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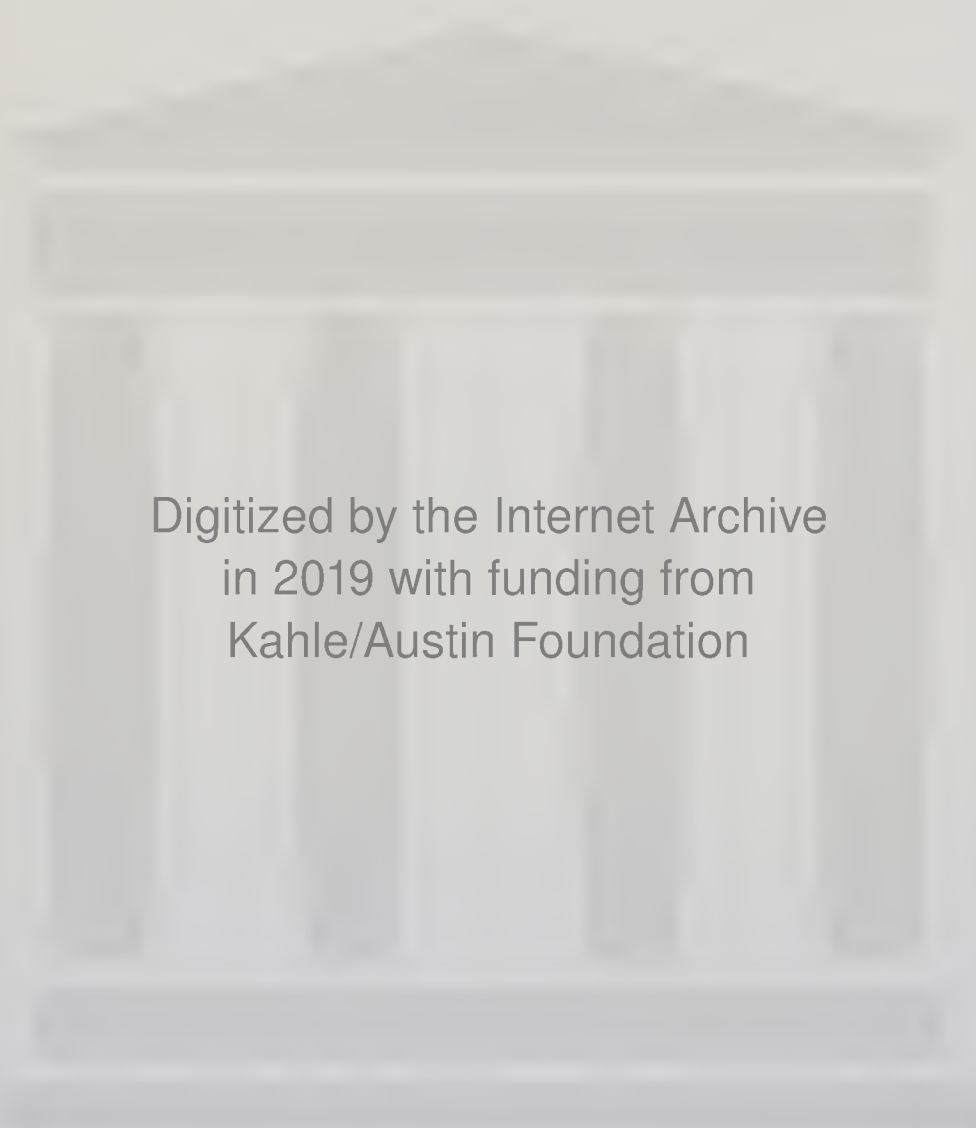
1677

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1677

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ANTONY  
AND  
CLEOPATRA:  
A  
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the DUKES  
THEATRE.

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Written by the Honourable  
Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, Baronet.

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Licensed *Apr. 24. 1677. Roger L'Esrange.*

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LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Tonson* at his Shop under  
*Grayes-Inne-gate* next *Grayes-Inne-lane.*

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# PROLOGUE.

**A**S a brisk Gallant dancing to his Glafs,  
Does here and there in nimble fleurets pass;  
Likes every step, and wishes for a Ball,  
Where he at once may shew his Parts to all:  
So Poets (with the like conceit) undone,  
Think that dull Verse which pleas'd 'em when alone,  
Must have the like effect on the whole Town.  
Our Poet all such hopes of Praise disclaims,  
Like a true Lover of the Sport, he Games,  
And to come off a Saver only aims. }  
Did he affect to be esteem'd a Wit,  
Like you, he'd take an easier way to it:  
Write Songs and Prologues, shew 'em up and down,  
And tear applause from every Fool in Town;  
Make Love to Vizards in a Wit-like Noise,  
Dull in his Sense, yet aiery in his Voice,  
Catch at each Line that grates, and keep ten good,  
With his damn'd Noise, from being understood.  
'Tis well most Wits have something of the Mad,  
Or where shou'd Poets for the Stage be had?  
Cripples may judge of Vaulting he well knows,  
Cowards of Courage; and of Verse and Prose  
They that know neither; yet if too severe }  
Damning those Gifts of which they have no share,  
Their Envy more than Judgement will appear.  
He none excepts, no, not his Enemies;  
For those he hopes his Friends will counterpoise:  
And spite of Faction on both sides he knows,  
There is an honest Party in this House.

Persons

136043

# Persons represented by

*Cæsar.*  
*Agrippa.*  
*Mecænas.*  
*Lucilius* a Roman.  
*Thyreus.*  
*Antony.*  
*Canidius,* his General.  
*Photinus.*  
*Memnon.* } Two Egyptian Lords.  
*Chilax.* }

*Cleopatra.*  
*Octavia.*  
*Irus.*  
*Charmion.*

*M. Smith.*  
*Mr. Jevon.*  
*Mr. Harris.*  
*Mr. Norris.*  
*Mr. Crosby.*  
*Mr. Betterton.*  
*Mr. Medburn.*  
*Mr. Sandford.*  
*Mr. Percivall.*  
*Mr. Gillow.*

*Mrs. Mary Lee.*  
*Mrs. Betterton.*  
*Mrs. Gibbs.*  
*Mrs. Hughes.*

Guards, Messengers, Villains, Souldiers and Attendants  
Men and Women.

---

## E R R A T A.

**P**Ag. 3. lin. 33. for *week* read *weake*, pag. 4. lin. 25. for *pour* read *power*, pag. 47. lin. 26. for *balme* read *blame*. pag. 46. lin. 3. *Cæsar* speaks. We might, &c.

# ANTONY

# ANTONY

AND

# CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

Scene the First. *Cæsar's Tents.*

Enter *Cæsar, Agrippa, Mæcenas.*

*Cæsar.*

**O**UR Arms an easie Victory have found  
Over a Foe, in love and pleasure drown'd.

*Agrip.* I am pleas'd we have *Antonius* subdu'd,  
Yet rage to think a *Roman* was pursu'd:

Our souls did once our conquer'd Bodies loath,  
And seldome did one World contain 'em both.  
Yet now by hopes we're flatter'd to live on,  
And with the Common Herd of Mankind run,  
Crouching to Fate, which we by death might shun. }

*Cæs.* His Army's yet entire, and on the Shore;  
No Troops so far the *Roman* Eagle bore:  
*Armenian* Kings they have in Triumph led,  
And *Parthian* blood in ten set Battles shed:  
Their General to the last they will defend.

*Mæcæn.* None can defend those, who themselves betray: }  
He with his Queen again will run away,  
And leave 'em fighting, as he did at Sea. }

*Agrip.* Remember, Sir, the joy the World exprest,  
When threatening Wars and Mischiefs you redrest.  
With a late Peace, which an Alliance ty'd,  
And your fair Sister made *Antonius* Bride.

The like again you to the World may give,  
If you content with half of it can live.

*Cæs.* Against all strokes of Fate who can prepare?  
That Match is half th' occasion of this War.  
To him I did my dear *Octavia* give,  
That *Rome* in peace, she might in Empire live;  
That to one Emperor by blood ally'd,  
And to the other by her Marriage ty'd,  
She might all growing jealousy remove,  
And be her self the Bond of lasting love.  
But see th' unblest event; *Antonius* flights  
That Tye, which even enemies unites;  
And more than drunk with *Cleopatra's* charms,  
He scorns both *Roman-Love* and *Roman-Arms*.

*Agrip.* Love of our Country and our Interest  
Is the true passion of a *Roman* Breast.  
All other are Usurpers———

*Cæs.* 'Tis most true:  
Yet this vile Flame he never will subdue,  
Which spite of time and of enjoyment lives,  
And of it's bane miraculously thrives.  
He thinks his life depends upon her eye,  
As that of Plants does on the Sun relye.  
The ignorant are learn'd, if she think so,  
And Cowards even *Hercules* out-do.  
At her request he Provinces bestows,  
And no mans worth but by her stamp he knows.  
Whilst my *Octavia* leads a Stepdames life,  
And tends the Children of his former Wife,  
Ungrac'd without authority or sway.

*Mecæn.* The wrongs of that fair Princess, Sir, are great,  
And rage in all, but in her self create.  
What Hers forgives, our virtue shou'd chastise:  
Mortals revenge the blasphem'd Deities.  
And strait the Impious wretch in pieces tear,  
Whom Heaven in clemency wou'd long forbear.  
From equal pow'r how can you be secure?  
And less *Antonius* never will endure.

*Agrip.* *Antonius* worsted will no league refuse,  
And give in peace what battle could not lose.

He may *Octavia* receive again,  
And in his Bed and Empire make her reign.

*Mecæn.* Men leagues and peace in their distress embrace,  
But keep 'em only till affairs change face.  
Ambition's never safe till pow'r be past,  
As men till Impotent are seldom Chaste.  
Follow the blow, and doubt not the success;  
But Fortune for her utmost favours press.  
On petty Kings you trifling Conquests make,  
*Antonius* brings you here an equal stake;  
The World to be divided at one blow,  
And Fate already has declar'd for you.

*Agrip.* Men that have once an equal pow'r enjoy'd,  
May see the Ballance chang'd, but not destroy'd.  
He that is lessen'd to a Slaves degree,  
Still conscious of the first equality,  
Must hate the other, and himself much more.  
Who ever saw a Captive Emperor?  
With honour treat and yield perhaps he may,  
But he can never like a Slave obey.

*Cæs.* Peace we will offer, that he may refuse,  
And the whole World his bloody mind accuse.  
*Thyreus* knows the Queen: Him I will send,  
Charge him that strait he in my Tent attend.

*Ex. Omnes.*

Scene the Second. The Palace.

*Enter Memnon and Chilax, two Egyptian Lords.*

*Memn.* Was ever Queen like *Cleopatra* curst?  
Of *Egypt's* Monsters sure her love's the worst.  
Where is that falshood does the Sex pursue,  
Or are they only to their ruine true?  
I said *Antonius* might have laid the Scene  
Of War and Rapine further from the Queen,  
That our weak State shou'd to the Victor bow,  
And humbly the Decrees of Fate allow.  
She tells it him, and I must be displac't.

*Chil.* 'Tis hard men for their love shou'd be disgrac't.

## Antony and Cleopatra.

*Memn.* No man may now his bleeding Country mourn,  
*Romans* our Lords, and we their Slaves were born.

*Chil.* The Times our honest Councils cannot bear,  
And men their Thoughts must in disguises wear.

*Memn.* Let Women, and Her Parasites seek to please.  
Physitians should not flatter the disease.  
Her dang'rous state 'tis Treason to conceal,  
Which nothing but *Antonius* death can heal.

*Chil.* 'Tis a rough Medicine she will never use,  
And fatal were th' advice should she refuse.  
We know his interest does her Council sway.

*Memn.* We this advice must privately convey,  
Make her believe *Octavius* loves her too :  
On that she will an easie faith bestow,  
And in that hope what ist't she may not do? }

*Chil.* 'Twere all in vain, and we our lives should lose,  
Tamely and vilely laught at by our Foes:  
Be Thieves and Rogues to execution led,  
Let us die warm, and at an Army's head.  
The *Romans* will not ever be thus strong ;  
Thousands as well as we for changes long.

*Memn.* Let's silent wait the opportunity,  
And by main force expel their tyranny.

*Chil.* I love my Queen, and to rebel am loth.

*Mem.* I would but free her from *Antonius* pow'r,  
And that once done, lay down my arms next hour.

*Chil.* Let us some plot against his life devise : }  
He's not our Prince ; for publick good he dies, }  
And for our Country falls a Sacrifice. }  
But see He comes, and for his late disgrace,  
His conscious vertue raging in his face.

Enter *Antonius, Canidius, Photinus.*

*Ant.* How slippery is the Top of humane state,  
And on exalted Heads what tempests beat ?  
Whom *Jove* will ruine he makes deaf and blind,  
So that they hugg th' ill fate he has design'd ;  
I else could never have Bold *Roman* Swords  
Crowded and throng'd within these floating Boards.

Ships, whom the winds more than their Pilots sway,  
 Where eager courage for a wave must stay.  
 The Valiant cannot board, nor Coward fly,  
 But at the lust of the unconstant sky.

At land my *Romans*-----

*Can.* Sir they bravely fought;  
 Tho rude in Ships and Sea affairs untaught.  
 Six hours they did a doubtful fight maintain,  
 Deserted by your base *Egyptian* Train;  
 And by your self, if I may be so plain.

*Ant.* The just reproach has rows'd my Lyon heart,  
 Nor am I angry at the friendly smart.

I fled, *Canidius*, basely run away,  
 And fought for Empire below those for pay.  
 Of my new shame too much thou canst not say.

*Can.* They, who by Ships would such a Cause decide,  
 Did not for conquest, but for flight provide.

Pardon me, Sir, my bluntness must go on;  
 By barbarous fears and counsels you're undone.

*Photi.* We in Neutrality secure might wait,  
 And calmly expect an Emp'ror from Fate;  
 But in your quarrel half our Fleet we lost,  
 Led by that *Roman* courage which you boast.

*Memn.* Our Ships with a promiscuous crowd were fill'd,  
 Neither in Battle, nor in Sailing skill'd.

Reapers and Ploughmen half ne'r tug'd-an Oar,  
 Nor saw the foaming Sea but from the Shoar.  
 Must we be ruin'd and despis'd at last?

*Canid.* Did we by land a victory forego,  
 That a vain Queen might a rich Galley show?

My Legions-----

*Anto.* *Canidius* no more.

I know they stood impatient on the Shoar:  
 Nineteen such Legions as might fate controul,  
 And fortunes wheel at their own pleasure roul.

*Can.* A loss at Sea let trading Nations mourn,  
 Victorious *Romans* to land Conquest born,  
 Trophies at Sea as much as gain despise,  
 Of which an Island is the highest prize.

The trembling world did to the Victor yield,  
Crown'd with the Laurels of *Pharsalia's* field.

*Chil.* Since we have lost 'tis well the gain was small,  
One lucky blow at Land recovers all.

*Phot.* Th' Enemy is already at our Walls,  
And our distress for sudden Counsel calls.  
Our Queen amazed at the Siege appears.

