase, vse thine owne will,
Yet stay, or let my words thus much auaille,
Walke warilie now t'eschue this threatned ill.

Thy hautie sprite t'attempt all hazards bent,
I feare transport thee to a fatall strife,
(God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent,
Thy ouer-franke courage may betray thy life.

And (deere *Adrastus*,) I must let him know
What benefites I haue bestow'd on thee,
Not to vpbraid thee, no, but for to show
How I may trust thee best that's bound to me.

When thou from *Phrigia* come defild with blood;
And a fraternall violated loue:

When in a most extreme estate thou stood,
Chac'd from thy fathers face, curst from aboue.

Thou found me friendlie, and my Court thy rest,
A Sanctuarie sacred for thy safetic,
Where thou wast entertain'd as pleas'd thee best,
I thinke those dangers scap't should make thee craftie.

Yet though I grac'd thee earst, t'was but a signe
Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched :
But in thy hands my soule ile now consignè,
And giue a prooue of loue not to be matched.

Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,
Whose harme as you haue heard I fear'd ere now,
Is to go take his pastime in the field,
And with his custodie ile credit you.

I must my friend euen feruentlie exhort,
Wait on my sonne, remember of my dreame,
This dangeroullie delectable sport,
Doth make me feare the griefe exceede the game.

Adras. I neuer shall those courtesies neglect,
It irkes me not to thinke nor heare the same :
For while this sprite these members doth direct,
All shall concurre to celebrate your fame.

If t'were your will I would not hence depart,
Who all such motiues vnto mirth abhore,
But with my passions heere, retir'd apart,
Would waile wo past and shun all cause of inore.

For if I striuet' abandon my annoyes,
I feare my fellowship infect with woe :
Those that would recreat themselues with ioyes,
Still strange mishaps attend mee where I go.

Yet since you will commit this charge to me,
Ile vse all meanes that you may not repent you,
At lest all my defects faith shall supplie,
I couet nothing more then to content you.

Atis. Now for to see this monsters ouglie shape,
With an enflam'd desire my thoughts do burne,
And Father, be not feard for no mishap,
I hope soone, and victorious to retaine.

Celia. Returne? and whither loue? O deadlie word!
That doth import thy parting from my sight,
I heard thee name, mishap, ah my deere Lord!
Should such strict limits bound so large delight?

O cruell resolution, vnkind dealing,
And canst thou condescend to leaue me so?
Or from my presence priuillie thus stealing,
Thinkst thou to rob a portion of my wo?

This might indeede to thee yeeld some reliefe,
To haue thy eares not wounded with my mone,
But would wound me with a continuall grieffe,
To feare all things where I should feare but one.

Desist in time from this intended strife,
With which thy thoughts haue vnaduisedlie entred,
Remember I haue interest in thy life,
Which I consent not to be thus aduentred.

Hast thou not giuen a prooffe in thy greene prime,
That may content the most ambitious hopes,
Whilst *Atis* was his owne, O then t'was time
To follow fancies vnconfined scopes.

Thy selfe then only camp'd in Fortunes bounds,
Thou dost endanger *Celia* likewise now,
You sigh her breath, she suffer's in your wounds:
You liue in her, and she must dye in you.

Atis. Life of my soule, how do such broken speaches
From confusde passions thus abruptlie rise?
I know my loue, thy loue my mind o're-reaches,
Affection schoold with feares is too too wise.

I go o're-thwart the fields for sport to range,
Thy sighs do but my soule with sorrow fill,

And pardon (deere) I find this wondrous strange,
Thou neuer did till now resist my will.

If I trespasse in aught against my dutie,
Which makes thee thus my faith for to mistrust,
Mistrust not yet the chaines of thine owne beautie,
Which bind all my desires, and so they must.

Are we not now made one? such feares o'recome,
Though I would flie my selfe my selfe do fetter,
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whome?
I can loue none so well, none loues me better.

Haue pittie of those pearles (sweete eyes soules pleasures)
Lest they presage what thou would not haue done,
The heau'ns had not giu'n me those pretious treasures
Of such perfections to be spoyl'd so soone.

Chorus.

THose that domine aboue,
High presidents of heauen,
By whom all things do moue
As they haue order giuen:
What worldling can arise
Against them to repine?
Whilst castel'd in the skies
With prouidence diuine
They force th' inferior round
Their iudgements to confesse,
And in their wrath confound
Proud mortals that transgressse
The couenant they made
With Nature in heauen's stead.

Base brood of earth, vaine man,
Why bragst thou of thy might?

The Tragedy of Cræsus.

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The heauens thy courses scan,
Thou walkst still in their sight,
Ere thou wast borne, thy decedes
Their registers dilate,
And thinke that none exceeds
The compasse of his fate.
What heauens would haue thee to
Though they thy wayes abhorre,
That thou of force must do,
And thou may do no more.
This reason would fulfill,
Their worke should serue their will.

Are we not heires of death,
In whom there is no trust,
Who toss'd with circkling breath,
Are but a dramme of dust?
Yet fooles when as we erre
And do th' heauens wrath contract,
If they a while deferre
A iust reuenge t' exact,
Pride in our bosome creepes,
And mis-informes vs thus,
That the Eternall sleepes,
Or takes no care of vs.

No, th' eye of heauen beholds
All what our hart enfoldes.

The gods digest no crime
Though they continue long,
And in th' offenders time
Seeme to neglect their wrong,
Till others of their race
Fill up the cup of wrath,

The Tragedie of Croesus.

Whom ruine and disgrace
 Long time attended hath,
 And Giges fault we feare
 To Croesus charge be layd,
 Which Ioue will not forbear
 Though it be long delayd :
 For ô sometime the gods
 Must plague sinne with sharp rods.

And lo how Croesus still
 Tormented in his mind,
 Like a reed on a hill,
 Is shiuering with each wind.
 Each step a terreur brings,
 Dreames do by night afflict him,
 And by day many things,
 All his thoughts do conuict him :
 He his starre would controule,
 This makes euill not the worst
 Whilst he wounds his owne soule
 With th' apprehension first :
 Man may his fate foresee,
 But not shun heauens decree.

Act. IIII. Scen. I.

ADRASTVS CROESVS. CHORVS.

CAn heauen behold hands staind with bloud oft times,
 And to the Stigian streames not headlongs hurld ?
 Can th'earth support one burden'd with such crimes,
 As may prouoke the wrath of all the world ?

Why

Why sends not *Ioue* t'haue my cursd course confind,
A death-denouncing flash of rumbling thunder,
Or a tempestuous terrour-breeding wind,
With violence to teare me all afunder.

What vnknowne corner from the world remou'd
T'inhabit in th'horizon of dispaire
Shall I go now possesse and be approu'd
By monsters like my selfe that hate repaire.

Ile go indeed whom all the world detests,
Who haue no interest in the fields of blisse,
And barbarize among the barbarous beasts,
Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hiss.

Yet though both th'Artike and Antartike Pole
I should ouerpasse, and find th'vnpeopled zones,
A wilderness where nought were to controule
My damnable cruelties but trees and stones :

Yet of my deeds which all the world do tell,
All this could not deface th'infamous scroule,
Within my breast I beare about my hell,
And can not scape the horrours of my soule.

Those fearefull monsters of confusd aspects,
Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra, hellish apes,
Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,
And borrowed from th'infernall shades their shapes.

Their deuilish formes that did the world amaze,
Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,
In the black depth of a polluted minde.

No, but my mind vntainted still remaines,
My thoughts in this dilict haue had no part,
Which accidentallie this foule fact stains,
My hands had no commission of my hart.

Yet, whether it was fortune or my fate,
Or some hell-hag that did direct my arme,

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I quaild the *Lidians* hopes abortiue date,
And am the instrument of all their harme.

Then swelling mountaines come and fall vpon me,
Your height may hide me from the wrath of heauen:
But this needes not, my fault hath else vndone me,
No torment can with my offence be euen.

Ah of what desert shall I now make choice,
T'auoid the count'nance of an angrie King?
I know th'auenging sword of *Cræsus* voice,
To wound my soule hostes of rebukes doth bring.

No, th'object of distresse ile stand alone,
A memorable monster of mishap,
For though *Pandoracs* plagues were pour'd in one,
All were too few so vile a wretch t'entrap.

Chor. O how the King is mou'd with *Atis* death,
His face th'impression of a passion beares
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quivering breath,
His princely roabe he desperately teares.

Lo, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,
He whilst his soule seemes to dissolue in smoake,
Whiles eyes the corps whiles him by whom t'is slaine.

Cræf. Thou ruthlesse Tyrant, ruine of my blisse,
And didst thou so disguise thy deuilish nature
To recompence my courtesies with this?
Ah cruell wretch, abhominable creature.

Thy Tigrish mind who could haue well detected?
In mortall breasts so great barbaritie?
What froward sprite could haue such spight suspected?
In hospitalitie hostilitie?

Did I reuiue thee when thy hopes were dead,
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?
And hauing heapt such fauours on thy head,
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* he would say the reward.

Adrast. I grant what you alledge, and more, is true,
I haue vnto the height of hatred runne,
A blood-staind Wretch, not worthy for to view
The rolling Circles, nor the rayie Sunne.

I'le neuer striue to cloake my foule abuses,
So for to make my forfeit to seeme lesse,
And paint my fault with imperfect excuses,
T'is greater farre then words can wel expresse.

Nor go I thus to aggrauate my crime,
And damne my selfe to be absolu'd by others;
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time,
I'le not suruiue his death, as earst my brothers.

Whose vnkind fall if I had followd straight,
As then indeed I dyed to all delight,
I had not groan'd chargd with this inward waight,
But slept with shadows in eternall night.

Yet must I die at last, though late growne wise,
This in my minde most discontentment breeds,
A thousand tort'ring deaths cannot suffice
To plague condignely for so haynous deedes.

Come, cause him, who the Spritelesse body buries,
Vpon the Tombe to sacrifice my blood,
No fitter offering for th'infernall Furies
Then one, in whom they raig'n'd while as he stood.

In whom they oft infusde their diu'lish rage,
And in my bosom all their Serpents nestled,
So that this hellish horror to asswage,
I all my dayes haue with disasters wrestled.

Cræs. I find *Adrastus*, when I deeply scaunce
Th'effectuall motiues of this fatall crosse,
That not thy malice, but mine owne mischaunce
Hath been th'occasion of our bitter losse.

Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,
We weigh the out-side of such strange euent,

If but the mediate meanes our iudgements hit,
We search not the first cause, this much contents.

When such prodigious accidents fall out,
Though they amaze our minds, and so they must,
The ground of all comes from our selfe no doubt,
Ah! man hath sin'd, the heau'ns are alwayes iust.

Now when I search the secrets of my soule,
And rip the corners of my corrupt minde,
Marke of my former life th'offenciue scroule,
And do examine how I was inclinde,

O then I see the angry hosts of heauen
Come girt with flames to plague for my offences,
Which once no doubt will with the world be euen,
And iudge our thoughts, words, acts, and vaine pretences.

Sonne, 'tis my pride that hath procurde thy fall,
I'm guiltie of thy blood, I gaue the wound
Which was thy death, and whose remembrance shall
My life each day with many deaths confound.

Then iniust Stars, your statutes I contemne;
O! if I were confronted with the gods,
I would their partiall prouidence condemne,
That in such sort do exercise their rods.

Ah! my Sonnes death doth shew their iudgement naught,
What could he perpetrate against such Powres?
Should he haue suffred for his Fathers fault?
Whom without cause their wrong-spent wrath deuours.

Now all the world those deities may despise,
Which plague the guiltlesse, and the guiltie spare:
Cease haples man t'outrage thy selfe thus waies;
I pardon thee, and pitie thy despaire.

Adrast. O cruell iudgement of a rigorous fate!
Must I o're-lieue my selfe t'entombe my Fame?
All things that I behold vpbraid my state;
Too many monuments of one mans shame!

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

All (and no more then I) my deedes detest,
Yet some not find a friend, I find no foe
To rid the world of such a dangerous pest,
Borne but to be an instrument of woe.

I know what makes all worthie mindes refraine
The sword against a Catife for to stretch,
They this opprobrious office do disdain,
To be the Deaths-men of so base a wretch.

Or must I yet a fouler fact commit,
And fill the world with th'horroure of my name?
Is there some new disaster resting yet,
And other funerals famous by my shame?

Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,
That in the blasted field of comfort gleanes,
No, no, in spite of heau'n I'll force my fate,
One that's resolu'd to die, cannot want meanes.

Prowd tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange?
T'involve my wearied soule in further strife,
Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,
I can appoint a Period to my life.

But this (Ay me) all hope of helpe deuours,
What gaines my soule by death in those sad times?
If potent still in all her wonted powres
She must remember of my odious crimes.

What though vn bodied she the world forsake?
Yet cannot from her conscience be diuorc'd,
It will but vex her at the shadowie Lake,
Till euen to grone the god of ghosts be forc'd.

But welcome death, and O would God I had
Lesse famous or more fortunately liu'd!
Then had I neuer showne my selfe so mad
T'haue only been by infamie suruiu'd.

Ah! haue I liu'd to see my Ladie die,
And die for me, for me not worth so much;

Ah! haue I liu'd (vnnaturall man) to be
My Brothers death, whose loue to me was such.

Ah! haue I liu'd, with mine owne hands to kill
A gallant Prince committed to my charge,
And do I gaze on the dead body still,
And in his Fathers fight my shame enlarge.

Ah! haue I liu'd (O execrable Monster)
To be accounted of a diu'lish nature,
And euen by them that best my actions conſter,
For to be cal'd (and iuſtly cal'd) a Traitor.

Yet with my blood this ſtaine away I'll waſh,
And leſt my memorie make th'earth detracted,
Let my name periſh in my bodies aſh,
And all my life be as a thought vnacted.

Braue *Atis*, now I come to pleade for grace,
Although thou frown'ſt on my affrighted gholt,
And to reuenge thy wrong this wound embrace;
Thus, thus, I toile t'attaine the Stygian coaſt.

Cho. The man himſelfe doth deſperately wound,
With leaden lights, weake legs, and head decline,
The body in diſdaine doth beate the ground,
That of his members one hath prou'd vnkinde:

The fainting hand falles trembling from the ſword
With this micidiall blow for ſhame growne red,
Which ſtrait the blood purſues with vengeance ſtor'd
To drowne thè ſame with the ſame floods it ſhed.

Who of thoſe parties can the combate ſhow,
Where both but one, one both, ſtrooke and ſuſtaind,
Or who ſhall triumph for this ſtrange ore'throw
Whereas the Victor loſt, the Vanquiſh'd gaind.

Cræſ. Curſde eies, what ſudden change hath drownd your
And made your mirthfull obieſts mournfull now? (lights,
Ye that were ſtill inurde to ſtately fights
Since ſeated vnder an Imperiall brow.

O're-clouded

O'reclouded now with vapours of my cares,
Are low throwne downe vnto a hell of grieffe,
And haue no prospect but my soules despaircs,
The sad beholders of a rare mischiefe.

O dead *Adrastus* I absolue thy ghost,
Whose hand some secret destinie did charme,
Thou hated by the Heau'ns, wert to thy cost
An accidentall Actor of our harme.

No doubt some angrie God hath layd this snare,
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,
And threw it at my Sonne against thy will.

Ah Sonne! must I be witnesse of thy death,
Who view thee thus with violence to bleed,
And yet want one on whom to powre my wrath,
To take iust vengeance for so vile a deed?

This wretch whose guiltlesse mind hath cleard his hand
Grieu'd for his error, loe, vnforced doth fall,
And not as one that did in danger stand,
For he liu'd still till I forgaue him all.

Thus haue I but the heau'ns on whom I may
Powre forth the poyson of my troubled spirite,
In my soules bitternesse I'm forced to say,
This seconds not their custome and my merite.

Act. IIII. Scen. II.

SANDANIS. CROESVS.

WHY spend you (Sir) with sighs th'Imperious breath,
Which nought but words of Soueraigntie should
O weake reuenge for one that's wrongd by death, (breed,
T'adorne his triumph with a mourning weed!

H

This

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This pale-fat'd tyrant, author of our ill,
Who did, t'ecllypse our Ioyes, that blacke shaft borrow,
Should you frame Trophees to his Tigrish will,
And weare his'liuery, and succumbe to sorrow:

No, though he might this outward blisse o're-throw,
And you saue you of all that's yours might spoyle,
Yet whilst of one that yields no signe you show,
You triumph still, and he receiues the foyle.

Th'o're-flowing humor that would drown your soule,
In baser breasts might better be excusde,
Who want the sprite their passions to controule,
As from their birth still to subiection vsde.

But you, in whom high Thoughts haue been innated,
To this decay how is your Vertue come?
I bluth to see my Soueraigne so abated,
And Maiestie by miserie o'recome.

Nor are my words out of a rockie mind,
T'unnaturallize you, as not feeling smart,
No, none can barre a Prince from being kind,
Th'undoubted badge of an Heroick hart.

That supreme Powre, by which great States do stand,
Should order but th'affection, not vndoe it
And I could wish you might your selfe command,
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe it.

Cræs. I will not now rehearse, t'enlarge my grieffe,
On what iust reasons my laments are grounded,
But still will muse vpon mine owne mischiefe,
While as my soule a thousand wayes is wounded.

What pensiue penfill euer limm'd aright
The sad conceats of soule-consuming woe:
Ahr! words are weake to shew the swelling hight
Of th'inward anguish that o're-whelms me so.

Though many Monarchs iealously despise
The rising Sunne that their declining staines;

And hate the Heire, who by their fall must rise,
As grieu'd to heare of death, or others raignes.

My loue towards *Atis* otherwise appeard;
Whom, whilst for him I did my cares engage,
I as a Father lou'd, as King not feard,
The comfort, not th' encombrance of mine age.

And hadst thou Sonne, as reason would, suruiu'd me,
Who glauced and vanish'd like a lightning-flash,
Then death of life could neuer haue depriu'd me,
Whilst such a Phænix had reuiu'd my ash.

San. Let not these woes ecclypse your Vertues light.

Cræs. Ah! rage and griefe must once be at a hight.

San. Striue of your sorrows for to stop the source.

Cræs. These salt eie-floods must flow & haue their course.

San. That is not kingly. *Cræs.* And yet it is kindly.

Where passions do domine they gouerne blindly.

San. Such wofull plaints cannot repaire your State:

Cræs. Th' infortunate at least may waile their Fate.

The meanest comfort can t' a wretch retourne,

Is in calamitie t' haue leaue to mourne.

San. What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affectiōns,
With teare-lesse eyes could that Youths death behold?
Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections,
A hoarie iudgement vnder lockes of gold.

No, no man liues but must lament to see
The worlds chiefe hope euen in his blossome choaked:
But men cannot controll the Heau'ns decree:
And mischief done, can neuer be reuoked.

Then let not this torment your mind no more,
This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares,
If wailing could your ruinde State restore,
Soules fraught with griefe should sayle in Seas of teares.

Lest all our comfort dash against one shelve,
And his vntimely end occasion yours,

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Haue pitie of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your owne vse, yet vnto ours.

Cræs. When *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did find,
Thou diu'd so deeply in my bosom then,
That since thou kept the key still of my mind,
And knew what I conceald from other men.

Behold, I go to open vp to you
(Deare Treasurer of all my secrets still)
A mightie enterprife I mind for now:
A Phisicke in some sort t'asswage my ill.

Which may vnto my soule yield some reliefe,
And make me to forgoe sad thoughts content,
Or els acquire copartners in my grieffe,
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

Sand. This benefite must bind me with the rest,
To loue your Maiestie, and wish you well,
I'le giue you my aduise, and I protest,
That you take friendly what I freely tell.

Cræs. Since that it hath not pleasde the Diuine powres,
That of my of-spring I might comfort claime,
Yet lest the rauinous course of flying howres
Should make a prey of my respected name,

I hope t'engender such a generous brood,
That the vnborne shall know how I haue liu'd,
And this no doubt would do my ghost great good,
To be by famous Victories reuiu'd.

I'le Eagle-like soare with Fames immortall wings,
Vnlesse my hie-bent thoughts themselues deceaue,
That hauing acted admirable things,
I may scorne death, and triumph o're the graue.

Yet haue I not so serled my conceate
That all opinions are to be despisde,
Vnfold your iudgement touching my estate,
Take heed I'le tell you what I haue deuise.

Some *Scithian* Shepherd in a high disdaine,
 As I haue heard rehearst by true discourses,
 To plague some of the *Medes* with endlesse paine,
 Did entertaine them with *Thiestes* courses.

And to content their more then *Tigrish* wishes,
 They with the infants flesh the parents fed,
 Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,
 Did in their bowels burie whom they bred.

Then after this abhominable crime,
 They come vnto my fathers famous court,
 And working on th'aduantage of the time,
 Did as they pleas'd of what was past report.

They shew'd what seru'd to help, and hid the rest,
 Whilst pittie pleaded for afflictions part,
 He noble-minded fauouring the distrest,
 Was wooon to them by this *Sinonick* art.

San. Oft Kings of Iudges thence haue parties gone,
 Where both their cares were patent but to one.

Cræs. Then *Ciaxare* Monarch of the *Medes*,
 To prosecute those fugitiues to death,
 In indignation of my fathers deedes,
 Did boast them both with all the words of wrath.

My father thinking that his court should be
 A sanctuarie for all supplicants,
 Did leuie men, that all the world might see
 He helpt the weake, and scorn'd the mighties vaunts.

Thus mortall warres on euery side proclaim'd,
 With mutuall damage did continue long,
 Till both the armies by *Bellona* tam'd,
 Did irke t'auenge or to maintaine a wrong.

It chanc'd whilst peace was at the highest dearth,
 That all their forces furiously did fight,
 A suddaine darkenes courtain'd vp the earth,
 And violentlie dispossesst the light.

I thinke for *Phaeton* the Sunne lookt sad,
 And that the bloodie obiects that he saw
 Did wound his memorie, with griefe gone mad,
 He from the world his wagon did withdraw.

Yet Ignorance the mother of confusion,
 With wresting natures course found cause of feares,
 Which well edg'd on by wiser mens illusion,
 Was cause of concord and of truce from teares.

Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,
 And that it might more constantly indure,
Astages the King of *Medias* sonne,
 A mariage with my Sister did procure.

Seneca A deadlie rancour reconcil'd againe,
 Must seal'd with consanguinitie remaine.

Cræs. He since his fathers age-worne course was ended,
 Hath rulde his people free from blood or strife,
 Till now a Viper of his loynes discended,
 Would by his ruine make himselfe a life.

I meane by *Cyrus* base *Cambises* brood,
 Who by a Bitch nurst with the countrey swaines,
 Degener'd farre from any princely blood,
 The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.

He come against his Grandfather to feeld,
 And vnexpected with a mightie powre,
 Ouertrew his forces, forc'd himselfe to yeeld,
 Who captiue kept now waits for death each howre.

That you may see now what my interest is,
 I made recitall of this ruthfull storie,
 Those circumstances shew that shame of his
 Tends to the derogation of our glorie:

That any dare presume to trouble thus
 One whome our kingdomes fauour should defend,
 In strict affinitie combind with vs,
 Yet not respected for so great a friend.

My ioylesse soule with this will be reioyc'd,
Whilst I to warre against that rebell go:
I hope that both shall know how they haue choyc'd,
Th'one a kind friend, and th'other a fearce fo.

San. Though Natures law you car'd not to transgressse,
And this your wrong'd allye would not repare,
Yet the regard t'a Monarch in distresse,
Should moue the mightie with a mutuall care.

These terrours to that thunder in your care,
I thinke the *Lidians* will not well allow,
For when the Cedar falls, the Oake may feare,
Th' *Asirians* ore-throw may astonish you.

And when we see our neighbours house afire,
Then we may iudge our owne to be in danger,
It's better first with others to conspire,
Or we be forc'd our selues t' inuade that stranger.

Ah this is but the out-side of your course,
A dangerous ambush by ambition planted,
There may come raging riuers from this source,
To drowne your state whilst fancies are vndanted.

I know these new-borne monsters of your mind,
Haue arm'd your rauish'd thoughts with faire conceates,
Yet may these wonders that you haue diuin'd,
Proue traiterous proiects painted for deceates.

And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be
Too rashlie stout nor curioullie wise,
Lest that you from that which is certaine flee,
And not attaine to that which you deuise.

Cræs. I grant indeed which very few shall know,
Though I designe but to relieue my friend,
My thoughts are aym'd (this vnto you ile show,)
And not without great cause, t'a greater end.

You see how Fortune nought but change affects,
Some are reproach'd that others may be prais'd,

And euery age brings forth some strange effects,
Some must be ruin'd, others must be rais'd.

I doubt not you haue heard who was the first
Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues,
Who had of soueraigntie so great a thirst,
That it could not be quenched with thousands liues.

T'was he who first obtain'd the name of *Ioue*,
Who was reputed for his glorious acts,
The most imperious of the powers aboue,
That vows and offrings of the world exacts.

He all his time could nought but terrour breathe,
To make the world acquaint with warre and dearth,
The chiefest sergeants deputed by death,
That made th' *Assirians* soueraignes of the earth.

Yet since his course the worlds first plague was past,
His successours who many ages reign'd,
Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last,
And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd.

This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall,
A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures,
With losse of scepter, honour, life and all,
Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures.

To that distrest Monarchies decay,
Th' aspiring *Persians* purpose to succede,
But I intend to crosse them by the way,
And quaille their courage ere that they can speede.

The *Persians* once the *Lidians* force must proue,
And, O who knowes but that it is ordain'd
At the Tribunall of the States aboue,
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* reign'd.

This all the host of heauen oft times foretells,
To this the gods of *Greece* my mind haue mou'd,
And he that in th' *Arabian* desert dwells,
By his response this enterprize approv'd.

San. Thus still in loue with what we mind to do,
What we affect we fairest still conceaue,
This feedes our humour whilst we labour, to
Seeme full of wit our selues for to deceaue.

You flatter so your selfe, you can not spye
What secret danger this designe doth beare,
But whilst I looke with an indifferent eye
On your intentions, I find cause of feare.

You vnaduisedlie purpose to pursue
A barbarous people that are foes to peace,
Who but by rapine to their greatnes grew,
And would for each light cause the warres imbrace.

No daintie silks of the *Asirian* dye,
Do deck their bodies to abase their mindes,
But cloath'd with wild beasts skinnes they do desyre
The force of *Phæbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes.

They simplie feede and are not grieu'd each day,
With stomacks cloyd decocting diuers meates,
They fare not as they would, but as they may,
Of iudgement sound not carried with conceates.

These vncorrupted customes that they hold,
Make all things easie that they feele no paine,
This cooles the Sommers heate, kils Winters cold,
This makes the Riuers dry, the Mountaines plaine.

Those whose ambition pouertie did bound,
Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taste
Will haue in hatred straight their barren ground,
And insolentlie all our treasures waste.

To gouerne such although that you preuaile,
You shall but buy vexation with your blood,
And do your selfe and yours, if fortune faile,
From a possessed Soueraigntie seclude.

Yea, though this rash desire your iudgement leades,
I for my part must praise the gods for you,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

That haue not put into the *Persians* heads,
To warre against the *Lidians* long ere now.

Cræs. These flames that burne my brest must once burst
Your counsaile for more quiet minds I leaue, (out,
And be you still thought wise, so I proue stout,
Ile conquer more, or lose the thing I haue.

Celia.

YEt am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
To ease my mind a few sad words to straine;
And but vnlode it now to lode it more,
I emptie but mine eyes to fill againe.

My soule must sound euen as my passions strike,
Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischief,
My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,
The cabinet of care, the cells of griefe.

O cruell heauen, fierce starre, vnhappie fate,
Too foule iniustice of the diuine powres,
Whose high disdain t'wards me with partiall hate,
The comfort of the world (sad world) deuoures.

Curst be the day in which I first was borne,
When lying tounge affirm'd I come to light,
A monstrous blasphemie, a mightie scorne,
Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night.

O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother,
That the first houre had been the last to me,
Then from one graue t'haue gone vnto another,
I should haue dide to liue, not liu'd to die.

What profited to me my parents ioyes,
That with such pomp did solemnize my birth,
When I must be the mirrour of annoyes,
And all my dayes taste but one dramme of mirth?

Which seru'd for nothing but to make me know,

The height of horreur that was to succeed,
I was but raisd vp high to be brought low,
That short-liu'd ioyes might endlesse anguish breed.

That nothing might for my confusion lack,
All my best actions but betray'd my state,
My vertues too were guiltie of my wrack,
And warr'd against me banded with my fate.

For whilst my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,
My modest eye told that my mind was chaste:
This gain'd the warrant of the worlds report,
And Maides must haue a great respect to fame,
No greater dowrie then an vnstain'd name.

Faire beauties Goddesse, thou canst beare record,
My offering neuer made thine altar rich,
All such lasciuious fancies I abhord,
My free-borne thoughts no follie could bewitch.

Till happilie (ah so it seem'd to some)
Ah but vnhappelie th'euent hath prou'd:
All this and more to *Atis* eares did come,
Who straightway likt, and after liking lou'd:

Then to our eares his purpose did impart,
Not lip-sick-louer-like with words farre sought,
His toong was but the agent of his hart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part of his thought.

And lest his trauels should haue seem'd to tend
To breach my honour, worke my fames decay,
He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,
And by th'effect, th'affection did bewray.

Their *Iuno* president of wedlockes vowe,
And *Hymen* with his saffron-colour'd cote,
Our loue with sacred customes did allow,
Whilst th'ominous Owles no crosses did denote.

The blessing that this marriage did procure,

It was too great to haue continu'd long,
A thing that's vehement can not indure:
Our ioyes farre past th'expressing of the toong,
Who euer did full satisfaction finde,
Yet with satietie were neuer cloy'd,
We seem'd two bodies govern'd by one mind,
Such was the happines that we enioy'd.

He lou'd me deerely, I obey'd his will,
Proud of my selfe because that I was his,
A harmonie remaind betwixt vs still,
Each in another plac'd their chiefest blisse.

This mou'd th'Im mortalls to a high disdain,
That thus two worldlings who of death were heires,
Should in a paradise of ioyes remaine,
Which did exceede, at least did equall theirs.

But chiefly *Iuno* did dispight it most,
Who through a ieaalousie still iarres with *Ioue*,
That bodie-prison'd soules of that could boast,
Which she (although Heauens Queene) had not aboute.

Thus euen for enuy of our rare delights,
The fatall Sisters by the heauens subborn'd,
Of my soules treasure closd the louely lights,
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.

O but he is not dead, he liues in me,
Ah but I liue not, for I dide in him,
The one without the other can not be,
If death haue set his eyes, mine must looke dim.

Since to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes,
A long eclipse that neuer shall be cleer'd,
Hath darkned all the points of my sad dayes.

Ay me ! I liue too long, he dide too soone,
Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,
Of him who told how this black deede was done.

The words like swords shall euer wound my hart.

Fierce tyrant Death, that in thy wrath didst take
One halfe of me, and left an halfe behind,
Take this to thee, or giue me th'other backe,
Be altogether cruell, or all kind.

For whilst I liue, thou canst not wholly dye,
O ! euen in spite of death, yet still my choyce,
Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quick eye,
I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce.

And to content my languishing desire,
Each thing to ease my mind some helpe affords,
I fancie whiles thy forme, and then asire,
In euery sound I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memorie to wound,
I call to mind thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place!

My solitary walks, my widowd bed,
My driery sighs; my sheets oft bathd with teares,
These can record the life that I haue led
Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.

I liue but with despaire my sprite to dash,
Thee first I lou'd, with thee all loue I leaue;
For my chaste flames extinguishd in thy ash
Can kindle now no more but in thy graue.

By night I wish for day ; by day for night ;
Yet wish farre more, that none of both might bee;
But most of all, that banishd from the light
I were no more, their courses for to see.

At night revoluing my despaird estate,
I go to summe with sighs my wonted ioyes,
When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate
Doth blot th'unperfect compt with new annoyes.

When Sleepe the eldest brother of pale Death,

The Child of darkeness, and Father of rest,
In a free prison hath confinde my breath,
That it may vent, but not with words exprest.

Then with my sprite thou enterst for to speake
With honyed speaches to appease my grieffe,
And my sad heart that labourd for to breake,
In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe.

Yea, if our soules remaind vnited so,
This late diuorcement would not vexe my mind,
But when I waken, it augments my woe,
Whilst this a dreame, and me a wretch I find.

O happy, if I had been happy neuer,
But happier, if my happineffe had lasted:
Yet had I in this state chanc'd to perseuer,
My dayes had with excessiue ioyes soone wasted.

Why waste I thus, whilst vainely I lament,
The precious treasure of that swift Post Time?
Ah! pardon me, (deare Loue) for I repent
My lingring here, my Fate, and not my crime.

Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,
In this spoild world, my eye no pleasure sees,
And *Atis*, *Atis*, loe, I come, I come
To be thy Mate, amongst the Mirtle trees.

C H O R U S.

Loe all our time euen from our birth,
In nought but miserie exceeds,
For where we find a moments mirth,
A Month of mourning still succeeds,
By all the euills that Nature breeds,
Which daily do our sprites appall,
Th' infirmities that frailtie sends,
The losse of it, that fortune lends:

And

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And such disasters as oft fall:
Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,
Whilst wretched man with man contends,
And eucry one his whole force bends,
How to procure anothers losses,
But this torments vs most of all,
The mind of man, which many a fancie tosses,
Doth forge vnto it selfe a thousand crosses.

O how the Soule with all her might
Doth all her heauenly forces straine!
How to attaine vnto the light
Of Natures wonders, that remaine
Hid from our eyes, we strue in vaine
To seeke out things that are vn Timer:
In Sciences to seeme profound,
We dine so deepe we find no ground,
And the more knowledge we procure,
The more it doth our minds allure,
Of mysteries the depth to sound:
Thus our desires we neuer bound,
Which by degrees thus drawne on still,
The memorie may not indure:
But like the tubs that Danaus daughters fill,
Doth drinke no faster then it's forc'd to spill.

Yet how comes this? and O how can
Diuine Knowledge the Soules chiefe treasure
Occasion such a crosse to man?
That should afford him greatest pleasure:
O it's because we cannot measure
The limits that to it belong!
But for to tempt forbidden things,
Do soare too high with Natures wings:

Still

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*Still weakest whilst we thinke vs strong,
 The Heau'ns that thinke we do them wrong,
 To trie what in suspence still hings,
 This crosse vpon vs iustly brings:
 With knowledge, knowledge is confus'de,
 And growes a grieſe ere it be long.
 That which a blessing is, being rightly vs'de,
 Doth grow the greatest crosse, when it's abus'de.*

*Ah! what auailes this vnto vs,
 Who in this vaile of woes abide,
 With endlesse toile to studie thus,
 To learne the thing that Heau'n would hide:
 And trusting in too blind a guide,
 To spie the Planets how they moue,
 And too transgressing common barres
 The constellation of the starres,
 And all that is decreed aboue,
 Whereof as oft th'euent doth proue,
 Th'intelligence our welfare marres,
 And in our breasts breeds endlesse warres,
 Whilst what our Horoscopes foretell,
 Our expectations do disproue,
 Those apprehended plagues proue such a Hell,
 That we would wish t'unknow them till they fell.*

*This is the pest of great Estates;
 They by a thousand meanes deuise
 How to foreknow their doubtfull Fates,
 And like new Giants scale the Skies,
 Heau'ns secret store-house to surprife:
 Which sacriligious skill we see
 With what great payne they apprehend it,
 And then how foolishly they spend it,*

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

To learne the thing that once must be:
Why should we seeke our destinie?
If it be good, we long attend it,
If it be euill, none may amend it;
Such knowledge further rest exiles,
T'is best to abide the Heauns decree,
It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles,
Do change their fate & make their Fortune wheelles.

And loe of late, what hath our King
By his prepos't'rous trauels gaind,
In searching each particular thing
That Atis Horoscope containd;
But what the Heauns had once ordaind,
He could not by no meanes prevent,
And yet he labours to find out
Through all the Oracles about,
Of future things th'vn'sure euent,
This doth his raving mind torment,
Now in his age vnwisely stout
To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt
The Heauens are grien'd for to heare told
Long ere the time their hid intent.
Let Tantalus b'a terror to th'o're-bold
That dare Ioues cloudy secrecies vnfold.

Act. V. Scen. I.

CYRVS. HARPAGVS.

GOe, Let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls,
Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes,
Who forfeited their glorie by their falles;

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No hand that fights is pure, but that which winnes.

The raiusht world that fraught with doubts did stand,
To see the bloody end of this dayes toyle,
Saw how the Heav'ns placd lightning in my hand,
To thunder on all those that sought my foyle.

Now therefore let vs first deuoutly go
And lose our vowes, the gods detest th'ingrate,
And who delight t'adore their deities so,
Do neuer faile t'establish their estate.

Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred places
With Bullocks, Incense, Odours of all kinds,
Though none can giue the gods that flow in graces
A sweeter Sacrifice then thankfull minds.

Har. Though all that indenized in this Vale
Walke here confinde within this fertile Round,
And are tapestred with this azure Pale,
T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound.

Yet there are some particularly, I find,
Whose names are written in their dearest serowles,
Whom extraordinary fauours bind,
Euen to prefer them to their very Soules.

Of which (Sir) you are one, your deeds declare,
Of you amidst innumerable broyles,
Euen from your cradle they haue had a care,
And led you safe through all your greatest toyles.

Though of the dangers of your youth I see
The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes,
Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be
An Actor in your Tragick-Comick fortunes.

Cyr. The accidents that in our Nonage chance,
When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought
Like fabulous dreames that Darknesse doth aduance,
And are by Day disdained as things of nought.

For our Conceptions are not then so strong

As for to leaue th' impression long behind,
Yet mixe (deare Friend) old griefes new Ioyes among,
And call afflicted Infancy to mind.

Har. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous Fate,
Whose ruine ere thy Birth appeard conspir'd:
Who vnbegun, seemd to expire that date,
Which now begun, shall neuer be expir'd.

Your Mother first her Syre with cares did sting,
While as he dreamd, which yet his soule confounds,
That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree spring,
Which did o're-shadow all great *Asiæ*s bounds.

Then to the Magies strait he gaue in charge,
To trie what this strange Vision did presage,
Who hauing studied their darke Art at large,
Gauē this response with a prophetick rage.

That once his Daughter should bring forth a Sonne,
For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd,
By whom th' Empire of *Asia* should be wonne;
By whom his Grandfather should be vncrownd.

This to *Asiages* a terrour bredde,
Who labouring to anull the heau'ns decree,
Aduisde as best his Daughter for to wedde
T'a powrelesse stranger, but of base degree.

Then of *Cambises* he by chance made choyce,
And for his barb'rous Countries cause the rather,
Whom by your birth the Princessse did reioyce,
And further then before affright her Father.

Thus tyrannie by feeble sprites begun,
Doth force the Parents in despaire to fall,
A dastard to attempt, proud hauing wonne,
Which being feard of all, doth still feare all.

And tyrants no securitie can find,
For euery shadow frights a guiltie mind.

This Monarch, whom scarce Armies could surprise,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Whom gallant Guards and stately Courts delighted,
Who triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned the Skies,
A Babe scarce borne, come of him selfe, affrighted.

And whilst *Lucina* the last helpe did make,
As if some vgly Monster had been borne,
A Minotoure, a Centaure or a Snake,
The worlds terror, and the Mothers scorne.

The Nephews birth, that would haue seemd t'impair
Vnto the Grandfather great cause of ioyes,
As if the naked hand had pierc'd his hart,
Did winde him in a maze of sad annoyes.

And to preuent a but suspected spight,
By giuing an occasion of iust hate,
He sought by robbing you the new-found Light,
To make your birth and buriall of one date.

Soone after this he sent for me in hast,
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lou'd,
Then shewd me all the circumstances past,
Wherewith his marble mind seemd nothing mou'd:

Out of the which, as he would let me know,
All complements of pittie were not blotted,
He would this superficiall fauour show,
Not with your blood to haue his owne hands spotted.

Thus hauing lulld asleepe the conscience, still
The wicked would extenuate their crimes,
Not knowing those that but allow of ill,
Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times.

Yet with his fault he would haue burdend me,
And willed that I an Innocent should slay,
I promise to performe his rash decree,
Well weighing whom, but not wherein t'obay.

When I had parted from his Highnesse face,
And caried you (then swadled) with me too,
Through th'apprehended horror of my case,

I stood perplex'd and wist not what to do.

Necessitie tooke place, I waild with teares
Th'vntimely funeralls (as I thought) of you,
My soule confounded with a swarme of feares,
Did with sad sighes my message disallow.

Yet t'him I send a seruant of mine owne,
Who for the time was Herds-man to the King,
To whom I made all my commission knowne,
But as direct to him shew'd euery thing.

Deliuering you with an vnwilling breath,
Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd,
I threatned him with many a cruell death,
If that your death were any way delay'd.

Straight for to execute th'intended doome,
He from my sight did all astonish'd go :
Too great a charge for such a simple groome,
The shew of Maiestie amaz'd him so.

O what a wonder is't for to behold,
Th'vnfailing prouidence of powrefull *Ioue*,
Whose brazen edicts can not be controlld,
Firme are the statutes of the states aboue.

That mortall whom th'Immortalls fauour shields,
No worldlie force is able to confound,
He may securely walke through dangers fields,
Times and occasions are t'attend him bound.

For loe before the Herds-man was come home,
His wife of a dead burden was deliuered,
Who wondred so to see her Husband come,
That with a secret terrour faintlie shiuered.

She straight grew curious for to know the forme
How he a Babe so beautifull obtaind,
Who did her suddainly of all informe,
And to what crueltie he was constraind.

She quickly then th'occasion to imbrace,

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The Tragedie of Cræsus.

No doubt inspir'd by some celestiall powre,
Prayd him t' expose her dead child in your place,
Yet where no beafts repair'd him to deuoure :

So shall we haue (saith she) a double gaine,
Our off-spring shall receiue a stately tombe,
And we a princely infant, to remaine
Still nurs't with vs as th' issue of my wombe.

The Husband likte so well his Wiues intent,
That all what she affected he effected,
And soone I had one of my household sent,
To try if all were done as t' was directed :

He seeing the babe dead, dead in that weed,
With that rich funerall furniture about him,
Told what the fellow told, and I indeed
Reposd on his report, for who could doubt him ?

In end, Time posting with houre-feth' red wings,
Had giuen you strength with others of your yeeres,
You past the time, not nephews vnto Kings,
But for that time admitted for your peeres.

They faile, call Fortune blind, she sight bewrayd,
And your authoritie by lot enlarg'd,
In pasturall sports who still the scepter swayd,
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd.

Then with the other children as it chanc'd,
A noble man of *Medeus* sonne remaind,
Who swolne with enuy to see you aduanc'd,
Your childish charge with scornefull words disdaind.

You spighting at that proud attempt of his,
Did punish him as it became a Prince :
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke on this,
The rest of rashnes did your deed conuince.

Cyr. More mightie matters now to muse vpon,
My memorie with the remembrance cloy,
That those are all forgot, and yet tell on,

For I delight to heare this childish toy.

Harpa. The father of the child inform'd the King
How such a base-borne boy abus'd his sonne,
And caus'd an Esquire straightway you to bring,
To suffer for the fault that you had done.

And when the King accus'd you in his sight,
As the presumptuous brat of a base clowne,
You boldlie did maintaine that you had right
To scourge one that rebeld against your crowne.

The King astonish'd at th'imperious words
Of one so magnanimous, and so yong,
Doth pause awhile, and straightway he records,
That you were you, and I had done him wrong.

The tortour to the Net-heard was presented,
Who soone for feare confest (O suddaine change)
The King as seem'd exceedingly contented,
Sent one for me to heare the tidings strange.

And as he had good cause, in shew delighted,
Did for a solemne Sacrifice prepare,
And me as his most speciall guest inuited,
Who with my sonne did straight to Court reaire.

When light was banish'd by nights shaddowie sable,
The candles by his forfait taking place,
They seru'd me with my sonnes flesh at the table,
Then did vpbraid me with his bloodlesse face.

What anguish, or what rage ore-flow'd my soule,
A louing father may imagin best,
Yet at that time I did my rage controule,
But laid it vp for euer in my brest.

Cyr. Some of the wise men then I heard remain'd,
Who from their former sentence did recoyle,
Saying, no danger was since I had raignd,
And so dismiss me for my natie soyle:

Where when I had my vnrife season spent,

Your

Your Letter came to giue my fire new fuell,
And told how many of the *Medes* were bent,
T'abandon their owne Lord that prou'd so cruell :

And wish'd if to that Scepter I aspir'd,
That I should moue the *Persians* to rebell,
Which did succeed euen as my soule desir'd,
For they disdain'd in seruitude to dwell.

I plac'd my gallant troupes in warlike ordour,
And lest th'occasion should haue slipt away,
March'd with my armie to my enemyes bordour,
Whereas you had the conduct for that day.

Harpa. Lo how those wretches that the heau'ns would
Are spoild of iudgement : that proud Tirant offred (wrack
The charge to me not thinking I would take
A high reuenge for th'iniurie I suffred,

Which was so deepe lie rooted in my hart,
My countryes thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,
And all the horrours that death could impart,
Seem'd nought to me so my disdaine tooke place.

Cyr. T'is dangerous trusting one that's wrong'd we see,
Iust rancour vnreueng'd can neuer die.

Harpa. That was the first beginning of your glorie,
Which since hath been augmented by degrees,
And which by time may breed so braue a storie,
As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.

Cyr. Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinded,
Durst come t'encounter with my warlike bands,
And through a long prosperitie high-minded,
Was not affrayd to fall before my hands.

But he and his confederates haue seene,
How Victorie doth still my troupes attend,
And *Persia* must be once all *Asias* Queene,
Or we shall warre vnto the worlds end.

Now *Cræsus* is ore-come rich *Sardis* taken,

And

And *Lidia* fraught with gold is made our spoyle,
Th'*Egyptians* haue th'vnprosp'rous league forsaken,
This is the happie end of all our toyle.

But ah one sowre vnseasons all my sweetes,
Braue *Abradatus* my brother in armes,
Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleetes,
And with his loue each generous courage warmes.

Whilst but ouer-bold for to be backt so badlie,
Th'*Egyptian* Chariots desperatlie he charg'd:
There with euill-fortun'd valour fighting madlie,
His soule out of th'earths prison was enlarg'd.

Harpa. No doubt that dame this trouble hardlie beares,
Who only seem'd for him t'account of life:
I heard him whilst she bath'd his Coach with teares,
Wish to proue worthie of so rare a wife.

When their farewell was seal'd, last speaches spent,
She kist the Coach that did containe her trust,
And with eyes big with pearle gaz'd where he went,
Still till her sight was choak'd with cloudes of dust.

Cyr. I heare you haue not heard how his death prou'd
The black beginning of a bloudie scene,
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mou'd,
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene.

The bodie that had oft her fancies fir'd
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deere, though dead,
But being to *Pactolus* banks retir'd,
She in her bosome did entombe his head.

And then from rage she did some respit borrow,
For sorrow by degrees a passage seekes,
Vapouring forth sighes that made a cloude of sorrow,
A tempest then of teares rain'd downe her cheekes.

And whilst her eye the wonted obiect misses,
She many a languishing looke doth cast,
And on the senselesse lips still lauish'd kisses,

As affectionedlie as in times past.

I poasted thither for to haue releu'd
This Ladie of a portion of her woes,
Heauen beare me witnes I was greatlie grieu'd,
Who would, to saue one friend, spare hosts of foes.

She first a space me passionatlie eyde,
Then with these words her lips did slowlie moue,
My husband loe hath valourousslie dyde,
Well worthie of your friendship, and my loue.

When I had all the flowres of comfort vsde,
That a sad soule o'recharg'd with griefe could show,
I went away with words that were confusde,
And scarcely could my last farewell forth throw.

I was not well departed from her face,
When as she char'gd the Eunuchs out of sight,
Then pray'd her nurse to burie in one place
Her and her Lord, as they deseru'd of right.

Then looking on his corps she drew a sword,
And euen as if her soule had flowne in him,
She stabd her selfe, then falling on her Lord,
Her beauties blubbered starres were waxing dim.

The faithfull Eunuchs for their Sou'raigne sorie,
And scorning to suruiue so rare a date,
In emulation of their mistresse glorie,
Dide violentlie partners of her fate.

O sweet *Panthea* rich in rarest parts!
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone,
Who mightst haue made a monarchie of harts,
Yet loth'd vnlawfull loues, and lou'd but one.

O wondrous wonders, wonders wondrous rare!
A woman constant, such a beautie chaste,
So pure a mind ioyn'd with a face so faire,
Beautie and Vertue in one person placde!

Both were well match'd as any could deuise,

Whose vndiuided end their choyce alowes,
He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,
She worthie such a mate, he such a spouse.

And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,
The memorie of vertuous minds may dye,
Cause build a stately tombe with statues wrought,
Where their dead bodies may respected lye.

Har. I'll raise a Piramide of *Cræsus* spoyles,
Where all their famous parts shall be comprisde,
But how t'insist in these tumultuous broyles,
T'is best now (Sir) that you were well aduisde.

Your aduersarie doth attend your will,
This hautie citie humbled hath her crest,
And therefore go to pardon, or to kill,
To saue, or sack, euen as you shall thinke best.

Cyr. As for old *Cræsus* I am else resolu'd,
He with some captiues which I keep in store,
Shall haue their bodies by the fire dissolu'd,
As offrands to the Gods that I adore.

This citie shall my souldiers paines defray,
Since by their force it hath been brought to bow,
I yeeld it vnto them as their iust pray,
Who taste the sweetnes of their trauels now.

Of other things we shall so well dispose,
That our renowne o're all the world shall shine,
Till *Cyrus* name b'a terrour to all those,
That dare against his Sou'raintie repine.

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The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Act. V. Scen. II.

NUNTIVS. CHORVS.

AH to what part shall I my steps addresse,
The burden of base bondage to eschue?
Lo, desolation, ruine, and distresse,
With horreur doth my natiue home pursue.

And now poore countrey take my last farewell,
Farewell all ioy, all comfort, all delight:

Chor. What heauie tidings hast thou for to tell,
That tear'st thy garments thus, tell thy sad plight?

Nun. I tell the wrack of vs, and all that liue
Within the circuit of this wretched soyle.

Cho. A hideous shout we heard the Citie giue,
Is't in th' enemies hands, is't made his spoyle? (kild?)

Nun. It's made his spoyle. *Cho.* And is our Sou'raigne

Nun. No, but yet neerely scapt doth liue in danger.

Cho. Then let our eares be with disasters filld,
And must we beare the yoke of that prow'd stranger?

Nun. You know how *Cræsus* at th' aduantage lay,
Still seeking meanes t' abate the *Persians* pride,
And his confederates had assign'd a day
When they should for th' intended warre prouide.

But *Cyrus* hauing heard how that they should
Against his state so great an armie bring,
Straight raising all the forces that he could,
Preuents, inuades, o'recomes and takes our King.

Chor. This shews a Captaine both expert and braue,
First well t' aduise, then t' execute with speede:
No circumstance (friend) vnrelated leaue,
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

Nun. When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,
He stood awhile with a distracted minde,

Yet

Yet what time would permit, left nought vndone,
But made his Musters, march'd his Foe to find.

Our stately Troupes that glisterd all with gold,
And with vmbragious Feathers fann'd the ayre,
They with vnwarie insolence growne bold,
More how to triumph, then to o'recome, tooke care.

The *Lidian* Horsemen are of great account,
And are for valour through the world renownd,
Them *Cyrus* chiefly labourd to surmount,
And this deuise for that effect was found.

Vntrussing all their baggage by the way,
Of the disburthen'd Camels each did beare
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himselfe array
Euen as the *Persian* Horsemen vse to weare.

To them th'Infanterie did follow next,
A solide Squadron like a brafen wall,
But those in whom all confidence was fixt,
The braue Cauallerie came last of all.

Then *Cyrus* by the raynes his Courser tooke,
And being mounted, holding out his handes,
With an assured and Imperious looke
Went breathing valour through th'vnconquer'd bandes.

He willd all them that at Deaths game should striue,
To spare none of their foes in any forme,
But as for *Cræsus*, to take him aliue,
And keepe him captiue for a greater storme.

Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* poste
In his broad waues r'entombe his strength and name,
Our Armie ran against a greater Hoste
T'enrich it likewise with our force and fame.

Our Troupes a time with equall valour stood,
Till giuing place, at length we tooke the chace,
While as the Riuer ranne to hide our blood,
But still his borders blusht at our disgrace.

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

For so soone as the Camels once were come,
Our Horses loathing to indure their sight,
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some
Disfording rancks, put many to the flight.

Yet others that were of more martiall mindes,
Perceiu'd the Stratagem that did deride them,
And lighting on their feet, like mighty windes,
Bare downe before them all that durst abide them.

There, whilst the world proou'd prodigall of breath,
The headlesse troncks lay prostrated in heapes,
This field of funeralls, proper vnto death,
Did paint out Horror in most hideous shapes.

There men vnhorsde, horses vnmastr'd, strayed,
Some calld on them whom they most dearly tendred,
Some ragde, some groand, some sigh'd, roard, wept & prayd,
Fighting, fainting, falling, desp'rate, maymde, rendred.

Those that escapt, like beasts vnto a Den,
Fled to a Fortresse, which true valour drownes,
Walles are for women, and the fields for men,
For Townes cannot keepe men, but men keepe Townes.

And we were scarcely entred at the Portes,
When as the enemies did the Towe inclose,
And rearing many artificiall Fortes,
To the Defenders did huge paines impose.

There all the military flights werere found,
Which at the like encounters had preuaild,
Both for to vse th'aduantage of the ground,
Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild.

They euer compassing our Trench about,
Still where the Walls were weakest, made a breach,
Which being straight repaired, we threw tooles out,
And killd all those that came within our reach.

There all the bolts of death edgde by disdain,
That many curious wits inclinde to ill,

Helpt by th'occasion, and the hope of gaine,
Had powre t'inuent, were put in practise still.

Yet as we see, it oft times hath occurde,
Where we suspected least, we were surprisde,
Whilst fortune and the fates in one concurrde
To haue our ruine in their rolles comprisde.

The side of *Sardis* that was least regarded,
Which lyes t'wards *Tmolus*, and was thought most sure,
Through this presumption, whilst t'was weakely guarded,
Th'orethrow of all *Lidia* did procure.

As one of ours (vnhappily it chanc'd)
T'o're-take his helmet that had scapt his hand,
Alongst that steepy part his steps aduanc'd
And was returning backe vnto his Band:

He was well markt by one that had not spard
No kind of danger for to make vs thralles,
For *Cyrus* had proposde a great reward
To any one that first could scale our walles.

And this companion seeing without stay,
One in his sight that craggie passage clim,
Straight followd on his footsteps all the way,
And many a thousand followd after him.

By whom all those that durst resist were killd,
The rest were forc'd, and knew not where to flee:
For euery street was with confusion filld,
There was no corner from some mischiefe free.

O what a piteous clamour did arise,
Of rauisht virgins, and of widowd wiues!
Who pierc'd the heau'ns with lamentable cries,
And hauing lost all comfort, loathd their liues.

