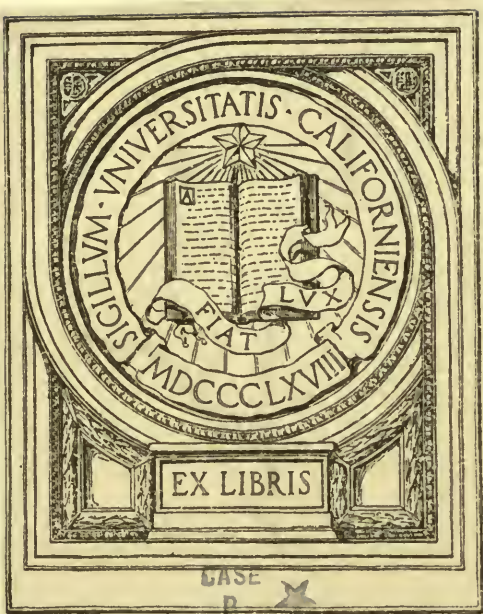


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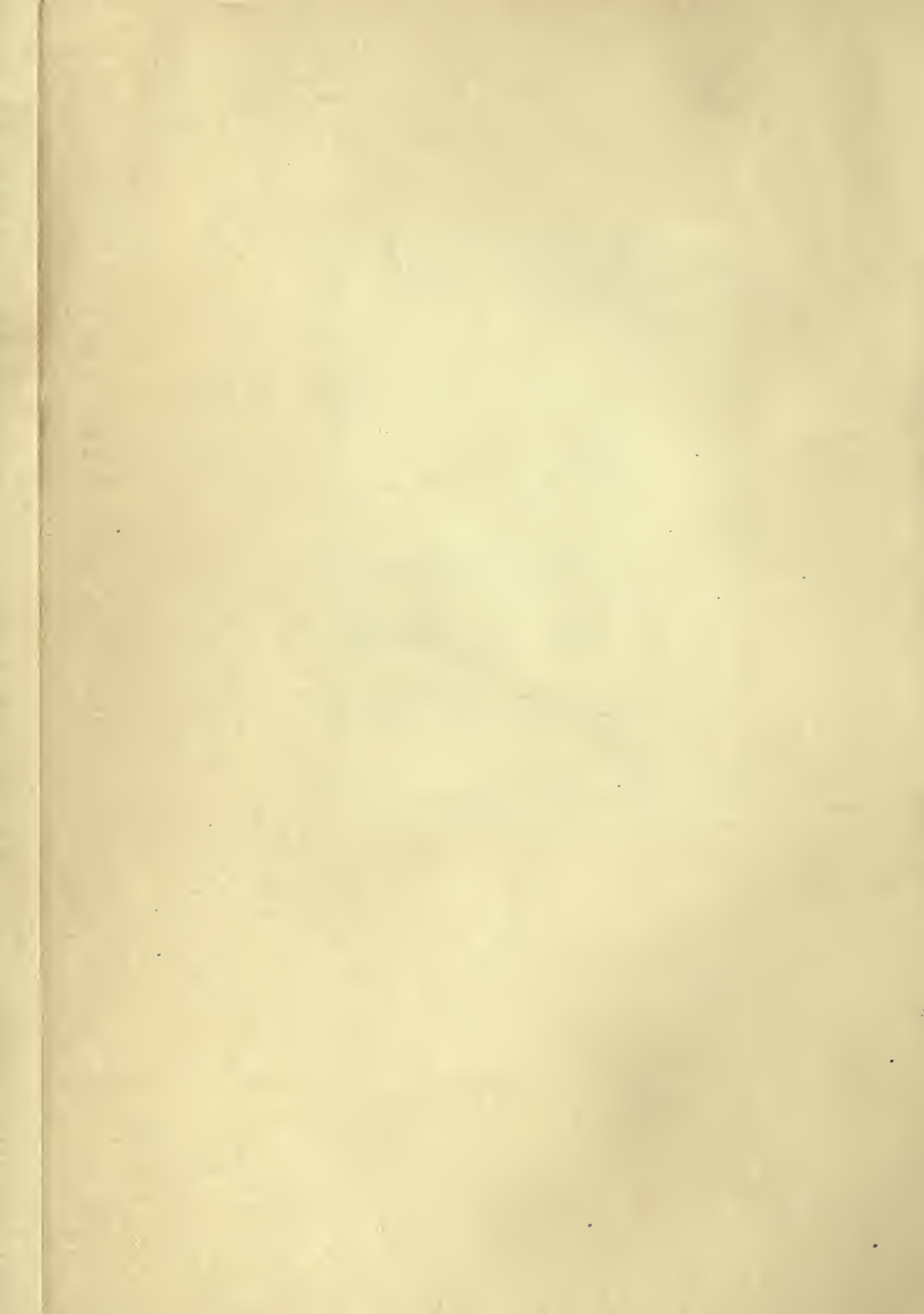
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

Date of only known edition 1598

(Dyce Collection, S. Kensington.)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Virtuous Octavia

by Samuel Brandon

1598

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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MAIN

The Virtuous Octavia

By S. Brandon

1598

This facsimile is from a copy of the original and only known early edition in the Dyce collection at S. Kensington. Other copies are in the Bodleian and at Chatsworth.

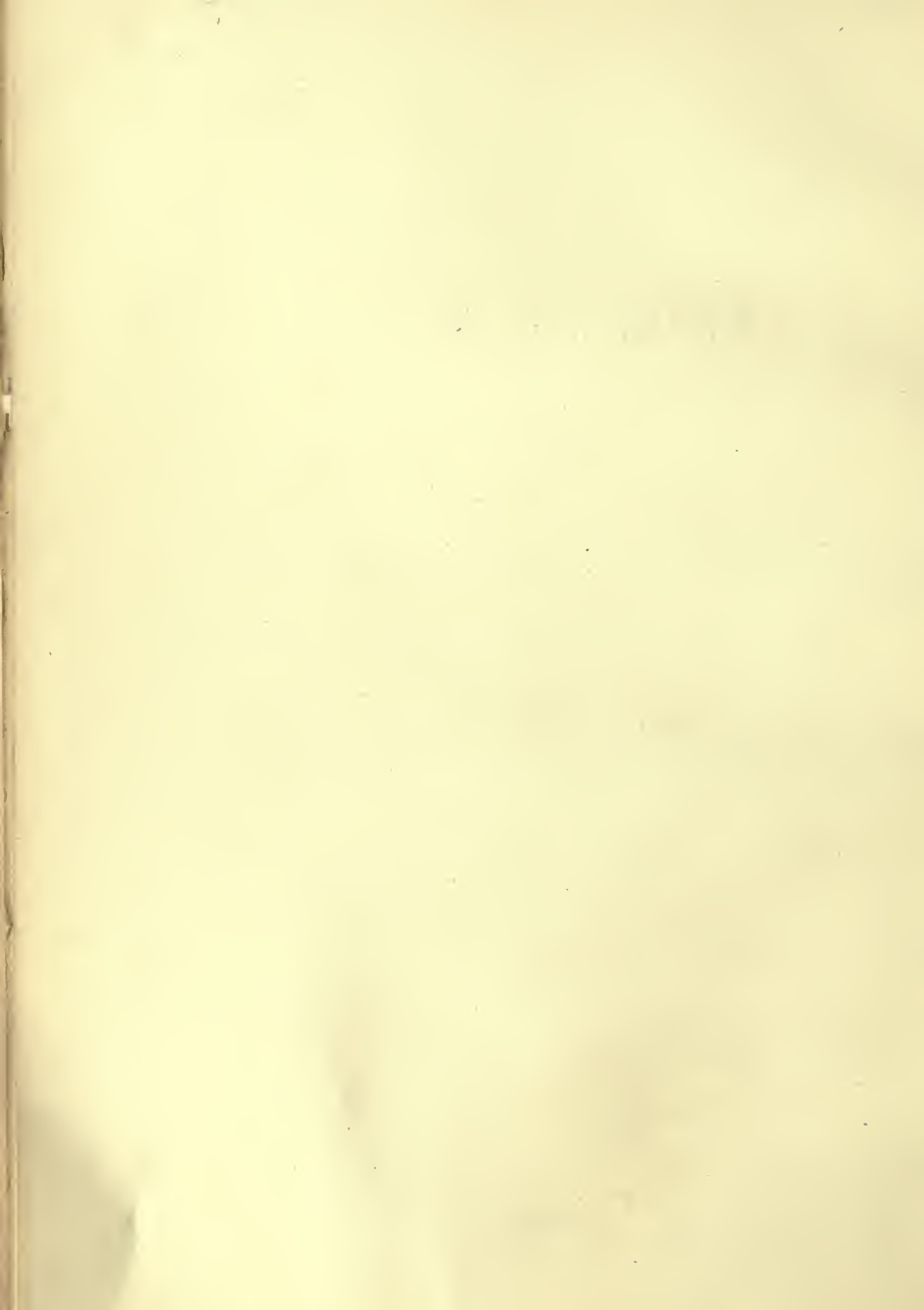
For biographical details the student is referred to "The Dictionary of National Biography."

The special presentment here made, of the verso and recto pages side by side, is due, as in the case of "Tom Tiler and his Wife" (q.v.), to the obvious desirability of introducing no new sizes into this series—these two plays, one a 16mo. and the other a 12mo., standing alone in this respect.

The reproduction is good and in every way satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

258478



11/a
THE TRAGICO MOEDI
of the vertuous
Octavia.

Done by SAMVEL BRANDON.
1598.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbye,
and are to be soulede at his shop
in S. Paules Church-
yarde.

11/a
A. 6. 101

THE
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS



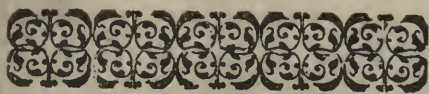
To the right honorable,
and truly vertuous Ladie, the
Ladie LVCIA AVDELAY:
health, honor, happinesse
and heauen.

Rare Phenix, which your life do sacrifice,
In Vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:
Rich treasurer, of heauens best treasures,
In whom worth wisdom honor Vertues shine.
Sdaine not, these artlesse humble lines to view,
With honors eyes, let vertues plaints be scand,
That she whose Vertues doubled are in you,
By you may scape from Lybitinas hand,
Her dying fame; by you may be preserued,
Whiles time, and men, and memory endure:
Your liuing name by hirs might be reserued,
Did not these lines, too much her worth obscure:
These lines, wherein, if ought be free from blame,
Your noble Genius taught my Pen the same.

A ii.

All

NO. 1111
ANNEXED



All' autore.

THe Thracian Poet, that reuiv'd his wife,
Brooding in furies, pittie, and delight;
Whose same dooth yet suruive his shortned life,
Must honor yeeld to what thou doost indite.
For he, who oftentimes by Musicks force,
Did serpents charme, streames stay, and trees remoue:
In womens mindes, could neuer moue remorse,
As his Unhappy end doth plainly prouue.
Wherefore most prais'd be thy praise worthy muse,
Which farre surmounts the might of antique ages
Winning that sexes grace, which did refuse
By hearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.
Because no musick with their minde accordas:
But that which Vertues harmonie affords.

MIA.



Profopocia al libro.

VHen barking enuie saw thy birch,
is straight contemnd the same:
And arm'd his tongue, to giue a charge,
thy weaknesse to diffame.
But seeing honors golden hookes,
so hieck; so vertues hne:
He fled away as halfe afraid,
yet ceast not to repine.
But feare not Mornus, make returne,
and haply for thy paine
Thou maist Antonius collors beare
when he reuiues againe.
S. B.





The Argument.



After the death of *Julius Caesar*, & the overthrow of *Brunius* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the gouernment of the Romain Empire, remained vnto *Octavius Caesar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sextus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Caesar* and himselfe: tooke to wife *Octavia*, the siter of *Caesar*. *Antony* and *Caesar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armies, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wisdom of *Octavia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Partians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuiued the

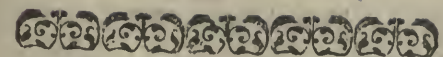
THE ARGUMENT.

the long intermitted loue, he once bare to *Cleopatra* the Queene of *Egipt*: he therefore wholly subiecting himselfe to the desire of this *Cleopatra*: forsaketh his vertuous wife *Octavia*. Wherevpon, hir brother *Caesar* disdainig that she should suffer so great an indignitie: maketh warre vpon *Antony*, and ouercometh him, first at *Actium*, and then at *Pelusum*, to the vtter ruine and destruction, both of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

Octa-







Octauia tragicomœdia.

The stage supposed Rome.

The Actors.

Octavius *Caesar* who was afterwards called *Augustus*.

Octavia the sister of *Caesar* & wife of *Antony*.
Mecenas. } Two of the nobles of *Octavius*
Agrippa. } *Caesar*.

Camilla. } Romaine Ladies.
Julia. }

Antones children.

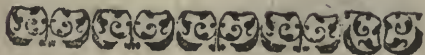
Sylvia, a licentious woman.

Tullius. } Consuls.
Plancus. }

Geminus a Captaine.

Byllius nuntius.

Chorus Romano.



Actus primus.

Octavia. Camilla. Julia.

C*Amilla*, now me thinkes this golden time,
Inuites our mindes to bathe in streames of ioy :
See how the earth doth flourish in his prime,
Whose livery shewes the absence of annoye,
These woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,
Shew inward touche of new conceiued myrthe .
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,
(Free Citizens, euen happy from their birthe)
How they reioyce! and euery sencelesse thing,
Euen similes with ioy : the earth perfumes the ayre,
The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,
And both with ioye, beget these children fayre .
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe :
Giuing each thing his beautie, forme and grace.
Eye-pleasing greene, circle of this our globe,
Great myrrour of *Apollo*s youthfull face.
Coulor of life, youthes liuerie, how delight
Dwels still with thee, whiles we, whom reason named
(But falsly namde and if I iudge aright)
Princes of all the rest that nature framed :
Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny;
Slaves to mischance, vassals of fortunes power ;

Bearing

The Tragicomædie

Bearing the yooke of endlesse miserie :
Faire baits of time which dooth vs all deuoure.
Now raise aloft in honors highest seate,
Yet in that height farre short of sweete content,
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere so great,
In gulfe of griefe, which we may not preuent,
Our pleasures, (posting guests,) make but small stay,
And neuer once looke backe when they are gone:
Where griefes bide long, and leaue such scores to pay;
As make vs banckerout ere we thinke thereon,
Yet this same earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,
Doth say me thinks in his dumbe eloquence,
Thus shall you spring, amongst heavenly angels plac'd,
Whē deaths cold winter once hath snatcht you hence.
These flowers, do bid vs in their language, read
In beauties booke, how beautie is most fraile :
Whose youthfull pride, th'vntimely steps doth tread,
To deaths black kingdome, darke obliuions vaile.
These natures quiristers, do plainly say,
Waste thus your time, in setting forth his praise
Who feedes, who clothes, who fills our harts with ioye
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raise.
Thus all their mirth, are accents of our moane :
Their blisfull state, of our unhappinesse,
A perfect map, where onely we alone,
May see our good, but neuer it possesse.

Cam. Madam, as nature more then perfect is,
And farre more faire, then that we fairest call :
So you as heyre apparant to hir blisse,

Chiefe

of the vertuous Octavia.

Chiefe treasurer of hir perfections all ;
Will shew your selfe most wise, and most diuine,
In curious search of her most hidden will ;
And following but hir footesteps, yet refine:
The vniuersall secrets of hir skull.
Yet I admire, your Eagle-sighted eye,
Which hath trutthes sun-bright cyrcle so well knowne
In others worthe, discernes each Attonic,
Forgetfull most, of what is most your owne.
These other creatures, haue their properties,
Which shew, their Syre no niggard of his store,
But such great giustes our mindes immortalize,
As proude ambitious selfe, can wish no more.
And you, great Ladie, whose high honor flies,
With vertues wings, in admirations ayre:
Towring, an Eagles pyche, about the skies ;
Where vulgar thoughts, are setled in despaire;
You, whose signes, haue put out enuies eyes,
Whose lampe of vertue giues the purest light ;
You, that enforce weake fame to royallize,
Such high reuolues, as farre surpasse her might,
You, whose large praise, makes naked vertue lowre,
And tyres report, in painting out your storie ;
You, in whose lappe doth styeame the golden shower,
Of all good fortune, gracing highest glorie.
O how can you, once entertaine a thought,
That these high ioyes should stoupe to sorrowes iure?
Or how can true felicitie be brought,
The smallest touche of passion to endure ?