*Ant.* But yet her love is stronger than her fears,  
Her Country she has made the Seat of War,  
'Tis just her safety be our early'st care :  
I will her Guard within these Walls remain ;  
And 'gainst the angry Gods her Cause maintain.  
Whil'st you *Canidius* to your Legions hast,  
Slight our defeat, their loyal hearts make fast  
To our just Cause : our Enemies despise,  
And for my absence some excuse devise.

*Can.* Sir, I am blunt, unknowing to deceive,  
I'll say you cannot *Cleopatra* Leave :  
That you in her defence alone can fight,  
And blest in love, the Roman Empire slight.

*Ant* What shall I do, shall I my Queen forsake,  
And not her danger, I create, partake ?  
*Cæsar*, this night, may *Alexandria* storm,  
And all that lust or rage instruct, perform.  
Her beauty may the Conqueror disarm,  
And his success and love that beauty charm.  
Her Subjects weary of the Wars, may rise  
And make her blood their common sacrifice.

*Memn.* They say, their Queen in policy of State,  
Should buy her Country's peace at any rate.

*Ant.* They say ! who says ? *Memnon* you fain wou'd vent,  
In others names, your private discontent.  
I see a sullen fierceness in your brow  
Which you wou'd put in act, if you knew how.

*Mem.* Sir, I am known to love my Country well.

*Ant.* So they say all that purpose to rebel.

*Chil.* Some with your head would young *Octavius* greet,  
And on those bloody terms a Peace compleat :  
Under such Politicians *Pompey* fell



# Antony and Cleopatra.

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With tumults backt what may they not compel.

*Ant.* How shall they foes, who cannot tumults quell?  
The giddy multitude, we must not fear,  
But what we once resolve on, make 'em bear.

*Mem.* 'Tis ill to discontent whom we must use,  
And men fight best when they their party choose.

*Ant.* 'Tis chofen for 'em by their Sovereign;  
And 'tis sedition in them to complain:  
*Maxims* too popular you still maintain.

*Mem.* Sir, my plain speech does no design contain;  
'Tis the meer issue of my heart and brain:  
If it offend--

*Ant.* It does, be gone.

Nor will I learn of you what's to be done.  
When things go ill, each Fool presumes t' advise,  
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise.  
All wretchedly deplore the present state  
And that advice seems best which comes too late.

*Exit.*

*Phot.* You loose your self in rage and have forgot:  
*Amintas, Deotorus*---- and the rout  
Of vulgar Kings have meanly turn'd about.

*Canid.* *Pe'usium* by *Seleucus* is betray'd.  
Some say the Queen did his revolt perswade.

*Ant.* Monster, such horrid blasphemy forbear,  
Both were his own, the falshood and the fear.

*Can.* Sir, I but speak the language of the World.

*Ant.* Henceforth be ever dumb that World and thou:  
It cannot, must not, nor it sha'nt be so.

*Can.* Nay if it sha'nt, I have no more to say.

*Ant.* Aside all passion and all heat Ile lay,  
And coolly argue: what can be her end  
There to betray, whom she does here defend.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras with Seleucus's young Son, Egyptians.*

But see the Queen: Heart! but this once stand fast---  
And I'll forgive thee all thy weakness past.  
How can your goodness to a wretch extend?  
Who all he lov'd so poorly did defend:

*aside.*

*Cleop.*

*Cleop.* 'Twas not your life, but me, you cou'd not loose,  
Love turn'd your back, not Fear upon your Foes.

*Ant.* The timerous Deer, their female standing by,  
Each other will to wounds and death defie.  
Love gives short courage to the meanest soul,  
The creeping things he arms, and winged fowl.  
Yet overcharg'd with love, I lost the day,  
And in my Mistrefs presence ran away.  
Cover'd with shame, I fear to meet those eyes.

*Cleop.* To them you never were more dear than now:  
A manly look over your sorrows throw.  
The Captain of my Gallies I have try'd,  
And for his cowardice the Villain di'd.  
With him die all remembrance of what's past,  
I my *Cæsarion* have toward *India* sent:  
This day *Antillus* to *Armenia* went.

What Merchant in one Ship wou'd venture all?  
They may survive and so revenge our fall,

*Ant.* 'Tis well they're gone, their youth was useles here,  
And we for them more than our selves shou'd fear. *He spies*

*Cleop.* See here the false *Seleucus* only Son,  
On whom I beg quick justice may be done. *Seleucus's*  
*Son.*

His fathers Treason might on me reflect  
Shou'd I the Son from your reveng protect:  
My love and honour, let his death secure,  
The shortest doubt they neither can endure.

*Ant.* None dares be impious to that degree,  
To lay on you the Villains treachery.  
Now my revenge I cannot execute,  
Lest I shou'd seem your virtue to dispute.

*Cleop.* You doubt me not I know, but others may,  
Let his death take their jealousy away.

*Can.* She safely may the cruel offer make, *apart.*  
Which she well knows *Antonius* will not take.

*Ant.* He must not die, nor is it true revenge,  
When the offenders suffer by exchange.  
The youth it seems is not *Seleucus* care,  
Or our resentment thus he wou'd not dare.

*Cleop.* Let him at least for an example die,  
Princes invite, who pardon treachery.

# Antony and Cleopatra.

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*Ant.* 'Twere cruelty to kill the Innocent  
For Crimes they neither knew, nor cou'd prevent :  
I beg his life my Queen---

*Cleop.* You may command  
Or Life, or Death, at *Cleopatra's* hand.  
We who but now might halfe the World command,  
Are overthrow'n at Sea, besieg'd at Land :  
Each hour the news of some fresh Treason brings,  
From Faithless States or from revolted Kings.

*Ant.* Let those Crown'd Slaves from out our Party go :  
A Treach'rous Friend, will be a Tim'rous Foe.

*Cleop.* The Plains about are cover'd with our Foes,  
Hiding the Earth, as when our *Nile* o're-flows.  
Yet fate I in *Antonius* Courage rest,  
As if that Heart he gave me fill'd my Breast.

*Ant.* When *Brutus* this *Octavius* over-threw,  
In a pitch'd Field I *Cassius* did subdue.  
And turn'd the Fortune of that fatal day,  
Which thus ungrateful *Rome* and He repay ;  
But here remaining I those Legions loose,  
Which all commands but from my Mouth refuse.

*Cleop.* They ever us'd *Canidius* to obey ;  
May he not go, and my *Antonius* stay ?  
For you my Peoples love and more I lost,  
Must I not keep what has so dearly cost ?

*Ant.* Ah Madam, you shou'd take the weakest part,  
And help a Lover to defend his Heart.  
Tho' swoounding Men with ease resign their Breath,  
Their careful Friends still pull 'm back from Death.  
You should my Lethargy of Honour chide,  
And drive me tho' unwilling, from your side.  
Die at your Feet the meanest Lover might,  
But in your quarrel the whole World shall fight.

*Cleop.* If I am Captive to the *Romans* made ;  
Surpriz'd in this weak place, or else betray'd ;  
Think not I'll live to be redeem'd again,  
And like a Slave of my proud Lords complain.  
At the first Dawn of my ill Fate I'll die.

*Ant.* O name not Death we'll meet in Triumph here :  
I'll raise the Siege e're you have time to fear.

*Cleop.* But then your Love, in absence, will it last ?  
Men think of joys to come, and slight the past.

*Ant.* My Heart shall like those Trees the East does show,  
Where Blossomes and ripe Fruit hang on one Bough.  
With new desires, soft hopes, at once be prest ;  
And all those Riper Joys, Love gives the blest.  
Courage and Love shall sway each in their turn,  
I'll fight to conquer, conquer to return.  
Seeming Ambitious to the publick view,  
I'll make my private end and dearer, You.  
This Storm once past ; in Peace and Love we'll Raign,  
Like the Immortal Gods, the Giants slain.

*Cleop.* Moments to absent Lovers tedious grow ;  
'Tis not how time, but how the mind does go. }  
And once *Antonius* wou'd have thought so too. }

*Ant.* Dearer than ever think not that I part,  
Without the utmost Torment of my Heart.  
Whil'st you perswade, your danger chides my stay,  
Make me not cast me and your Self away.  
How well I lov'd, you did at *Actium* see,  
When to be near you I left Victory.  
And chose to be companion of your flight,  
Rather than conquer in a distant Fight.  
Press not that heart you know so well, too far,  
Our Fortune will no second frailty bear.

*Cleop.* The truest Misers choose to sit about,  
And tell their wealth : but dare not trust it out.  
I know as well as you, 'tis fit you go,  
Yet what is best I cannot let you do.

*Ant.* For my attendance I some few will take ;  
All other *Romans* of your Guard I make.

*Cleop.* If you must go, it quickly shall appear,  
My love sought this delay, and not my fear.  
When you attaque, we'll sally from the Town,  
And blood instead of *Nile* our Plain shall drown.  
We'll in the midst of *Cæsar's* Army meet,  
And like *Bellona* I my *Mars* will greet.

*Ant.* You'd Goddessees themselves to me endear,  
In *Cleopatra's* shape they must appear.

*Cleop.* My heart can danger though not absence bear,  
To Love, 'tis VVax, but Adamant to Fear.

*Ant.* Mine has such Courage from your Firmness took,  
That I can almost bear a parting look.

*Cleop.* Take it ; and each unto their charge make haste.

*Ant.* Our hardest victory I hope is past.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

ACT II.

Scene the First. The Town.

---

*Enter* Antonius, Canidius.

*Ant.* **E**Mpire and Glory both farewell : Come shame,  
And shed thy Venom on *Antonius* Name :  
VVither the Lawrels on his Brows and teach  
The VVorld to scorn its most inglorious VVretch.  
Forsaken in the choicest hour of time,  
My hopes and resolutions in their prime.  
Honor, my Queen and I Dictator made,  
And all his rough Commands cou'd have obey'd.  
Love for a while, we purpose to dethrone,  
As Mariners in Storms their Sails take down.  
Can *Romans* thus their General forsake ?

*Can.* They urg'd want of Provision and of Pay.

*Ant.* Both which had been redrest without delay :  
Th' obliging Queen---

*Can.* VVhom you may thank for this---  
Their general Discontent at her was lowd :  
But Souldiers are a rude uncivil Crowd.  
Play'rs and Minstrels, Singers and Buffoons,  
Are the great Instruments and Props of Thrones.  
I my old Legions to your Aid have brought,  
Firm to your Side, not tainted in a Thought---  
They say *Photinus* in the Camp was seen,  
And that he was employ'd there by the Queen.

*Ant.* At a revolt so strange I am surpriz'd.

*Can.* Pray Heaven it were not in the Town devis'd.  
Your upright Nature stoops not to Descry  
The low and subtil ways of Treachery.

Thô you may fail, She can: Beauty will find,  
Victorious and young Monarchs ever kind.

*Ant.* Your honest meaning does your life protect:  
Presume no more her vertue to suspect.

*Can.* May I not say *Photinus* is a Knave?

*Ant.* Tax not the man, unless good proof you have.

*Enter Photinus pursued by six Villains,*

*Phot.* Those two you must destroy, and me disarm.  
Ah, Sir, from Murtherers defend your Life:  
See with my blood, they have begun the Strife.

*They draw, two of the Villains fall, the other run.*

The Gods a Guard for Vertue still provide:  
Courage with Treason seldome doth reside.  
Th' are fled and you unhurt---

*Ant.* I am:

But say, *Photinus*, whence these Villains came.

*Phot.* Just as I left the Throng ---

They set upon me Crying this is He,  
That with *Octavius* lets us not agree,  
*Antonius* Friend, and his own Countreys Foe;  
And strait that wôrd was followed with this blow.  
Some of the popular faction set 'm on,  
Who think to govern all if I were gone.

*Ant.* 'Tis most unlucky, these were Kill'd out right,  
Of their whole Plot we else might gain some light.

*Phot. stabs one lying on the ground, he mutters out*

*I. Villain. Photinus is a Villain . . . .*

*Phot.* See their spight . . . .

Even at their Death, which I will thus requite--- *Can. interposes.*  
Why wou'd you save from my just rage so impudent a Slave?

*I. Villain. Photinus set us on:*

*Phot.* Unheard of villany . . . .

My self to Kill, they did conspire with Me!  
But great *Antonius* is himself too just  
Me on a Murd'ers malice to distrust.

*Canid.* Slight not too much the words of dying men,  
They who hate truth before will speak it then.

*Phot.* My constant zeal and firmness to your side,  
So oft in Council and in Action try'd,  
This accusation cannot but deride. }

What is't a Murth'rer missing of his blow,  
In his last rage would not both say and do ?

*Can.* Who dares die,  
And the just Gods provoke with such a lie ?

*Phot.* He that dares basely Kill, what dares he not,  
No Crime a Murtherer cou'd deeper blot.

*Can.* Yet to that crime ingratitude may add.

*Phot.* You speak as of my guilt you wou'd be glad.

*Ant.* My friends, let this untimely discord fall.

*Phot.* Although much wrong'd, at your Command it shall.

*Can.* I wish, Sir, to my Souldiers you wou'd speak,  
And let 'm know how well their loves you take.

*Ant.* I go : their Faith shall so rewarded be---  
The rest shall soon repent their treachery.

*Ex. Ant. Can*

*Phot.* Had they fought well their danger had been small,  
Cou'd they not fear at first or not at all ?

Curse on all middle ways : Courage enough  
When once engag'd, can only bring us off.  
But the next blow by fate shall be my own,  
And I'll strike home for *Iras* and a Throne.

My person is ungraceful, I well know  
It was contriv'd for use and not for show.  
Besides I 'm old, that too when I am great,  
She may have the Ambition to forget.

This gentle Maid all other ways have try'd,  
Hopeless of Love, I'll now attempt her pride.

*Enter Iras.*

But see she comes, and charming as new light,  
Appear'd to the first Mans amazed sight.

*A noise of Drums.*

You hear how Drums and Trumpets fill the Air,  
And for a Scene of Blood our Minds prepare.

*Iras.* 'Tis Love, vile Love whence this Disorder springs.

*Phot.* The tender Parent of the frightful'st Things.

Yet

Yet blame not Love, when to it's object fixt ;  
 It only harms when with Ambition mixt.  
 When raging Winds raise Tempests on the Main,  
 The gentle Brooks creep mildly through the Plain.  
 'Tis only to the Great these Storms are known,  
*Photinus* passion fears your scorn alone.

*Iras.* What is this Love, we never can exclude?  
 But whatsoe're we talk of, 'twill intrude.

*Phot.* Of Storms the Seaman tells, of ploughs the Hind ;  
 Lovers in such discourses ease their mind.  
 'Tis the glad business of young Hearts, the pain,  
 The old, for their presumption must sustain.

*Iras.* Is't a disease beauties infection spreads?  
 Pray does it seize you in your hearts or heads?

*Phot.* Sweet Innocence ! it enters at the eyes,  
 And to the heart like subtle lightning flies.  
 When Lovers meet it is all extasie,  
 And when they part again they more than die.