Whilst those prowd Victors did insift t'haue staind
Themselues with all the wrongs that such like vse,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restraind,
And durst no more their captiues thus abuse.

Chor. No doubt but desolation then abounded,
Whilst with disdain the Conqu'rors bosom boylde,
Some with the sword, some with disgrace confounded,
Sacred Temples, priuate houses, all were spoylde.

None can imagine greater miserie

Then all the sufferings of a captiu'd Citie.
But whilst this famous Citie was distressed,
What could become of the hard-fortun'd King?

Nun. He seeing th'enemie of his State possessed,
And that confusion seazde on euery thing,

Stood first amazd, scarce trusting his owne sight,
His former fortune had him so transported,
Yet it is hard for to deny the light,
He saw a stranger that his wealth extorted.

And when that he had deeply apprehended
Th'vnbounded horrors that o'reflow'd his soule,
As one whose Ioyes had long before been ended,
He could no more the signes of grieve controule.

But bursting out in bitter sighs and teares,
Plungde in the deepest depth of blacke despair,
Through o're great feare, leauing all kind of feares,
Did of his safetie take no further care,

And neuer wisht he so for a long life,
But he o're-wisht it, wishing for death now,
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,
Prouiding that he dyde, he car'd not how.

Whilst thus he fostred furies in his breast,
A certaine souldier by the way him meetes,
As insolent as any of the rest,
That drunke with blood, ran raging through the streetes:

And seeking but an obiect to his ire,
He made to him, and he to him againe,
I wot not which of them did most desire,
Th'one for to slay, or th'other to be slaine.

But whilst so base a hand trowing aloft,
Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,
His eldest Sonne, that as you haue heard oft,
Was barrd from the right function of his breath.

I cannot tell you well, nor in what fashion,
If that the destinies had so ordaind,
Or if the vehemency of his passion
Did breake the strings that had his tongue restraind.

But when he saw his Syre in such a danger,
He bursted forth into those words the rather,
Hold, hold thy hand in haste thou furious stranger,
Kill not King Cræsus, murther not my Father.

The other hearing this, his hand retyrde,
Then call'd his Kings commandement to minde,
And to no small preferment he aspyrde,
To whom this desert did his Sou'raigne binde.

Now, when that Cræsus, who for death did languish,
Was of this faire occasion disappointed,
O're-chargd with grieffe, and surfeiting of anguish,
To see himselfe for further euils appointed.

He with sad sighs those syllables did accord,
Now cruell destinie do what thou can,
Which would not vnto me the grace afford
That I might perish like a priuate man.

Ah ! must I liue to wish t'haue been vnborne,
Charactring shame in a deiected face?
Ah ! must I liue to my perpetuall scorne,
The finger-pointed obiect of disgrace?

Yet this vnto his soule more sorrow bred,
He King-like as in former times arrayde,
Was with a mightie acclamation led
Strait to the Tent whereas their Emp'our stayde.

So soone as Cyrus got him in his powre,
He causde bring bands of yron, burd'nous chaines,

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The Tragedie of Cræsus.

And clogd him hand and foot at that same howre,
As one that was design'd for grieuous paines.

Then causde in haste a pile of wood to make,
And in the midst where all men might espy him,
Causde bind the captiu'd King vnto a stake,
With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by him.

There, as th'oblation for his Victorie,
With sacred flames their bodies to combure,
Although *Ioue* hates prepostrous pietie,
And doth delight in offrings that are pure.

Now whilst the fires were kindling round about,
As one that to some powrefull god had vowd,
With eyes bent vp, and with his hands stretcht out,
O *Solon*, *Solon*, *Cræsus* cride aloud.

Some hearing him to vtter such a voyce,
And seeing *Cyrus* curious for to know,
Now of what Deitie dying he made choyce,
Did pray him liberally his mind to show.

He answered; vpon one in wit profound
He calld, with whom he wisht, if it might be,
That all the Rulers of th'inferior round
Had had some conference as well as he.

For he had told him whilst his fortune lasted,
As one expert in good aduises giuing,
That all his flowres of blisse might soone be blasted,
And could not be accomplisht he being liuing.

Then he proceeded for to shew at length
The Dialogue twixt *Solon* and twixt him,
Who prayd him not to trust in worldly strength,
By which vnto true blisse no man could clim.

This speech mou'd *Cyrus* deeply, for to ponder
The great vncertaintie of worldly things,
As thinking that himselfe might be brought vnder,
Who had no priuiledge more then other Kings.

Then

Then hauing such a paterne plac'd before him,
Whose farre-changd fortune throughly was revolu'd,
He freely did his libertie restore him,
And willd him from the fire to be absolu'd.

O now Deuotion! well appeard thy force,
Which bindes the earth and opens vp to Heauen,
In the celestiaall breasts a deepe remorse
Was strangely wrought whilst *Cræsus* prayd; for euen

Whileas the flashing flames, in vaine to quench,
All men did labour, but could do no good,
The cloudes were open and a showre did drench
The fire ashes of the flaming wood.

Now whilst that *Cræsus* comming from the fire,
Saw ruthles sould'ers sacking all the Citie,
To saue the same he had a great desire,
And spake to *Cyrus* melting all in pitie.

Great Prince, for famous Victories renownd,
Who dost in armes all others so surmount,
That it contents me much to be vncrownd
By one so worthie, and in such account:

And since I am constraind your thrall to be,
I must conforme my selfe vnto my fate,
And cannot hold my pace whereas I see
Ought to preiudge the greatnes of your State,

Which ah! is wounded now with your owne powres,
Whilst this rich Citie is sackt and o'rethrowne,
It is not mine no more, no, it is yours,
And therefore (Sir) haue pitie of your owne.

Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,
That's rich, that's yours, your mind could nothing moue,
Yet thinke of this that doth import your Crowne;
A piece of policie which time will proue.

The barb'rous *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,
Who but for pouertie first followd you,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

Their matchlesse worth in armes all *Asia* findes,
Their feare is fall'n vpon all Nations now.

But if you suffer them in such a fort
T'enrich themselues with plenteous *Lidiaes* spoile,
Not able then their Conquest to support,
The Victor of the vanquisht gets the foile.

For this will make them wealthie out of measure:
Wealth to confusion many a Countrie leades;
Whilst feebled with delights, in-vilde with pleasure,
No thought of honour harbours in their heads.

Then *Cyrus* strait approuing what he spake;
His souldiers from their pillage were restrained,
Pretending first the tenth part for to take,
As a rich offering for the Gods ordaind.

Of our distresse, this is the ruthfull storie;
A stranger is posselt of this Prouince;
Our King hath with the losse of all his glorie
Bought breath a while, a poore thing for a Prince.

Chor. O wofull people! O vnhappy King!
Our ioyes are spoyl'd, his happinesse expyrde,
And no new chance can any comfort bring
To either now, whose fall the Fates conspyrde.

Goe wofull messenger, hold on thy course,
For to haue heard too much, it yrks our eares,
We euer must bewaile thy sad discourse,
Accented with sighs, and poynted with teares.

Exunt.

Cræsus.

WHat needs me more of my mishap to pause?
Though I haue tasted of afflictions cup,
Yet it may be, the gods for a good cause
Haue cast me downe to raise a thousand vp.

And

And neuer let a Monarch after me,
Trust in betraying titles glorious bates,
Who with such borrow'd feathers rashlie flee,
Fall melted with the wrath of greater states.

O had this pretious wit enrich'd my mind,
Which by experience I haue dearely bought,
Whilst fortune was within my court confin'd,
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought.

Then satisfide with Soueraignties earst prou'd,
I had disdain'd new dangers to imbrace,
And cloath'd with maiestie, admir'd and lou'd,
Had liu'd with pleasure, and had dide in peace.

Yet it is wonderfull in any state,
To see a worldling prosper, and not prow'd;
But chieflie we whose fortunes grow so great,
It's hard for vs to haue our high thoughts bow'd.

What could the world afford, or man affect,
Which did not glad my soule whilst I was such?
Who now am past the compassse of respect,
Plagu'd with prosperitie, clog'd with too much.

Long luld asleep with scornfull fortunes lies,
A slaue to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,
I made a couenant with my wandring eyes,
T'haue entertain'd them still with pleasant sights.

I held not from my heart none of her wishes,
But wallowing in vaine-glorie this worlds toy,
Still seru'd with daintie, but suspitious dishes,
My soule was sick with pleasure, faint for ioy.

There wanted nothing that might help to ease me,
All did diuine my will, ayme at my thought,
And striue to do that which they trow'd would please me,
Which if I but allowd, no more was sought.

What euer come of me was held of waight,

My words were ballanc'd and my lookes were marked,
Those whom I grac'd were had in honour straight,
All speeches in my praises were imbarked.

I in magnificence exceld all Kings,
Whilst drowisie in securitie I slumbred,
My coffers still were full of pretious things,
My treasure infinite could not be numbred.

I reard rare buildings all embost with gold,
Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wild beasts,
And with transported fancies vncontrold,
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.

I seem'd t'vsurp the powre that earst was *Ioues*,
And of the Elements the course would change,
For stately fountaines, artificiall groues,
These were so common, they were not thought strange
With me (what more could any Monarch craue)

In all the parts of pomp none could compare,
My minions gallant, my counsellours graue,
My guards were strong, my concubines were faire :

Yea ere my state was cast vpon this shelve,
I wanted nought that could with seeming merites
Breed wonder in the world, pride in ones selfe,
For to puffe vp the flesh and spoile the spirits.

Thus pressing with delight the grapes of pleasure,
I quafft with Fortune still sense-pleasing vines,
Till drunke with wealth, and riotous out of measure,
I card not to consume all *Tmolus* mines.

Then wearie to be well, and tir'd of rest,
T'engender discord I th'occasion sought,
Yet for to cloake th'ambition of my brest,
Did with deuotion long disguise my thought.

I send of all the Oracles to inquire,
What was to come of this intended warre,

Who said as seem'd to second my desire,
That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.

Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,
In hope t'expugne th'imperious *Persians* powres,
Did ruine quite whilst all succeeded ill,
What many a age had conquer'd in few howres.

And this most wondrous is, because most strange,
I who disdain'd an equall of before,
(What cannot Fortune do, being bent to change)
Must a Superior now serue, and adore?

What eye not fraught with scorne my state surueyes?
Whom Fates haue forc'd for to o're-lieue my shame,
And in mine enemies danger for some dayes,
But borrowd with the intrest of my fame.

Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes,
Would seeme a fauour (so it seemes to some,
Who by the baseness of their muddie mindes,
Shew of th'ignoble multitude they come)

I scorne vnlike my selfe for to be seene,
Though to my comfort this appeard to tend,
As if that all misfortunes past had beene,
A Tragicke entrie to a Comicke end.

Of all that plague my state the greatest pest
It is base life, that fains from th'earth to seuer,
And hath in one vnited all the rest,
To make me die each day, and yet die neuer.

Life in my breast no comfort can infuse,
An enemies gift could neuer come for good,
It but giues time of miserie to muse,
And bathe my sorrowes in a bitter flood.

Ah! had my breath euanish'd with my blisse,
And closde the windowes that giue light to life,
I had not apprehended as it is

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The height of my mishaps that now are rise :

Whilst with a thousand sighes I call to mind,
The death of *Atis* and mine owne decay,
My sprite in such perplexitie I find,
That to liues passage I would faine make way.

But since I see referu'd for further spight,
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,
My memorie t'a melancholious spright,
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule.

Of which while as th'account I go to cast,
Th'enormities still numbring of my fate,
Ile whiles looke back vpon my pleasures past,
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

C H O R V S.

IS't not a wonder for to see
How by experience each man reedes,
In practiz'd volumes pen'd by deeds,
Th'inconstant courses that there bee,
Yet whilst our selues continue free,
We ponder oft, but not apply,
That pretious oyle, which we might buy
Best with the price of others paines;
Which as what nought to vs pertaines,
To vse we will not condescend,
As if we might the Fates desye,
While as vntouch'd our state remaines :
But soone the heau'ns a change may send,
No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seede,
The apt-conceauing womb of th'earth,

And

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

And seeme t' expell all feare of dearth,
With the increase that it may breede,
Yet dangers do our hopes exceede,
The frosts may first with cold confound
The tender greens that deck the ground,
Whose wrath though th' Aprils smiles asswage,
It hath t' abide th' Eolian rage,
Which t' o'repasse whilst we attend,
T' haue Ceres wandring tresses bound,
The raines let from their cloudie cage,
May spoyle what we expect to spend,
No perfect blisse before the end.

Lo whilst the Vine-tree great with grapes
With nectard liquor striues to kisse
Th' embracing Elme not lou'd amisse:
Those clusters loose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the thunder burnd in heapes,
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish:
Thus many a thing doth fairely flourish,
That no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceats we highlie bend,
If fortune but our spring-time cherrish,
Though we haue stormes for to sustaine,
Ere to the haruest our yeeres ascend,
No perfect blisse before the end.

By all that in this world haue place,
There is a course that must be runne,
And let none iudge himselfe t' haue wonne,
Till he haue finish'd first his race,
The Forrests through the which we trace,

The Tragedie of Cræsus.

*Breed rauenious beasts that do abhorre vs,
 And lye in wait for to deuoure vs,
 Whilst brambles do our steps beguile,
 The feare of which though we exile,
 And to our marke with gladnes tend,
 Then balles of gold are laid before vs,
 To entertaine our thoughtes a while,
 And our good meaning to suspend,
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

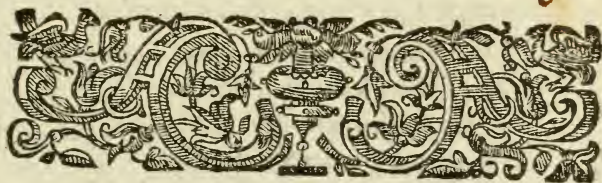
*Behold how Cræsus long hath liu'd,
 Throughout this spacious world admir'd,
 And hauing all that he desir'd
 Athousand meanes of ioy contriu'd,
 Yet now is suddenly depriu'd
 Of all that wealth, and strangely falles;
 For euery thing his sprite appalles;
 His Sonnes decease, his Countries losse;
 And his owne State which huge stormes tosse:
 Thus he, who could not apprehend,
 Whilst as he slept in marble walles,
 No, nor imagine any crosse,
 To beare all those, his breast must lend:
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

*And we the Lydians that design'd
 To raigne ouer all that were about vs,
 Behold how Fortune too doth flowt vs,
 And hath vs viterly resign'd:
 For we that had i' our selues assign'd
 A Monarchie, but knew not how,
 Yet thought to make the world to bow,
 That at our forces stood afraid;*

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The Tragedie of Cræsus.
We, we, by whom these plots were laid,
To thinke of bondage must descend,
And beare the yoke of others now ;
O it is truth, that Solon said,
While as he yet doth breath extend,
No man is blest, behold the end.

FINIS, W. A.

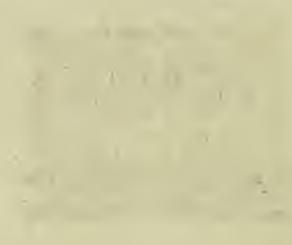


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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF DARIVS.

By William Alexander
of Menstrie.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.



LONDON
Printed by G. Elde for Edward
Blount. 1604.



THE
FRAGDIE

OF DRY

By William Alexander

London: Printed by G. H. & E. S. 1844.



London:
Printed by G. H. & E. S.
Blount: 1844.



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In praise of the Author, and
his Poeme.

A SONNET.

Give place all yee to dying Darius wounds
(While this great Greeke him in his throne enstalles)
That fell before seauen ported Thebes walles,
Or under Iliions olde sky-threatening rounds.
Your sowre-sweete sighes not halfe so sadlie sounds,
Though, I confesse, most famous be your falles,
Slaine; sacrific'd, transported, and made thralles;
Precipate, burnt, bannish'd from your bounds:
Whome Sophocles, Euripides haue song,
Æschylus end in statey Tragick tune:
Yet none of all hath so diuinely done,
As matchlesse Menstrie in his native tounge.
So Darius ghost seemes glad for to be so
Triumphant on twise by Alexanders two.

IO. MURRAY.

A 2



RHT



A Sonnet.

When as the *Macedonian* conquerour came
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he sigh'd, and said;
Well may thy ghost, braue champion, be appay'd,
That *Homers* Muse was trumpet of thy fame.

But if that Monarch great indeedes and name,
Now once againe with mortall vaile array'd,
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath beene lay'd,
This speech more iustly sighing might he frame:

My famous foe, whom I lesse hate, then pittie,
Euen I, who vanquish'd thee, enuie thy glory,
In that such one doth sing thy ruines story,
As matcheth *Homer* in his sweetest ditty;

Yet ioy I that he *Alexander* hight,
And sounds I thy ore-throw my matchles might.

W. Quin.

Eiusdem in nomen Authoris

GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER,

Anagramma.

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVND A.

Tetrasticon.

Cum tibi det *Genius*, *Musa*, ingeniumque, *Poesis*
Floribus e varijs *Attica* mella legas;
I, largus melle exunda, mellitaque funde
Carmina: sic facias nomine fata iubent.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.



DARIVS, the fourteenth from Cyrus King of Persia, being after the death of Occhus for his singular valour from the government of Armenia advanc'd to the Persian empyre, became so arrogant (Fortune, as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of Phillip, then King of Macedonia: who being of a haucie nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or militarie discipline, requited this contumelious message with as disdainfull an answer; threating that he would come and deliuer it in Persepolis. But being preuented by death he left the execution of his designe to his sonne Alexander, who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained was sur-named the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards Darius, and far surmounting him in ambition, past in person to Asia with an armie of thirtie thousand only.

After his arriual, Darius wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to himselfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming Alexander his seruant. Hee also in vaunting manner boasted that he would haue that mad boy, the sonne of Philip (for so in derision he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with rods, and after brought to his presence apparrelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions with fourtie thousand; to make impediment to his passage at the riuer of Granick; where by the wonderfull valour of A-

The Argument.


alexander they were ouer-throwne. Darius being aduertised of this, came himsele in proper person, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) numbers, and encountred Alexander beside Isso, in the straites of Cilicia: where hauing fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in ende by the inuincible valour, and neuer-fayling Fortune of Alexander his armie was defeated, himsele put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captiues. They were most courteous entertained by Alexander: who notwithstanding their exceeding great beautie yet would not abuse them, or suffer them to be abused by others: nor visited he them more oft then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their imprisonment.

Darius, notwithstanding of all his losses (his courage being in the full, whilst his Fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to Alexander, taking still the title of a King to himsele, but not giuing it him, offering him as much gold, as Macedon could containe, for ransome of the Captiues. Which being very disdainfully refused by Alexander, he hauing re-enforced his troupes, & comming forward to fight with greater force then before, was enformed how his wife had died in prison, whose death he bewailed with exceeding great sorrowe. And vnderstanding what courtesie Alexander had used towards her, he sent to sue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courtesie. This sute being likewise reiected, he fought beside Arbella with no better Fortune then before. Yet for all these misfortunes being of an inuincible courage, and dispayring of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Bactrians, & was comming forward with intention at last either to die, or preuaile. But

The Argument.

87
in the meane time two traiterous subiects of his owne, to wit,
Bessus whom he had promoted to be gouernour of Bactria,
& Nabarzanes one in speciall credite with him, conspired
his death. Which danger, though it was reuealed to him by
Patron, Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather
would not eschue. At length, those two traitours tooke and
bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an olde Cha-
riot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. But they hea-
ring how he would not accept their present, and how he was
comming to inuade them, threw their darts at Darius, and
left him for dead. In this estate he was found by Polistratus,
and after the deliery of some fewe words dyed. Alexander
hauing exceedingly lamented his miserable and vnderferued
end, directed his bodie to his mother Sisigambis to be honou-
rably buried.





The persons names that speakes.

Darius.

Sisigambis, *his mother.*

Statira Re. *his wife.*

Statira Virg. *his daughter.*

Tiriotes, *their Eunuch.*

Nabarzanes } *two traitours.*

Bessus.

Patron, *Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.*

Nuntius.

Alexander.

Parmenio, *his Lieutenant.*

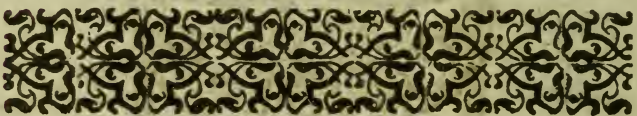
Hephestion, *his Minion.*

Polistratus, *a souldier.*

Artabazus, *a noble man of
Persia.*

Chorus, *all Persians.*

The Scene supposed in Babilon.





THE TRAGEDY OF *DARFUS.*

Actus Primus.

DARIUS.

*W*hat thundering power grow'n jealous of my state
With such hostilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with disdain, high indignation shoves

Whil' st sooth'd with selfe conceits asham'd to doubt,
In greatnesse shadowe I securelie slept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheelles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.

Thus I, whose onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am so degraded now, and sunke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.

Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,
And *Phenix*-like renew'd their life by death,
Who hauing seal'd their force and faith with blood,
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath.

Yet I, but then not I, view'd not aveng'd,
Those monstrous mountaines of my subjects slaine,
Although my conscience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

B

Through

Through greatest dangers death I did pursue,
 Till heapes of slaughter'd bodies bar'd my way,
 And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue,
 Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.

O how I enuy yet their happie Ghostes,
 Who died whil'st hope of victorie remain'd,
 And in the presence of two famous hostes
 Left bloodie recordes that they died vnstain'd:

Shall I suruiue that soule-ouerwhelming shame,
 To be th'eternall staine of *Persians* praise?

No rather let me die, and let my name,
 Be quite exstinguish'd with my hatefull dayes.

Starre-bosting *Babilon* blush to behold:

One cald thy King surmounted and abated:
 How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,
 Thy Prince entreats, whome Princes earst entreated:

Not vassal-like; I will not yeeld to this:

Were all my Empire to a period come,
 Yet none shall vaunt that euer I was his:
 Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.

This tongue inur'd still to command doth scorne
 To breath base words, to scape a minutes paines.
 Let them obey, who to obey were borne:
 For *Darius* this indignitie disdaines.

Since I was once iudg'd worthie to command,
 Shall I returne to be a base entreater?

No, whil'st a sword yeelds homage to this hand,
 Ile not acknowledge in the world a greater.

Braue spirits, who now possesse the pleasant bowers,
 And glotious gardens of *th'Elisian* plaine,
 (For if deserts may moue th'infernall powers,
 That happie shade your shadowes must containe)

Those fields where-as your praises are set forth
 Do burie but your bodies, not your fame:

Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,
And reare immortall Trophées to your name.

He sacrificize as incense to your soules,
His dying sighes, and sorrowing parents teares,
Who now, while none his insolence controules,
Our conquer'd ensignes in his triumphe beares.

For it may ease your Ghostes to heare his groines,
Whil'st th'earth ouer-burdend sends rebounding back
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and stones,
To sound through all the aire his armies wrack.

Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest?
What idle disputations do I hold?
A mightie furour hath enflam'd my brest,
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd seuen-fold.

Did I that strong *Cadusian* first affront,
Who durst aduance himselfe to braue our bandes,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd with his spoiles the honour of my hands?

And could I then all kinde of doubt remoouing,
Aduenter only to an Armies shame?
And should I now that auncient praise disprouing,
With squadrons compast loose that glorious name?

Blinde fortune, O, thy stratagemis are strange:
Thou wrak'st my greatnes, wound'st mine honour to,
And hauing made my state the stage of change,
Hast acted all inconstancie could do.

Lo I, who late of swarming troupes did boast,
Am spoil'd of all in whome I then repos'd,
And those imprison'd, whome I fancie most,
Are to th'insulting victours pride expos'd.

O torment but to thinke, death to belecue,
That any may command my deere part,
And wretched I not able to releue
The Iewell of mine eye, joy of my hart.

Deere obiect of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,
 Sweete source of my delights, my one, my all,
 Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
 What? do'st thou breath, and com'st not when I call?

And can I be, and not be where thou art?
 Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?
 Or are my hands growne traitors to my hart,
 That they should shrinke from doing what it dare?

O could my minde but distribute a space
 These emulating thoughts that tossse my brest,
 Among those pointles Cyphers that spend place:
 Then I alone might animate the rest.

Since in this great disgrace I chanc'd to fall,
 Now nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,
 But to doe desperatly, and hazard all.
 Ile liue with praise, or by my death flie scorne.

Some prosperous issue alterward may purge
 This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,
 This crime, that carries with it selfe a scourge:
 No greater torment than the want of thee.

But what hope rests to re-obtaine that treasure,
 Which auaritious tyrants once possesse?
 Another now disposes at his pleasure
 Of all my wealth: how can I looke for lesse?

Now, not till now, I deeme my state in danger,
 When I imagine how my best belou'd
 Must entertaine my enemy a stranger,
 I being far from offering aide remou'd.

A host of furies in my brest I finde,
 Which do my soule with dreadfull horrors fill,
 And foster in my melancholious minde
 Strange apprehensions that affright me still.

And this surmiz'd disgrace, grown throughly strong,
 Reades hourelly in my eares a hatefull scroule

Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,
Such poison'd thoughtes like serpents sting my soule.

Blind loue beguiles me not, sharpe-sighted feares
Finde great apparances for to suspect thee:
Would God I had no hart, nor eyes, nor eares,
To thinke, to see, or heare thou shouldst neglect me.

This aggravates the wight of my dispaire,
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues fast defence,
How he is young and feirce, she young, and faire,
He bent t'offend, and she expold t'offence,

From which I feare both cannot long abstaine:
Her beauty is sufficient to allure:

His brauery is sufficient to obtaine.

Captaines will force, and captiues must endure,

O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,
Although thou trauell to vsurpe my throne.

I rage to haue ariually in my Crowne:

But in my loue I can comport with none.

Lode her not with disgrace, and me with grieffe,
Least so thou rob her honour, and my life:

Spare in this point t'ouercharge me with mischiefe:
In all things els let armes decide our strife.

But where doth fury thus transport my spirits,
With light beleefe my best halfe to mistrust?

Deere, pardon, I trespasse to wrong thy merits,
Whom I haue still found faithfull louing iust.

Pure chaistitie doth then most firmelie stand,
When fortified it is with wedlockes band.

Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue:
To feare the worst it is affections part.

I'l not mistrust thy truth: yet it may proue,
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.

But on thy loue approou'd my hope relies,
This doth dissolue suspicions power to nought.

I will repell reports, as ill in derous lyes,

Which second not thy vertue, and my thought.

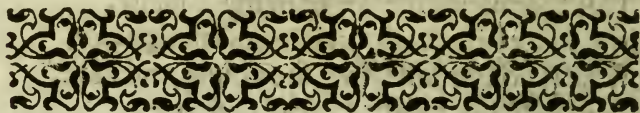
Though vertues foe, and worth-enuying fortune,

Hath wrong'd my valour with an euill successe;

Life of my life, yet must I thee importune,

Ioyne not with her to double my distresse.

Exit.



CHORVS.

O More then miserable minde,
 That of all things it selfe worst knowes,
 And being through presumption blinde
 Is puffed up with euery winde,
 Which fortune in derision blowes.
 Such one no stable blisse can finde,
 Whose hart is guided by his eye,
 And trustes vnto betraying showes,
 Which seeme not as they be.
 Oft short prosperity,
 Breedes long aduersity:
 For who abuse the first, the last o're-throwes.
 A dead security all care exiles:
 Tis no small danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himselfe soo much depends,
 A makes an Idole of his witt,
 For euery fauour fortune sends,
 Self-flatterer himselfe commends,
 And will no sound aduise admit,
 But at himselfe beginnes, and ends,
 And neuer takes a moments leasure,

To try what fault he may commit,
But drunke with frothes of pleasure,
Thirstes for praise aboue measure,
Imaginary treasure,
Which slowly commes, and soone away dath flit:
And what is most affected at this time,
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate that is respected,
And by his subiects thought a God,
Thinke, as his name on high erected
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders worke abroad.
O how his folly is detected!
For though he sit in Royall seate,
And as he list his vassalls lod;
Yet others that are great.
Live not by his conceate,
Nor ponder what he threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod.
There are rare qualities required in Kings:
Anaked name can neuer worke great things.

They who themselves too much esteeme,
And vainly vilipend their foe,
Oft finde not fortune, as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past: Behold euen so
From blame who can our King exceme,
Who his aduersary to scorne,
Thought he who in his name did goe
The laurell should haue worne,
His triumphe to adorne?
But he with shame hath shorne

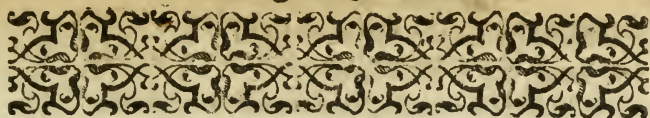
The Tragedie of Darius.

The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.
An enimie (if it be well aduis'd)
Though he seeme weake, should neuer be despis'd.

But what? the Minions of our Kings,
Who speake at large, and are beleued,
Dare boast of many mightie things,
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by wordes might be atcheued,
But time at length their lies to light,
Their soueraigne to confusion brings.
Yet so they gaine, they are not greene'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right.
Thus ruine they his might,
That when he would, he cannot be releued.

Moe kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,
Then in the field by th' aduersaries armes.

All that the successe hath approoued
By Charidemus was foreshowne:
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:
For good men first must be remooued,
Before their worth can well be knowne.
The King would heare but what he looued,
And what him pleas'd not did dispise.
So were the beeter sort o'er-throwne,
And Sycophants vnwise,
Who could the trueth disguise,
Were suffered for to rise,
That him who rais'd them vp, they might cast downe.
Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themselues conceaue them.



ACTVS SECVNDVS.

ALEXANDER. PARMENIO.

BEholde, the heauens with a benigne aspect,
To prosper this braue enterprise intend,
And with propitious starres seeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.

Who would be famous must of force aspire:
All those astonish'd, who my troupes do view,
Doubt of those two which most they should admire;
My comming, or my conquering with so few.

So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to fauour them in all:
Where baser breasts deuining euill euent,
Through superstitious feares procure their fall.

O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monstrous camp, which not so much as doubted!
Dimme seem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour shind
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'st they shouted.

Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they so meane my numbers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine,
That their huge hoste of slaughter had conceau'd.

And yet in end this prou'd a poyson'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeeldes
Mountaines of murdered corps, and seas of blood:
Vn buried bodies buried all the fieldes.

So now that fewe, whome they contemn'd so farre,
(See how mortalitie it selfe deceaues)
Haue farre ouer-match'd their multiudes in warre,

And made the world waste to people the graues.

Then, deere *Parmenio*, since the fates afforde
So faire an entrie to our first designs,
Let vs goe profecute with dint of sworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes assignes.

Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds.
What hostes haue we ouerthrow'n? what citties raz'd?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deedes,
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.

Proud *Greece*, whose spirits oft preast to skorne the
A prostrate supplicant before thee falles: (skyes,
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durst thy power dispyle,
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles.

That sea-impyring *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquide Castels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy iust disdain.

No doubt the auncient *Grecians* ghosts are glad
To see the fierce *Barbarians* brought so lowe;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune sad,
And though vn-bodied blush at this ouerthrowe.

Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursued:
And he that with a stratageme retir'd,
And *Salaminaes* straites with blood imbrued.

But yet for all the Captaines of that age
The Easterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,
Who comming to their countrie, warres to wage,
The sea with shippes, the land with armies charg'd.

He with moe swarmes of mē, then th' *Autumns* clu-
Dry'd riuers vp, & march'd on *Neptunes* backe; (sters,
By measure, not by nomber made his musters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.

Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,

Whil'st

Whil'st th'earth did groane to beare so great an host:
But thou hast come, seene, and ouercom'd them nowe
Euen in the boundes wherein their might was most.

That haucie foe, who vilipended oft
Our predecessours armies, and our owne,
Now laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace must make thy valour knowne.

He cannot but acknowledge his distresse
In labouring first to haue his friends restor'd:
This message (potent Prince) imports no lesse:
By his request thy conquest is decor'd.

For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene
He offred hath innumerable golde,
And would present a treasure to be seene
More, as they say, then *Macedon* may holde.

My counsell is that you accept those offers,
And render her, as th'auncient custome bindes;
Who would make warre must not haue empty coffers:
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.

And further, if those Princesses doe tarrie,
It sumptuous is to entertaine their state.
Wemen, and babes are cumbersome to carrie;
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.

Alex. If I were come to traffick in this land,
And like a greedie merchant to embrace
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,
This your inuuld opinion might haue place.

But soone I surfet of such melting things,
And famish but for fame, and crownes of Kings.

Parm. So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.

Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, so would I to.

Par. Their ranfome would defray your souldiers fee.

Alex. I'le rather without ranfome set them free.

Parm. The good is losste that's done vnto a fo.

Alex. The greater glorie to o'recommē him so.

Parm. Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.

Alex. True magnanimitie doth rauish harts.

Parm. Riche treasures serue for th'arters of the war.

Alex. No, but couragious harts that all things darre.

Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band.

Alex. But who dare disobey, when I command?

Par. Why should you, Sir, cōtemne so rich a treasure?

Alex. A noble spirit with praise no gain doth measure.

Parm. But who delites in such an airie store?

Alex. If I be singular, I aske no more.

Parm. Although that you conceaue no such suspitiō,
Yet I heare how your souldiers oft exclaime,
They sacrificize their bloods for your ambition,
And perish to perpetuate your name.

And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compasse all the empire of the East,
And more within your minde : this may procure
Some suddaine tumult, when you feare it least.

Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare :
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right sone,
More thē your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.

Your worth in warre is wonderfullie showne,
And to the terrour of all *Asia* tryde :
Now let your skill in peace be likewise knowne,
And for the maint'nance of your state prouide.

Good government the fame of Kings doth raise
No lesse then conquest made of Realmes and townes :
'Tis harder farre, and doth deserue more praise
To guide, then get : to keepe, then conquere crownes.

Your glorie in her hiest spheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe :
And if it once discend to be disgrac'd,

Each artizan your statues will o're-throwe,
For in the warre, as you may well perceiue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame:
If we but once the least affront receiue,
The world will gather to exstriepe our name.

Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,
Let reason bridle this aspyring thought:
Least, whil'st your hopes with trophees saind you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.

Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone now
Of th'euer-changing course of states and crownes:
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
His desolation onely now renoues.

He scarce lie lo at length become content
To call you King, though twise put in dis-order:
In dowrie with bis daughter doth present
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.

Or otherwise he condescends to giue
Great store of Gold, or what your selfe desires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requires.

And let not vaine ambition blind your eies:
Remember what strange nations will imbrace him,
Whom scarce he knowes by name, or neuer sees,
Where if he fled, your troups would tire to chace him.

Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makest me
With these thy words vn-worthy of our eares: (rage,
It seemes the coldnesse of decaying age,
Hath kil'd thy courage with a frost of feares.

Did I abandone thee my natiue soile,
And shaddow'd with my Ensignes vnknow'n coastes;
That after infinite distresse and toile,
Whil'st in contempt of vs our foe yet boastes,
I should retire, effecting nought at last,

But sharpened a desire, & augment my merites,
Then die in discontentment, when 'tis past
The time, that should haue pacified my spirites ?

No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone:
From this desseigne my fancie neuer wanders,
For as the heau'ns can hold no Sunne but one:
The earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*.

The ample circuite of this spacious round
Seemes insufficient to confine my thought:
And ô would God there could moe worlds be found,
That many might & adorne our deedes be brought.

O, I could wish that th' Ocean were firme land,
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* field in striefe did stand
Against the Gods for the Etheriall seate.

These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
Who being wonne would yeeld eternall praise:
I conquere men; but many did the like:
And after-ages may my equall raise.

But since none such my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are I'le to subiection bring:
And heere I sweare no kinde of ease & embrace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.

If you or any else that liue in dreede
With-drawe your selues, your Princes part despying;
Remember alwaies in his greatest neede
Ye flie to stop his honour in the ryfing.

Passè home, and liue like men in prison pent:
I measure not my courage by my numbers.

Parm. Your Maiestie misconsters my intent:
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cum-
And all for you: I to your eies appeale, (bers,
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.

All that I spake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.

Nor matche I vile repose with honest paines:
My courage is not yet become so colde:
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which spurd my spirit in youth, though I be olde.

Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your selfe be so:
To be the same you should the rest exhort.
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report?

Parm. As we were since by some of them instructed,
While they as yet not of support despair'd,
And to a tent were courteously conducted,
Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd;

Euen in the way one fortun'd to espy
The Diademe that *Darius* earst had borne,
Which on the earth so abiectly did lie,
As each thing his calamitie would scorne.

Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whose dignity it ~~some-time~~ did decore,
None could it cast, except himselfe were dead:
And if so were, they long'd to liue no more.

When they had entred in the tent to weepe,
Leonatus came and at the entrie knocked:
They stood so still, he thought an yornie sleepe
Had lock'd their eies, or else that he was mocked.

At length by force he made a patent way,
And was aduanc'd them louingly to greet;
When loe, these dolorous Ladies prostrate lay,
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.

Then sobbing saide, we not refuse to die:
Let vs entombe first *Darius* like a King:
Then when that we his latter honour see,

Death cannot but a great contentment bring.

This so they vrg'd, as he could scarce perswade
That *Darius* was not dead as they suppos'd,
But liu'd, in hope through dangers Seas to wade
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.

And further he protested on your part,
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.
Thus after that I had asswag'd their smart,
It seem'd they longd to see my Soueraignes face.

Alex. Of my good-will they may themselues assure:
I neuer war'd with such as were subiected:
And if my presence may their ease procure,
Straight to their tent my steppes shall be directed.

Exeunt.



CHORVS.

OF all the passions that possesse the soule,
None so disturbes vaine mortals mindes
As this Ambition, that so blindes
The sense of man, that nothing can controule
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspyre.
This raging vehement desire
Of soueraignty no satisfaction findes,
But in the breastes of men doth euer roule
The restless stone of *Sisiph* to torment them.
And as his hart, who steal'd the heu'n's by fire,
The vulture gnawes, so doth Ambition rent them:
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of *Ixion* to embrace the cloudes,

Con.

Contemne the state wherein they stand,
And would all but themselues command,
As one desire is quench'd another buds:
When they haue trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime;
There is a hier power that guides their hand.
More happie he whome a poore cottage shroudes
Against the tempest of the threating heauen,
He stands in feare of none, none enuy him:
His hart is vpright, and his wayes are eauen,
Where others states are still twixt fixe and seauen.

That damned wretch vp with Ambition blow'n,
While-as he turnes the wheele about,
Whiles cast within, whiles cast without,
In striuing for the top is still throwne downe.
Those that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepeice doe die:
So doe the starres sky-climbling worldlings flout.
But this disease is fat all to a crowne:
Kings, who haue most, striue most t'augment their bounds;
And if they be not all, they can not be:
Which to their damage commonly redounds.
Too great a state her proper waight confounds.

Th'ambitious toyling to enlarge their state
Themselues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceate.
Though their dominions they increas,
Yet their desires growe neuer les:
For though they conquer Climats, more they craue.
This is the miserie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume;

The Tragedie of Darius.

*Such glorious shawes disguise the minds distress ;
 And who to conquere all the earth presume,
 A little earth shall them at last consume.*

*And if it fortune that they die in peace
 (A wonder wondrous rarelie seene)
 Who conquere first ; their empire cleene
 Is ruin'd by some persons of their race :
 Who comming to the crowne with rest,
 And hauing all in peace possesse,
 Do straight forget what bloody broils haue bene
 Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
 As th' Ocean flowes, and ebbes, states rise and fall :
 And Princes, when their actions prosper best,
 For feare their greatnes should oppresse the smal,
 Are of some hated, and envy'd of all.*

*We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus made,
 Whome, while he striu'd to conquere still,
 A woman did most vildlie kill,
 And in a bloddie vessell rold his head ;
 Then said, Content thy selfe with blood :
 Thou still didst famish for such food :
 Now quench thy thirst of blood with blood at will.
 Some of his successors, since he was dead
 Haue raign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine.
 Now all their glorie cannot doe vs good.
 What they so long haue laboured to obtaine,
 All in an instant must be lost againe.*

*Loe, Darius once so magnified by fame,
 By one whome he contemn'd o'recome,
 For all his brauerie now made dombe,
 With downe-cast eyes must signifie his shame.*

Who putt up with pernicious pride
Thinke still t' haue fortune on their side,
They cannot scape to be a pray to some.
They spend their prosperous dayes as in a dreame,
And as it were in fortunes bosome sleeping,
They in this dull securitie abide,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whilst gaisilie ruine comes vpon them creeping.

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth to our eyes it selfe deteect,
VVhen heauenly powers exalt, deieect,
Conferme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.
So Alexander mightie now,
To whome the vanquish'd world doth bow.
VVith all submission, homage, and respect
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:
All those, who at his suddaine successe wonder,
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought vnder.



ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. I.

SISIGAMBIS Regina, STATIRA Virgo.

O Dismall day detested by the light,
And would to God (but God neglects our care)
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our disgrace.

Why did the heauens referue my feeble age,
To goe to graue with infamie and grief?
Could nothing but my shame their wrath asswage
Thus offred vpon th'altar of mischief?

Ah, haue I spent my youth in pompe and pleasure,
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres,
That th'Autumne, which should reape the Sômers trea-
Might be disastred with such stormy showres? (sure,

And did smooth calmes, and sun-shines of delight
Make all my voyage through the world a sport;
That tossed with a tempest of despight
I now might perish entring at my port?

Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
Th'accus'd obiect of heauens plaguing-armes,
I should not thinke I had iust cause to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.

Ay me, on those, whom more then life I loue
The state-disturbing blastes of Fortune fall:
Yet each of them some seuerall sorrowes moue,
But wretch I suffer ship-wracke in them all.

I suffered, when I sawe *Oxatres* slaine,
My louing sonne, and most entirelie lou'd:
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,
What fates would doe, yet still their hatred prou'd.

Ah, doe the destinies extend my breath
For further cuill? O extreame crueltie,
To vse so many instruments of death,
Against one burthend with calamitie.

Yet *Ioue*, if this may dis-en-flame thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head:
To be consum'd with a celestiall fire
Some comfort were, since that I must be dead.

Stat. Reg. Leauē mother these immoderate laments
To me the very source, and seate of sorrowe,

Whose

Whose dayes are burthen'd with so sad euent,
That hell it selfe may of my torments borrow.

Loe, the deere Lord and treasure of my thought,
Whose presence I my Paradiſe eſteem'd,
To ſuch a headlong præcipice is brought,
That with the world his glorie dead is deem'd.

Ah, on what prop can I reſoſe my truſt,
When firſt the greatneſſe of his ſtate I ponder;
Next how his Diademe drencht in the duſt
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Aſias* wonder?

He whoſe imperious ſpeech the world reſpected,
And as an oracle had in regarde,
Now vanquiſh't and contemptible neglected
Can ſcarcely as a ſupplicant be heard.

And yet I know this more his minde afflicts,
Then doth the ruine of his rigall ſtate,
That him my ſight another interdickt,
Who am the ſoueraigne of his ſoules conceit.

Shall he, pure quinteſſence of my beſt part,
Then onely teſtifie the loue he beares?
No, by mine eyes I will diſtill my hart,
And for his ſake diſſoſue my ſelfe in teares.
Would God my breſt like Criſtall were transparent,
That all the world might ſee my ſincere minde,
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,
Whoſe great affection cannot be confinde.

They haue imprifon'd onely my poore eies,
And baniſh'd them from th'obiet of their ioy:
My ſirie hart with winged fancie flies
And where thou goeſt doth ſtill my ſteps conuoy.

Thy Queene is ſuch, as whiſt thou draw'ſt this aire,
In counting captiues men may ſtill accept her:
For whiſt thou liuſt, how can thy ſpouſe diſpaire,
Whom thou prefer'ſt euen to thy ſoule and ſcepter?

Yet flatter I my selfe that am accurst:
 The apprehension, which with grieffe I cherish,
 Of thy mishap may serue to make me burst.
 Ah, ah I faint, I feele my spirits perish.

Sis. Help, help allace, allace, the Emperesse faller.

Sta. Virg. O dolefull day of darknes; world of woes.

Sis. This greuous spectacle my spirite appalles:
 Heauen, earth, and all are now become our foes.

Sta. Virg. I may more iustly mone then any other,
 Whose eares haue heard the hard hap of my father;
 Whose eies behold the anguish of my mother,
 Whom both do loade with all the woes of either.

Stat. Reg. What inhumaine humanity is this,
 With such a cruell pittie to oppresse;
 To bring pale ghostes backe from the fields of blis,
 Yet to be plung'd in th' Ocean of distresse?

O vnkinde kindenesse that by sauing slayes,
 And would with louelesse loue my loue controule.
 Ah, of this odious Sunne th' unhappie rayes
 Doe cleere mine eyes but to confound my soule.

Sisi. Deare daughter, striue your passions to restraine,
 Least that the torrent of your greefe grow such,
 That it both carie you to'agroundlesse maine,
 And him o'rewhelme for whom ye mourne so much.
 No doubt but he, if we rest captiues thus,
 Disdaining these indignities of ours,
 T'auenge himselfe in re-obtaining vs
 Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.

But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,
 Whose care-worne breast the worst of wo contains?
 Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,
 I hope lesse speake of hope, t'appease her paines.

Stat. Reg. Such consolations now came not in season,
 Since we must hold our greefe the greatest good:

Dissemble not your sorrow, we haue reason
Yea to sigh out our sprites and weepe our blood.

Sis. I waile my sonne. *Stat.Reg.* And I my husbandes

Sta.Virg. I waile my father, and in him vs all. (fall.

Sis. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releu'd.

I waile his woe, who should my woe asswage,
Who liues by me, by whom I should haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth, and piller of mine age.

Stat.Reg. No wo like mine, who faithful to my pheere
For loue of him all others had forsaken.

But what a pheere? my selfe, or one more deere:

Yet from my selfe my selfe by force am taken. (childe

Stat.Virg. No wo like mine, who borne a Monarkes

Thought that my birth good hap should heape vpon

Yet all my expectations are beguil'd, (me:

And what I hop'd in most hath most vndone me.

Sis. I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.

St.Reg. I mourne for him in who loue me transform'd.

Stat.Virg. I mourne for him by whom I formed was.

Sis. Shall I not see my selfe in that cleere glasse?

St.Reg. Ah! shall I neuer in his ioy reioyce?

St.Virg. Ah! shall I neuer here his cheerefull voice?

Sis. Would God frō death my death might him exceme.

St.Reg. would God my life my liues life might redeeme.

St.Vir. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.

Sis. Must these gray haire my sons green youth suruiue?

Sta.Reg. I will preuent him and not liue to languishe.

Sta.Virg. Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguishe?

Sis. But whiles our wretched state we iustly mone,

We may lament this infant too a space,

Who in mishap inferiour were to none,

If he could apprehend his tragick case.

Sta.Reg. O then how can my hart burburst a-sunder,

Whom nature moues most to be none his harmes?

I thinke I see the hostes of heau'n all thunder
On me, my spouse, and this babe in my armes.

Deere image of my selfe, in whom I liue,
Thy shape shames not the greatnesse of thy Syre,
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:
Thy soure-sweete sight addes coales to my desire.

Thou that shouldst comfort most, tormẽtst thou me?
Huge hostes of passions now my soule assembles.
O how I grieue! and yet am glad to see
Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles,
Goe, beare this babe from hence: a wound too deep
Makes in my breast compassion of his part:
Yet let him stay; I ioy to heare him weepe:
This motherly affection melts my hart.

Of many woes this last is not the least,
That vn-begun thy glorie must be ended;
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, set in the East,
While thy faire-rysing all the world attended.

Ah! must this innocent taste of mishap,
Whose tender age cannot discern his state,
And be thus plagu'd, yea in his nurses lap
Inherite woe by birth? Ah cruell fate.

If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost
That art defrauded of so faire a throne?
Ah in thy cradle must I see thee crost,
Whom I design'd so great when we were gone?

Yet happy haplesse childe, thou canst not know
From whence the fountaine of our sorrow flowes,
Nor what it is for to be hie, or low,
Nor on what thorne the rose of honour growes.

Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell.
Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings
Heere in constrain'd captiuitie to dwell?
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.

O what a noise is that that doth affright me?
I trow to interrupt these teares of mine,
Least that such sad lamentings should delight me,
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.

Or is it some that doth condole our case,
And commes with pittie moou'd to see vs pyn'd,
And to beholde how we can death imbrace,
Death soueraigne salue of a diseased minde?

Sis. By many signes we may our selues assure,
'Tis *Alexander*, whom we long'd not for.

Stat. Reg. What? ah I die! and must my eye indure
Th'ypbraiding obiect which I most abhorre?

Sis. Suppressse such speaches now, least all go wrong.
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hostes:
And weaknesse must giue place vnto the strong:
For Victours rage, when as the vanquish'd bostes.

I will entreat him to, not for my selfe
(Mine olde age is become to death a debter)
But that you may eschew this wrackfull shelve,
Whose flowre not faded yet deserueth better.

Stat. Reg. No, if you needs will sue, sue for my graue:
I will not be indebted to him liuing:
I rather death should once the maistrise haue,
Then I should die so oft with death still striuing.



ACTVS TERTIVS. Scen. II.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA
Regina, HEPHESTION.

Alex. Rise mother, rise, remoue those causles feares:
I come t'appease, not to procure your woe:

E

The

The honour which I owe those aged heares
Permits me not to see you prostrate so.

Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgiue me if I er'd,
In taking him for you, that standeth by.

Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend prefer'd
Euen to my selfe : this is another I.

Sis. My sorrowes so confounded haue my minde,
That scarce I know my selfe, much lesse another :
My soule in such an agonie I finde,
As if some mightie mountaine did me smother.

Alex. I pray you, mother, set those plaints apart :
They vexe me more then sterne *Bellonaes* broiles.

Sis. This tender name of mother wounds my hart,
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me spoiles.

I was (woe that I was) a mother late
Of two faire sonnes, faire sonnes lights of my life :
Now th'one is dead, and in a worse estate,
Doth th'other liue involu'd in woe and strife;

Like th'auncient trunk of some dis-branched tree,
Which *Eols* rage hath to confusion brought,
Dis-arm'd of all those impes that sprung from me,
Vn-profitable stock I serue for nought.

Stat. Reg. I serue for nought, since him I cannot serue,
Whose sight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.

I with the famine of all comfort sterue,
Since I want him for whom I wish'd to liue.

I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious monster, whome the world admires :
I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,
That drew, address, and gouern'd my desires,

Now tols'd with stormes in th'Ocean of dispaire
By ruine onely I attend releefe,
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,
Threatned belowe with swelling gulfes of greefe.

My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And varying with her selfe hath neuer peace :
My hart opprest falles into deadly trances :
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.

Hell hath assembled all her horrors heere :
Ah, in the concaue of this cursed breast,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeere
A thousand shaddowes to bereaue my rest.

Alex. Faire Princesse, spare those passionate cōplaints
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes :
This voice, which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth moue me more, then all the *Persians* armes.

Madame, take courage, be affraide of none :
You may expect what helpe I can afforde :
I sweare by *Ioues* inviolable throne,
And doe protest by my imperiall worde,
That neither I, nor any wight shall wrong you.
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,
You shall be honoured heere as doth belong you :
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.

Sta. Reg. Ah how can I command, whilst I am thrall?
What can I haue who wanting one want all?

Alex. Though it seeme glorious in some victors sight
T'abuse their captiues, and triumph in ill :
The larger growe the limites of my might,
The more I striue for to restraine my will,
The sauegarde of my fauour shall extend
Not only t'wards you, but t'wards all your traine.
I shall haue care that who on me attend
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.

If any prease t'impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambush for your honour lie,
Or discontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues, that wretch shall die.

Sta. Reg. O what a hoste of euils, where ere I goe,
 Are still encroaching on my down-cast state?
 And must I be beholden to my foe,
 Who doth deuide me from my royall mate?

Should he helpe me who would extermine him?
 Curst be my hart, if it betray him thus.
 Eternall shaddowes mot these eies first dim,
 Ere such a sight be gratefull vnto vs.

I holde not of my selfe; Lord, I am thine:
 Thy loue was sow'ne not in a barren field,
 But in a fertile ground: this hart of mine
 To thee, my deere, no small increase doth yeeld.

Yet this good fortune doth mis-fortune bring;
 My constancie shall now be clearlie knowne:
 Another might haue lou'd a happie King:
 But I will loue thee though thou be ore-throwne.

Alex. Faine would I striue to cōfort in some measure
 This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine;
 Whose woe doth make my victorie no pleasure,
 But hath ensow'd the sweetnesse of my gaine.

Sis. Most mightie King, thou do'st deserue indeed
 That, as for *Darius*, we should pray for thee,
 Who doest so farre in clemencie exceed,
 That thou bewailst our losse no lesse then he.

Thou hast not onely by thy worth surmounted
 All other Kings in dignitie alone,
 And benefits of Fortune most accounted,
 But in all vertues worthie of a throne.

Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I craue)
 The title of a Queene, and mother still:
 But I confesse my selfe thy humble slaue,
 Whose life hath now no limits but thy will.

I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,
 Which greatnesse gaue: Ple looke no more so sadlie:

But

But will allow of this my present lot,
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladly.

If that this wretched woman heere were free,
Who hath no heauen except her husbands face,
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be
The meanest hand-maide that attends your grace.

Alex. You may command me, as I were your Sonne,
Whose duteous loue shall prooue no lesse intire.

Sis. Heauens recompence the court'sy thou hast done
Which all succeeding ages shall admire.

Alex. Those captiu'd Princesses haue pierc'd my soule,
Who eu'n amid'st our heauen haue found a hell.

Hep. What stoick brow his passions could controule,
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well

The teares of these faire Ladies causing wonder,
Who neede not challenge nature of her duty;

But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,
Giue greefe a grace for to apparrell beauty,

Sir, such a victorie hath not beene seene
As you haue gain'd, whose greatnesse well appears;

The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,
That *Asia* vaunted of these many yeares.

Durst *Ledaes* or *Agenors* brood compare
With that sweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?

But as she is about all other faire,
As farre her daughters make her go behinde.

It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping
While as these Virgines in their Grand-dames bosome

With weeping beautie, and with beauties weeping
Did with a haile of pearle blast beauties blossome.

So large a pow'r is to no Prince allotted,
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.

Alex. O how is my *Hephestion* thus assotted?
Dare follie seeke t'assault so braue a minde?

Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed campe,
And *Mars* owne minions thus presume to danton:
Must his soft seale Steele-wearing stomachs stampe,
And make them tributaries to that wanton?

Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dies)
Against th' inuasion of a world of men:
Yet if in yuorie orbes two Sunnie eies
Assault the soule at vnawares, O then

Some secret sympathie, some vn-knowne motion
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defenses.
The hart drunke with the eies contagious potion
Corrupts the spirits and poysons all the senses.

Alex. But I in my conceat doe skorne all such:
No, I resolute to be a thrall to none:
Yea, ere I but abase my selfe so much,
I'le rather die ten thousand deaths in one.

Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,
As one obliuious of my former fame?
This resolution still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name.

O what a great indignity is this
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue?
Who would the title of true worth were his
A minde surmounting euery vice must haue.