Let



The Tragicomædie

Let those complaine, which suck misfortunes paps :
Who know nought els of vertue but the name,
Who seeming wise, are snar'd in follyes traps,
Whose rash attempts, breed swift ensuing shame,
But you heauens day-starre, pillar of our blisse,
O want you euer, cloudes of discontent :
You are our ioy, we all ioyes, all should misse,
Did not your sunne-beames guild our firmament.

Os. Did not thy true loue seale this president,
I should suspect a serpent amongst the flowers :
And hardly iudge faire wordes from false intent ;
Pore niggard truth, rich flattery, powres down showrs.
But loyall Ladies, doo you thinke in faith,
That highest honor, ioyes most sweet content ?

Cam. It doth no doubt, for high, and heauenly faith
The prouerbe olde, to which I giue consent.

Os. The heare me speake, what I shal say by prooffe,
And what experience printed in my hart :
Perhaps a story for your owne behooffe,
Where I my selfe, haue played an actors part.
In youth, I thought (though falsly thought) that best
Which fairest seemde, and my aspyring minde
Disdaind (though not with pride) that there should rest
A mean-borne thought, within my thoughts confin'd.
Treading this path, I was at last desired,
By Lord *Marcellus*, for his spouse, and wife.
Marcellus, he whose worthe fame aspyred,
To th' highest toppes of honor, during life,
If wealth, (nurse of delight) mought breed content :

I had

of the vertuous Octauid.

I had no want of store to make me glad:
My greatnesse did ambitious thoughts preuent:
Such high successe *Marcellus* honours had.
Proude *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull sword did pay
Large tribute of their soules to stygian lake:
His middle age, the stoutest *Gaules* did fraye,
Marcellus name made their huge armies quake.
His ancient yeares, made crasie *Hanniball*
Admire the proues, and valour of his foe:
Thrice bitter name, that curst *Canniball*,
By bloudie treason, made him life forgoe.
Fue times this cittie grac'd my worthy Lord,
Or rather he them grac'd, with *Consuls* name:
What they to others suites would scarce afforde,
They ioyde to see my Lord accept the same.
Now Ladies to forget my present state,
Did ioy thinke you this while orecharge my minde?
I ioyde I must confesse, to see how fate
With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de.
But when I found, how monster enuie, feedes
On highest honor, as his daintiest pray:
How brightest fier, great store of fuell needes,
To keepe his light, and beautie from decay.
When that I found the musicke of my minde,
Tunde to the concord, of *Marcellus* blisse:
And sawe, true valour had his life assignde,
To haughtie *Mars*, whose course most dangerous is.
I liu'd in him, he spent his royall dayes,
In bloudie bosome of life-scorning warres ;

Safetic

The Tragicomædie

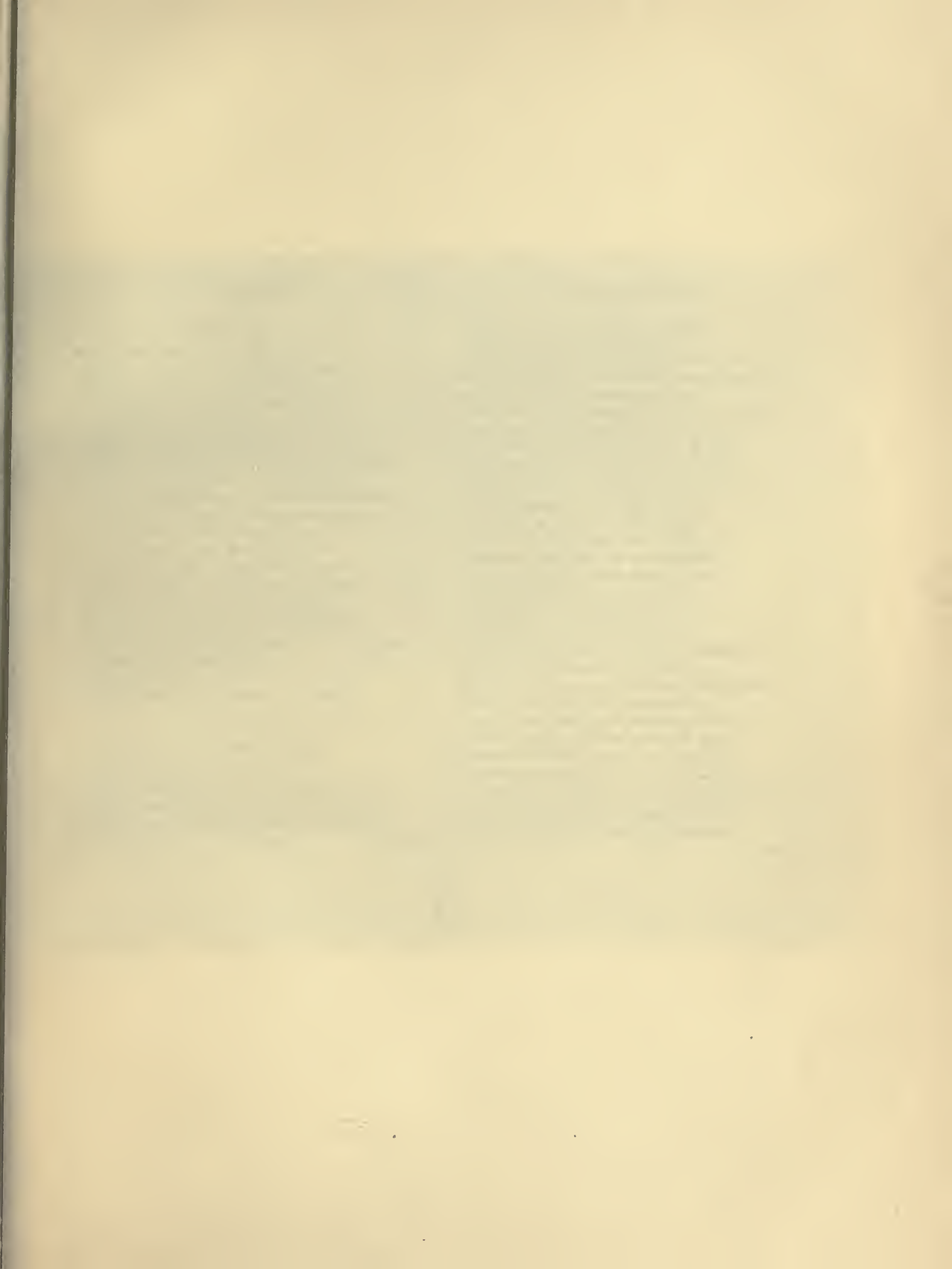
Safetie may breede delight, not nourish praise;
Harde is the way, from th'earth vnto the starres.
Whiles thus our state, depended on his sword,
And thousand thousands fought his finall end:
Could my true loue, in all this time, afforde
One quiet thought in perfect mirth to spend?
So many perils as on earth are found,
So many dangers as on raging seas,
So many terrours all my ioyes confound,
For true loue passions are no weake disease.
But is this all? no, more if more may be,
Tis greater care, to keepe, then get, a crowne.
Vertue dooth raise by small degrees we see:
Where in a moment Fortune casts vs downe.
And surely those that liue in greatest place,
Must take great care, to be such as they seeme:
They are not princes, whom sole tytes grace,
Our princelie vertues, we should most esteeme.
The sandes on *Neptunes* shores, and beamy starres,
Do not exceede the number of those cares
Which in our mindes, do stirre vp ciuill warres,
And crosse delights accountes, at vnawares.
Let this suffice, the tempest soonest teares
The highest towers, and who will mount alofte,
The more he climes, the more his footing feares:
Often he slides, but sildome fallieth softe.
What words, can paint the infinite of woes?
What tongue, can halfe those miseries relate?
Which thundring fortune, threatned to impose

Vpon

of the vertuous Octavia.

Vpon my head, at *Tarenti*, but of late.
When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)
The sunnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:
Mine owne déare Lord, and brother, both to be
In mortall armes, against each other ranged.
Which tempest calm'd, the storme begins againe,
On mischiefes maine, full sayles mishap dóth beare:
I know not now what doth my Lord detainé,
But for I know not, I know cause to feare.
To visit him, at last I was contented,
And in those forraine coastes to make appeal:
But my accessé, at *Athen*, he preuented,
Which makes me thinke, more then I will reueale.
And can I then with sorrowes waight oppressed,
Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?
Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distressed,
Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?
Why, this is ioye, to taste no sence of death,
Till dying hower, haue stopt our vitall breath.
Iulia. Tis true delight, to know no cause of greefe,
Although the outward signes of ioye be small:
Who most reioycing, feesles that inward theepe,
A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.
Can. Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing seure,
Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde;
From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,
The chiefeft good, the heauens haue vs assignde.
For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:
So many laugh thar are not rightly glad.

Gemi-



The Tragicomædie

Geminus. Titius.

Say worthe *Titius*, what rare accident,
In so short time, did bring to happie end,
The cruell warres; which *Cæsars* discontent,
Gainst Lord *Antonius*, lately did intend;
How could so many weapons thirsting bloud,
Be satisfi'd with vnexpected peace?
What powerfull starres importun'd vs such good?
And did their angers tyranny suppress?

Tit. That will I doo, my good friend *Geminus*.
And much the sooner, for that you may know,
No force, or weapons, hath procur'd vs,
The happy truce, wherein we glory now.
It was the time, when the declining sunne
Made greatest shew of least performed light:
And by his swift departure had begun,
To yeelde his interest, to th' enroching night.
When as the seas, euen burthened with our waight,
Deliucred vs vnto the perfect view
Of dreadfull *Tarent*: where for vs did waight,
Antonius fleet, with all their martiall crew.
There did our drowned anchors make vs stay,
Within the iawes of dangers tyranny:
There, we discouered by the flying daye,
The agents of our threatned misery.
Who can expresse the horror of that night,
When darkenesse lent hir robes to monster feare?
And heauens black mantle banishing the light,

Made

of the vertuous *Octauia*.

Made eury thing in ougly forme appeare.
Vntill *Marcella*, with faire purple flowres,
Like louing spouse, had straued *Tytus* waye:
Whose glorious beames, began to guilde the towres,
As ioyfull post, of pleasure-bringing day.
Then did loude Martiall musicke charme a sleepe,
Each languishing conceipt, in doubtfull brest:
And new borne comfort, now began to creepe,
In eury minde, with causelesse feare opprest.
Then, pride of honor, made vs scoine our foes:
And courage added winges to our desire.
To present fight, we all our selues dispose:
With bloudie showers, to quenche incensed ire.
But ere our armies, had their charge fulfilld,
Ere weapons, had our inward rage exprest:
Loe where *Octauia*, comes into the field,
Twixt both our armies, she hir selfe addrest.
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,
With words that mought relent indurate frost:
With maiestie, and beauties influence,
She stayes our Captaines, and affronts each hoast.
O how I see that wonder-breding face!
O how I heare those hart-enchaining wordes!
O face! o wordes! that merite highest grace!
Immortall sure, base earth none such affords,
No womans weapon blindes her princely eye;
No womans weakenesse, hir tongues passage stayes:
Like one, that did both death, and fate defie,
Minerua-like she stands, and thus she sayes.

B

Heere

The Tragicomædie

Heere will I bide, and this same brest oppose
To all your weapons, and whose wicked hand,
Shall first beginne t'assail or strike his foes,
Shall strike this hart, and breake this vitall band.
No bloudie deed, *Ostauiaes* eyes shall gaue,
A witness of your loathed crueltie:
But through this body shall the first be slaine,
That in this battle, is compell'd to dye.
If honor, vertue, worthe, or pietie,
Liue in your mindes, which beare such lostie names
Returne your weapons, and heere quietly,
With reason, quench the force, of angry flames.
Els, let some bloudie executioner,
First robbe this ienialous tombe, of loathed life:
And then, no longer neede you to deferre,
The issue, of your more then mortall strife.
Much more she said, which none but she can say,
And with her sugered speech, so much preuaile,
That like *Medusæes* marbled creatures, they
Amazed stood, so was their furie quaild.
Looke how that *erydent* scepter bearing king,
His ofie rebelling subiects, dooth suppressle,
And with a sodaine becke in order bring,
Their disproportion, with a quiet peace;
When that the pride, of some truce-wanting storme,
Dooth summon vp their treason-working power,
Now gracing terror, with huge mountaines forme,
Now with steepe whilpepoole, seeking to deuoure:
So stood the Emperors, with hir wordes amazed,

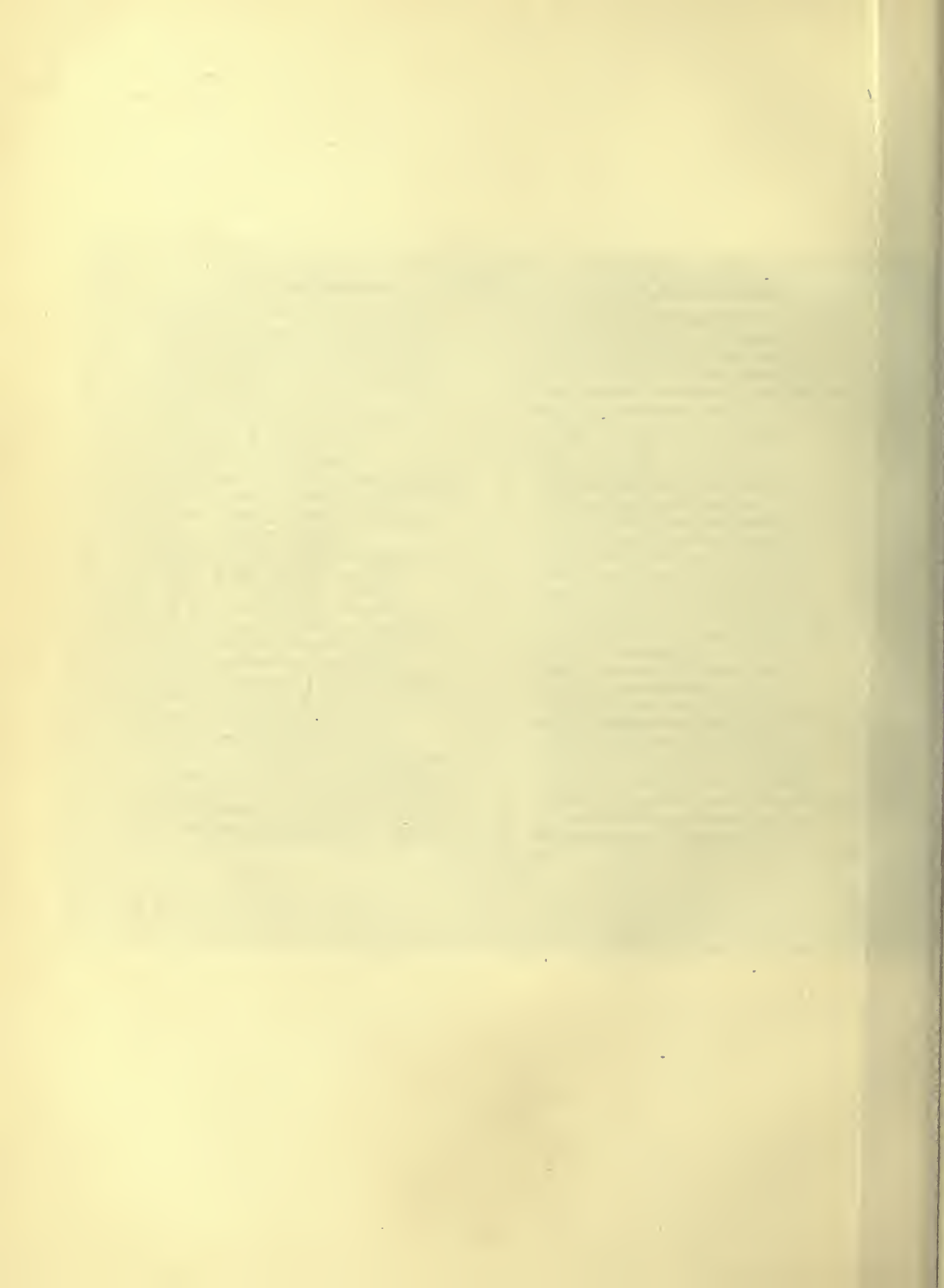
Hir

of the vertuous Octauia.