*Iras.* How chance that I have scap't this mighty ill?  
 I gaze and stare at every thing my fill.  
 The Wife, the Handsome, and the Brave, I love,  
 Yet feel no pain at all when they remove.

*Phot.* Passions lye yet within your tender breast,  
 Harmless and weak as Eagles in the Nest:  
 But Love hereafter on your heart will prey.

*Iras.* If ever any one escap't, I may.

*Phot.* 'Twere most unfit you shou'd, Nature d 331  
 Provide some sovereign thing for every ill.  
 For Beauties wounds their kindness is the cure :  
 Scorpions who cou'd without their oyl endure ?

*Iras.* If I have hurt you 'twas against my will.

*Phot.* Your Charms not like a Foe, but weapon, kill.

*Iras.* Their farther ill effects I will prevent,  
 And of what's past, though innocent, repent :  
 I'll go where you shall never see me more.

*Phot.* That must not be, from you whom I adore.  
 Absence is raging pain, presence a joy ;  
 Which will at least voluptuously destroy.

*Iras.* Wou'd you not have me go nor stay ! what then ?  
 This Love I see makes errant Fools of men.



*Phot.* Stay gentle *Iras*; learn to love of me,  
How easie were it, cou'd I charm like thee.

*Iras.* Does no man else adore me as you do?

*Phot.* None ever did; I'll place you on a Throne,  
A Scepter may for pers'nal wants attone.  
Beauty and Youth, your Sexes glories are,  
In men they soon decay, or not appear.

*Iras.* I did not know you were a Prince disguis'd:  
At your new Majesty I'm much surpriz'd.

*Phot.* I am no King.

*Iras.* How then shall I be Queen?

O I could strut with *Cleopatra's* Mein.

*Phot.* The *Roman Empire* can a Crown bestow.

*Iras.* Such gifts may be *Antonius* overthrow.

*Phot.* So let 'em be.

*Iras.* But what, he gives you, *Rome*  
Will take away, if *Cæsar* overcome.

*Phot.* My hopes, sweet Innocence, in *Cæsar* lye,  
And e're I reign *Antonius* must dye.

*Iras.* You have but the Reversion of a Crown,  
And e're he dies how old you will be grown.

*Phot.* Your youth a while may for such glories wait,  
But you may trust my Love to urge his Fate.

*Iras.* Must I then marry you,  
or be no Queen?

*Phot.* I'm not so wither'd, nor are you so green:  
Nay *Charmion* will accept what you refuse,  
And when she reigns your peevishness accuse---  
It works---

*Iras.* No no! my self I'll have you first---  
To see her Queen I should with envy burst.

*Phot.* Will she then promise to love me alone,  
When I have plac'd my *Iras* on a Throne?

*Iras.* I will do any thing, to be a Queen;  
I could love one whom I had never seen.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* Madam, the Queen much wonders at your stay. *Ex. Iras.*

*Phot.* She's gone, she's gone, and I me-thinks have more }  
A thousand times to utter than before, }  
So inexhaustible's a Lovers store. }

To her Ambition I her Love must own ;  
 But Fate her youth, my age will have it so.  
 How false a Joy in that fair Sex he takes,  
 Whom once the hope of equal love forsakes.

Scene the Second. *Cæsars Tents.*

Enter *Cæsar, Mæcenas, with Attendants.*

*Cæs.* *Mæcenas* see strict discipline they keep  
 Through the whole Camp, that neither wine nor sleep  
 Betray us to surprize : thô peace seem near,  
 Wise Pilots at the Port a tempest fear.

*Mæcæn.* Great Sir, your Souldiers find they have to do  
 Not with a rude unarm'd and barb'rous Crew,  
 But Romans like themselves, in Conquest bred,  
 And next your self, by the best Captain led.  
 Their jealousie of Fame and Love for you,  
 Will make 'em any thing forbear or do.

*A shout of joy.*

Enter *Agrippa.*

*Agrip.* *Antonius* Legions newly are arriv'd,  
 And through the Camp are with loud joy receiv'd.  
 Tir'd with his impotent and distant sway,  
 They now, Great Sir, will you alone obey.

*Cæs.* Then vanish all his hopes, and all my fears,  
 In my whole sky of Fate, no Cloud appears :  
 That one black corner did a tempest threat.

*Agrip.* You much are to *Photinus* care in debt :  
 Him in the Camp, when I arriv'd I found.

*Cæs.* Yee Gods! why am I to a Villain bound?  
 Tell my new friends, I their arrears will pay ;  
 A Roman Emperor they still obey.

*Mæcæn.* *Antonius* now will any Laws receive,  
 What from weak Foes we do not take, we give.  
 Demand the Roman Legions yet behind,  
 And that his pow'r to *Asia* be confin'd.

*Cæs.* The man was once my Friend, my Brother still:  
 What are these thoughts that wou'd ambition chill?

*Mæcæn.* Forget that name he has deserv'd so ill. }  
 The spoil of *Egypt* will the VVar defray ; }  
 For a meer peace *Rome* will repine to pay.

Enter

Enter Octavia.

Him brother, let Ægyptian Princes call,  
He has no Interest in your blood at all.  
Since the best Ty he flights, and in her place  
Does a less fair Ægyptian Queen embrace.

Oct. Pernicious Counciller that does foment  
A War, all but the *Parthians* wou'd prevent.  
My Wrongs shall never thy Ambition hide,  
I'll tear the Masque of pity from thy pride.  
I thought thee once deserving thy great place,  
Of *Tuscan* Kings sprung from the glorious race.  
But thou art false, cruel, and bloody now,  
That open hatred thou durst never show.  
To my dear Lord, does still in malice lurk,  
And on this dire Occasion seeks to work.

Cæs. Sister, your Husband I would but reclaim,  
And make him worthy of your virtuous flame.  
His present life does his past glory stain,  
He makes a Queen the Partner of his reign.  
The Roman Empire he does much deface,  
And with the Spoil adorns her foreign race.  
*Arabia* where the *Nabatheans* live.  
And part of *Syria* he did lately give.  
To their new issue one he stiles the Moon:  
To name the other, he profanes the Sun.

Oct. If he has given much, he conquer'd more: }  
His valour, for his bounty, found the store; }  
And pardon somewhat on a Sisters score. }

Cæs. The names of Emperor and Queen they scorn,  
And like immortal Gods themselves adorn.  
He does for *Bacchus*, she for *Isis* pass,  
And in their shapes, the wond'ring Crowd amaze.

Oct. To Gods of their own honour leave the Care,  
Since they both Jealous and Almighty are.  
I fear so high you'll my concerns press;  
You'll break on that you never can redress.

Cæs. I understand no Riddles, but he shall  
Do my *Octavia* sudden right or fall.

The rest I cou'd with small excuse forgive :  
But under this affront I cannot live.

*Oth.* You say his other faults you cou'd forgive. }

*Cæs.* Empire's our real quarrel, but I must  
Her virtuous Mind with no such secret trust.  
I could ----

[*Aside.*

*Oth.* Then that pretence I'll thus remove and dy :  
Still more inhumane must I then remain,  
The cover of your pride and Lust to reign.  
Tho' I were dead you might your ends pursue,  
But let me vanish from the painful view.

} *Stabs her  
self.*  
} *Mec. in-  
terposes.*

*Mec.* Not for the World such virtue shou'd not dy,  
But be intire translated to the Sky.

*Cæs.* I Sister your late rashness can forgive,  
So you henceforth will promise me to live.

*Mecænas* see remov'd all means of Death,

Let Nature and not rage conclude her breath. } *Ex. Cæsar, A-*

*Oth.* Peace to the World and my unhappy Lord, } *grippa, &c.*  
My Brother but for you wou'd soon afford.

*Mec.* Condemn not actions till you know their end,  
But mine perhaps will then but more offend.

*Oth.* I know you'll say 'tis brave to rule alone,  
That my great Brother wou'd become that Throne.  
And raising him you in proportion rise,  
But still remember there are Deities  
Above you both, just, pow'ful, and wise. }

*Mec.* Ambition never overturn'd my mind,  
I am already more then I design'd.

*Oth.* Why do you then the general peace oppose ;  
'Tis Avarice or Ambition makes Men foes.

*Mec.* I Madam wou'd some marks of courage show,  
And what I durst for my great Master do.

*Oth.* Romans of courage need no other proof,  
Since to be born a Roman is enough.

*Mec.* 'Tis truth, but yet----

*Oth.* Some unjust pique you bear,  
My dearest Lord, you cannot well declare,  
But good *Mecæna's* ; for such once you were ;  
'T' obstruct this Treaty for my sake forbear.

*Mec.* 'Tis for your sake alone, it must not be.

*Oct.* If it be good for *Rome*, regard not Me.

*Mec.* Y'are Sister to my Emperor and Friend,  
My utmost care, must your concerns attend :

I do not as you think confusion seek,  
Nor keep I to your Lord a secret pique :  
But if this Treaty be confirm'd to day ,  
I must at *Rome*, and you in *Asia* stay.

*Oct.* It is the part of the whole World I'd chuse,  
And gaining Him, what is't I care to loose.

*Mec.* Ah Madam, seem less virtuous or less fair,  
Who can behold you and not vengeance swear.  
Such suffering goodness will mankind ingage,  
And on *Antonius* pull their publick rage.

*Oct.* This to the Sister of your Emperor ;

*Mec.* This to the only Beauty I adore :  
Beyond my patience you have rackt my Breast,  
And my deep guilt at last must be confest.  
I love you, Madam----

*Oct.* My next request you'l then not disallow,

*Mec.* Speak it, and I a blind Obedience vow.

*Oct.* Let me then die for I have liv'd too long,  
And heard of Love in my *Antonius* wrong.

*Mec.* Not in his wrong ! I'll the reversion wait,  
And live like Heirs in hope of an Estate.

*Oct.* Your word is past recall. My Death I claim.

*Mec.* From me who both your Guard and Lover am.

*Oct.* I not the stroak, but means of Death require :  
By my own hand I noblest shall expire.  
Will you then promise to promote the peace.

*Mec.* You offer poison, to my known Disease :  
But from those hands I nothing can refuse.  
I'll ruine all my hopes, so you will live :

*Oct.* Yes, I will live, but not an hour survive.  
My dear *Antonius* him you must preserve,  
If ought you from *Octavia* would deserve---

*Ex.*

*Mec.* Whom, whilst he lives I never can enjoy,  
And if he dies she will her self destroy.

“ I am undone ; obey or disobey !

“ I needs must perish, but may chose my way.

*Ex.*

## ACT. III.

Scene the First. *Cæsars Tents.*Enter *Cæsar, Mecænas, Agrippa.*

*Cæsar.* **T**HE *Asians* now with double Taxes prest,  
 His slothful Days and drunken Nights detest;  
 Buffoons and Players chiefly have his ear:  
 He dares not the free tongues of *Romans* hear.  
 To marry Whores to Fencers is his sport,  
 And with their Issue throng his loathed Court.  
 "Now lewd *Cytheris* has a greater Train,  
 Than his own Mother or his Wife maintain.  
 From such a Foe as this what can we fear!  
 In whom all symptoms of lost pow'r appear.

*Mecæn.* The flatt'ring *Greeks* his easie nature praise;  
 But on the rest he heavy burthens lays.  
 In drunken Bounty, for a riotous treat,  
 He gave his Fav'rite Cook a spacious Street:  
 Men say no hour dares move without its Feast,  
 Which is for their fantastick pallats drest.  
 Now must the rising Sun their Riot view,  
 Which the next day prevents the Evening dew.

"In every draught they some rich Gem consume,  
 "And spend a private Fortune in one Room.

*Cæs.* Empire, of pains and virtue, the slow fruit,  
 How ill dost thou with vice and riot suit?

*Cinna* was bloody, *Marins* unjust,  
*Tarquin* and *Appius* raging in their Lust:  
*Lucullus* was luxurious, loud his ease,  
 Thus on each man his single vice did seize!  
 But all these faults are in *Antonius* met.

*Mecæn.* His Court with *Asian* Flatt'ers is fill'd,  
 And Lying *Greeks* the only Servants held.

These serve the turns of riotous delight,  
 Whilst *Romans* only are thought fit to fight.

*Agrip.* Example is a living Law, whose sway,  
 Men more than all the written Laws obey.

Princes of all men therefore shou'd take care,  
 How in their manners they the Crowd ensnare.

But above all his dotage on the Queen

Employs my wonder : was it ever seen

A Woman rul'd an Emperor till now ?

What Horse the Mare, what Bull obeys the Cow ? }  
 Nature that Monster Love does disavow :

In all her kinds only fantastick Man

Finds ways of folly which no other can.

*Mecæn.* He that will vilify the pow'r of Love,

In the first place let him our Gods reprove,

Who oft their heavenly Mansions have forsok,

And the mean shapes of Birds and Beasts have took,  
 To pursue Mortals in an amorous way,

And form their glorious Image in our clay.

*Agrip.* The God that lov'd, what Nymph yet ever rul'd ?

He was again a God, his Lust once cool'd :

Had womens will our good or ill procur'd,

The World had never half so long endur'd.

The high embrace fill'd all their spacious thought,

And proofs of kindness were no farther sought.

*Cæs.* Th'unable sure, the ugly, or the old,

First in affairs of Love, made use of gold.

Then Princes to out-bid 'em threw in pow'r,

Now heart for heart's the Traffick of the Poor.

*Agrip.* Women should sit like idle Passengers,

While the tall Ship some able Seamen steers.

Wisdom, high Courage, Piety are vain, }  
 If o're the Wise and brave a Woman reign. }

And this *Antonius* conduct has made plain. }

*Cæs.* 'Tis time the insur'd World we should redeem

From a mans sway so lost in her esteem.

*Agrip.* What is success in Arms if Conqu'ring Rome

By Troops of *Asian* Vices be o'recome.

*Cæs.* To set all right I must be absolute ;

My least commands None daring to dispute :

*Rome's* desp'rate state can never find redress,  
 But from a pow'r as able to oppress;  
 Whilst for the publick good my pow'r I use,  
 Seeing my end Men will the means excuse.  
 Th' Omnipotence of Gods, who thinks too great,  
 Since men below they with compassion treat.

*Agrip.* But envy does all mortal pow'r attend :  
 Men fear the Means, and still suspect the end.  
 He that can hurt, who answers but he will :  
 Men pass in fear by sleeping Lyons still.  
 Empire is safest moderately great,  
 And death unseen does on Ambition wait

*Cæs.* He that can do no ill, can do no good,  
 And if in one, in both may be withstood.  
 The actions of a Tyrant I abhor,  
 But as things stand I cannot want the pow'r.

*Agrip.* Our Laws the art of ruling best contain;

*Mecæn.* Fools find it there, wise Princes in their Brain.

*Agrip.* Pow'r long possess'd few Princes care to use,  
 But give it up for others to abuse :  
 From *Phæbus* self the World no hazard run,  
 But cou'd not bear one day his Vent'rous Son :  
 He through new wayes the flaming Chariot drove,  
 And all was fear below, and fire above.