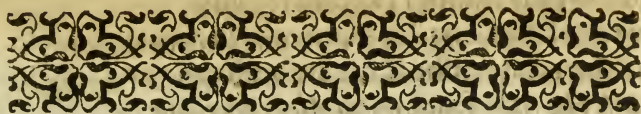
The brauest trophee euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himselfe himselfe hath gain'd.

Hep. I ioy, my soueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes:
So you by vertues might the power repell
Of beautie, loue, and *Cythereas* charmes.

Your vertue bright, whose rayes shine in your words;
And thence to my harts center are reflected;
Now ouer my selfe such pow'r to me affords,
That with fond loue I loth to be infected.

Exeunt.

A C.



ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. III.

BESSVS, NARBAZANES.

Bes. **N**OW since, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,
Let vs accomplish what we haue intended:
And ioyn our wit, our force, and all together,
That it may be no sooner knowne then ended.

You see occasion call vs, whil'ft we sleepe,
And point vs out the way to be aduanc'd;
Yea blames our sluggishnesse that cannot keepe
The course of things which for our weale haue chanc'd
The heauens abhorre our King, & striue t'vndo him:
Nothing doth prosper that he enterprises:
Some new disaster daylie falles vnto him:
Some crosse o'er-thwarts all things that he deuises.

In no strict limites should our thoughts be bounded
Whom so great happines seemes to importune:
For since our King is like to be confounded,
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.

Na. I shall not faile for to performe my part:
I of your words exceedingly allow:
Honour, and wealth are the idols of my hart,
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.

And yet I would we had some faire pretence.
Our countries care must seeme our soules to comber:
This seeming zeale must shaddow our offence:
For such a show will satisfie a number.

Let vs be well aduis'd, ere we resoluē:

And then endeuour t'execute it soone.

If we our selues once in this worke involue,

And then not finishe it, we are vndone.

Bef. He hath sent one to *Alexander* late
To speake of peace, but did the same in vaine:
And now involu'd in a despair'd estate,
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot warre sustaine.

His purpose is his Captaines to conuene,
To aske of them some counsell for his fastie:
A time more fit for vs could not haue beene.
Who minde to compass Kings must needs be crafty.

For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,
A course more fit we by no meanes could finde,
Then crooked seeming-vpright counsell to
Disguise our practises, and maske our minde.

We will aduise him to renounce a space
His state to some one, whom he may desire
But for the fashion to accept his place,
And as himselfe a certaine time impyre.

Whose better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away:
Then he againe his Diademe shall take,
And as before the regall scepter sway.

Na. Well then amongst our selues, t'auoid, debate
Which vndermines so many a mighty action.
I will preferre you to the imperiall seate.
And to approue the same will frame my faction.

Bef. All that is one, which of vs two receiue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs:
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,
For we will part his Empire all among vs.

But if he condiscend to this we craue,
Which at the first vnfolding would seeme good:
Let him not thinke vs two such fooles to leaue

And

That which so many Monarkes buy with blood.

Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,
And not loue in authoritie to stand?

'Tis not the custome so to quite a Crowne,
When one hath know'n how sweet it's to command.

This name of faith but to get credite fain'd,
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, straight
In them whose consciences are most restrain'd
T'would soone succumbe, a scepter hath such waight.

Na. Yet to betray our King we haue no reason :
When I muse on th'attempt it makes me sortie :
Our name stain'd with this odious stile of treason
Shall leaue our successours more shame, then glorie.

We first must end all our designs with paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue securelie neuer ;
As in a dreame a space with pompe remaine,
Then die disgrac'd, in infamie for euer.

The sacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth strike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And maiestie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,
Whose aspect only hath great wonders wrought.

Bes. To idle sounds, and frivolous reports
Giue thou a pasporte, for they last not long :
And all that thou alledgest nought imports.
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong.

What hainous thing so odious is by nature,
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed :
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour ;
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.

Those are but feeble braines, which fancies lode
With timorous dreames, that bare surmising brings.
Who feare vaine shaddowes must not come abrode.
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.

If our braue proiect happilie succede,

(As now I doubt not but it shall do soone)
 We straight will finde enough t'applaud our deede,
 And sooth vs vp in all that we haue done.

Na. To haue the time and manner then præfixt,
 Command the *Bactrians* all themselues to arme,
 And to attend till we aduertise next,
 Prompt for all perils at the first alarme.

Then through the Campe a rumour we will spread,
 That hopelesse *Darius* hath dispairdlie gone
 With violence to dwell amongst the dead,
 And seeme therefore excessiuely to mone.

The *Persians* we with promises must feede,
 So to disarme him of his natiue pow'rs:
 Then we will apprehend himselfe with speede:
 For while that he is free nothing is ours.

That we may seeme to vse him with respect,
 (As to the state of such a Prince pertaines:)
 We will not this last ornament neglect;
 He shall be bound, but bound with golden chaines.

To *Alexander* after we will send,
 And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appease him;
 Then craue his fauour, that he will defend
 Vs as his friends, who haue done all to please him;

If his good-will we cannot thus procure,
 And he vs with extremitie pursue;
 With *Darius* death we will our states assure,
 Then raise fresh forces, and the warres reue.

Bes. Let vs henceforth for nothing be dismaide,
 But striue our selues courageoullie to beare:
 This dangerous action would not be delai'd,
 Least time worke his assurance, and our feare.

Exeunt.



CHORVS.

Time, through Ioues iudgement iust,
Huge alterations brings :
Those are but fooles that trust
In transitory things,
Whose tailes beare mortall stings,
Which in the end will wound.
And let none thinke it strange,
Though all things earthly change
In this inferiour rounde.
What is from ruine free ?
The elements which be
At variance (as we see)
Each other doe confound :
The earth and aire make warre :
The fire and water are
Still wrestling at debate :
All those through colde and heate,
Through drouth, and moisture iar :
No wonder though men change and fade,
Who of those changing elements are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goods not lasting,
Eiils that our wittes enchaunt,
Expos'd to losse and wasting.
Loe we to death are hastning,
Whilst we these things discusse.
All things from their beginning,

Vnto an end are running :
 Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.
 We heare how heauen doth thunder ;
 We see th'earth burst a sunder ;
 And yet we neuer ponder,
 VVhat this imports to vs.
 Those fearfull signes doe prone,
 That th'angrie pow'rs about
 Are mou'd to indignation
 Against this wretched nation,
 VVhich they no longer loue :
 What are we but a puffe of breath,
 Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death ?

VVho was so happie yet,
 As neuer had some crosse :
 Though on a Throne he sit,
 And is not vs'd with losse,
 Yet fortune once will tosse
 Him, when that least he would.
 If one had all at ones
 Hy Jaspes pretious stones,
 And yellow Tagus golde,
 All th' Orientall treasure,
 And euery earthly pleasure,
 Euen in the greatest measure,
 It should not make him bold.
 For while he liues secure,
 His state is most vnsecure.
 VVhen it doth least appeere,
 Some heauie plague drawes neere,
 Destruction to procure.
 We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,
 That flourisheth and fadeth in an houre.

In what we most repose
We finde our comfort light:
The thing we soonest lose
That's precious in our sight.
For honour, riches, might
Our liues im-paund we lay:
Yet all like flying shadowes,
Or flowers enambling medowes,
Euanish and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Those idols of the minde,
Which got we cannot binde
T' abide with vs one day.
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficile to obtaine,
Difficile to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume;
Which vexeth them most who them possesse,
Who starue with store; and famish with excesse.



ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. I.

DARIVS, TIRIOTES.

Tir. **A**H, must I poyson now my Princes eares
with the worst newes that euer burthē'd fame?
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All would not serue my sorrowes to proclame.

Dar. Great signes of greefe I in thy face discernē:

Spare not for to report this heauie crosse
 To one, I feare, whome it doth most concerne.
 Ist death, disgrace, distruction, treason, losse?

Tell on the summe of horiour at the first:
 With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:
 'Tis comfort to a wretch to know the worst:
 And I haue learn'd to be vnhappy long.

What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
 Ist some ludibrious message of my skorne,
 Which must wound me? but ah no torment such,
 As this to them who that disgrace haue borne.

Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you haue misconceiu'd.
 The Gods haue had a care for to preferue her:
 Such fauour of the victour she receiu'd,
 As of her subiects that were bound to serue her.

But what a vollenie doth my voice prepare
 Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread:
 Would God ere I the somme thereof declare,
 That I might die in saying she is dead.

Curst caitiue, was it not enough, allas,
 That I beheld her die, and would haue died,
 But that I must arm'd with sad tydings pas
 To wound all them that heare what I haue spied?

See how he fares shot with these words of mine,
 As one become the pray of greefe, and death.

Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
 And sees the aire infected with my breath.

And can I liue, and looke them in the face,
 That haue my ignominious o're-throw seene?
 And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace
 Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene?

Heauen bruse me all to powder with thy thunder,
 That I no more may in the world remaine
 The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder;

Spoil'd

Spoil'd of all hope; yet kept for greater paine.

Ah! art thou dead, and doe I liue behinde thee?

Thy faultie husband thinkst thou so to flie?

If it be thus, then I know where to finde thee.

This onely greeues me that too late I die.

O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill

Haue I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus?

Whom of thy friendes, or kindred did I kill?

This crueltie comes vnderferu'd of vs.

Think that thou hadst iust causes to make warre:

Yet vpon women should thy wrath be wroken?

This Tirrannie shall all thy Triumphe marre,

And euer shall to thy reproach be spoken.

Tir. Sir, without cause you guiltie him esteeme.

I know her death did grieuouſlie displeaſe him :

A wondrous thing (which few, or none would deeme)

He tooke it ſo, that nothing could appeaſe him.

Euen as my Soueraigne now, ſo then he ſmarted;

And when he came to eaſe your mothers grieſe,

As if that his owne mother had departed;

He ſeem'd to need, not for to giue relieſe.

Dar. If any ſparkes of that reſpect remaine,

Which ſhould with reaſon mooue thy minde to ruth,

I pray the *Tiriot*es now be plaine,

Or els ſtrange torments ſhall exact the truth:

I loth to let this queſtion ſcape my mouth,

Which both I bluſh to craue, and long to know,

Iſt poſſible ſo inſolent a youth

Did neuer tempt the treaſure which I owe?

Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age

Haue ſuch a peereleſſe beautie in his power,

And yet not ſeeke to quench his ardent rage

With the deſtruction of her honours flowre?

Spare not to tell vpon what deadly ſhelſe

My ioy is perish'd quite, and I defac'd.
 The feare of euill is worse then th'euill it selfe:
 I'ts to die twise, to die, and die disgrac'd.

Ti. Let not those loue-bred feares abuse your thought:
 By all the world no fable I contriue.
 If I speake partiallie, or lie in ought,
 Earth open vp, and swallow me aliuie.

He whom your Grace so wrongfully suspects,
 No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abus'd,
 But as his sister still in all respects,
 As chastlie, and as honourable vs'd.

When fortune first our warlike troupes had scattered,
 And with great slaughter put them all to flight,
 We, whom she late so louingly had flattered,
 Were made the patternes of that changlings might.

For hauing found a Crowne trod on the ground.

Dar. O lasting shame that cannot be recur'd.

Tir. We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound
 Had kild my Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.

Dar. Would God I then had died, as I desir'd,
 So t'haue preuented those ensuing harmes;
 Before my honour and my hap expir'd,
 With Crowne on head, & with my Queene in armes.

Tir. But *Alexander* hauing heard our cries
 Sent one t'enquire th'occasion of our woe;
 Who finding whence our error did arise,
 Gae full assurance that it was not so.

Then he himselve vnto our tent resorted,
 And with most courteous speeches full of loue
 Your mother, wife, and children oft exhorted
 Such vaine surmized terrours to remoue.

With protestation that they should expect
 No harme of him their courage to appale:
 Each thing he did accordinglie direct,

That no man might endamage them at all.

Thus having them against all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Least such an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.

Or was it vertue that would flie the sting
Of trustlesse pleasures that abuse the sense?
So continent a victour, and a king
Was neuer seene. He fled what caus'd offence.

He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemish finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor suffer impure thoughts to staine his minde.

He stai'd till that faire face had lost all vigour,
And with the coulours of pale death was painted.

Dar. Iniurious heauen that with such hellish rigour
The purest worke that nature made hath tainted.

Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no lesse her miserable cace,
Then you that losste in her your better part.

And when some dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals solemnelie to decore
He vs'd such honour, as might well become
The *Persian* pompe in prosperous times before.

Dar. O supream pow'r that of Empires dispos'est,
And ratifiest thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleatest, placest, and de-pos'est
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,

I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of those who this lowe point possesse,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals care,
Vouchsafe this my last sute for to fulfill:

Establish first this scepter in my hand :

But if through my deserving, or thy will

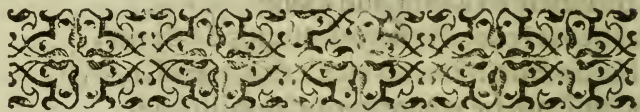
The race of *Cyrus* must no more command ;

And if thy heavenly breast such hate contracts,

That I must needs my Diadem forgoe :

Let him succeed who proves in all his acts

So iust a Victour, and so milde a foe.



ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. II.

*DARIVS, ARTABAZVS, NARBAZENES
PATRON, BESSVS.*

Dar. IF Fortune had ioynd me with dastard mindes,
Who to a noble death base life prefer'd,
I should not harrengue heere vnto the windes,
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.

O, I repent I proou'd your worth too much,
Who still haue follow'd me in all estates.
I rather should, then doubt that you are such,
Praise to proue worthy of so worthie mates.

Yee onlierest of all that I conducted,
Of whose great force and faith, which many sing,
I by two fights, and flights haue bene instructed :
Yet hauing you I thinke my selfe a King.

He hath plac'd traitours in my townes most ample,
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)
But to seduce you to by their example,
Then bannish all for euery little rumour.

Yee haue not to my Fortune had regarde,
But free lie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres :

Which,

Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* would rewarde,
And all the world extoll you to the starres.

How long shall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a stranger who my right would reauē?
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we lost, or loose all that we haue.

Like those vile traitours, whom I will arraigne
To holde me vp, shall I goe cast me downe?
Must *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne?
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.

I shall not my authoritie sur-uiue,
Nor will I proffer a submissiue breath:
My hand shall holde a scepter while I liue:
My head shall beare a Diadem till death.

If those franke thoughts that doe possesse my soule,
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you;
A *Macedonian* neuer shall controule
Our noble actes, nor laugh to see vs bow.

My state may testifie fraile Fortunes change:
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as me?
At least our hands beare death, if not revenge:
For who can stop a stout hart for to die?

Thinke of your aunccestors, I you exhort,
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer;
And of whose wondrous actes men do report
Great things, the same whereof shall perish neuer.

Shall future ages in your praise be dombe,
Whil'ft they your Fathers memorie adore?
I am resolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tombe
A Laurell, ora Cipresse shall decore.

Art. What vaine amazement doth disturbe our spi-
Let vs consult no further but goe. (rits?
He, who the *Persians* wonted worth inherites,
Will not rest long aduising what to doe?

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Come let vs with our best attire and armes
Accompanie our King to this last strife:
Through bloody squadrons, and through hote alarms
By slaughter onlie we must looke for life.

And when our host, as I hope shall preuaile,
Our cuntry shall haue peace, we praise of right:
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,
We die with honour in our Soueraignes fight.

Let vs, if vanquish'd, be asham'd to be.
A glorious death may greater honour giue.
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.
It's needfull that we fight, not that we liue,

Na. My words will first your Maiestie displease:
Yet dutie makes me speake where silence spilles:
The fine Phisician cures a sharpe disease
With some sowre potion that corruption killes.

The skilfull Pilote when he feares a storme,
To saue the ship will cast out precious things:
Yet I perswade you not in any forme
To further, but to stay what ruine brings.

We warre against the Gods, we cannot speede:
To all our actions Fortune is oppos'd.
We must of force some other way proceede:
So haue the hea'ns of our affaires dispos'd.

Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and stile
To some more happie man, not in effect:
But cloth him with your shaddow for a while,
Till he your Realmes halfe ruin'd re-erect.

When he hath clam'd this tempest now so hote,
And settled *Asia* with a good successe:
He will your kingdomes lost with what he got
Restore: appearance promises no lesse.

All *Bactria* yet abides at your command:
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good:

Yea many thousand thousands armed stand,
Bent for your pleasure to bestow their blood.

What? should we rush like beastes to needlesse strife?
Be well prepar'd, and then pursue that stranger:
Braue mindes should death despise not lothing life.
Base cowards craue to die for feare of danger.

But vertue, to haue no support ou'past,
Will first on all meanes possible be thinking:
And when that all is proou'd, death is the last,
To which it is ynough to goe not shrinking.

Now for the time let *Bactria* be our seat,
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne:
Who, when he once hath re-aduanc'd you state,
Shall quite all soueraigntie at the first signe.

Dar. Wretch, trauellest thou thy soueraigne to betray?
Such treason darest thou to our eares impart?
Such treason vnder trust? Stay traitour, stay:
Ile sheath my sworde euen in thy traiterous hart.

Art. Sir, you must striue to haue this passion broken.
Consider what they are, what is the time:
It may be they through ignorance haue spoken:
In thought, and not in word, consists a crime.

Since to affront your enimie you goe,
You must not stirre for euery little obiect:
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.
For now it's time time to loue not lose a subiect.

I shall get triall vpon what pretence
This ou'r-sight in aduise hath beene committed.
If through simplicitie, not for offence,
He must be pardon'd and his speech remitted.

Dar. I wish that it were so. I take no pleasure
To ruine them that would my fortune cherish.

Na. Your grace wil grant me mercie in some measure.
First heare, and if I faile then let me perish.

I call the Gods to witnesse of my case,
 Who can decipher euery secret thought:
 If I intended treason toward your Grace,
 Straight where I stand let me be turn'd to nought.

I counsel'd but according to my skill:
 It was my vpright minde that made me bolde.
 I rue my wit not answer'd to my will:
 Yet zeale what it conceiues must needs vnfolde.

We should beware to speake in great affaires,
 Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.
 For if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs
 Who gaue th'aduise, though of a good intent.

I fall before your feete heere for refuge:
 Then let me not be without cause reiected:
 At least, examine first before you iudge:
 Ile rather die absolu'd, then liue suspected.

Dar. Your fond opinion first was to be feared,
 Which seem'd indeede sinistriouſlie inclind:
 For at the first your speech to me appear'd
 Th'enenom'd birth of some malicious minde.

But since you purge you so, Ile not araigne you,
 Nor further call your loyalty in doubt:
 But in the same degree of grace retaine you,
 That you were in before these wordes brake out.

I thinke that *Patron* lookes with speaking eies,
 As if his minde were mightily perplexed:
 Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy bosome lies,
 Wherewith thou seemest so wonderfullie vexed.

Pa. Sir, I would speake in priuie, If I could,
 That which th'affection of my soule affordes:
 It must be seal'd with silence, and I would
 That none were present to report my words.

Of fifty thousand *Greekes* foure only rest,
 Companions in all perils with your host:

Alike with you delighted and distressed :
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most.

Where you remaine we must remaine with you :
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioynd together.
Appoint our tents for your Pavilion now ;
And we will guard you, if that you come thither.

We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our natie soile :
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat :
Our hope is all in you : those that would spoile
Vs of your person ruine all our state.

Would God that all your armie did their due :
To vse moe words th'occasion is not fit.
I should not vrge you, if your owne were true,
Your custodie to strangers to commit.

Dar. What suddaine accident doth this dismay you
That you such inconveniences fore cast?

Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbaſanes* betray you :
This day to you, or them will be the last.

They faine repentance onlie to dissemble,
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.
Their friends in hast doe all their force assemble,
And once ere night minde to inuade your garde.

Dar. I credite you : but yet I cannot wrong
My subiects so, to thinke of them the worst :
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me so long
By doing so to make my selfe accurst.

I will awaite on what the heau'ns will offer,
For who can stand when fates his fall conspire?
Among mine owne I willingly will suffer.
I liue too long if they my death desire.

Bes. Take heede, Sir, to this subtile-witted Greeke :
The *Gracian* faith to all the world is knowne.
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To win his grace who hath your state o're-throwne.

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And maruell not though mercenarie men,
Who sell themselues, sell all : beleue them neuer.
They haue no God but gold, nor house : how then
Can they be constant that are changing euer?

Although that he pre-occupie you thus,
And others who themselues abuse your Grace:
Faith shall be found inuiolate in vs,
When our accuser dare not show his face.

Dar. Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,
Or honour to be false, they haue no reason:
No man on earth doth traitours more disdain,
Nor more seuearly will b'aueng'd on treason.

Bes. Well, Sir, you shall see shortlie what we are:
I will goe see your Ensignes all displaid.

Dar. It's better now since things are gone so farre,
Then seeme for to mistrust, to be betraide.

Loe *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is run.
Now *Patrons* speech doth euident appeare.
I see my end, yet can it no way shun.

Art. The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.
Go to the *Gracians* campe, when that is done.
And when your danger once divulged is,
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.

Dar. And what if I were gone to patrons Tent,
And guarded with the *Greekes* as you desire:
He hath but thousands foure that are well bent;
They thirty thousand that my fall conspire.

And doing this I should their deede excuse,
In giuing them a motion who haue might.
They may indeede my lenitic abuse:
But by my deede they shall pretend no right.

Art. O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe
To see thee now reduc'd to this estate?

Dar. Retire you all, and seeke your selues to keepe :
I heere attend the issue of my fate.

I knowe yee wonder all how I can stand,
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,
And not die desperately by mine owne hand.
Ile die through others guilt, not through mine owne.

None of you all haue falsified your troath,
But with me loyall still to th'end yee abide.
Now I you all disburthen of your oath :
Leaue me alone, and for your selues provide.

Exeunt.



D A R I U S.

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,
The glorious step to a disgrace-full fall :
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,
And to seeme soueraigne needs we must serue all.
Yet blowne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,
On enuied scepters weaklie we relie :
And calling not our fraile estate to minde,
Not onlie earth, but heauens themselues desie.

This hellish hag our restlesse minde doth tosse,
While carried with a popular applause,
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours losse,
We of our owne confusions are the cause.

And when th'eclipse comes of our glories light,
Then what auailles th'adoring of our name :
A meere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shaddow of a dreame ?

Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt ;
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone brus'd soone brokē :

H

And

And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarceleie leaues behinde a token.

Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With furniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

O what affliction iealous greatnesse beares,
That still must trauell to hold others downe;
Whil'st all our guardes not guard vs from our feares?
So greevous is the burthen of a Crowne.

Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,
While I was made the idole of so many?
What ioy had I not then? what haue I nowe?
Then honoured of all, now scarce of any.

Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine:
We spend our dayes in dread, our liues in dangers,
Billes to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,
Knowne vnto all, yet to our selues but strangers.

A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares:
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-sleepe,
Whose breasts are fraught with infinite dispaire,
Of which the vulgar wits sounds not the deepe.

The Bramble growes, although it be obscure;
While mightie Cedars feele the blustering windes:
And milde Plebeian spirits may liue secure,
While mightie tempests tosse imperiall mindes. (ces,

What are our daies, but dreames, our raignes but trā-
Whil'st brain-sick reaving with our Fortunes feuer.
We still are vext with changes and mischances,
Till death vs both from life and scepter feuer?

The vanitie of greatnesse I haue proou'd,
And beene the wonder of each gazing eye:
Now that deceauing shāddow is remoou'd;
And I my wretched state too late espie.

Now bound with chaines, (which though they be of
Diminish not my thraldome ought the more) [gold,
When this preposterous honour I beholde,
It but vbraides me what I was before.

And what was I before (though to each eye
The forme of my affliction was not knowne)
But fettered in effect, while I seem'd free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne?
Was I not bound to serue then all mens humour,
Or to be censur'd with some Critick storie;
Still clog'd with cares, a flought for euery rumour.
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.

That dignitie which deified me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Now cannot succour my accursed state,
But hath with my mis-fortune fettered same.

My best was but a momentarie blis,
Which leaues behinde this euerlasting sting,
That of all woe no woe is like to this,
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.

No man with me in all accomplish'd ioyes,
That satisfie the soule, could once compare:
No man may matche me now in sad annoyes,
And all the miseries that breede dispaire.

This Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did desperately stand;
Yet could not be so happie in mishap,
As for t'haue died by some renoumed hand.

But for my greater griefe, disgrace, and scorne,
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)
They whome aloft my favours wings haue borne,
Evn they made me their maister thus a slaue.

Ah, did not death in prison from me reauce
The sacred soueraigne of my soules desires,

The Tragedie of Darius.

I wretch not being present to receaue
The last cold kisse that might asswage my fires ?

Yet ô thrise happie thou, that hast not liu'd
To beare a burthen of this great disgrace.
More then a thousand deaths this had thee grieu'd,
To know I died, and died in such a cace.

Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)
Rest prison'd yet ? And may I not remooue
My mother thence ? then is all blisse bereft me.

My paines are more then with my pleasures ev'n,
Since first I in authoritie did enter.

Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,
To be cast head-long downe to mischiefes center ?

My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine excesse,
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,
To ease me now in this extreame distresse.

Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worst of illes,
Past helpe, past hope, and only great in grieffe,
I wait vpon two abiect vassals willes,
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.

Death would I scorne (my course must once haue rū)
If I had first repair'd mine honours breach,
Whose wounds so thrill my soule, as vnbegun
The life I wish that does my fame impeach.

This mortall vaile I willingly resigne,
Since to an ende my dayes the destinies bring :
Nor will I so from Maiestie decline,
As to doe ought vn-worthie of a King.

Exit.



CHORVS.

Some new disaster daylie doth forshoue
 Our comming ruine: We haue seene our b:st.
 Now fortune bent vs vtterly i'ore-throw,
 Throwes down our King from her wheels tap so low,
 As by no meanes his state can be redr:st.
 And since his foes by armes haue him opprest,
 His friendes, and seruants leaue him all alone.
 Few haue compassion of his state distrest:
 Yea, false to him them selues doe many show.
 So foes and fained friendes conspire in one;
 Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them agree.
 With axes all runne on this falling tree.

This Prince in prosperous state hath florish'd long,
 Ana neuer dream'd of any euill successe,
 But was well fellow'd while his state was strong:
 Him flattering Syrens with a charming song
 Striu'd to exalt: while-as he did possesse
 This earthly drosse, that with a vaine exceſse
 He might reward their mercenary loue.
 But now when fortune driues him to distresse,
 His favorites whom he remain'd among,
 With foes and fortune straight their faith remoue.
 And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
 They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that King,
 Who were unhappie but a little space,
 So that it did no vtter ruine bring,

But made him proue (a profitable thing)
 Who of his traine, did best deserue his grace;
 Then could, and would of those the best imbrace,
 And flie such vultures as deuour him liuing;
 That these whom he found faithfull might haue place.
 O how this doth a generous stomacke sting,
 To see some grac'd for craft and lies contryuinge:
 This is the grieffe that bursts an honest hart;
 Lords fauour commes by chance, not by desert.

Those Minions to whom Princes do extend,
 Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,
 To the disgrace of good men, shew in end
 They onely in prosperity depend
 Not upon them, but on their Fortune still.
 Which if it change, they change. the though they flie,
 Their hopes with honour, and their chests with come
 Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
 Those whom they rais'd, will not with them descend,
 But with th' ascending Sunne wil straight way royne.
 And doe forget all that they gaue before,
 For that of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end now hath th'euent
 In Bessus, and Nabazanes approoued:
 On whom their Prince so prodigallie spent
 Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
 And all that might each honest mind haue mooued
 So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,
 Who so beningly tendred their estate.
 Yet they to him vyle traitours now haue proued:
 By them he is in-chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent;
 So as he well may rue, although too late,
 That he such flie Cameliions changing bew

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The Tragedie of Darius.
Prefer'd to seruants dutifull and true.

*But though a while those traitours speede,
No doubt the heauens once vengeance will exact:
The very horrour of this haynous deede
Doth make the harts of honest men to bleede:
Yea, euen the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The heauens no hier choller can contract,
Then for th' invasion of a sacred King:
Who, as it were, out of the starres extract,
Should feare and reuerence inferiours breede,
To whom from him both health and wealth doth spring.
But though on earth men should neglect this wrong,
Heauens will those traitors plague ere it be long.*



ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. I.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER,
POLISTRATVS.

He. **W**Hat story or what fable can recorde
Of such a nombrous troupe so strangely lost?
I know they quak'd to know it was my Lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers host:
It scarce seemes credible in many partes:
But traitors feare though al the world would backe thē.
They were but bodies destitute of harts:
Moe prisoners they were then men to take them.
Who would belecue so few durst striue to finde
So great an armie, and the armie shrinks
What is impossible to a braue minde?

True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes

Alex. In this encounter for t'haue had the best
It would content more then a common thought:
But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?
I would be satisfied in all, or nought.

Those traitours thought t'haue finish'd all the warre
With giuing me their Lord, whom they had bound:
But I distrust not mine owne force so farre,
As for to builde vpon so base a ground.

Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,
I will not suffer others to oppresse him.
I keepe him for my selfe: he doth belong
To me alone: none other should distresse him.

Whilst he did onely in himselfe confide,
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bow:
But since his hard estate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my fury to compassion now.

Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,
Yet I am greeu'd to see him so deceiu'd.
If he had but acknowledg'd me his better,
'Twas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.

And if those traitours haue not kild him straight,
Yet his deliuerie shall my name renoune:
I would not loose a subiect of such waight,
By which my clemencie might be made knowne:

Po. Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.

Al. What al are fled? none haue my force withstood?

Po. Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.

Al. Why, haue they set him free? or is he slaine?

Po. Now hath he got a liberty at last
With no lesse ranome then his dearest breath.

Al. Then is all *Astus* expectation past.
Teile on at length the manner of his death.

Po. The boyling ardour of th'ascending Sunne

The Tragedie of Darius.

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Had caus'd in me a moysture-parching drouth,
Which made me from the way a little runne,
To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth,
Their where a source her liquors tofly scatters,
Which shaddow'd was from *Titans* parching beames,
I coold my thirst with the colde christall waters,
Which seem'd to murmur that I forc'd their streames.

When loe I sawe (a lamentable sight)
Two wounded horses draw a bloody coache,
All clad with skinnes in most vncomely plight,
Which narrowlie t'esp'y I did approach.

One was within, who could not long escape
The doubtfull passage of th' infernall gates :
Yet maiestie triumphing ou'r mishap,
He seem'd to threaten Fortune ; and the Fates,
And as not to so basse a fortune borne,
While as his blood abundantly deval'd,
Burst forth into these words in Fortunes scorne,
As one whose courage could not be appal'd.

You gaze to see, and haue good cause wherefore,
A man, no man ; a King, no King ; what monster ?
Now lesse then nought, who once was both, and more :
Which few now by my present state would conster.

And yet amid'st my euils I must reioyce,
That this last comfort doth fore-goe my end :
I speake to one that vnderstands my voice,
And not in vaine my dying-speeches spend.

I am, but how ? in name, but not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppress)
Once happy, as you heard, but at this houre
The very patterne of extreame distresse ;

Then a while pawling after thus proceeded :
Tell *Alexander* these last wordes from me :
Although my hatred still t'wards him exceeded,

Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.

I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,
My mother, wife, and children so preserving.
Pray him t' vse them that rest as gently still
For his owne goodnesse's sake, not my deserving.

They to his foe pertaine, and yet he striues
To haue them honour'd now, as in times past :
But those who held of me both lands and liues,
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at last.

I pray you on my part entreat him thus
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe
My ghost do wander. By his care of vs
That men his Iustice, and their fault may knowe.

Beside the honour, which he shall acquire
In plaguing them that haue betraide my trust ;
Men shall his magnanimitie admire,
And feare t' offend him whome they finde so iust.

Loe, all my pompe is past, my time expir'd :
My wealth euanished like watrie bubbles.
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyr'd :
Yet hath my life beene but a stage of troubles.

And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,
And I dead to the world, the world to me ;
I wish that all parts of th'e earths globe in one
May condescend his subiects for to be. (dead,

Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, and halfe
He praid to giue him water that stood by.

(A small request by such a Monarcke made)
Which when that he had gote : yet, ere I die,

This crosse must come (said he) t' vndoe me quite :
Though most parts of the world once homage ought
I haue not now the power for to requite (mc;
This little benefit that thou hast brought me.

But *Alexander* shall rewarde thee well ;

And

And him the heauens, who hath not done amisse,
To those that haue beene mine: his foe must tell
That vnderferued courtesie of his.

Though none haue pow'r his pleasure to controule;
If he entreate them well whom he retaines;
It will procure no small rest to my soule,
And make him famous, while the world remains.

When my sprit parts out of this tent of clay,
Entreat some with my buriall to take order;
Least churlish *Charon* force me for to stray
An vn-respected ghost on *Stygian* border.

Let first my corps be carried to my mother,
Who may it with my auncestors entombe:
And, as she hath more cause then any other,
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.

In pledge of that affection, which I beare
Thy Soueraignes worth, whom now I must see neuer,
Haue heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,
And recommend me to his grace for euer.

I scarce had got his hand, or toucht his vesture,
When like a torch whose waxe and weeke is spent,
Somewhat perplext, yet with a princely gesture,
He died in peace: his sprit appear'd content.

Alex. Who could refraine frō teares to heare declar'd
The desolation of this wretched wight:
Haue subiects slaine their prince whō strangers spar'd?
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might?

I for his fall am wonderfully sorie,
Who *Nestors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd:
I envie death, because it rob'd the glorie,
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.

Hep. Since death hath put a periede to his woes,
The fauour that t'wards him you thought t'extend,
Conuert to furour now against his foes.

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The Tragedie of Darius.

For your designs can haue no fairer end.

So shall you both attaine perpetuall praise,
And winne their harts who see their Lord reveng'd;
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,
To haue the countrie of such vipers cleng'd.

If but one vertue should adorne a King,
It should be Iustice: many great defects
Are vaild thereby; whereas each vertuous thing
In one that is vniust, the world suspects.

Alex. Although your counsell, or yet his request
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares:
A generous stomach could not well digest
So great a wrong: my minde it hardly beares.

My spirit impatient of repose disdaines
That they so long this infamie suruiue.
But I will punish with most greevous paines
The horrid treason that they did contriue.

What? do they thinke, deceau'd with some illusion,
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire?
Flie where they list, they cannot scape confusion:
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.

Heauen cannot be a sanctuarie for them:
I dare to force th' infernall caves aduenter:
Th'earth cannot keepe them safe, if I abhorre them:
Ile search them out though they were in the center.

And hauing gotten once those malefactors,
Betwixt the bending boughes of two strong trees,
Vnto th' eternall terrour of all traitours,
They shall dismembred be before my eyes.

Pol. Sir, may it please your Grace to take some care,
That some his funerall offices performe.

Alex. Goe presentlie and euery thing prepare
According to the militarie forme.

Exeunt.

Actus



ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. 2.

SISIGAMBIS, NUNTIVS,
CHORVS.

(fear)

Sis. **T**His looke, allace, hath fraught my soule with
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend:
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull coppie beares
Of some sadde summons to denounce my end.

Starue not my eares which famish for thy words:
That swallow'd yet may make my hart to burst.

Nun. Madame the message that my soule affordes
Must once be known, and once knowne still accurst,

Sis. Be not a niggard of euil newes. *Nun.* And why?

Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But first to you.

Sis. Tel sone. *Nun.* Your son is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.

Cho. Her ioyes and pleasures are all persh'd now.

Sis. Why opens not the earth for to deuour
A curst cairiue, that all ioy hath loste?

The longer that I liue, my griefe growes more:

Borne I am to mischiefe, kept to be crost.

Would God this body in mishappes abounding

Were couered with some mountaine of huge waight;

Or else that th'Ocean ou'r these fieldes inunding

Might make my buriall in her bosome straight.

O *Alexander*, hast thou robd his life,

Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him?

3461
The Tragedy of Darius.

Why didst thou not first kill this poore old wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behind him?

Ah, tended all thy courtesie to this,
That I should liue till thou hast slaine my sonne?

Nun. You wrong that worthie Prince: for he and his
Came him to helpe, who was ere then vndone.

Sis. What impious hands durst one that wore a crown,
And was thereof most worthie, murther so?

Nun. Two whō himself rais'd vp haue cast him down:
More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.

Sis. Tell on thy message, message of my death,
And load my minde with all mischiefe and horreur:
That in sad sighes I may dissolue my breath,
Whilst thou relat'st these tydings full of terrour.

Nun. When *Alexander* esfoones back had sent
Th' Ambassadors that peace had sought in vaine,
A generall muster, then to try th'euent
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,

And in one battell to aduenture all
Intending, caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
While two vile traitours did conspire his fall,
Who *Bessus*, and *Narbazanes* were nam'd.

These two in counsell did discouer first
Some portion of the poison of their hart:
Which caus'd the King suspect, but not the worst.
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.

But hauing scap'd the first brunt of his rage,
With teares of Crocodiles they so lamented,
As they his indignation did asswage,
Whil'st in appearance onlie they repented.

They came to *Artabazus*, honest man,
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,
And could not, or through bountie would not scan
What they with craft and malice had desing'd.

Chor.

Chor. A sincere minde is euer least suspicious:

They think all faulty who themselues are vitious.

Nun. They vrg'd him with the King to intercede.
That in his fauour he would giue them place;
With promise that by some notorious deede
Of armes they would seeke to deserue his grace.

He in their fauour first enform'd the King,
The battell would beare witness of their truth;
Then both before his maiesty did bring,
Who was by their submission moou'd to ruth.

Their hands stretchd vp to heau'n, & hūbled knees,
Their teares like those the Crocodiles doe shed,
Woe in their face, and pittie in their eyes
Did for compassion and for mercie plead.

The king of nature milde, prompt to receiue them,
While they dissembledly were thus complaining,
Not onelie of his lenitie forgauē them,
But wept in earnest too while they were faining.

Then as he vs'd, his danger now not feeling,
He mounted to his Coach: they came behinde
With a submissiue voyce most humbly kneeling
To him, whom shortly they were bent to binde.

The *Gracian* Captaine follow'd them with speede,
Who being cal'd, and ask'd what he desir'd,
Sollicited the King to take good heede
Of those that had against his life conspir'd.

He tolde him how he had their treason tri'de,
And seene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent;
Then prai'd him for his safety to prouide,
In going with him to his trusty tent.

The King grow'n carelesse, and his safety shunning
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded.
Or with some pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,
Was carried headlong thus to be confounded.

The Greeke past thence despairing of his safety,
 Who thus recurelesse helpe and health retus'd:
 Then *Bessus* did begin with speeches crafty
 To purge himselte, and errours past excus'd.

The King then *Artabazus* did command
 T'approch, and *Patrons* speech at length reported:
 He then did doubt what danger was at hand,
 And to go with the Greeke his Grace exhorted.

But when he found this resolution plac'd,
 Within his brest, no peril for to flie:
 With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,
 Parting like two, that liuing went to die,

Now silent night in pitchie vapours cled
 Had mustred mists, and march'd vnto the west:
 A shadowie horror ou'r the earth was spread,
 The Sentinelles were set, and all at rest.

When a strange terrour troubled all the hoste:
 The multitudes did murmure in all parts:
 They did resemble ships in stormes neere lost,
 Whilst each to th'other cause of teare imparts.

Those who their King appointed were to garde
 All shrunke away to corners none staid there:
 And hauing to his danger no regarde
 His better-fortunes Minions fled else where.

The desolation then was wonderous great:
 With a few Eunuches *Darius* left alone
 Did enter deeply to reuolue his state,
 And thus be-spake them; who did for him mone.

Depart in peace and for your selues prouide,
 Least ye be likewise with my ruine caught:
 I will the issue of my fate abide:

They hearing this, as of their witts distraught
 Went howling through the host with dolorous cries:
 This made the King as dead to be bewail'd.

The Tragedie of Darius.

1166

And in the armie did a rumour rise,
That he had kild himselfe, when all hope fail'd.

The *Persians* greew'd, while these things did occurre,
Did first encourage all their cuntry bands
To helpe their Prince : but yet they durst not sturre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.

Ev'n in the time when this confusion was
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,
Did to their soueraignes owne Pavilion passe,
And tooke, and bound him, whome they seru'd before.

He, who in golden coach superbelie rode,
Was cast in one for bassest carriage vs'd :
And who of late was honoured like a God,
By seruants as a bond-slaue was abus'd.

Those royall hands to beare a scepter borne
Were bound with chains: this also much did grieue him
That fortune his aduersitie would scorne
With golden bands, that seru'd not to releue him.

Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end
That *Darius* came not forward to affront him,
To finde him out did all his forces bend,
Not doubting but he eftsoues would surmount him.

But being at the last at length inform'd
How he was made a Captiue to his owne,
At this indignitie he highlie storm'd,
And swore he would avenge it by his crowne.

Out of his hoste he did select a fewe,
Who were best hors'd, whose equipage was light :
With whom his foes he did so fast pursue,
That, ere they could suspect, he came in sight.

The traitours troubled with this he had done
Came to the Cart wherein the King was carried,
And bad him mount on horse-back, and flee soone,
Least that his foe should take him if he tarried.

1685

The Tragedie of Darius.

He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud: this day
Th'eternall Iusticer sees through the starres:
I will not with such periur'd rebelles stay,
And flie from him, who moou's but honest warres.

Then those in whom impietie aboundes,
Throw'd darts at him who they should haue defended
And hurte the horses with an hundreth woundes.
While they perform'd the Parricide intended.

Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue:
For when their foes began them once to comber,
The traitours first, then all the traiterous crue
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in number.

But to the confines of deathes kingdome brought
The King retir'd out from the way aside,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
Did flie the world whose follies he had tri'de.

Scarce was the lasting last diuorcement made
Twixt soule and body whilst that th'eyes grew dim
When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,
Who long had labour'd for t'haue ruin'd him.

Yet with the vesture which himselfe then wore
He couered the dead corps, and not eschew'd it;
But eu'n with teares his coffin did decore,
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.

And hauing waild his death aboue all measure,
For t'haue his funerals made in Princely wise
He bids you spare no coste, but vse his treasure,
And them, as best becommes, to solemnise.

He hath his body hither sent by me,
That the last honours you to him may do:
He thinks they so shall best accomplish'd be,
And who him bare shall see him buried to.

Cho. Behold how grieve hath her of sense bereft,
And choak'd her breath with super-abounding grones,

The Tragedie of Darius.

No will or power to liue is to her left,
Since all her weale euanish'd is at ones.

Sis. Ah shall I see (no let me first be blinde)
That body breath-lesse, which I brought to light?
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde
T'endure the dolour of that deadly sight.

O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake
With the remembrance of so many woes,
Why part'st thou not, faint spirit, that whil'st I speake,
In opening of my lips mine eyes might close?

This heritage of death, this withered stock
Is but a receptacle of dispaire:

A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,
Whose aged furrowes fertile are in cares.

What helps it now to haue bene made the mother
Of one who to such dignitie did clim?
More miserable now then any other,
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.

Aye me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong:
Who came first to the world should first depart.
It not becommes the olde t'ou'r-liue the yong:
This dealing is praposterous and ou'r-thwart.

Ah, why should death so indiscreet be found
To saue a caitiue, and confound a Prince:
My halfe-dead body, weigh'd downe to the ground,
Through grieffe is grow'n ripe for the graue long since.



CHORVS.

What makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pride,
Who came of earth, and to the earth returne?

The Tragedie of Darius.

*So hellish furies with their fire-brands burne
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuide
Them from themselves, and so turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they studie still
How to content a bound-lesse will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.
Who so this flame within his bosome smothers
Doth many fantasies contriue,
And euen forgets himselfe a-lie,
To be remembred after death by others.*

*Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;
That while he is not, he may be commended.*

*What can this helpe the happinesse of Kings,
So to subdue their neighbours, as they doe,
And make strange nations tributaries to?
The greater state the greater trouble brings.
Their pompes and triumphes, stands them in no stead:
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And Statues are but vanitie:
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead:
And while they liue, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst: and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toile and strife,
Of tumults, vprores, mutinies, and factions.
They rise with feare, and lie with danger downe:
There is no burthen weightier then, a Crowne.*

*And as Ambition Princes undermines;
So doth it those that vnder them rule all.
We see in how short time t'ey rise, and fall;
How oft their light eclips'd but dimlie shines.
They studie by all shifts and slights to moue
Their Prince of their deserts t'account:*

The Tragedie of Darius.

And when they by his fauour mount,
O what a danger is't to be aboue?
For straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot march so euen,
But some opprobrious scandall will be giuen:
For all men enuy those that haue most might.
And if the King dislike them once, then straight
The wretched Courtiers fall with their own waight.

Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,
And yet haue not wherefore to be esteem'd,
What they are not indeede would faine be deem'd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publike place of honour haunts,
And changing garments euery day
While they woulde hyde, doe but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants.
And men of better iudgement iustly loth
Those, who in outwarde shewes place all their care,
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,
Like to a shaddow, or a painted cloth.
The multitude, who but th' apparrell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be seru'd, and with all sorts,
Some both to doe, and counsell what is best:
Some serue for Ciphers to set out the rest,
Like liue-lesse pictures, that adorne the ports.
Faire pailaces replenish'd are with feares:
Those seeming pleasures are but snares:
The Royall Robe doth couer cares,
Th' Assyrian dye deere buyth he, that it beares.
Those dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode
Oft through suspicion saour out of season:

The Tragedie of Darius.

*Embroidered beds and tapestries hatche treason:
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.
Such glorious gorgeous shoves deserue for nought:
All cannot calme the tempest of the thought.*

*O happy he, who far from fame at home
Doth sit securely by a quiet fire,
Who hath not much, and doth not much desire,
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come,
For satisfied with what his father left
His minde he measures by his store,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more;
Nor eates ought that iniquity hath rest:
He hath his little cleanly, and in peace,
And lookes not with suspitious eye.
No poyson comes in Cups of tree:
No treason harbours in so poore a place.
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe:
A quiet conscience doth his cottage keepe.*

*He doth not study oft what stormes may blow:
His pouerty cannot be much impair'd:
He feares no forraine force, and craues no garde:
None coueteth his spoile, none lonkes so low: -
Where as the great are commonly once crost,
As Darius hath beene in his flowre,
Or Sifigambis at this houre,
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost.
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse th' afflictions of their soule?
There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all,
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'opresse were prompt.*

Finis.

W. A.



*Some verses written to his Maiestie by the Authour at the
time of his Maiesties first entrie into England.*

S Stay tragick muse with those vntimely verses,
With raging accents and with dreadfull sounds,
To draw dead Monarkes out of ruin'd herles,
T'affright th'applauding world with bloudie wounds:
Raze all the monuments of horrors past,
T'advance the publike mirth our treasures wast.

And pardon (olde *Heroes*) for O I finde,
I had no reason to admire your fates:
And with rare guiftes of body and of minde,
Th'vnbounded greatnesse of euill-conquerd states.
More glorious actes then were atchieu'd by you,
Do make your wonders thought no wonders now.

For yee the Potentates of former times,
Making your will a right, your force a law:
Staining your conquest with a thousand crimes,
Still raig'n'd like tyrants but obey'd for awe:
And whilst your yoake none willingly would beare,
Dyed oft the sacrifice of wrath and feare.

But this age great with glorie hath brought forth
A matchlesse Monarke whom peace highlie raises,
Who as th'vn'tainted Ocean of all worth
As due to him hath swallow'd all your praises.
Whose cleere excellencies long knowne for such,
All men must praise, and none can praise too much.

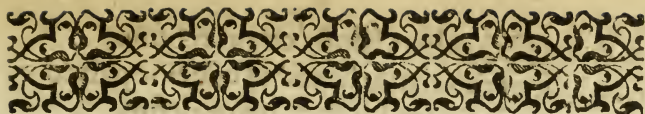
For that which others hardly could acquire,
With losse of thousands liues and endlesse paine,
Is heapt on him euen by their owne desire,
That thirst t'enjoy the fruites of his blest raigne:
And neuer conquerour gain'd so great a thing,
As those wise subiects gaining such a King.

But what a mightie state is this I see?
A little world that all true worth inherites,
Strong without art, entrench'd within the sea,
Abounding in braue men full of great spirits:
It seemes this Ile would boast, and so she may,
To be the soueraigne of the world some day.

O generous I A M E S the glorie of thir parts,
In large dominions equall with the best:
But the most mightie Monarke of mens harts,
Thar euer yet a Diadem posselt:
Long maist thou liue, well low'd & free frō dangers,
The comfort of thine owne, the terrour of strangers.

Some.





Some verses written shortly thereafter by reason of an
Inundation of Douen, a water neere vnto the Au-
thors house, whereupon his Maiestie was sometimes
wont to Hawke.

What wonder though my melancholious muse,
Whose generous course some lucklesse starre con-
Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse, (troules:
And would faine burie my abortiue scroules.

To what perfection can my lines be raif d,
Whilst many a crosse would quench my kindling fires:
Lo for *Parnassus* by the Poets prais'd,
Some sauage mountaines shadow my retires.

No *Helicon* her treasure here vnlocks,
Of all the sacred band the chiefe refuge:
But dangerous *Douen* rumbling through the rockes,
Would scorne the raine-bowe with a new deluge.

As *Tiber* mindefull of his olde renoune,
Augments his floodes to waile the faire chang'd place:
And greu'd to glide through that degener'd towne,
Toyles with his depthes to couer their disgrace.

So doth my *Douen* rage greu'd in like sort,
While as his wonted honour comes to minde:
To that great Prince whilst he afforded sport,
To whom his *Trident Neptune* hath resign'd.

And as the want of waters and of swaines,
Had but begotten to his bankes neglect:
He striues t'encroch vpon the bordering plaines,
Againe by greatnesse to procure respect.

Thus all the creatures of this orphan boundes,
In their own kindes moou'd with the common crosse:
With many a monstrous forme all forme confoundes,
To make vs mourne more feelingly our losse.

We must our breastes to baser thoughts inure,
Since we want all that did aduance our name:
For in a corner of the world obscure,
We rest vngrac'd without the boundes of fame.

And since our Sunne shines in another part,
Lieu like th' Antipodes depriu'd of light:
Whilst those to whom his beames he doth impart,
Begin their day whilst we begin our night.

This hath discourag'd my high-bended minde,
And still in doale my drouping Muse arrayes:
Which if my *Phæbus* once vpon me shin'd,
Might raise her flight to build amidst his rayes.

FINIS.

T H E
ALEXANDRAEAN
TRAGEDIE.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman of
the Princes priuie
Chamber.

Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.



LONDON

Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for
ED: BLOUNT.
1607.

T H E
ALEXANDER
TRAGEDIE.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
As it was presented at the Swan Theatre in London.
Under the direction of the Swan Theatre Company.

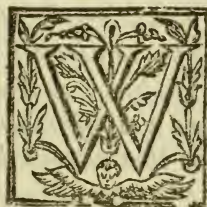
Printed by W. SIMMONDS, at the Swan Theatre, London.



London
Printed by VALENTINE SIMMONS & CO.
Es: Broad.
1807.



The Argument.



Hen Alexander the great, after all his Conquests (shining through the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to Babylon, where the Ambassadors of the whole worlde did attend his comming, as one that was destined to domineere over all: there being admired by the Grecians, adored by the Barbarians, and as it were drunker with the delights of an extraordinary prosperitie, hee suffered himself to be transported with an inundation of pleasure; till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonnes of Antipater his cupbearers, in the best, both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poisoned.

Incontinent after his death, those that were in great estimation with himselve during his life, and then with the armie, assembled themselues together, neglecting for a long time his funerals, whilst busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after diuers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, the widdow of their deceased soueraigne (who was then at the point to bee deliuered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, hee should succeed in his fathers place, and till he were come to some maturitie of age, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, and Antipater were appointed to bee his Tutors: But the foote-men in a disdaine, that their aduice was not required, proclaimed Arideus, Alexanders bastard brother

The Argument.

king, and gave him a guard, of which Meleager procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sodaine alteration, the horsemen being troubled, they following Perdiccas pitched their campe without the citie; yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of Perdiccas appeased, all the captaines re-assembled themselves, and hauing diuided the prouinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long: For such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostilitie, they studied how to undermine one another, and first of all, Meleager after a pretended reconciliation, (though hauing fled to a Temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of Perdiccas, who after aspiring to a superiortie ouer the rest, whilst he went to warre against Ptolomie in Ægypt, by a sudden mutinie of his owne souldiers was miserably murdered. Then the onely captaine of his faction that remained aliue, was Eumenes, a man singularly valorous, who encountering with Craterus and Neoptolemus, by the death of themselves defeated their armie, whereby being highly aduanced, he was greatly enuied: and (Leonatus hauing lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the Athenians,) Antigonus in the name of the rest was sent against him with a great armie, betwixt whom there hauing passed diuers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some private conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne souldiers, and deliuered bound to Antigonus, who shortly after caused him to be put to death.

Then Antigonus (his riualls in the authoritie being removed out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and hauing murdered diuers of the gouernors, hee disposed of their Prouinces as hee pleased: whereof Cassander, Ptolomie, and Lisimachus, aduertised by Seleucus, who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; they entred all together in a league against Antigonus.

Now at this time Olimpias plagued all the faction of Cassander

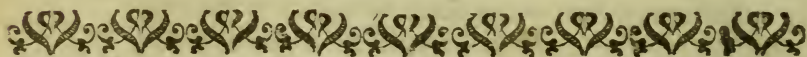
The Argument.

der in Macedonie, hauing caused Arideus and his Queene Euri-
dice to be put to death; by which, and other cruelties (hauing lost
the fauour of the people) shee was constrained, when Cassander
came against her, to retire herselfe within a Towne; which (by rea-
son of the scarcitie of victuals) not being able to defend, shee ren-
dred, together with her selfe to Cassander, by whom (notwith-
standing of his promise to the contrary) she was publikely put to
death, and so hauing proceeded so farre in wickednes, he thought it
no time to retire till he had extinguished all his masters race; hee
caused Roxane and her sonne to bee murdered; and soone after,
Hercules, Alexanders bastard sonne, which multitude of mur-
ders, gaue to him the crowne of Macedone; and to me, the Subiect
of this Politragicke Tragedie.



The Actors.

The ghost of <i>Alexander</i> ,	} <i>Perdiccas</i> , <i>Meleager</i> , <i>Ptolomie</i> , <i>Antigonus</i> , <i>Eumenes</i> , <i>Lisimachus</i> , <i>Seleucus</i> , <i>Cassander</i> . }	} his greatest Captaines.
<i>Olimpias</i> his mother,		
<i>Roxane</i> his wife,		
<i>Aristotle</i> his maister,		
<i>Phocion</i> his old friend,		
<i>Philastrus</i> a Chaldæan,		
<i>Chorus</i> .		





T H E
Alexandræan Tragedie.

A C T. I.

The Ghost of Alexander the Great.

B Acke from th'umbragious bounds still rob'd of rest
Must I returns, where *Phæbus* gildes the fields,
A ghost not worthy to be *Plutoes* guest,
Since one to whom the world no buriall yields.

O what a great disgrace is this to me,
Whose trophées th'earth in euery corner keeps,
That I (contemn'd) cannot transported be,
A passenger through the sulphurean deepes.