Hir words, which seemde the myrrour of hir deede:
As men enchanted so on hir they gazed,
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to reede.
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,
Then powrde she forth the quintessence of witte:
And neuer did hir enterprice neglect,
Till both the Emperours bewitch with it;
Not onely, did forget all former hate,
But euen there, before *Ostauiaes* face,
A league of friendship they did consumate,
And louingly each other did imbrace.
O what a ioyfull sight, 'twas to behoulde
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.
To see how friends salute each other could,
That but euen now, each other did detest.
There did both armies sport in great delight,
And enterchangeably their loues expresse:
As captiues, sold without bloud, wound or fight,
They praise the conquest, and the victor blesse.
Then did *Antonius*, for *Ostauiaes* sake,
Giue vnto *Cesar* twentie Brygantines:
Which *Cesar* did in courteous maner take,
And in requitall of his kinde designs,
Did tyice fise hundred armed soldiers, giue
To *Anthony*: and quickly one mought finde,
The sparkes of emulation made them striue,
Who mought doe most, to please *Ostauiaes* minde.
Gem. O noble deed, deseruing highest praise,
Well worthy to out-liue all memorye:

B ii.

Life-



The Tragicomædie

Life-sauing Empreſſe, how thy wiſdome ſtaies,
Euen ſwarms of ſoules, from *Plurces* tyranny.
But why did not *Antonius*, in like ſorte
Returne to *Rome*, to pay delight her due.

Tis. He preſently to'ards *Parthia* did reſort,
Againſt their King' the warres for to renewe,
And recommending all his owne affaires,
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,
To *Cæſars* beſt diſpoſing: he repayres,
To *Syria*, and intends to winter there. (enclude,
Gem. *Rome* thou that keepſt, the pearle that doth
Heavens deareſt treaſure, in earths fineſt frame:
Be neuer ſo vngratefull, to obtrude
Night-blacke obliuion, to her noble name.

Camilla. *Geminus.*

Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,
What made the Empreſſe, alter her entent:
What did your voyage thus abbreviate,
And all your expectations preuent.
Fame (bad concealer of our cloſe entents)
Said, that the Empreſſe would to *Syria* goe:
To ſee *Antonius*, who himſelfe abſentes,
But your returne, doth ſhew it was not ſo.
Gem. Madame, when *Æolus* had once conuaid
Our moouing houſes, vnto that ſame place,
Where noble *Cecrops*, the foundations lay'd,
Which are the *Grecian* confines chiefeſt grace:
There, long before we could approach the gates

Ⓞ f

of the vertuous Octavia.

Of that faire City, we encounter'd were,
With people of all ages, and eſtates,
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,
Salute the Empreſſe: ſome rich giſtes preſent.
Some ſtraw'd the way with flowers, and ſome diſtil'd
Their ſweet perfumes, along the fields we went.
Thus to the City were we guarded ſtraight,
Where for our comming, all the ſtates awaite.
There were our eyes, invited to beholde
Moſt ſumptuous ſhewes, with many pleaſing ſights:
There did we heare, their learned tongues vnfolde.
The muſes ſkill, with rauifhing delights,
Their lowd applauſe, which perc'd the very ſkies,
Extolde *Octavia*'s paſt the reach of fame:
And ſilent *Eecho*, wakened with their cries,
Taught all the neighbour hylles, to bleſſe her name.
Thus frankly did two daies themſelues beſtow,
To gratifie our entertainment there:
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it ſeem'd did know
Of our approach, and thereof ſtood in feare:
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all ſpeed,
Who to *Octavia* letters did conuay:
Requiring her no further to proceede,
But for his comming in that place to ſtay.
For thither meant he ſhortly to repayre,
And therefore would not, ſhe ſhould vndertake
So long a iorney, which mought much impayre
Her health, and quiet, bootleſſe for his ſake.

B 3

She

The Tragicomædie

She, halfe suspecting (as there was good cause)
That this was but a practise of delay:
Although vnwilling, yet she made a pause,
As one that knew not how to disobay,
But finding all his words to want effect,
And seeing nothing mought his minde recall:
Such things, she doth vnto him straight direct,
As she had brought, to pleasure hi n withall.
Which was, two thousand chosen men at armes:
Great store of hories, wonte to winne their price;
Much armour, to defend themselves from harmes,
A richely wrought, as cunning could deuize;
Giiftes, to reward his best-deseruing friends;
A summe of money for his souldiers paye;
And briefly all hir care, and studie bends,
To saue his wayning honor, from decaye.
But whē she saw, nought mought his thoughts recline
Vnkinde, saith she, sencelesse of thine owne shame,
He be my selfe, since thou wilt not be mine:
Thus she concluded, and away we came.

Cam. O peerlesse paragon! O natures pride!
Fair Cabinet, where wisdomes treasure lies,
Earths glory, and the heauens beloued bride,
Rich seate of honor, vertues paradize,
Most noble Empreffe, praise of women kinde,
Whose faith endures the rage of fortunes flame:
Whose constant truth, and truly vertuous minde,
Scornes smallest touche of iust-deserued blame.
How naturall, and vndeuided, are

The

of the vertuous Octauia.

The sparkes of honor, in a noble harte:
How industrie, and wit, may not compare,
With that true touche, our birthright doth impart.
Liue vertuous Empreffe, myrrour of our age,
Though chance discharge whole volleys of reproach;
With fortitude withstand proud fortunes rage,
Let not despair, neare thy sweete thoughts encroache.
Time must needs turne thy mourning vnto ioye,
For true delight from hence his spring doth take:
When we with patience suffer sharpe annoy,
Not for our merits, but for vertues sake.

Chorus.

H *Heauens, heare poore earth complaine,
How wee, your frownes doe beare:
When all things els reioyce,
Ioye scornes with vs to dwell,
And reasons selfe can tell,
Each minthe discovering voice,
Assures our iudging eare,
How all things els want paines:
Sense-following creatures knowe
No cause, why to lament,
In them, remorse dooth serue,
No seedes of discontent.
We see, and know, but wanto our blisse:
Vnperfect nature causeth this.*

B 4.

Tea

The Tragicomædie

Ye a nature most unkinde,
Contriver of our fall:
Begins our life with teares,
And ends the same with woe.
Greefe (pleasures more all foe)
Confounds our hope with feares:
And sowers our sweete with gall.
This Tyrant of the minde:
By reason, wit, or skill,
Can neuer be withstood:
These aggravate our ill,
By shewing what was good.

And wante of that torment is most:
Whose worse he appeares in being lost.

Were nature fustly nam'd
A stepdame to mankind,
That sexe, which we account
Vnperfect, weak, and fraile,
Could not in worthe preuaile
And men so farre surmount.
We should Octavia finde,
In some sorte to be blam'd,
She winnes immortall fame,
Whiles he who should excell
Dishonour'd hath his name,
And by his weaknesse fell.

For double shame he doth deserue,
Who being guide dooth some best forue.

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And Lorde Antonius, thou
Thrice woman conquered man:
Shall not thy hart repine,
Their triumphs to adorne?
Octaviaes Vertues serue,
That wanton life of thine:
And Cleopatra can,
Command thy ghost euen now.
And saue would I refraine,
From Fuluiacs stately name:
Which dooth thy manhood slaine,
And makes thee blush for shame.

In this one thing, yet happie waist thou bee:
They Princesse are, that triumph ouer thee.

Dwell in fames louing breath,
T' eternitie resign'de,
Tee faire Mars-conquering wights:
And feare not Lethes floud,
Your Vertues alwayes bud,
Your storie, honour wrights,
And Phoenix-like you finde,
A new life in your death.
Arme but your Angel-soules,
With perfect Vertues shield,
That Thanatos controules,
And make Erynnis yeelde,
Then shall the heauens your worthe describe
Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.

Actus

The Tragicomædie

Actus secundus.

Othavia. *Byllius.*

O Thrice, and foure times, happie messenger,
Hast thou from *Parthia* made returne of late?
Canst thou declare the issue of the warre,
And make me knowe. *Antonius* happie state?
What causd my Lorde in *Syria* make such staye,
Since he gainst *Parthia* did his fores bende?
When doth he meane, to'ards *Rome* to take his way?
And to those warres, impose a finall end?
Vnkinde he is: not so, but distant farre,
And his great trouble, much my good impaytes:
Els would he not mine eares so long time barre,
From much expected newes of his assayes.

Byl. Madame, these eyes haue seene what hath bin
In *Syria*, *Parthia*, and each other place; (done
I present was, when Lord *Antonius*, wonne
Eightene great battles, in a little space.
I often sawe, when mischief, in the field
Had all hir force against my Lorde brought forth:
How he with valor, made euen fortune yeelde,
And chance, awaight on well approued worthe.
I was in *Media*, when *Phraortes* slue
Great *Tartarus*, fighting for my Lorde:
I sawe when he our engines from vs drew,

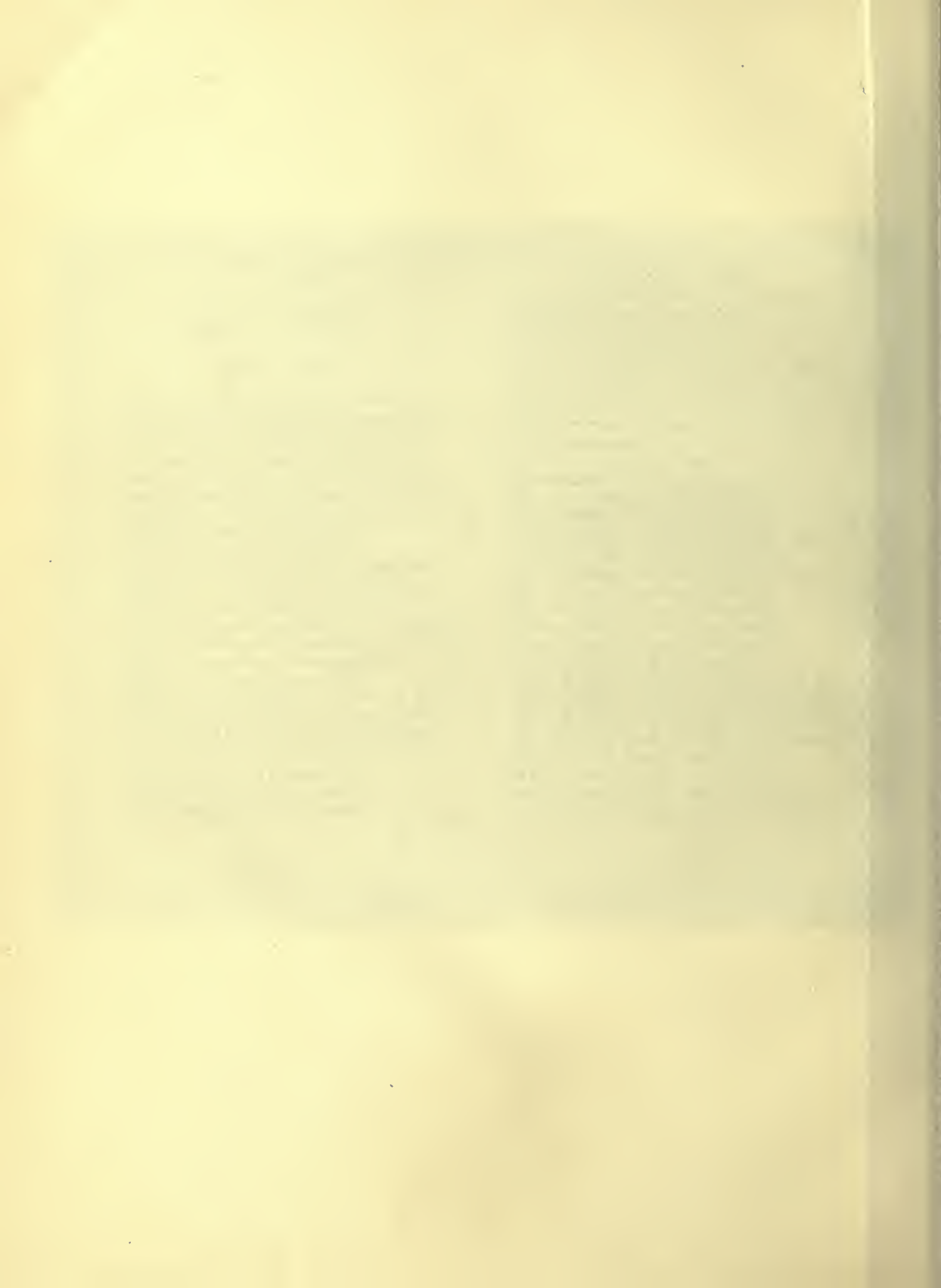
And

of the vertuous Othavia.

And put ten thousand *Romaines*, to the sword.
I was in presence, when a sodaine feare,
In blackest horrour of the darkest night,
So much astonisht all that present were,
With shriking cries that mought euen stones affright:
That *Antonius*, with feare of treason moued,
Made *Ramus* humbly sweare vpon his knee,
To strike that head, that head so much beloued,
From of his shoulders, when he once should see,
Vneuitable danger, to lay holde,
Vpon himselfe; yet could not all this, quaike
His haughty courage, but as vncontroulede,
He still proceedes, his stoutest foes t'assaille.
And hauing now, sum'd with the *Parthian* blood,
The largest scores, of wrongs we did sustaine,
Thence to retyre, he now hath thought it good:
And for a time at *Blanchbourg* to remaine.
Blanchbourg a Citty neere to *Sydon* plac'd,
Vnto the which our whole Campe did resort,
There he intends to stay, and not in haste
To visite *Rome*, as most of them report.

Oth. O what should moue my Lord thus long to stay?
Byl. An others tung mought better & bewray. (said?
Oth. What dost thou know more the thou hast yet
Byl. Madame no more. *Oth.* Why the am I dismaide?
Why doe I see thy sorrow clouded brow,
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy?
Say *Byllius* whence those troubled lookes may grow?
Is my *Antonius* safe? doth he enioy

That



The Tragicomædie

That body free from hurt, wound or disease?
Doth he yet liue and draw his vitall breath?
Speake, quickly speake, truth cannot me displease,
Where now suspicion wounds as deepe as death.

Byl. It cannot be but that your grace doth know,
For what can be conceal'd from Princes care?
And further speech mought feedes of discord sow,
Betweene your highest and my Lord I feare.

Otho. O how delay torments a doubtfull minde.
I know, no, he procures I may not heare
Of any thing from thence, whereby I finde,
Although vnknowne yet double cause of feare.
Then banish doubt, and see thou plainly tell,
What strange occasion doth enforce his stay?
What can *Antonius* princely minde compell,
In forraine coastes to make so long delay?

Byl. Madame, the cause that made him to remaine
In *Syria*, so long time when as we went
To'ards *Parthia*, is the same that doth detaine,
His highnesse now and thus your grace preuent.

Otho. Am I an Emperesse still thus disobay'd?
And dost thou dare to dally with me still?
I first enquir'd, what him in *Syria* slaide.
Why dost thou feare to tell the worst of ill.

Byl. If this likewise be hidden from your grace,
In humble sort a pardon I beseech:
That high displeasure gainst me take not place,
For what shall be disclosed by my speech.

Otho. I pardon all, so long as all be true.

Byl.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Byl. Who doth delude let sharp death be his due,
Then if you list the truth to vnderstand,
The truth is this: that fond *Egyptian* Queene,
Queene *Cleopatra* doth your will withstand,
And him detaines, who els had present been.

Otho. By force? *Byl.* O no, worlds could not him con-
To stay this long in any place by force: (straine
But his affection is the louing chayne,
That from your highnesse doth his minde diuorce.