*Cæs.* I to no *Phaeton* will the reins commit,  
 Nor in inglorious ease a moment sit :  
 Ile see the Common-wealth no mischief take,  
 And do and suffer all things for her sake.

*Mecæn.* *Rome* on your vertue leans her aged head,  
 As old *Anchises* on *Aeneas* did,  
 And thinks she may with ease when propt by you.  
 Factions at Home, and Foes abroad subdued.  
 You, whom the general voice of *Rome* does hold,  
 Bolder than Youth, and wiser than the Old.

*Agrip.* The name of Common-wealth is popular,  
 And every *Cæsar* may his *Brutus* fear.

*Mecæn.* *Romans* that barb'rous Murder so reveng'd,  
 It shews the thoughts of a Republick chang'd.

*Cæs.* Men die of Agues, too much heat or cold,  
 And others grow ridiculous old.     *Ex. Cæs. Oct. Mec. manet Agrip.*



The thoughts of humane chance should make us bold.  
Ile seize the Empire, which Ile die or hold.

*Agrip.* Born under Kings our Father freedom fought,  
And with their blood the Godlike treasure bought,  
We their vile issue in our chains delight,  
And born to freedom for our Tyrants fight.

*Exit. Agrip.*

Scene the Second. The Palace.

Enter *Antonius, Canidius, Photinus.*

*Can.* For wha Sir, must we then prepare?

*Thyreus!* does he bring us Peace or War?

*Anto.* He offers Peace, but upon terms so high,  
At the great rate I'd not an Empire buy:  
My former gifts I meanly must resume,  
And give accounts of all my act to *Rome.*  
My faithful friends from their Commands remove,  
And place such as the Senate shall approve.

*Canid.* True friends displac't will pardon your distress  
And thô your pow'r ----

*Anto.* A Pageant pow'r and Empire but in show---  
True Empire only those great Souls enjoy,  
Who can in what, and whom they please employ,  
And without leave from *Rome* a Crown bestow,  
Exalt a Friend, and trample on a Foe:  
This by your Love and Arms I once atchiev'd,  
Nor will be of it but by Arms depriv'd.

*Can.* Ambition is the Dropsey of the Soul,  
Whose thirst we must not yield to but controul.

*Anto.* Some Drudg of State may a less pow'r esteem,  
And ruling many, let a few rule him;  
Mean Slave to them, high Tyrant to the rest,  
With fear and pride at once defile his breast:  
By *Hercules* I won't, if any here  
Think that a Course too desp'rate I steer,  
Let him retire, and his own fears obey.

*Canid.* The Godswell know my fears are all for you,  
And your most daring thoughts shall find me true:  
It is not *Cæsar*, nor our blow at Sea,  
That to these terms incline me to agree;

But 'tis the love of *Rome* which you have lost,  
And that your Ryots here and Loves have cost.

*Ant.* *Cæsar* and I you know were never friends,  
And only hung together for our ends :  
Yet in his Cause this Tongue an Army rais'd,  
And made *Rome* hate that deed she late had prais'd.  
*Brutus* and *Cassius* felt the deadly sting ;  
And all to make *Octavius* more than King.  
So blindly did I act, so little see,  
Into the dark Decrees of Destiny.

The Common-wealth for him I overthrew,  
Now in effect he claims my Empire too.

*Phot.* The Shell he leaves, the Kernell takes away,  
You, Sir, must him, as others, you obey.

*Ant.* He wou'd a sway pretend over my Love,  
And teach my free affections where to move.  
To my embrace his Sister I must take,  
And my best Queen ingratelously forsake.

*Can.* That Sister is your Wife.

*Ane.* So let her be

From past engagements, present Love, set free.  
*Hymen* is but the Vulgars Deity . . .

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Egyptians.*

*Cleop.* O my *Antonius* ! how I fear this Peace !  
And must I to *Octavia* yield my place ?  
I love you so, that very sound wou'd kill,  
And leave you free the promise to fulfil.

*Ant.* Were I to gain the Empire of mankind,  
And for that pow'r, Eternity assign'd :  
I cou'd not to the hateful change submit,  
Nor my best Queen so barbarously quit.

*Cleop.* But your *Octavius* loving, young, and fair,  
And such a Rival ! how can I but fear ?

*Ant.* Her Hymen never did a Moment please,  
The hard Condition of a needful Peace :  
From every part I saw the growing storm,  
A sudden shelter in her arms I took,  
Which when 'twas over I again forsook.

*Cleop.* And can you for My sake a War sustain ?  
Her Brothers friendship and Her Love disdain ?

*Ant.* All hearts a like, all faces do not move,  
There is a secret Sympathy in Love :  
The pow'rful Loadstone, cannot move a Straw,  
No more than Jet, the trembling Needle draw :  
Your Beauty only on my Heart can act :  
All other ways, it is in vain attack'd.

*Cleop.* Sure of this War I am the meer pretence,  
How can our Love, to *Rome* give such offence ?  
She shou'd revenge the Ghost of *Crassus* slain,  
And haughty *Babel* level with the Plain,  
But let in *Egypt*, Love and pleasure reign.

*Ant.* *Rome* like her Eagles, did on Rapine thrive,  
I am the first that taught her how to Give.

*Cleop.* What y' have presented me or plac'd on Mine,  
I to that griping Senate here resign.  
I never did the gifts but Giver prize :

Some new pretence of War let 'm devise :  
All but your self I for your sake can quit :  
For you I did my Crown and Fame forget ;  
And can you now weigh coldly what it is fit ?

*Can.* Turn my best Master, from her charming Tongue,  
'Tis hard to think such Beauty in the wrong :  
Yet if you don't, we are for ever lost.

*Ant.* I have resolv'd : to *Cæsar* I will send :  
If he his Grace will to the Queen extend,  
And let the Crown upon her Sons descend.  
I'll kill my self, and rid him of his Foe,  
If not, the last extreams I'll undergo.

*Can.* What *Roman* will the hateful Message bear ?

*Cleop.* Let us intreat, we may at *Athens* live,  
And tast what joys a private Life can give :  
Leaving our greatness and our pomp behind,  
We shall in Love sincerer pleasures find :  
But whether am I wrapt ? fond thoughts be gone,  
And melt some tender Virgin of low race,  
You are below a heart that wears a Crown,  
Where Life, Love, all must to renown give place.

*Ant.* Souldiers, when old we from the Wars discharge,  
But Fate her Drudges never sets at large :  
The higher place they fill, the greater Slaves,  
Princes have no retirement but their Graves,

My equal pow'r this *Cæsar* cannot bear,  
 His Souldiers want my Provinces to share:  
 Unactive *Lepidus* he laid aside,  
 And will no longer now the World divide;  
 Whose doubtful Title must by Arms be try'd.

Enter *Thyreus*.

But see *Thyreus* here . . . .  
 He has some Message for your private Ear,  
 Which I without a jealous pang can bear.

*Can.* She is a woman, Sir, and when y' are gone,  
 By *Cæsars* Offers may be wrought upon.

*Ant.* Jealous! yet truly honest. 'Tis strange how  
 In thy plain mind such wild suspicion's grow,  
 I will return before their Conference end,  
 But on her Love entirely I depend.

Ex. *Ant.* *Canid.*

*Thyr.* Madam! my Master's gracious as he's great,  
 See's how y' are forc't t' allow this short Retreat,  
 To his proud Foe, and does himself excuse,  
 That Ayd perhaps you cou'd not well refuse:  
 The Ruines of a Roman Emperor,  
 In her own Kingdom may a Queen o're pow'r.

*Cleop.* I first was summon'd in *Romes* haughty Name,  
 Ere I into *Antonius* presence came.

*Brutus* and his I was accus'd to Aid,  
 But soon acquitted and her Ally made;  
 Since in *Antonius* I have *Rome* obey'd.

*Thyr.* If an Ally of *Rome* you shou'd disclaim,  
 The Man, whom she does Foe and Traytor name.

*Cleop.* Those very Titles She Great *Julius* gave,  
 And yet anon, obeys him like a Slave.

On the Success of *VVar*, her Voice depends,  
 The distant Foes she stiles the present Friends.

Let others from *Antonius* fortune fly,  
 I will support or in their ruine lye.

*Thyr.* His Souldiers have another sence declar'd,  
 And are to storm this stubborn Town prepar'd.

*Cleop.* Base Mercenary Souls that fight for Pay,  
 To morrow Kill, whom they defend to day:  
 But Princes Minds on Springs of Honour move,  
 And what can they not do, wound up by Love?

*Phot.* If not your Self, your harmless Subjects save,  
They neither love so well, nor are so brave.

*Cleop.* Despair shall make those heartless Villains bold,  
VVhile by worse fears, the fear of Death's controul'd.  
I'll *Rome* provoke beyond all hope of grace,  
Then in their Arms, they must their safety place.

*Phot.* They'l sooner take those Arms up and Rebel . . .

*Cleop.* *Antonius* Souldiers will such Tumults quel.  
The People ever discontented are ;  
Their Crouds were made to be the focd of War : [Ex. *Phot.*

*Thyr.* *Cæsar* is pleas'd--

You shou'd keep all the Realms of which y'are seiz'd ;  
Some little to deserve this you must do.

*Cleop.* Desert propos'd me from a mortal Foe ?

*Thyr.* Give us but entrance in the dead of night,  
VVe all will spare who are not kill'd in Fight ;  
Like *Cæsar*, *Cleopatra* shall command,  
*Antonius* falls into a Brothers hand.

*Cleop.* VVho will revenge the scorn his Sister finds ;  
Are these your deep, your generous Desings ?

*Thyr.* You but precipitate the event of VVar,  
And by that act a Sea of Blood might spare.  
I have a step beyond my Orders made,  
VVhich were but to propose not to perswade.  
But who can see such Beauty in distress,  
And not the utmost of his thoughts express.

*Cleop.* In Fates whole scope I fear but one event,  
And that your self with honour may prevent.

*Thyr.* VVhat is it, Madam ? will you hear me swear,  
You trust your secret to a Lovers ear,  
One that has long, and privately been so.

*Cleop.* Sir to make Peace, you were from *Cæsar* sent,  
But make not Love, thô but in Complement.  
If *Cæsar* take this Town by Fates decree,  
Swear to inform, what he will do with me--

*Thyr.* 'Tis not resolv'd, soon as I know I will . . .

*Cleop.* Then sound him dayly with your utmost skill.

*Thyr.* But is this all ? I was in hope to serve,  
In some design that might your Love deserve.

This for your meanest Slave I had perform'd.

*Cleop.* 'Tis all of which I care to be inform'd---

*Thyr.* My Offers, Madam . . . .

*Cleop.* They are such as show,  
*Romans* but ill of th' hearts of Monarchs know.  
But on your promise may a Queen rely?

*Enter Antonius, Canidius unseen, and Souldiers.*

*Thyr.* You may : but doubt not *Cæsars* Clemency ;  
Your Crown and Person, thô provokt he 'l spare,  
Conquest and Ruin will respect the Fair,  
VVhat may n't such Beauty hope, nor is it new,  
That he who rules the VVorld should bow to you.

*Ant.* By Heaven, at Compliments ; I'll pause a while,  
And see this subtle Scene of VVomans guile.

*Cleop.* My Fates worse Face you will not then disguise,  
I can behold it with undaunted Eyes.

*Thyr.* And may it prove as charming as your own ;

*Cleop.* I fear you will forget me, when y' are gone.

*Thyr.* I swear upon my Knees and by that Hand :  
Whose every touch, my Soul leaps up to meet :  
Let me once more th' inflaming Bliss repeat.  
Like the first drop which Men in Feavours tast,  
It to a deeper draught but makes me hast.  
Thus starving Men, think every thing a Feast,  
Whil'st some with tasteless plenty, ly opprest :  
O that I were *Antonius* but one day ! ---

*Ant.* Slave from that posture thou shalt never rise,  
But be my Wraths immediate sacrifice.

*Can.* Hold, Sir, your Sword you shall not rashly stain ;  
VVhat hopes of Peace Embassadors once slain?

*Ant.* Ambassador of Loye the Villain came ;  
And 'mongst affairs of Stat<sup>e</sup> he vents his Flame,  
He Kist her Hand, some charming Message sure,  
At least of half my Empire, She's secure.  
VVhich she perhaps must with my Life repay,  
These are the Bargains made when I am away :  
'Tis more than Madnes to believe that you,  
False to my Love, are to my Empire true.

*Cleop.* I false to you !

*Ant.* By *Hercules* you are : and had I stay'd,  
None knows the faithless answer you had made.

*Cleop.* What is it that so strange *Antonius* finds ?  
He kiss my Hand in taking of his leave,  
'Tis a respect that Queens from all receive.

*Ant.* The eager Kiss, no Lover can mistake,  
It extacy and sudden rapture spake,  
Those of respect are of a colder make :  
Ye Gods ! he swore by't perhaps endless Love,  
Or that he wou'd your Mediator prove.

*Cleop.* Ask him ! His offers I have all refus'd,  
And yet of falshood live to be accus'd  
By you, for whom I suffer, is this just ?  
One minute, brings long faith into Distrust.

*Ant.* Minutes may ruine what in Ages rose,  
Like Thunder, Love in instants overthrows.  
He has disturb'd me. And he shall be whipt,  
*Canidius* see he instantly be stript.

*Can.* If thus you trample on all *Roman* Laws,  
What *Roman* is there that will own your Cause ?  
The Law of Nations too does this withstand, }  
To any thing that's brave I'll lend my hand, }  
But stir to no such infamous command :

*Ant.* Seize the bold Traytor.

*Sould.* Will you have him flead.  
Say but the word, this minute he is dead.

*Ant.* There's a true Servant to his Masters will,  
Whom I condemn, he questions not to kill,

*Thyr.* With this affront if thou dar'st glut thy hate,  
No pow'r on earth can save thy falling state :  
*Cæsar* will take revenge----

*Ant* Away, away . . . .

And my command see strictly you obey.

*Ex.*

*Cleop.* I do not know that I a smile misplac't.  
Frown'd where you frown'd, and where you lik't I grac't.  
Not Wealth to Misers, Honour to the Brave,  
Health to the Sick, or Freedom to the Slave  
Cou'd be more welcome than you Love to Me;  
Then think how felt, the cruel change must be :

*Ant.* What Change ?

*Cleop.*

*Cleop.* How can you ask ; while this distrust appears ?  
Distrust, the first decay of Love in years.  
What we desire we easily believe,  
Love on the smoother side does still deceive.

*Ant.* Your Lover shall be whipt, and as you bear  
That, I shall think you criminal or clear.

*Cleop.* Not to the Man, but to his Character,  
Such an affront I wish you wou'd forbear.  
It is a deed that might amaze the Sun,  
And by the rudest People yet undone :  
In all the Travels of his fruitful light,  
He has not met so barbarous a sight ;  
Ambassadors are sacred next the Gods,  
Above your Axes plac't as well as Rods.

*Ant.* Observe how, least I change his punishment,  
All ways of my revenge she wou'd prevent,  
He may not die . . . .