Dare churlish *Charon*, though not vs'de to bow,
The raging torrent of my wrath guinstand?
Must I succumb amidst hells dungeons now,
Though ouer the world accusom'd to command?

But it may be that this hath wrought me harme.
What bloodlesse ghosts stray on the *Stygian* bancke,
Whose falles (made famous by my fatall arme)
Gauè terrour oft to many a martiall rancke?

Yet for a prey exposde to rauenous beasts,
Could neuer haue the honour of a tombe.
But (though for such rude guests too pretious feasts)
Were basely buried in their brutish wombe.

Thus as it seemes the horrour of such deedes
With like indignitie attends my sprite;

What stormie brest this thirst of vengeance breeds,
T'accuse for that which valour did acquite.

Ah might *Alemeaens* sonne (as worthy of *Ioue*)
Once force th'infernall fortes of endlesse night,
T'encounter *Dis* in the *Tartarian* groue,
And draw foorth th'ougly *Cerberus* to light.

Then leading *Theseus* through the cauerns darke,
That would haue forc'd th'inferiour regions Queene,
By violence vsde he th'auiernall barke,
As Conquerour of the pallide Empire seene.

And may not I downe in the center sit?
Their renting th'earth (as thence when vapours rise)
T'inlarge th'imprison'd soules, the pitchy pit,
That once the light may lighten lightlesse eies.

What though I from th'ætheriall circles swerue,
Whom in this state it may be some mistake,
May not the voyce of *Alexander* serue
To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake?

Or shal I goe aboue with new alarmes,
To spoyle the princes of the peopled round?
And turne backe, back'd with squadrons all in armes,
T'affright the ghosts that are beneath the ground.

But (ah) what comfort can I find aboue,
Where those whom I aduanc'd, loe now in th'end
The titles of my ofspring striue t'improue?
And to my chaire by violence ascend.

Ingratitude torments my troubled sprite:
Would God therefore, that with a bodie stor'd,
I might returne t'enioy the dayes cleere light,
My backe with armes, my hand charg'd with a sword,
As when I entred in a populous towne.

To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,
Whilst (prizing honour deerer than my Crowne)
Ech of my blows gaue wounds, ech wound gaue death.

Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands,
 I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,
 Where now my Ghost hedgd in with horreur stands:
 Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once.

And yet th'advancement by those captaines had,
 Whom first my Ensignes did acquaint with fame,
 Doth make my soule a thousand times more sad,
 Then all the suffrings that the hels can claime.

O now I see what all my minions blindes,
 My funerals to performe that none takes paine,
 My state betraying me distracts their mindes,
 That haue forgot all loue, but loue to raigne.

But *Ptolomie* doth yet by time intend
 Backe t' *Alexandria* to transport me once:
 Not mou'd by loue; no, for an other ende,
 In hope my fortune will attend my bones.

And must I then so great a trouble haue,
 That lately had all th'earth, and all th'earths store,
 For some few footes of earth, to be a graue
 Which meane men get: and great men get no more?

Though many a thousand at my signe did bow,
 Is this the end of all my conquests then,
 To be barrd from that little circuit now,
 The benefit that's common vnto men?

But of it all that once was thrall to me,
 Left that a little part my body bound,
 I thinke all th'earth my fatall bed should be,
 That still all confines scorn'd but the azure round.

O blind ambition! great mindes viprous brood,
 The scourge of mankind, and the foe to rest,
 Thou guiltie art of many a millions blood,
 And whilst I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest.

This to my soule but small contentment brings,
 That I some Cities reard, and others razd:

The *Alexandrian*

And made Kings captiues, captiues to be Kings:
Then whilst the wondring world did stand amaz'd,
All that but now torments me after death,
Which raisde my fame on pillars, that were rare.
O costly conquest of a little breath,
Whose flattring sounds, both come and go with th'aire!

Can I be he that thought it a disgrace,
Once to be made with other mortalls euen,
That would be thought of an immortall race,
The of-spring of great *Ioue*, the heire of heauen?

I by all meanes the peoples mindes did moue;
T'haue Altars (as a god) with offrings stor'd;
Till of his glorie *Ioue* did iealous proue,
All Princes should be reuerenc'd, not ador'd.

Ah whilst transported with a prosprous state,
It oyl'd t'exalt my throne aboue the starres,
That pride of mine, the thunderer bent t'abate,
Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.

Made I not graue *Calistines* to smart,
That did disdaine a dying flesh t'adore?
And bent t'unknow my knowledge, by vaine Art
Though knowne a man sought to b'imagin'd more.

All fear'd t'incurre the danger of my wrath:
Which as a sleeping Lion, none durst wake.
Mine anger was the messenger of death,
That many a time made armies all to quake.

So much Ambition did my thoughts ingage,
That I could not abide my fathers praise:
But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,
That in my presence *Philips* fame durst raise.

Thus though that I mine enemies did abate,
I made my greatest friends become my foes,
Who did my barbarous insolencies hate,
And for the like afraid, waild others woes.

Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see
 As inhumane a multitude admirde:
 And fear'd to be familiar more with mee,
 As from an odious tyrant stoo'de retirde:

Yea there were many too that did conspire,
 By base ambushments whiles t'entrap my life.
 Of all my labours, loe this was the hire,
 Those must haue store of toiles, that toyle for strife:

And I remember that amidst my ioyes,
 Euen whilst the chase of armies was my sport,
 There wanted not a portion of annoyes
 To counterpoise my pleasures in some sort.

Of those in th'earth most happy that remaine,
 (As ag'd experience constantly records)
 The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine,
 Life greater greife then comfort still affords.

What rage and sorrow seiz'd vpon my soule,
 Whilst big with hopes a battell bent to proue!
 That sudden sicknesse did my course controule,
 Which *Cidrus* cold imbracings chanc'd to moue.

From the Phisition then (though deem'd for ill)
 I tooke his drinke, and gaue th'inuectiue lines.
 Then whilst he red did drinke, yet eyd him stil,
 And by accusing lookes search'd guilty signes.

Not that suspitious feares could make me sad.
 This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,
 Left death that victorie preuented had,
 Which I was sure (if present once) t'obtaine.

But when that I extended had my state,
 From learned *Athens* to the barbarous Indes,
 Still my tumultuous troupes my pride did hate,
 As monstrous mutinies vnmask'd their mindes.

I (so my name more wonderful to make)
 Of *Hercules* and *Bacchus* past the bounds.

The Alexandrian

And (whilst that Memnon's sun-burnt bands did quake)
Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds,

Kings were my subiects, and my subiects kings:

Yet my contentment further did require,

For I imagin'd still more mighty things,

And to a greater greatnesse did aspire,

The compasse of the carriere of the sunne,

By many a famous victory I wan:

Yet wept that there were no more worlds to win,

As all had beene to little for one man.

Was I not honor'd as a God by some,

Whilst what I interpret'd it still preuaild?

Whom I assaild I alwayes did ore-come,

No project of my fancies euer faild.

This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,

Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts,

For I led Fortune, Fortune followed me,

As forc'd 't attend the greatnesse of my acts.

Yet I haue found it a more easie thing,

To conquer all the mansions of the winde,

Then mine owne selfe; and of my passions king

To order the disorders of my minde.

What comfort iustly could my soule receiue

Of all my conquests past, if that euen then

Whilst I triumph'd, (to wrath and wine as slaue)

I scap'd not scandall more then other men.

Ah, seazing without right on euery state,

I but my selfe too great a Monarch made:

Since all men gapt to get the golden bate,

Which by my death seem'd easie to be had.

Whilst from humanitie too much deuorc'd

My deeds all hearts with feare and horror filld:

I whom the force of foes yet neuer forc'd,

Was by my friends most fraudulently kill'd.

But

But now I see the troublous time drawes neere,
 When they shall keepe my obsequies with blood:
 No wonder too, though such a warriours biere,
 At last do swim amids a scarlet flood:

For as my life did breed huge broyles ouer all,
 My death must be th'occasion of great cumber,
 And it doth best become a strong mans fall,
 To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.

The snaky-tressed sisters shal not neede
 T' vse fatall firebrands, lothsome *Plutoes* pestes,
 Or poisonous inspirations, so to bred,
 A thirst of murder in transported breasts.

Yet my ambitious ashes once may shine
 T' enflame my Minions minds with strange desires:
 If of their spirits each keepe a sparke of mine,
 To waste the world, their breasts may furnish fires.

The beauties once of th'earth shall all looke red,
 Whilst my lieutenants through that pride of theirs
 With vnkind armes, huge streames of blood do shed,
 By murthering of mine heires to be mine heires.

Is this the gaine of greatnesse: did I pine
 To be made eminent, to be ouerthrowne,
 To ruine first my selfe then roote out mine;
 As conquering others, but to lose mine owne:

O happy I, but happier far my race,
 If with my fathers conquests still content,
 I manag'd had th' *Aemathian* power in peace,
 Which was made lawfull by a long discent.

Then farre sequestred from *Bellonaes* rage,
 I had the true delites of nature tryed,
 And ag'd with honor; honor'd in my age
 Had left my scepter to my sonne and dyed,

And he succeeded had t'a quiet state,
 Which then because lesse great had bin more sure.

The Alexandrian

And not expos'd to enuy, nor to hate,
That do against the greatst States coniure.

But since they minde t'neath mine earthly part;
Which now no badge of maiestie retains.

To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart,
Farre from the lightsome bounds of th'ayrie Plaines.

And must I there, that did the world surmount,
(Arrested by the Monarke of the Ghosts)

To *Radamanthus* render an account,
Of all the deedes done by my rauinous hostes?

Ther whilst with *Minos Aeacus* sits downe,
Arigorous Iudge in Hells most horride court.

Though farre before his Nephew in renowne,
He will not with one of his face comport.

O what pale troops of ghosts are gathered heere;
That were of bodies spoild by my decree!

And first the wrong'd *Parmenio* doth compeere,
From whom I nought, but who did much from me,

At the tribunall of *Tartarian* powres:
He aggravates a ingratitude too great.

And (whilst th'infernall tyrant foming lowres)
All whom I wrong'd for vengeance stand t'intreat:

Yet guiltie thoughts torment me most of all!
No sprite can be by plaging Furies pind,

(Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gall)
As by the stings of a remording minde.

If it be true that drowisie *Lashes* streams
Drowne in obliuions deepes all things at last,

There let me burie farre from *Phæbus* beames
The loath'd remembrance of my Labours past.

Exit.

Chorus.

What strange adventures now

Distract distressed mindes,

With

Tragedie.

*With such most monstrous stormes,
When silence seems to allow
The peace that Nature findes,
And that tumultuous windes
Doe not disturbe with stormes,
An vniuersall rest:
When Morpheus hath represt,
Th'impetuous course of cares,
And with a soft sleepe bindes
Those tyrants of the breast,
That would spread forth most dangerous snares,
T'involve th'afflicted in dispaire.
Huge horrors then arise,
Which th'elements doe marre,
With most disastrous signes;
Arm'd squadrons in the Skies,
With Launces throwne from farre,
Doe make a monstrous warre,
Whilst Furie nought confines:
The Dragons vomite fire,
And make the starres retire
Out of their orbes for feare:
Some of those warriors are
To satisfie their ire,
That th'azure buildings not forbear,
But seeme the cristall Towres to teare.
Amidst the aire fierce blasts
Doe boast with blustering sounds,
T'undo this mightie frame,
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
Doth rent the stately roundes,
To signifie what woundes
Strait t'all her ofspring's shame,
Shall burst th'earths veines with blood.*

The Alexandrean

*And this all-circkling flood
(As t'were the heauens to drowne)
Doth passe th'appointed boundes,
And all the scalie broode,
Reare roaring Neptunes foamic crowne,
Whilst th'earth for feare seemes to sincke downe.
Those that th'earth chargde, what horroure?
Theyr ashie lodgings leaue,
To re-enioy the light,
Or else some panicke terror
Our iudgement doth bereaue,
Whilst first we misconceiue,
And so iroundge the sight;
Or in the bodies steade,
The genius of the dead
Turnes backe from Stix againe,
Which Dis will not receaue,
Till it a while engendring dread;
Giue whilst it doth on th'earth remaine,
To others feare, and to t' selfe paine.
These fearefull signes foreshow,
The doubtfull world t'appall,
What plagues are to succede;
When death had layd him low,
That first had made vs thrall,
We heard that strait his fall,
Our libertie would breede:
But this prooues no reliefe
For many (O what grieffe)
The place of one supplie;
And we must suffer all;
Thus was our con fort brieve:
For rarelie doth th'vsurper die,
But others will his fortune trie.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

*Perdiccas, Meleager, Ptolemie, Antigonus,
Eumenes.*

W^Hat eie not big with teares can view this host?
Which hath in one (ah) as the end doth proue:
A King, a Captaine, and a Brother lost:
Crown'd, follow'd, tride, by right, for worth, in loue.

I thinke amongst vs all there is not one,
Whom diuerse fauours do not iustly binde,
T'appease that *Heroes* ghost, though from vs gone,
With all th'oblations of a thankfull minde.

Ah, had the Fates beene subiect to my will,
Such cloudes of sorrow had not darkened life,
But we had had great *Alexander* still,
And he those kingdomes that procure this strife.

Yet heauens decrees can neuer be recalld,
And thoughts of harmes past help breede double paine:
Though being to grieffe a space by passions thralld,
The liuing must embrace the world againe.

As one whose interest in his life was chiefe,
I of his death haue cause to curse th'effects:
But will not frustrate so the generall grieffe,
To waile apart particular respects.

Though th'aire be plenish'd yet with plaintiue sounds,
Of widow'd hopes that wedded haue despaires:
Yet Time must cicatrize our inward wounds,
And to the publike weale drawe priuate cares.

Let vs giue physicke to the sickened state,
That at this present in great danger stands:
Whilst grudging subiects that our greatnes hate,
Would enfranchize their violated lands.

Those that are thralld by force to be made free,
Præcipitate themselues in dangers still;
And this th'instinct of Nature scemes to bee,
What realme not scornes t'attend a strangers will:

From forc'd obedience nought but hate proceedes,
The moe we haue subdude, the moe our foes:
A soueraigne head this states huge body needs,
That might make vs securely to repose.

And who more meete t'enioy that great mans place,
Wh' of those whose states he tooke, receiu'd the hearts:
Then one descended from th'illustrious race,
Whose birth both worth and right to raigne impartes.

If heau'n enrich *Roxana* with a sonne,
That long'd for birth a lawfull soueraigne brings,
And till that course of doubtfull hopes be done,
Let some appointed be to rule all things.

Eam. Though *Macedonians* tuned mindes not scorne,
That t'*Alexander* strangers should succede,
Can men obey a babe, a babe not borne?
What fancies strange would this confusion breed?

This could not well become our graue foresight,
A doubtfull birth t'attend so long in vaine,
That may b'abortiue, and though brought to light,
Through Natures error made not apt to raigne.

But if affection carrie vs so farre,
That of that race we must be rul'd by some:
Though neither being practiz'd in peace nor warre,
As those that haue indeede by kinde o'recome.

Then haue we *Hercules* the eldest sonne,
That t'our great Prince was by *Barsines* borne:
Who foureteene yeares of age hath else begunne
His princely birth by vertues rare t'adorne.

Ptol. Might not the *Macedonians* all b'asham'd,
If rendred vassalles thus t'a barbarous brood:

What?

What should we beare the yoke that we haue framd,
To buy disgrace haue we bestowde our blood.

Our auncestours whose glory wee obscur'd,
Would get some vantage of their Nephues thus :
They ward that peoples wracke to haue procurd,
And haue we ward to make them Lords o're vs?

Ah, bury this as a'xeerable thing,
And let this purpose be no more pursude,
For though they were begotten by our king,
Yet were they borne of those that we subdude.

O braue *Leonides*, I like thy strife,
That with so few performd so glorious things :
And death preferd before th'infamous life,
That bondage still from a Barbarian brings.

Those loth'd t'accept a stranger for their Lord,
And with their blood gaue flame t'an vnknowne feild,
Yet we would honour them that they abhorrd,
And though being victors to the vanquish'd yeild.

For where-to tended that renownd attempt,
Which makes the *Persians* yet abase their brow;
But euen t'our countreys scorne in a contempt.
To take by force that which we offer now.

Was this the scope of all our conquests then,
Of our owne captiues to be made the prey?
No, let vs still command like valerous men,
And rule our Empire by some other way.

May we not vse this policie a space,
Till better wits some better meanes deuise?
Lest dangerous discords do disturbe our peace,
Still when we would of serious things aduice.

Let a maiesticke *Senat* gathered be,
And them amongst the Imperiall chare of state:
That of th'authoritie all signes may see,
Then whilst we compasse that respected seate.

There those that were in credite with the king,
Whose merits in mens minds haue reuerence bred:
Shall in their iudgements ballance euery thing,
How kingdomes should be ruld, how Armies led.

And what the greatest part hath once approv'd,
To that the rest must oblig'd be t'incline:
All th'armie by this harmony being mou'd,
Will execute what euer we designe.

This concord would proue happy for vs all,
Since it each state in greatest suretie renders:
And by this meanes our *Macedony* shall,
In place of one haue many *Alexanders*.

Eum. Though silence I confesse becomes me best,
That am a stranger, and the lesse beleeu'd:
Yet since a partner of your toyles I rest,
I must vnfold my mind, a minde that's greecu'd.

And thinke you that a babe repaires our losse,
How are the deepest iudgements thus beguild:
This in all Countryes hath bin thought a crosse,
Wo to that soyle whose soueraigne is a child.

Nor would these great men as is thought agree,
They be too many bodies for one minde:
Ah, pardon *Ptolomie*, it can not be,
This vnion would all disunite I finde.

Thus would all th'armie from good order swarue,
When many might forgiue, all would offend:
As thinking well though they did death deserue,
Ther's none so bad but some man will defend.

And when so many kings were in one court,
One court would then haue many humors too:
Which fostring factions for each light report,
Would make them iarre as neighbouring princes doe.

No, let this strange opinion be suppress'd,
Whilst equals all, all would vnequall be:

Tragedie.

So that their mindes by ieaiousie possessd,
From pale suspition neuer could be free.

But ah, what needs contention at this time,
T'obscure a matter that was made so cleere:

And do ye now account it for no crime,
T'impugne his wil that once was held so deere?

When that great Monark march'd t'encounter death,
Whist all his captaines were assembled there:

And did demand whilst he might vse his breath,
Whom he himselte adopted for his heire.

Then that such doubtfull questions should not need,
As louing valour more then his owne race:

He that t'a braue man, braue men might succeed,
Said, let the worthiest haue the worthiest place.

Nor did he speake this in a secret part
With *Sphinx* his phrase, a greater doubt t'haue moou'd:

As breathing thoughts in each ambitious hart,
To haue his worth in *Vulcans* furnace proou'd

For whilst ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,
With an vnpartiall care distracted long:

Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,
That for so great a burthen seem'd most strong.

He to *Perdiccas* did present the ring
That vs'd to seale the secrets of the state:

By which it seemd that he design'd him king,
Ad so would seize him of the highest seate.

Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,
That no new troubles might the state deforme:

And all the world now iustly may reioyce,
That thus preuented was a'mpetuous storme.

For if this had not been his latest will,
Ye *Mars* his Minions should haue liu'd at iarres:

Whilst emulation amongst equals still,
Had made the trumpet sound t'intestine warres.

What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,
If that our soueraigne had no prince designd:
That oft hath been a witnessse of our worth,
And can weigh vertue in a vertuous mind.

I see consenting signes applaud my speech,
Rise, do *Perdicas* that which they decree,
Whilst modestie doth maiestie impeach, (thee.
Though thou crau'lt not this crowne, this crowne craues

Meleag. I wonder not though thus *Perdicas* shrinke,
T'accept so mighty a charge amidst th'alarms:
The Sunne must make *Nictimine* to winke,
This Scepter weighes too much for so weake armes.

The Gods will neuer grant, nor men agree
That such a one should domineer ouer vs.
Though vulgar minds might yeeld his thrales to be,
Those that his betters are scorne to bow thus.

He prays vs all *Roxanaes* birth t'attend,
Which though it came to passe as some expect:
He can exchange or cause be brought t'an end;
As he n't allow all meanes when one effect.

Thus would he temporize though t'our great scorne,
Till time assist t'accomplish his designes:
No kings *Perdicas* likes but babes ynborne,
He labours well in vndiscouered mines.

I need not now insift to tell at large,
What braue men be amidst this martiall band,
That better do deserue so great a charge,
Both for their skill and courage to command.

Yet are the best not worthy to succede,
To that rare man that neuer can be match'd:
Whose memorie must make our mindes to bled,
Whose aduersar's for this aduantage watch'd.

But if that great man did consent so soone,
That our obedience should be thus abus'd:

Tragedie.

Of all that euer he desird t'haue done,
I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd.

Th'vndanted band whose worth the worlde oft
Then whilst their glorie shin'd through siluer shields:
By all that monarches merits not being mou'd,
As conquer'd, would haue left the conquer'd fields.

And if that they contemn'd a princes throne,
To whom his auncestors their scepter brought,
What reuerence would they beare to such a one,
That all this time was as their equall thought?

To those that ouer their equals raise their state,
Aduancement enuie breeds, and enuie hate.

If such with all would rest familiar still,
This in contempt th'authoritie it brings:
And if they second not their subiects will,
Men cannot beare with them as with borne kings.

Our loftie bands some lofty minde must tame,
Whose princely birth doth procreate regard:
Whose countrie may confound each stand'rous claime,
As one with whom none els can be compar'd.

Ther's *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,
That alwayes was a partner of our paine;
Can there be any else below the sunne,
Ouer *Macedonians* that deserues to raigne?

And I must wonder what so strange offence,
Hath forfeited his title, maim'd his right:
That any now with a disguis'd pretence,
Dare wrong him thus, euen in his peoples sight.

Ptol. None needs to wonder much though we neglect
One whose election might procure our shame:
His mothers basenes Iustice might object,
Whom bastardie secludes from such a claime.

But yet had nature purg'd the spot she made,
We with his birth the better might comport:

The Alexandrian

Whilst father-like in all affaires he had,
Giuen prooffe of parts that might the state support.

He falsifies his race of wit so weake,
That all his inward wants are soone perceiu'd:
All of his iudgement in derision speake,
By which great things can hardly be conceiu'd.

And though his body might from paines be sparde,
Whose constitution is not very strong,
But with infirmities so farre impairde
That it aliue cannot continue long:

Yet since in state he neuer hath bin schoold,
His ignorance would racke him still with feares:
Whiles he that rulde still needing to be rulde,
Spake but with others tongues, heard with their cares.

A inconstant king great confusion makes,
Whom all mistrust, and most amidst a Campe:
Whilst soft like waxe, he each impression takes,
And doth for friuolous things still change the stampe.

Ah, should our liues depend vpon his breath,
That of himselfe cannot discerne a crime:
But doomes by informations men to death,
Then barren pittie yeilds when out of time.

Thus whilst some alwayes must his iudgement sway,
That still doth harbour in anothers head:
Of Sicophants this prince may be the prey,
That where they list, th'authoritie will leade.

And being but base, that they may be the best,
Such still will toyle that we may be or'e-throwne:
And some-time may the credulous king suggest,
To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.

What grieffe were this t'vs, whilst such as those,
Might make their vantage of th'all-powrefull breath,
And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes,
Were guerdon'd with disdain, or else with death:

Me. Since priuat hopes your iudgement do bewitch,
 Ile leaue this counsell where no good can please:
 Come follow me all those that would be rich,
 Few haue regarde (poore souldiers) of your ease

Perd. That shall prooue best which first I went about,
 Thogh some wold wrest my words from what I thought
 The malice of *Melager* now bursts out,
 Like flaming fires that burne themselues to nought.

Thus naughtie minds that neuer dreame but ill,
 Do conster euery thing t'a crooked sence:
 What I proposde t'aduance our countrey still,
 He would interpret it as an offence.

And this vnreuerent parting hence of his,
 Hath t'all his former wrongs yet added one,
 By his seditious words incent'd ere this
 The souldiers are to sacke the treasures gone.

Ant. Then let vs all of one accord conclude,
 That *Alexanders* hop'd for race must raigne:
 So shall w'establish still th'annointed blood,
 Whose gouernement both glorie gaue, and gaine.

And let vs now before we part, appoynt
 Who gouerne shall till that the Babe be borne:
 And circumspectly put all things t'a point,
 That the successe our counsell may adorne.

Eum. I heare a tumult made amongst the tents,
 And *Arideus* is proclaimde a King,
 To which th'inconstant multitude consents,
 That build on all that changes best doe bring.

The footmen all are t'indignation mou'd,
 That in th'assembly they got not a seate:
 That our proceedings they might haue approu'd,
 As knowing all that did concerne the State.

Their Princes memorie rests soone despisde,
 That they dare thus reuolt, and vnconstrain'd:

The Alexandrian

Sauē but by too much libertie entisde,
Which makes the giuer still to be disdaind.

The want of discipline all things confounds,
Their deeds want order and their pride all bounds.

Perdi. And dare they then against that fortresse rise,
Where *Alexanders* collours once are rear'd:
Or violate the walls where-as helyes,
May not his shaddow serue to make them feard?

What, how comes this? and dare they then presume
T'encounter their commanders and in armes?
Armes, armes, iust wrath these rebels must consume,
Our countenance wil dash them, found th'alarmes.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lisimachus, Seleucus.

LO here a great and a most suddaine change,
All men for mirth were like to haue gone mad,
So that of late it would haue been thought strange,
In all this citie to haue scene one sad.

Each wall resounded some melodious song,
To rauish curious eares with rare delight:
Strange tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,
And stately obiects made t'amuse the sight.

As if his conquests gloriously to crowne,
Of all the world a Parliament to hold:
He came with pompe to this imperiall towne,
The height of all magnificence t'vnfold.

Here Glory in her richest robes aray'd,
Should haue shewne all that greatnesse could expect:
Yet were our hopes euen at the height betraid,
To death those trophes *Fortune* did erect.

A tragick end this triumph quite confounds.

All

All our applauses are turn'd to complaints,
 Our musicke marr'd by melancholious sounds,
 Spoil'd by the Cypresse, loe the Lawrell faints.

To funerall shrikes our showts of ioy we turne,
 Our gorgeous garments must giue place to griefe:
 We that so much reioyc'd, farre more must mourne,
 Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure brieft.

This greatest anguish breedes when one compares
 The time that present is, with it that's past:
 And ponders the particular dispaire.
 That all heroicke mindes with woe do waste.

These two betweene what difference finde we forth,
 The rising Sunne, and it that is declinde?
 Where is that bright Zodiacke of all worth,
 From whence the light of Valour onely shine.

Now desolation spreades it selfe ouer all,
 A solitarie silence griefe allows:
 Ah as being bruis'd by that great Monarkes fall,
 How many malecontents abase their browes.

A strange suspition hath possess'd the streetes,
 Whilst euery man his neighbours fall conspires:
 When vnawares one with another meetes,
 As strait suspecting treason he retires.

Of rumours strange all eares are greedie growne,
 Which (though all doubtfull) moue the mind to ruth:
 And as all hearts haue idolls of their owne,
 What they coniecture all affirme for truth.

Sel. The heauen with wrathful eies our actions views
 As it towards vs that high disdain doth beare,
 Loe all mens heads are heauy for euill news,
 And though we know not what, yet stil we feare.

For since the widdow'd world doth want a head,
 Each member now doth labour to be chiefe:
 Which whilst they diuers wayes the bodie leade,

The Alexandrian

May a beginning give t'an endlesse griefe.

Some like the foole that thunder fain'd like *Ioue*,
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound:
And to bring others lowe, or t'be aboue,
Would either gouerne all, or all confound.

Then some vaine wittes that onely would seeme wife,
Whilst by prepostrous fancies being deceiu'd,
Do euery thing that is not theirs despise,
And perish would, or them another sau'd.

A number too that all things doe content,
What each one thinkes, are still resolu'd to doe:
They make a choice, then doe the choice repent,
And strait repent of that repentance too.

The publike weale is spoild by priuate hopes,
Whilst many thus the highest honour claime:
This variance giues their fancies freest scopes,
Its best to fish within a troubled streame.

See how diffnition hath dissolu'd so soone,
All kinde of order and confusion brought:
This discord hath our councill quite vndone,
Whilst one would haue done all, all haue done nought.

Though that *Perdiccas* (as it would haue seem'd)
As being deuoted to the sacred blood:
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to b'esteem'd)
His Princes honour, and his Countries good.

Yet hauing his companions in contempt,
He sought by subtile meanes himselve t'aduance,
And so to shaddow his disguisde attempt,
Aym'd at th'imperiall place as but by chance.

He care pretends that none th'vnborne beguile,
As by the heavens for th'orphans weale referu'd:
Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile,
He would not want that when th'occasion seru'd.

And *Meleager* with the like respect,

Tragedie.

To crosse *Perdiccas* counterfets a loue
To bastard *Philips* right, though in effect,
His purpose is but th'others to disproue.

And so prouiding, that his enemy faile,
He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime:
And his designe with many may preuaile,
The cloake of right apparrells any claime.

They whose descent their titles doth disclose,
Being borne in possibilitie to raigne,
Must be preferr'd by reason vnto those,
That of all right without the bounds remaine.

The furious footmen insolently stout,
Bent to maintaine a title, brau'd our band:
And indignation thundring threatnings out,
Would with our blood haue dide this barb'rous land.

O what indignitie would this haue bin,
Whilst those that we subdude with such great toiles,
Had in this sort their victors vanquish'd seene,
And without paine possesse their spoylers spoyles.

Thus darkning all that we had done before,
(Our swords being stain'd by ignominious wounds)
We of our conquests could haue kept no more,
But burialls base (if those) in th'enemies bounds.

O what excellencie consists in one,
More than in many as witnesses this houre!
Some with a word or looke doth more alone,
Than thousands ioynd with pollicie and powre.

When squadrons arm'd with ensignes all displaid,
As those that of their Prince all reuerence lost,
His generous course t'haue obstinately staïd,
Did best t'abandon him when busied most.

Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits,
They boldly march'd before th'imperiall tent,
And charg'd their soueraigne with vnlawfull suits,

As

As t'innouations violently bent.

They by no band of duety more detain'd,
First grudge, grew factious next, then rebels plain:
Like waters by industrious meanes restrain'd,
Which if their dams once breake forth floods do raine.

But of th'vntainted tipe of matchlesse worth,
Whom imitate none may, al must admire:
Through iust disdain wæen furie sparkled forth,
I h'astonish'd troups all trembling did retire.

His stately countenance calm'd tumultuous sounds,
Lightning forth maiestie through clowds of wrath:
That cuen as if his words had giuen them wounds,
They prostrated themselues expecting death.

Those loftie bandes that wære of late so prowd,
That they disdain'd t'attend their Emperours will:
Then by his sight being at an instant bow'd,
Did beg for licence but to tarry stil.

And yet what wonder though he wanne all harts,
That to his sacred presence did repaire,
With that accomplishment of vertuous parts,
As large in him, as in all others rare.

Whiles when we come to meete as each man sees,
In this maim'd state bent t'entertaine some life,
Still hauing in contempt all our decrees,
The souldiers are not staï'd from ciuill strife.

And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,
That any reuerence vnto vertue beares:
But he must be constrain'd, or prooue vnkinde,
To offer yp a tribute of some teares.

Lis. His death of sorrow makes my soule the prey,
Though many thought that I for it had long'd:
For if by those that he rests bound t'obey,
One can be wrong'd; then I indeede was wrong'd.

Sch. Fame to mine eares by diuers tongues did bring,

Tragedie.

T'a danger huge how you were once exposde,
But specifie not each particular thing,
Which by your selfe I long to heare disclose.

Lysim. When sage *Calistines* for no request,
With superstitious customes could comport:
But with franke wordes all flatterie did detest,
He was abusde, and in a barbarous sort.

So plaging him (no doubt) the king did ill,
Yet to prosperitie we must impute
Those fatall faults that follow Fortune still,
As being of all great mindes a bastard fruit.
We should in kings, as loth their states to tuch,
Speake sparingly of vice, praise vertue much.

But I whose soule that wise man deerey lou'd,
Whilst spying his perfections thus iniur'd:
To tender passions by compassion mou'd,
Would his reliefe haue willingly procur'd.

But when my credite faild, all hope being past,
That I could purchase grace in any sort:
I gaue him desp'rate physicke at the last,
That if his life was euill, it might be short.

The king enrag'd that I had thus presumde,
To limite his reuenge by sodaine death:
That by a Lion I should be consumde,
Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath.

But when with rolling eyes the Lion roard,
He by my strength as strengthlesse was orethrowne:
Which to the king whose mind did then remord,
My courage and my constancie made knowne.

So that incontinent I was set free,
By this rare prooffe esteem'd amongst the strong:
And with a mindé from inward rancor free,
As he his wrath, so I forgode my wrong.

For whilst alone he through a forrest sang'd;

If it had bin but so, to purchase fame:
Some by that meanes had former wrongs reueng'd,
Bent like *Erostratus* t'acquire a name.

Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,
And tirde by trauell, of a surffet dide,
I did performe him bringing backe againe,
Whilst I did runne as swift as he could ride.

And of that deepe my sprite rests well apaide,
For since that time my foueraigne held me deere,
Which after wards he to the world bewraid,
Whilst in this forme his fauour did appeare.

When vnawares he chanc'd my brow to wound,
To stay my blood that stru'd to die his launce:
My temples with his diademe he crownd,
A happy signe, though comming but by chaunce.

And O! who knowes but once before I die,
That the successe may second the presage?

Seleuc. What hinders vs our fortune now to trie?,
And for a diademe our cares t'engage?

Those bended mindes that ayme at greatnesse still,
Grown popular by th'armie to be praisde:
Doe winde themselues in euery mans good-will,
And would seeme humble that they may be raisde.

What counterfeited friends seale trustlesse bands,
Whilst in the generall cause that each pretends,
Though neuer ioyning hearts, all ioyne their hands,
And worke one way, yet worke for diuerse ends?

Yea those whose thoughts intend t'attend the state,
Haue purchasde powres, being purposde for the fields,
With ialous mindes their riuals bent t'abate,
Whilst euenalls all, now none t'another yeelds.

Yet with suspended thoughts all doubtfull stand,
And their designs t'accomplish doe forbear,
Lest all the rest ioynd by a generall band,

March him t'orethrow that first giues cause of feare:

But he may prosper best whom burning thirst
Of gouernement enflames at first t'aduance:
Some to be second, doubting to be first,
Will make their hopes depend vpon his chaunce.

And by a battell when that one preuailes,
There will rich hopes at a easie rate be solde:
For of that faction first whose fortune failes,
Euen all will striue who shalbe first to folde.

All this to me great cause of feare affordes,
I lest that we two protract the time too long:
And wounded be before we draw our swords,
If those we not preuent that would vs wrong.

Lys. No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,
But I expect a part of those great hopes:
Yet in my minde a iudgement most allow,
That ouer a dang'rous ditch aduis'dly leapes.

There are t'our charge some prouinces assign'd,
Whose peacefull states we manage must awhile:
Till all attempt that which they haue design'd,
Whilst from the world each th'other doth exile.

Then liuing but like those whose force is small,
From which the world no great thing can expect:
We shall professe a fauour to them all,
And an indifferencie pretend t'affect.

Yet shall not then our thoughts haue leaue to sleepe,
But subtilties must circumspectly frame:
The mightie men at variance still to keepe,
So alwayes strengthning vs, and weakning them.

And when th'occasion stricter dealing claimes,
We shall make warre with some ere it be long:
Like cunning Wrestlers at th'Olympicke games,
That exercise themselues to be more strong.

And when themselues haue thus prepar'd the way,

The Alexandrian

Whilst that their pomp doth beare a lower saile:
For at the last their force must much decay,
Since all must alwayes loose, though one preuaile.

Then prompt tatchiue that which we now contriue,
By ruining the remnant that remains:
We may possesse the state for which they striue;
Thus they the toiles, and we shall get the gaines.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

*O happy was that guiltlesse age,
In which Astræa liu'd below:
And that Bellonaes barbarous rage
Did not all order quite orethrow.
Then whilst all did themselues content
With that thing which they did possesse,
And gloried in a little rent,
As wanting meanes to make excesse.
Those could no kinde of want bemone,
For crauing nought they had all things:
And since none sought th' emperious throne,
Whilst none were subiects, all were kings:
O i' a true blisse their course was set,
That got to liue, not liu'd to get.
Then Innocencie naked liu'd,
And had no neede nor thought of armes,
Whilst spightfull sprites no meanes contriu'd,
To plague th' unprouident with harmes.
Then snaring lawes did not extend
The bounds of reason as they doe:
Strife being begunne where it should end,
Clearing one doubt i' ingender two.
Then customes but by conscience stood,*

Tragedie.

By which dark things were soone discern'd,
Whilst all behou'd there to be good,
Whereas no euill was to be learn'd:

And how could any then proue naught,
Whilst vertue by example's taught?
Then mortall mindes all most pure,
Free from corruption lasted long:
Whilst arm'd with innocencie sure,
When none did know how to doe wrong:
Then sting'd with no suspitious thought,
Men mischief did from none expect:
For that which in themselues was not,
In others they would not suspect.

And though none did sterne lawes impart,
That might i' use vertue men compell,
Each in the table of his hart
Had grau'd a law of dooing well:

And all did wickednesse forbear,
Through a free-will, and not for feare.
The first that spoil'd the publike rest,
And did disturbe this quiet state,
T'was Auarice, the greatest pest
That cuer past th' infernall gate:
A monster very hard to daunt,
Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,
Though full of wealth for feare of want,
Still at the borders of dispaire.

Scarfe taking food t' hane nature eas'd,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing.
She with her riches neuer pleas'd,
Thinke all hath much, she hath nothing.
This daughter of sterne Pluto still,
Her fathers dungeon strives to fill.
That monster-tamer most renown'd,

The *Alexandrian*

The great Alcides, Thebes glory.
That for twelue severall labours crown'd,
Was famous made by many a story.
As one that all his time had toyl'd,
To purge the world of such like pests,
That robbers rob'd, and spoilers spoyl'd,
Still humbling hautie tyrants crests:
He by this monster once or'e-throwne,
Did passe in Spaine his strength to try:
And there tooke more then was his owne,
What right had he to Gerions ky?

Thus avarice the world deceives,
And makes the greatest conquerors slaves.
Ah, when i' afflict the world with griefe,
This poore-rich monster once was borne,
Then weakenesse could finde no reliefe,
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:
Yet some that labor'd to recall
The blisse that guilded th' ancient age,
Did punishment prepare for all,
That did their thoughts to vice engage.
And yet the more they Lawes did bring,
That to be good might men constraine,
The more they sought to do the thing,
From which the lawes did them restraine:
So that by custome alter'd quite,
The world in euill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Perdiccas. Eumenes.

NOW fortune smyles vpon my rising state,
And seemes to promise more then I require:

Loe

Loe by degrees my glory doth grow great,
And by their death that did my death conspire.

Proud *Meleager* that disdain'd to bow,
And my advancement alwayes did mislike,
Hath with his blood seald my assurance now,
T'astonish those that would attempt the like.

Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,
At th'altar of the gods without regard:
We were too rash to violate those walles,
Which the most impious persons would haue spar'd
Lasciuious *Ajax* by *Mineruaes* spight,
Earst for prophaning such a sacred place,
On the *Capharian* rockes did loose the light,
And all his nauie to his great disgrace.

We should not irritate celestiaall powers,
Then all beginnings are considered most:
And by this sacrilegious act of ours,
I feare that we the hearts of some haue lost.

Per. Let others seeke t'obserue such points as those,
I'am not so scrupulous, for I protest
Ouer all, and by all meanes ile kill my foes,
And then there-after dispute of the rest.

They wrong the Gods that think their church should
As a refuge for male-factors still:
For with their iustice this can not agree,
Who gard th'euiill-doers guiltie are of ill.

Was he not stain'd with many a monstrous crime?
And like the *Salamander* in the fire,
Did loue to liue in trouble all his time,
And alterations alwayes did require.

Eu One humorous head that doth in braules delight,
May poison thousands with the gall of spight.

Perd. As still seditiously affecting strife,
He but abus'd the credit of his king:

And

The Alexandrian

And sent some of his slaues to take my life,
Such bitter enuie did his stomacke sting.

Eum. I saw, how that aduanc'd before your band,
You first did checke, then chase them in the end:
And with what mightie courage you did stand
Our Soueraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.

Perd. He but a dastard is t'a foe that yielde,
And in no conflict hath his fortune tryed:
We (if by time not ventring to the fields)
Like beafts being sacrific'd had simply dyed.

But when without we maisters did remaine,
Lest *Babylon* had straight bin barr'd from foode:
I those rebellious sq uadrons did constraîne,
Eu'n t'our aduantage concord to conclude.

Th'agreement that gaue me a great reliefe,
Made my competetour his marke to misse:
For when I came, though hee before was chiefe:
The shadow of my greatnesse darkned his.

Eum. Yet in this treatie all the world may see,
Th'opinion of the multitude preuail'd:
He whom they did elect our prince must be,
And our designe hath altogether fail'd.

But how comes this: that euery captaine gets,
A certaine realme assign'd now to his charge:
And with a warlike armie forward sets,
The limits of his gouernment t'enlarge?

Perd. I by my meanes haue euery great man crown'd,
That from my greatnesse, great things might proceed:
Yet to make my authoritic renown'd,
The doine likes me better than the deed.

I this diuision chiefly did procure,
To make the court from other great men free:
That so my credit might remaine more sure,
And they by such great gifts engag'd to me.

Tragedie.

For him that hath them thus to honor brought,
They must be bound to hold in high account:
And I haue not aduanc'd them thus for nought,
They be the meanes by which I minde to mount.

Eum. O but your fancies may be much deceiu'd,
There is no bond that binds vngratefull mindes:
I feare th'aduancement that they thus recei'd,
Haue shewne them wayes to saile by other windes.

So long of late as they had need of you,
To seeme your constant friends they kindly sought:
But since their greatnesse giues them freedom now,
They do disdain what may abase them ought.

To those all great men frankest friends do proue,
Whom without cause they alwayes fauour still:
And can not be as t'were compell'd to loue,
Those whose deserts do challenge their good will.

This would preiudge the freedome of their state,
That any might claime interest in their hearts:
No, kings can hold of none their kingly seat,
None must vpbraid them with so great deserts.

And in my iudgement you haue greatly err'd,
Them thus t'exalt whose states you would surpris:
Their common custome is that are prefer'd,
That they may stand, not to let others rise.

Perd. Ile make their breasts such iealous thoughts im-
That euery one shall seeke his mate t'ore-throw: (brace,
And then I purpose to supply their place,
When by such sleights the highest are brought low.

This subtile course rests by experience try'd,
The strongest else is to confusion gone:
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,
Not that I minde his funeralls to be done.

Eum. That prince magnanimous whom all admire
Through his accustom'd clemencie proclaim'd:

The *Alexandrian*

That banish'd *Gracians* might to *Greece* retire,
Save onely such whom murder had defam'd.

At this, some *Grecian* great men were commou'd,
Whose partiall grudge occasion'd their exile:
Lest th'others restitution should haue prou'd,
A meanes t'haue brought their state t'a lower stile.

And th'indignation that they had conceiu'd,
Did burst out in rebellion for a time:
The which the king deepe in his minde engrau'd,
And thought by *Athens* spoyles t'avenge that cryme.

But since that death ministred them reliefe,
Grown bold to prosecute their proude attempt:
Th' *Athenians* and the *Ætolians* were the chiefe,
That brought *Antipater* first in contempt.

And being by them constrain'd to quit the field,
He in a little towne enclos'd at last:
Was once reduc'd in dangers neere to yield,
And staine the glory of his actions past.

But yet by accident as whiles it falles,
It's better to be fortunate then wise:
An vn suspected shaft throwne from the walles,
Th' *Athenian* captaine happened to surprise.

Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
That had almost his staggering hopes betraid:
And yet not altogether free'd from feare,
He sent to *Leonatus* seeking aid.

And he that seem'd his friendship much t'affect,
Did carefull of his country-men appeare:
But if he had preuail'd some do suspect,
Antipater had bought his succours deere.

Yet by th'effect his purpose bent to shew,
What euer that he was, he seem'd a friend:
But when th' *Athenians* did his comming know,
T' encounter him they did directly tend.

And

And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did
 They, whilst alone, to match him thought it best: (fleete,
 Then whilst they march'd aduentrous troupes to meeete,
 Hard was the welcome of th'vnwelcome guest.

For when both th'armies were t'a battle brought,
 And all the fruits of valour did afford:
 Rash *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
 Bent to proue worthy of his wonted Lord.

But whilst he brauely did his charge acquite,
 He lost himselfe that others came to saue:
 And by their Captaines fall discourag'd quite,
 His scatred troupes great damage did receiue.

Yet when the newes to *Antipater* were told
 Of their mishap that come for his releife:
 He not one signe of sorrow did vnfold,
 A little gaine doth mitigate great grieffe.

For he did know, though then his foes preuail'd,
 That this great fight infeeble had their hoste:
 And then he tooke to him which much auail'd,
 Those beaten bandes that had their Captaine lost.

Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,
 Was his deliuerie from a secret foe:
 Which did with ielousie torment his minde,
 Though outwardly not seeming to be so.

Perd. Thus we that vnderneath one ensigne warrd,
 Slept in one tent, and all one fortune prou'd,
 And with a friendship then that neuer iarrd,
 As *Pilades* and mad *Orestes* lou'd.

Since wanting now a Lord. that all be Lords,
 We loe renounce all kind of kindnesse now:
 And secret rancor budding in discords,
 Euen euery one doth th'others ruine vow.

Such is the sacred famine of a crowne,
 That it to satisfie, before we faile,

The Alexandrian

What stands within our way, all must go downe,
And bands of blood or friendship nought auaille.

These glory-rauish'd soules that would be great,
Will pretermit no meanes although vniust:
Impatient of copartners in the state;
For amongst riuals there can be no trust.

Eum. Well, I perceiue *Antipater* doth tend,
With all his powre, t'attaine that sacred prey:
Which loe of late augmented now in th'end,
Through euery danger once may make a way.

And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,
Then whilst *Antipater* with *Agis* striu'd,
That he without the limits of his charge,
More like a king than a Lieutenant liu'd.

Antigonus, and *Ptholomie* in armes
Are ioy'nd in one, our ruine bent to breed:
I feare that friendship procreate our harmes,
Valesse their spight preuented be with speed.

Perd. Ile lodge you now *Eumenes* in my brest,
And let you see the ground of my designs:
Since that we both alike must toyle or rest,
As those whose course one planet now confines.

Since at his death, I by our dying Lord
Was in his place appointed to succeed,
And that my fortune doth a meanes afford,
How that I compasse may what he decreed.

To leaue that place I cannot well agree,
As if I wanted courage to command:
Ile take that which the fates do throw on me:
For if without a throne, I cannot stand.

And those that would performe difficult things,
Must not regard what way, so they preuaile;
Of sleight, then force a greater furtherance brings,
The Fox must helpe if that the Lyon faile.

So for *Antipater* a snare t'haue layd,
His daughter I in marriage did require:
That so the time might but haue bin delayd,
Till that I had accomplisht my desire.

For with the shadow of pretended loue,
And hope of that affinitie to come:
I from his bounds was minded to remoue,
A warrelike troupe wherewith himselfe t'orecome.

But to deceiue deceiuers, t'is most hard,
He quickly did mistrust th'intended wrong:
And from my messengers his eares he barr'd,
As did *Vlisses* from the *Sirens* song.

Eum. This to your state, I think, might much import
If to your selfe you chose a vertuous mate:
Whose beauty pleasure, birth might bring support,
And both concurre in one to blesse your state.

If you to make your high designes more sure,
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe alie:
Thus of some Prince you may the powre procure,
That wil conioynd with you one fortune trie.

What griefe were this if you haue hap t'attaine,
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame:
If after you of yours none doe remaine,
That may enioy your conquests, and your name.

Kings liue most sure, that of their owne haue heires,
Whose sacred persons none dare seeke to wound:
Since though they die, yet there rest some of theirs,
That are t'auenge their death by nature bound.

Pe. Nought rests vntride that might inlarge my might
I minde to match my selfe with such a one:
That if she haue my powre to proue her right,
May be thought worthy of th'*Æmalian* throne:

I with *Olympias* haue deuise a thing,
That may assure her state, and make mine strong:

The *Alexandrian*

The which I hope shall prooue a prosperous spring,
From whence may flow great things ere it belong.

By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,
That our designs t'a glorious end may bring:
I meane she whom hir father *Philip* match'd,
With *Alexander* of th' *Epirots* King.

He hauing heard great *Alexanders* fame,
In emulation of that monarkes praise:
Went with his troupes th' *Etrurians* bent to tame,
Which enterprife did but abridge his dayes.

In marriage with that widdow'd *Queene* combinde,
If that her mother thus our course assist;
Whilst I effect that which I haue design'd,
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?

For whilst this friendship doth my name renoune,
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:
Since hauing thus a title to the Crowne,
As one engrafted within the royall blood.

Eum. I feare that this your purpose to preuent,
A number now take armes all in one forme:
As those that haue discouerd your intent,
And by the lowring cloudes foreknow a storme.

For loe how many else together runne,
That for our ruine wonderfully thirst.

Per. Where do you think that we should then begin
And exercise hostility at first?

Eu. Though we our selues in strangers thrones instal,
And hauing *Asia* to subiection brought:
Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,
Yet all those victories would serue for nought.

Whilst martiall *Macedonie* liuing free,
The spring that still will powre new armies forth,
Doth not acknowledge you her king to be,
Nor hath not proou'd your militarie worth.

Tragedie.

To those that would pursue a Prince in armes,
His chiefeft realme the greatest vantage giues:
Where if the warre hold out, 'tis with his harmes,
Since that within his bowells th'enemy liues.

And warres protracted with a peoples losse,
Doe from their soueraigne alienate their loue:
They lose their hearts whom fortune once doth crosse,
And soild at home can no where else remoue.

He that hath *Macedonie*, hath the best,
Which of our Monarchie the Mistresse is:
That conquerd hath courageously the rest,
And but depends on *Mars* as onely his.

If you were Lord of that vndaunted soile,
And by *Olympias* conntenaunc'd but a while:
Strait from *Antipater* all would recoil,
And him as traitor to the state exile.

To you that are a *Macedonian* borne,
If match'd with *Cleopatra* great in powres:
The *Macedonians* gladly would be sworne,
And if commaunding them, then all were yours.

Perd. Yet this opinion partly I disprooue,
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:
For if that we from hence our force remooue,
And to the *Æmathian* bounds directly tend.

There must at first a doubtfull warre be proou'd,
With those braue bands whose valour is well knowne:
Of whom *Craterus* deerely is belou'd,
That bound t' *Antipater* are all his owne.

And though indeede as kindly to those parts,
My friendship is affected to by some:
Yet others haue preoccupi'd their harts,
And will discredite vs before we come.

Then whilst that we the *Macedonians* boast,
And leaue those realmes vnarm'd that else are ours:

Strait

Straight *Ptolomie*, when strengthened is his hoste,
May enter *Asia* and supplant our powres.

I by my iudgement willingly would take,
The course that seemes to make our state most sure:
It dangerous is t'haue foes behind our backe,
That vnawares our ruine may procure.

My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,
That *Egipt* first shall burdend be with warre:
For if that *Ptolomie* were once orethrowne,
Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.

Eum. Hold still with you those of the sacred blood,
Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend:
The countnance of the great may doe much good,
Whome still though weake, the world delights t'attend.

Exeunt.

A C T. III. S C E N E II.

Olympias, Roxane.

LET sorrow then euen tyrannize my soule,
Whose rage with reason now no measure keeps:
What of my teares the torrent can controule,
Since flowing from afflictions deepest deeps?

How can my breast but hurst whilst sobs rebound?
Since once the seate of ioyes now not the same:
May not huge horrors presse me to the ground,
In thinking what I was, and what I am.

I was a great mans wife, a greater mother,
Euen she to whome the heauens their best did giue:
Yet I, euen I, more plagu'd than any other,
In dungeons now of desolation liue.

My sonne that was the glorie of his time,
Staine of times past, and light of times to come:

Tragedie.

(O fraile mortalitie, O sliderie slime,)

Though hauing all ore com'd, death did ore come.

And I (deiected wretch) whose dying eies,
He was by Natures custome bound t'haue closde:
Was not to shut his starres with th'iuorie skies,
That tapestried where maiestie reposed.

But ah! his falling in a forraine part,
Hath (if it can b'enlargde) enlargde my grieffe:
Else I on him would melted haue my hart,
And spent my selfe t'haue purchasde his reliefe.

Yet though I was not present at his death,
He shall not be defrauded of my teares:
But for his funerall fires my flaming breath
Doth smoake, and to his ghost a tribute beares.

Rox. Ah, to what corner rolles my watry sight?
Where it not findes some matter to bemone:
O foolish eies! whie loose ye not your light?
Since that your treasure is to ruine gone.

Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne,
To whom iust loue that great man did engage:
Whose match in worth the world hath neuer borne,
Nor neuer shall enrich another age.

When those perfections whiles transport my minde,
Which admiration onely doth dilate:
I'm woe that me the destinies designde,
To be the partner of his glorious state.

And I repent that to his sight I past,
Though highly graced on a festiuall day:
A feast that many a time must make me fast,
And with slowe woe that flying mirth defray.

Then if my fortune had not blinded me,
But ah! whose iudgement had it not bereau'd?
Whilst the worlds Monarke daignd to like of me,
I had theuent of my high flight conceiu'd.

The Alexandrian

He of th' *Asian* Prince whose state did then decline,
Had both the wife and daughters at his will:
Whose beauties glorie would haue darkned mine,
Yet free from snares retainde his fancies still.

Then when my father chose out from the rest,
Those virgins all whom Fame affirmd for rare:
Though hauing viewd them all, he lou'd me best,
Then thought most fortunate (if not most faire.)

And when his martiall nobles were dismaid,
That he himselfe with captiues had alide:
He by that meanes (as loue had dired) saide,
Tooke from the vanquisht shame, from victors pride.

Then me as Empresse all did entertaine,
Though his inferior farre in all respects:
Till I from him by death diuorde remaine,
Whom with his sonne now all the world neglects.

Olym. Although this will but aggrauate my woe,
From whom the Fates all comfort now seclude:
Yet do I reuerence his remembrance so,
That of my sonne to heare it doth me good.

And daughter now, to double my distresse,
Make me at length acquainted with his death:
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,
Sad newes mine eares, teares eies, and sighes my breath.

Rox. Though griefe to me scarce libertie affordes,
T'expresse the passions that oppresse my mind:
Yet would affection wrestle out some wordes,
To speake of him that all my ioyes confind.

When he had conquerd all that could resist,
A monarchie not equall with his minde:
Still in his haughty course he did insist,
And search'd out th' Ocean other worlds to finde.

But when from it his nauie was redeemde,
He stood in doubt where trophées next to reare:

Tragedie.

For all the world for him too little seemde,
His minde could more conceiue than nature beare.