Otho. What chilling feare doth streame along these
What frozen tenor makes me thus to quake? (vaine
What monstrous greefe, what horror, thus constrains
My stuiuing hart, his lodging to forsake?
Tell me, from what conceipt may this be guest?

Byl. They liue together, who knowes not the rest.

Otho. I must beleue it sore against my will. ♣

Byl. Hardly we credit what imports our ill.

Otho. But slow beleefe from wisdom doth proceed.

Byl. But mortall wounds of present cure haue need.

Otho. Some fond report hath made thee falsly deeme.

Byl. I shunne report, and lightly it esteeme,
But this I saue, when we to *Syria* came,
Antonius straight to *Cleopatra* sent,

A messenger *Fontcius* was his name:
Whose swiftnes did euen hast it selfe preuent.

More, then we knew not, but within short space
Came *Cleopatra* royally attended,

And met directly at th'appointed place,
Which for their stay they had before pretended.

There

The Tragicomædie

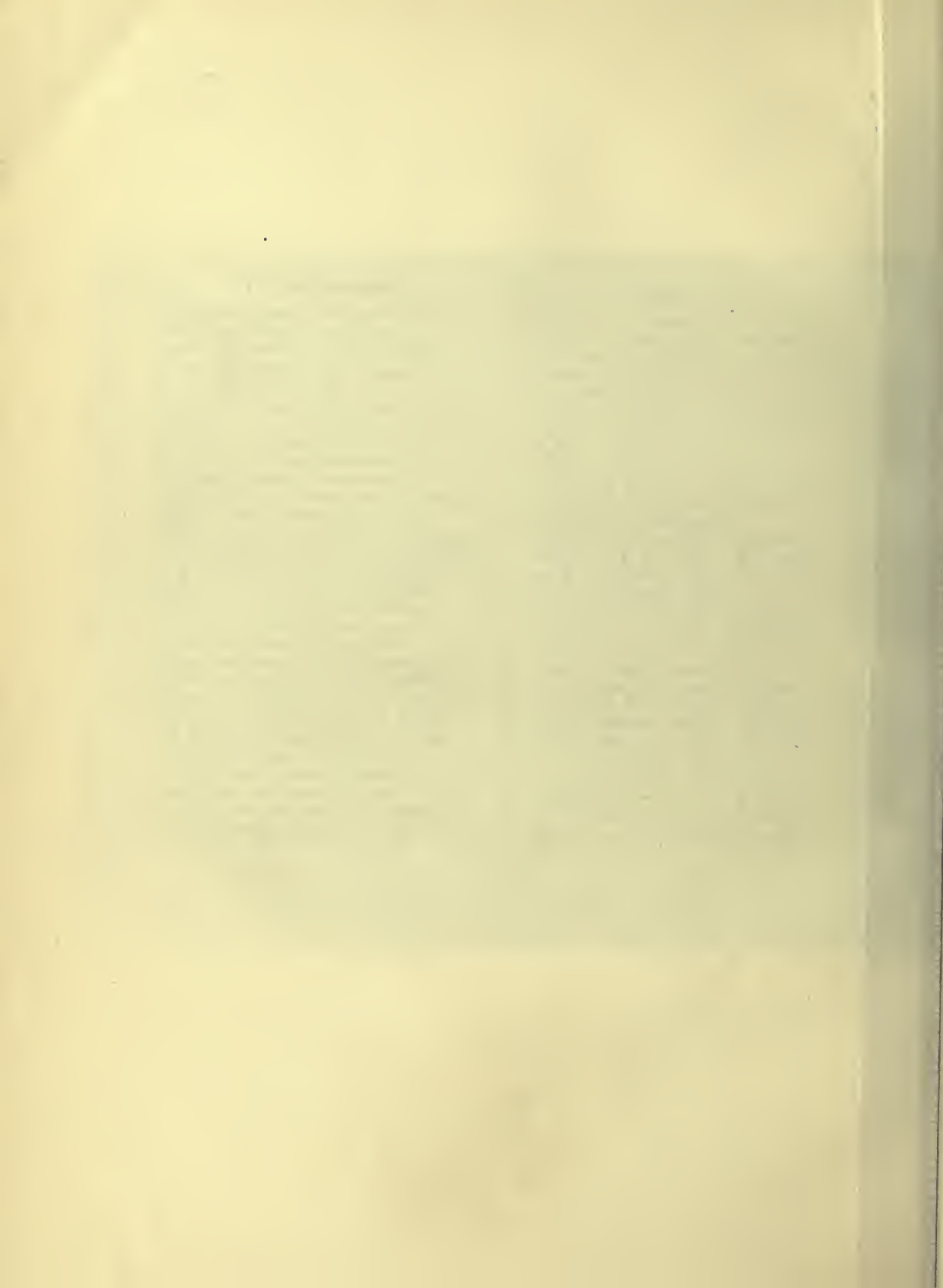
There did they sporte a time in great excessse
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,
And there *Antonius* his great loue t'expresse
Did frankly giue to this *Ægyptian* queene,
Phœnicia, *Cyprus* and *Cylicia*,
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell
Cald *Nubethians*, part of *Syria* :
And finding that she could preuaile so well
With *Antony*, she further did proceed,
And begd part of that land we *tenry* call,
From whence mought be transported at hir neede,
True balme, for to preserue hir grace withall.
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parthia* tooke his way,
Which we with fier and sworic did waste and burne,
But in those confines did not long time stay,
But backe againe to *Blanchbourge* we returne,
From whence, a poste was speedily adrest,
For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither :
She kindly condescends to his request,
Thus there they met, and there they liue together,
Othello. O what hart-piercing grieffe doth the torment,
That are thus countercheckt with riuall's loue ?
What worlds of horror do themselves present,
Vnto their minds that do like passions proue ?
O ielousie, when trithe once takes thy part,
What mercy-wanting tyrant so seuerer ?
What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart
But halfe those horrors which in thee appeare ?
Poore *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread ?

All

of the vertuous Othello.

All torment's are containde within my brest :
Aello doth whole troupes of furie leade
Within my soule, with endlesse grieffe opprest.
O deserts, now you deserts are indeed :
Your common-wealths are coucht within my hart,
Within my hart, all rauening beasts do feede :
And with mad furie, still encrease my smart.
O grieffe, I feele the worst that thou canst doe.
I taste the powerfull force of mischiefs pride.
I proue the worst that chance can put me to.
The deepest wound of fortune I abide.
But staye *Othello*, if this be a lye :
If thy deare Lord do constant yet remaine,
Whom doost thou wrong, is it not *Antony* ?
O fault too great, recall it backe againe.
Canst thou be lo vnkinde, nay so vniust,
To censure, iudge, condemne without a cause ?
Shall flying tales make thee so much mistrust,
Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes ?
O traitor passion, it thou couldst subdue
Thy soueraigne reason, what ill tragedies
Wouldst thou soone acte, but Ielousie adieu,
My Lord is constant, and these are but lyes.
Did not he sweare on that our nuptiall day,
By all the sacred rights we holy deeme,
By those immortal powers which we obaye,
By all things els which dearly we esteeme,
By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,
By all that mought a perfect trithe entend :

One



The Tragicomædie

One time, one day, one houre, should surely bring,
His life, and loue vnto a finall end.
Did not he say, the starres from heauen should fall,
The fishes should vpon the mountaines range,
And *Tyber* should his flowing streames recall:
Before his loue should euer thinke on change.
But what of this? these are but onely words,
And so are those which do his faith impeache.
O poore *Octauius*, how thy state affordes,
Nought but despaire to stand within thy reache.
The seate of truth is in our secret harts,
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.
Haft back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,
Descend ye starres, and this base earth adorne,
Let *Neptunes* people on these hilles be sed,
For *Antony* is fled, false, and forsworne.
But tis not so, my *Antony* is true:
His honor will not let him basely fall.
Octauius name will faithfull loue renew,
His Innate vertue will his minde recall.
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in:
So vertues loue makes good men loath their sinne.

Byl, Madam, I cannot force you to beleue
That which I speake, but that I speake is true,
I knew too well it would your highnesse grieue,
And would be lothe your sorrowes to renew,
But would to God that all my words were lyes,
So my disgrace mought worke your sweete content;
Would this my soule mought be the sacrifice,

To

of the vertuous Octauius.

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent,
O vertue, thou that didst my good assure,
Arme now my soule against proude fortunes might:
Without thy succour I may not endure,
But this strong tempest will destroy me quite.
O sacred lampe, pure vertues liuing flame,
That neuer failes sweet comfort to impart:
I feele thy power and glory in the same,
I heare thee say in closet of my heart,
Octauius, liue, and shew thy selfe a Queene,
Tread thou my path, make constancy thy guide;
Let no base feare within thy minde be seene,
Let thine owne foote into no errour slide;
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy misse,
Let thine owne conscience know no cause of blame;
A bulwarke stronge a brazen wall this is,
That will resist, both sorrow, grieue and shame.
Antonius fall, his owne disgrace procures,
His is the fault, and on his head shall fall,
The storme of mischiefs deep-reuenging showers:
When thine own worth, in heauen shal thee enstall.
His is the fault, but what mine is the wronge.
The error his, but I endure the smart;
O vertue, if thou be so passing stronge,
Yet once againe remooue this from my heart,
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne disgrace,
And mindes distrest, with patience doth relieue:
With wisedomes light, it stil directs his pace,
And cannot fall and therefore cannot grieue.

C

Well

The Tragicomædie

Well grieffe, I feele that thou art grieffe indeed,
 But patience is a prince and must not yeeld:
 O sacred vertue help me at my need;
 Repulse my foes with thy all mastering shield.
 But what, I must not heere stand and lament,
 Thy deeds *Othavia*, must approoue thy worth:
 Tis wisdom, must these iniuries preuent,
 I will no more excuse thy wrongs hencefoorth.
 Hee seeke by all meanes thee to reconcile,
 And in my thoughts reuenge shall finde no place,
 But if thou needes wilt worke a thing so vile,
 To seeke my ruine and thine owne disgrace,
 If nothing can preuaile, hee make it seene,
 Thou wrought an Empresse, and a *Romaine* queene.

Julia. Camilla. Sylvia.

O deare *Camilla*, what a wofull sight,
 Tis to beholde the Empresse dolefull state?
 Though others burthens in our eyes seeme light
 Death in my heart, her grieffe doth intimate.
 O what exceeding pittie tis to see,
 Such noble vertues nurst in wisdomes brest:
 Snar'd in the trap of humane misery,
 By others basenes thus to be distrest.

Cam. Madame, the case is pittifull indeed,
 And such as may relent a flinty heart:
 A patient mipe, must stand her grace in steed,
 Till time and wisdom, may his loue conuert.

Jul. But who dares tell a Prince he goes aside?

Cam.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Cam. His conscience best, if wisdom were his guide.

Jul. But they are great and may do what they will.

Cam. Great if much good: nor great if they do ill.

Jul. But we must yeeld to what the Prince will haue.

Cam. He is no Prince, that is affections slaue.

Jul. Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.

Cam. Heavens will not suffer sin to flourish long.

And sure who list but to beholde the end,

Shall see *Antonius* dearly buy his lust:

They neuer prosper long that leawdly spend

Their granted time, for God is not vnjust.

Syl. Well, let them talke of vertue, those that list,

Of patience, iustice and of constancie;

For me, I thinke the Empresse sure hath mist,

The onely way to cure this maladie.

Buy liuing fame that list, with pinching paine,

And stauce them selues with feeding fond conceipt:

Were I *Othavia* I would entertaine

His double dealing, with as fine a sleight.

I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone returne

Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:

I would compel him spite of him to learne,

It were no lesse a woman to offend.

He feesles not now the grieffe that makes her smart:

But I know what would touch him to the heart.

Jul. What force, what wit, can *Antony* compell,

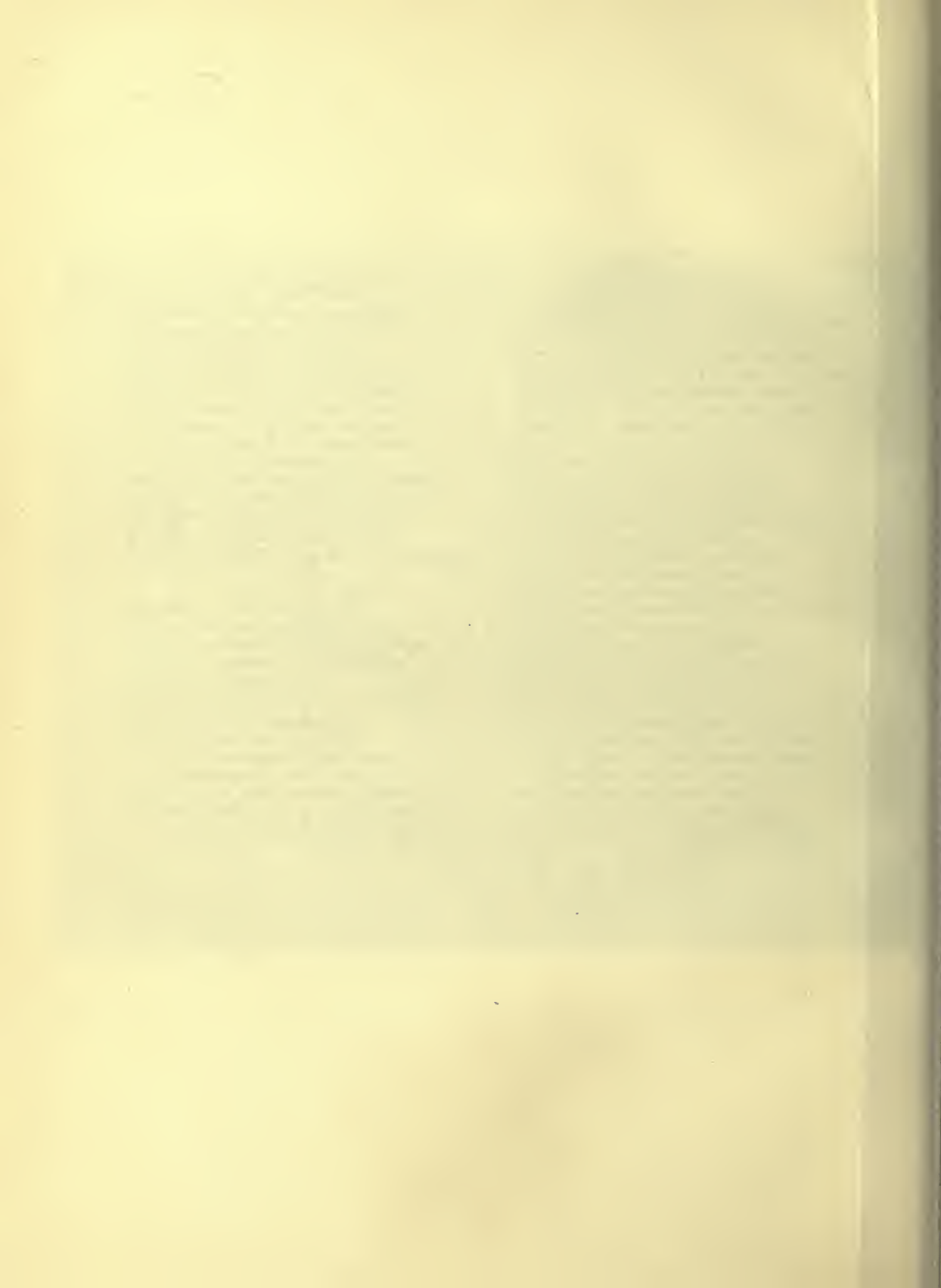
Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?

Syl. One nayle you see another will expel,

When nothing els can force the same to moue.

C ii.

Should



The Tragicomædie

Should he that swims in streames of sweet content,
Make his delight the agent of my paine?
No, no, he rather were a president,
How to requite him with the like againe.
Had I bin toucht with scence of inward greefe,
When such like chances had be-fallen me,
Or at their leisure hoped for reliefe,
When I my selfe mought best my selfe set free:
I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,
Or must haue liued in endlesse misery,
But I take order not to perish so,
He shall care little, that cares lesse then I.