*Cleop.* Nor shan't, unless your hate,  
All human Laws resolve to violate.  
Then kill me first.

*Enter Photinus in hast.*

*Phot.* The Cities up, the Souldiers Mutiny,  
And all---long live the good *Thyreus* cry.

*Anto.* My *Romans* take and charge 'm instantly.

*Phot.* What they demand, perhaps you'll not refuse.

*Anto.* How 'er their Insolence I'll not excuse.

*Canid.* Good Sir, abroad you know we want no foes,  
This inward strife methinks we might compose :  
*Octavius* work our selves, let us not do.

*Cleo.* My People Sir, I hope you'll not destroy,  
Whose lives I for your service, wou'd employ.

*Photinus* say their Queen bids 'm begon,  
And trust our Love, what's fitting shall be done.

*Enter Messengers.*

*Mess.* Your *Romans*, Sir, joyn with th' unruly crow'd,  
And to defend th' Embassador, have vow'd :

They say a *Roman* never shall be whipt,  
While Sword or Spear a *Roman* arm can lift.

1. *Mess.* They have by this the Castle Walls broke down,

2. *Mess.* And set *Thyreus* safe without the Town.



*Ant.* Draw up my Guards, if I have yet a Friend;  
This Tumult shall in death of Thousands end.  
What must *Octavius* conclude of me?  
If whom I once imprison, they set free.

*Cleo.* They have done right by chance, excuse 'em fort;  
Tempests sometimes drives Ships into the Port.

*Ant.* The Rable is a thing below my hate,  
But my own *Romans* I will decimate.

*Enter Lucilius Captain of the Rout.*

*Luc.* For what is done, I singly am to blame:  
The rest but on my call and credit came.

*Anto.* What mov'd thee too't: Old *Ruffian*, thou shalt dye;  
In thee I'll punish the whole Mutiny.

*Luc.* I saw my General about to blast,  
By one rash act, his life and Glories past.  
Th' unconstant Rabble to my side I gain'd,  
And spight of him, his Honor have maintain'd.

*Anto.* What art thou?

*Luc.* A Roman.

*Anto.* No more?

*Luc.* In *Brutus* Camp some small Command I bore:  
Subdu'd by Arms, since by your kindness won,  
I am resolv'd your utmost fate to run.  
If my late service grieve you, take my head;  
The common path of Love I never tread.  
*Brutus*, to save my self, like him I shap't;  
So fell I in your hands, and he escap't.

*Anto.* *Lucilius*?

*Lucilius*, The same my Int'rest command,  
*Antonius* shall both rule my heart and hand.

*Anto.* Discharge the Rabble you have us'd in this. [*They shout.*]

*Luc.* They humbly sue you'll pardon what's amiss.  
They are return'd, and now with shouts of joy;  
They beg you woud their Swords and Lives imploy.

*Anto.* Most willingly, just Heaven, what am I,

Whom the rude People, teach Humanity? [*Ex.*]

## ACT III.

Scene the first. *Cæsars Tents.*Enter *Cæsar, Agrippa, Mæcenas.*

*Cæsar,* MY Offers scorn'd! Ambassadors abus'd!  
 Yet he of Pride unjustly is accus'd.

*Mæc.* *Thyreus* was ill chose, he long has been  
 A secret Servant to th' *Ægyptian* Queen.  
 What if I went with terms more moderate;  
 I, who am less Obnoxious to his hate.

*Cæs.* This Offer now the danger grows so near,  
 In a man less known, shou'd take for fear.

*Agrip.* His Insolence no longer I defend.

*Cæs.* See here the Challenge he thinks fit to send. [*Agrip. reads.*]

*Agrip.* In single Combat let our Fencers fight:  
 With Armies, Emperors dispute their right.

*Cæs.* Like him, I *Roman* blood would gladly spare,  
 And to a Combat would contract the War.  
 My youth, and unfoil'd strength, may Conquest claim  
 Over this Shadow of a mighty Name:  
 Now prest with Age, and with Debauches worn,  
 Th' unequal Combat I not fear, but scorn.

*Agrip.* He like an aged Oak in *Autumn* shows,  
 From whose dry Arms some Leaves each minute blows;  
 One King or Ally, still forsake his side,  
 His Empire ebbs like a declining Tide.  
 Have patience, Sir, he of himself muk fall,  
 Who in despair does for the Combat call.

*Cæs.* To a brave Death I'll open him the way;  
 See an Assault be made without delay.  
 I at my Armies head shall soon appear,  
 And if he dares, he may engage me there.

Enter *Octavia.*

*Octav.* O Brother! if that name have yet a Pow'r,  
 And be not lost in that of Emperor:

Pity

Pity my sad estate, since I alone  
 On both sides mourning, can rejoyce on none.  
 The World divided in their wishes stand ;  
 My self alone stab'd through on every hand.  
 A Brother here ! There must a Husband fall ;  
 On the just Gods I know not how to call !  
 No chance of War can with my mind comply ;  
 But I must weep at eithers Victory.

*Cæs.* If I o'come, your Husband I will spare.

*Octav.* He will not spare himself, I more than fear,  
 Shou'd he prevail, th' *Egyptian* Queen will sway ;  
 Whom you, and I, and he, must all obey.  
 His am'rous heart must execute her will,  
 And whom she frowns on, in Obedience kill.  
 You to Ambition must a *Victim* bleed, }  
 And from my hated Title to his bed, }  
 Must *Cleopatra* in my Death be freed ; }  
 And haughty *Rome* acknowledg a vain Queen,  
 Or be of Civil Arms th' endless Scene.

*Cæs.* He doth all terms of Reconcilement slight :  
 There nothing now remains but that we fight.  
 He's now a meer soft Purple *Asian* Prince ;  
 And *Rome* his Empire has disown'd long since.

*Octav.* Ingrateful *Rome* ! but most ingrateful you !  
 Can you forget whom *Cassius* overthrew ?  
 Who first to *Rome* a *Parthian* triumph show'd,  
 And the long Pride of that great Empire bow'd ?  
 Who the first *Cæsar* made, revenged his death,  
 And fixt that Empire, which he did bequeath,  
 On you almost unknown : Where they receive,  
 Base Natures hate ; and Love, but where they give.

*Cæs.* Go serve th' *Egyptian*, learn to dress her head ;  
 Your slighted Love, and your neglected Bed  
 Can you forget ; and fulsomely pursue  
 The Man with kindness, who despises you ? }  
 I shou'd my self scorn fawning Beauty too : }  
 Tis as absurd, as if the Gods shou'd sue.

*Oct.* Wives (like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow)  
 To Husbands though unjust, long patience owe :

They were for Freedom made, Obedience We,  
 Courage their vertue, ours is Chastity.  
 Reason it self in us must not be bold,  
 Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd.  
 On our own heads we desperately stray,  
 And are still happiest, the vulgar way.

*Cæs.* Who ever did such Moral Nonsense hear?  
 My Sister sure is turn'd Philosopher.  
 But we *Antonius* Pride will soon pull down;  
 This hour shall give me his whole lifes renown.  
 I the long trade of Fame disdain to drive;  
 But to the Top will at one step arrive.

*Octav.* Since then my pray'rs and tears can nothing gain,  
 In the Foes Camp no longer I'll remain.  
 The Arms I hate, my presence shall not grace;  
*Antonius* Cause I'll openly embrace.  
 To *Rome* I'll go, and all thy acts disown;  
 Make thy Ambition, and thy Falshood known }  
 To every *Roman* of the Sword and Gown, }  
 Till th' art more hated far than *Cateline*,  
 Then *Scilla*, *Marius*, or the *Tarquins* Line.  
 Some will for Freedom, some *Antonius* fight,  
 And against Thee both parties I'll unite;  
 Amongst thy Foes I like a Spark will fall,  
 And to a sudden Flame convert 'em all.

*Cæs.* You wou'd not sure my Love so ill repay.

*Octav.* Your Love! your Pride and endless Thirst of sway.  
 To gain my friends, my Quarrel you pretend,  
 But universal Empire is your end.

*Rome's* once great *Senate* now is but a name;  
 While some with fear, and some with Bribes you tame.  
 Men learn at Court what they must there repeat,  
 And for Concurrence, not for Council meet.  
 At least all such as think of being great, }  
 They blindly labour at their own ill fate, }  
 And dig up by the roots the tottering State. }

*Cæs.* Against *Antonius* Riots they declare,  
 And I at their Command but wage this War.

*Octav.* Dull Long-gown Statesmen you may feel that Sword  
 Which thus you whet against my injur'd Lord.

When *Cæsar* wills a Law, for all your rules,  
It will be better taught in Camps, than Schools.

*Cæs.* Your fears distract you, or you needs must see  
Your hopes of happiness depend on me.

'Tis my success must make *Antonius* find  
The dire effect of an unbridled mind.

*Oct.* Who ever did an Emperor reform ?  
Scarce Heav'n it self can that great Task perform.

*Cæs.* Heaven chooses me the fittest instrument,  
And on that glorious Task I'm wholly bent.

*Oct.* Is't thus *Mecænas*, you promote the Peace ?  
But you ne'r meant, and promise but to please.

*Mec.* All that I durst, I have already said :  
I urg'd him till he thought I was afraid.

But where such Beauty, and such Goodness fail ;  
What other Intercession can prevail ;

*Oct.* *Mecænas*, I no Complements expect  
From one, who does my first Commands neglect.

*Mec.* Men that like me have giv'n their Passions vent,  
Are never after held indifferent.

Hatred, or Love, pursues the bold attempt ;  
It meets with a return, or with contempt.

I fear the latter is *Mecænas* lot.

*Oct.* I charge you, never entertain me more  
With that false Love which hath so little pow'r.

Your breach of Word, I easily forgive,  
I'm free, and am not now oblig'd to live : }

Nor will I long, the first attacq survive. }

[*She weeps.*]

*Mec.* A sound like that, what Lover can indure ?  
I'll move once more, shou'd I his hate procure.

Ah 'Sir, your weeping Beautious Sister view ;  
Then if you can, her Husbands life pursue :

Such softness might an angry God disarm,  
And from his hand, the brandisht Thunder charm.

*Cæs.* What means *Mecænas* softned in her tears ?  
Another Man he to my eyes appears.

Where is that Soul bids me be Absolute,  
And the dissenting World with Swords confute.

Move forwards still, and spread my Conqu'ring Arms,  
As far as *Cynthia* lights, or *Phæbus* warms.

*Mec.* I can no more, you your own Cause must plead;  
I wou'd, but can't against my self perswade;  
Tho unsuccessful my endeavours were,  
It was some Merit to obey so far.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Enemy preventing our attacq,  
Does a fierce Sally on our Forces make.  
Our formost Troops the warm engagement shun,  
And to *Canidius* his Old Souldiers run.

*Cæs.* Then be your Tent your Prison for a while. [To *Octavia*.  
Now let us seize the Lyon in our Toil.---- *Ex. Onnes.*

Scene the Second. A Wood.

Enter *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Photinus*, at one door, *Agrippa*, *Thyreus*, at the other, Fighting.

*Antony.* Turn back *Thyreus*; 'tis *Antonius* calls;  
The Queen now sees thee flying from our Walls.  
Think on that shame, and it must warm thy heart,  
And do not from a single Rival start.

*Thyr.* A Thought like that, were all Mankind my Foes,  
Wou'd send me headlong amongst all their Blows.

*Ant.* He dies of Mine that dares to interpose.

*Thyr.* Of Mine he is my basest Foe that does. } *They fight,*  
Love, thou at last art just, and having made } *Thyr. falls.*  
My Life a Burthen, help'ft me to unlade:  
If he o'ecome, Let *Cleopatra* know,  
She must to *Rome* in *Cæsars* triumph go.  
So now my promise to the Queen is paid,  
The first and last Command I ever had.

*Ant.* Then all my Fears were false.

*Thyr.* False as my hopes,  
Or the short vigor which my Being props.  
The Queen was Cruel and thy Sword was Kind.

*Ant.* Thou didst attempt her Villain:

*Thyr.* Yes, I did,  
And with my dying Breath I boast the Deed.

*Ant.* What words fit to appease her shall I find?

*Dies.*

Jealousie

Jealousie for ever from my Soul remove,  
 Thou magnifying Glas to erring Love ;  
 Thou Viper like, dost thy young Teeth employ,  
 And wou'dst that Love, which gave the Birth, destroy.

*Enter Cæsar and Meccenas.*

*Cæs.* Charge you *Canidius* with your Troops, whil'st I  
 Against *Antonius* self my Fortune try.  
 Here is the utmost bound of thy success,  
 The Ocean may as soon his limits pass,  
 As thou this spot of Earth whereon we stand.

*Ant.* You speak as you had Thunder in your hand, }  
 The Gods ! Heaven ! Hell and Fate at your command ; }  
 Which if thou hadst I'd not one step retire :  
 But one by one, their Prodigies wou'd tire. [*Cæsar is beaten back.*]

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* You must not stay your fortune to pursue,  
*Agrippa's* got between the Town and you ;  
 VVhich Stratagem when *Cleopatra* found,  
 She Sally'd out, and is incompart round.

*Photinus* stays behind to awe the Town,  
 And keeps those of the pop'lar Faction down:

*Ant.* My Queen ingag'd ! To her relief lets fly,  
 Death has more Charms near her, than Victory.  
 Me in her Cause, the Legions that withstand,  
 Must fall like Corn, before the Reapers Hand.

*Can.* Must we again a Victory forgo ;  
 This Queen was born to be our Overthrow.

*Ant.* What is't you mutter ? Follow me or dy.

*Can.* My Life you'd sooner want behalf than I:  
 Take it, for 'tis to me an hourly pain,  
 Follies of Friends are nothing to the slain.  
 But whil'st I live, methinks you shou'd pursue,  
 Retiring Foes and Victory in view.

*Ant.* I cannot stoop to argue, but Obey;  
 And till my Queen be safe, let Conquest stay.

## Scene the Third. A Wood.

[*He discovers Agrippa's Army, and the Queen taken.*

*Ant.* By *Hercules* she's tane ! So have I seen the Dove,  
Under the Pounce of eager Falcons move :  
O ! that I were my self the Dart I throw,  
For now, all other Motion seems too slow.

[*Ant. rescues the Queen, Charges through Agrippa's Army. Agrip. Retreats to the Town.*

Augures and Entrails, Boys and Quails you ly !  
And I henceforth your Omens will defy.  
Call'd by his Name, may such still prosp'rous be,  
While thus the Gods give Victory to Me.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Photinus as within the Town.*

*Phot.* They are ingag'd by this : now is the Time,  
And all things seem propitious to my Crime.  
Let Fools the Fame of Loyalty divide ;  
Wise men and Gods are on the strongest side.  
The Town is wholly left to my Command,  
To make 'em rise I need but slack my hand :  
They'r prone to Mutiny. Their Queen they hate,  
And shew all signs of a distemper'd State.  
But hark already they are up and roar,  
Like an high Sea that scorns its wonted Shoar.