Then ah this Emprour purposde was in th'end,
At *Babylon* his glories height to shew:
Where all the world his comming did attend,
As *Ioue* aboue, he onely raignde below.

When he drew neere that then thrice Monarks seate,
All th' *Astrologians* by their skill foretold,
What dangers there were threatned to his state,
The which else-where might better be controlld.

But he that was not capable of feare,
And could not muse of misadventures then:
Causde through that towne him selfe in triumph beare,
Backd with moe kings, than other kings with men.

There as a god in all his subiects sights,
Which mirth with mourning I must still record:
He spent, or lost a time in al delights,
That a successfull fortune could afford.

Till *Thessalus*, for mischief but reseru'd,
Once to his house inuited him to dine:
Where false *Cassander* at the table seru'd,
And as he vsde, with water mixt his wine.

Olym. Alas, alas, and so it proou'd in th'end,
But who could feare a benefited friend?

Rox. The creatures al esteemde of greatest worth,
That either are in th'earth, the sea, or th'aire:
In *Persia*, *Arabia*, or the *Ind's* brought forth,
That walke, that swim, that flie, that grow, were there.

Then when that reason drunke with pleasure slept,
Which all things did abundantly afford:
And whilst that nought saue musicke measure kept,
With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onclie was ador'd.

But when the King beginning was to drinke,
As strangely moou'd he thundred forth a grone:

The Alexandrian

And from the table sodainly did shrinke,
As one whose strength was at an instant gone.

Then when he softly was t'a chamber led,
That Death a title to his bodie claimde:
The sorrowing souldiers swarmd about his bed,
With lookes, once fierce, then for compassion framde.

But he whome victorie had still arrayd,
This battell with the rest bent to make euen:
Did looke like one whome all the world obayd,
And boasted shortly then to take the heauen.

Then that he comfort might th'afflicted bands,
He stretcht them out to kisse respected partes:
More by the Sword than Scepter honord hands,
On which it seemde they melted all their harts.

Last, vnto them those generous words he tolde,
Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:
Thus to die yoong in yeeres, in glorie olde,
Of all our familie it is the lot.

And since that no mo worlds now rest t'orecome,
It's time to die: I did an Empire found,
And liu'd and raignde; it's done for which I come,
Now my great ghost must goe beneath the ground.

Then hauing thus dischargde all debt of life,
He with a countnance constant euen in death:
As too victorious of that fatall strife,
All th'aire perfuming spent th'imperious breath.

But when that it once through the camp was knowne,
That from the world that world of worth was gone,
What anguish was it cannot well be showne,
I had my part, yet had not all alone.

O let that day which makes my dayes all night,
Be registred amongst the dismall dayes:
Whose inauspicious and lugubrious light,
The world with some disauster still dismayes.

And

And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,
 Once seate of Monarches, mistresse of all th'earth:
 But from hence-foorth a slaue to forraine powres,
 Still burden'd be thy bounds with blood and death.

Olimp. You need not vse those execrations more,
 Though *Babylon* of breath that prince depriv'd:
 Yet as an Oracle had told before,
 In *Macedonie* was his death contriu'd.

T' *Antipater* t'was told, how diuers times
 The king against him had beene mou'd to wrath:
 And doom'd, as guiltie of opprobrious crimes,
 His sonne in law *Lincestes* vnto death.

And he had heard the king did strictly trie,
 How his Lieutenants had their places vsde:
 Still making all as traitours strait to die,
 That had t he same in any sort abusde.

Then he that priuate was t'his owne misdeeds,
 Had learnd by others what he might expect:
 As whose ambitious breast in pride exceeds,
 And alwayes did a soueraigntie affect.

But when *Craterus* was nam'd to his place,
 And he in his requir'd the warres t'attend:
 He thought that it was but a meanes t'embrace,
 To plague his pride with a deserued end.

Then to preuent that, which I thinke was still
 More fear'd by him, then purposde by the king:
 With guiltie thoughts best exercisde in ill,
 He sought what might to death his soueraigne bring.

And this the traytor compassde at the last,
 As I alas, haue learnde (although too late)
 When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,
 As to congratulate his prosprou state.

Then in his companie he did retaine,
 A poyson powrefull where it was imploy'd:

Whose violence no mettall could restraine,
But in a horses hoofe was still conueigh'd.

He, and his brother then th'advantage watchde,
And for their prince a cup of poyson made:
Thus he that neuer was by th'enemies matchde,
Doth by the treason of his friends lye dead.

Rox. And could, or durst those traytors be so bold,
The glory of the world to vndermine:
But ah, Madam, *Antipater* of old,
Against your greatnesse alwayes did repine.

And I remember on a time he sent
A Messenger, of minde to make you bow:
That to your sonne a letter did present,
Full of inuectiues to discredite you.

The king whilst reading what it did comprise,
Did with a scornfull smile *'Hephestion* say:
In writing of such things he is not wise,
Which straight one mothers teare will wash away.

Olimp. My sonne indeed I many a time aduisde,
How that disloyall man striu'd to be great:
But as a womans wit, mine was despi'de,
And wrested still vnto the sense of hate.

Yet of my sonne I thought the deeds were such,
That 'admiration com'd they past enuy:
And that none durst his sacred person touch,
On which the daunted world did whole relye.

How oft haue I those bitter throwes allowde,
By which I brought that demi-god to light:
And well I might of such a birth be prowde,
That made me glorious in the peoples sight.

Though diuers too, as I haue sometime knowne,
T'estrage his loue from me did waye strepare:
Yet were their flights by duteous loue ure-
hrowne,
And I respected with a reuerent care.

Tragedie.

His tender loue towards me was much extolde,
Then when he sought t'establish a decree:
That I amongst th'Imortalls might b'enrold,
And as t'a Goddesse, honors done to me.

Ah, how can I this tragicke time suruiue,
That lost a sonne so great, a sonne so kinde?
And th'only meanes that make me now to liue,
Is with reuenge, hope t'entertaine my minde.

Rox. His loue towards you no doubt behou'd t'abound
(By nature parents of their owne are lou'd)
But those towards whom he by no bond was bound,
Of his humanitie the fruits haue prou'd.

His clemencie did make his state more sure,
Then all the terrors rising from his name:
Which whilst he liu'd did publike loue procure,
And after death a neuer dying fame.

Th'vnhappy *Sisgambis* taking heart
Of her owne naturall sonne, the death suruiu'd:
And t'*Alexander* did that loue impart,
The which was due to *Darius* whilst he liu'd.

But when the tidings wounded had her eares,
That from the world was robde that glory of men:
Then suddenly dissoulde in floods of teares,
She hated life as neuer spoilde till then.

And with her widdow'd-nephew at her feete,
That of *Hephestion* did the death bewayle:
Her soule amidst a sea of woes did fleet,
Whose forces as ouer-whelme began to fayle.

Then barre from food she groueling did abide,
Till that the course of life t'an end was runne:
Thus she suruiude her sonne, yet with him dide,
In whom she found th'affections of a sonne.

olimp. If but by hearing of his dolorous end,
A stranger (once his captiue) dide for griefe.

Ah, shall his mother on new hopes depend,
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe?

And so I will, for 'twere a great disgrace
To me the mother of th'all-conquering man:
Like other women to giue fortune place,
And yeeld to miserie as many can.

Though griefe at first must mollifie me once,
(Else as vnnaturall I might be admirde)
Yet will I not still burst my brest with groanes,
Than that of me more courage is requirde.

Ile not degener from my generous kinde,
(Faint-hearted hindes brought neuer Lyon forth)
Nor yet a mother of an abiect mind;
Had neuer borne a monarch of such worth.

And, O, who knowes, but once the time may come,
That I 'auenge my selfe a meanes may haue:
And may against these traytors yet mouue some,
That with their blood may bathe their sou'raignes graue.

Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,
That with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse:
Their valor ventring in a cause so iust,
Doth by appearance promise good successe.

Rox. Loe, now of late deliuered of a sonne,
I to these captaines scarce dare make it knowne:
That else to part his kingdomes haue begunne,
And might, by killing him, make all their owne.

Ay me (Madam) this makes me most to pause,
That still th'ambition of those great men feare:
Left by pretending but a publike cause,
They seeke themselues th'authoritie to beare.

Ah, they of my yong babe as mou'd with ruth,
Would but be Tutors first, and traytors then:
Voyd of obedience, dutie, loue, or truth;
No deerer things then diadems to men.

Tragedie.

Olimp. As those whose courage cannot be dismaide,
Let vs a faction studie now to finde:

And whilst that pittie doth procure for aide,
Go tune the peoples passions now t'our minde.

Vnlesse their loue haue perishde with his life,
Of *Alexander*, in a high degree:
I thinke the sonne, the mother, and the wife,
Must of the *Macedonians* reuerenc'd be.

And this doth with disdain my soule consume,
That *Arideus* amongst other wrongs:
And prowde *Euridice* his wife presume,
To vsurpe those honours that but t'vs belongs.

O they shall finde my fortune not so changde,
But I am able yet t'abate their pride:
What? what? *Olimpias* must be reuengde:
That (saue her selfe) a Queene disdaynes t'abide.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Loe how all good decayes,
And euills begin t'abound,
In this skie-compass't round:
There is no kinde of trust
For mankind whilst it strayes,
In pleasure-paued wayes
With floods of vice is drown'd,
And doth farre from refuge
In endlesse shadowes lodge:
Yet strives to rise no more,
No doubt as most vniust,
The world once perish must:
And worse now to restore,
Then that it was before,

H

When

The Alexandrian

*When at the last deluge,
Men by Ducalion once,
Were made againe of stones.
And well this wicked race
Bewraves a stonie kinde,
That beares a stubborne minde,
Still hardned vnto sinne.*

*Lo, now in euery place
All vertuous motions cease.
And sacred faith we finde
Now farre from th'earth is fled,
Whose flight huge euills hath bred,
And fills the world with warres,
Whilst impious breasts, begin
Still to let treason in:*

*Which common concord marres,
Whilst all men liue at iarres,
And nets of fraud do spread
Th'vnvarie to surprize,
Too wittie, but not wise:
Yet those that in deceit
Their confidence repose,*

*A deerer thing do lose
Then can by guile be gain'd.
Which being repented late,
Brings ruine to their state,
Whilst purer spirits disclose
Wherewith their breasts are stord:
For though they would remord,
They get not trust againe;
But hauing honor stain'd,
And covenants prophain'd
Are held in high disclaine,
And do in end remaine*

Tragedie.

Of all the world abhorr'd;
Not trustie when they should,
Not trusted when they would.
But ah, our Nobles now,
Lo, like Lisander still,
So that they get their will,
Regard not by what way,
And with a shamelesse brow,
Doe of th' effect allow,
Euen though the meanes were ill.
Which all the world may see
Disgraces their degree,
That should not learne to lowre,
But throwe base sleights away.
What can braue mindes dismay?
Whose worth is as a towre
Against all fortunes powre,
Still from all fraud being free?
These keepe their course unknowne,
Whom it would shame if shewn:
VWho not from worth digresse
T' vse sleights that feare imparts.
Doe shew heroicke hearts,
The which would rather farre
An open hate professe,
Then secretly suppressse,
Honor scornes fearefull artes.
But those that doe vs leade,
As for dissembling made,
Euen though that they intend
Amongst themselues t' haue warre,
Seeme in no sort to iarre,
But friendship do pretend,
Not like their Lord thats dead,

The Alexandrian

That trusting to his worth,
Still what hee meant spake forth.
The great men not for nought
Do seeke the peoples loue:
And them their deeds i' approue,
Do labor still i' allure.
But Perdiccas it's thought
Too sparingly hath sought
Our mindes towards him to moue,
As one that still conceits
Hee may command the fates:
His pride so great is growne,
That none can it indure:
Yet stands his state vnsecure,
Since odious to his owne,
He must b' at last ore-throwne
Whose humour each man hates:
Pride doth her followers all,
Lead headlong to a fall.

A C T. IIII. S C E N E I.

Antigonus. Eumenes.

Antigonus
TOugh stormie discord and tumultuous warres
Doe fire the minds of men with flames of rage,
That hauing hautie thoughts as heauen hath starres,
Their indignation nothing can asswage.

Yet loe, amongst the souldiers wauiug bowres,
The Heraulds cryes, whiles calmes the trumpets sounds,
And peace dare inter-pose her vnarm'd powres,
To limit for a time *Bellonaes* bounds.

And whilst of furie they suspend th' effects,

The

Tragedie.

The seeming-friended foes haue conference whiles,
And each shewes th'other what his soule affects,
A shadow of the blisse that *Mars* exiles.

Thus men magnanimous amidst the field,
Dare to th'assurance of their enemies trust:
And loathing what disloyaltie doth yield,
Not violate their vowes, nor proue vniust.

Though Loue be past, yet Truth should still remaine,
I vertuous partes cuen in my foes applaud;
A gallant mind doth greater glorie gaine,
To die with honor than to liue by fraude.

And why *Eumenes* as mistrusting me,
Else standing on your reputation long,
Did you disdain to come (as all men see)
T'a greater than your selfe, and t'one more strong.

Eu. Thogh we not come to plead our birthright here,
Let him (but warriors take not so their place)
In whom best signes of noblenesse appeere,
Bethought extracted of the noblest race.

Most noble he that still by vertue striues,
To leaue his name in minds of men engrau'd;
And to his offspring greater glorie giues,
Than of his ancestors he hath receiu'd.

Erst we by birth in warre not marshalld stooode,
As at the table vpon Iuorie beds;
A souldiers worth consists not in his blood,
But in the blood of th'emies that he sheds.

What euer others of my linage try,
I am *Eumenes*, and I scorne t'accord,
That there can be a greater man than I,
While as I haue a heart, a hand, a sword.

An. Loc, when prosperitie too much preuailes,
Aboue the iudgement thus of vulgar mindes,
As little barges burdend with great sailes,

The Alexandrian

Theyleape aloft being swolne with fortunes windes.

And as aduersitie the sprite refines,
From out the drosse of pride, and passions base:
That vertue in affliction clearest shines,
And makes one all the waies of wit to trace.

So good successe doth make the iudgement die,
Then whilst the fortunate their ease doe take:
And lulld asleepe in Pleasures meadowes lie,
As fatted for the slaughter, ripe to shake.

Yet this the nature is of gallant men,
To rest (being in no state too much inuolu'd)
When prospering best most warie and humble then;
If cross'd, then more couragious and resolu'd.

What though your first attempts renowned are,
By which you in two fields victorious stode,
And did orethrow two thunderbolts of warre,
That lost their liues amidst a scarlet flood?

Yet is that course of victorie controlde,
And you haue tride what force your force exceeds:
Then let not wither'd Laurels make you bolde,
As still reposing on your by-past deedes.

For by the fame t'an indignation mou'd,
The *Macedonians* all abhorre your name;
That at that time so prowde a conquerour prou'd,
And with their great mens slaughter wing'd your fame.

Eum. No fortune past so puffes vp my conceit,
That it contempt of further danger brings:
Nor am I so deiected now of late,
But I intend to doe farre greater things.

He by prosperitie made neuer prowde,
That knowes the frailtie of this earthly frame,
Can hardly by aduersitie be bowd;
The Sunne (although eclips'd) remains the same.

Thinke not that worth consists in the successe,

Tragedie.

As th'effence did on th'accidents depend:
The fault of fortune makes it not the lesse,
On which oft-times the hardest happes attend.

For Fortune beares not still the badge of worth,
Nor miserie the signes of gallant mindes:
Which yet still like themselues are sparkeling forth,
In every state some tokens of their kindes.

Now at this time o're-match'd by numbrous powres,
I kept my courage, though I lost the field:
And vaunt no more of it, for some few howres
May once to me the like aduantage yeelde.

And it's not long since that to Fortune deere,
The world had neuer me but victor spide;
Though I protest before th'immortalls heere,
Moou'd by Necessitie, and not by Pride.

Prowd *Neoptolemus* that traitor still,
Not worthy of a *Macedonians* name,
Bent to betray the hoste, and me to kill,
Had labord long to his eternall shame.

But of *Craterus* I lament the fall,
Whom for his vertue I did deereley loue,
And was constrain'd; (I *Ioue* to witnes call,)
For my defence that last refuge to proue.

Ans. How fortun'd you your forces to dispose,
So well 'auoyd that storme of threatned harmes?
For then you had to deale with mightie foes,
That were in warre growne hoarie vnder armes.

Eum. When faithlesse *Neoptolemus* did spie,
That all his treason was t'our knowledge brought,
To th'enemies camp he sodainely did flie,
A foolish traitor that was false for nought.

There he informde, or mis-informde my foes,
That haughtie through my victories of late:
I in my tent did carelesly repose,

Though

The Alexandrian

Though not by force, yet to b'orecomd by fate.

And further then t' *Antipater* he told,
That if the *Macedonians* at that time,
The countnance of *Craterus* might beholde,
They willingly would yeelde themselues to him.

Now they had labord earnestly before,
That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part:
And did protest, that they would giue me more,
Than yet I had, or hop'd for in my hart.

But Loue borne free, cannot be thrald, nor bought,
More than a shamefull peace I likde iust strife:
To generous mindes more deere than honour nought,
And ere I leaue my faith, Ile lose my life.

Thus being despair'd that I would proue their friend,
They sought in time t'orethrow me as their foe,
Where loue could not beginne, that hate might end,
And came in haste bent to surprize me so.

But I that knew *Neoptolemus*-his slight,
Did him against the *Macedonians* bend:
And to conceale *Craterus* from their sight,
T'encounter him, causde troupes of strangers tend.

This policie which none could iustly blame,
I with my selfe in secret did conspire:
And had my shirt bin priuie to the same,
It should haue bin an offering to the fire.

When once that the first game of death was past,
I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,
And he me too, which happned at the last,
Two will do much to meet, being of one minde.

Then whilst we met for whom both th'armies wart'd,
Whose fortune then depended on our hands,
All was performd that force or furie dar'd,
Bent by reuenge t'abate each th'others bands.

And yet the heauens would not betray my trust,

Tragedie.

Foule treason neuer had a fairer end:
The gods smilde on my cause because t'was iust,
And did destruction to the traitor fend.

For forcde by him whose force he did despise,
Though fighting fiercely long he lost his breath:
As one more strong than true, more stowt than wise,
Whose greatest honour was his honest death.

But weakned with huge woundes, almost I diu'd
In seas of blood, being quite from knowledge straide,
Yet by so great a victorie reuiu'd,
My courage grew more than my strength decayd.

I hauing finisht thus this fatall strife,
Came where *Craterus* nere his course had runne:
Euen in the confines placde twixt death and life,
Whilst th'one was gone and th'other not begunne.

He with great valour had resisted long,
As all *Briareus* hands had mou'd his sword:
And did his Maisters memorie no wrong,
Being with his courage, not his fortune stor'd.

What life refusde t'obtaine by death he sought,
For life and death are but indifferent things:
And of themselues not to be shund, nor sought,
But for the good or th'euill that either brings.

With endlesse glorie bent t'exchange his breath,
Of desprate valour all the powre was prou'd:
And for great Captaines no more glorious death,
Then to die fighting with a minde vnmou'd.

When this daies toiles were drawne vnto an end,
Whilst th'armies courage with their captaine fell,
That I might safely shew my selfe a friend,
I went where death his senses did cancell.

And whilst I told how both to be betraid,
By *Neoptolemus* were brought about:
My woe with teares I to the world bewraid,

The Alexandrians

Milde pittie and true kindnes must burst out.

Ah, if the newes of this my good successe,
Had comd in time vnto *Perdiccas* eares:
He might haue liu'd their pride now to repressse,
That by his fall were first deuorcd from feares.

Ant. The humour of that man was too well knowne,
Could he haue parted other men from pride:
That was becomd a slaue vnto his owne,
And for the same forcde by his followers, dide.

Eu. The prow'd must stil be plagu'd by powder ones,
There must be had sharp steele to smoothe rough stones.

An. No vice than pride doth greater hate procure,
Which foes doe scorne and friends can not indure.

Eum. Yet maiestie must not it selfe deieect,
A loftie carriage doth procure respect.

Ant. A haughtie gesture shews a tyrants hart,
All loue a curteous countnance voyde of Art.

Eume. Yet maners too submisse as much condemnd,
Do make kings scornd and captains be contemnd. (soft,

An. A humble port, kind looks, words smooth, and
Are means by which great mindes may mount aloft.

Eum. Those are indeede for such as raise their flight,
They may doe more whose course is at the height,
A imperious form an empire must defend,

An. Thus hastned was *Perdiccas* to his end.

Eum. That worthy man had many faire designs,
But vertue still by enuy is persude:
Though as a candle in the night best shines,
It in a vicious age may best be viewd.

There was a man that scornd secure delights,
As prodigall of paines, attemptiue, bold:
A strict obseruer of all th'antient rites,
And th'vncorrupted discipline of old.

He lou'd to haue the souldiers of his band,

Chusd at the musters, not in markets bought:
 And would not flatter where he might command,
 More meete t'enioy, than seeke that which he sought.

But souldiers now in this degenerd age,
 Are fawnd on by faint mindes, bribde in such sort:
 That hauing still the reines loofd to their rage,
 They cannot with so straight a course comport.

For that which was misfortune knowne to all,
 Their malice as misgouernement did cite:
 All things must help th'vnhappy man to fall,
 They thus spewd forth the poison of their spite,

For hating his franke forme and naked wordes,
 By that occasion whetting their desires:
 They in their captaines bodie sheathd their swords,
 A deede which euen barbaritie admires.

Those trait'rous troups may spot the purest bands,
 If for a fact so vile they be excusde:
 This will set swords in all our souldiers hands,
 Against vs, and not for vs to be vsde.

Antig. I would be glad that souldiers neuer thought,
 But that thing which their Generalls first conceiu'd:
 Much lesse t'attempt against their bodies ought,
 The which by them as sacred should be sau'd.

Nor like I captaines that like bluftring windes
 Would ouer their troupes triumph as tyrants still,
 Without regard to merites, or to mindes,
 As carried headlong with a blinded will.

From selfe-prefumption first pride borrowes might,
 Which with contempt being matchd, both do conspire,
 And twixt them bring base crueltie to light,
 Th'abhorred of-spring of a hated fire.

Such of *Perdiccas* was th'excessiue pride,
 The vice from which that viler vice procedes,
 That it strange wayes for his aduancement tride,

And did burst forth in most prodigious deeds.

The murder of *Meltager* first began
To tell what tyrants harbourd in his hart,
To whom faith giuen, nor yet the church he wan,
Though sacred both no safety could impart.

And being by him constraind to quite the field,
The guiltlesse *Capadocians* desprate bands,
Chose rather than to that prowde victor yeelede,
To perish by the powre of their owne hands.

Yet what against his foes he did performe,
From martiall mindes might pleade for some excuse,
Whilst vindicatiue thoughts that wrongd do storme,
In th'irritated minde did furie infuse.

But yet why sought he in a seruile sort
T'extend his tyrannie, euen towards his friends,
That could not with disdainfull formes comport:
More than an enemies yoke a friends offends.

And when of late by *Ptolomie* constraind,
He brought his bands with disaduantage backe:
How by the same his gouernement was staine,
The world can witnesse by his armies wracke.

But Hate being iudge, each error seemes a crime,
Then whilst the present aggrauates whats gone:
His fouldiers mou'd by fortune, and the time,
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.

Eum. As nought smells well to a distemperd taste,
So to conceits preoccupied before:
Euen good seemes bad in them that they detest,
Men must mislike when they can like no more.

To you that loath'd *Perdiccas* and his state,
What came of him could neuer yet seeme good:
And I not wonder though your soule did hate
One that had right and powre to take your blood.

For fled from him to whom you once belongd,
His trumpet still breath'd terror in your eare:

Then

Then all men hate those whom they once haue wrong'd,
And by no meanes can loue them whom they feare.

Antig. That which you speake of hate, in loue I spy,
Loue cannot finde an imperfection forth:
But doth excuse, extenuate, or denie
Faults where it likes, with shaddowes of no woorth.

I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,
That first to take my life all meanes did prooue:
I told t' *Antipater*, how he so long
Had bin abulde by a pretended loue.

For as I frankly loue, whilst lou'd againe,
If me the ingrate ingrately do aquite:
Straight kindling furie with a iust disdain,
I by loue past proportion, then my hate.

And yet *Eumenes*, I commend thy minde,
That to defend thy friend hast prou'd so free:
And since in loue so constantly inclinde,
I would contract a friendship firme with thee.

Then where that now thy state hath bin brought low,
Since spoilde of him in whom thou didst repose:
Whilst aided by our powre thou great may grow,
And raise thy hopes of kingdomes to dispose.

Eum. Ile be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest,
For without vertue friendship is but vaine:
Which cannot build in a polluted breast,
Whose impious thoughts doe sacred things prophane.

So long as th'oath is kept that once was sworne,
Both t' *Alexanders* selfe, and t'all his race,
Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,
But in my heart they hold the highest place.

And do not thus as ouer one vanquish'd vaunt,
Nor think me thrall'd thogh once by chance ore-thrown
Whilst ther's a world aduenturers cannot want,
Ile tossé all states t'establish once mine owne.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. SCENE II.

Cassander. Lisimachus.

AND must we buy our pompe at such a rate,
That beare th'authoritie, or whom it beares?
O, O! how thornie are the wayes of state,
With open dangers pau'd and secret feares?

Each of our steps is waited with some snare,
Whilst from our selues we all repose repell:
And through the waues of greatnesse toss'd with care,
Do seeke a hauen, whose heauen is but a hell.

Lisim. Whilst *Eolus* and *Neptune* ioy'n'd in all,
With windes and waues beat th'earth and boist the skies:
The tumbling mountaines doe not rise and fall,
Though ech of them another doth surpris;

As do th'aspiring potentates with doubt,
Toss'd through the wauing world on stormie thornes,
That are as in a circle hurld about,
Ascending and discending both at once.

Lo, some whose hope would by their birth haue seem'd
Within the compasse of contempt confinde:
Haue from the vulgar yoke themselues redeem'd,
To doefarre more than such could haue design'd.

And some to whom the heauens mishaps will giue,
Though on their breath the breath of thousands hings
Lo, whiles brought low, cannot haue leaue to liue,
Made lesse then subiects, that were more than kings.

Cass. Thus some without appearance do procure,
The most respected place where greatnes staves:
And some whose states seem'd once t'all eyes secure,
Thrown from their fortunes height lose glorious bayes.

My father, lo, t'attaine th'imperiall place,
March'd through impossibilities of late:

And

And greater then the greatest, for a space,
Was Monarch of the *Macedonian* state.

But I his sonne, that as some would suppose,
Might keep with ease, that which he got with paine:
Can by no meanes my restles thoughts repose,
Such raging tyrants ouer my fancies raigne.

Lisim. And yet I thinke you haue an easie part,
To whom your father did his state resigne:
For it may make you smile that made him smart,
Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.

Cass. Ile not beleue that euer any ill,
Was bred for me within my fathers breast;
Since children must suppose their parents will,
(Though seeming bad) still purposde for the best.

And yet my fathers ghost must pardon me,
Though when from vs he minded to remoue:
I thinke the tenor of his last decree,
Shew lacke of iudgement, or at least of loue.

For what base course had euer bin begun,
To make me seeme vnworthy of his place,
That he prefer'd a stranger to his sonne,
And sought t'obscure the glory of his race.

Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,
The sonne that should his name from death exempt:
As dis-regarded for some great defect,
All other men may haue me in contempt.

But ere his age expirde th'expected date,
He saw my browes with Laurell boughes arrai'd:
And spi'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,
Which grew as much as th'other mans decai'd.

Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,
But *Polispercon* shall experience soone:
That in my fathers will, I will allow,
Not what he did, but what he should haue done.

And

The Alexandrian

And since by him high dignities were wonne,
I mind to prosecute what he began :
For such a fathers greatnesse from his sonne,
Takes the securitie of a priuate man.

Lo, *Polispercon* by our powre repeld,
From *Macedonie* hath retirde dismaide:
And for the feare of vs hath bin compeld,
T'engage his glory for anothers ayde.

Let him not thinke the shaddow of the kings,
Can match my powre with these his borrow'd bands,
For his faint flight that's fram'd with others wings,
Will neuer beare him from *Cassanders* hands.

And though *Olimpias* countnanc'd once his cause,
As from *Epirus* brought to ruine mee :
Now of her owne mishap she most must pause,
Since brought by vs of late t'a low degree.

Lisim. And yet *Olimpias* had a good successe,
When first she touch'd the *Macedonian* bounds:
Whilst *Polispercon* proudly did repress
All those that durst resist with words, or wounds.

Though *Philip* and *Euridice* his Queene,
T'encounter with their troupes in time arriu'de:
Yet when the *Macedonians* had her seene,
As their owne Queene to honor her they striu'de.

And haplesse *Philip* being constrainde to yield,
There for a kings did take a captiues state:
And his wretch'd mate (though flying from the field)
Was follow'd by their forces, and her fate.

Then thus her husband and her selfe gaue place,
Whose browes of late th'imperiall badge had borne:
But then throwne downe in th'Ocean of disgrace,
A prey t'a womans pride, the butt of scorne. (trap,

Cass. Those were the meanes that did them first en-
But haue you heard how after they were thrall:

Tragedie.

To plague the world with horrou and mis-hap,
Th'enragde *Olimpias* tyrranizde ouer all.

Lisi. Some doubtfull rumours did frequent ech eare,
Such as rash fame confus'dly durst vnfold:
But yet conceald, by fauor, or for feare,
The certaintie to vs hath not bin tolde.

Cass. When thus the famill'd tygresse did surprisē
Those miserable soules, (as in a dreame)
Her heart at first seemde scarfe to trust her eyes,
She surfetted her sight so with their shame.

But when she sawe by reason of her powre,
That she might safely let her rage burst out:
She caude about them both to build a towre,
Within whose walles they scarce could turne about.

And in that dungeon as entomb'd they stood,
With high disgrace t'asswage more high disdaines:
Farre from all comfort whilst a litle foode
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.

But Pittie for th'vnfortunate contendes,
As Enuy still prosperitie controules:
The *Macedonians* doubtfull of their ends,
Would sometime murmure for those marterd soules.

The peoples grudge *Olimpias* did perceiue,
And to preuent what fury might effect,
She strait resolu'd lifes remnant to bereaue,
From weakned powres that did no lesse expect.

And when some barbarous *Thracians* bent for blood,
As she appointed in th'excesse of spight:
Had muredred *Philip* and his Queene imbrude,
With purple streames that spoil'd her husbands spright.

She sent to her, whose soule in griefe did sinke,
As messengers of death t'assault her breast:
A sword, a cord, and an empoison'd drinke,
A Tirants presents, yet a wretches best.

The Alexandrian

For when she first with famous *Philip* match'd,
Then her behavior was not free from blame:
But euen though she with *Argos* eyes was watch'd,
As 't was suppos'd she forfeited her fame.

At least, her husband fear'd for some disgrace,
From her himselfe had publikly deuorc'd:
And entertain'd another in her place,
Which, for the time, to suffer she was forc'd.

Yet this in th'end did his destruction breede,
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long,
She was acquainted with *Pausanias* deede,
And spur'd him to performe th'intended wrong.

She sought, that by such meanes 't ambitious will,
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raines,
Whilst with authoritie she did all th'ill,
Of which too late th'afflicted realme complaines.

Long suffred for the greatnesse of her sonne,
She plaid the tirant safely as she pleas'd:
But by the course that I haue else begunne,
I hope those whom she plagu'd shall now b'appeas'd.

Lisim. Yet of *Olimpias*, though abas'd by you,
The sight her sonne, and husband wil reuiue:
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,
For her reliefe strange couffes to contriue.

Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,
Th'afflictions must entender euerie minde:
And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,
Are head-long led, too cruell, or too kind.

Cass. O, but I can precipitate her fall,
Euen by the meanes that might support her most:
For pittie shall spoile pittie, whilst they all,
Sigh for their friends that through her pride was lost.

Lisim. As those to whom all other things are free,
Must haue their life, and raigne both of one date:

So priuate men that passe their owne degree,
Can hardly turne to take their former state.

Thus you commit your fortune to the fates,
None can retire that enters in such things:
For those that ought attempt against great states,
Must die as traitors, or else liue as kings.

And though you would but some disorders stay,
You deale with those that borne not to be thrall
As torrents beare away what stoppes their way,
And either must do nothing, or doe all.

No, keepe not such, to sigh when they are gone,
That scorne to take the thing that they should giue;
For all must die, that dare but touch a throne,
Those that might take their life; they must not liue.

Cas. Since in this course that I can once but erre,
I shall be sure ere she herselfe withdraw.

Lis. And yet what suretie can you haue of her?
Can Lawes binde them that are about the Law?

It's hard t'establish concord twixt the two,
Where th'one must hate, and th'other alwayes feare.

Cas. O but I minde to vse the matter so,
That both from hence shall further strife forbear.

Lis. What can hir freedome and your peace procure?

Cas. Death both can make hir free, and make me sure.

Lis. And would you do such euill to shed her blood?

Cas. I, t'others euill, so that it do me good.

Lis. The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.

Cas. And yet obey me if I be most strong.

Lis. But who shal haue the realme amidst those broils?

Cas. Who euer winnes the field must keep the spoils.

Lis. So to possesse the realme you haue no right.

Cas. But I haue more, so long as I haue might.

Lis. This state doth to it selfe an heire afford.

Cas. All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the sword.

The *Alexandrian*

Lis. The people all will grudge against your state.

Cas. But dare not stirre whilst feare exceeds their hate.

Lis. And in their hearts they will detest you too.

Cas. Think what they wil that haue not powre to do.

Lis. What though *Olympias* in a little space,
May lose her powre, together with her breath:
Yet there remains another of her race,
That is by nature bound t'auenge her death.

Cas. Th'impetuous streames of a tempestuous flood,
That drownes all th'olde, not yeeldes the yong reliefe:
What foole that of his foes victorious stooke,
Would spoyle an armie, and yet spare the chiefe?

No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,
Ile by the rootes raze all the royall race,
So that no powre shall spring from thence againe,
T'oregrow my greatnesse, and my plants displace.

The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,
Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;
And I haue meanes to keepe my selfe from harme,
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender sonne.

But since this course may serue our states t'auance,
By which a ground for great designs is layde;
I must intreate you now what euer chance,
To lend your approbation, though not ayde.

Lis. Ile be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,
From doing this; but ere you be vndone,
Since that I by your guiltinesse may gaine,
Ile suffer that which I would not haue done.

Exeunt.

Olimpias alone.

C An I be she whom all the world admire:
As being the happiest Queene that raignd below:
Whom

Whom all the planets haue to plague conspирde,
Of fickle fortunes course th'effects to show.

No, 'tis not I, nought could my course controule,
Nor force me thus t'attend anothers will:
Since I despise this prison of my soule,
Where it disdains t'abide in bondage still.

Ah, whilst I did on th'outward pomp rely,
My state the powre of higher powres did tempt,
My state that once bred reuerence and enuie:
Though now it breede but pittie and contempt.

Olimpias once high as *Olimpius* stooode,
The wife of *Philip Alexanders* mother:
That matcht *Alcides* and *Achilles* blood,
T'ingender one more worth than both together.

Am I the woman whose maiestike state
Seemde once so happy to deceiu'd conceits?
I, I am she, and neuer yet more great,
Than at this present, in despight of Fates.

A double bondage long did burden me,
I to my selfe, my selfe to fortune thrall:
But now captiuitie hath set me free,
That could not rise till first I had a fall.

The sprite thats with prosperitie benum'd,
Scarfe like it selfe can to the world appeare:
When Vertue hath Aduersitie ore'com'd,
Then shines true greatnes in her highest spheare.

Our glory now I see consists no more
Without our selues in eie-betraying shoues,
But in the breasts inestimable store,
That neither Time entombes, nor Powre orethrowes.

O neuer were my thoughts enlargde till now,
To marke my selfe, and quintessence my mind,
For long a prey to pride, I know not how,
A mist of fancies made my iudgement blinde.

The Alexandrian

As those that dreame sweet dreames, awakt, at last
Do finde their errour when their eies finde light,
Freed from the slumbring of my fortune past,
I now arise to iudge of all things right.

That cloud of pomp whose smoke me shadowd once,
Loe now remou'd vnmaskes my life too late:
And now I see, that scepters, crownes, and thrones,
Are burdnous badges of a dangerous state.

O happy woman, of true pleasure sure,
That in the countrie leadst a guiltlesse life:
From Fortunes reach retirde, obscure, secure,
Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.

Thy mate more deere to thee than is the light,
Though lowe in state, loues in a high degree:
And with his presence still to blesse thy sight,
Doth scorne great courts whilst he liues courting thee.

And as thou woundst him not with hid disgrace,
He with no iealous thought torments thy breast:
Thus both lie downe to rest, and rise in peace,
Then if they striue, they striue who should loue best.

But though thou haue not as the mightie ones,
Thy necke surchargde with chaines (ah chaines indeed)
Nor eares weighd downe with oriental stones,
Nor robes, whose worth may admiration breed.

So wantst thou that which we haue euer had,
Sad discontentments, iealousie, and spite:
And though thy backe be not with purple clad,
Thy thoughts are clad with innocencies quite.

As Birds, whose cage of golde the sight deceiues,
Do seeme to sing whilst they but waile their state:
So with the mighty matcht, made glorious slaues,
We happy seeme whilst we but curse our fate.

That blisse whose shew in vs vaine eies doe please,
Makes thee indeede a true contentment breathe;

Thou

Tragedie.

Thou spendst thy youth in mirth, thy age in ease,
And knowst not what it is to die till death.

Ah since I liu'd, I haue done nought but die,
Still when I seemde most blest, then most accurst:
Since on fraile greatnes first I did relie,
How oft hath my swolne breast bin like to burst?

The Fates with Fortune from my birth conspirde,
To make my life a patterne of their might:
For both my parents from the world retirde,
When I was scarcely com'd t'ioy the light.

The world may iudge how I was iustly grieu'd,
Whilst angry *Philip* sought for my disgrace,
(A thing which once I scarce could haue beleu'd)
And vnto *Cleopatra* gaue my place.

Then though I long as detprate of reliefe,
For his offence afflicted had my minde:
Yet did his sodaine death augment my grieffe,
He was my husband, though he was vnkinde.

And when my sonnes rare trophes, and renoune,
With wonder filld the world, and me with ioy:
Those as himselfe that striu'd to throw his downe,
Did to supplant my state their powres imploy.

Yet stode my courage when my fortune fell,
And still I toilde distracted from repose:
Those that had him betrayd from th'earth t'expell,,
And with their blood to register my woes.

And my designs a time so prosperd too,
That some of them did tie by torments strange,
All what a womans iust disdain could do,
Whilst spurr'd by ieaousie, spite and reuenge.

But this arch-traitor ruler of the rest,
That thirsts to drinke the blood of all our race:
Euen then when my designs succeded best,
Did compasse me with ruine and disgrace.

The Alexandrian

Such was the tenor of my fortune past,
Whose least mis-hap had made another burst:
First orphan'd, widdow'd, and vnchilded last,
A daughter, wife, and mother all accurst.

Heauens plague *Cassander*, let that base wretch trie,
That *Ioue* his iudgement but a while deferres,
And let his wife bewaile as well as I,
I murderd for my sonne, and she by hers.

Euen as th'incestuous *Thebans* monstrous brood,
So may thy sonnes contend with mutuall wounds:
And neuer let thy house be free from blood,
Till quite excluded from th'vsurped bounds.

Thus notwithstanding of my wonted powre,
To me, saue wishes, nothing doth remaine:
But though condemn'd to die, yet at this houre
Should I beginne to curse, and to complaine?

No no, that custome best becomes poore soules,
Whose resolution cannot climbe more hie:
But I whose courage that base course controules,
Must still triumph what euer state I trie.

Death is an open haueu t'each storme-toss'd minde,
Since th'end of labour, th'entrie vnto rest:
Death hath the bounds of miserie confinde,
Whose sanctuarie saues th'afflicted best.

To suffer whiles with a couragious heart,
It merites farre more praise than deedes most knowne,
For in our actions Fortune hath a part,
But in our sufferings, all things are our owne.

Loe now I loathe the world and worldly things,
Of which I haue both proou'd the best and worst:
Yea th'apprehended death great comfort brings,
And hath no crosse but that it shoul'd be forst.

O heare me now (deare sonne) if that thy ghost
May leaue th'*Elysian* fields to looke on me:

Tragedie.

Of all things else this doth content me most,
That from this time I may remaine with thee.

And blush not sonne to see thy mothers end,
My death in glory with thy life shall strive:
It Fortune as a captiue shall attend,
That as thy fellow followd thee alivē. *Exit.*

Chorus.

AH, ah, though man since th' image of great Ioue,
And th' only creature that giues Reason place,
Made to make faith below of powres above,
Should seeke his heauenlie progenie to proue,
By still resembling most th' immortal kinde,
Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,
That we the cloudes of vanitie embrace,
And from our first excellencie decline.
This doth extinguish that celestially grace,
Which should make soules to burne with vertues loue,
Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feastes,
Vice is the Circe that inchaunts the minde,
And doth transforme her followers all in swine:
Whilst poisond pleasures so corrupt our tastes,
That of halfe-gods we make our selues whole beasts.
And yet of ruthlesse Plutoes raging hoste,
The vice that doth transport presumptuous hearts,
And makes men from the gods to differ most.
T'is crueltie, that to the sufferers cost
And actors both, must ostentimes b' appeas'd.
The gods delight to giue, and to forgiue,
By pardoning more than by plaging please.
And why should men excogitate strange artes,
T' extend their tyrannie as those that strive

The Alexandrian

To see de on mischiefe still, though th' Author smarts
Oft for the deede of which himsef did boast,
Whilst whence the blow first come the grieffe doth turne,
For that by which the minde at first was easde,
May it in end the greatest burden giue.
Oft those whose crueltie makes many mourne,
Do by the fires that they first kindled burne:
Oft th' other tyrants that extort the minde,
With pleasure some delight it in such sort,
That first the honnie, then the gall we finde;
And others, though from Honours court declinde
Some comfort yelde, though base by hope of gaine:
And though some make vs to be loath'd of one,
We by their meanes anothers loue obtaine.
But crueltie, with which none can comfort,
Makes th' author hated when the deede is gone.
Oft euen by those whom it did most support,
As that which alienates men from kinde,
And as humanitie the minde enchants,
So sauage soules that from the same refraine,
More fierce than fiercest beasts are lou'd of none.
With barbarous beasts one with lesse danger hants,
Than with the man whose mind all mercie wants;
Yet though the mind of man, as strong, and rude,
Be ransh'd, whiles with violent desire,
And must, if fir'd with rage, be quencht with blood.
How can this tender sex whose glorie stooode
In hauing hearts iuelinde to pittie still,
Delight it selfe by any barbarous deede?
For Nature seemes in this to haue vsde her skill,
In making womens mindes, though weake, entire,
That weakenesse might loue, and deuotion breede,
To which their thoughts, if pure, might best aspire,
As apte for th' impression of all good:

Tragedie.

But from the best to worst all things do weare,
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed:
In breasts where courage failes, spite, shame, and feare
Make enuie, hate, and rigour rule to beare.
Our Queene Olimpias, that was once so great,
And did such monstrous cruelties commit:
In plaging Philip, and his Ladie of late.
Lo, now being brought to taste the like estate,
Must take such entertainment as she gaue.
And it's good reason that it should be so;
Such measure as we giue we must receiue,
Whilst on a throne she did superblie sit,
And with disdainfull eyes look'd on her foe,
As but being vanquish'd by her powre and wit.
Not mindefull of th'inevitable fate.
O, th'Imortalls that command aboue,
Of euery state in hand the rudder haue:
And as they lie, can make vs stay or goe:
The griefe of others should vs greatly mooue,
As those that sometime may like fortune prooue.
But as experience with rare proofes hath showne,
Do looke on others, we haue Linx-his eyes:
Whilst we would haue their imperfections knowne,
Yet like blinde Moles can neuer marke our owne.
Such clouds of selfe-regarde doe dim our sight,
Why should we be puffde up by a' enemies fall?
Since what the day doth on another light,
The same the morrow may our state surprise.
Those that on this inconstant constant ball,
Do liue enuiron'd with th'all-circkling skies,
Haue many meanes whereby to be ore-throwne,
And why should dying wordlings swolne with wroth,
So tyrranize ouer an afflicted wight?
Since miseries are common vnto all,

The Alexandraan

*Let none be proud that drawes a doubtfull breath;
Good hap attends but few still till their death.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Aristotle. Phocion.

Aristotle
Long haue I now inu'd th'eyes of my minde,
On natures labors curiously to looke:
And of all creatures finding foorth the kinde,
Strange wonders read in th'vniuersall booke.

I marke the world by contraries maintainde,
Whose harmonie doth most subsist by strife:
Whilst of all things within the same containde,
The death of one still giues another life.

But as all things are subiect vnto change,
That partners are of th'elementall powres:
So rould about with reuolutions strange,
The state of man rests constant but few howres,
For what doth fame more frequently report,
Then of our sodaine rising; and our falls?
I thinke the world is but a tennis-court,
Where men are toss'd by fortune as her balls.

Phoc. And neuer any age shewde more than this,
The wauering state of soule-ennobled wights;
That soare too high to seaze on th'ayrie blisse,
Whilst lowest falles attend the highest flights.

The matchlesse Monarch that was boine it seem'd,
To shew how high mortalitie attaines:
Hath not from death the adored flesh redeem'd,
But paine hath made an end of all his paines.

And these braue bands that furnisht fame with breath,
Whilst all the world their valorous deedes did spie:

Rest now confounded (since their soueraignes death)
Like *Poliphemus* hauing lost his eye:

And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,
That tooke their life out of a monster dead:
Whiles ech of them pursues for others blood,
Since the great Drag ons death that was their head.

Ari. So change all things that subiect are t'our sight;
Disorder order breeds, and order it,
Next night comes darknes, and next darknesse light.
This neuer changing change transcends our wit.

Thus pouertie and riches, sicknesse, health:
Both honour and dishonor, life and death,
Do so depend on other, that by stealth,
All goe and come as th'accidents of breath.

T'ech worldly state the heauens a height appoint,
Where when it once arriues it must descend:
And all perfections haue a fatall point,
At which excellencie it selfe must end.

But as all those that walke on th'earth are crossde
With alterations, happning oft and strange:
The greatest states with greatest stormes are tossde,
And sought of many must make many a change.

Nor speake I this by speculation now,
As gathring credit out of ancient scroules:
No, I haue liu'd at court and I know how, (soules.
Ther's nought on th'earth more vex'd, then great mens

Thral'd to the tirant honor, whilst they mone
Their plaints to subiects eares aham'd t'empart:
They must beare all the weight of woes alone,
Where others of their grieffe lend friends a part.

Their rising vs aboue to such a height,
Which seems their best is worst, whilst since being lords:
They neuer heare the truth that comes to light,
When franke societie speaks naked words.

Whilst

The Alexandrian

Whilst sadnesse, whiles seemes maiestie, time tells
How deere they buy their pompe with losse of rest:
Some faine three furies but in all the hells,
And ther's three thousand in one great mans breast.

Phoc. I thinke all monarchies are like the Moone,
Which whiles eclipsd, whiles vnder cloud, whiles cleare,
Growes by degrees, and is when full, vndone;
Yet *Aeson*-like renew'd doth re-appeare.

For so the first, but smal, begin to shine,
And when they once their spherick forme obtaine,
Do then begin to languish and decline,
Yet false in other realmes, doe rise againe.

Th' *Assyrians* once made many a nation bow,
Then next, all powre was in the *Persians* hand:
And lo, the *Macedonians* monarchs now
Amongst themselues diuided cannot stand.

Arist. A secret fate, alternantly all things
Doth in this circle circularly leade:
Still generation from corruption springs,
To th'end that some may liue, some must be dead.

Each Element anothers strength deuours,
Th'ayre to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine:
The water striues to drowne all th'earth with showres,
Which it by vapours vomites out againe.

Thus with a gordian knot together bound,
All things are made, vn-made, and made againe:
Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound,
And norhing in one state doth long remaine.

But nought in th'earth more dangerously standes
Than soueraigntie, that's rated at such worth,
Which like the stormie deities blustering bandes,
Doth flie from East to West, from South to North.

Ph. A long exeperience now makes this noight strange,
Though mightie states whose reines one onely leades;

Be whiles distracted and constrain'd to change,
As too great bodies for so little heads,

Since euery Common-wealth where all mens witts
Do ioyne in one, t'increase the publike ease,
Is subiect oft to feauers, and to fits,
Which Phisicke whiles, whiles poison must appease.

For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,
A *Hydra*-headed beast whilst nought it binds,
Doth passionately praise, or else despise,
As some prepostrous fancies moue their mindes.

Oft vice and vertue haue like danger bred,
Whilst enuie th'one procur'd, and th'other hate:
By iealousie, or emulation dred,
Those ruin'd are by it that raise the state.

Arist. Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne,
The gouernment that's popular decays :
And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,
Whose violence disorders broiles alaiies.

It from corruption doth continue cleane,
As freest from infirmities we finde:
Still whilst it humbly high, doth hold a meane,
Twixt tyrannie, and too remisse a minde.

But though th'one-headed state may flourish long,
Whilst th'one knowes to command, the rest t'obey:
Whilst guerdon followes goodnesse, vengeance wrong,
That vertue cherisht is, vice made decay.

Yet (if nought else) time doth great states orecome,
Heuens haue confinde all by some fatall howre :
And there may many misaduentures come
To dissipate the most vnited powre.

For huge mishaps a monarchie may marre,
When once prosperitie beginnes t'expire:
To further which, whiles strangers must make warre,
And whiles seditious subiects may conspire.

The Alexandrian

As ieaiousie, or else ambition moues,
All Princes would suppress aspirers still:
And then a subiects course most dangerous proues,
When either feare or hope transports his will.

But though to the beginning, and to th'end
Great states are guided by a secret fate:

Yet their design'd destruction doth depend,
Still, either on contempt, or else on hate;

Of those the first kings lacke of courage breeds,
Which makes th'ambitious minds t'attempt more bold:
And th'other doth attend tyrannike deedes,
By violence t'haue violence controld.

Phoc. Yet neuer did so many Monarks fall,
By forraigne battells, nor intestine broiles,
As by themselues, that seeming free, were thrall,
Whilst smooth-tong'd minions gloried of their spoiles.

Those that haue raig'n'd by choise, by birth, or worth,
Or yet through others errors, or their crime,
Oft suffer ougly vices to burst forth,
Which vertues colours gilted till that time.

Men are descipherd best then whilst they rest
Most high aduaunc'd being free from hope or feare:
That which is eminent is marked best,
And highest fortunes hardest are to beare.

Low fortunes cloake the faults that some commit,
Whilst imperfections th'earth perfections deemes,
Stupiditie seemes patience, feare seemes wit,
Will constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.

But when in the worlds theatre one must stand,
A publike actor plac'd in all mens sight:
And swaies the signe of powre, and in his hand
Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right;

Then he for euery action that is his,
The censure of a thousand tongues must haue,

Tragedie.

Not onely damn'd for doing of things amisse,
But for not doing of all that all men craue.

O, he but vndermines the soueraigne state,
That cares not who be weake so he be strong:
More studious for himselfe then for the state,
Or if for it that he may hold it long.

For where *Ioue* him for all mens good ordaines,
He thinks both them and theirs made him to please,
As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,
Were but a bed of rest, a hauen of ease.

The worlds great weight that *Atilas* shoulders beare,
Is not so weightie all to weigh one downe,
As that which on his head a king doth weare.
There is no burthen heauier than a crowne.

The *Aegean* waues more easie are t'appease,
Then are their thoughts whose minde for state prepares:
Can they haue rest that toile for all mens ease?
The purple euer must be lin'd with cares.

Arist. Good kings are like the fire, which flaming bright
Doth waste it selfe, to serue anothers turne:
And soueraigntie is like fires glancing light,
Which if but view'd, delights, if touch'd, doth burne.

I like for warmnesse to stand *Vulcan* by,
More than to burne amidst the Lemnian flame:
And rather in the Cedars shadow lie,
Than on the top to stand the wind-gods game.

All th'eie-attracting pompe, and splendrous shoues
Do merit scorne, though they amazement breed:
The world them pittie more then enuie owes,
That to seeme happy would be wrech'd indeed.

For alterations strange attend a throne,
As if the spheare of fortune were a crowne,
The great still toss'de, like *Sisiphus* his stone,
Whilst highest vp, rest readiest to fall downe.

The *Alexandrian*

Of this what greater prooffe can Fame afford,
Then mightie *Philips* memorable fall:
That daunted had the *Grecians* by the sword,
Though not till then t'a stranger being made thrall:

He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with state,
His daughters marriage, suddenly was lost:
So that it seem'd that Monarchs dayes to date,
That *Hymens* torch gaue light to *Plutoes* post.

Then when that I conceiue with griefe of heart
The miseries that proper were to court:
I thought them happie that retir'd apart,
Could neuer know such things, but by report.

I might haue liu'd with *Alexander* still,
To vertuous men, whose fauours were not scarce:
Yet rather chose, though hauing both at will,
T'obey with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.

And whilst he toy'd ouer others Lord to be,
I labor'd ouer my selfe to be made Lord:
Yet made as great a conquest too as hee:
My pen shall be as famous as his sword.

Phoc. And had I willingly engag'd my rest,
The way to trace, that to vaine-glory tends:
I might haue liu'd respected with the best,
As one of *Alexanders* chiefeest friendes.

For though of him that I did merit nought,
He entertainde my friendship till his death:
And when he once our cities ore-throw sought,
At my request he pacified his wrath.

Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,
And offred too a stately *Asian* towne
Which I refusde, please more with my poore rent,
Than he with all the treasures of a crowne.

I tolde, that such a summe but seru'd, to make
Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought:

And

And foule for him to giue, for me to take,
If vsde, shamble both, vnusde, did serue for nought.

But all those baites I neuer daign'd to touch,
Lest I that all my life had liude so free
Might be posselt too much, possessing much,
If taking riches, it had taken me.

No, I would rather learne to liue on lesse,
Then for superfluous furniture to striue:
Who seekes out substance t'entertaine excesse,
Doth liue t'vse it, not it that he may liue.

My fortune doth afford sufficient meanes,
That may preferue all Natures powres in force:
And he that on a golden scepter leanes,
Can not haue more, but may wel vse it worse.

Ah, since aboundance but abuses brings,
Why seeke men more then serues t'haue Nature easde?
And why should men toile for so many things,
Since Nature with a little can be pleaste? (exceeds,

Arist. Lo how the heauens, whose loue towards man
Haue made his bodie strong, his minde diuine:
And haue made th'earth to furnish all his needes,
Lest downe-weigh'd cares might make his thoughts de-

So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight, (cline.
If wing'd with Vertue, and may mounting hie;
Aspire t'approach to the celestially light;
And deifie himselfe before he die.

Yet doth he strait forgoe that glorious way,
To toile for things that th'earth vnforc'd affords:
The which his wants first fram'd were to defray,
But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.

O how vnworthie of the worth of man,
Are many labors that delight him most,
Since that corruption boldly first began,
To make men nourish vice at vertues cost.