Cam. But doth not *Sylvia* blush to disanull,
Hir owne good name, hir faith, and constancie:
Deth not the feare, the wrath of heauen to pull
Vpon hir head, for such impietie ?

Syl. The wrath of heauen, why no, the heauens are
And Iustice yeeldes a man his due desert :
Then sithe I do no iniurie, I trust
Not I, but he, for both our faults shall smart.
And for my faith and cōstancie, no doubt
He deale for that as well as others shall :
But tis most strange to see you go about,
To praise the thing that workes all womens fall.
Why constancie is that which marreth all,
A weake conceipt which cannot wrongs resist,
A chaine it is which bindes our selues in thrall,
And giues men scope to vse vs as they list.
For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

of the vertuous Octauia.

Small is their care, how often they do slide.
O if you would but marke the litle mapp
Of my poore world, how in times swift careere
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap
A thousand such as hould these courtes deare ;
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,
For I feare nothing lesse then such relaps,
The frowardnesse which I in men approoue,
Most troubles me for feare of after claps.
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,
When I haue many subiect to my beck :
I alwayes pleasant, you still making mone,
You full of feare, they dread my frowning check.
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breedes
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things :
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,
And setled quiet soone corruption brings.
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,
When to one obiect we entend our minde :
But I with choice do still renew the state,
Of fainting loue, and still new pleasures finde.
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,
From diuers flowers extracts the pleasant thyme,
Which well compounded, one sweet matter yeelds :
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time.
I seeke not graines of gould in barraine ground,
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:
I like nor where affection is not found,
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

C 3

And

The Tragicomædie

And surely who will taste the sweet of loue,
Must not be tyed vnto one poore conceipt:
One cannot worke or halfe his practise prooue,
Vpon one minde which will be dulled straight.
But there must be an emulation plac'd,
Mongst fauourites as spur of swift desire:
By letting one still see another grac'd,
As though the on's deserts did so require.
Two at a time I seldome entertaine,
Nor one alone, but alwaies if I might,
Whiles any one to court me I detain,
Some other of the crew should be in sight:
Who's mought behold, how frankly I bestow,
Both smiles, and fauours, where it pleased me,
They thinking this from his deserts to grow,
Will strine for to deserue as well as he.
Thus I abound with store of profered loue,
With vowed faith, with presents and what not:
When in the end one fortune all must prooue,
And all these fauours must be cleane forgot.
Cam. But will not all thy seruants thee forsake,
To see a ryuall such high fauour gaine?
Syl. If any ielious foole a sinitete take,
Then thus with arte I bring him on amaine.
Some extraordinary fauour falles
On him vnwares, which may new fire his minde:
Or els some trusty agent him recalls,
In secret manner thereunto assign'd,
Who tels him (as of friendship) I admire

His

of the vertuous Octauia.

His discontent, and my vnkindnesse blame,
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,
And still a sigh awaites vpon his name.
This way I seldon faile, till at the last,
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.
From whence with fressh desire he flies as fast,
As if (poore foole) his wings had nere been pull'd.

Iul. But sith thy minde can neuer be so free,
But that affection will on thee lay holde:
That being partiall, me thinkes should be
A cause, that others loue would soone waxe cold.

Syl. Affection, no, I know not such a thought,
That were a way to make my selfe a flau:
I hate subiection and will nere be brought,
What now I giue, at others hands to craue.

Iul. But yet I know some one about the rest
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest.

Syl. I loue one most? I fauour, loue, and grace,
Most euery one, whiles he in presence is:
But being gone, looke who comes next in place,
He's next my heart, my course is alwaies this.
And if that any chance to fall away,
Shall losse of him thus vex me at the heart?
No griefe, I neuer meane to be thy pray,
My care and he together shall depart.

Cam. Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,
So many words hath *Syluia* spent in vaine:
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We

The Tragicomædie.

We speake not of thy suitors, we complaine
Of his vntruth, that second vnto none,
In faithleines: of duty should remaine,
For euer constant vnto one alone.
Of his vntruth, who hath his honor stain'd,
By base defiling of his mariage bed:
Who being vow'd, and by oath detain'd,
Is false for sworne, seduc'd and fondly fled.
37. Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,
No law, no feare, no reason can constrain
Our mindes, whiles we in natures castles dwell,
The pleasing course of nature to retrain.
Nature it selfe dooth most delight in change,
The heauens, by motion do their musicke make:
Their lights, by diuers waies and courses raunge;
And some of them new formes doe alwaies take,
Their working power is neuer alwaies one,
And time it selfe least constant is of all:
This earth we see and all that liues thereon,
Without new change, into destruction fall.
Nay what is more, the life of all these things,
Their essence, and perfection, doth consist
In this same change, which to all creature brings
That pleasure, which in life may not be mist.
Sith then all creatures are so highly blest,
To taste the sweet of life in often change:
If we which are the princes of the rest,
Should want the same, we thinke t'were very strange.
For prooffe heereof, I need not to unfold:

Such

of the vertuous Octauia.

Such farre fetcht secrets, science will make it plaine.
What pleasure hath the eye, when you beholde
One onely object: is't not rather paine?
What sweet delight doth charme the listning eare,
When onely one tune it doth apprehend?
In taste and smell, like loathing doth appeare,
Whose euidence, no wit can reprehend.
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,
Such sundrie colours to delight the same,
And for the eare such strange variety,
Of sweetest tunes, which doe our musicke frame,
Such diuers meates, to please the dainty taste,
So many saouours to delight that sense,
Each other part, with diuers pleasures grac'd;
Least want of change mought haply breed offence.
What, shall the heart the master of the rest,
Be more restrain'd then any sauage beast?
Shall not the heart, on whom all those depend,
Haue greater scope then any of them all,
To taste the pleasure of each pleasing friend?
Faith mine hath had, and so it euer shall.

C. m. Peace wicked woman, nay foule monster peace
Whose very steps defile the guiltlesse earth:
Staine of thy sexe, thy poisoned speech surcease,
That hath from sinne, and wickednes, his birth.
Is't not too much to glory in thy sinne,
Leawd creature, that hast ouer-liu'd all shame?
Imbouldning others to persist therein,
When thou thy selfe shouldst shun and fly the same,

But

The Tragicomædie

But thou must make the heauens a president,
For thy misdeedes, which on thy head will power,
Eternall vengeance, vnlesse thou repent,
And stay the force of mischiefs dreadfull shower.
These moouing things are constant in their kinde
Vnto the end for which they were ordain'd:
Not mutable like thy vngodly minde,
Whose very thoughts with wickednes are stain'd.
Our scences their peculiar objects haue,
Whose store, and number, doth vnto vs shew,
How reuerently we should our selues behaue,
To'ards him whose bounty did the same best ow.
O Chastity bright vertues sacred flame,
Be neuer woman lovely wanting thee,
Be neuer woman wrong'd adorn'd with thee.
Be all disgrac'd that merit not thy name.
Come *Iulia*, we haue taried heere too long.
Synis adieu in faith I with thee well,
No honest minde I thinke will doe thee wrong.
T'is punishment enough to hang in hell.

Chorus.

Gress guide of this same golden flame,
Which dates and times demiderh
Whose beauty euer is the same,
And alwaies one abiderh.
Why hast thou such a monster made,
Which alwaies thus rebellesh:

And

of the vertuous Octauia.

And with new torments doth invade,
The heart wherein it dwelleth.
Affection is the savage beast,
Which alwaies vs annoyeth:
And neuer lets vs lue in rest,
But still our good destroyeth.

Affections power who can suppress
And master when it sinneth:
Of worthy praise deserues no lesse,
Then he that kingdomes winneth.
Were Antony a Prince indeede,
That base affection scorned:
Him to bemoane we should not need,
With vitious life deformed.
But this seducing Vertues foe,
In whom all pleasure shineth:
Doth all our scences overthrow,
and reason vndermineth.

Who doth not ioy, when from his necke
The yoke of bondage slidesh:
And wish to lue without the check,
Of him that others guideth?
Yet what more hard, then to obserue,
In such licentious pleasure:
The golden means, which doth not swaue,
From sacred Vertues measure:
Who know, and see, the way of sinne

Be set

The Tragicomædie

Bees with dangers many:
Yet still persist and walke therein,
As negligent aiery.

The minde with deepest wisdome fraught,
That mischiefes hand escheweth:
And ennies craft doth bring to naught,
Afflictions force subdueth.
The haughty heart with courage bolde,
That deaths pale face despiseth:
The Prince which scornes to be consould,
Afflictions power surpriseth.
And hauing made it selfe a king,
Our minde with error feedeth:
Till we our selues effect the thing,
Which our destruction bre:deeth.

The rash of error, is so g'ac'd,
With sweetest seeming pleasures.
As if delight had therein plac'd,
The store house of her treasures.
But who to prooue the same are bent,
In sinfull maze encludeth:
In vaine at last will sure repent,
With sh:me full end deluded.
Where Vertues little beaten wayes,
With diuers troubles cumbred:
Direct our steps vnto true i:yes,
Amongst the Angels numbred.

Adus

of the vertuous Octauia.

Actus tertius.

Octauia. Casar.

O Fierce desire, the spring of sighs and teares,
Relieu'd with want, impouerisht with store,
Nurt with vaine hopes, and fed with doubtful feares,
Whose force withstood, encreateth more and more.
How doth thy pride thus torture my poore heart,
Whiles I for bodies shadows entertaine:
And in the hartest of most high desert,
Do reape no fruite, but scorne and deep disdain.
No fearce *Hyrcanian* forest doth possesse,
So wilde a *Tyger*, nor no *Libian* coaste,
Hath euer knowne a greedy *Lyonesse*,
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,
So beyond measure full of furious Ire,
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.
O destinies, that draw the golden twine,
Which doth conduct the neuer-tired poste,
Why haue you let vnclous'd these eyes of mine,
To see the field of all mine honor lost?
In vaine I fought a while, to cure the wound
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,
But now the truth is manifestly found:
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,
The shamefull wronge, the scoene and high disdain.
Which

The Tragicomædie

Which faithlesse he most falsly dooth pretena,
To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,
With constant hope, my weaknesse I defend,
O torment, worse then deaths most bitter gall:
Worse then is found in that infernall place;
To see another glory in my fall;
To see another proud with my disgrace,
Why doost thou stay, distressed *Octavia* dyc.
Dead to all ioyes let death thy torments end,
Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:
And to another his affection bend.
Another dooth thy interest enjoy:
And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,
To calme with death, the tempest of annoy,
When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray
Dye dead *Octavia*. What? and basely dyc?
Shall I sit downe and yeeld my selfe to shame?
Shall I content my selfe with wronges, not
Reuenge *Octavia*, or thou art too blams.
Dye neuer vnreuegd of such a wrong.
My power is such that I may well preuaile.
And rather then I will endure it long,
With fier and sword I will you both assaile.
My nature doth abhorre to be thus vsed,
My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie:
My birth, my state, disdaine to be abused,
And I will deeply score thy periurie.
Then greefe giue place a while vnto disdaine,
Mylde pittie, make thee wings and flye away.

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And death, withdraw thy hastie hand againe,
Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.
How now *Octavia*, whither wilt thou flye?
Not what thou maist, but do thou what is iust:
Shall these same hands attempt iraprietief
I may, I can, I will, I ought, I must,
Reuenge this high disgrace, this *Cæsar* will,
Byrthe, nature, reason, all require the same.
Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.
Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues sacred name.
How then? euen thus, with patience make thee strong,
The heauens are iust, let them reuenge thy wrong.
Cruell to me, selfe-wronging *Antony*,
Thy follie shall not make *Octavia* sinne:
Ile be as true in vertuous constancie,
As thou art false and infamous therein.
Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,
As thou notorious for so leawd a life.
Cæsar. As is a sweet pearle-dropping siluer showre,
Which some milde cloud down from the shadie skies
Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth power:
Such is *Octavias* sight to *Cæsars* eyes:
Hath *Antons* trauaile gaine the goulden fleecce,
Or hath *Octavia* faild of hir entent?
Is *Antony* within the bounds of *Greece*,
Or dooth he stay at *Blanchbourg* malecontent?
Oct. O *Cæsar*, how my now distracted minde
Vnites it selfe to render worthy thanks:
But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No

The Tragicomædie

No hope to hide *Antonius* lustful pranks,
I him besought, by all that words might say,
By this same ring that knit the *Gordian* knot:
By all the rights past on our wedding day,
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.
Looke how some proude hard harted mighty rocke,
Which makes the sea a mirrour for his face,
Repell's the waters with a churchish stroake,
Which mildely striue his body to embrace:
So his indurate minde reiects my words,
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,
His stony heart naught but repulse affords,
And my deterts returne me naught but scorne.

Cæsar. Were not *Octavius* precious in my sight,
Whose will withstood what I did most desire:
The bloody lynes had not been now to wrighte,
Of such reuenge as his leawd deeds require.
But worthy branch of braue *Octavius* lynne,
In *Cæsars* thoughts liue and predominate:
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,
My selfe, my scepter and my royal state.
Then sith I euer graunted your request,
And let you prouue al meanes his loue to winne:
Since you and we in vaine haue done our best,
To stay his foote out of the sincke of sinne,
Now for my sake, if I may ought preuaile,
For dead *Octavius* neuer stained worth:
For deare *Antoniuses* loue, and your auaile,
Excuse no more his faithlesnesse hencefoorth,

Yield

of the vertuous Octavia.

Yield but to this, liue heere and banish care,
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:
Liue like a Queene, remember who you are,
And let me rouse him from his *Leuicams* bed.
I leaue you this house of his, and what is his,
Stand of your selfe since he entends your fall:
Dishonor not your name with others misse,
If love cannot recall him, terror shall.

Oct. Dishonor not my name! O *Cæsar* no,
My miserie is not of that degree:
Wrought by my follie or fore'd by my foe,
Which mought attribute that disgrace to me.
Tis paine, and greefe, to beare and suffer wrong,
But shame and tinnie to him that dooth the same:
True patience can mildly suffer long,
Where rage and surie do our liues defame.
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong,
And temperance not to be mou'd with all:
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,
And wisdoms worke to free our selues from thrall.
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base feare,
Without reuenge to suffer iniurie:
Its cowardize vnworthy wrongs to beare,
And madnesse to giue way to trecherie,
Well then, reuenge, but what? *Octauias* wrong,
Of whom? of *Antony*. And who is he?
Ah my detre Lord, that will returne ere long,
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.
If not, Ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

D

He

The Tragicomædie

He is my selfe, his greefe procures my paine.
With spoile and losse? O no that were not good,
By certaine losse to hope for doubtfull gaine.
How then? be false as he is most vntrue.
One wound dooth not an others balme procure.
Flame is not quencht with flame, but both reuege,
A double force not easie to endure.
Whence springs reuenge? from malice and disdain:
Then speake not of it, for it is in vaine.
Earth open first thise vndeuicid lawes,
And swallow me in thine infernall wombe:
Eare willingly I swarue from vertues lawes,
Truthe my loues childbed was, truthe be his tombe.

Ces. Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,
As he is false, forsworne, and fondly bent:
Then would I thinke it reason to approue,
And highly praise your vertuous entent.
But sith he willingly doth you forsake,
And wilfully perlistes to do vs wrong:
High honor dooth require our swords to take,
Most iust reuenge, which we may not prolong.

Ob. His falshood dooth not malice raise in me,
But rather shewes how fraile mans nature is:
An argument which bids me carefull be,
Least I my selfe should likewise do amisse.

Ces. Can my perswasions then no whit preuaile?
Can my request no thought of yeelding finde?
Can you esteeme of him whose truth dooth faile?
There are few women of *Octauias* minde.

Ob.

of the vertuous *Octavia*.

Ob. Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:
We imitate the multitude too much,
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.
The number of the vertuous is so small,
That few delight to tread that loaneley way:
But wisdomes heires are iealous of their fall,
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight,
Because they seldome saw the like before,
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,
And others errors make them feare the more.
How sencelessly we sleepe in follies bedde,
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme
Wise, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,
To vse that least which we do most esteeme?
Then ought a prince to feare much more then any:
Least his fault be a president to many.