[*They shout.*

*Enter Iras.*

But see fair *Iras* whose bright form in Tears,  
Like Sun-shine mixt with sudden Rain appears.

*Iras.* *Photinus* ! Oh the Queen ! The Queen is gone,  
And we that stay behind are all undone.  
The Pallace flames ; *Memnon* and *Chilax* rage,  
And all the *Egyptians* on their side engage.

*Phot.* Fear nothing Madam, never was a time,  
When Innocence and Beauty were a Crime :  
Each shout you hear, your Greatness does advance :  
Nor is this Mutiny, th' effect of Chance.  
But my design-----

Through



Through Craggy ways we for a while must tread :  
 But gentle *Iras* to a Throne they lead :  
 Ah ! Cou'd I make you Kind as well as Great,  
*Photinus* happiness were then compleat.

*Iras.* All other Forms I'll study to forget :  
 And think how much I'm to your Love in Debt :  
*Antillus* is a young gay handsome Man,  
 Yet to please you, I'll hate him if I can.  
 He still like you lies squeezing of my hand,  
 Hangs o're my Neck, and from me will not stand.

*Phot.* Ye Gods ! She loves and knows not yet disguise !  
 The happy Name, flasht at her youthful Eyes.

*Iras.* The Manly Gown when he did first put on,  
 He was more gaz'd at than *Cæsarion* :  
 But for all that I will not love him tho,  
 'Tis so long since I have forgot him now . . . .

*Phot.* Our Serpents though new born are poysonous still,  
 And Women ne'r so young have Craft and Guile.  
 She has forgot him ! Oh that I cou'd Her !  
 Too plain, but yet too strong I see the snare.  
 I got my Rival to *Armenia* sent,  
 His Name returns and ruins my content.

*Iras.* You seem disturb'd----

*Phot.* False and inhumane . . . .

*Iras.* What are you mad ?

What is it I have done ! What have I said ?

*Phot.* Thou hast for ever rob'd me of my rest.

*Iras.* By all my hopes to reign I love you best.

*Phot.* Ay there's your love to me.

But that for him how ill you do contain ?

*Iras.* For whom ? I understand you not, be plain.

*Phot.* Why for *Antillus* ? Your young Gay Delight.

*Iras.* May I not name, but I must love him straight ?

*Phot.* The Works soon done with Wind and Tide they move,  
 Whom equal Years and Thoughts dispose to love.  
 And to say truth I stand condemn'd within,  
 That I did ever an Address begin  
 To you, whom Beauty and such Youth adorn :  
 I prest with Age, for Toil, not Pleasure born :  
 And every way the Object of your Scorn.

Go to *Antillus* ! Fly into his Arms,  
 And meet with equal heat and equal Charms.  
 Whilst my ambition I henceforth pursue,  
 And recompence those Joys I lose in you.

*Iras.* He wou'd not have me if I wou'd, I fear,  
 He's great and may expect a Kingdoms Heir.

*Phot.* She fears he wou'd not have her . . . Oh just Heaven !  
 I to the last extremity am driven.  
 She'l ask me sure anon to joyn their hands.

*Iras.* All thoughts of me your self you have resign'd,  
 And I may now to whom I please be kind.

*Phot.* All thoughts of you ! I cou'd resign my breath  
 With half the pain . . . .

*Iras.* Some other Maid you purpose to make Queen,  
 And I but flatter'd, and abus'd, have been.

*Phot.* My Love, a fierce Convulsion did endure,  
 And in the pain I talkt I know not what ;  
 But rest for ever of that heart secure,  
 Where too much Love did the short storm create.

*Enter a Servant.*

*serv.* The Castle is beset, and all have vow'd,  
 To stain their VWeapons in your treacherous blood.

*Phot.* Step in a while : They that will rise must wait,  
 And at each Throw assist their lab'ring fate. [ *Ex. Iras.*  
 Let 'em all enter, no resistance make,  
 I can die gladly for my Country's sake.

*Enter Memnon and Chilax with the Rabble.*

What is't my honest Countrymen demand ?  
 You need not ask with weapons in your hand.

*Memn.* Thou hast thy Country to a lasting VVar  
 betray'd-----

*Chil.* And therefore for thy death prepare.

*Phot.* VWho ! I ! alas I but my Queen obey'd,  
 And both were of *Antonius* pow'r afraid.  
 Like you I wisht an opportunity  
 VWhen *Egypt* was from *Roman* Forces free:

That we might then with *Cæsar* make our peace.

*Chil.* Now Fate presents it, this occasion seize,  
In our Queens absence you the Town command ;  
*Egypt* requires her Freedom at your hand.

*Memn.* The City Gates against *Antonius* shut,  
So thou wilt put thy meaning out of doubt.

*Phot.* But then our Queen-----

*Memn.* She is *Antonius* Slave,  
And merits amongst us nor Throne nor Grave ;  
This once perform'd, be thou our General,  
If not, like a faint Slave unpitied fall--- [*Offers to run at him.*

*Phot.* I'll do unforc't what ever you require,  
But now you bind me to my own desire ;  
I ever thought *Antonius* Cause unblest,  
I did his Riot loath and Loves detest :

So we did all I think : and 'twere unjust,  
We shou'd defend, who still abhorr'd his lust.  
Let Pimps and Parasites his Battels fight,  
Buffoons, and loose Companions of the night,  
Male-Bawds, and let that goatish drunken Herd  
Which made him odious, die, to make him fear'd.

*Memn.* *Antonius* now (at *Rome*) despairs of all,  
And seeks to crush our *Egypt* with his fall ;  
But he shall find that some of us still wake,  
Who nothing fear, and all dare undertake.

*Chil.* Let's man the Town with all the Force we have,  
Keep out *Antonius*, and our Country save :  
*Cæsar* will hold us Enemies no more,  
But call in Friends and Allyes as before.

*Memn.* For us the people do in throngs declare,  
Tir'd with the danger and the charge of War.

*Phot.* I'm brav'd here by *Canidius* at each turn,  
And with revenge and rage like you I burn :  
The mighty Charge I greedily accept ;  
Your Town shall be with Faith and Courage kept.  
In your disgrace, believe I had no part,  
But honour'd your free Tongue and honest Heart.

*Memn.* How we were all mistaken in this man?

*Exeunt.*

Scene the Fourth. The Gates being shut.

*Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Canidius, and Attendants.*

*Anto.* How well my Queen doth this one act reprove  
My needless Jealousie, and shew your Love?

*Cleop.* Her! whom you not esteem, why wou'd you save?  
But thô unjust, *Antonius* still is brave.

*Ant.* I not esteem you! by the Gods I do  
As much as Love-----

*Cleop.* No my *Antonius*! No!  
You think me all that can a Queen disgrace,  
Lighter than Woman, and than Man more base.  
How cou'd I else forsake you in distress?  
Or could *Thyreus* in a moment please.

*Anto.* It was the raging Feaver of my Love,  
And strongest Natures, strong Distempers prove:  
Forgive it Madam, as my Loves excess.

*Cleop.* Had *Cæsar* su'd, I had his flame disdain'd;  
And cou'd you think another entertain'd?  
When the whole World shall to his Fortune yield,  
My Heart against your Foe shall keep the Field.

*Anto.* On me so thick your obligations fall,  
I must subdue that World to pay 'em all,  
And make proud *Rome* acknowledge you her Queen;  
Your Glory does demand no less a Scene.

*Canid.* 'Tis very fine, here's all the Sense he has!  
His Legions, Empire, all are in that face!  
I do not think he knows he is besieg'd,  
But quite undone, talks how he is oblig'd!  
Pray, Sir, do you consider where we are,  
If we stay long we shall have *Cæsar* here.

*Ant.* Were he in sight I'd not one word forbear  
Till I did guiltless to my Queen appear.

*Thyreus* dying-----

*Cleop.* Have you kill'd him then-----  
I shall be hateful to the Race of men.  
To *Cleopatra* it is death to speak:

On him she loves, she a swift War does call,  
And those she looks on, by *Antonius* fall.

*Anto.* He clear'd your Vertue with his dying Breath.

*Cleop.* You stain'd it in the manner of his death.

*Anto.* Lovers like Misers cannot bear the stealth  
Of the least trifle from their endless wealth.  
I saw him kiss your hand, for that he dy'd:  
And shou'd had he Ten Thousand lives beside.  
You seem not pleas'd with my revenge enough.

*Cleop.* It was too rash, and for his crime too rough.

*Anto.* T' attempt the spotless Honor of my Queen,  
Is such a Crime, as it is death to mean.

*Cleop.* He shou'd have liv'd, if that he lov'd indeed,  
My Scorn all other Torments might exceed:  
His life had been but one continued pain,  
And mine but one long Act of my disdain:  
But now all means to clear my self are lost;  
You can but think me innocent at most.

*Anto.* I from that Viper such an Oyl have wrung,  
As heals that Love which he before had stung:  
Since from a dying Rival's mouth I hear,  
His hope was as ill grounded as my fear:  
He call'd you most Ingrateful as he dy'd;  
Confess'd his Passion, and accus'd your Pride:  
What stronger demonstration can be thought?

*Cleop.* Could nothing I might say, the like have wrought?  
Then vain is all I've suffer'd, and have done:  
My slighted Fame, and my endanger'd Throne,  
Can nothing weigh; and 'twas *Thyreus* grace,  
That I was clear'd! *Antonius* held me base.

*Anto.* O say not so! My Love of its own strength  
Had overcome that jealousy at length:  
To him indeed I owe my speedy Cure.

*Cleop.* Are you for ever from relapse secure?

*Anto.* I rather will believe all that is strange,  
The whole Sex true, than that my Queen can change.

*Enter Souldier from the Town.*

*Sould.* The Town is lost, your *Romans* kill'd or fled,  
And false *Photinus* does the Traytor head :  
*Memnon* and *Chilax* in bright Arms appear,  
And for *Octavius Cæsar* all declare

*Anto. Canid.* appear with their Army un-  
der the Walls and find opposition, some  
that go near are kill'd.

*Anto.* Treason before, and Enemies behind ;  
In such a choicè 'twere equal to be blind.  
I know not which I shou'd attacque the first ;  
I'm only sùre of all : Delay's the worst.  
Storm then the Town with all that we can make  
E're *Cæsar* see, and this advantage take,  
Safe at a distance here my Queen must stay,  
While we with blood and slaughter force our way.

} Charge.  
} without.

[They are beat off.

*Canid.* It is in vain, these Barb'rous Villains dare  
Not hope for the fair Quarter of a War ;  
And are turn'd desperate.

*Anto.* We are alike,  
Desperate with them,  
When for the whole both Parties strike,  
Courage must carry't, Charge them once agen.

[Charge.  
[Shout.

Scene the Fifth. The Gates drawn open.

*A shout from the Town.* *Photinus* is attacqued from behind.

*Antonius Enters.*

*Anto.* Spare on your Lives th' unarm'd and meaner sort,  
And all who to Our Clemency resort.  
This easie entrance to some Friend we owe :  
We from within came pouring on the Foe.

*Canid.* They are no Traytors till they kill our men,  
And then as vanquish't must be spar'd agen.

*Anto.*

*Anto.* They're *Cleopatra's* Subjects : let that be  
A full *Protection* in our Victory.

*Enter Lucilius with Photinus, Memnon, and Chilax Prisoners.*

*Lucil.* Health to *Antonius*, in whose Cause to fight  
Is less *Lucilius* duty than delight.  
Take from my hand your treacherous Enemies,  
And use 'em as your Safety shall advise.

*Memn.* Traitor's a name my Vertue cannot brook ;  
How cou'd I break a Trust I never took ?

*Anto.* Armes 'gainst your Lawful Queen are still unjust,  
A Subject born betrays a Native trust.  
But thou *Photinus* beyond Villains base,  
Whom with her Trust and Friendship she did grace,  
Whom Birth and Fortune both had laid so low,  
To raise thee up again she scarce knew how ;  
Only rash Favour, whose extravagance  
Seems yet a blinder Power than that of Chance,  
Remain'd thy Friend----

*Phot.* I do confess, my Queen  
From nothing made me all that I have been ;  
And much I to *Antonius* favour owe,  
Whom then should I depend on but you two ?

*Anto.* We two ! whom thou didst shut the Town against,  
And to whom now thou but repentance feign'st.

*Phot.* From this seditious Rout what cou'd I gain ?  
I might not hope in *Cleopatra's* reign :  
Weigh then my Int'rest, by that Scale you'll find  
My Crime, though great, lay never in my mind :  
I shou'd have dy'd, I know, I wish I had,  
Rather than seem'd to have my Trust betray'd :  
I shou'd have chose their Dagger, scorn'd their side ;  
It had been past, and I had nobly dy'd.

*Chil.* O that thou hadst ! I would have driv'n it home,  
Till forth with the broad point thy Soul had come.

*Phot.* Death I have often met in open field,  
With my Sword sent, repell'd him with my Shield :  
Surpriz'd, defenceless ! I confess I shook,  
And cou'd not in cold blood his visage brook.

'Twas all my Crime ! you *Romans* only can  
Serenely and unshaken, put off man.  
We might have known that Party needs must fall.  
Who to his own fear, owe their General.

*Phot.* Kill me ! alas ! I do not ask to live !  
Shou'd you, I never cou'd my self forgive.  
Death to my fear is due, why shou'd I plead ?  
I was no Traytor, I was worse, afraid :  
Love, Faith, and Zeal, if Resolution fail,  
No more than the faint Glow-worm's Fire avail.  
All that I now repent, is that with shame  
I lose that Life, I might have lost with Fame.

*Anto.* How cam'st thou to appear in open Arms,  
For thy black Soul has Treachery such Charms ?

*Phot.* Had I not been their General I had dy'd,  
Death turn'd the Scale, and so I took their side.  
Besides, I for your Service thought it best,  
I shou'd with them maintain my Interest ;  
That at some time unlook't for you might see  
The good intent of seeming Treachery.  
What greater Blessing can your Arms attend,  
Than t' have your Foes, commanded by your Friend ?  
I early of *Lucilius* project knew,  
And from the neighb'ring parts my Arms withdrew,  
That he a Body might of *Romans* form,  
The great exploit securely to perform.

*Anto.* 'Tis possible thou mayst be honest ! yet 'twere strange,  
Men still were doubted, who but seem to change.  
But say ! how came this Tumult to begin ?

*Phot.* The people long have discontented been,  
Curst me aloud, and murmur'd at the Queen ;  
That to your side so firmly we adher'd,  
And to their Common Peace your Cause preferr'd ;  
They said they wou'd not be the Victor's prey ;  
But whom they must at last, betimes obey :  
And ruine all who stop't 'em in their way. }

*Anto.* Where were the Souldiers ?

*Phot.* When she fall'd forth----  
None stay'd, who lov'd the Queen or Martial Worth ;



But all the Discontents remain'd behind,  
 And had effected what they long design'd,  
 Had not those Pow'rs that Treachery prevent,  
 To your relief the brave *Lucilius* sent :  
 He in the Town a Band of *Romans* got,  
 And overthrew the Rebels and their Plot.