And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd
By endlesse labours, and excessiue cares?
Of whom loe now it's onely said he reign'd,
But death vnto himselve, worse to his heires.

Lo, for the guiltlesse blood that he hath spill'd;
The partners of his conquests doe beginne
To die by the same swords by which they kill'd,
And all his of-spring expiates his sinne.

Pho. Such is the reuolution of all things,
The wheele of Fortune still must slippery prouie,
And chiefly when it burdend is with kings,
Whose states as weightiest most must make it moue.

Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,
That ouer the worlde a victor alwaies rang'd:
And hauing ended all his warres, in rest
Did die in time before his fortune chang'd.

And for his fauour which I oft did trie,
Whilst earnestly he labord me t'aduance:
I'm sorie that himselve so soone did die,
And that his of-spring hath so hard a chance.

His successours haue set all *Greece* on fire,
Of which I feare to perish by some sparke:
For *Polipercon* doth my death conspire,
And who can scape thats made a great mans marke:

But for my countries cause Ile giue my blood,
Whilst safely praisde all follow vertue can:
But when with danger threatned to doe good,
Thats onelie worthy of a worthy man:

Nor do I tender so this puffe of breath,
But I could be contented it t'expell:
A minde that is resolu'd triumphs ouer death,
He hath liu'd long enough that hath liu'd well.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCENE II.

Cassander, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, Seleucus.

I Doubt not now (great heroes) but ye all
 What euer discontentment ye pretend
 Doe rest well pleasde, since those by me made thrall,
 That might haue made you end, haue made an end.

Loathe not the meanes, if yee allow th'effect,
 For though by this I haue a realme obtain'd:
 It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect,
 I'm onely guiltie, and ye all haue gain'd.

Yet to pursue my life they first beganne,
 For my defence this last refuge I prou'd:
 Nought than himselfe is neerer vnto man,
 All men with their owne dangers are most mou'd.

And had not prowd *Olimpias* dide in time,
 By offering vp her bloud to worke my peace:
 Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,
 I but preuented her a litle space.

And if her of-spring had suruiu'd her death,
 Whose rising could not but procure our fall:
 Ye, now that nought but soueraignty do breathe,
 Had breath'd obedience, or not breath'd at all.

Lis. You from a dangerous yoke haue vs relieu'd,
 Which I suspect we had experienc'd soone:
 And why then should we labour to seeme grieu'd
 At that thing done, which we wish not vndone?

No, since that all for soueraignty doe striue,
 And haue once tasted what it is to raigne:
 Theres none of vs but rather die, than liue
 To embrace a subiects seruile state againe.

And

And though perchance with *Alexanders* sonne,
If heire both of his fathers worth and state:
We might haue most respected places wonne,
As speciall pillars of the Princes seate.

Yet though more great than others, as before,
It would haue grieu'd vs, lesse then one to fall:
The fall from first to second grieues one more,
Then from the second to the last of all.

Our old renowne to vs had ruine brought,
And would haue made vs odious to remaine:
It's dangerous for a subiect to be thought,
One that desires, or yet deserues to raigne.

When any tempest threatned had his throne,
He would haue sought assurance at our cost:
For when that ieaousie hath seizd on one,
The greatest vertues are suspected most.

Yea though we could to quite our state consent,
Vs from suspition nought but death could purge:
Still greatnesse must turmoile, or then torment,
If borne, a burden, if laide downe, a scourge.

Ptol. But when we haue within our bosome weigh'd
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race;
Whom without blushing we might haue obey'd,
By right succeeding in our soueraignes place.

How can our soules but highly be asham'd,
That one inferiour both to them and vs,
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,
And by their orethrow would b'exalted thus?

Nor neede I more as in suspence remaine,
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes:
No, no, our words may as his deedes be plaine,
Which fame, (and without whispering) now records

Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,
Whose thoughts wing'd with ambition soare too high:

Doth

Tragedie.

Doth striue about vs all t'aduance his state,
And on his former fortune doth relie.

Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betraide,
Loe, quite transported by preposstrous pride,
As if in nought addicted now t'our aide,
He hath laide all regarde of vs aside.

Lis. Thus Time the truth of all things doth proclame,
Man is a craftie creature, hard to know,
That can a face for euery fortune frame,
No trust in mortalles, nor no faith below.

Whiles as our owne particulars doe moue,
We what we wish for most, seeme to mislike:
And oft of others doe the course disproue,
Whilst we want nought but means to doe the like.

Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before
To make the rest that were his equals thrall,
Who than *Antigonus* detested more,
Th'ambitious minde of one that would haue all:

But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,
Whom he as traitours to the state persude:
He in his place succeeding to rebell,
Hath what he seemde t'vndo againe renude.

And yet I many a time haue musde of this,
How from the world he did *Eumenes* send.

Sel. How? But by treason as his custome is,
False at the first, and cruell at the end.

Lys. I know, that after diuers doubtful fights,
He hath orethrowne *Eumenes* at the last:
But by what stratagems or treacherous flights,
I would be glad to heare how all hath past

Sel. *Antigonus* was at the first afraide,
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight:
And the refuge that feare affords affaide,
For valour franke bent t' vse some wary sleight.

The Alexandrian

Amongst *Eumenes* troupes, their mindes to proue
He scattred letters with allurements stor'd:
By promise treasures, and protested loue,
To moue some one that might betray his Lord.

But he being wise, his troupes in time aduisde,
To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice:
And gaue them thanks that would not be entisde,
To sell their faith at such a bloodie price.

Then saide, that th' Author of those scroules was he,
That when they spide such practises againe,
They still would take them alwayes but to be,
Their Captaines triall, not their enemies traine.

Thus by the means that should haue him entrap'd,
His aduersarie did deluded stay:
For both he from the present danger scap'd,
And to prevent the like preparte a way.

Then when this traiterous pollicie had fail'd,
And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past:
Antigonus that had at one preuail'd,
As hauing had some vantage at the last:

He with *Eumenes* did procure to speake,
And as t'one vanquish'd offred him good will:
But he whose minde could not be brought to breake,
Would neuer talke but as t'his eual still.

For when a band betweene them made, did beare
That he t' *Antigonus* should help impart,
He did reforme that forme, and would first sweare,
With *Alexanders* of-spring to take part.

Thus where they his submission did attend,
Imperiously conditions he imposde:
So that thereafter to procure his end,
Still th' other by all meanes his mind disposde.

And shortly of his bands a vaine debate,
For his confusion fit occasion brought:

Tragedie.

Still, as small things by concord doe growe great.
By discord great things are reduc'd to nought,
T' *Eumenes* whilst he fortunately liu'd,
That th'haughtie *Agiraspides* gaue place,
With him for state two of their captaines striu'd.
And would not his authoritie embrace.

Such was that spite of theirs to haue him spoild,
That though of valour he rare wonders prou'd,
And oft by force *Antigonus* had foild,
Yet from their minde it could not be remou'd:

For being by them allurde all th'other bandes,
To get some baggage that they lost againe,
Did giue their captaine bound to th'emies handes,
So darkening all their glorie by one staine.

And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,
By flying labour'd a reliefe t'haue found,
He was preuented by his traitrous troupes.
And like to some base fugitiue was bound,

Scarfe could his stormie stomacke bent to breake,
Daigne then r'entreate those that had him betraide,
Yet hauing hardly purchasde leaue to speake,
He stretcht them forth his fetterd hands and saide;

Loe heere th'apparrell that your Generall weares,
Since with your faith his libertie was lost:
Yet he those bands not giuen by th'emie beares,
But by his owne in whom he trusted most.

And must he thus be led that should you leade?
Is this the triumph that I should receiue,
For all my victories thus to be made,
Of captaine, captiue, of a conquerour, slaue?

How oft (my souldiers) haue ye all of late,
To me by solemne oathes sworne to be true:
But it becomes not one in a'biect state,
With loftie wordes his Maisters to pursue.

The Alexandrian

Nor craue I further fauour at this howre,
Then strait to bathe your weapons in my breast;
Let not my life be in mine enemies powre,
Loe all that your commaunder doth request.

I know *Antigonus* doth take no care,
Who get my body, so he get my head:
And he regards not, neither when, nor where,
Nor in what fort I die, so I be dead.

But if through horrour of so vile a deede,
Your eyes looke downe, your haire erected stands,
Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breede,
That with your hearts ye will not staine your handes:

Then as your captaine, since not force I may,
Ile as your friend entreate, that now in time
I may but haue a sword, my selfe to slay,
So you t'excuse whilst partner of your crime.

But when he sawe that words could not assuage
Their barb'rous thoughts, that nothing could controule:
Then hauing turn'd his courage all in rage,
He thus flam'd forth the furie of his soule.

O damned rascalls, that haue lost all faith,
Whom neither duetic nor yet merite bindes:
How oft was *Alexander* mou'd to wrath
By those your mutinous and malicious mindes?

And, O what could I at those hands attend,
That yet were smoaking with *Perdiccas* blood;
Of those that by like treason did intend,
With old *Antipaters* t'haue beenc imbrude?

Heauen thunder on you from th'ætheriall rounds,
And make you liue, a'abominable band;
Base vagabonds, barr'd from your natiue bounds,
Then die detested in a barbarous land.

And as ye haue the world with murder filld,
So may your blood by the same swords be shed:

By which ye haue moe of your captaines kill'd
Than of your foes, from whom like beasts yee fled.

But neither courteous, nor outragious wordes
Could change his souldiers from their first intent,
That forward led their captaine chain'd with cordes,
A sacrifice prepar'd for th' enemies tent;

Where being arriude, to th' end he soone might end,
He ask'd what stayd *Antigonus* to go,
By setting of him free to winne a friend,
Or by his death to rid him of a foe.

And straight *Antigonus* did haste his fall,
By this great magnanimitie, not moou'd:
And th' *Agiraspides* disperide ouer all,
As murderers murder from the world remou'd.

Thus oft haue traitors bin dispatchde by time,
By those whom their vpbraiding looks dismay:
For the remembrance thus of th' Authors crime,
Can but by th' Actors death be wip'd away.

Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,
In ranke about his soueraignes selfe to sit:
For *Alexander* did subdue all th' east,
And he hath conquerd them that conquer'd it.

Cass. No doubt, since he that great aduantage wan,
He hath within himselfe high things designde:
For whilst prosperitie transports a man,
Nought seemes difficult to th' ambitious mind.

S. leuc. Of those in whom he did suspect a spirit,
Whose courage seru'd his courses to resist,
He hath himselfe by diuers meanes made quite,
In others wreales his fastie doth consist.

Thus martiall *Pithon* that no danger sparde,
Whom *Alexander* held in high account:
Did at the last receiue a hard reward,
For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.

His spirit attempt and powre fit to performe.
Made ieaiousie *Antigonus* torment:

And yet he fain'd to loue him for the forme,
Till that his court he moou'de him to frequent:

Where whilst he did mistrusting nought abide,
He publikely in all the peoples sight:
(Though seeming iustly) damn'd iniustly di'de,
No viler wrong then wrong that lookes like right.

Thus diuers gouernours within short space,
Their government, or then their life haue lost:
And others are preferd vnto their place,
That did depend vpon his fauour most.

Oft likewise me, he labour'd to surprise,
And pollicie was vsde, t'haue me ore-throwne:
But I, whom *Pithons* danger had made wise,
Learn'd by his ruine to preuent mine owne.

To saue my life abandon'd is my state,
And I haue fled with danger as ye see,
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,
Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.

Cass. Then let vs be resolu'd, what course t'intend;
Left out of time being wise we rue too late.

Lisim. It's better to pursue then to defend.

Ptol. It's good to quench a fire ere it grow great.

Cass. Then let vs send t' *Antigonus* in haste,
To redemand th' vsurped bounds againe;
Since in this warre we did our treasures waste,
We should be likewise partners of the gaine.

But if against our sute his eares he barre,
And do with scornfull words contemne our claime,
Then may our Messenger denounce the warre,
And we shall shortly intimate the same.

Ptol. A mutuall band must made amongst vs be,
To make one fortune common to vs all:

And from hence-forth we must all fowre agree,
To stand together, or together fall.

And since the princely buds for which we car'd,
How euer dead, are dead, what ere we doe
T'engender so towards vs the more regard,
We with the state must take the title too.

And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for kings,
The Diadem is greatnesse strongest towre:
All vulgar iudgements leane on th'outward things,
And reuerence state, where they obey but powre.

Exeunt.

Nuntius, Philastrus.

Chorus.

Phil. IS there a heauen? and are their heavenly powers,
So whose decree terrestriall things are thrall?
Or striues the tirant that begets the howers,
To triumph ouer eternitie and all?

Lo, nature traueils now, being big with change,
Since mortalls all humanitie haue lost;
And in th'old *Chaos*, or some masse more strange
To re-entombe their essence all things boft.

Can reasonable soules from reason barr'd,
Euen striue which most in crueltie exceeds?
What eye hath seene, or yet what eare hath heard
Such monstrous accidents, prodigious deeds?

Th' *Arabian* robbers, nor the *Scythians* wild,
That with the sauage beasts (as barbarous) haunt,
With such foule facts haue not themselves desild,
As those that of ciuilitie do vaunt.

Since *Grecians* are growne barbarous as we finde,
Where can faith haue a corner free from foote? (minde?
O cueleffe heauens, wretch'd earth *Cho.* What loads thy
Nun. A multitude of murders. *Cho.* What? *Nu.* What not.

We

The *Alexandrian*

Cho. We know that since our soueraigne left to breath,
Th'earth hath been bathde with many a scarlet flood,
Perdiccas did procure *Meleagers* death,
And his owne fouldiers drown'd his breath with blood.

Th' *Athenians* prey, *Leonatus* did remaine,
And by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismayde,
Craterus and *Neoptolemus* were slaine,
Then by his owne *Eumenes* dide betraid.

Phil. Man with his skill against his knowledge striues,
Where death his way attends, that way he tends,
And t' *Atropos* the fatall rasor giues,
To cut the threed on which his life depends.

When th' *Asian* victour after all his warres,
To visit *Babilon* had bent his mind:
Both I, and others, studious of the starres,
Did shew that there his ruine was design'd.

To his successours too we oft haue showne,
The meanes by which their fate might be controlld;
Yet was our skill contemnde, and they ore-thrown,
As we fore-told, and as they now haue told.

Nun. They haue told much, and yet I must tell more;
Their newes were euill, yet were they not the worst.

Cho. And haue the heau'ns reseru'd mo plagues in store,
As if we yet were not enough accurst? (abounds,

Nun. As th'earth in pride, the heauens in plagues
Our highest hopes haue perisht but of late.

Cho. Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,
That pittie now may tread the steppes of hate.

Nun. Our Queene *Olimpias* rauisht by reuenge,
All *Macedony* did with murders fill;
Which from her part the people did estrange,
Whilst nought but rigour limited her will.

So that when fierce *Cassander* sought her wreake,
She did mistrust the *Macedonians* mindes:

And

And for the time the neereſt ſtrength did take,
There till the ſtorme was paſt attend faire windes.

But ſoone *Caffander* did the towne encloſe,
And as ſhe held him out, did hold her in,
That like a captiue guarded by her foes,
She knew not by what way a way to winne.

And when their lifes prouiſion did decay,
Then did bare walles but ſmall refuge afford:
She *Scilla* ſcap'd to be *Charibdis* prey,
That fell on famine flying from the ſword.

Strait like pale Ghoſts faint ſouldiers did remaine,
Whoſe bowels hunger like a Harpie teares:
And with courageous words, the Queene in vaine
Did raiſe their ſpirit; (the belly hath no eares.)

All then began to languish and to fade,
As if being tir'de to beare themſelues about;
Legges fail'd the bodie, and the necke the head,
Then whilſt the fleſh fell in, bones burſted out:

And when that th'ordinarie meates were ſpent,
Then horſes, dogs, cats, rats, all ſeru'd for food;
Of which no horror th'eater did torment,
For all that was not poiſon, then ſeen'd good:

Some mouthes accuſtom'd once with daintie meates
Wiſh'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule floods
And Ladyes that had liu'd in pompous ſtates,
Fed, as brought vp with wolues amidſt the woods:

Yea, nurſt by thoſe whom they themſelues had nurſt,
Oft then by th'of-ſprings death th'engendrer liu'd;
And which was worſt, whilſt breſts were like to burſt
None comfort could, for all themſelues were grieu'd.

Such was their ſtate, no friend bewail'd his friend,
No wife her husband, nor no Syre his ſonne;
For apprehending their approaching end,
All with compaſſion of them ſelues were wonne.

The dead mens sinell empoison'd them that liu'd,
Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe:
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriu'd,
That all the towne in end was but a tombe.

Cho. Life is the subiect of distresse and grieffe
That still ministers matters to bemone;
And onely but by death can haue reliefe,
To liue and to be wretch'd are both but one.

Yet foolish worldlings toss'd with endlesse care,
Though at too deare a rate would still buy breath;
And following after feathers thrown through th'aire,
Like life (though wretch'd) more then a happie death.

Nun. When thus the world *Olimpias* plagu'd did spie,
All sought *Cassander*, though for seuerall ends.

Cho. As from a pest all from th'vnhappy flie,
Th'eclipse of *Fortune* threatens losse of friends.

Nun. And she considering that she could not long
Hold out the siege, since vittales were growne scant,
Did send (as weake) for peace t'intreat the strong.

Cho. What cannot time and trauell sometime daunt?

Nun. Then did *Cassander* know that need constrain'd
Her so to bow as strangely being diseas'd:
And though he her request not quite disdain'd,
Th'agreement was appointed as he pleas'd.

For all the fauour that she could procure,
Was leaue to liue a priuate person still;
And yet of that she could not be made sure,
Which did depend vpon her enemies will.

Then whilst *Cassander* sought his enemies ends,
There wanted not strange troupes with him t'abide;
Yet might haue many followers, and few friends:
Friends by the touchstone of distresse are try'd.

Nun. But though the Queene was rendred in this sort,
With protestation t'haue her life preseru'd.

The tyrant with her spirit could not comport,
But from his faith for her confusion swer'd.

The *Macedonians* were together brought,
There to consult what did concerne their Queene;
But when of them, a number deeply thought,
Both what she was, and what she once had beene;

Euen as *Cassander* had subboin'd them all,
Their parents came whom she had damn'd to death,
And did her rigour to remembrance call,
By which the multitude was mou'd to wrath.

Whilst from their brasen breasts all ruth was barr'd,
They did conclude, their Queen behou'd to die. (heard)

Cho. Durst subiects damne their soueraigne, and not
So still may cloudes obscure the worlds bright eye.

Nun. Yet did *Cassander* put (all sleights assay)
A maske of pittie on a cruell minde,
And offred her a ship to flye away,
As if to death against his will assign'de.

Nor was this course for her deliuerance fram'd,
But onely as by chance that she might drowne:
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,
But onely *Neptune*, that had throwne her downe.

Yet she a princeesse of a mightie spright,
Whose loftie courage nothing could ore-come,
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight,
That she would heare the *Macedonians* doome.

But when *Cassanders* counsel was contem'nd,
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their mind,
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,
And warily weigh'd what rashly they design'd.

To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,
He sent some bands from pittie most estrang'd;
Yet she gainst fortune did a banner beare,
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.

She constant still, though mon'd, would neuer more,
Whose stately gesture scorn'd their foule attempt:
And did vnite her vertues all in one;
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.

She on two Ladies should'ers lean'd her armes,
And with a Maiestie did march towards death:
Like *Alexander* once amidst th'alarms,
As if in triumph bent t'abandon breath.

The height of vertue admiration brings,
At this great magnanimitie amaz'd:
As spying th'Image of their auncient kings,
Or then some goddesse, all the souldiers gaz'd.

But ah, some boasted by the tirant shiu'd
To spoile (vnnatural) natures fairest frame;
And th'Alabafter balles betweene they driu'd
Th'vnwilling swords, that strait grew red for shame.

Then she in worth, that would her selfe excell;
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send;
But spread her garments ouer her whilst she fell,
As icalous of her honour still to th'end.

Cho. O strange barbaritie, most monstrous deed,
Could men a woman, subiects kill their Queene?
And could her fortune past no pitie breed?
Who euer gaue the wound hath not her seene.

The ougly Authors of those odious euils,
Fear'd for deserued plagues must still be sad,
His breast t'a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to deuils,
Through horror of himself must make him mad.

Nun. And yet the plague of these detested times,
Hath wrought more mischief t'aggrauate our grones.

Ch. No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes
Who fall in th'Ocean touch the bottome once,
The path of honor hath but narrow bounds,
On which who steps attentiu must remaine.

It's raise'd so hie above the vulgar grounds,
That who thence fall can neuer rise againe.

Nu. Thus now *Cassander* since he cannot winne
True reputation, but liues tainted stil,
Imbarkt in mischiefe failes the depths of sinne,
So, if not lou'd as good, yet feard as ill.

Though by his meanes his ruthlesse eies haue seene,
Fates (as it were from Fortunes bosome) rend
His King by poison, by the sword his Queene;
In wickednes t'exceede himselfe in th'end:

He prospring in impietie, grew proud,
And mured both his maisters sonne and wife:
Thus he that all the world by birthright ow'd,
Could hold no part of it, no not his life.

Yet could *Roxanes* death not ease his minde,
Nor her yong sonne too soone made *Plutoes* guest:
But bent t'vndoe all *Alexanders* kinde,
That to reuenge the rest there might none rest.

By treason he (as all his deedes are done,)
Caus'd *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace:
That was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,
And th'onelie remnant of that great mans race.

Lo thus *Cassander* th'enemie to all good,
Whose soule so much for *Macedonie* longs:
Hath to the Scepter swim'd through seas of blood,
Yet, O weake right thats builded but on wrongs!

Chor. O how ambition doth abuse the great,
That with enough not pleas'd still striue for more:
Loe how our Soueraigne seem'd to raise his state,
Yet made it but to fall whilst staru'd with store.

And since his trophées reard in seuerall fieldes,
Both him and his haue to confusion brought:
Then what is all the good that greatnes yielde,
Which makes it selfe seeme much to be made nought?

Thus though the mountaines make a mighty show,
They are but barren heapes borne vp aloft,
Where plaines are pleasant still, though they lie lowe,
And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.

Greatnesse is like a cloude in th'ayrie bounds,
Which th'earths base vapours haue congeald about:
It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge sounds,
Yet melts, and falls there whence it first did moue. (feare,

Phi. Since that worlds conq'ror then whilst free from
Weigh'd with his greatnes downe so soone was dead,
What makes each of his captaines striue to beare,
The diademe that crusht so strong a head?

O when my minde is rauisht through the starres,
To search the secret secrets of the fates:
What treasons, murders, mutinies and warres,
Are threatning once t'orethrow th'vsurped seates.

And false *Cassander* that betraid his Lord,
And spoild the princely race in mischief chiefe:
A traitor, both of heauen and earth abhorrd,
Shall liue but with disgrace, and die with grieve.

His sonnes, in wickednes himselfe t'exceede,
Shall make the woman die that made them liue:
Then when being drunk with blood, to death shall bleed
And none of theirs their funeralls shall suruiue.

Then when ambition should be coold by age,
Lysimachus shall by *Seleucus* die:
Nor shall *Seleucus* long enjoy the stage,
But by like violence shall breathlesse lie.

And subtil *Ptolomies* degenerd race,
Long onely famous for infamous things:
Shall end, and once to th'enemies pride giue place,
Whilst a lasciuious Queene confusion brings.

Antigonus shall be in battell killd,
His sonne a captiue perish with disgrace:

And

Tragedie.

And after that it Greece with blood hath filld,
In end, destruction doth attend that race.

The last in powre, though of their line not bred,
A niggard and a dastard beaten downe:
Shall through a strangers towne a captiue led,
Bound of the *Macedonians* th'old renowne.

Chorus.

WHat damned furies thus tosse mortals minds
With such a violent desire to raigue?
That neither honor, friendship, dutie, blood,
Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes
Th'ambitious thoughts that would a kingdome gaine:
But all is buried in blacke Læthes flood,
That may the course of soueraigntie restrain,
Which from the breast doth all respects repell:
And like a torrent cannot be gainstooed:
Yea many would a Scepter so i' obtaine,
In spite of all the world, and Ioues owne wrath,
March through the lowest dungeons of the helles:
And underneath a diademe would breathe,
Though euery moment threated them with death.
Yet though such restlesse mindes attaine in th'end
The height to which their haughty hearts aspire,
They neuer can imbrace th'imagin'd blisse,
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend,
Though by the multitude they be admird,
That still to powre do shew themselves submisse;
Yet by the soule still further is requird,
That should seale up th'accomplishment of ioy:
Thus doth a partiall iudgement aime amisse,
At things that stand without our reach retir'd:

Which

The Alexandrian

Which whilst not ours as treasures we define,
But not the same whilst we the same enjoy.
Some things as farre doe like the Glow-worme shine,
That looke to neere haue of that light no signe.
No charge on th'earth more weightry to discharge,
Than that which of a kingdome doth dispose.
O those that manage must the reines of state,
Till that their ghost b' imbarkt in Charons barge,
Doe neuer neede t' attend a true repose.
How hard is it to please each mans conceit?
When giuing one they must another lose.
Thus hardly kings themselues can euently beare,
Whom if seuerer, as cruell subiects hate,
Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose.
In time who spare as niggardes are despise,
Men from too franke a minde exactions feare.
Though in all shapes as Proteus being disguisde,
Kings by some scandall alwayes are surprisde,
Yet one might well with euery thing comport,
That on th'opinion onely doth depend,
If further danger follow'd not by deedes.
But euery monarke loe in many a sort,
Death doth disguisde in diuers shapes attend;
Of some by mut'uous swords the life fourth bleedes,
By unsuspected poison others end,
Which whilst they alwayes labour to preuent,
A thousand deaths within their breasts life breedes.
Loe, this is all for which the great contend.
Who (whilst their pride themselues and others spoiles)
With their dominions doe their cares augment.
And O vaine man, that toyles t' abound in toiles;
Though still the victorie the victor foiles.
Thus Alexander still himselve disguisde,
Whilst he t' undoe his state did waie prepare,

Which

Tragedie.

*Which when made most, diminisht most remaind,
Where with his fathers bounds had he bin pleasde,
He might haue left our crowne in peace t'his heire;
That by his conquest nought but death hath gaind:
Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,
Which (though from it they rage to be restraind:)
Would (if possēst) their pleasures but impair:
Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing,
That by their harme of others will be sought;
To him and his, each of them death would bring,
That it might once be saide he was a King.
We may securely sitting on the shore,
To see the great (as tossd on th' Ocean) grone,
Learne by their toiles t'esteeme much of our rest,
For this doth thousands with affliction store.
That as th' unhappiest in the world do mone,
If they but chaunce to view some few more blest,
Where if they would but marke how many a one
More wretch'd than they in miserie doth liue;
It would strait calme the most vnquiet breast.
The cottage whiles is happier than the throne,
To thinke our owne state good, and others ill,
It could not but a great contentment giue:
There much consistes in the conceit and will,
Since t'vs all things are as we thinke them still.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIAE

OF

IULIVS CÆSAR.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman
of the Princes priuie
Chamber.

Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.



LONDON
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1607.

The Argument.

as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, hee returned to Rome, and indirectly by the meanes of Antonius, laboured to be proclaimed king: which hauing rendred him altogether odious; Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Calca, and diuers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that Cæsar was dissuaded from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages; yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, hee went towards the fatall place, where the Senate was assembled.

The Conspirators in like maner, had many terrors: amongst others, Portia the wife of Marcus Brutus, although she had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret, by a notable prooffe of extraordinary magnanimitie, yet on the day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger, she fainted diuers times, whereof Brutus was aduertised, yet shrunked not, but went forward with his confederats to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, euery one of them giuing Cæsar a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedie.

The



The Agreements

CLIVE CHAMBERLAIN	}	1840
MARSHALL BAKER		1841
ROBERT BAKER		1842
GEORGE BAKER		1843
HENRY BAKER		1844

The Actors Names.

IVNO.	}	}	CAIVS CASSIVS.
CAESAR.			MARCVS BRVTVS.
ANTONIVS.			PORTIA.
CICERO.			CALPHVRNIA.
DECIVS BRVTVS.			NVNTIVS.

THE



THE

Tragedie of *Cæsar*.

ACT. I.

Juno.

THOUGH I a goddesse glance through th'azure round,
Whilst the eie-feather'd birds my coach do moue:
And am with radiant starres heauens Empresse crown'd,
The sister, and the wife of thundring *Ioue*.

And though I banquet in th'Ætheriall bowres,
Where *Ambrosie* and *Nectar* serues for meate:
And at the meeting of th'immortall powres,
Am still aduanc'd vnto the highest seate:

Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,
My martred minde can no way be relieu'd,
Since immortalitie affords but this,
That I may euer liue being euer grieu'd.

In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,
With Sacred odours on my Altars throwne:
What expectation can they haue to see,
One venge their wrongs, that cannot venge her owne?

Might *Pallas* once drowne thousands in the seas.
And metamorphose *Diomedes* mates?
And must mine enemies alwayes liue in ease,
As me to spight, appointed by the fates?

The Tragedie

Of all the dying race that liues below,
With such indignities none could comports,
As wound my breast, whom gods and men do know
To be abus'd by *Ioue* in many a sort.

Though knowne to me, from others if concealde,
His faults might breed me griefe, but yet not shame:
Where lo, now both through heauen & earth reuealde,
Each slanderous Theater doth his scorne proclame.

If heauenly soules diuinely liu'd aloft,
Th' inferior world would imitate them then:
But humaniz'd by hanting mortals oft,
Where men should grow like gods, gods grow like men.

My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,
Smiles not on *Phæbus* with so many hues:
As *Ioue* in diuers shapes him selfe can hide,
When he poore maides by *Cupid* spur'd pursues.

He *Danae* in a golden showre deceiude,
And did a Swanne in *Ledaes* bosome light,
Then being a Bull *Agænor*s daughter reau'd,
And *Iō* made a Cow to mocke my sight.

But would to god that with such wanton dames,
He still to sport would as with me remaine,
Not able then t'imbrace celéstiall flames,
All like the drunkards mother might be slaine.

'Then such a troupe as *Rheas* bosome stores,
Would not hold him and me at endlesse iarres:
The heauens are pestred with my husbands whores,
Whose lights impure, do taint the purest starres.

All iniuries are heauie to digest,
Yet th'actors greatnesse doth some griefe remoue:
Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least;
If I were wrong'de, I would be wrong'de by *Ioue*.

But (ah) this long hath tirraniz'd my breast,
A man, a boy, a shepheard, yea and worse,

The *Phrygian* fire-brand, the adultrous guest,
That first wrought wrong by fraud and then by force.

He, he, was he whose verdict mou'd me most,
Whilst it on *Ida* wrong'd my beauties right;
No wonder too though one all iudgement lost,
That had three naked goddeesses in sight.

And yet I know were not his wandring eyes,
The *Ciprian* bribde by some lasciuious smiles,
My pompous birds in triumph through the skies,
Had borne the golde that oft her nimphe beguiles.

Am not I she whose greatnesse is admire,
Whom *Ioue* for wife, whom thousands court for loue?
Whom haughtie *Ixion* once t'imbrace desire,
Yet with a clowde deluded did remooue.

What needed me a matter to submit,
Where my authoritie might haue auailed?
Whilst though I promise wealth, and *Pallas* wit,
Yet with a yong man *Venus* gift preuaild.

But how durst he t'ones pleasure thus giue place,
Where two contemnd their honour would repaire?
Is not our Sexe impatient of disgrace?
Of which there's none, but lones to be thought faire.

T'auenge my selfe no kinde of paine I sparde,
And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:
As *Venus* gaue him *Helen* for reward,
I gaue him *Helen* for his greatest crosse.

Nor did he long her loue with ioy enioy,
Whose faithlesse flames his countrey did confound:
Whilst armies arm'd, for her did *Troy* destroy,
And leuel'd *Neptunes* labours with the ground.

Whilst *Simois* seem'de to be a buriall field,
Whose streames as streetes were with dead bodies pau'd
All *Xanthus* plaine as turnde t'a sca did yeeld
A flood of blood, from *Heroes* wounds recciud

The Tragedie

By brauing thousands once though much esteem'd,
By dust and blood deform'd, of *Hector* slaine
(Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)
The bodie basely was bought backe againe.

Then by the same mans sonne that kild his sonne,
Th' old *Priamus* surprizde sigh'd forth his breath:
And being most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,
Whilst taking th' Altar, taken was by death;

Though wrestling long t'auoide the heauens decree,
By th' enemies sword being parted from the light,
He that lou'd *Helen*, and was loathde by me,
Did as a sacrifice t'appease my spight.

Last hauing liu'd (if miserie be a life)
T'entombe all hers, that high mishaps had tride
Though once being both, nor mother then, nor wife,
The fertile *Hecub'*, as being barren dide.

Thus by those meanes it would haue seem'd to some,
That my scornde beautie had bin highlv vengde:
But whilst they were ore-com'd they did ore-come,
Since they for better states their states haue changde.

I in one part, that people did confound,
But did enlarge their power in euery place:
Al warlike nations through the world renownd,
Now from the *Phrygian* ruines raise their race.

And yet two traitors that betraide the rest,
(O heauens, that treason thus should prosper whiles)
Of the *Dardanian* race did chance the best,
More happie then at home in their exiles.

Did not *Antenor* stealing through his foes,
Neere to the *Euganian* mountaines build a towne,
Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose
Amidst the waues, and in the depths sit downe?

Their citie spousing *Neptune*, shall arise
The rarest common-wealth that euer was.

Whose

Whose people, if as stowt, as rich and wise,
Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.

Then false *Aeneas* (though but borne t'obey)
Did of a fugitiue become a King:
And some of his neere *Tibers* streames that stay,
Would all the world to their obedience bring.

Their rauenuous Eagles soaring ouer all lands,
By violence th'imperiall prey haue wonne:
That bastard broode of *Mars* with martiall bands,
Haue conquerd both the mansions of the Sunne.

Their course by mountaines could not be controlde,
No, *Neptune* could not keepe his bosome free.
Th'antartike heate, nor yet the artike colde,
No limites to their legions could decree.

O of that cittie there could come no good,
Whose rising walles with more than barbarous rage,
The builder first bath'd with his brothers blood,
Which their prodigious conquests did presage.

That towne hath oft my soule with anguish filld,
Whose new-borne state oft triumpht ouer my wrath:
Like my olde foe that in his cradle killd,
The serpents that I sent to giue him death.

By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscans* oft assailde,
Euen in her infancie I toss'd *Romes* state:
Yet stil *Laomedons* false race preuailde,
And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.

Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquisht *Rome*,
That basely bought her libertie with golde:
A banisht man *Camillus* chauncde to come,
And her imballanc'd state redeemde of olde.

Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursude,
And made his bands within their bounds remaine,
With Consuls and with Prætors bloods imbrude,
At *Thrasimene* and at *Cannes* slaine.

The Tragedie

In *Romans* mindes strange thoughts did feare infuse,
That did attend the taking of their towne:
But he that vanquish could, not victory vse,
Was by their brafen destinie throwne downe.

O what a torrent of Barbarians once,
Inunding ouer the *Alpes* their walles did bost,
Whilst *Teutons* and the *Cimbers* bigge of bones,
Like giants marcht a more than monstrous hoste.

But though from vnknowne partes to ruine *Rome*,
I led those troopes that all the world admirde,
Yet did the tyrant *Marius* them orecome,
And I in vaine to venge olde wrongs aspirde.

By baser meanes I likewise sought her harmes,
Whilst *Ianus* church imported neuer peace,
I raisde vp abieſt *Spartacus* in armes,
That neere eclipsde *Romes* glorie with disgrace.

Though I that all the world for help haue sought,
From *Europe*, *Affrike*, and from *Asia* thus:
Gaules, *Carthaginians*, and *Cimbers* brought,
Yet did the damage still redound to vs.

Of heauen and earth I all the powres haue prou'd,
And for their wracke haue each aduantage watcht:
But they by forraine force could not be mou'd,
By *Romans*, *Romans* onely may be matcht.

And I at last haue kindled ciuill warre,
That from their thoughts which now no reason bounds,
Not only lawes, but Natures lawes doth barre,
The sonne the fire, the brother brother wounds.

Whilst th'Eagles are opposde to th'Eagles so,
O what contentment doth my mind containe:
No wound is wrong bestow'd, each killes a foe,
What euer side doth lose I alwayes gaine.

But this my soule exceedingly annoyes,
All are not subiect to the like mis-hap:

of *Iulius Caesar*.

The warre helps some as others it destroys,
And those that hate me most, haue still best hap.

Whilst with their blood their glory thousands spend,
Ah, ones aduancement aggrauates my woe:
That vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,
As if he claimd by kinde to be my foe.

I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease
Whilst them too high a blinde ambition bends,
Whom as her minion Fortune bent to please,
Her rarest treasures prodigally spends.

Not onely hath he daunted by the sword,
The *Gaules*, the *Germans*, and th' *Egyptians* now,
But of all lordes pretends to be made lord,
That who commaund the world to him may bow.

Thus dispossessing princes of their thrones,
Whilst his ambition nothing can assuage:
That the subiected world in bondage grones,
The prey of pride, the sacrifice of rage.

Men raile on *Ioue*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,
And to the present still th' Age past preferre:
Then burden would the gods with euery crime,
And damne the heauens where only th' earth dotherre.

Though *Ioue* as stupid still with *Cupid* sportes,
And not the humor of prowd *Caesar* spies:
That may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe forts)
More powrefull than the *Titans* scale the skies.

Yet lest hee thrall him too that none free leaues,
We from the bounds about must him repell:
To brawle with *Pluto* in th' vmbraious caues,
There since he will be first made first in hell.

What? with that tyrant I will strait be euen,
And send his soule to the *Tartarian* groue:
For though *Ioue* be not iealous of his heauen,
Yet *Iuno* must be iealous of her *Ioue*;

And

The Tragedie

And though none in the heauens would do him ill,
He raise vp some in th'earth to haste his death;
Yea though both heauen and earth neglect my will,
Hell can afford me ministers of wrath.

He crosse *Cocytus* and the smoaking lakes,
To borrow all my brothers damned bandes:
The Furies arm'd with firebrands and with snakes,
Shall plant their hell where *Rome* so stately stands.

Whilst by my furie Furies furious made,
Do spare the dead to haue the liuing pin'd:
O with what ioy will I that armie leade?
Nought than reuenge more sweet t'a wronged minde.

He once make this a memorable age,
By this high vengeance that I haue conceiu'd:
But what though thousands die t'appease my rage?
So *Cesar* perish, let no soule be sau'd. *Exit.*

Chorus.

WE should be grieu'd t'offend the gods,
That holde vs in a ballance still;
And as they will,
May weigh vs vp or downe,
Those that by follie ingender pride,
And doe deride
The terrour of th'eternalls roddes,
In seas of sinne their soules doe drowne.
And others but abhorre them as vniust,
Those that religion want deserue no trust.
How dare fraile flesh presume to rise?
Whilst it deserues heauens wrath to proue,
On th'earth to moue,
Lest that it op'ning straight,

of Iulius Caesar.

Giue death and buriall both at once:
How dare such ones
Looke vp vnto the skies,
For feare to feele the thunders weight?
All th'elements th'immortalls will attend,
And are as prompt to plague as men t' offend.
None scapes some plague that gods displease:
Then whilst he Bacchus rites did scorne,
Was Pentheus torne:
The Delians high disdain
Made Niobe though turnd t' a stone,
With teares still mone,
And Pallas spite t' appease,
Arrachne weaues loathd webbes in vaine.
Heauen hath preparde or euer they beginne,
A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.
Loe Iuno yet doth still retaine,
That indignation once conceiu'd,
For wrong receiu'd,
From Paris as we finde,
And for his cause, bent to disgrace
The Trojan race,
Doth hold a high disdain,
Long laide vp in a loftie minde,
We should abstaine from irritating those,
Whose thoughts (if wrongd) not till reuengde repose:
Thus those for Paris fond desire,
That of his pleasures had no part,
For them must smart,
Such be the fruites of lust.
Can heauenly breasts so long time lodge,
A secret grudge,
Like mortalls thrall to ire,
Till Iustice whiles doth seeme vniust?

The Tragedie

Of all the furies that afflict the soule,
Lust and reuenge are hardest to controule:
The gods giue them but rarely rest,
That do against their will contend,
And plagues doe spend
That fortunate in nought
Their sprites being parted from repose,
May still expose
Th'upbraiding troubled breast,
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:
All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde,
VVhat greater torment than a troubled minde:
Let vs adore th'immortall powres,
On whose decree, of euery thing
The State doth hing,
That farre from barbarous broiles,
VVe of our life this little space
May spend in peace,
Free from afflictions showres,
Or at the least from guiltie toiles,
Let vs of rest the treasure strine t'attaine,
VVithout the which nought can be had but paine.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Julius Cesar, Marcus Antonius.

Cedar **N**OW haue my hopes attain'd th'exspected hauen,
In spite of partiall enuies poisonous blasts:
My fortune with my courage hath proou'd euen,
No monument of discontentment lasts.

Those that corriualld me, by me orethrowne,
Did by their falles giue feathers to my flight:

I rather in some corner liue vnknowne,
Than shine in glorie, and not shine most bright,
What common is to two, rests no more rare,
No Phænix is in all the world saue one:
Grieu'd of my deedes that any claimes a share,
Would God that I had acted all alone.

And yet at last I neede to mourne no more,
For enuie of the *Macedonians* praise;
Since I haue equalld all that went before,
My deedes in number doe exceede my dayes.

Some earst, (whose deedes rest registred by fame,)
Did from their conquests glorious titles bring:
But greatnes to be great must haue my name,
It's more to be a *Caesar* than a King.

Ant. Those warlike nations that did nations spoile,
Are by thy legions now, t'our laws made thrall;
What can not vertue doe by time and toile,
True magnanimitie triumphs ouer all. (swarmes,

Caesar. Th'outragious *Gaules* that in most monstrous
Went wasting *Asia*, thundring downe all things;
And marching ouer the *Macedonians* armes,
Did insolently make and vnmake kings.

Those *Gaules* that hauing the worlds conq'rors foild,
As if the world might not haue matcht them then,
Would sacrilegiously haue *Delphos* spoild:

And ward against the gods, contemning men,
Yea those whose auncestors our cittie burn'd.

The people that the *Romans* onely fear'd:
By me *Romes* nurssling matcht and orenatcht murn'd,
So what they first eclipsd againe they clear'd.

Then as to subiects hauing giuen decrees,
I left the *Gaules* their rash attempts to rue:
And wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees,
The world-diuided *Britaines* did subdue.

The Tragedie

The *Germans* from their birth inurde to warre,
Whose martiall minds still haughty thoughts haue bred,
Whilſt neither men nor walls my courſe could barre,
Mask'd with my banners ſaw their *Rhene* runne red,

And th'orientall realmes amidſt of late,
My comming and orecommig was but one:
With little paine ſo *Pompey* was calld great,
That warrd with thoſe whoſe glorious daies were gone:

But what though thouſands ſet ones praifes forth,
For fields which ſhadowes and not ſwords obtaind;
Yet th'easiſe rate but vilifies the worth,
No glorie without labour can be gain'd.

From dangers paſt my comfort now proceedes,
Since all difficulties I did orecome:
And in few wordes to comprehend my deedes,
Rome conquerd all the world, and *Cesar Rome*.

Anto. Loe, thoſe that ſtriu'de your vertue to ſuppreſſe,
And were oppoſde to all your actions ſtill:
Whilſt labouring but too much to make you leſſe,
Haue made you to grow great againſt your will.

Great *Pompeys* pomp is paſt, his glorie gone,
And aſtere *Cato* by himſelfe lies killd:
Than daſtard *Cicero* more you honors none,
Thus all your foes are with confuſion filld.

The Senatours whoſe wrath could not b' aſſwag'd,
Long to your preiudice their powre abuſde,
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,
I ſaide our ſwordes would graunt what they refusde.

When hauing ſcap'd, endanger'd, and deſpiſde,
That *Curio* and I did to your campe reſort;
In olde bare gownes like ſome baſe ſlaues diſguiſde,
All ſigh'd to ſee vs wrongd in ſuch a ſort.

Cesar Th'inhabitants of heauen that know all harts,
They know my thoughts as pure as are their ſtarres:

And

And that constrainde I came from forraigne parts,
To seeme vnciuill in the ciuill warres.

I mooude that warre which all the world bemones,
Being vrgde by force to free my selfe from feares:
Still when my hand gaue wounds, my heart gaue grones,
No *Romans* blood was shed, but I shed teares.

But how could any eleuated spright,
That had for honor hazarded his blood;
Yet yeeld by froward foes outragious spight,
To be defrauded of th'expected good.

When as a multitude of battels wonne,
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great;
And that the *Gaules* (oft vanquishde) had begunne
T'embrace the yoke that they disdainde of late.
Then pompous *Pompey*, my proude sonne in law,
And *Cato*, that still crossde what I designde,
From fauouring me the people did withdraw,
And vnto me a successour assignde.

Not that he should succeed in dangerous broyles,
But euen through enuie, as thay had ordain'd,
That he might so triumph of all my toyles,
And rob the glory that I dearely gain'd.

Could one with such indignities comport,
That values honor deerer then the light:
No, (whilst my soule rests soueraigne of this fort)
None shall haue power to rob me of my right.

And yet by *Ioue*, that all the world commands,
T' vse any violence: I did mislike:
And offred oft t' abandon all my bandes,
If that my enemies would haue done the like.

But the tumultuous multitude that still
As waues with windes are carried with conceits,
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,
And I committed all vnto the fates.

Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,
And weigh'd the horrour of my high attempt,
My soule was with a thousand fancies vex'd,
Which resolution buried in contempt.

Ant. Nought in a captaine more confounds his foes,
Then sodaine resolutions swift effects;
For so surpriz'd ere they their thoughts dispose,
All good aduice prodigious care neglects.

Though when you march'd towards *Rome*, your power
The sodaine newes so thundred in each eare: (was small,
That (as if heauen had false vpon them all,)
They bred amazement, and th'amazement feare,
Some secret destinie as then appear'd,
Doth guide mens actions and their iudgements bounds,
Them whom huge armies could not once haue fearde:
A shadow or a rumour whiles confounds.

Ist that th'encroaching danger dulles their spirits.
And doth preuent their resolutions power,
Or that some destinie distracts their wits,
When heuens determin'd haue their fatall houre:

Pompey the great that was growne ag'd in armes,
And had triumph'd ouer all the worlds three parts
(Being quite discourag'd with imagin'd harmes)
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts.

Then as t'a torrent all gaue place to you,
Rome whom she cal'd a rebell made her Lord:
Your successour *Domitius* forc'd to bow,
Did trust your fauour more than feare your sword.

When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arriue,
There th'aduersarie that did vainely vaunt,
Had all th'aduantage that the ground could giue,
And wealth of vittales that with vs were scant.

Yet the celeritie that you had vsde
Did so discourage their disordered band,

of *Iulius Caesar*.

That (as *Ioue* in their breasts had feare infusde,)
They had no strength against our strokes to stand.

And when *Romes* generall with braue Legions storde
Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requirde,
Whilst vs t'ouerthrow both famine and the sword,
The sea, the land, and all in one conspird;

Then for your offices they did contend,
As those that of the victorie were sure:
And where they might th'affaires of state attend
In *Rome*, for lodgings fondly did procure.

Yet memorable now that day remains,
When all the world was in two armies rang'd:
That *Mars* went raging through th'*Aemathian* plaines,
And to dispaire high expectations chang'd.

That famous field when the *Pompeyans* lost,
(As *Lyons* doe their prey) you did pursue
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd hoste,
On which new heads still like to *Hydra* grew.

Though victorie in *Affricke* fatall seem'de
To any armie that a *Scipio* led;
Yet you shew'd there, for worth in warre esteem'd
That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred:

And all our enemies were confounded thus,
That vs in number euer did surmount;
But *Caesar* and his fortune were with vs,
Which we did more than many thousands count.

Cæs. The sweetest comfort that my conquests gaue,
It was the meane how to do many good;
For euery day some *Romans* life I saue,
That in the field to fight against me stood.

Thus may my minde be iudg'd by the euent,
That (euen when by my greatest foes assailde)
To win the battell neuer was more bent,
Then prompt to pardon when I had preuailde.

The Tragedie

Not couetous of blood of spoyles nor harmes,
I (though being victor) did insult ouer none,
But laid aside all hatred with my armes,
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone.

I like the praise of clemencie, more then
Of force, that with affliction th'emie lodes,
For force prooues oft the worst thing that's in men,
And clemencie the best thing in the gods.

Sterne *Cato*, but by *Cato* that would die,
And eicher death or life, if giuen disdain'd;
O, I enuie thy death that didst enuie,
The glory that I sauing thee had gaind'.

Yet I to rents and dignities restore
Euen those that my destruction had designde:
And O, it doth delight my minde farre more
By benefits then by constraint to binde.

Ant. I would haue all my foes brought to their endes.

Cas. I rather haue my foes all made my friends.

Ant. Their blood whom I suspect'd should quench
all strife.

Cas. So might one doe that lik'd of nought but life.

Ant. Still life would be redeemde from dangers forth.

Cas. Not with a ransome then it selfe more worth.

Ant. Than life to man, what thing more decre succeeds?

Cas. The great contentment that true glory breeds.

Ant. Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.

Cas. Men should striue to liue well, not to liue long.

And I would spend this momentarie breath,

To liue by fame for euer after death:

For I aspire in spight of fates to liue.

Ant. I feare that some too soone your death contriue.

Cas. Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their
mindes.

Ant. Those that the shadow of your greatnes blindes.

Cas.

Cas. The best are bound to me by gifts in store.

Ant. But to their countrey they are bound far more.

Cas. Then loath they me as th'emie of the state?

Ant. You as th'vsurper of the same they hate.

Cas. I by huge battels haue enlarg'd their bounds.

Ant. By that they think your powre to much abounds.

Cas. Yet I from doing wrong refraine my will.

Ant. They feare your powre, because it may do ill.

Cas. The present state still discontentment brings
To factious mindes affecting matters strange,
That burdens to themselues irke of all things;
And so they change, regard not what they change:

In populous townes where many make repaire,
(Whose confluence by conference all things touch)
They further than their bounds extend their care,
The idle that doe nothing, must thinke much.

Lo, *Rome* (though wasted all with ciuill warres,
Whilst priuate grudge pretended publike good;
And that equalitie engendring iarres,
Did proue too prodigall of *Roman* blood;)

Yet hauing through huge toyles attain'd to rest,
That it by yeelding t'one may banish teares:
It if constrain'd disdaines t'imbrace the best,
This word necessitie so woundes the eares.

And th'insolent with vile seditious words,
That trembled whilst they heard the trumpets sound:
Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,
And what *Mars* sparde, make *Mercurie* confound.

The people thus in time of peace agree,
T'abase the greatest still, euen in that forme
As in calme dayes they doe disbranch the tree,
That shrowded them of late against a storme.

But now I look'd for libertie to boast,
That once my deeds triumph'd had ouer enuie:

The Tragedie

As all darke shadows doe euanish most,
Then when the Sunne shines highest in the skie:
And though their hatred deeply they disguise,
Yet they conceale not so their soules desires:
But that their spight rest sparkling through their eies,
And bosts to burst out once in open fires.

Ant. Since first (*great Caesar*) I discern'd thy worth,
On all thy actions I did still attend:
And therefore what some whisper, Ile speake forth,
T'admonish freely it becomes a friend.

Since first men did suspect that you aspire
T'a Monarchie, the gouernement to change;
They in their soules your ruine do conspire,
And their affections farre from you estrange.

Since chaste *Lucretia* by prowd *Tarquin* stain'd,
Wash'd with her blood the violated bed,
Whilst by his power supream *Rome* was constrain'd
All things t'obey, that his curst braine had bred.

This gouernment which some tyrannick call,
It sounds so odious in the peoples eares,
As Tyrants vild, that they detest them all
Whose greatnesse giues them any cause of feares.

Ces. I not affect the title of a king,
For loue of glory, or desire of gaine,
Nor for respect of any priuate thing,
But that the state may by my trauels gaine.

You know *Sibillaes* bookes that neuer faile,
In many mindes haue an opinion bred:
That ouer the *Parthians* *Rome* cannot preuaile,
Till by a soueraigne prince her bands be led.

For as confusion is the fruit we finde
Of those affaires that diuers thoughts dispose;
So soueraigntie match'd with a gallant mind,
Breeds reuerence in ones owne, feare in his foes.

And

And, O it grieues me that these steps of ours,
Haue trod so oft on many a millions neckes,
Whilst yet the *Parthian* vilipends our powres,
And all our victories vnvanquish'd checkes.

Ah, should a Generall of the *Romane* race
Be by *Barbarians* killd, and not reueng'd?
And should his ensignes, signes of our disgrace,
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relikes rang'd?

No, no, wretch'd *Crassus*, now thy selfe content,
Ile pacifie thy ghost with *Parthians* spoiles:
For still my boyling fancies haue bin bent (spoiles
T'ore-match th'vnmatch'd, and daunt th'vndaunted

Ant. With victories being cloyd, will you not then
Your fastie once, more then new warres respect?

Cas. No, though I haue surmounted other men,
My fancies yet do greater things affect:

In emulation of my selfe at last,
Euen enuiously I looke on mine owne deedes;
And bent to make the new surpasse things past,
Now to my mind old praise no pleasure breeds. (good,

Ant. The world hath seene thee (great man) for *Romes*
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelve:
Whilst for her glory thou engag'd thy blood,
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe.

Cas. Though whilst in th'April of my blooming age,
I from the vulgar rate redeemd my name,
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,
And an ambitious appetite of fame.

Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares
Bosts to congeale the blood that boild of late,
Whilst else my life the sunne of glory cleares,
That now of all the world remaine most great.

I cannot couet that thing which I haue,
I haue all honour that can be requirde.

And now (as th'only wanted thing) would craue,
To taste the pleasures of a life retyrde.

But onely now t'aduaunce the state I striue,
For, O neglecting th'echoes of renowne
I could content my selfe vnkowne to liue
A priuate man, with a *Plebeian* gowne.

Since (*Antonie*) thus for the state I care,
And all delights that nature loues disdain:
Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,
That as the rest, I may the title gaine.

Yet indirectly at the first, assay
To what their doubtfull mindes do most incline:
But as without my knowledge, that they may
All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

Cicero. Decius Brutus.

DId I suruiue th'impetuous *Sillaes* rage,
And in a torrent of destruction stood:
Whilst tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke stage,
Through a voluptuous appetite of blood?

Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,
Of libertie and honour once to taste,
That bondage now might make my soule more sad,
By the remembrance of my fortunes past?

What though I once (when first by fame made known)
From *Catilines* strange treason did preferue
This town, that's still endangerd by her owne,
Since first the world from equitie did swarue?

A sparke of that conspiracie remains,
Not yet extinguish'd t'haue our state imbroyld;

That

That now on *Rome* flames of confusion raines,
Thus one was sparde that we might all be spoild.