Ces. And is it vertue then to be misused?

Ob. To giue no cause why we should be abused.

Ces. Do but consent, lle act and beare the blame.

Ob. To give consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.

Ces. And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then?

Ob. Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.

Ces. But he persists in hatefull trecherie.

Ob. True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.

Ces. How may they loue, who worlds of distance part?

Ob. He is not far thats lodg'd within the heart.

Ces. But time, and absence, will consume all loue.

D 2

Ob.

The Tragicomædie

Oct. Sooner the hart, which doth those passions proue.

Cæs. Not so, no mortall dartè neare loue is found.

Oct. But we are mortall which endure the wound.

Cæs. Yet leaue this house, if not his loue deny.

Oct. First let this soule out of his lodging flye.

Cæs. Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?

Are his deserts in such abundant store?

Must all I do be fruitlesse and in vaine?

Antoniüs be your guide, I say no more.

Oct. If that my words so much offend your minde,

O silent death, thou my best refuge art:

O breake my heart, for *Cæsar* is vnkinde,

In silent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.

Cæs. What in a trauince? O sister, sister deare,

Light of my life, deare modell of my soule:

Hurt not your selfe, O banish needlesse feare,

Woe, woe, to me, that did you thus controule:

O deare *Octauius*, I spake but to prouue,

How farre your thoughts were bent with ieaalousie;

To see if malice had exilde your loue;

To finde how you esteemd of *Antony*.

Oct. O *Cæsar* more belou'd then these same eyes,

More then the light which glads my tired life:

Do not my truly louing minde despise,

Kill not my heart with this your factious strife.

Alasse tis not his house that I respect,

His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:

I would the worlds great treasure neglect,

Rather then hazard *Cæsars* discontent.

Tis

of the vertuous Octauius.

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde,

Or partiall loue that makes my faith so strong:

Too well alasse my selfe abus'de I finde,

And this my hart too sensible of wrong.

And what is worse, this wrong so full of scorne,

As mought incense the mildest minde aliue:

To see my Lord a gracelesse Queene suborne,

And my dishonour carelesly contriue.

Nay worse then that, if worse then that may be,

No creature euer felt the like disgrace:

Each wronged wight may hope for remedie,

My shamefull storie nothing may deface.

For if my Lord would cure this wound againe:

Yet woe is me, the scarre will still remaine.

In these respects, perhaps I could be brought,

To strike reuenge as deepe as any could:

I want no meanes wherby it mought be wrought,

For many thousands wish it if I would.

And what is more, my selfe can scarcely let:

But *Cæsars* sworde for me would pay the debt.

But when I finde in closet of my heart,

How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,

How I haue vow'd that nought but death should

From him my loue, and my fidelitie. (part

When that I see the vulgar peoples eyes,

Make my designs the patterne of their deeds:

How with my thoughts they striue to sympathize,

And how my misse their certaine error breeds,

When that I finde how my departute were,

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D 3

The

The Tragicomædie

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres :
Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,
A hated hell though not the happie starres.
Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,
In mortall wounds and bloudie lines enrowled,
The argument of my calamities,
Whom proud mischance, vniustly thus controwled.
Shall neuer two such noble Emperours,
Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake;
Shall neuer for my sake such mightie powers,
The doubtfull chaunce of battle vndertake,
Shall neuer tongue recount *Octauius* error,
An instance of his faithlesse periurie
Ile rather dye the worlds vnspotted myrrour,
And with my faith surmount his iniurie.

Cæs. Well sister, then I see that constancie
Is sometimes seated in a womans brest :
Your strange designs euen from your infancie,
Can neuer without wonder be exprest.
Oct. I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,
That they are faithlesse and vnconstant euer :
For me, I thinke all women striue to finde
The perfect good, and therein to perseuer.
Euen as a Torche, or Sulphure poudered light,
Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,
Fayles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,
Till arte obscure, or force put out the same :
Such is the minde in womans brest contained,
With the true zeale of vertues loue enflam'd,

We

of the vertuous Octauius.

We may be dead, but liuing neuer stained,
We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.
Cæs. Wel, for your selfe proceed as you thinke best:
Time and the heauens, must see these wrongs redrest.

Cæs. *Titus.* *Plancus.*

Great peeres that striue with wisdoms sacred fame,
To ouer-lie all humane memory:
Shew me, for what entent you hither came,
What cause you to reuolt from *Antony*?

Tit. By our access we nothing else entend,
But humbly to beseech your maiestie :
Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,
Our wronged selues from hatefull iniurie.
Proud *Cleopatra*, *Aegypts* craftie Queene,
Rules *Antony*, and wrongs she cares not where :
So insolent hir late attempts haue been,
As no pride-scorning *Romaine* heart can beare.
She is become our Queene and gouernour,
And we whose courage feares the force of no man:
By seruite basenesse of our Emperour,
Must be content to stoope vnto a woman.

Cæs. What Angel Queen rules those *Nyleiah* coasts,
Whose beaurie can so ouer-rule mens mindes :
What goddesse can command the man that boasts
To equall *Iulius*, in his high designs.

Plan. If in those gifts, by nature we enioy,
Vnto *Octauius* sacred maiestie,
Shes be but comparable any way:

D 4

Be

The Tragicomædie

Be neuer *Romines* so disgrac'd as we,
But for hir artificiall ornaments,
For poine, for pride, for superfluitie,
For all excesse that folly represents:
She doth exceed the height of vanitie.
Hir sunne-burnt beautie cannot please his sight,
That hath a minde with any reason fraught:
But tis hir *Syren* tongue that dooth delight,
Hir craftie *Cyrces* wit which hath him caught.
As when from *Athens*, *Niger* made returne,
And did relate the Emperesse entent,
Which he of purpose had in charge to learne:
And did hir princely gifts to him present.
And further did with truth discovering words,
Ottavias well deserved praises frame:
An argument which to that Queene affords,
A furious blast to raise a lealious flame.
Then did she nothing vnattempted leaue,
That art mought frame, or wit mought well deuize:
Which mought his minde, of reason quite bereaue:
And thus she straight began to *Syrenize*.
Shee pines hir body with the want of food,
That she mought seeme to languish for his sake:
And by hir geitures would be vnderstood,
How from his absence she hir death should take.
Hir deepe lamenting lookes fixt in his face,
In silent termes present an earnest sute:
As who should say, O pittie my hard case,
Whom violence of passion maketh mute.

Then

of the vertuous Octauia.

Then would she stand of purpose in his way,
In any place where he should passage make:
And there as though vnwilling to bewray,
What bitter grieffe she inwardly did take:
Downe from her eyes distils a Christall tyde,
Which at his coming she would dry againe,
And sodainly would turne her head a side,
As though vnwilling to reueale her paine.
Thus in his presence ravisht with ioy,
She smiles, and shewes, what mirth she can deuize:
But in his absence drowned with annoy,
She seemes to take her life from those his eyes.
Then Meeremaid-like his scences she inuades,
With sweetest nectar of a sugered tongue:
Vnto her will, she euer him perswades,
The force of her words witch-craft is so strong.
Then came the kenell of her flattering crew,
Who largely paint the story of her death,
Like feede Attorneys they her sute renue,
And hunt *Antonius* spirits out of breath.
Wherewith assayl'd, he like a man enchanted,
To make her know she need not to misdoubt him:
Or like to one with some mad fury haunted,
Assembleth all the people round about him.
In that fayre City royalliz'd by fame,
By that great *Macedonius* monarke builded:
Of whom it tooke beginning, birth and name,
Where on a high *Tribunall* teate which yielded,
A large prospect, were plac'd too chayes of gold;

One

The Tragicomædie

One for himselfe, another for her grace,
And humbler seates which mought her childrē hold,
Of such like mettall, in the selfe same place.
There he establisht *Cleopatra*, Queene
Of *Ægypt*, *Cyprus*, and of *Lidia*:
And that his bounty mought the more besene,
He ioyn'd thereto the lower *Syria*.
*Casari*on, heyre apparant to her grace
Was constituted King of those same lands.
His owne two sonnes by her were there in place,
Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.
These two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,
And to the eldest gaue *Armenia*,
The country *Media*, and forthwith enstalled
Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.
To *Ptolomy* he gaue *Phœnicia*,
And all the territories there adioyning:
The vpper *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,
Vnto them both peculiar guards assignning.
A *Median* gowne the elder of them ware,
And all th' *Armenian* souldiers so instructed:
Accomplishing the charge they had before,
About him came and thence they him conducted.
In *Macedonian* robes the other stands,
In distance from his brother little space:
About him came the *Macedonian* bands,
And guarded safe his person from the place.
These things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdest voice,
Vnto all peoples eares forthwith imparted,

Whereat

of the vertuous Octavia.

Whereat some frowne, some murmur, some reioyce,
Whiles he, with his immortall queene departed.

Ca. Immortall? why you said she was not such.

Pla. Not she, but her attyre did claime thus much.

Ca. Was her attyre so admirable then?

Pla. Scorning the basenes of vs mortall men.

Clad like the Goddesse *Isis* she did goe:

Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her so

Ca. When that *Appolloo*rus on his backe,

A flockbed did to *Iulius Caesar* bring:

With thongs of leather trust vp like a sacke;

As though there had been need of such a thing,

Where was the Goddesse when this came to passe?

Pla. Shee, noble shee, was ryding on her Ass.

Ca. When *Antony* about the streeres doth runne,
Liftning at each mans window in the night:

To heare what in the house is said or done,

And with strainge noyses passengers affright.

Where is this Goddesse then so highly blest?

Pla. She ambles after to laugh at the iest.

Ca. And shal our state maintaine their hateful pride?

Shall bleeding *Rome* procure their wanton peace?

Tis time we stould a remedy prouide,

And their ambition speedily suppress.

Chorus.

The Tragicomædie

Chorus.

WHat guiled baits of sinne,
Doe still procure our misse:
And seeke our soules to winne,
From theyr eniended blisse?
Euen nature's selfe doth draw,
And force vs still to stray:
And violate the law,
Which reason makes our guide.
Of pleasures we alowe,
Which doe our thralldom bring:
When flatterling Vertue now,
Is scarcely iudg'd a thing,
The one a poore conceipt, the other proov'd a King.

If that it be so sweete,
To tread the path of sinne:
And so exceeding meere,
We should not walke therein,
On nature most kinde,
That prooves weak reason's foe:
O reason too too blinde,
That crosseth nature so.
Thrice mis-leading foes,
Conclude false errors traine:
Misleading most of those,

Which

of the vertuous Octavia.

Which Vertues praise would gaine,
Whose force, Unlesse we soyle, we labour all in Gaine.

The examples of the most,
Which most doe take least care,
To anchor on the coaste,
Where sacred Vertues are.
Sweete Syrenizing tongues,
In flattery most expert:
Whose ill perswading songes,
Our senses doe peruert.
And mens iniurious deede,
Doe cause vs to digresse:
Our error fury breeds,
When wronges our mindes oppresse. (distresse.)
These treason working mates, still worke our great

Ex.amples make vs bolde,
To tread the doubtfull way,
Which we before were tolde,
Would lead vs quite a stray.
Perswasions kindly mooue,
And winne vs to doe ill:
Whose payson when we proove,
We paysoned, lone it still,
But iniury more strong,
Doth fiercely vs incite:
By suffering to doe wronge,
Forgetfull of the right,

All

The Tragicomædie

All these thrice Vertuous Queene, assaile thee with
(their might.

Who can vile deedes despise,
And flattering tongues neglect:
With malice temporize,
As wisdom doth direct.
Giue him the Lawrell crowne,
Triumphans Victors weare:
The tytles of renowne,
Which Vertues monarkes beare.
And thou most glorious queene,
These traytor foes repell:
That Vertue may be seene,
In that your sexe to dwell.
And brauely & iust thy worth where he most basely sel.

Actus quartus.

Octauia. Mecenas. Agrippa. Caesar.

YOn haughty Lords, that bury death, and fate,
In liuing monuments of lofty fame:
Whose worthy praise doth claime the boundles
wherewith eternity doth blaze her name. (date,
Gainst whom raise you these forces in such haste?
Gainst whom lead you this danger threatening power?
Doth hatefull *L. Annibali* your confines waste?

Or

of the vertuous Octauia.

Or Brennus sword your liues seeke to deuoure:
No no my Lords, this your concea'd designe,
Resounding Echoes of most strange debate:
With tragike tydings fill'd these ears of mine,
That powr'd on me the storme of all your hate.
Neuer since princelie hande of *Syluius* sonne,
Laide the foundations of these stately towers:
Did sharpe mischaunce so much eclyps the sunne,
Of our good fortune, with such fatall lowers.
But if that wisdom euer found a place,
Within your soules, which beautifies your praise:
Now shew the fame, and saue from high disgrace,
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing ioyes.
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,
As doubtfull as deare bought the victory:
Mans destiny is chain'd by vnkowne sturres,
To happy ioyes or mournfull misery.
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes,
But neighbors, kinfolkes and your dearest friends:
Whose wounds bleed shame, and deep hart-peircing
Instead of conquest this is your amendes. (woes,
But if my Lord obtaine the Lawrell wreath,
And fortune smile on him with like success:
What fatall tempests, furious rage will breath,
From his hearts caue, your selues may easily gresse:
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,
What Lyon thoughts tyre on his haughty soule.
Where wronged valour raignes tis hard to finde,
Such pitty as may honors pride coutroule.

Then

The Tragicomædie

Then sith your course to loose your selues is bent,
To loose your lites or purchase liuing shame:
Let wisdomes eyes, blinde errors faults preuent,
With easie a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
Be aduocates for me to *Caesars* grace,
And stop in time the current of his hate:
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,
Where swords haue pleaded, words wil come too late.
You know my fortune euer hath been such,
As dazeled *Enuiers* eyes with honors shine:
But since *Antonius* hath augmented much,
This soueraignty, and great estate of mine,
Since nature, fortune, birth and maiesty,
In fields of glory stirre vp ciuill warres,
Which of them most should raise my dignity,
And lift mine honor nereest to the starres,
Since these two Emperours whose princely hands,
Doe sway the scepter of the *Romaine* state:
The one my brother, liakt in natures bands,
The other is my spouse and louing mate,
Since heauens them selues did in my life prouide,
To shew the map of their felicityes:
This *Roome* my Lords and all the world beside,
Make me the object of their wondring eyes.
Thus I that was more happy then the rest,
And did excell in glory and renoune:
With more then most disgrace shall be suppress,
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
And that which nature granies the meanest wight,

They

of the vertuous *Octavia*.

They cannot loose which haue the conquest wonne:
Yet with this strange *Dylemma* workes my spight,
Who's euer winne *Octavia* is vndone.
Great Emprresse, this bright sunne can witness well,
So can these heauens before whose powers I stand:
That gainst our mindes *Caesar* doth vs compell,
This enterprize you see, to take in hand.
But for my selfe, and if the case be such,
That but report is auctor of this iarre:
If *Caesars* honor may be free from touch
Of any stain, relinquishing the warre.
He doe my best, and what I may perswade,
To lay downe armes, wherein if I preuaile:
A perfect league of friendship shall be made,
That may the fury of this tempest quail.
And pardon me (deate soueraigne) though my speech
Include exceptions in this doubtfull wise:
I may not *Caesar* moue, nor him beseech,
What may his maiestie disoyallize.
This said, behold my hand, my sword, my soule,
Heere humbly prostrate at your princely feete:
What you command let none dare to controule,
This *Caesar* will and this we thinke most meete.
Arg. Madam, your speech I thinke doth not extend,
To the disparagement of your owne bloud:
And sooner shall my life haue finall end,
Then I refuse to doe your highnes good.
Though last my speech, yet second vnto none
Is my desire, & essequiate your will:

E

But

The Tragicomædie

But loe where *Caesar* comes himselfe alone, (skil.
Anne we our tongues with words, our words with

Caes. Fayer issue of renown'd *Octavianus* race,
My second selfe, *Romes* glorious Emperesse:
Behold vs all assembled heere in place,
To worke your safety and your wrongs redresse.
Your Lord *Antonius* (as we heare) doth threaten,
To power sharpe stormes of deep reuenging Ire,
Vpon our heads: and make th' imperiall seat
His sole possession, ere he hence retire.