*Anto.* You then are none of 'em----

*Phot.* I was by force :

But *Lucrece* ne're cou'd hate vile *Tarquin* worse,  
 Than I these Forcers of my Loyalty---- [*Points to the Lords.*  
 And like her too (since not believ'd) I'l dye.

*Menn.* You durst not dye by an Egyptian Sword :  
 What is't this sudden Courage does afford ?

*Phot.* I was no Villain thought, but now I hate  
 My Life, and cou'd rush gladly on my fate ;  
 And you repent----

*Chil.* That e're we trusted thee----  
 Slave ! more uncertain than a Winters Sea.

*Anto.* I will believe Death shook thy Loyalty,  
 And all thou didst was Fear, not Treachery :

*Photinus* rise ! thy frailty I forgive. [*Rises.*  
 And if thou can'st or dar'st thus branded, live ;  
 But never more a weighty Charge receive.

*Phot.* I wou'd live gladly to redeem my Crime ;  
 'Tis all the benefit I ask of Time.

*Anto.* But you Fierce Lords that dare your Sovereign balme,  
 And would depose, or govern in Her name,  
 Shall find what 'tis to play with Royalty ;  
 And fall like *Phaeton* from the borrow'd Skie.

*Chil.* We scorn thy Mercy, and our Country love,  
 And gladly from her dying Cries remove.

## ACT. V.

Scene the First. The Palace.

*Enter Antonius; Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Attendants.*

*Cleop.* Fortune's afresh fond of *Antonius* grown,  
 And has this Minute her old Love put on ;  
 She calls her wonted Charms into her Face, }  
 And hugs him---- }  
 With the fierce ardor of a first embrace. }

*Anto.* Of this success, when they at *Rome* shall hear, }  
 They'l change perhaps their Superstitious fear, }  
 And the ill *Omens* on my Foe transfer. }  
 His will the Owl bethought, unchas'd away,  
 Which upon *Concord's* Temple braves the day.  
 The Ape in *Cere's* Temple will be His,  
 And his defeat the Eight-foot-Dragon hiss.  
 The blood my Statue shed, will his be thought ;  
 So are weak minds by Superstition wrought.

*Cleop.* What we can't shun, 'twere better not to know,  
 Nor do the Gods maliciously foreshow,  
 To make us feel our Fate before it come ;  
 But men too nicely pry into their doom.

*Anto.* Let it fall quick whatever they prepare, }  
 It is the Thunders voice, we cannot bear ; }  
 Blind to our Fate, let us both hope and fear : }  
 But thou *Lucilius*, who do'st still outrun  
 All that we can expect or wish were done ;  
 Like some kind God thou leap'st into the Scale  
 And turn'st it when all Mortals seem to fail,  
 Take from my hand this Armor of clear Gold.  
 Let the best Metal the best man enfold.

*Lucil.* Me dead or living you anon shall praise.

*Enter*

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* With his whole Force *Octavius*, Sir, moves on ;  
'Tis thought on every part he'l storm the Town.

*Anto.* His late defeat then stings the restless Boy ;  
And all at once we shall our Swords employ.  
Let us embrace, then each man to his Post :  
We'l meet no more but Conquerors or Ghosts.  
The World's at stake, my Queen, and this short hour  
Contains the Fate of all succeeding Pow'r.  
If this one day we can our Fate defer,  
To morrow's Sun will see *Ventidius* here :  
Victorious Legions to my Aid he brings ;  
Flesh't all in *Parthian* Blood and spoiles of Kings.

[*Ex. Anto. Canid. Lucil.*

*Enter Photinus at another Door.*

*Cleop.* My boading Heart sayes we shall meet no more,  
And sends up thoughts I never knew before.  
My Ears with dismal dying cryes are fill'd,  
And my Eyes grow with ghastly Visions wild ;  
Methinks I see *Antonius* bleeding there,  
And all his Souldiers pale with Death or Fear.

*Charm.* Your wounded Fancy does these forms create,  
Expect as you deserve, a better Fate.

*Cleop.* O that betimes he had my Cause forsook!  
*Cæsar* with pity on a Queen must look.  
Defenceless too. Winds unoppos'd give o're,  
And but 'mongst Trees and solid Buildings roar.  
The *Romans* against me declared the War,  
But caught *Antonius* Vertue in that snare.

*Phot.* When two fierce Bulls contend, the doubtful Herd  
Stand gazing by a while, of both afear'd :  
But soon as one the fatal strife declines,  
The Captive number with the Victor joyns.  
And so should we----

*Cleop.* Yes ! if meer Brutes we were---  
And knew no Nobler Passion than vile Fear ;

Minutes move slowly when such weight they bear,  
Each now is more important than a year :

I grow impatient, can bear no delay,  
But quickning Fate would through the shell survey.

*Char.* The strongest place, and nearest is your Tomb ;  
Hear good news soon, the bad too soon will come.  
Be patient Madam-----

*Cleop.* Who compos'd can be ?  
A Tempest heard and their whole Wealth at Sea ?  
Each Pile that flies may pierce *Antonius* Heart ;  
And they in showrs from meeting *Romans* part.  
Let us move on, no matter where you lead  
A breaking Heart, and a distemper'd Head.

[*Noise of Arms.*

*Ex.* *Cleop.* Charm.

*Phot.* Clashing of Arms I heard, and noise of Drums,  
Nearer and nearer the fierce Clangor comes.

[*Photinus steals off unseen.*

*Enter* *Antonius*, *Canidius*, *Lucilius*, *as beaten back*  
*into the Town.*

*Anto.* Gape Hell, and to thy dismal Bottom take  
The lost *Antonius* ; this was our last Stake ;  
Warn'd by my ruine, let no *Roman* more  
Set Foot on this inhospitable shoar.  
Cowards and Traytors fill this impious Land ;  
Faithless and fearful, without Heart or Hand.  
Some ran to *Cæsar* like an headlong Tyde,  
The rest their fear made useles on our side.

*Canid.* Their Fear ! their Treachery ! we are betrai'd :  
By Hands we trust the surest Snares are laid.  
The Queen, no doubt, does correspondence hold  
With *Rome* and *Cæsar*, and we all are sold.

*Anto.* I had but one glad thought within my brest,  
And thou to that one thought, wilt give no rest.  
Fortune hath seiz'd my Empire and Renown ;  
Honest Old Souldier, let my Love alone :  
But you my generous Friends to *Cæsar* go,  
Too much already to your Love I owe :  
Let me now sink alone ; enough y' have done :  
A falling Tow'r 'twere madness not to shun.

Your guilt is small, let early penitence,  
Your Ties and Love to me plead your defence.

*Lucil.* No Sun shall see me living after you ;  
My Death shall tell you that my Life was true.

*Canid.* For what should I my bending years preserve ?  
*Canidius* will no second Master serve. [A shout without.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Your Navy, Sir, is joyn'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet,  
And with one voice their Emperor they greet.  
Both sides their bloody hatred have laid down,  
And in one Body row toward the Town.

*Canid.* Sir, with *Egyptians* it was chiefly mann'd,  
And is there yet no dealing underhand ?  
Still does the Queen so innocent appear ;  
Her people guilty, she alone is clear.

*Anto.* Her peoples Love, her Love to me has lost ;  
And now her Faith, is by their Treason cros't.  
Pity, not blame the Queen, who sinks this hour,  
Crush't with the ruines of an Emperor.  
By Land and Sea betray'd ! what shall we do ?

*Canid.* Let's fight and die in Arms upon the *For* }  
*Anto.* We of resistance scarce can make a show }  
Death shuns the naked Throat and proffer'd Brest  
He flies when call'd, to be a welcome Guest.

I may be tane alive, and made a scorn,  
Where I have oft the highest Honours worn.  
*Rome* never shall my conquer'd Face behold :  
Death I have seiz'd, and will not lose my hold. [Shout again.

*Enter Souldier.*

*Sould.* *Cæsar* is entred, and we all are lost ;  
Some *Roman* Souldiers still make good their Post.

*Anto.* Their number speak !

*Sould.* Two Legions at the most.

*Anto.* Command 'em to yield easie Victory :  
Their number is  
Too small to conquer, and too great to dye.

*Canid.* What means our Emperor ?

*Anto.* To spare your Blood :

Too long you have my angry Fate withstood.

What is Command, for which we so contend ?

Danger and Envy the High Charge attend :

A few we please, and Multitudes offend.

[*Canid. to the Sould.*

*Canid.* Thou art a Coward, fled'st before thy time,  
And with pretence of News wou'dst hide thy Crime.

'Tis false.

*Sould.* So it were false indeed, I'd gladly die ;  
But this shall show I did not basely flie.

[*Kills himself.*

*Enter Photinus.*

*Phot.* Horror on horror ! Sir, th' unhappy Queen  
Betray'd by a Report that you were slain !

*Anto.* I understand you, she her self has kill'd ;  
And better knew to die, than how to yield.

*Phot.* Alas ! she has, I pull'd the reaking Steel  
From her warm Wound, and with it rush't her life---

Her latest breath was busie with your name,  
And the sweet pledges of your mutual flame :  
Your Children she embrac't, and then she dy'd.

*Anto.* How well had I been with great *Julius* slain,  
Or by some flying *Parthians* darted Cane.

Thy gentle Nature, *Brutus*, how I hate,  
Through which I live to taste the dregs of Fate.

Such is the gloomy state of Mortals here ;

We knew not what to wish, or what to fear :

My Name in Arms, my Friends and Empire gone,

Yet while she liv'd, I was not quite undone :

Methought I still had something to do here---

*Canid.* Y'have more than ever, Sir : your Souldiers chear,  
And bid 'em for a bold defence prepare.

*Anto.* Never : let *Romans* now each other love,  
Their tedious quarrel I will soon remove.

'Twice has my Sword with *Roman* Blood been dy'd ;

It draws no more, but from *Antonius* side.

Had the just Gods intended I should live,

To hate my life, such cause they wou'd not give.

**They**

They had preserv'd my Empire and my Queen.  
 Enough and more, I have both Fortunes seen.  
 Strike good *Lucilius* ; 'Tis a friendly part :  
 Let no Foes weapon pierce thy Masters Heart.

*Lucil. goes behind, makes as if he would kill him,  
 but passes the Weapon through his own Body.*

The Noblest way : thou show'st me what to do.  
 Thou giv'st th' Example, and I'll give the blow.

[*Antonius kills himself.*

*Phot.* I'll call some help---- } *A great shriek is given at his fall.*  
 But 'twill but increase my pain ; } *all run out of the room except Phot.*  
 For should'st thou stir, I'd stab my self again.

*Canid.* Let others sigh and weep, but let us go } *Phot. makes towards*  
 And vent our grief, in rage upon the Foe. } *the door. Anto. stabs*  
 From the strange horror of that dismal fight, } *himself again, and*  
 Cowards would rush into the midst of fight. } *falls. Phot. reenters.*

*Anto.* Let Cowards crowd to force resign their breath.  
 Brave Minds look through it, and make use of Death.  
 Thou can'st not now my fatal Journey stay:

*Phot.* Nor wou'd I, Sir, you'r fairly on your way.

*Anto.* Death soon will place me out of Fortunes reach ;  
 Why staves my Soul to fall at this breach ?

*Phot.* It is not big enough.

*Anto.* Do'st mock me now ?

Can my few Minutes a new Torture know----

*Phot.* They may, and to provoke thy parting Soul,  
 Know that the Queen yet lives, thou loving Fool,  
 And I the Story of her Death contriv'd,  
 To make thee kill thy self, which has arriv'd  
 Just as I wish't ; by thy own hand thou dy'st,  
 And art at once the Victim and the Priest.

*Anto.* Furies and Hell---

*Phot.* Curse on ; but *Cæsar* shall  
 With *Egypt's* Scepter thank me for thy fall.  
 Though decently he cou'd not take thy Head,  
 He'l inwardly rejoyce to find thee dead ;  
 And hug the man that eas'd him from the fear  
 Of such a Rival, yet his guilt did spare.

*Anto.*

*Anto.* Thou mak'st me hate by turns my Life and Death!  
O for a moments strength! my Sword to sheath  
In thy false Heart----

But 'twill not be, my hand forsakes my Will;  
Only himself can poor *Antonius* kill.

*Phot.* 'Coud you have liv'd, I had seem'd honest still,  
But now take all; the Queen her self must Bleed;  
*Iras* and I must to her Throne Succeed.  
Thy Councils still to *Cæsar* I betray'd,  
This last revolt I in thy *Navy* made.

*Anto.* Triumphant Villain! What provok't thee to't.

*Phot.* Ambition Sir, I had no Armies I;  
Nor was I born of Royal Progeny.  
No Crown descended on my Lazy Head,  
I cou'd no open path to greatness tread:  
But none despis'd that to a Throne did Lead. }

*Anto.* All *Charmion* said of Thee it seems was true;

*Phot.* And all *Canidius* 'ere suspected too.  
I have discharg'd my Conscience at this Last.---  
Dy thou.-----

Whilst I to *Iras* and a Throne make hast.

[*Ex. Phot.*

*Enter Charmion, Iras, and Attendants.*

*Charm.* The Queen Entreats-----

*Anto.* Does my Queen Live, and may *Antonius* yet,  
Above the Earth his *Cleopatra* Meet.

*Charm.* She lives, but shut up in her Monument;  
Her rowling Thoughts on some dire Mischief bent.  
By *Isis* Temple, Sir, you know it Stands;  
The Rarest Fabrick made by Mortal hands.  
All she holds dear she has throng'd there, but you,  
And now intreats that you will enter too.

*Anto.* With those we love, a Triumph 'tis to fall;  
Most gladly I obey her fatal Call.

*Charm.* Just Heaven's! you faint, what is it you have done,  
That with such Streams these Living Fountains run?

*Anto.* It was a sudden qualm: Limbs do but bear  
Me to My Queen and I'll dismiss you there:  
I cannot dy till I have paid that Debt.  
Nor have our Souls appointed where to Meet. }  
Stand off my Fate, and dare not touch me yet. }

*Charm.*



*Charm.* Secure from *Cæsar* you a while may be,  
And there what's fittest to be done Decree.  
The place.

[*A shout.*

*Anto.* The Victory comes on, I hear the Noise,  
And of prevailing Foes th'insulting Voyce.

*Cæsar* to spare me did strickt Order give, }  
I may be taken and compell'd to live; }  
Move on, all Fates but that I can forgive. }

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Mecœnas, and Souldiers.*

*Mec.* Sir, y'are entirely Master of the Town; }  
All men their Hatred and their Armes lay down, }  
And the whole World now bends to you alone. }

*Agrip.* The names of Parties and of Factions cease,  
And War has brought forth her fair Daughter Peace.

*Cæs.* Command the Souldiers Fury be restrain'd,  
That Rage destroy not what their Virtue gain'd.  
Th' *Egyptians* now my Clemency shall share ;  
I would be lov'd in Peace, though Fear'd in War.  
In this Confusion wher's the haughty Queen ?