O worthy *Cato*, in whose wondrous minde,
Three rarely matcht things Nature did reueale:
Wit, honestie, and courage which designde
A cittizen for *Platoes* common-weale.

Whilst curteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,
Thou as a wiseman spake, and still foretold,
To what all *Casars* deedes would turne in th'end,
If that his pride were not in time controlde.

And had we him as wisely thou aduisde,
Giuen to the *Germans* whom he had iniur'd:
We had not now bin thus like slaues despisde,
To see *Romes* glorie, and our owne obscur'd.

But yet I may disbending former cares,
A space comport with that prowd tyrants powres;
Age giues assurance by my witherd haire,
That death will seale my suretie in few howres.

Yet ye whose youth and sprite might haue attaind
Those dignities that *Cesar* hath vndone:
O ye haue lost as much as he hath gaind,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.

Dec. Though innouations at the first seeme strange,
Yet oft experience approbation brings:
And if with vpriht thoughts we weigh this change,
On it the safetie of our cittie hinges.

As in the depths dash't with redoubling waues,
A ship by different mindes rests more imbroidde,
So was our cittie plag'd with diuerse lawes,
By th'all-confounding multitude turmoilde.

As whilst t'one sickenesse diuerse drugges are vsde,
Whose powres repugnant in digestion iarre:
Th'impatient patients fancies rest confusde,
So did we long distress'd with ciuill warre.

The Tragedie

But now great *Cesar* from tempestuous windes,
Romes scattred ruines recollects of late:
A Pilote meete to calme tumultuous mindes,
A doctor fit for a distemperd state.

Ci. The state from storms secure by drowning proues,
Now whilst despaire doth doubtful feares appease:
He with the life th'infirmities remoues,
Thus is the physicke worse than the disease.

This commonweale (as whiles the world did spie)
Though some proud sprites in ciuill warres inuolu'd,
Yet like blacke cloudes that would obscure the skie,
Their tumid humours sodainely dissolu'd.

And no disgrace t'our gouernement redounds,
But to th'ambitious that had it abusde:
Who (had their powre like *Cesars* wanted bounds)
Had whilst they rulde a greater rigor vsde.

There in all partes are people of all kindes,
And as aduaunde some bad men did abide,
Of powre their equals, and of better mindes,
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride.

But since that sacred libertie was lost,
The publike powre t'a priuate vse one turnes:
And as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boast,
The common weale by violence ore-turnes.

Dec. Though what you burden *Cesar* with were true,
Him of all crime Necessitie hath clear'd:
That was foes force t'eschew, forcde to pursue,
Whilst by contempt t'attempt gret things being cheerd:

To th'enemies enuie more oblig'd he rests,
Then t'his owne wit that no such courses scand,
Till by being barrd from vsing of requests,
Not lookt for meanes were offred to command.

All to mount high his haughtie thoughts did tempt,
True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:

And

And a great courage kindled by contempt,
Must by reuenge be quencht whilst rage makes strong.

Cic. O *Decius*, now a wrong accompt you cast,
Th'intent, and not th'euent defines the minde:
Treade backe the steppes of all his actions past,
And at the marke he hit all ay'm'd we finde.

As by some sprite inspirde prowd *Scilla* saide,
That there in *Caesar* many *Marians* were:
And *Rome* was warn'd in time to be afraide
Of the euill-girded youth, with smoothe-comb'd haire.

Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe,)
The memorie of *Marius* he renewd:
By re-erecting tyrants statues so,
His thoughts all bent to tyranny were viewd.

That people-pleaser might haue bin perceiu'd,
By curteous complements beneath his ranke;
That lauishng forth gifts the world deceiu'd,
And to gaine more than his, of his proou'd franke.

Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,
By prostrated pudicitie disgracde:
Yet did he faue th'adultrous *Clodius* life,
To soothe the multitude whose steppes he traede.

Dec. These be the means by which ambition mounts,
Without most humble, when most high within:
And as it fled from that thing which it hunts,
Still wasting most, when most it mindes to winne.

Cic. And he that still striu'd tyrannie t'embrace,
Was thought conioynd with *Catilin* to bee;
And had wife *Catoes* counsell taken place,
Had with the rest receiu'd his death by me.

Yet hauing suncke himselfe in some mens soules,
He with his partiall faction suting oft:
Did get the consulship which nought controules,
And matching pride with powre did looke aloft.

To flatter them that now must flatter him,
His powre t'aduance vnlawfull lawes preuaild:
And those to crosse that scornd he so should clime,
He furnisht was with Force, where Reason faild.

But yet because he could not well b'assur'd,
T'act all alone according to his will;
To gouerne *Fraunce* he craftily procurde,
So to be strengthened with an armie still;

As *Rome* first warr'd at home till being made strong,
She thought her selfe of powre the world t'orecome:
So *Cesar* warr'd against strange nations long,
Till that he thought his might might conquer *Rome*.

Then hauing all that force or fate assignes,
He cause of discontentment did pretend;
So to dissemble fore-conceiu'd designes,
One soone may finde a fault that seekes t'offend.

But when he first in a prodigious dreame
His mother seemde incestuously to vse;
It might haue shewne to his eternall shame,
How he the bounds that bare him went t'abuse.

Dec. And yet I thinke auoyding threatned harmes,
He was constraind t'imbarke in ciuill broiles:
Did he not couenant to quit his armes,
As not desirous of his countries spoiles;

Cic. Durst he with those that had his charge confind,
Stand to prescribe conditions as their mate;
Where t'haue attended and obeyd their minde,
It was his duetic, and their due of late;

What? what? durst he, whom borne t'obey the law,
The people all did willingly promote;
The sword which they had giuen, against them draw,
When it was sharpened first to cut their throat;

That had not com'd which all our anguish breeds,
If he vnforcde, when as his charge expirde,

Till that the Senate censurde had his deedes,
Had from his prouince peaceably retirde.

No, he hath but betraid his natiue towne,
Those bands by which she did him first preferre;
T'extend her borders, and his owne renowne,
Those hath he vsde to tyrannize ouer her.

My passions (ah transported as you see,
With an excessiue loue to my deere soile,)
Haue made my tongue of my hearts store too free,
By flaming forth what in my breast doth boile.

Dec. That *Caesars* part might iustly be excusde,
Loe, with the cause alleadgd his course accords:
Of which th'humanitie that he hath vsde,
A testimonie to the world affords.

Though forcde to fight, he alwayes had great care,
To saue our Cittizens as each man knowes;
And bade his captaines still all *Romans* spare,
But on *Barbarians* bodies spend their blowes.

Of th'aduersaries after bloudie strife,
When of the might haue made some captiues smart:
Not onelie was he liberall of their life,
But pardond them still to take *Pompeys* part.

Euen at th'infortunate *Pharsalian* field,
When he securely might haue vsde the sword:
He both did spare all th'enemies that would yeeld,
And them to rents and dignities restord.

Then when th'*Ægyptians* so t'obtaine reliefe,
Brought to his sight pale *Pompeys* bloodlesse head;
He testified with teares his inward grieve,
And gracde his statues after he was dead.

Those his proceedings might appeare t'approue,
That he against his will maintain'd this warre;
And to his countrie beares a tender loue,
That could comport to reine his rage so faire.

The Tragedie

Cic. Those counterfeited fauors which he shew,
According to ones custome that aspires,
Were spent on many as the world might view,
T'insinuate himselfe in their desires.

But where he thus spar'd some, he spoild' whole hostes
And the *Barbarians* all to *Rome* not wrought
Such harme as he that of his goodnes boasts,
Yet her best men hath to confusion brought.

The great man that of no mishap could pause,
But still preuaild, whilst warring without right,
Armd for the common weale in a good cause,
With *Cæsar* did vnfortunately fight.

From *Lesbos* fled with his afflictēd wife,
Three base-born grooms (can fortune change so soone)
Stoode to consult vpon great *Pompeys* life,
And did what thousands durst not once haue done.

Then he whose knees had oft beene kissd by kings,
(Most highly happy, had he dide in time)
By one of his owne slaues with abiect things,
Had his last funeralls framde (O monstrous crime)

T'entombe *Romes* greatest captaine all alone,
The Roman that arriu'd with reason said,
The fatall glory was too great for one,
And to haue part of that last honour staid.

The teares bestowd by *Cæsar* on his head,
Forth from a guiltie minde remorse had throwne,
Or else he wept to see his enemy dead,
By any others hands than by his owne.

Then constant *Cato* that euen death did scorne,
The rare arch-tipe of an accomplisht man,
That liu'd as not t'himselfe but t'all men borne,
Moou'd by his tyranny to ruine ranne.

He iustly whilst more iust, himselfe more strong
Then *Cæsar* thought, that for no Iustice carde,

And

And since discovering what he cloakd so long,
Said right, that *Caesar* and not he was snarde.

Thus *Caesar* conquerd all but *Cato's* minde,
That would not by a tyrants tollerance breathe:
But in such sort his famous course confinde,
Than *Caesars* life more glorious was his death.

Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,
The authour of their death make me despise,
That whilst t'vsurpe th'authoritie he tendes,
By treading downe all good men striues to rise.

Now made most great by lessening all the great,
He proudly doth triumph in *Rome*, ouer *Rome*.
And we must seeme t'applaud the present state,
Whose doubtfull breath depends vpon his doome.

Yet had I not enlarge my griefes so long,
To you whom *Caesar* doth pretend to loue;
Wer't not I know touch'd with the common wrong,
A iust disdain all generous mindes must moue.

Dec. Had *Caesar* willingly resign'd his armes,
And rendred *Rome* her libertie at last,
When as from foes he feard no further harmes,
But had repair'd his iust displeasures past.

More then for all the loue thats shew'd to me,
He should haue had an Altar in my breast:
As worthy for his vertuous deedes to be
Feard by the bad, and honour'd by the best.

But since though conq'ring all the world by might,
He to himselfe a slaue would make *Rome* thrall;
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,
And I am grieu'd that he deserues to fall.

My fancies moue not in so lowe a spheare,
But I disdain that one ouer *Rome* impies;
Yet it is best, that with the time we beare,
And with our powre proportion our desires.

The Tragedie

Though I dissembled first your minde to trie,
And tolde what Fame to *Cæsars* praise relates;
Yet was I please'd that moe were grieu'd than I,
All mis-contented men are glad of mates.

Cic. Since tyrannie all libertie exiles,
We must our selues no more our selues disguise;
Then learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,
And seeme t'extoll that which we most despise.

Yet all our deedes not *Cæsars* humor please,
That (since mistrusted once) esteemes vs still
When dumbe disdaineful, flatterers when we praise,
If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill.

Yea we, whose freedome *Cæsar* now restraines,
As his attenders all his steppes must trace;
And know, yet not acknowledge his disdaines,
But still pretend t'haue interest in his grace.

Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,
To honour him a thousand meanes I moue;
Yet But to saue my selfe, and plague him so,
No hate more harmes than it that looks like loue.

His pride that through prepostrous honour swels,
Hath by the better sort, made him abhorrd;
The gods are ieaious, and men enuious els,
To see a mortall man so much adord.

Dec. Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertaind,
That may imbarke vs in his bosomes depths,
Till either willingly or then constrain'd,
He iustly quite what he vniustly keeps. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

THis life of ours is like a Rose,
Which whilst it beauiies rare array,

Doth

of Iulius Caesar.

Doth then enjoy the least repose
When virgin like it blush we see:
Then is't of every hand the prey,
And by each wind is blowne away:
Yea though from violence scap'd free,
(Whilst time triumphs, it leads all thralles)
Yet doth it languish and decay.
O Whilst the courage hottest boiles,
And that our life seemes best to be,
It is with dangers compass still,
Whilst it each little change appalles,
The body force withoutwhiles foiles,
It th' owne distemperature whiles spoiles:
Of which, though none it chance to kill:
As nature failes the bodie falles,
Of which, saue death, nought bounds the toyles.
What is this moouing tower in which we trust?
A little winde closd in a cloud of dust.
And yet some spirits though here being pent,
In this fraile prisons narrow bounds,
With what might suffice not content,
Do alwayes bend their thoughts too hie,
And aime at all the peopled grounds;
Then whilst their breasts ambition wounds,
Though feeding as bent straight to die.
They build as they might alwayes liue;
Being famishd for fames emptie sounds:
Of such no end the trauels ends,
But a beginning giues whereby
They may b' imbroid worse then before,
For whilst they still new hopes contriue,
Th' expected good more anguish sends
Then the possesse contentment lends,
Like beasts that taste not, but deuoure.

The Tragedie

They swallow much, and for more strive,
Whilst still their hope new hap attends:
And how can such but still themselves annoy,
That know to conquer, but not how to enjoy?
Since as a ship amidst the depths,
Or as an Eagle through the aire,
Of which their way no impression keeps,
Most swift when seeming least to moue:
This breath of which we take such care,
Doth tesse the bodie euery where,
That it may hence with haste remoue:
Life slippes and sleepes alwayes away,
Then whence, and as it came goes bare,
Whose steps behind no trace doth leaue.
Why should heauen-banish'd soules thus loue
The cause, and bounds of their exile,
Where they as restlesse strangers stray,
And with such pain why should they reave
That which they haue no right to haue:
Which with themselves within short while,
As sommers beauties must decay,
And can giue nought except the graue,
Though all things doe to harme him what they can,
No greater enemy then himselfe to man:
Whilst oft enuiron'd with his foes
That threatned death on euery side,
Great Cæsar parted from repose,
As Atlas underneath the starres
Did of a world the weight abide.
But since a prey to excessive pride,
More then by all the former warres,
He now by it doth harme dermaine
And of his fortune doth deside
Made rich by many a Nations wrack;

of Iulius Caesar.

He breaking through the liquid barres,
In Neptunes armes his minion forc'd,
Yet still persude new hopes in vaine.
Ah, would th' ambitious looking backe,
Of their inferiours knowledge take,
They from huge cares might be deuorc'd,
Whilst veiuing few more wealth attaine,
And many more than they to lacke.
Lo, th' only plague from men that rest doth reauce,
Is valuing what they want, not what they haue.
Since thus the great themselves inuolue
In such a laborinth of cares,
Whence none to scape can well resolue,
But by degrees is forward led
Through waues of hopes, rockes of dispaire:
Let vs auoyd ambitions snares,
And farre from stormes by enuie bred,
Still seeke securely a humble rest,
With mindes where no prouwd thought repaires,
That in vaine shadowes doth delight:
Thus may our fancies still be fed
With that which Nature freely giues.
Let vs iniquitie detest,
And hold but what we owe of right,
Th' eyes treasure is th' al-circling light:
Not that vaine pompe for which th' earth striues,
Whose glory but a poysonous pest,
T' orethrow the soule delights the sight,
Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine:
Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Caius Cassius. Marcus Brutus.

Cassius

NOW, *Brutus* now, we need no more to doubt,
Nor with blind hopes our iudgement to suspend:
Lo, all our expectations are worne out,
For now it's time t'attempt, and not t'attend.

Th'imperious people that did th'earth appall,
Ah vanquishde by their victories at last,
Are by their too much libertie made thrall,
Since all their strength but serues themselues to cast.

And we that once seemd borne t'aime at great things,
Of the worlds mistresse mightie minions onice,
That might haue labor'd to giue lawes to kings,
Lawes from a king, must looke for now with grones.

For such of *Cesar* is the monstrous pride,
That though he domineers else at this houre,
And to his clients kingdomes doth diuide,
With an vnlimitd tyrranicke power.

Yet of *Dictator* he disdaines the name,
And seekes a tyrants title with the place:
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.

Marc. Brut. I thought to see that man (as others are)
Walke reapparel'd with a priuate gowne,
As one that had vnwillingly made warre
T'hold vp himselfe, not to cast others downe.

So *Silla*, though more inhumane then he,
Whilst hauing all to what his heart aspirde,
The soueraigntie resign'd, and set *Rome* free
When all such expectation was expirde.

By *Cæsars* worth we must thinke that he too,
Will libertie restore t'our troubled state:
When first the world hath viewd what he might doe,
His thoughts are generous as his minde is great.

And though some insolencies scape him whiles,
His dying furie sparkles but a space:
Nought th'inspirations quite of *Mars* exiles,
Till one be vsde with th'innocencie of peace.

Those that by violence did t'all things tend,
Scarfe can themselues t'a quiet course conforme:
Their stately cariage and franke words offend,
Whilst peace cannot comport with warres rude forme.

I hope that *Cæsar* settling ciuill broyles,
When disaccustomde is intestin rage:
Will striue to mitigate his countrys toyles,
Bent all those flames that burn'd his brest t'asswage.

Ca Cass. Thus of his course you by your own conceiu'd
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will:
Ah, honest mindes are with least paine deceiu'd:
Those that themselues are good dreame not of ill.

But of bad mindes to sound th'vnfound deuce,
Their inclination must your iudgement sway:
The square of vertue cannot measure vice,
Nor yet a line that's straight a crooked way.

So *Cæsar* may preuaile t'vsurpe the state,
He cares not by what violence nor sleight:
O, one may soone deceiue men and grow great,
That leaues religion, honestie and right,

When as the *Senatours* (no more their owne)
Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blinds,
And showde him by what honors they had showne,
To gratifie his greatnesse gratefull mindes.

He in a chaire imperiously being plac'd,
Not daign'd to rise nor bow in any sort:

The Tragedie

As both of them had but their due imbrac'd,
When he a hautie, they an humble port.

But if he thus, ere we be throughly thrall'd
Dare so disdainfully such great men vse:
When in a regall throne by vs install'd
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruse.

Was he not first that euer yet began,
To violate the sacred *Tribuns* place;
And punish'd them for punishing a man,
That had transgresside the lawes in time of peace?

The lawes that doe of death all guiltie hold,
Whose actions seeme to tirranie inclinde:
So earnest were our ancestours of old,
To quensh the light of tyrants ere it shinde:

And shall our Nephews (heires of bondage) blame
Vs dastard parents that their hopes deceiu'd,
That saw, that suffred, that suruiu'd such shame,
Not leauing dead, what we being borne receiu'd?

By *Casars* friendes to an assembly brought,
The *Senators* intend to call him king.

Brut. Ile not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought
T'assist as *Prætors* such a publike thing?

Brut. Then ile resist that violent decree;
None of *Romes* crowne shall long securely boast,
For ere that I liue thrall'd, ile first die free:
What can be kept when libertie is lost?

Cass. O with what ioy I swallow vp those wordes,
Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name:
But *Brutus* be not fearde, this cause affords
Thee many mates in danger, few in fame.

When *Anthonie* prowde *Casars* Image crown'd
The people by a silent sorrow told,
In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd
That Comet of confusion to behold.

What

What do those scroules throwne in thy chaire import,
Which what thou art to thy remembrance brings?
Be those the fancies of th'inferiour sort?

No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things.

Of other Pretors people looke for showes,
And distributions whose remembrance dyes:
Whilst bloody fencers fall with mutuall blowes,
And *Affricks* monsters made t'amaze their eyes.

But from thy hands they libertie attend,
A glory hereditarie to thy race,
And following thee their blood will frankly spend,
So thou succeed in thy great parents place;

That *Romes* redeemer once did *Tarquin* foile,
Though from his birth obeyd, and without strife,
Where thou shouldst but th'aspiring tirant spoile,
That would t'extinguish'd tyranny giue life.

Brut. I weigh thy words, with an afflicted heart,
That for compassion of my countrey bleedes,
And would to God that I might onely smart,
So that all others scap'd th'euill that succeeds.

Then neuer man himselfe from death did free
With a more quiet and contented minde,
Then I would perish, if I both could be
To *Caesar* thankfull, and t'our countrey kinde. (largde

But though that great mans grace towards mee en-
May challenge right in my affections store:
Yet must the greatest debt be first dischargde,
I ow him much, but to my countrey more.

This in my breast hath great diffention bred;
I *Caesar* loue, but yet *Romes* enimie hate:
And as *Ioue* liues, I could be mou'd to shed
My blood for *Caesar*, *Caesars* for the state.

I for my fathers death loathde *Pompey* long,
Whilst iust disdain did boyle within my breast,

The Tragedie

Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,
I ioynde with him because his cause was best.

A minde t'vsurpe if *Cæsar* now reueale.
I will in time precipitate his end
Thus being still bent t'aduance the Common-weale,
I help'd a foe, and now must hurt a friend.

Cass. Least of his fauour thou the poyson proue,
From swallowing of such baites (deere friend) beware:
No tyrant (trust me) can intirely loue,
Nor none that for himselfe doth only care.

He by such curtesies doth but intend
T'imbaise thy vertues, vndermine thy minde,
And thy suspected courage to disbend,
Yea (though with silken bonds he would thee binde.)

This of all tyrants is the common tread,
To wreake all those in whom most worth he findes:
Or (whilst that terrors tosse his iecalous head,)
T'vse subtilties t'amuse the greatest mindes:

As when we for the Pretorship did striue,
Then both were held in hope that so deceiu'd
We others harmes might studie to contriue,
Through emulation and disdaine conceiu'd.

Thus subtill *Cæsar* by such sleights hath toyld
To sow dissention, that we both may pause
Of priuate wrongs; and by such means imbroid'd,
Still courting him, neglect the common cause.

But nought from others must our thoughts estrange,
That must in time the tyrants course restraine:
Let other men lament, we must reuenge,
I scorne to beare a sword and to complaine.

Brut. Though *Cæsar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,
My heart towards thee, yet neuer harbor'd hate:
But (pardon me) who euer make it thrall,
From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state,

Of this my course what euer others iudge,
Heere I protest it is for good design'd;
My thoughts are guiltie of no priuate grudge,
For reason, and not furie moues my minde.

Nor is't ambition that inflames my breast,
With a prodigious appetite to raigne,
That when I haue made *Caesar* *Plutoes* guest,
I in his rowme a monarch may remaine.

No, if that glorie did my fancies charme,
To which blind-folded tyrants doe aspire;
I needed not to do, nor suffer harme,
But with lesse paine might compasse my desire.

For if I would but temporize a space,
Till Time, or Death diminish *Caesars* might.
He thinks that I deserue t' enioy his place,
And I could make my day succede his night.

Yet doe I not endeere my selfe so much,
That Ile seeke honor by my countries shame,
But O, I would (my zeale to it is such)
To saue it from reproch seeme worthy of blame.

Yea so, that I may free with honourd wounds,
My soile than is my soule more deere to me:
I care not strait to be barr'd from the bounds,
That at so deere a rate I would set free.

Caes. What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,
But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his blood,
And charge de with armes ere tyranie take place,
Dare venture all things for his countries good?

Can any iudgement be deceiu'd so farre,
But that it else most cleerely may beholde,
How that this change *Romes* greatnes strait will marre,
And raze the trophées that she rear'd of olde.

Of olde in *Rome* all those that once had worne
The peace-importing gowne, or warrelike shield,

The Tragedie

Of dignities as capable being borne,
Durst aime at all that libertie could yeeld.

Those in affaires to deale that would set forth,
Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base,
And pouertie could not holde backe true worth,
From hauing honour both by warre and peace.

Then emulation violently driu'd
All gallant mindes t'attempt great actions still,
That in the loue of vertue riualls liu'd,
Whilst Glorie in their bosomes balme did still.

Fabricius first was from the plow aduanc'd,
The rudder of the commonwealth to hold;
Yet by no meanes his priuate wealth enhaunc'd;
As rich in vertue still, as poore in golde.

Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame
Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remou'd,
And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,
As famous as the *Fabians* now hath prou'd.

Each abiect mind disdain'd to be obscure,
When still preferment follow'd loftie cares,
And that one might by dangers past procure,
Fame to himselfe, and honour to his heires.

But since that state by *Cesar* is oreturn'd,
Whilst all our liues depend vpon ones lips;
Of breasts that once with loue of glorie burn'd,
From soaring thoughts this course the feathers clips.

Aduancement now attends not on desert,
But on th'opinion of a flattred minde;
That to th'appclauding hireling doth impart,
High honours that true worth can hardly finde.

To these all tyrants most addicted proue,
Whom without reason they haue rais'd too high;
As thinking those that stand but by their loue,
To entertaine the same all meanes must trie.

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Where they whose vertue reapes a due reward,
Not building onely on th'aduauncers grace,
Doe by deserts not gaine so great regarde,
Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.

And if a worthie man to worke great things,
Wing'd with th'vsurpers fauors raise his flight,
The highest course to him most harme still brings,
That till he fall, can not haue leaue to light.

Those that by force would haue th'affection mou'd,
When willingly men hold such gallants deare,
They rage that any should be freely lou'd,
Whose vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.

The man that now to be preferr'd aspires,
Must with effronted flatteries seruile forme,
Still soothing *Caesar*, seale all his desires,
And in some shadow lurke t'auoyde a storme,

A number else of that proud rebels foes,
Grieu'd to behold th'occasion of their grieve,
Striue in obscuritie t'entombe their woes,
So waiting, and not working for reliefe.

But we whose lofty mindes disdain to lowre,
As those that seeke but their owne safetie thus;
When shall we spend an indignations powre,
Thats worthy of true Romans, and of vs;

Since no indignitie resolu'd t'indure,
I see our mindes doe sympathize in this,
Should we by suffering seeke to liue secure,
Whose action must amend what is amisse?

No, no such abiect thought must staine our breast,
To cure calamitie but by discourse,
Whilst but like beasts, affecting foode and rest,
Where men by reason should direct their course.

Like those of other parts secure from strife,
If *Caesar* had bin borne, or chusde our Prince,

Then

The Tragedie

Then those that durst attempt to take his life,
The world of treason iustly might conuince.

For still the states that flourish for the time,
By subiects should b'inuiolable thought;
And those no doubt commit a monstrous crime,
That lawfull soueraignty prophane in ought.

And we must thinke (though now being brought to
The Senate king, a subiect *Cæsar* is, (bow,
Th'authoritie that violating now,
The world must damne as hauing done amisse.

We will (deare *Cassius*) for our countries sake,
Our selues expose to danger, or to death;
And let vs now aduise what course to take,
Whilst nought but th'aire can beare away our breath.

Cass. I thinke this matter needes not many wordes,
Since but one deede can bound the common shame;
In *Cæsars* bodie we must sheathe our swordes,
And by his death our libertie reclame.

But since his fortune did confound them all,
That in the fields to match him did beginne;
Whilst he by thousands made their bands to fall,
With hoarie legions alwayes vsde to winne.

As *Pompeys*, *Scipioes*, and *Petreius* ghosts;
In lightlesse shades may by experience tell,
That after th'ouerthrow of their numbrous hosts,
All famous (though infortunately) fell,

And since prouided for the *Parthian* warre,
His armie in armes attends on his decree,
Where we sequestred from such forces farre,
Would, if suspected, strait prevented be;

With some few friends, whom all things now t'assay,
A loue to vs, or to their countrie bindes,
We to his wracke must walke another way,
Whilst ere our tongues, our handes doe tell our mindes.

Now when most high, and therefore hated most,
Th'assembled Senate seekes to make him king;
We must goe giue the blow before we boast,
And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

Brut. In all this course I onely one thing blame,
That we should steale, what we may iustly take,
By clothing honour with a cloake of shame,
Which may our cause (thogh good) more odious make.

O, I could wish, with honourable wounds
T'affront *Romes* enemy in the battrells dust;
No sweeter musicke than the Trumpets sounds,
When Right and Valour keepe a consort iust.

Then free if quicke, else dead for nought being feard,
I alwayes once contented might remaine;
What tombe t'a man more glorious can be rear'd,
Than mountaines made of them that he hath slaine?

But how are my transported thoughts growne such,
That they disdain a measure now t'admit?
As bent not what to doe, but to do much,
I on the throne of Glorie striu'd to sit.

No, to the state me from my selfe I giue,
Free from particular respects, t'expose
My life and all for it, and whilst I liue,
So that it gaine, I care not what I lose.

Ile neuer rest till he for euer rest,
That giues my country such a cause of grieffe;
And that t'effect no forme I will detest,
Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe.

But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,
Let vs the mindes of our familiars feele,
Of which I hope to haue assistance too,
Who will not hazard for his countries weale.

Cass. Now whilst my soule rests rauisht in a traunce,
I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,

The Tragedie

Bent to beat th'aire with songs, th'earth with a daunce,
And crowne thy vertues with deserued praise.

A C T. III. S C E N E II.

Marcus Brutus, Portia.

Brutus MY dearest halfe, my comfort, my delight,
That onely seru'st to sweeten all my sowres,
Thou in my bosome vs'de t'vncharge thy spright,
And in my presence sparde afflictions powres.

Still when domestike broiles disturbde thy rest,
Whilst by thy selfe thou labord for reliefe,
Thou with calme wordes disguise a stormie breast,
Lest I had bin infected with thy grieffe:

For such of me was thy respectiue care,
No cause of discontentment was made knowne,
But with affections colors painted faire,
All that might make me glad, was gladly showne.

What makes thee then thy courage thus to lose,
That thou can looke so sad, and in my sight:
Lend me (deere loue) a portion of thy woes,
A burden being diuided doth grow light.

I see the Roses fading in thy face,
The Lillies languish, Violets take their place.

Port. Thou hast (deere Lord) preuented my designe,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;

If *Phæbus* had no light, could *Phæbe* shine?
No, with the cause of force th'effect must faile.

The mirrour but giues backe as it receites,
A iust resemblance of th'obiected forme:
And such impression as th'engrauer leaues,
The wax retaines still to the stampe conforme.

O I'm the mirroure that reflects thy minde,
According to the influence of thine eies,
I take the state in which thy state I finde,
Such is my colour as thy countenance dies.

Then how can I reioyce whilst thou art sad,
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule?
I am still as thou art, if grieu'd, or glad,
Thy bodies shadow, th' essence of thy soule.

On that great planet that diuides the yeares,
As th' increase of th' inferiour fields depends;
And as it doth euanish, or appears,
In th' earths cold bosome life begins, or ends:

Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,
Whose course rests to thy secret motions thrall,
For when thou art from cloudie fortunes free,
I rise in ioyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

Bru. This countenance with my custome but accords,
That as you know yet neuer from my birth,
Light gestures vsde ioyn'd with lasciuious words,
Nor yet ridiculous fashions that mooue mirth.

My melancholious nature feedes on cares,
Whilst smother'd sorrow by a habite smokes,
A thoughtfull breast thats burdend with affaires,
Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking lookes.

As for my paleness it imports but good,
Th' abasing of the bodie mounts the mind:
Where fatness com'd from food, but serues for food,
In fattest bodies leanest sprites we finde.

Ah, since I saw th' abhor'd *Thessalian* bounds
All drench'd with blood of Senators and kings:
(As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds,)
A secret sorrow oftentimes me stings.

But since thy famous father with strange blowes,
In the most hideous form affronted death,

The Tragedie

To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,
Which sorrow shall exact still whilst I breath.

Yet am I grieu'd t'haue giuen thee cause of griefe,
That thought some new mis-hap did me dismay;
To such olde soares it's worst to giue reliefe,
But time in end may weare my woes away. (ceale?

Per. Why shouldst thou so from me thy thoughts con-
From thine owne soule that in thy bosome sleepest,
To whom, though shewne, thou dost them not reueale,
But in thy selfe more inwardly them keepst?

And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,
That straight in thee each alteration spie,
I can comment on all that comes from thee,
True loue still lookes with a suspitious eye.

Rests not within our bosome euery thought,
Tun'd by a simpathy of mutuall loue?
Thou marrest the musicke if thou change in ought,
Which straight by my distemperature I proue.

Soule of my soule, vnfold what is amisse,
My minde some great disaster doth diuine,
And euen excuse my couriousnesse in this,
Since it concernes thy state, and therefore mine.

Brut. I wonder that thou dost thy frailtie shew,
All women are by nature curious still;
And yet till now thou neuer crau'd to know,
More then I pleasde t'impart of my free will.

Nought saue the wife a man within the wallès,
Nor nought saue him without fits her t'embrace:
And it's vnseemely though it sometime falles,
When any sexe vsurpes anothers place.

Deere, to their wounted course thy cares inure;
I may haue matters that import the state,
Whose opning vp might my disgrace procure,
Whose weight would for thy weaknesse be too great.

Port.

Port. I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to bee
A partner only of thy boorde and bed,
Each feruile whore in those might equall me,
That did her selfe to nought but pleasure wed;
No, *Portia* spousde thee with a minde t'abide
Thy fellow in all fortunes, good, or ill.

With chaines of mutuall loue together tyde, (will.
As those that haue two breasts, one heart, two soules, one

With sacred bands whom holy *Hymen* bindes,
They tweene them should communicate all things;
Yea both the bodies labors, and the mindes,
Whence either pleasure or displeasure springs.

If thus thou seeke thy sorrowes to conceale
Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me;
Then to the world what way can I reueale,
How great a matter I would doe for thee.

And though our sexe too talkatiue be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest powres,
For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours;

Good education may reforme defects,
And I this vantage haue t'a vertuous life,
Which other mindes do want, and mine respects:
I'm *Catoes* daughter, and I'm *Brutus* wife;

Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till that my courage was t'a triall brought,
Which suffring for thy cause can nothing feare.

For first t'experience how I could comport,
With sterne afflictions spirit-ensfeebling blowes,
Ere I would seeke t'assault thee in this sort,
To whom my soule a duteous reuerence owes.

Loe, heere a wound, which makes me not to smart,
Though by my selfe being made, to make me knowne,

Since thy' distresse strikes deeper in my heart,
Thy griefe (lifes ioy) makes me neglect mine owne.

Brut. Thou must (deare loue) that which thou sought
Thy heart so high a saile t'a tempest beares, (receiue,
That thy great courage doth deserue to haue
Our enterprife entrusted to thine eares.

Thy magnanimitie preuailes so farre,
That it my resolution must controule:
And of my bosome doth the depths vnbarre,
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule.

Thou seest in what a state the state now stands,
Of whose strong pillars *Cesar* spoild the best:
Whilst by his owne preuenting others handes,
Our famous father fell amongst the rest.

That insolent vsurper doth presume
To re-erect detested *Tarquines* throne,
Thus the worlds mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,
Must entertaine no minion now but one.

Th'old blood of *Mars* that marks to what he tends,
Swells with disdain, their countreyes (corne to see,
And I'm one of the number that intends
By his death, or mine owne, to be made free.

Port. And without me can thou resolue so soone
T'assay the dangers of a doubtfull strife?
As if despair'd and alwayes to b'vndone,
Being tyr'd of me, yea tyr'd of thy life.

Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hath showne,
Leaue *Portias* portion, venter not her part:
Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,
Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.

But lest by holding of thy best part backe,
That th'other perish t'aggrauate my grones,
That would be so thought guiltie of thy wrack,
Take all thy treasure to the Seas at once.

Like th' *Asian* Monarks wife that with short haire,
(Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,
To weare away, or beare away thy cares,
Ile follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.

These hands that were with my owne blood imbruid,
To strike another may more strength afford:
At least when thou by th'emie art pursu'de,
Ile set my selfe betwixt thee and his sword.

But if too great a priuiledge I claime,
Whose actions all should be dispose by thee:
Ah, pardon me (deare *Brutus*,) do but blame
These my excessiue sorrowes, and not mee. (deare mate,
Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst giue, forgiue
This ventrous course of mine, which must haue place,
Though it make fortune tyrant of our state,
Whole fickle foot-steps vertue grieues to trace.

And wonder not, though this towards thee I proue,
Since priuate passions now all powre haue left;
For I regard not glory, profit, loue,
Nor no respect that doth impört me most:

So to the land of which I hold my life,
I may performe the worke that I intend,
Let me be call'd vnkind vnto my wife:
Yea worst of all, ingrate vnto my friend:

But as th'instinct of nature makes vs know,
There are degrees of dutie to be past:
Of which the first we to th'immortalis owe,
The next t'our Countrey, and t'our friends the last.

Prowd tyrants from his natiue bounds to driue,
Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,
Make those to die whom he had made to liue,
And spoild himselfe to aduance the commonweale:

To raise the state which *Caesar* now ore-throwes,
That bred so many braue men whilst it stood,

The Tragedie

He with the Tyrant interchanging blowes,
Most gloriously did offer vp his blood.

And did that man t'opresse the common fo,
Then damne his sonnes to death: and with drie eyes:
And is his successor degenerd so,
That he in abiect bondage basely lyes?

No, his posteritie his name not staines,
That t'imitate his steps doth yet draw neere;
Yet of his spirit in vs some sparke remaines,
That more then life our libertie hold deare.

Port. Then prosecute thy course, for I protest,
Though with some griefe, my soule the same approues:
This resolution doth become thy breast,
Where in the spheare of honor vertue moues.

And doe this interprise no more deferre,
What thee contents, to me contentment brings;
I to my life thy fastie doe preferre,
But hold thy honor deare aboue all things.

It would but let the world my weaknesse see,
If I sought my delights, not thy desires:
Though it giue griefe, and threaten death to me,
Goe follow forth that which thy fame requires.

Though nature, sexe, and education breed
No power in me, that's with my purpose euen;
Ile lend assistance to th'intended deed,
If voves and prayers may penetrate the heauen:

But difficulties huge my fancie findes,
Saue the successfe nought can defray my feare:
Ah, *Fortune* alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,
As hating all that trust in ought saue her.

Yet I dispaire not but thou may preuaile,
And by this course t'appease my present grones,
I this aduantage haue which cannot faile,
Ile be a freemans wife, or else be nones.

of *Julius Caesar*.

For if all prosper not as we pretend,
And that the heauens *Romes* bondage do decree,
Straight with thy libertie my life shall end,
Who haue no comfort but what comes from thee.

My father hath me taught what way to die,
By which if I be barr'd t'encounter death,
Another meanes (though farre more strange) Ile trie,
For after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.

Brut. Thou for my cause abandon'd others else,
But now forsakst thy selfe t'adhere to me,
That of thy passions thus the powre repells,
And with thy minde discords with mine t'agree.

Ile since by thee approou'd securely goe,
And vilipend the dangers of this life,
Heauens make my enterprise to prosper so,
That I prooue worthy of so worthy a wife.

But ah! of all thy words those grieue me most,
That host me with th'abridgement of thy dayes;
What? though I in so good a cause were lost,
None flies th'appointed fate that for him staies.

Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,
But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance loue,
And from so faire a prison breake not forth,
Till first the fates haue forcde thee to remoue.

Port. I feare the heauens haue our confusion sworne,
Since this ill age can with no good accord;
Thou and my father (ah) should haue bin borne,
When Vertue was aduancde, and Vice abhorrd.

Then ere the light of vertue was decline,
Your worth had reuerencde bin, not throwne away,
Where now ye both haue but in darknes shinde,
As starres by night, that had bin sunnes by day.

Brut. My treasure, striue to pacifie thy breast,
Lest sorrowes but sinistrouly presage,

The Tragedie

That which thou would not wish, and hope the best,
Though vertue now must act on Fortunes stage. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

T*Han libertie of earthly things
What more delights a generous-breast?
That doth receiue,
And can conceiue,
The matchlesse treasure that it brings;
It making men securely rest,
As all perceiue,
Doth none deceiue,
Whilst weigh'd with doubts none ballanc'd things,
But feard for nought, doth what seems best:
Then men are men when they are all their owne,
Not but by others badges when made knowne.
Yet should we not mis-spending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falles,
With an intent,
But to content
These vaine delights and appetites of ours,
For then but being made greater thralles,
We might repent,
Our not being pent
In stricter bounds by others powres,
Whilst feare licentious thoughts appalles:
Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords.
As Libertines those onely liue,
That from the bands of vice set free,
Vile thoughts cancell,
And seeke i' excell
In all that doth true glorie giue,*

of Iulius Caesar.

From which when as no tyrants be,
Them to repell,
And to compell
They deedes against their thoughts to striue,
They blestare in a high degree,
For such of fame the scroules can hardly fill,
Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
Our auncesters of olde such prou'd,
That Rome from Tarquins yoke redeemde,
Who first obtaind,
And then maintaind
Their libertie so deerely lou'd;
They from all things that odious seemd,
Though not constraind,
Themselues restraind,
And willingly all good approu'd,
Bent to be much, yet wel esteemd;
And how could such but aime at some great end,
Whom libertie did leade, and glory attend?
They leading valerous legions foorth,
Though wanting kings, triumph'd over kings,
And still aspir'd,
By Mars inspir'd
To conquer all from South to North;
Then lending Fame their Eagles wings,
They all acquir'd,
That was requir'd,
To make them rare for rarest things,
The world being witnessse of their Worth:
Thus those great minds that domineer'd ouer all.
Did make themselues first free, then others thrall:
But we that hold nought but their name,
From that to which they in times gone,
Did high ascend,

The Tragedie

Must low descend,
And bound their glory with our shame.
Whilst on an abieēt tyrants throne
We basely attend,
And doe intend,
Vs for our fortune still to frame,
Not it for vs, and all for one:
As libertie a courage doth impart,
So bondage doth disbend, els breake the heart.
Yet O, who knowes but Rome to grace,
Another Brutus may arise,
That may effect
What we affect:
And Tarquins steppes make Cæsar trace,
Though seeming dangers to dispise,
He doth suspect,
What we expect,
Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,
Though fairely he his feares disguise:
Of tyrants th' iniurie reuenge affords,
All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens swords.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

Decius Brutus Albinus, Marcus Brutus.
Caius Cassius.

Brutus D Eare cosin, *Cassius* did acquaint mine cares,
With a designe that tofs'd my minde a space,
For when strange newes a strangers breath first beares,
Then should not trust t'each rash report giue place.
I would not then discouer what I thought:
Lest he t'entrap my tongue a snare had fram'd,

Till

Till I with thee t'a conference first was brought,
Whom he for patron of his purpose namde.

One should beware to whom his minde he leaues,
In dangerous times when tales by walles are tolde,
Men make themselues most miserably slaues,
Of those to whom their secrets they vnfolde.

M. Bru. As *Caſſius* tolde thee pitying *Romes* distresse,
That t'our disgrace in bondage doth remaine,
We straight intend what euer we professe,
With *Caſars* blood to wash away this staine.

Though for this end a few sufficient are,
To whom their vertue courage doth impart,
Yet were wee loath to wrong thy worth so farre,
As of such glorie to giue thee no part.

Since both this cause, and that thy name thee binde,
In this aduentrous band to be comprisde,
There needes no rhetoricke to raise thy minde,
That t'execute which thou should haue deuifde.

D. Bru. I thought no creature shuld my purpose know
But he whose intrest promisde mutuall cares,
Of those to whom one would his secrets show,
No greater pledge of trust than to know theirs.

As when two meet being mask'd (though whiles neare
With them as strangers no respect takes place, (friends)
But when that friendship one of them pretends,
Then th'other likewise doth vncloude his face:

So as thou first, Ile now at last be bold
My breast with the same birth long great hath gone,
Yet I t'another durst it not vnfolde,
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone.

But since this course, of which I long did pause,
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,
Whose countnaunce may giue credite r'any cause,
It hath my heart, and it shall haue my hands.

C. Cas. T'our enterprife propitious signes are sent,
 So that the gods would giue vs courage thus,
 For all that euer heard of our intent,
 Would willingly engage themselues with vs,
 Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,
 Ours but by th' action only should be showne,
 Bare speculation is but for such sprites,
 As want of powre or courage keeps vnknowne,
 In those that Vertue view when crown'd with deeds,
 Whose beauties through the glasse of glory shine,
 Sh'a violent desire t'imbrace her breedes,
 As th' adamant to th'yrne being to the minde.

What though a number now in darkeness lies,
 That are too weake for matters of such weight,
 We that are eminent in all mens eies,
 Let vs still hold the height of honour straight. (thus

M. Br. Whilst that our faction might be strengthened
 I labord much to purchase all their powres,
 Whom hate towards *Cesar*, loue to *Rome*, or t'vs,
 Might moue t'imbarke in those great hopes of ours.

By sickenesse being imprison'd in his bed,
 Whilst I *Ligarius* spide whom paines did pricke,
 When I had said with words that anguish bred,
 In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sicke.

He answerd straight as I had phisicke brought,
 Or that he had imagin'd my designe,
 If worthy of thy selfe thou wouldst do ought,
 Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholie thine.

Since *Cesar* causde him be accusde of late,
 For taking *Pompeys* part, yet at this houre,
 He (though absolu'd) doth still the tyrant hate,
 For being endangerd by his lawlesse powre.

Whilst it exasprates thus such great sprites spites,
 Heauen of our course the progresse doth direct,

of *Julius Caesar*.

One inspiration all our soules incites,
That haue aduisdly sworne this fact t'effect.

D.Br. So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,
Who I perceiue the present state detests,
And though that age deminisht haue his strength,
In him a will t'auenge his country rests. (shind,

M.Br. That man whose loue stil towards his country
Would willingly the commonwealth restore,
Then he I know, though he conceales his minde,
None *Caesar* more dislikes, nor likes vs more.

Yet to his custodie Ile not commit,
The secrets of our enterprise so soone,
Men may themselues be oftentimes not fit,
To doe the things that they would wish were done,
He still being timorous, and by age growne worse,
Might chance to lay our honor in the dust,
All cowards must inconstant be of force,
With bold designs none fearefull breasts can trust.

Then some of ours would holde their hands still pure,
That ere they be suspected, for a space
Amidst the tumult may remaine secure,
And with the people mediate our peace.

But who than *Tullius* fitter for that turne,
Whose eloquence is vsde t'enchante their eares?
His banishment they in blacke gownes did mourne,
Whose age and merites each one reuerence beares.

C.Cas. Those studious wits that haue through dangers
Would still be out, ere that they enter in; (gone,
Who muse of many things, resolute of none,
And thinking of the end, cannot beginne.

The mind that lookes no further than the eie,
And more to Nature trusts, than vnto Art,
Such doubtfull fortunes fitt it is to trie,
A furious actor for a desprate parte.

The Tragedie

We haue enow, and of the best degree,
Whose hands are to their hearts, their hearts t'vs true,
And if that we seeke moe, I feare we be
T'aet close too many, if disclosde, too few.

Let vs aduise with an industrious care,
Now ere the tyrant intercept our mindes;
The time, the place, the manner, when, and where,
That we should trust our treasure to the windes.

And since our fortunes in the ballance hing,
Let euery point be circumspectly weigh'd,
A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,
May whiles marre all for not being well conueigh'd.

M.Br. As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit,
Than this thats present to performe our vow,
Since all the people must allow of it,
Mou'd by a recent discontentment now.

When represented in his triumph past,
Great *Catoes* mangled entrailles made them weepe,
And desprate *Scipio* whilst he leap'd at last,
To seeke a Sanctuarie amidst the depth.

Then all those great men that in seuerall partes,
Bent for *Romes* freedome *Cesar* did ouerthrow,
Did by their pictures pierce the peoples harts,
And made a pitteous (though a pompous) show.

So that they did conceiue a iust disdain,
To be vpbraided in so strange a sort,
Whilst he that onely by their losse did gaine,
Of their calamitie but made a sport.

But yet his purpose grieues them most of all,
Since that he striues to be proclaimd a King,
And not contents himselfe to make vs thrall,
But to perpetuall bondage would vs bring.

Thus whilst the people are with him displeasde,
We best may doe that which t'our part belongs;

For after this they may be best appeas'd,
If whilst their wrath doth last we venge their wrongs.

And since we nought intend but what is right,
Whilst from our countrey we remooue disgrace:
Let all be acted in the Senates sight,
A common cause, and in a common place. (deeds

Let those whose guiltie thoughts doe damne their
In corners like *Mineruaes* birds abide:
That which t'our countrey good, t'vs glory breeds,
May by the lights of heauen and earth be tryde.

The Senatours by our ensample mou'd,
Pleasde with this action that imports them too,
To haue the yoke of tyrannie remou'd,
May at the least authorize what we doe.

So all the Senatours were said of old,
To haue king *Romulus* amongst them torne:
That than to tyrranize was growne to bold,
And from his first humanitie had worne.

D. Brut. Yea, what though *Caesar* were immortall made
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him reuiues?
It's easier as a God t'adore him dead,
Then as a king t'obey him whilst he liues.

C. Cass. That place indeed, most for our glory makes,
A Theater worthy of so great an act:
Where in their sight from whom most power he takes,
We of the tyrant vengeance may exact.

But I must recommend vnto your minde,
A course (though strict) of which we must allowe,
Least it ore-throw all that we haue design'd,
Being past recouerie, if neglected now,

There is *Antonius Casars* greatest friend,
A man whose nature tyrannie affects,
Whom all the souldiours doe delight t'attend,
As one that nought but to command respects.

The Tragedie

I feare that he when we haue *Cæſar* ſlaine,
To th'other faction furniſh ſtill a head:
So when we ende, we muſt beginne againe,
Againſt one liuing worſe then he that's dead.

And in my iudgement, I would thinke it beſt,
When ſacrific'd the proud vſurper lyes,
That that ſeditious enemy of reſt,
Should fall with him with whom he firſt did riſe,

Thus of our libertie we now may lay,
A ſolid ground that can be ſhak'd by none:
Thoſe of their purpoſe that a part delay
Two labours haue, that might haue had but one.

M. Brut. I cannot *Cæſius* condeſcend to kill
(Thus from the path of Juſtice to decline)
One faultleſſe yet, leſt after he prooue ill,
So to preuent his guiltineſſe by mine.

No, no, that neither honeſt were, nor juſt,
Which rigorous forme would but the worlde affright:
Men by this meane our meaning might miſtruſt,
And for a little wrong damne all that's right;

If we but only kill the common foe,
Our zeale t'our countrey muſt acquire due praiſe:
But if like Tyrants tyrannizing ſo,
We will be thought that which we raze to raiſe.

And where we but intend t'aduance the ſtate,
Though by endangering what we hold moſt deare;
If ſlaying him as arm'de by priuate hate,
We to the world ſtill partiall will appeare.

Ah, ah, we muſt but too much murder ſee,
That without doing euill cannot do good:
And would the gods that *Rome* could be made free,
Without th'effuſion of one droppe of blood.

Then their is hope that *Anthony* in ende,
When firſt our vertue doth direct the way:

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Will leagu'd with vs the libertie defend,
And being brought backe will blush for going astray.

C. Cass. Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,
From this blacke clowd, what euer tempest fall,
That mercie but most cruellie doth kill.

Which thus saues one, that once may plague vs all.

D. Brut. When *Caesar* with the Senators sits downe,
In this your iudgements generally accord;
That for affecting wrongfully the crowne,
He lawfully may perish by the sword.

No greater harme t'our purpose can be brought,
Then by protracting of th'appointed time,
Least that which acted would b'a vertue thought,
Be (if preuented) conserd as a crime.

Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?
No, purposes would neuer be delaid
That are interpreted but by th'euent,
If prospering reason, treason if betraid.

There may amongst our selues some man remaine,
Whom if afraid, his pardon to procure,
Or if being greedie for the hope of gaine,
Time to disclose his consorts may allure.

Then ruine for our recompence we reape,
If ought our course by being abortiue marre,
For if discover'd once, we cannot scape,
As Tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.¹

C. Cass. The breast in which so deepe a secret dwelles,
Would not be long charge with so weightie cares,
For I coniecture by appearance else,
Mo priuie are t'our minds then we to theirs:

Euen but of late one *Casca* came to see,
That curious was to haue our purpose knowne,
And said to him that which thou hidst from me,
To me by *Brutus* hath at length bin showen.

The Tragedie

Then by some things that he had learn'd before,
He of our course deepe in discourse did fall,
Till *Casca* thinking that he had knowne more,
Scarfe kept his tongue from staggering out with all.

Then *Lena* to vs once came in like sort,
And wish'd that our designe might prosper well,
Yet vs to haste did earnestly exhort,
Since others told what we refusde to tell:

Whilst strangers rest familiar with our minde,
And ere t'our knowledge thus t'our counsell rise,
Make forward fast, or we will come behind.
Fame wing'd with breath most violently flies.

M. Brut. Their words but from vncertainties burst forth,
For whilst considering of their bondage thus:
Of *Casars* tyrannie, and of our worth,
They thinke this should be done, and done by vs:

Such coniurations to confirme of olde,
Some drinking others bloods; swore on their swords,
And cursing those that did their course vnfold,
Vfde imprecations, execrable words.

And yet then this though voluntarily vow'd,
Free from all bonds, saue that which vertue bindes,
More constantly no course was still allow'd.
Till now that th'end must manifest our minds.

And since so many frankly keepe their faith,
Still what they first design'd t'accomplish bent:
No doubt in spight of fickle fortunes wrath,
But the successe shall yeeld our soules content.

Might some few *Thebans* from the *Spartans* pride,
By diuers tyrants deaths redeeme their towne?
And one *Athenian* that his vertue tryde,
By thirtie Tyrants ruins win renowne?

And to the *Greekes* are we inferiour growne,
That where they haue so many tyrants spoild,

There cannot one be by vs all orethrowne,
Whose state yet brangling may be soone imbroyld:

O I'm resolu'd, and with my thoughts decree,
What euer fortune either sweet or sowre,
I shall my soyle from tyrannie set free,
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants powre.

D. Br. By *Lepidus* inuited this last night,
Whilst *Caesar* went to suppe, and I with him,
Of all deaths shapes to talke we tooke delight,
So at the table to beguile the time.

And whilst our iudgements all about were tride,
Straight *Caesar* (as transported) to the rest
With a most sodaine exclamation cride,
O, of all deaths vnlookt for death is best.

For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,
That euen the mind no fearefull forme can see,
Then is the paine ere apprehended past,
All sowres ere tasted would digested be.

The threatned destinie thus he diuinde,
It would appeare diuinely being inspirde,
For now I hope that he shall shortly finde,
That forme of death which he himselfe desirde.

C. Cass. Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,
And that their will t'atchiue this worke is such,
Lest *Caesars* absence disappoint the plot,
Which would of some abate the courage much,

It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,
That to his lodging you addressd your way,
Him by some meanes to further forward soone,
Lest by some sodaine chaunce allur'd to stay.

D. Br. There where the Senate minds this day to sit,
Stand all prepar'd t'approach where danger dwells,
And for the sacrifice when all is fit,
Ile bring an offering consecrated else.

Exiunt

ACT. IIIII. SCENE II.

Cesar, Calphurnia, Decius Brutus.

Long-look for time that should the glory yeeld,
Which I through *Neptunes* trustlesse raigne haue
fought,

And through the dust of many a bloodie field,
As by all dangers worthy to be bought.

Thy comming now those lowring shadowes cleares,
That did th'horizon of my hopes ore-cast,
This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,
And brings the haru'st of all my labors past.

The Senators a messenger haue sent,
Most earnestly entreating me to come,
And heare my selfe discernd by their consent,
To weare a crowne ouer all excepting *Rome*.

Thus they deuise conditions at this houre,
For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey;
As subiects limite could their soueraignes powre,
That must haue minde of nought but to obey.

But hauing pacifide those present things,
I minde to leade my valorous legions forth,
To th'orientall realmes, adoring kings
That can exhibite honors due to worth.

Than swimme my thoughts in th'Ocean of delight,
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise reposde,
Those eies to gaze vpon my glories light,
That enuy op'ned, admiration closde.

Cal. Ah, though your fancies great contentment find,
Whilst thus the world your vertue doth aduance,
Yet a prepostrous terrour stings my minde,

And

of *Iulius Caesar*.