But let him know, though finely he pretend,
To guilde iniustice with a Priests name:
Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,
What he begins, he may repent the same.

Oct. My gracious Lord, high words doe but encrease
The flame of valour in incensed mindes:
Leaue atmes my Lord, and let vs treat of peace:
Who best doth speed in war, smal safety findes,
Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,
Let not new dangers needlesse trophies raise.
Let not th' effect of hateful deeds be showne,
Against my Lord who may deserue your praise.

Caes. Shal he be prais'd that is become our foe,
Staine of our name, foile of the *Romaine* state:
A seruile man, contriuert of our wo,
And from all honor doth degenerate?
Nay what is more, tis said he doth pretend,
To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.

Oct. Can soule suspicion then, and false report,

In

of the vertuous Octavia.

In wisdomes confines holde so large a place:
That it can foyle our reason in such sort,
To fly the good, and worke his owne disgrace?
The auncient *Romaines* wont to draw their swordes,
To purchase honor, of their stoutest foes:
But you whose groundes are vaine surmized words,
By seeking honor, shall your honors loose,
Fame hath two wings, the one of false report:
The other hath some plumes of veritie;
Why then should doubtful rumour, raise a forte
Of mortall hate, against my Lord and me.
Suppose he rais'd as you haue done, a power:
He to defend, not to offend his friend,
The heuens forbid that any fatal hower,
Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.
Vnhappy no, he neuer failes amisse,
That foiles his foe before his final ende:
High honor, nor long life, the treasure is,
Which vobles mindes without respect defend.

Oct. The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.

Caes. Tis honor all whose end imports our good.

Oct. O wretched state where men make halte to dye.

Caes. True valour feesles nor griefe nor misery.

Oct. He is your brother, be not then vnkinde.

Caes. Iustice, not pittie, fits a Princes minde.

Oct. He hath done nothing, spare an innocent.

Caes. He doth too much that beares a false entent.

Oct. You both are stronge and both will buy it deare.

Caes. I arm'd with iustice, know not how to feare.

E 2

Oct.

The Tragicomædie

O A. O *Cæsar* shall my heart be made a stage,
For you to play a bloudie tragedie?
Shall feare misfortune, breathing spitefull rage,
Make me vicegerent of all misery?
If both of you misled in crours maze,
Doe seeke reuenge of misconceiued wrongs,
For your owne sakes out of your fancies raze,
The spots of mallice grafted with your tongues.
But if mischance haue offered disgrace,
To eyther party: O let me entreate,
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,
A fault so small, with breath of words made great.
Cæ: Bright lamp of vertue, honors liuing flame,
Whosoeuer winne, you can no losse sustaine:
Whom partiall fortune list to crowne with fame,
His be the day, the triumph and the game.
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,
Or els your brother, who will both consent,
To trie their fortunes with the dinte of sword,
But shild you as the worlds chiefe ornament.
If both we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)
All that suruiue, are subiect to your will.
Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still.
no ear so deaf which hath not heard your name; (inire
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire.
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

O E. 1.

of the vertuous Octauius.

O A. But many you, and I their burthen beare.
Cæ: Tis reason I, none els my grieffe sustaine.
O A. Where nature forceth, reason is but vaine.
And therefore *Cæsar* heere I thee beseech,
By these same scepter-bearing hands of mine:
By these same teates, true witnes of my speech;
By that same princely port and grace of thine;
By all the loue thou bear'st to *Acciaes* ghost,
By all the rightes that louing mindes hoid deare;
Lay armes aside dismiss this puissant hoast,
Let friendly truce release my minde of feare.
If not, ile drowne my life in these same teates,
And tyre with plaints the *Pandionian* birds:
Tyre th' *Halciones*, with grieffe that beares
To high a strain, for highest chyming words.
Ile make the sunne for pity cloath his steedes
In sorrows liuery, and disdain your sight:
Force niggard *Pluto* with my wofull deeds,
To entertaine my soules disgraced flight.
Else will I flie and throwde my face from shame,
Where *Pyndus* hides his head amongst the starres:
Or where ambitious *Othris*, wanting flame
Of heauenly lamps, the cloudes swift motion barres.
Ought will I doe, before these eyes behold
Death's visage painted in that princelie face:
Before ile see captiuitie, lay holde
On those faire lims, which merit highest grace.
Before ile see their bloudie weapons drinke,
The nectar of thy life, or tuone stain'd,

E 3

With

The Tragicomædie

With vgly gore : O let me neuer thinke,
Or hope till then, to haue this life maintain'd.
Before that time, death is a welcōme guest
To my liues lodging : and O sisters deare,
If euer pittie dwelt in dyrefull brest,
Draw not my threed till that newes pierce mine eare.
How oft when sleep inuities my drowlic eye,
With natures curtaine to repell the light
And hide my minde from sorrows tyranny,
Vnder the darknes of the silent night?
Shal thy pale ghost desil'd with deaths foule hand,
Stand in my sight, as in the cleere day:
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand,
Affright my minde and chase dead sleep away?
Which being gone, fierce sorrows cruell clawes,
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygers fell:
And gripe my heart with sharpe tormenting pawes,
That thousand times deaths tygour doth excell.

Cæs. O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,
Inuincible *Octauius* cease to plaine:
O had *Antonius* halfe so good a minde,
No discord could betwixt vs two remaine.
My Lords what thinke you, how may we proceed?
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:
And yet *Octauius* crossing this our deed,
Cannot resolue which of vs she would loose.

Agg. I thinke it is a braue and Princey thing,
With fire and sword to ruinate our foes:
But greater glory is it for a King.

To

of the vertuous Octauius.

To saue his subiects from wars common woes.
Tis wisdom noble *Cæsar*, must aduance
Our state beyond the reach of fortune's arme:
Not fierce reuenge which workes effectes by chance,
And gories most when most it worketh harme.
And valour, such as doth contemne all feare,
And guild our actes with honor and renowne:
With gentle demencie, our deeds endear, (downe,
And mount with vertue where chance throwes vs

Meca. The rarest thing a Princes fame to raise,
Is to excell those that are excellent:
All other to surmount in vertues praise,
And be his kingdomes chiefest ornament.
Make quiet peace within his coastes remaine,
And succour those that liue in great distresse:
From bloody slaughter euer to refrain,
With time, and wisdom, passions rage suppress.
These are the wings directing vertues flight,
This is the fuell feeding honors flame,
This is the path that leades to heauen aright
and sun-bright beames that guild braue *Cæsars* name.

Cæs. Pittie my Lords, is often like a maske,
That hides our eyes from seeing what is iust:
Inuiting any t'vndertake the taske,
To worke our woes and execute their lust,
For to neglect the course we haue begun,
Were to betray our selues vnto our foes:
Where keeping stronge though no exploite be done,
Yet gaining nothing, nothing shall we loose.

Why

The Tragicomædie

Why you are ill inform'd of *Antony*,
And his attempts exceed your knowledge farre:
I feare me when you know as much as I,
You'll pleade as fast to prosecute the warre.
But see a stranger hasts into our sight,
With further newes, and if I iudge a right.

Byl. Thrice noble *Cæsar*, hither am I sent.

Having in charge from great *Mark Antony*:

Th'ambassage of his pleasure to present,
Before *Octavia* and thy maiesty.

First he commaunds *Octavia* to depart,
Out of his house, and leave all that is his:

The reason why, he list not to impart,
It must suffice that such his pleasure is.

He likewise will, thy highnesse knowledge take,
How much he scorne thou shouldst his wil with stand;
And thereof meane, with fire and sword to make,
A perfect demonstration out of hand.

Cæs. Will *Antony* our confines then invade,
With Ciuill warres, contriuer of our woe?
Great treason preparation should be made,
For to withstand so puissant a foe.

Byl. Five hundred sail of warlike ships he brings,
Wherewith the froathing Ocean he scoures:
And in his army are eight forraigne Kings,
Eight Kings in person with their mighty powers,
A hundred thousand well arm'd foote, are led
Vnder *Vandius* their chiefe generall:
Twelue thousand horse most strongly furnished,

All

of the vertuous Octavia.

All these are knowne, and knowne these are not all.

Cæs. How now my Lords, is this thinke you a time,
To talke of clemencie? or of delay?

Is not this mischief in his chiefest prime,
Before we could the speedie spring bewray?

What saith *Octavia* to these tidings strange,
Are our coniectures vpon falshood grounded?

Can this suffice your settled thoughts to change?
Are not our liues with mischies Ocean bounded?

Octa. Had I so many tongues to paint my woes,
As euer silent night had shining eyes:

Yet could not all their eloquence disclose,
The throwes of greefe which do my minde surprize.

But would to God, this world of misery,
Mought presently be trebled vnto me:

So that from imminent calamitie,
My deere brother *Cæsar* mought be free.

For me, long since I wel discern'd the storme,
And sought by all meanes how I mought preuent it:

But sith no wit can *Antony* reforme,
O'tis not I, but he, that wil repent it.

I fear'd the stroke before I felt the wound,
But now resolu'd the worst of chance to bide:

True fortune doth in my soule abound,
My honor scorne the height of fortunes pride.

The worst that can befall me is but death:
And O how sweete is his liues sacrifice,

On yetues altar that expires his breath,
And in the armes of innocencie dyes.

They

‡ *The Tragicomædie*

They onely feare, and onely wretched are,
From whose bad liues staine with impietic:
Their dying fame doth to the world declare,
Most shamefull stories of foule infamic,
But those that know not, let them learne in me:
That vertuous minde: can neuer wretched be.

Cæs. My Lords, I will yee presently proclaime
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our state:

That all his soueraignties yee straight reclaine,
And all his dignities annihilate.

We will not see the *Romaine* Empires shine,
By any seruile minde to be defamed:

To manage Steele our nature dooth encline,
Of womens wanton toys we are ashamed.

And therefore with such hast, as may be-fit,
A matter that imports our dearest blood:

Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,
And what we say, there will we make it good.

Adieu *Octavius*, and your selfe prepare
To runne what course of fortune I approue:

If happie starres to vs allotted are,
He neuer be forgetfull of your loue.

Oct. Honour attend thy steps, and till I see,
The period of my worlds declining state:

He neuer to my selfe a traytor bee,
But seeke the means to stay your mortall hate.

Chorus.

of the vertuous *Octavia.*

Chorus.

Earth-ruling beaueuty powers,
Great Ioues immortal mates:
That from your *Christ*, all bowers,
Dyrest all mortall states,
And vs like *Actors* do dispose:
To play what parts: you list & impose.
Must we, poore we, consens
To call you ever iust?
Though you our hearts torment,
Euen after your owne iust?
And for each drop of hoped ioy:
Powre downe whole tempests of annoy.

And that which is much more,
Looke what we best do deeme:
Doth vex our mindes more sore,
Then that we least esteeme.

And that which nature faith is best:
By tryall yeelds vs smallest rest.
Who dooth not wish, to weare
The terrour breeding crowne:
And direfull scepter beare,
As badge of high renoune?

Yet who more iustly do complaine:
That they the brunt of woes sustaine.

Stand

The Tragicomædie

Stand who so list for me,
In highest slipperie place:
Though great their glorie be,
Yet greater their disgrace.
And who so subject to mischance:
As those whom fortune doth aduance.
These base earth-creeeping mates,
Proude enuie neuer spies:
When at the greatest states,
Hir poisoned quiver flies.
Each tempest doth turmoyle the seas:
When litle Lakes haue quiet ease.

Not those that are bedight,
With burnisht glistering gould,
Whose pompe doth steale our sight,
With wonder to behoulde:
That smallest sweets without much gaine:
Nor finde true ioyes within their caine.
This did the heauens impose,
Not that they are eniust:
But for to punish those,
Who glory in their lust.
And our misdeeds procure vs fill:
To seeke our good amongst much ill.

A monster honour is,
Whose eyes are Vertues flame:
His face contempt of this,

Which

of the vertuous Octauia.

Which we pale death do name,
His Lyon heart nought else dooth feare:
But crowing cock of shame to heare.
His wings are high desires,
His feete of Iustice frame:
Food dangerous aspires,
His seat immortal all fame.
Onely the traine of Enuius plumes,
With others growtbe is selfe consumer.

Actus Quintus.

Julia. Geminus. Camilla.

HAth Geminus beheld th' Egyptian Queene,
The auctor of the troubled worlds distresse?
Hast thou hir gifts and rare perfections seene,
That makes Antonius sences thus digresse?
Tell vs, is she so admirable faire,
That Italy hath none which may come nigh hire?
Dooth she all beauties else so much impaire,
Or els indeed, dooth partuall fame be lye hir?
Haue those hir eyes so rare an influence,
To houlde and captiuat mens sences so,
That foyleing wit, and reasons best defence,
They rauished, must needs themselues forgoe?
Gem. I know not what may seem faire in your sight,
Because some like what others discommend:

But

The Tragicomædie

But for my selfe, and if I iudge aright,
Speaking of *Cleopatra* as a trend.
The fairest thing that in her may be seene:
Is, that she is a Ladie and a Queene.
Madame, that sun-burnt coast, yeelds not a face
Which with the *Romain* beauties may compare:
There mought be found a thousand in this place;
Whose naturall perfections are more rare.

Iul. How passing strange it seemes that *Antony*,
Should leaue the paragon of natures pride:
And follow hir whose shamefull luxurie,
Dooth make the world his folly to deride,
Whence should it spring, that such a thing should be?
Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?

Cam. His fault no doubt, & crosseth natures lawes.

Iul. And I thinke not, for nature is the cause.
By nature we are mou'd, nay forst to loue:
And being forst, can we resist the same?
The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prooue:
Who strike the stroke, and poore we, beare the blame.

Cam. Loue sure, frō nature tooke his birth by right,
But loue of what? *Iul.* Of beautie loues delight.

Cam. And what is beautie? *Iul.* first say what is loue?

Cam. Loue's a desire of what doth liking moue.

Iul. Desire doth spring, frō what we wish, and want,
Dooth looe him selfe in winning of his faint:
Enjoying dooth that humor quite supplant,
And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.
If loue were a desire, as you do guesse,

Sith

of the vertuous Octavia.

Sith none desires that which he doth enioy,
We could not loue the thing we do possesse:
For why, enjoying, would our loue destroy.
But this is false, and you haue iudg'd amisse.

Cam. Speak you the truth, whose iudgment better is.

Iul. I thinke this loue a deepe affection sure,
Wrought by th' instinct of natures hidden might,
Which in our hearts an vnion doth procure,
With that which perfect seemes vnto our sight.
Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,
When such a beautie we do chauce to see:
As with our nature best doth sympathize,
Which nature, faultie is, and not poore we.

Cam. Wel, what is beautie? *Iul.* that which liketh best.

Cam. Which liketh who? *Iul.* Some one aboue y rest.

Cam. Why? some do like what others disallowe.
Some loue, what others hate: and few there are
In whom a like affection doth growe,
Of any one thing, though the same be rare.
Were beautie then such as you heere do name,
One thing should be, and not be beautifull,
One thing should be, and yet not be the same:
And that me thinkes were strange and wonderfull.
I rather thinke these outward beauties growe,
From iust proportion and right symmetrie:
Of these same gifts which nature doth bestow,
Vpon vs all in our natiuitie.

Iul. Indeed we see a mixture farrē more fine
In some, then others, wrought by natures frame:

To

The Tragicomædie

To whom the praise of beautie we ascribe,
Yet do not all alike affect the same,
Now, if this were the object of our loue,
We all should like some one that were most faire:
Who should alone most deepe affection moue,
Whil's vulgar minds mought drown in deep despair.
But as no woman easily can endure,
To be depriv'd of beauties lovely praise:
So is there none so much deformed sure,
That in some minds, affection doth not raise.
Ther's none so faire whose beautie all respect,
Altkough we were enforst it should be so:
Some nothing faire, whom we must needs affect,
Though reason, wit, and all the world say no.

Cam. And what should be the cause of all this same?