*Mec.* Since first we entred, She no more was seen.

*Enter Photinus with a Sword.*

*Phot.* Great *Cæsar* at my hands that Sword receive,  
Which his Deaths Wound did to *Antonius* give.

*Cæs.* Thou hast not kill'd him Villain! quickly speak,  
Thy Limbs upon a Thousand Racks I'll break,  
To find the Truth----

*Phot.* He is not Dead, but long he cannot Live ;  
And his own Arm the Fatal blow did give.  
By my advice indeed-----

*Cæs.* By thy advice---  
Thus *Rome* by *Egypt* is defeated twice.  
Thou hast the pow'r of pardoning from me tane,  
And empty Wishes now alone remain.  
Each Man will think what he himself had done,  
And my great mind interpret by his own.  
Hence from my sight ! since blasted is by Thee  
The fairest Fruit of all my Victory.

*Photinus.*

*Phot.* I wish *Antonius* blood were yet unpilt;  
But Yours is the advantage, Mine the guilt.  
Empire and Glory can no Partners bear,  
Since you forgive your Foes excuse my care.

*Cæs.* Where is the Queen?

*Phot.* Fled to the Monument:  
Which for her last Retreat she ever meant.  
Where she has all the Jewels of the Crown,  
And the Chief Wealth of th' distracted Town.  
There great *Antonius* Bleeding in her Armes,  
Takes his last Leave of her destructive Charmes.  
Give me Two hundred Men within an hour,  
They shall alive or dead be in Your pow'r.

*Cæs.* Thou Monster of all Villany forbear;  
Thou woud'st thy Gods from off their Altars tear,  
Who woud'st not thy Afflicted Sov'raign spare.

*Agrip.* Men say she is Generous, if so our Force  
Will only drive her on some desp'rate Course.  
If Honourable Terms we should refuse,  
We shall her Person and her Treasure lose.  
She'l both Convert into one spreading Flame,  
And shortning hated Life extend her Fame.

*Mec.* A Roman Mind can only Death command;  
Fear no such Courage from a Barbarous Hand!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* *Octavia*, Sir----

*Cæs.* Poor Soul! I pity Her,  
She ill the news will of *Antonius* bear.  
She's past all human Grief and human Care.

*Cæs.* She is not dead.

*Serv.* Yes, in her way to *Rome*,  
Of grief and discontent, as we presume.

*Cæs.* Ye joyes of Victory a while forbear,  
I must on my *Octavia* drop a tear.  
She was the best of Women, Gentlest Wife,  
In every part how vertuous was her life!

*Mec.* From out the Christal Palace of her Brest,  
Her clearer Soul is gone to endless rest.  
What time, what reason can my loss digest?

*Enter*

*Enter Messenger:*

*Mess.* *Canidius* still does an old Fort defend.

*Cæs.* On every spark of War we must attend.  
True Wisdom will no Enemy despise:  
From small beginnings mighty Flames arise.

*Enter Canidius with his Souldiers.*

*Canid.* Thus the last Sword for Liberty I draw,  
And whom Despair thrusts on no numbers awe.  
Who knows——

But that those nobler Souls of Ancient *Rome*  
May strike with us 'gainst slavery to come.

*Enter Cæsar with his Souldiers.*

*Cæs.* I charge you all the brave *Canidius* spare,  
Let not his Blood now stain the ended War:  
His number speaks not terror, but despair.

[*Canid. is beaten off the Stage.*

[*He re-enters.*

*Canid.* Fight but one Minute longer, whil'st that I  
And some few nobler Souls like *Romans* die. [*They kill themselves.*  
Then may you all by *Cæsars* mercy live, [*The rest yields.*  
Whil'st we our Freedom from our Swords receive.

*Cæs.* What have I done! that men had rather dye  
By their own hand, than trust my Clemency?

*Mecæn.* *Canidius* to his Master was most true,  
And did for him what I wou'd do for you.

*Agrip.* The World does no more Enemies contain,  
And *Cæsar* over peaceful *Rome* may reign.

*Ex. Omnes.*

*Enter Antonius, Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras  
in the Monument.*

*Anto.* 'Twas I that pull'd on you the hate of *Rome*,  
And all your Ills past, present, and to come.  
It is not fit nor possible I live,  
And my dear Queen, it growes unkind to grieve.

*Cleop.* 'Twas I that lost you in each *Roman* mind;  
And to your ruine can you still be kind?  
How can you bear this Tyranny of Fate,  
And not the Cause, your *Cleopatra* hate.

*Anto.* So *Venus* look't, when the *Idalian* Bear  
The tender side of her *Adonis* tore :

Nor yields my Queen in Beauty or in grief,  
When half the World under my rule was plac't }  
Your Love was all the joy that I cou'd tast, }  
It was my chief delight, and is my last. }

I dye, and have but one short word to say ;  
But you must swear, my Queen you will obey.

*Cleop.* By all our Love I will, my death command,  
And see the eager duty of my hand.

*Anto.* Your death ! it is the only thing I fear :  
And Fate no other way can reach me here.

*Cleop.* Down from a Throne to any private State :  
It is a dismal Precipice to the Great.

I giddy with the horrid prospect grow ;  
And shall fall in, unless Death help me now.

*Anto.* Heav'n that success does to my Arms deny,  
Whispers a *Roman* Soul, and bids him dye.

Our case is different; to *Cæsar* sue,  
Thô me he hate, he needs must pity you.  
Your Beauty and my Love were all your Crime,  
And you must live my Queen.

*Cleop.* When you are dead----  
To be despis'd, reproach't, in triumph lead ;  
A Queen and Slave ! who wou'd not life renounce,  
Rather than bear those distant names at once.

*Anto.* But you may live a Queen ; say you obey'd  
Through fear : and were compell'd to give me Aid :  
That all your Subjects private Orders had  
Not to resist him, and my Cause betray'd.  
Say, that at last you did my Death procure ;  
Say any thing that may your Life and Crown secure.

*Cleop.* 'Twere false and base, it rather shall be said  
I kill'd my self when I beheld you dead.

*Anto.* Me the unhappy cause of all your wo !  
Your own, and your dear Country's overthrow.  
Remember I was jealous, rash, soon mov'd,  
Suspected no less fiercely than I lov'd :  
How I *Thyreus* kill'd, your Love accus'd,  
And to your kind defence my faith refus'd.

From shame and rage I soon shall be at rest,  
And Death of thousand ills hath chose the best.

[He faints.

*Cleop.* O stay! and take me with you----

*Anto.* Dearest Queen,

Let my Life end before your Death begin.  
O *Rome*! thy freedom does with me expire,  
And thou art lost, obtaining thy desire.

[Dies.

*Cleop.* He's gone! he's gone! and I for ever lost! }  
The great *Antonius* now is but a Ghost : }  
A wandring shadow on the Stygian Coast. }  
I'm still a Queen, though by the Fate of War,  
Death and these Women all my Subjects are;  
And this unhappy Monument is all  
Of the whole World, that I my own can call.

*Iras.* O name not Death!

*Cæsar* men say is good, wise, mild and just;  
So many Vertues how can you distrust?

*Cleop.* Thô his last breath advis'd me to submit  
To *Cæsar*, and his falling Fortunes quit :  
When I nam'd Death, speechless my hand he prest ;  
And seem'd to say that I had chose the best.

*Iras.* He cou'd not be so cruel, you mistook ;  
Too sharply you apply his dying look.

*Cleo.* He does expect it, and I'll keep my word,  
If there be Death in Poyson, Fire, or Sword.

*Charm.* Fortune with lighter stroaks strikes lighter things ;  
With her whole weight she crushes falling Kings.

*Cleop.* We shall in Triumph, *Charmion*, be led,  
Till with our shame *Romes* Pride be surfeited :  
Till every finger *Cleopatra* find  
Pointing at her, who was their Queen design'd.

*Char.* Their Anger they may glut, but not their Pride.  
They ne'r had Triumph't if men durst have dy'd.

*Cleop.* Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading flow'r,  
The tender prey of every coming hour :  
In Youth thou Comet-like art gaz'd upon,  
But art portentous to thy self alone.  
Unpunish't thou to few wer't ever giv'n :  
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heav'n.

Greatness most envy'd, when least understood :  
 Thou art no real, but a seeming good.  
 Sick at the Heart ! Thou in the Face look'st well,  
 And none but such as feel thy pangs can tell.  
 By thy exalted State we only gain,  
 To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.

*Iras.* Think how he'll use your Sons when you are dead,  
 And none their Cause can like a Mother plead.

*Cleop.* Perhaps, when I am dead, his hate may cease,  
 And Pity take declining Rages place.  
 Sure in the Grave all Enmities take end,  
 And Love alone can to the Dead extend.  
 Men say that we to th' other World shall bear  
 The same Desires and Thoughts, imploy'd as here.  
 The *Hero* shall in shining Arms delight,  
 In neighing Steeds, shril sounds and empty fight :  
 Poets shall sing, and in soft Dances move,  
 And Lovers in Eternal Roses Love.  
 If so, *Antonius*, we but change the Scene,  
 And there pursue what we did here begin.

*Charm.* I am prepar'd to follow or to lead :  
 Name but the fatal Path that you will tread.

*Cleop.* In yonder golden Box three Asps there lie,  
 Of whose least venomous bite men sleep and die :  
 Take one and to my naked Breast apply  
 Its poysonous mouth———

*Charm.* Alone she shall not die.

*Iras.* When *Julius Caesar* in the Senate fell,  
 Where were these thoughts ? and yet he lov'd as well.

*Cleop.* He lov'd me not ! he was ambitious he ;  
 And but at looser Times took thought of me.  
 Glory and Empire fill'd his restless mind :  
 He knew not the soft pleasures of the Kind.  
 Our Joyes were frighted still with fresh alarms,  
 And new Designs still forc't him from my Arms.  
 But my *Antonius* lov'd me with his Soul.  
 No cares of Empire did his Flame controul.  
 I was his Friend, the Partner of his mind ;  
 Our days were joyful, and our nights were kind :  
 He liv'd for Me, and I will die for Him.  
 So, now 'tis past ! I feel my eyes grow dim,

[*Stings her.*  
 I am

I am from triumph and contempt secure,  
 What all must bear I earlier endure. [Kneels down to Anto.]  
 To thy cold Arms take thy unhappy Queen,  
 Who both thy ruine and her own has been :  
 Other Embrace than this she'l never know,  
 But a pale Ghost, pursue thy shade below.  
 Good Asp bite deep and deadly in my Brest,  
 And give me sudden and Eternal Rest. [She dies.]

[Iras runs away.]

*Charm.* Fool, from thy hasty Fate thou can'st not run }

*Iras.* Let it bite you, I'll stay till you have done : }

Alas ! my life but newly is begun—— }

*Charm.* No : thou woud'st live to shame thy Family ;  
 But I'll take care that thou shalt Nobly dye.

*Iras.* Good Charmion !

*Charm.* I'll hear no more : faint Hearts that seek delay  
 Will never want some foolish thing to say.

*Charm.* stings her, then puts it  
 to her own Breast.

At our Queens feet let's decently be found,  
 And Loyal Grief be thought our only Wound. [Dies]

*Enter Caesar, Mæcenas, Agrippa, and Photinus.*

*Cæs.* Yonder's the Monument, that famous Tow'r ;  
 'Tis weak, and may be ruin'd in an hour.

Summon the Queen—— 'Tis obstinacy now  
 Not resolution the lost Queen does show ;

} Calls thrice,  
 } none answers.

Call for a Battering Ram—— now down it goes.

[Enter all.]

*Mæcæn.* But oh ! what horror does that Breach disclose ?

The Queen, *Antonius*, and her Maids lie dead :  
 From their pale Cheeks the Life but newly fled.

*Cæs.* Am I so cruel and relentless held,  
 That Women dare not to my mercy yield ?

*Phot.* The Queen your *Roman* Triumphs ever fear'd,  
 And therefore Poysons of all sorts prepar'd

To end her life, and to prevent that shame,  
 When ever the unhappy prospect came.

[Phot. runs to Iras.]

Some signs of life in that soft Maid remain ;  
 She seems to move her dying lips again.

*Iras.* I'll thus your word you with poor *Iras* keep ——

The Crown of *Egypt* now you may dispose  
 On whom you please—— Death soon my Eyes will close;  
 And *Cæsar* my—— [Dies.]

*Cæs.* The Crown of *Egypt*, Slave, dispos'd by thee?  
 Her dying words contain some Mystery:

*Phot.* Which I'll take care she never shall explain---- [Aside.]  
 She raves: the Poison has disturb'd her brain. [Kills her.]

*Cæs.* Thou hast not, Slave, the tender Virgin slain?

*Phot.* I lov'd and cou'd not see her lie in pain.

*Cæs.* Villain, thou feard'st that her last breath might say  
 Something that might thy treacherous heart betray.

*Mecænas*, seize on him, see quick Justice done.

*Sould.* Quicker than this, great *Cæsar*, there is none. [Kills Phot.]

*Cæs.* Who art thou that dar'st kill and *Cæsar* by?

*Sould.* I'm Brother to that Maid, resolv'd to die  
 By the same hand, if *Cæsar* say the word.

*Cæs.* Put up: it was a kind of Vertue in thy Sword.  
 What cou'd *Antonius* from a Brother fear,  
 Who owes him all the Honours he does wear?  
 Oh! what a God-like pleasure had it been  
 With thee t' have shar'd the Empire once agen?  
 And to have made a second Sacrifice  
 To Friendship of each others Enemies.  
 By thee I am whatever I was made,  
 But thou art proud, and scorn't to be repaid.

*Agrip.* The Queens vast Treasure, Sir, I blazing found;  
 A greater Wealth than ever *Thetis* drown'd.  
 She her fair Person to a Carcass turn'd:  
 And has her Treasure to vile *Athes* burn'd.  
 Both ways defeating the proud hopes of *Rome*.

*Cæs.* Great minds the Gods alone can overcome----  
 Let no man with his present Fortune swell  
 The Fate of growing Empire who can tell?  
 We stand but on that Greatness whence these fell.

} *Ex. Omnes.*





## EPILOGUE.

**T** WERE *Popish folly for the Dead to pray:*  
By this time you have *damn'd or sav'd our Play:* }  
*But Gentlemen, the Poet bad me say,*  
*He claims his Merit on a surer score:*  
*H' has brought you here together, and what more*  
*Could Waters, Court, or Conventicles do?*  
*'Tis not his fault, if things no further go.*  
*The Gravest Cit that hopes to be Lord Mayor*  
*Must come to a New Play with his None Dear;*  
*And the kind Girl engag'd another way,*  
*Tells all her Friends sh' has been at the New Play.*  
*They ask the Tale which she does for 'em get*  
*Between the Acts, from her dear Friend she met.*  
*The Peacock-Beauty here may spread her Train,*  
*And by our gazing Fops be made more vain.*  
*And all kind Lovers that are here to night,*  
*May thank the Poet for each others sight.*  
*Tho' all be bad, men blame with an ill grace*  
*The Entertainment of a Meeting Place.*

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