And boasts me with I know not what mischance,
My wauering hopes oreballanc'd are with feares,
That to my soule sinistrous signes impart,
And ominous rumours so assault mine eares,
That they almost make breaches in my heart.

Caesar What, doe debatteld *Pompeys* followers striue
To recollect their ruines from the dust?
Dare they that only by my tollerance liue,
More to their strength than to my fauour trust?

Or dost thou feare his sonnes deiected state,
That steales infamous flying through those floods,
Which his great father, Admiral of late,
Did plant with ships til all their waues seemd woods?

Then makes his brothers death his courage more,
Since by them straited in a bloodie strife,
I, that in all the battels giuen before,
Did fight for victorie, then fought for life.

Or whilst to march toward *Parthia* I prepare,
Doth a suspicion thus afflict thy sprite,
For *Crassus* fortune feard that perisht there,
Th'opprobrious prey of the Barbarians sight?

To those same bands that *Cassius* thence broght back,
A place amongst my legions Ile allow,
Whose foes shall find whilst they auenge th'olde wracke
Though the same sheep, another shepheard now.

Do not imagine matters to bemone,
For whilst there stands a world, can *Caesar* fall?
Though thousand thousands were coniurd in one,
I, and my fortune might confound them all.

Cal. No, none of those my minde doth miscontent,
That vndisguisde still like themselues remaine,
Vnlook for harmes are hardest to preuent,
There is no guard against concealde disdain,
But in whom further can your trust repose,

Whom

The Tragedie

Whom danger now ouer all, by all attends,
Where priuate men but onely feare their foes,
Oft kings haue greateft cause to feare their friends.

For since being trusted fittest to betray,
Those vnto whom ones fauour force affords,
May for his life the worst ambushments lay,
Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.

And some report (though priuately) yet plaine,
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,
By your destruction do pretend t'obtaine,
That which you keepe by making all men bow.

Cesar No corpulent sanguinians make me feare,
That with more paine their beards than th'enimies strike
And doe themselues like th'epicurians beare,
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike.

Their hearts do alwayes in their mouthes remaine,
As streams, whose murmuring shews the course not deep
Then still they loue to sport, though grosse and plaine,
And neuer dreame of ought but when they sleep.

But those high sprites that hold their bodies downe,
Whose visage leane their restlesse thoughts records,
Whilst they their cares depth in their bosoms drowne,
Their silence feares me more than th'others words.

Thus *Cassius* now and *Brutus* seeme to hold
Some great thing in their mind, whose fire whiles smokes
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would,
Thinke what they like, I like not their pale lookes.

Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,
In whom of vertue th'image seemes to shine,
Can those that haue receiu'd their liues from me,
Prooue so ingrate againe as to take mine?

Dare *Cassius* me pursue new hopes to haue,
At th'*Hellespont* that fortune feard to trie,
And like a dastard did his Gallies leaue,

In all (saue corage) though more strong than I?
Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my blood,
Whose safetie still I tendred with such care,
Who when the heauens from mortalls me seclude,
Is only worthy to be *Cesars* heire?

Cal. The corners of the heart are hard to know,
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,
Yet do not trust too much th'externall show,
For men may differ much from what they seeme.

None oft more fierce than those that look most mild,
Impietie sometime appeares deuout,
And that the world the more may be beguilde,
Whiles Vice can clothe it selfe with Vertues cote.

Though that they haue long since laid hatred downe,
By benefits bestow'd, you might attend,
There's no respect can counterpoise a crowne,
Ambition hath no bounds, nor greed no end.

Through vindicatiue hate, and emulous pride,
Since some your person, some your place pursue,
All threatned dangers to prevent prouide,
Being wise in time, lest out of time you rüe.

Cas. No armor is that can hold treason out.

Cal. T'affright your foes with bands be backt about.

Cas. So dastard tyrants striue themselues to beare.

Cal. It better is to giue, than to take feare.

Cas. No stronger guard than is the peoples loue.

Calp. But nought in th'earth dooth more inconstant
proue.

Cas. Guardes shewing feare t' inuade me men might
tempt.

Cal. Guardes would put them from hope, you from
contempt.

Cas. My breast from terror hath bin alwayes cleare.

Cal. When one feares least, oft daunger lurkes most
nere.

The Tragedie

Cæs. It's better once to die, than still feare death.

Cal. But worst of all to fall by th' enemies wrath.

Cæs. Ile not dis taste my present pleasures so,
By apprehending what may chauce to come,
This world affords but too much time for woe,
Whilst crosses come contentment to orecome.

By ioyes in time we must imbrace reliefe,
That when they end, we in some measure may,
By their remembrance mitigate the grieffe,
Which still attends all those on th' earth that stay.

I thinke the Senate is assembled now,
And for my comming doth beginne to gaze,
Ile goe condignely once t' adorne my brow,
And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.

Cal. Stay, stay (deere Lord) retire thy steps againe,
And spare one day to prorogate whole yeares,
Let not this ominous day beginne thy raigne,
That fatall and vnfortunate appears.

An Astrologian through the world renownde,
Thy horoscopes iust calculation layes,
And doth affirme as he by signes hath found,
That th' Ides of March doe boast to bound thy dayes.

Walke not this day where harmes may be receiu'd,
Since by no great necessity being forcde,
For though his iudgement may be farre deceiu'd,
In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.

Cæs. Whilst I reform'd the Calender by fits,
That long disordred th' order of the yeare;
I waded through the depths of all their wits,
That of the starres the mysteries make cleare.

Those pregnant sprites that walke betwixt the poles,
And lodge at all the zodiackes seuerall signes,
Do rade strange wonders wrapt in th' azure scroules,
Of which our deedes are wordes, our liues are lines.

By

of *Julius Caesar*.

By speculation of superior powres,
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,
As how celestiall bodies rule ouer ours,
And what their influence effects below.

Yea they sometime may strange coniectures make,
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe proue,
Since naturally all inclination take,
From Planets then predominant aboue.

And yet no certaintie can so be had,
Some vertuously against their starres haue striu'd,
As *Socrates* that grew, (though borne but bad,)
The most accomplisht man that euer liu'd.

But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,
No earth-clogd soule can to the knowledge come;
For O the destinies farre from our sights,
In clouds of darknes haue inuolu'd our doome.

And some but onely guesse at great mens falles,
By bearded comets, and prodigious starres,
Whose sight-distracting shapes the world appalles,
As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.

The time vncertaine is of certaine death,
And that fantastike man farre past his bounds,
He is too bold that with ambiguous breath,
Not speaks of things to come, whose deeps none sounds

Cal. But this all day did my repose extort,
And from my breast of cares a tribute clam'd,
Now vilipend not that which Ile report,
Though but a dreame, and by a woman dreamd.

I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,
Then whilst we both as those whom *Morphetis* weds,
Lay softly buried with a pleasant rest,
I in thy bosome, thou within the beds.

Then from my soule strange terrours did withdrawe
Th'exspected peace by apprehended harmes;

The Tragedie

For I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,
And did imbrace thee bloodie in mine armes.

Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was surchargde,
Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares,
I big with griefe two elements enlargde,
Th'aire with my sighes, the water with my teares.

Cesar. That which I heard, with thy report accords,
Whilst thou all seemd dissolu'd in griefe at once,
A heauy murmuring made with mangled words,
Was interrupted oft by tragicke groanes.

The memory, but not the iudgement makes
Th'impression thus of passions in the braine,
For what the soule most suffers when it wakes,
With it asleepe it doth turmoyle remaine.

From superstitious feares this care proceedes,
Which stil would watch o're that which thou dost loue,
And in thy minde melancholy thus breedcs,
Which doth those strange imaginations moue.

Cal. Ah, in so light account leaue off to hold
Those fatall warnings that the heauens haue made,
Which by all meanes most manifest vnfold,
What dangers huge do hing about thy head.

He with the sacred garlands that diuines,
By th'entrailes of the consecrated beast,
Sees in the sacrifice sinistrous signes,
And I intreate thee do not hence make haste.

Ces. When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,
Thus the diuiner threatned me before,
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,
Which with new laurells did my browes decore.

Cal. And yet you hardly there as whiles I heare,
From dangers (farre engagde) redeemd your life,
But now more monstrous tokens do appeare,
And I suspect farre worse than open strife.

Cæs. Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,
As one that others counsels scornes t'alow,
With ieaious eyes Ile search about me still,
And euen mistrust my selfe to trust thee now.

Yet if I stay the Senators deceiu'd,
May my beginning straight begin to hate,
So might I perish seeking to be sau'd,
By flying, many fall vpon their fate.

But heere one comes that can resolue me much,
With whom I vse t'aduiſe affaires of weight:
Whence comst thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?
Isought occur'd that craues our knowledge straight?

Decius. I come to tell you how the Senate staies,
Till your expected presence blesse their sight,
And the conclusion yet of all delays,
Till that your approbation make it right.

T'accomplish your contentment they intend,
And all their thoughts seeme at one obiekt bent,
Saue that they doe amongst themselues contend,
Who you to please shall strangest wayes inuent.

Cæs. Than that no treasure to my soule more deere,
Which straight t'enioy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me heere,
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart.

From thee (deare friend) I neuer do conceale
The waightiest secrets that concerne me most:
And at this time I likewise will reueale,
How heauens by signes me with destruction boſt:

To superstition though not being inclinde,
My wife by dreames doth now preſage my fall:
It a Sooth-sayer likewise hath diuin'd,
The sacrifice prodigious seemes t'vs all;

So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All companie I purpose to disuse.

The Tragedie

And to the Senators Ile send some one
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

D. Brut. Do not repose on superstitious signes,
You to suspect the people thus to bring,
Whilst soueraigne-like you limit their designes,
Seeme not a tyrant seeking to be king.

How can we satisfie the worlds conceit,
Whose tongues still in all eares your praise proclames?
O! shal we bid them leaue to deale in state,
Till that *Calphurnia* first haue better dreames?

If that this day you priuate would remayne,
The Senate to dissolue your selfe must goe,
And then incontinent come backe againe,
When you haue showne towards it some reuerence so.

Ces. With thy aduise (as powrefull) I agree,
The Senators shall haue no cause to grudge:
A little space, all part apart from mee,
And ile be shortly ready to dislodge.

Caesar alone.

WHence come this huge and admirable change,
That in my brest hath vncouth thoughts infus'd?
Doth th'earth then erst yield terrors now more strange,
Or but my minde lesse courage then it vsde?

What spitefull fate against my state contends,
That I must now t'vnlook'd for plagues giue place,
By foes not mou'd, yet fear'd amongst my friends,
By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace?

T'encounter me when strongest troups did come,
Then did my heart the highest hopes conceiue:
I war'd with many, many to ouercome,
The greatest battels, greatest glory gaue.

As th'emies number still my courage grew,
Oft haue I through the depths of dangers past,

Yet

Yet neuer did those boundlesse labors rue,
To haue none greater first, none equall last.

When as the *Gaules* fear'd by their neighbours fallés,
Had from the fields, no, from my furie fled,
And hid themselues with armes, their armes with walles,
Whilst I my troupes t'inclose *Alexia* led: (about,

Then though there swarm'd foorth from the bounds
Huge hostes to compasse me, enflam'd with wrath,
That the besieger being besieg'd about
Seem'd drawne with danger in the nets of death.

Yet I that could not with the pride comport,
That those *Barbarians* by vaine boasts bewrayd,
Did reassault th'assaulters in such sort,
That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd,

Of those within the towne t'asswage their toyles,
Till being ore-com'd their comming was not knowne:
Who straight vpbrayded by the barbarous spoiles,
Did yeeld themselues with th'others as ore-throwne,

Then whilst with liquid legions tumid boasts,
The trident-bearer striu'd my spoyles to beare:
Though threatned thrise amidst his humid hostes,
I alwayes scorn'd t'acquaint my selfe with feare.

I vsde those Pirats that had me surpriz'd,
Still as my seruants thundring threatnings forth,
And gaue them money more than they deuifde,
Greu'd to be rated at too little worth.

Yet gathering ships, I sign'd not long the shore,
But trac'd their printles steps through th'vnpat'd way:
And taking them, as I had vow'd before,
By nought but death their ransome would defray.

Then when without th'aduise of others minds,
I ventred through the hoarie waues by night,
Whilst in a little barke against great winds,
That euen the Pilote look'd not for the light;

The Tragedie

The roaring waues themselues seem'd to diuide,
That in their grauell I might chuse a graue.
And in a christall arch about me bide,
That I, of me a tombe might worthy haue.

Whilst dangers seem'd to merite *Cæsars* death,
As *Neptune* raisde his head, I raisde my heart;
And shewing what I was with constant breath,
T' amaze *Amiclas* courage did impart,

Was I not once amidst large *Nilus* flote,
Whilst me to wound a wood of darts did flie,
Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,
That in my hand I held some papers drie?

With open dangers thus in euery place,
I whilst being compass'd both by sea and land,
Did vndismaid looke horror in the face,
As borne for nought but onely to commaund.

But since a world of victories haue fill'd,
With Trophees Temples, Theaters with my praise,
That bath'd with balme from th'oyle of glory still'd,
With friends in peace I look'd to spend my daies.

The chambers musicke now affrights me more,
Then once the trumpets sound amidst the field,
And gownes (though signes of peace) worse, then before
The pompous splendour of a flaming shield.

Those thoughts of late that had disdain'd to doubt,
Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,
Lo, whilst amongst my friends I'm back'd about,
Doe greater dangers now then th'eies disclose.

If ought t'assemble any number brings,
I insurrections feare from common wrath;
Yea, if two talke apart of priuate things,
Straight I suspect that they conspire my death.

When suddaine rumors rise from vulgar smoake,
Whilst th'inward motions roule my restlesse eies;

I at each corner for ambushments looke,
And start astonish'd least some tumult rise.

When rising *Titans* beames renew th'earths toiles,
I still dispaire to re-enioy the night,
And when mine eyes th'all-covering darknesse spoiles,
I neuer looke t'enrich them with the light.

For when that light with darknesse makes a change,
To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,
What ougly *Gorgons*, what *Chimeraes* strange,
Do boast the little world within my breast?

Th'appointed time t'appease impetuous cares
Doth double mine, that view most when being blind:
I apprehen'd huge horrors aud dispaire,
Whilst th'outward obiects not distract my minde.

What comfort of my conquests now remains?
Where is the peace pursue by many a strife?
Haue I but taken paine t'abound in paines,
And sought by dangers for a dangerous life?

Is this the period of aspiring powers,
In promise calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?
Lurke poisonous serpents vnder fairest flowers.
And hellish furies vnder heavenly formes?

It will not greeue my gost below to goe,
If circumvented in the warres I end,
As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,
That gaue his ashes honor as a friend.

Or like *Epaminondas* prosprous death,
O would to God I had amidst th'alarmes
Being chargde with recent spoyles, bin spoil'd of breath,
Whiist I toward *Pluto* might haue march'd in armes.

Yet t'end this life that nought but toyles affords,
Ile pay to death the tribute that he owes,
Straight with my blood let some come die their swords,
My body shall be bar'd t'embrace their blowes.

The Tragedie

But ah, how haue the furies seiz'd my breast,
And poison'd thus my sprit with desp'rate rage:
That with their horrid serpents barr'd from rest,
Nought can imagin'd be my toiles t'asswage.

No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space,
That ere I to the *Stizian* streames go downe,
I may of honor haue the highest place,
And if I fall, yet fall beneath a crowne.

Whilst I would bend my eares t'applauding shoutes,
My thoughts diuided are within my breast,
And my tossde soule doth flote between two doubts,
Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.

The Senators they haue this day designde,
To shew the world how they esteeme my worth;
Yet do portentuous signes perturb my minde,
By which the heauens would point my danger forth;

The gods from me with indignation gone,
Haue charactred in euery thing my death,
And must both heauen and earth conspire in one,
To quench a little sparke of still-tossde breath:

My fastie would that I should stay within,
Till this disastrous day giue darknesse place:
But honor hunts me forward to begin,
To reape the glory of my painfull race:

And Ile aduance in spight of threatned broyles,
For though the fates effect that which we dreame,
When death retires from forcing those fraile spoyles,
Though breathlesse, ile be breath'd ouer all by fame.

Exit.

Chorus.

What furie is this that filles the breast,
With a prodigious rash desire,
Which banishing their soules from rest

Doth

of Iulius Caesar.

Doth make those liue that high aspire,
Whilst it within their bosome boyles
As Salamanders in the fire,
Or like to serpents changing spoiles
Their wither'd beauties to renew:
Like Vipers with unnaturall toiles,
Of such the thoughts themselues pursue,
That for all lynes themselues do square,
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,
They only feed but on the aire.
To passe ambition monstrous matters brings,
And (saue contentment) can attaine all things.
This actiue passion doth disdain
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrors raigne,
To great a guest to be confinde;
It doth but loftie thoughts frequent,
Where it a spacious field may finde,
It selfe with honor to content,
Where reuerenc'd fame doth lowdest sound:
Those at great things that t' aime are bent,
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)
Would in the spheare of glory moue,
Whilst loftie thoughts which nought can bind,
All riualls liue in vertues loue:
On abiect preyes as th' Eagle neuer lights,
Ambition poisons but the greatest sprights.
And of this restles vultures brood,
If t grow not to too great a flame,
A little sparke may whyles do good,
Which makes great minds affecting fame,
To suffer still all kinde of paine:
There fortune at the bloody game,
Who hazard would for hope of gaine.

The Tragedie.

Were not burn'd by a thrift of praise:
The learned loe, & a higher straine,
Their wits by emulation raise,
As those that hold applauses deare:
And what great mind at which men gaze,
It selfe can of ambition cleare,
Which is being rated at the highest price,
A generous error, a heroicke vice.
But when this frensie flaming bright
Doth so the soules of some surprise,
That they can taste of no delight
But what from soueraigntie doth rise;
Then huge affliction it affords,
Such must themselues so to disguise,
Prooue prodigall of courteous words,
Giue much to some, and promise all,
Then seruile seeme, to be made Lords,
Yea first being made to many thrall,
Must pittie impart if not support,
T'all those that crush'd by fortune fall,
And griue themselues to please each sort:
Are not those wretch'd that ouer a dangerous snare
Hing but by hopes, being ballanc'd in the aier?
Then when they haue the port attainde,
That was through Seas of dangers sought,
They (lo) at last but losse haue gainde,
And by great trouble, trouble bought.
There minds are married still with feares,
T'engender many a ieaalous thought,
With searching eyes and wa'ching eares,
To learne that which they griue to know.
The breast that such a burden beares,
What huge afflictions toyle & orethrow:
Thus princes are as all perceiue,

of Iulius Caesar.

No more exalted than brought low,
Of many a Lord, to many a slave.
That idoll greatnesse which th'earth doth adore,
Is conquerd with great paine, and kept with more:
He that to this imagin'd good,
Did through his countries entrailes tend,
Neglecting friendship, duety, blood,
And all on which trust can depend,
Or by which lone could be conceiu'd,
Doth finde of what he did attend,
His expectations farre deceiu'd;
For since suspecting secret snares,
His soule hath still of rest bin reau'd.
Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,
Forth from his breast extort depth grones:
Thus Caesar now of life despaires,
Whose hap his hope exceeded once,
And who can long well keepe an euill wonne state?
Those perish must by some whome all men hate.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

*Marcus Brutus, Chorus, Antonius, Caius Cassius,
Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

ARe generous Romans so degenerd now,
That they from honor haue estrangde their hands?
And vsde with burdens do not blush to bow,
Yea (though being broken) shake not off their bands.

This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,
Whose best ye may by others dangers haue,
But what enchaunts you thus that ye abstaine,
That (which ye should haue taken) to receiue?

The Tragedie

Where be those inundations of delight,
That should burst out through thoughts ore-flow'd with
Whilst emulous vertue may your mindes incite, (ioy,
That which we conquerd haue, at least t'enioy?

Or quite conformd vnto your former state,
Do still your mindes of seruitude allow,
As broken by aduersitie of late,
Not capable of better fortune now?

Loe, we that by the tyrants fauour stoode,
And grieu'd but at the yoke that you outrag'd,
Haue our aduancement, riches, rest, and blood,
All liberally for libertie engag'd:

Chor. Thou like thy great progenitour in this,
Hast glorie to thy selfe, t'vs freedome brought,
Than libertie what greater treasure is?
Small with it much, without it much seemes nought.

But pardon vs (heroicke man) though we
T'a high perfection hardly can aspire,
Though euery man cannot a *Brutus* be,
That which we cannot imitate, w'admire.

At this strange course with too much light made blind
We our opinions must suspend a space,
When any sodaine chance dismayes the minde,
The iudgement to the passion first giues place. (deed,

Ant. What wonder now though this most barbarous
Haue with amazement closde your iudgement in,
Which O I feare shall great confusion breed,
When *Cæsars* toiles did end, *Romes* did begin.

The most suspicious mindes had not beleeu'd,
That *Romans* reuerenc'd for their worth by vs,
Would haue presumde to kill, yea, or t'haue greu'd,
A inuiolable hallowd bodie thus.

Who would but once haue dreamd of such despight?
What strange hostilitie in time of peace,

of Iulius Caesar.

To slay, though not accusde, against all right,
A sacred man, and in a sacred place?

C. Cas. If *Caesar* as a Cittizen had liu'de,
And had by lawe decided euery strife,
Then I would grant those treason had contriu'd,
That went without a lawe to take his life.

But to peruert the lawes, subuert the state,
If all his trauell did directly tend,
Then I must say, we did no wrong of late,
Why should not tyrants make a tragicke end?

Chor. Since destinies did *Caesars* soule enlarge,
What course can we for his recouerie take?
Ah, th'vnrelenting *Charons* restlessse barge
Stands to transport all oucr, but brings none backe.

Of lifes fraile glasse when broken, with vaine grones
What earthly powre the ruines can repaire?
Or who can gather vp when scatterd once,
Ones blood from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'aire?

Let vs of those that passe Obliuions flood,
B'obliuious still since hope of help is gone,
And spend our cares where cares may doe most good,
Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.

Ant. Still concord for the common-weale were best,
To reconcile diuided thoughts againe,
Then discord to great townes no greater pest,
Whose violence no reuerence can restraine.

Yet oftentimes those warie wits haue err'd,
That would buy wealth and ease at any cost,
Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,
And t'a vile peace, warre when it wounds vs most.

But seeking peace what suretie can we finde?
Can faithlesse men giue faith iust feares to stay?
No sacred band impietie can binde,
That sweares for trust, seekes trust but to betray.

What

The Tragedie

What help'd it *Cæsar* that we all had sworne,
His body still from dangers to redeeme,
Those that are once periur'd hold othes in scorne,
All are most franke of what they least esteeme.

M.Br. None needs in states that are from tirants free,
Loathde execrations to confirme his will,
Where willingly men would with good agree,
And without danger might despise all ill.

All odious othes by those are onely crau'd,
Whose sute from reason doth a warrant want,
Whilst all deceiuers feard to be deceau'd,
Seek of men thralld what none being free would grant.

When *Cæsar* had preuailde in *Libia* and *Spaine*,
His fortune building on his countries wracke,
Of libertie a shadow to retaine,
We gaue him all that he was bent to take.

The Senate had reseru'd nought but a show,
Whose course to it by *Cæsar* was imposde,
That listd vp by bringing others lowe,
Of offices and prouinces disposde.

Then that our witherd hopes might neuer spring,
When bent t'abide the *Parthians* wooden showre,
He for five yeares disposde of euery thing,
Euen in his absence leauing vs no powre.

O how some aggrauate our decde with hate,
That durst by violence his body straine,
Though consecrated by constraint of late,
Yea but reputed holie, yet prophane,

And doe forget how he (a wondrous case)
Did violate the tribuneship t'our scorne,
Which our forefathers (free) in time of peace,
Aduis'dly had inuiolable sworne.

Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)
The publike treasure to his priuate vse,

And

And to the sacred Tribune threatned death,
That did resist, grieu'd at so great a'abuse?

Tweene Romans and a tyrant what auailles
A couenant whilst right rests trod on thus?
Who can build further when the ground first failes?
Could we saue him that sought to ruine vs?

Cic. So absolutely good no man remaines,
Whose naturall weakenesse neuer him beguiles,
Euen vertues die from vice may take some staines,
And worthy mindes foule imperfections whiles.

As in fine fruits or weeds fat earth abounds,
Euen as the laborers spend or spare their paine,
The greatest sprites disdainng vulgar bounds,
Of what they seeke the highest height must gaine.

They, that the crowne of glory may b'enioyd,
As onely borne to be in action still,
Had rather be (than idle) euill employd,
Great sprites must doe great good, or then great ill.

The glorious Sunne that golden raies doe arme,
The treasure of the world that doth most good,
Whilst on a time misgouernd did much harme,
Till th'ouerbold Coach-man fell amidst a flood.

Then whilst he by the rules of reason liu'd,
When lawfully elected by the State,
What glorious deedes by *Caesar* were atchiu'd,
Which all the world as wonders must relate.

But when of right he buried all respects,
As blind ambition had bewitcht his minde,
What harme ensude by pittifull effects.
We at the first, he at the last did finde.

Whilst like *Narcissus* with himselte in loue,
He with our bondage banqueted his sight,
And for a while vncertaine ioyes to proue,
Would sawce with all our sorrowes his delight,

The Tragedie

How could such gallant vertuous men as those,
That of their countries weale are icalous still,
But stowly to all stormes their states expose,
So th'authour of their infamy to kill?

But since our freedome flowes from *Casars* blood,
Let vs imbrace that which too long we lacke,
Peace giues to Iustice powre, and it'all good,
Where war breeds wrong, and wrong al kind of wracke.

This cittie hath experienc'd with great paine,
Th'all-burnding troubles of intestine strife,
Which by her ruines registred remaine,
Since first the *Gracchi* gaue contention life.

When *Silla* once and *Marius* (mad through pride)
Seemd but to striue who most tyrannicke prou'd,
What memorable miseries were tride
From *Romans* mindes can neuer be remou'd.

Then last by *Cesar* and his sonne in lawe,
What thousands ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatchd?
Ah that the world those hosts diuided sawe,
Which ioynd in one no world of worlds had matchd.

Yet with this wit that we haue dearely bought,
Let vs abhorre th'apparance of such broiles,
Lest when we haue our selues to ruine brought,
In end *Barbarians* beare away our spoyles.

Chor. *Rome* to those great men hardly can afford,
A recompence according to their worth,
That by a tyrants ore-throw haue restord,
The light of libertie that was put forth.

Yet by due praises with their merites euen,
Let vs illustrate their illustrious mindes,
And to their charge let prouinces be giuen;
Still vertue growes when it preferment findes.

Anton. Those barbarous realmes by whose respectiue
Of *Casars* conquests monuments are showne, (wil,
As

of Iulius Caesar.

As if they held them highly honor'd still,
That warr'd with *Caesar* though they were o'rethrowne.

Can this disgrace by their prowde minds be borne,
Whilst we dishonor whom they honor thus,
And shall we not (whilst as a tyrant torne,)
Giue him a tombe that gaue the world to vs?

Must his decrees be all reducde againe,
And those degraded whom he gracde of late,
As worthy men vnworthily did gaine
Their roomes of reputation in the state?

If as a tyrant we him damne so soone,
And for his murdrers do rewards dcuise,
Then what he did, must likewise be vndone,
For which I feare a fowle confusion rise.

Chor. Ah (great *Antonius*) sow not seeds of warre,
And if thou alwayes dost delight in armes,
The haughty *Parthians* yet vndaunted are,
Which may giue thee great praise, and vs no harmes.

Detest in time th'abominable broiles,
For which no conquerour to triumph hath com'd,
Whilst this wretch'd towne (which stil som party spoils)
Must loathe the victor, and lament th'orecomd,

And shall we still contend against all good,
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?
Must still the commons sacrificize their blood,
As onely borne to serue the great mens pride.

Ant. Whilst I the depths of my affection sound,
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,
I finde my selfe by othes, and duetie bound,
All *Cesars* foes, or then my selfe t'orethrow.

But when I weigh what to the state belongs,
The which to plague no passion shall get place,
Then I with griefe digesting priuate wrongs,
Warre with my selfe to giue my country peace.

The Tragedie

Yet whilst my thoughts of this last purpose muse,
I altogether dis-assent from this,
That we should *Cæsars* fame, or bodie abuse,
By torturing tyrants as the custome is.

Lest guiltie of ingratitude we seeme,
(If guerdoning our benefactors thus)
Great *Cæsars* body from disgrace redeeme,
And let his acts be ratified by vs.

Then for the publicke weale of which we pause,
Towards those that haue him killd t'extend regard,
Let them be pardond for their kinsmens cause,
Remission giuen for euill is a reward.

C. Cæs. We stand not dasht like malefactors heere,
With a deiected and remorsefull minde,
So in your presence supplicants t'appeare,
As who themselues of death doe guiltie finde;

But looking boldely with a loftie brow,
Through a delight of our designe conceiu'd,
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,
That haue of vs so great a good receiu'd.

But if ye will suspend your thoughts a space,
Though not the giuers, entertaine the gift,
Do vs reiect, yet libertie imbrace,
To haue you free, loe, that was all our drift.

So *Rome* her antient liberties enjoy,
Let *Brutus*, and let *Cassius* banisht liue,
Thus banishment would breede vs greater ioy,
Than what at home a tyrants wealth could giue.

Though some misconster may this course of ours,
By ignorance or then by hate deceiu'd,
Yet truth depends not on opinions powres,
But is it selfe how euer misconceiu'd. (daigne,

Though none themselues t'acknowledge vs woulde
Our merite of it selfe is a rewarde,

of *Iulius Caesar*.

Of doing good none should repent their paine,
Though neither getting guerdon nor regard.

Ile venture yet my fortune in the fieldes,
With euery one that *Rome* to bondage drawes:
And as for me, how euer others yield,
Ile nought obey but reason and the Lawes.

Cicer. What fooles are those that further trauell take,
For that which else they past recouery know?
Who can reuiue the dead, or bring time backe?
At least no mortall that remaines below.

Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world still weepes,
Lies low, neglected on a barbarous shore;
Selfe-slaughtred *Scipio* flotes amidst the depthes,
Whom it may be sea-monsters do deuoure.

Of *Libian* wolues wise *Cato* feasts the wombes,
Whose death of worth the world defrauded leaues:
Thus some that merited *Mausolean* tombes,
Not haue a title graud vpon their graues.

And yet may *Caesar* that procur'd their death,
By braue men slaine be buried with his race:
All ciuill warre being banish'd with his breath,
Let him now dead, and vs aliuie haue peace.

We should desist our thoughts on things to set,
That may harme some, and can giue help to none,
Learne to forget that which we can not get,
And let our cares be gone, of all that's gone.

Those that would striue all crosses to ore-come,
Must to the present time conforme their course:
And doing the best for that which is to come,
Not medle with things past but by discourse.

Seeke not the thing which doth not good being found,
Since *Caesar* now is dead, how euer dead;
Let all our grieffe goe with him to the ground,
For sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade.

The Tragedie

It's best that reconioynde with mutuall loue,
We phisicke for this wounded state prepare:
Neglecting those that from the world remoue,
All men on earth for earthly things must care.

Cho. O how those great men friendship can pretend,
By soothing others thus with painted windes,
And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,
Whilst loue their mouth, and malice filles their mindes.

Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,
Whose countnance doth discouer what they thinke,
That make their words as is their meaning cleare,
And from themselues can neuer seeme to shrinke.

Lo how *Antonius* faines to quench all iarres,
And kindly the conspirators t'imbrace,
Yet as he further'd first the former warres,
It's fear'd he now be. enemy to peace.

Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steps adresse,
By this last sodaine chance her losse was chiefe:
All visite should their neighbours in distresse,
To giue some comfort, or to get some grieve.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCENE II.

Calphurnia, Nuntius, Chorus.

WHen darknesse last imprisond had mine eies,
Such monstrous visions did my soule affright,
That my dejected sprite still stupid dyes,
Through terrors then contracted in the night.

A melancholious cloud so dimmes my breast,
That it my mind fit for misfortune makes,
A lodging well disposde for such a guest,
Where nought of sorrow but th'impresion lacks.

And

And I imagine euery man I see
(My senses so corrupted are by feares)
A Herauld to denounce mishaps to me,
That should infuse confusion in mine eares.

O there he comes to violate my peace,
In whom the object of my thoughts I see:
Thy message is charecter'd in thy face,
Which by thy looks directed is to me:

Thy troubled eyes rest rouling for releife,
As lately frighted by some ougly sight,
Thy breath doth pant as if being big with griefe,
And fear'd to bring some monstrous birth to light.

Nun. The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,
If that his minde, or fortune was more great,
Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd
All nations subiect to the *Romane* state; (foes,
Him fraude harm'd more then force, friends more then
Ah, must this sad discourse by mee be made?

Calph. Stay; ere thou further goe, defray my woes,
How doth my loue? wher is my life? *Nū.* Dead. *Cal.* dead.

Cho. Though apprehending horrors in her minde,
Now since she hath a certaintie receiu'd,
She by experience greater griefe doth finde,
Till borne, the passions cannot be conceiu'd.

When as a high disaster force affords,
O how that tyrant whom affliction beares,
Barres th eares from comfort, & the mouth from words.
And being obdur'd cannot dissolue in teares.

Calph. Ah, since the lights of that great light are set,
Why doth not darknesse spread it selfe ouer all?
At least what further comfort can I get.
Whose pleasures had no period but his fall.

O would the gods I alwayes might confine
Ætna in my breast, and th'Ocean in mine eyes,

That

The Tragedie

That t'entertaine so great a griefe as mine,
Thence might sufficient furniture arise.

Yet I disdaine though by distresse ore-throwne,
By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe:
The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,
Whilst all the senses are shut vp with griefe:

But miserie doth so tyrannicke grow,
That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes:

Ah, when the cup is full it must ore-flow,
And fires that burne must offer vp some flames.

Yet though that thy last words my last might be,
Which are deepe sunke within a melted heart,
Of my liues death report each point to me,
That I for euery circumstance may smart.

Nun. What fatall warnings did fore-go his end,
Which by his stay to frustrate some did trye?
But he that scorn'd excuses to pretend,
Was by the Destinies drawne forth to die.

Whilst by the way he chanc'd t'encounter one
That had his deaths-day nam'd, he to him said;
Now th'Ides of *March* be com'd, but yet not gone,
Straight th'other answerd, and still constant staide.

Another brought a letter with great speed,
Which the conspiracie at length did touch,
And gaue it *Cæsar* in his hand to reade,
Protesting that it did import him much.

Yet did he lay it vp where still it rests,
As do the great whom happy th'earth reputes,
That grieu'd to be importun'd by requests,
Of simple supplicants neglect the sutes:

Or he of it the reading did deferre,
Still troubled by attendants at the gate,
Whilst some to shew their credite did conferre
To flatter some, for something some t'entreat.

Not only did the gods by diuers signes
Giue *Caesar* warning of his threatned harmes,
But did disturbe all th'aduersaries designes,
And to their troubled thoughts gaue strange alarmes.

A Senator that by some words we finde,
To the conspiratours (though none of theirs)
Had showne himselfe familiar with their minde,
Then chanc'd to deale with *Caesar* in affaires.

That sight their soules did with confusion fill,
For thinking that he told their purposde deeds;
They straight themselues, or *Caesar* thought to kill
A guiltie conscience no accuser needes.

But marking that he vsde (when taking leaue)
The gesture of a suter that gaue thankes,
They of their course did greater hopes conceiue,
And rang'd themselues according to their rankes.

Then *Caesar* march'd forth to the fatall place,
Neere *Pompyes* theater where the Senate was,
Where when he had remain'd a little space,
All the confederates flock'd about. *Calph.* Alas.

Nun. First for the forme *Metellus Cimber* crau'd,
To haue his brother from exile restor'd;
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiu'd,
Whilst it they all too earnestly implor'd.

Then *Cimber* that in strife with him did stand,
Did draw the gowne ouer *Caesars* sacred head:
But the first blow was giuen by *Cascaes* hand,
Which on his necke a little wound but made.

Then *Caesar* starting whilst the stroke he spid,
By strength from further striking *Casca* stayde:
Whilst both the two burst out at once and cry'd,
Th'one traitor *Casca*, th'other brother ayde.

Then all the rest against him did arise
Like desperate men, whose furie force affords,

The Tragedie

That *Cæsar* on no side could set his eyes,
But euenly looke r'encountred with some swordes.

Yet as a Lyon when by nets surprisde,
Stands strugling still so long as he hath strength;
So *Cæsar*, as he had their powre dispisde,
Did with great rage resist, till at the length

He thus cry'd out (when spying *Brutus* come)
And thou my sonne? then grieffe did backe rebound,
Nought but vnkindnesse *Cæsar* could ore-come,
That of all things doth giue the deepest wound.

Cho. Ah, when vnkindnes is where loue was thought,
A tender passion breakes the strongest heart,
For of all those that giue offence in ought,
Men others hate, but for th'vnkinde they smart.

Nun. Ah, taking then no more delight in light,
As which would then his life haue bitter fram'd:
Or then from *Brutus* blow r'absent his sight,
As of so great ingratitude asham'd.

He with his gowne being couer'd first ouer all,
As one that neither sought, nor wisht reliefe;
Not wronging maiestie in state did fall,
No sigh consenting to betray his grieffe.

Yet (if by chaunce or force I cannot tell,)
Euen at the place whereas his statue stood,
As crauing *Pompey* pardon *Cæsar* fell,
That in reuenge it might exhaust his blood.

But when his corps abandond quite by breath
Did Fortunes frailties monument remaine,
That all might haue like interest in his death;
And guilty alike, looke for like praise or paine.

Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began
With that great Emperours blood r'imbrue their hands:
What beast in th'earth more cruell is than man,
When ouer his reason passion once commands:

Whilst

of *Julius Caesar*.

Calph. Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and prowde *Cassius* thus
Romes greatest Captaine vnder trust deceiu'd,
Where was *Anthonius* (since a friend to vs,)
That he not lost himselfe, or *Caesar* sau'd?

Nun. The whole conspirators remainde in doubt,
Had he and *Caesar* ioyn'd, to be vndone;
And so causde one him t'entertaine without,
Who sain'd a conference till the fact was done.

Then knowing well in such tumultuous broyles,
That the first danger alwayes is the worst,
He fled in haste, disguisde with vnknowne spoiles,
For rage and for disdain being like to burst.

Calph. The Senators that were assembled there,
When they beheld that great man brought t'an end,
What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?
I feare affliction could not find a friend.

Nun. Of those that in the Senate-house did sit,
As greeu'd so sad an obiekt to behold:
Or feard what further murders might commit,
Each towards his house a feuerall way did hold.

This act with horror did confound their sight,
And vnawares their iudgement did surprise,
When any hastie harmes vnlook'd for light,
The resolution hath not time to rise.

That man on whome the world did once rely,
By all being reuerenc'd, and ador'd by some,
Had none t'attend him left, but two and I.

Cho. To what an ebbe may fortunes full whiles come?

Why should men following on the smoake of pride,
Leaue certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,
Which when they haue by many dangers tride,
They neither can with safetie keepe, nor quite?

The people that by force subdude remaine,
May pittie those by whome oppressd they rest.

The Tragedie

They but one tyrant haue, where as there raigne,
A thousand Tyrants in one tyrants breast.

What though that *Cesar* once commanded kings,
Whose only name whole nations did appall:
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)
A little earth holdes him that held it all.

Calp. Ah, had he but beleu'd my faithfull cares,
That I haue his state establish'd alwayes striu'd:
Then leaping this conspiracie of theirs,
He honorde still, and I had happie liu'd.

Did I not spend of supplications store,
That he within his house this day would waste,
As I by dreames aduertis'd was before,
Which shew'd that was to come, which now is past:

Whilst the sooth. sayers sacrific'd did finde,
A beast without a heart their altars staine:
By that presage my soule might haue diuin'd
That I without my heart would soone remaine.

But all those terrors could not terrors giue,
To that great mind whose thoughts could not be tam'd;
But by his fortune confident did liue,
As him to obey the heauens had all things fram'd.

Yet though he ended haue his fatall race,
T'insult for this let not his murderers striue,
For, O I hope to see within short space,
Him dead ador'd, and them abhor'd aliue.

Though now his name the multitude respects,
Since murdering one that had held him so deare,
Whilst th'inward thoughts ech outward thing reflects,
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.

Iust *Nemesis* must plague prowde *Cassius* soone,
And make him kill himselfe from hopes estrang'd;
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Cesar* done,
May by themselues be on themselues reueng'd.

Chor. Some for th'earth's soueraigne Fortune striue to
As heuens their course confusdly did aduance, (proue
Nought comes to men below, but from aboue,
By prouidence, not by a staggering chance.

Though to the cause that last foregoes the end,
Some attribute th'euent of euery thing,
That cause on other causes doth depend,
From heauen to earth that chaine together hing.

Of those decrees that heuens for vs appoint,
Who-euer them approues, or yet disprooues,
No mortall man can dissappoint a point,
But as they pleale heere mooues, or hence remooues.

We when once com'd the worlds vaine pomp to trie,
Led by the fates, t'our iournies end must haste,
For when first borne, we straight begin to die,
Lifes first day is a stepp vnto the last.

And is there ought more swift than daies and yeares,
Which weare away this breath of ours so soone?
Whilst *Lachesis* to no request giues eares,
But spinnes the threedes of life till they be done.

Yet foolish worldelings following that which flies,
As if they had assurance still to breathe,
To fraile preferment fondly striue to rise,
Which but a burden weighes them downe to death.

Nun. Theres none of vs but must remember still,
How that the gods by many a wondrous signe,
Did shew as t'were how that against their will,
The destinies would *Cesars* dayes confine.

A monstrous starre amidst the heauen hath beene,
Stil since they first against him did conspire,
The solitary birds at nogne were seene,
And men to walke enuiron'd all with fire.

What woonder though the heuens at such a time,
Vpbraide the earth with apparitions strange,

The Tragedie

Then whilst intending such a monstrous crime,
Vnnaturall men make natures course to change.

Cho. Thogh all such things seem wonderful to some,
They may by reason comprehended be,
Yet if ought more than common custome come,
It th'ignorant with wondring eies must see.

Those bastard starres not heritours of th'aire,
Are first conceiu'd below, then borne aboue,
And when fore-knowing things sprites take most care,
And by illusions superstition moue.

Yet this no doubt a great regard should breed,
When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth,
Where men in secret characters may reade,
The wrath of heauen, and wickednesse of earth.

The Naturalists, and th'Astrologians skill,
May whiles r'encountering manifest like care,
Since th'one looks backe, and th'other forward still,
Th'one may tell what, and th'other why things are.

Ny. Shall sorrow through the waues of woes to saile
Haue still your teares for seas, your sighs for windes,
T'affliction what do base complaints auaille?
A higher course becomes heroicke mindes.

None are orecom'd saue onely those that yeelede,
Though they from froward fortune blowes haue borne.
Let Vertue be r'Aduersitie a shield,
No greater grieffe to grieffe than th'enemies scorne.

This makes your foes but laugh to see you weepe;
At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,
And not for that great sprite, whose spoils heauens keep,
For he no doubt rests deified ere now.

Calp. I onely waile my life, and not his death,
That now amongst th'immortalls doth repose,
And shall so long as I haue blood or breath,
To furnish forth those elements of woes.

of Iulius Caesar.

I care not who reioyce, so I lament,
That do to darkenes dedicate my daies,
And since the light of my delight is spent,
Shall haue in horror all *Apolloes* raies.

I will retire my selfe to waile alone,
As do the trustie Turtles for their mates,
And my misfortune alwayes bent to mone,
Will spurne at pleasures, as empoisond baites.

No second guest shall presse great *Caesars* bed,
Warmd by the flames to which he first gaue life,
I thinke there may be greater honour had,
Being *Caesars* widow, than anothers wife.

This had afforded comfort for my harmes,
If I (ere chancde abandond thus to be,)
Had had a little *Caesar* in mine armes,
That represented had his fire to me.

Yet doth that idoll which my thoughts adore,
With me of late most strictly matcht remaine,
For where my armes but held him whiles before,
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.

That (though I haue no pretious things t'impart)
Thy deity may by me b'acknowledgde oft,
Still offering vp my thoughts vpon my hart,
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

Exeunt

Chorus.

WHat fooles are those that do repose their trust,
On what this masse of miserie affords?
And bragging but of th'excrements of dust,
Of lifelesse treasures labour to be lords:
Which like the Syrens songs, or Circes charmes,
With shadows of delight hide cert aine harmes.

Ab

The Tragedie.

As whilst they sport on pleasures icie ground,
Oft poisond by prosperitie with pride,
A sodaine fall doth floating ioyes confound,
Of those that stumble after th'eielesse guide,
That so inconstantly her selfe doth beere,
To hope th' unhappy, happy haue cause to feare.
The fortunate that bathe in fouds of ioyes,
To perish whiles amidst their pleasures chaunce,
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,
Oft by aduersitie themselues aduaunce:

Whilst fortune bent to mocke vain worldlings cares
Doth change dispaire in hopes, hopes in dispaire.
That gallant Gracian, whose great wit so soone
Th' innumerable army did orecome,
Were not he was vndone, had bin vndone,
And if not banisht had not had a home:

To him feare corage gauc (what wondrous change,)
And many doubts a resolution strange.
He that tolde one that then was fortunes childe,
As if with horror to congeale his blood,
That Caius Marius being from Rome exilde:
Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage stood:

Though both being plag'd by grieffe, and by disgrace.
The consulship regain'd, and di'd in peace.

And that great Pompey (all the worlds delight,)
Whom of his theater then th' applauses pleas'd,
Whilst praise-transported eies ender'd his sight,
That by youths toiles should haue his age then easde:
He by one blow of fortune lost farre more,
Then many a battell conquer'd had before.

Such sodaine changes so disturbe the soule,
That still the iudgement ballancde is by doubt,
But on a round, what wonder though things roule,
And since within a circle turne about?

Whilst

of Iulius Cæsar.

Whilst heauen on earth strange alterations brings,
To scorne our confidence in worldly things.
And chance there euer accidents more strange,
Than in this stormie bounds where we remaine?
A shepherdes Staffe did here t' a Scepter change,
The nurceling of a wolfe ouer men to raigne:
A little village grew a mightie towne,
Which whilst it had no king, held many a crowne.
Then by how many sundry sortes of men,
Hath this great state bin rulde? though now by none,
Which first obeyd but one, then two, then ten,
Then by degrees returnd to two, and i' one,
Of which three states their ruine did abide,
Two by twoes lusts, and one by two mens pride.
What reuolutions huge haue hapned thus,
All by a secret violence being led,
Though seeming but by accident to vs,
Yet in the depths of heauenly breasts first bred;
As arguments demonstratiue to proue,
That weaknesse dwells below, and powre aboue.
Lo Cæsar, though being burdend in short space,
Both with strange nations, and his countries spoiles,
Euen when he seemd by warre t' haue purchasde peace,
And roses of sweete rest from thornes of toiles:
Then whilst his minde and fortune raise most hie,
Hath bin constraind the last distresse to trie.
What warnings large were in a time so short,
Of that darke course which by his death now shines?
It speechlesse wonders plainely did report,
It men reueald by words, and gods by signes:
Yet by the chaines of destinies being bound,
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.
O what a curtine ouer our knowledge hings!
Whiles closde, whiles op'ned by th' atheriall hoste,

The Tragedie

*Which makes vs sometime sharpe to see small things,
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most:*

*That curious braines may rest amaze at it,
Whose ignorance makes them presume of it.*

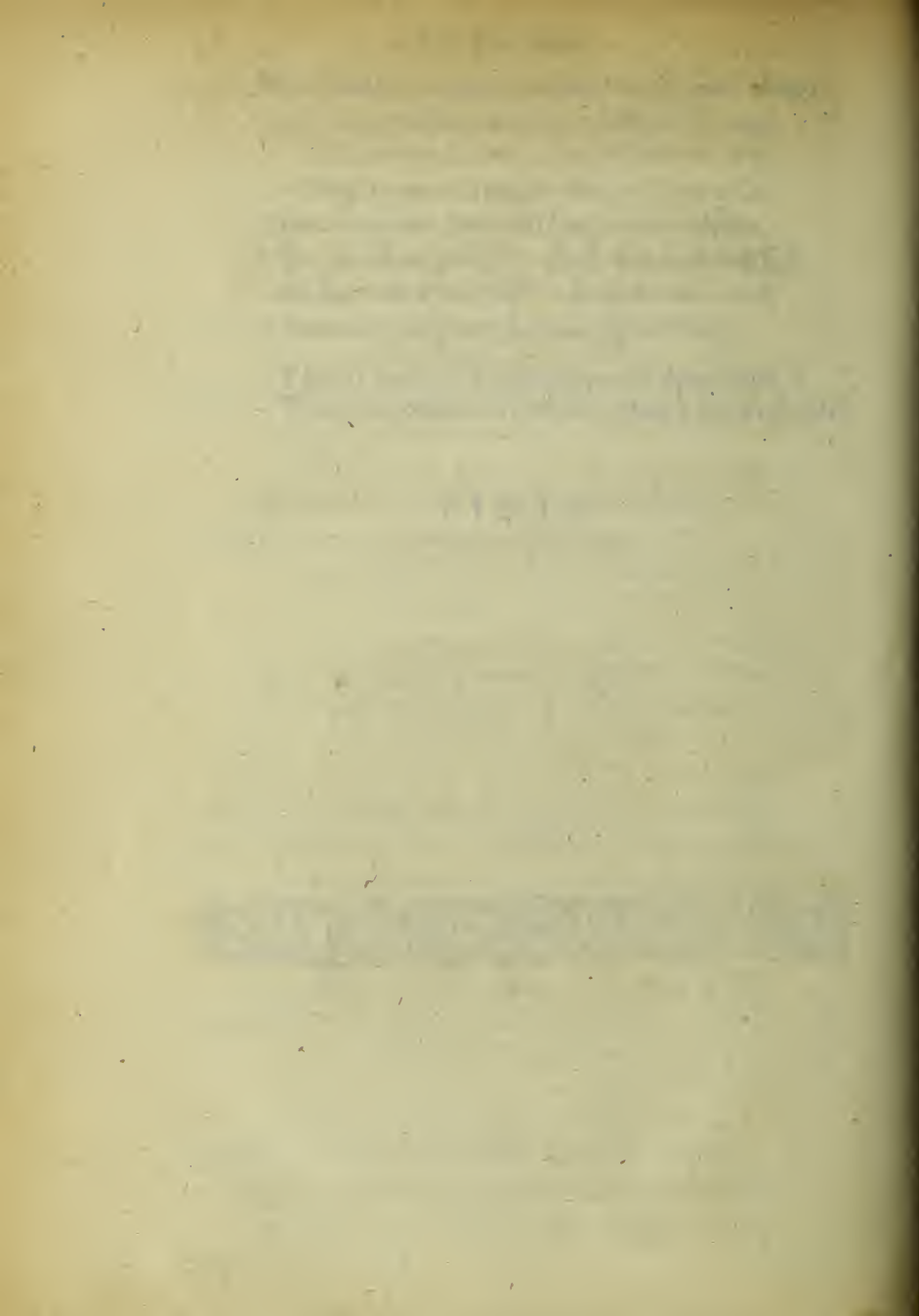
*Then let vs liue, since all things change below,
When raise most high as those that once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more lowe,
The minde still free what euer else be thrall:*

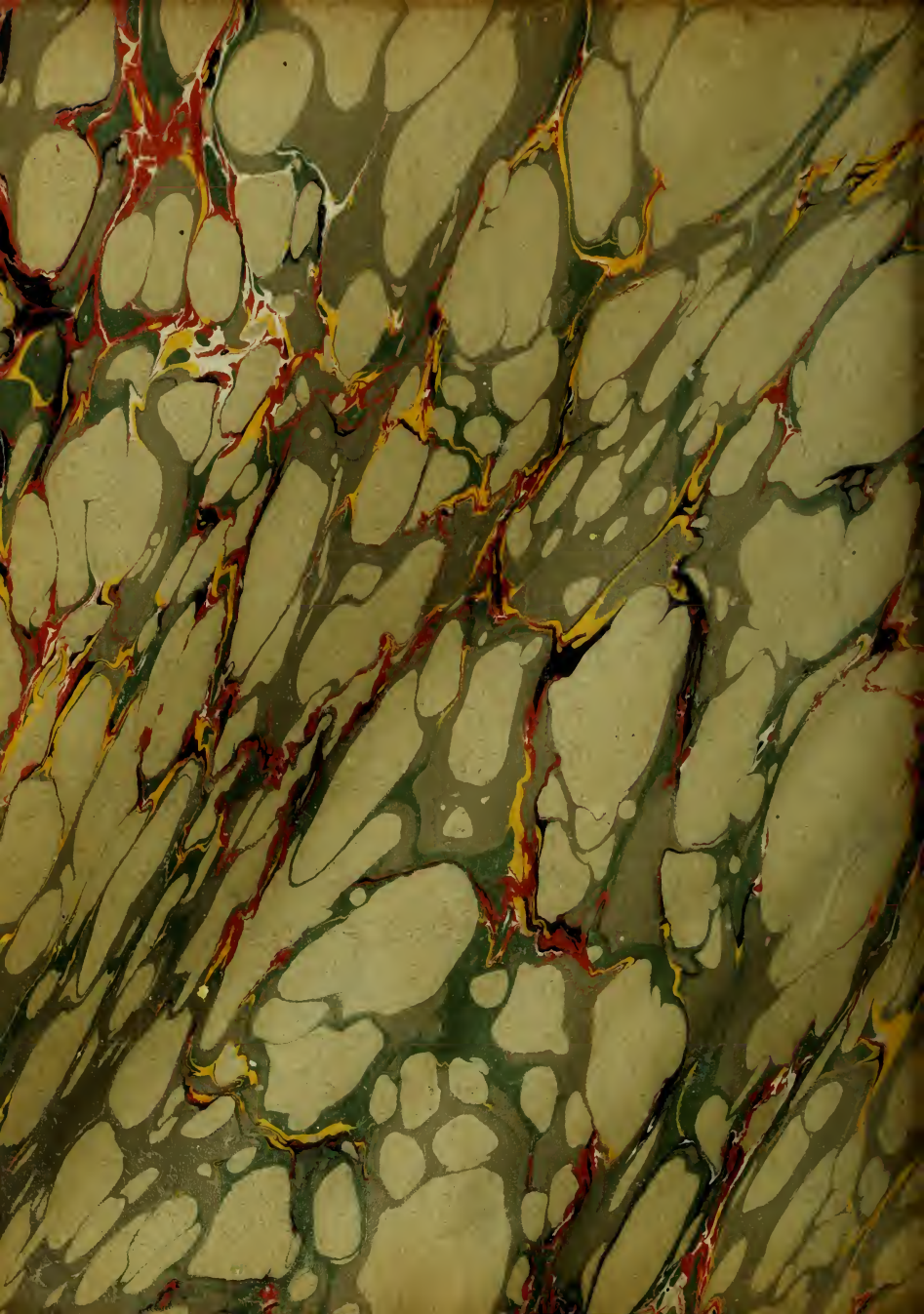
*Those Lordes of Fortune sweeten euery state,
That can command theselues, thogh not their fate.*

FINIS.











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