Iul. I thinke because we lodge in natures frame.

Look how the Loadstone draws nought els but Steele,

Though mettals far more pretious are about it:

Yet this as his fit subiect seemes to seele

His power attractiue, and mooues not without it,

Or as in diuerse instruments we see,

When any one doth strike a tuned string:

The rest which with the same in concord be,

Will shew a motion to that senselesse thing;

VVhen all the other neither stire nor playe,

Although perhaps more musicall then they:

So are our minds, in spight of reasons nay,

Strain'd with the bent of natures sympathie:

VVhose powerfull force, no wit, no arte, can stay.

And

of the vertuous Octauia.

And if you aske a farther reason why:
In these two things, but shew the cause of both:
And then ile tell you why we loue, and loathe.
Now, if the power of nature be so strong
That euen senselesse things yeeld thereto:
O why should we endure so great a wrong,
To beare the blame of that which others doe.
What liuing man can ceasse himselfe to be,
And yet as possible as to refraine,
From that whereto our nature dooth agree:
And spight of vs, doth vs thereto constraîne.
Who can be angry with the senselesse Steele,
For cleauing vnto this hard-hearted thing?
Or blame that which can neither heare, nor seele,
For moouing to the other sounding string.
If these may be excus'd by natures lawes:
O how much more should we be free from blame,
Within whose tender hearts affliction drawes,
Such deepe characters leading to the same.

Cam. Is beautie then, sole object of our loue?

Iul. That which seems so, doth our affection moue.

Cam. I euer thought that vertue had been best.

Iul. We praise that most, but yet esteeme it least.

Ca. Why disesteemd, whose worth is so wel knowne.

Iul. To shew that vice the world hath ouergrowne.

Ca. The name is often hard in each mans mouth.

Iul. The thing more rare then Eagles in the south.

Ca. The thing contemnd can we the name esteeme?

Iul. Yes all that are not such as all would seeme.

F

Rur

The Tragicomædie

But sith this is the beautie of the minde,
And nothing fits our naturall discourse:
Let vs excuses for *Antonius* finde,
And to our former purpose haue recourse.

Cam. No *Tulla*, no, your haruest is too long,
For such a simple croppe as you receiue:
You may not thus persist the truth to wrong,
And with your wit, the world seeke to deceiue.
But Lord how willing are we to inuene,
And finde out couerts to obscure our sinne:
As though to hide the same, and not repent,
Could vs preferue from being drown'd therein.
Tis true, that nature did these buildings frame.
And true, that they to natures power are thrall.
And true, that imperfections foyle the same.
And true, that we by natures weaknesse fall.
And this is true, that God ynnatured all,
And gaue vs wildome to suppress our will:
He gaue vs perfect reason to recall,
Affections scoutes from following what is ill.
Why we are men: and this same sparke diuine,
Our trouping thoughts should marshal in such wise,
That no affect from reason should decline,
Nor rebell passion in our hearts arise.
Th'instinct of nature, which doth all things moue,
Bids loue whereas you like without regards:
But pietie saith, where tis lawfull loue,
Or els hell torments shall be your rewarde.

Octavia.

of the vertuous Octavia.

Octavia. Antonys children.

And is it true, is *Antony* vnkinde?
Hath this new loue, of faith and troath bereft him?
Can sonde affection so obscure his minde,
That not one sparke of honor should be left him?
Can he so far forget his owne good name,
As to dishonor all that are about him?
Ah can he not without a further blame,
Permit them dye that cannot liue without him?
Come poore companions of my misery,
The issue of the faithlest man aliue:
Support the burthen of his trecherie,
Whose base reuolt, our ruine doth contriue.
Come poore beholders of your mothers fall,
Whose innocence mought greater pittie moue:
Your impious father doth despise vs all,
Forfaken we, must other fortunes proue.
Come poore attendants of a falling state,
Whose silent sidence doth my greefe reueale:
Yet be you all much more vnfortunate,
Ere any seedes of leawdnesse rest in you.
Come let vs goe, and leaue this loanely place,
Your fathers dying toue bequeaths you hence:
O liue this house, as from your owne disgrace,
Tis his commaund you should be banisht hence,
Dead *Fulvia*, how can thy imperious ghaost
Endure to see thine *Orphans* thus oppressed?
Yet of mine honor though his loue be lost,

F 2

Whiles

The Tragicomædie

Whiles I suruiue, they shall not be distressed.
O *Antony*, borne of no gentle Syre,
Some cruell *Caucasus* did thee beget:
Euen scencelesse things thy scencelesnesse admire,
And seeme to feele, what thou seemst to forget.
Oft haue I seene, these stones with pittie moued,
Sheed dropping teares, lamenting my disgrace:
When in thy heart where most it most behoued,
No kinde remorse could euer finde a place.
More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beast,
For they but giue a sinale-time lasting death:
With endlesse greefe, my soule thou dost molest,
Which euer killing, neuer steps my breath.
O failing pillar of my falling state!
O fading flower of vertues fairest field!
O why shouldst thou so much degenerate,
And honors byrth-right to dishonor yeeld.
Yeeld to dishonour all that deare bought wealth,
Which earthly kings doth in heauens kingdom place:
Let thy mindes treasure fall away by stealth,
By stealth contriue and worke thine owne disgrace.
O *Ereasma* that my Lord did know,
As thy fonde boye shoothes shaftes of swift desire:
So nightie *Ioue*, sharpe thunder-boults doth throwe,
Confounding such as from his lawes retire.
He nurst in tinne, sees not his owne disgrace,
Augmenting still, our sorrow and his shame:
That greatnesse hides the danger from his face,
But yet my care is doubled with the fame.

The

of the vertuous Othania.

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell raucning beare,
Toucht with th'extremitie of hungrie paine,
The guiltlesse cattle furiously do teare:
And being fed, from crueltie reiraine.
But tyrānizing greefe prayses on the heart,
And cloyed with sighes and reages doth still perseuer:
His raging furie nothing may diuert,
But still, still fed, is satisfied neuer.
O happie he, a thousand times and more,
Whose quiet thoughts so milde a calme do gaine:
That neither hope can force from safeties shore,
Nor deepe despaire can sincke on mischiefes maine,
But maiestic, and honour, for these too,
Shalbe the onely obiects of mine eye:
What vertue saith is iust, that will I doe,
Thus I resolute liue, thus will I dye.

Geminus. Byllius. Othania.

And are you sure that *Antony* is slaine?
May we beleecue that this report is true?
Byl. Why should you wish me to recount againe,
The story that doth double greefe renew?
O had you but discovered with your eyes,
The face of woe in all that present were:
Or heard their dolefull noyse and shrieking cries,
You would haue cause to greeue and not to feare.
Oth. What tragick tidings bring these wofull wights,
That ring such peales of horror in mine eares?
What vnknowne cause your martiall hearts affrighte?
What

F 3

What

The Tragicomædie

What silent griefe in your sadde lookes appears?
Byl. Did but our words import the sound of woe,
To wound your eares withall were double sinne:
But sicke your highnesse will, it should be so,
And that your safetic is contain'd therein;
We will not from your grace conceale the same;
And though we should, yet time will open all.
From *Egipts* common woes I lately came,
And did bewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall.
OA. Is *Antony* ore throwne? *Byl.* Yes all is lost.
His power and forces wholly are decayed:
He is deceiued by hir he loued most,
By *Cleopatra* shamefully betrayed.
And she that taught him first to swim in sinne:
Was euen the first that drown'd his life therein.
OA. Ah, by what meanes did she my Lord abuse?
Byl. By such a meanes as leawd offenders vse.
For when the warres at first pretended were,
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hir:
Shee fearing least hir selfe not being there,
He haply mought be moued to forsake hir,
Shee sees *Canidius* our cheefe Generall,
Him to perswade, that she mought present be:
He sues, obtaines, and we embarked all,
Make ioyfull hast our wofull end to see:
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,
And neither side could disaduantage spye:
Like one that knew a secret cause of feare,
Out of the armie she began to flye.

Loc

of the vertuous Octavia.

Loe, how no greatnesse can our conscience free,
From inward horror of our wicked deeds:
For that same better part of vs doth see,
A greater power whose Iustice terrour breeds,
But he, whose thoughts were to hir lookes enchained,
Although the armie did no losse sustaine,
As though for hir he had the world disdain'd:
Forsakes them all, and after flies againe.
Whose causelesse feare so much dismayd the hoast,
Who scorn'd to fight for him which runne away:
That with small hurt, the battle there was lost,
And *Cesar* had the honor of the day.
The Legions, thus depriv'd of a guide,
Themselues to *Cæars* clemencie submit:
Antonius basenesse they do all deride,
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.
But Lyon-harted *Cesar* still proceeds,
His strength is doubled, weakned is his foe:
Vnto *Pelusium* hastely he speedes,
These fugitiues may not escape him so.
There lay *Antonius* nauie in the rode,
Who yelded when *Augustus* fleet was seene:
And likewise shewed how *Antony* abode,
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,
Who seeing thus himselfe depriv'd of ayde,
Cryes out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him:
She whether guiltie, or perhaps affraid,
That fro hir slaughter nothing could haue staid him;
Flies from his sight, and fallselly sends him word,

F 4

That

The Tragicomædie

That she (drownd in despaire) by life had slaine :
Wherwith entrig'd, he takes a bloudie sword,
And breathing out these speeches all in vaine,
O *Cleopatra* princeesse of my heart ;
And art thou dead ? lo dying I adore thee :
This more then death, doth now procure my smart,
That wanting courage, I went not before thee ;
With that yet warme death-coloured instrument,
In his faire brest he did the gate set ope,
Which to the earth, his bloudlesse limbs hath sent :
His dying soule vp to the heauens I hope.

Isa. And is he dead ? *Byl.* His better part yet liueth,
But to his corps a tombe sweet quiet giueth

Olla. O poore *Promethius*, now I feele thy paines.
Greekes greedie vulture feedes vpon my heart :
Vpon my head a shower of mischiefes raines,
And all the heauens conclude to worke my smart.
O my *Antonus*, O my Lord, my Lord :
O that *Oliuina* had been slaine for thee ;
O that the heauens would vnto me aford,
That this my bloud might thy liue in some be.
Mine was the wound thou gauest that nobly brest,
That purple streame extracted from my heart :
In my deepe passions is thy deare exprest.
Thou feilst the stroke, but I endure the smart,
And O that greece did not thus stop my breath,
And all my words dissolue in showers of teares.
That I might worthily lament thy death,
And *Catadupa*-like, dull all mens cares.

Vnhappy

of the vertuous Octauia.

Vnhappy world, the image of paine,
The stage where miserie actes a dyrefull part :
What hast thou had, what dost thou now containe,
Which but a thought of pleasures mought impart.
Not one care-wanting houre my life hath tasted :
But from the very instant of my birth,
Vncessant woes my tyred heart haue wasted,
And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.
Looke how one waue, another still pursueth,
When some great tempest holds their troups in chase :
Or as one houre an others losse reneweth,
Or posting day supplies anothers place ;
So do the billows of affliction beate me,
And hand in hand the stormes of mischiefes goe ;
Successiue cares with utter ruine threat me,
Griefe is chain'd with griefe, and woe with woe.
Yet must I beare it with a patient minde :
For why the heauens haue this to me assign'd.

Chorus.

I *Nexorable fates,*
That on both high and low
Your equall rigour showe,
Correcting all estates,
And flattery mindes suppressing,
Your fauour none may whine,

No

The Tragicomædie

No cloake or faulcs can hide:
Eus needs we must abide,
The punishment of sune,
 And hope for no releasing.
No greatnes may wish stand,
No words can pittie moue:
But we must all approoue,
The rigour of your hand:
 Great Ioues decrees expressing.

Great Ioues decrees, which some,
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:
Are not indeed the same,
But heauens eternall doome:
 Our witlesse steps directing.
Their speech exceeds our skill,
Their words pierce not our eares:
But in our life appears,
The legent of their will:
 Our errors misse correcting.
Then let the greatest know,
Dole on their ruine feedes:
Whiles they obscure Sile deedes,
Vnder a glorious shew;
 The Vulgar sort infecting.

Octauia still distressed,
Dost not to vs declare,
How they most murthered are,

Who

of the vertuous Octauia.

Who are with griefe oppressed:
 But shewes what heauen requireth.
How through affliction great,
Great troubles and annoy:
We finde the doubtfull way,
That leades to Vertues seate:
 Which wisdomes selfe desireth.
In fairest christ all stone,
Let men her trophies shew:
That all the world may know,
Heere liueth such a one,
 As Vertues height aspireth.

Sharpe griefe and sweet delight,
Are Gyants to approoue:
If ought may vs remoue,
And turne vs from the right,
 Thence double error springeth.
The weakest wrought his fall,
Whiles that Octauia true:
The other did subdawe,
And purchast therewithall:
 That fixe her honor singeth.
A monument most rare,
Of pure Arabian gold,
The highest worth tenfold,
Let arte for her prepare:
 Who time in triumph bringeth.

Time

The Tragicomædie

Time shall endeare thy name,
Wish honors breath make sweet:
The earland is most meece,
For such as winne the same;

Thy Vertue best deserued.

Whiles any sparke of worth,
Doth lodge in womans brest:
Thy praise among the best,
Be euermore henceforth,

In noblest mindes preferued.

Of Diamonds most pure,
A tombe let Angels frame:

And there engraued her name,

For euermore t'endure,

T'eternity referued.

L' aqua non seruo de l'eterno oblio.

FINIS.



To the honorable, ver-
suous, and excellent: Mistresse
Mary Thimne.



Worthy of all the titles of honor, & nature, vertue, wisdom and worth; may bestow on their worthiest, & most fauoured possessors: hauing lately extracted the memory of *Othania* out of the ashes of oblivion: my thoughts continuing (perhaps longer then was fitte) the current of that stream, have made some idle houres conuert themselues into the missiue Epistles betweene the vertuous *Othania* and the licentious *Antony*, wherein although my slender skill, hath no way bin answerable to the height of your noble conceipt, that the sight of them might breed you the least content; yet since they are done (presuming vpon your accustomed Clemency) I humbly submit them to your fauourable censure. If you therefore who are the mother

The Dedicat.

ther, or (vnder your correction, to say better, the murderer) if concealing may be called a murder,) of such excellent, & vertuous knowledges and perfections, as are able to register a vulgar minde in the famous roules of neuer-ending eternity, will allow the meane and humble conceiptes of others: your honor shalbe aduanced to the highest pitch of their possibility. If you will esteeme the small portion of iudgement in other men, the excellency whereof you will not acknowledge in your selfe: theyr industry shall neuer cease, to wing your fame, till it haue towred beyond the reach of death, and obliuion. Accept therefore I beseech you the memorials of this vertuous Empreffe: that your worthines may increase these worthlesse lynes; these lynes record her memory, her memory aduance your glory; your glory purchase all wished felicitie, and your high felicities, euer increase till time giue place vnto eternity.

Humbly yours,
S. B.



The Argument.



Crauia seeing the long stay of her husband Marke Antony with Cleopatra the Ægyptian queene: And finding by often tryall, that nothing mought preuaile to recall his obstinate minde from her unlawfull loue: Intended a voyage to visse him her selfe in person. But in the way she receiued letters from him, requiring her not to approach or come neere him, but to make her stay at Athens (where she was at that time) for that he meant without longer delay there to come vnto her. She expecting his promise (as at all other times) in vaine: and finding her selfe frustrate of all hope to attaine her desire: writeth vnto him (as it may be supposed) to this effect.

Octavia to Antonius.

Now when these lines (mine owne deare Lord)
 Shall first approach thy sight,
 (These lines which sorrow, feare and loue
 Compel'd my hand to write)
 First but behold the writers name,
 Which doth thine eyes awaite,
 (Her name as full of constant truth,
 As thou of false decept)
 And see if any memory,
 Of her doe yet remaine,
 If not, reiect it from thine eyes,
 To read it were but vaine.
 From thence (if shame will thee permit)
 Proceed vnto the rest:
 It is not much to view my deed,
 Tough thou doe me detest.
 When true relation (woe is me
 That I must call it true)
 Of thy most odious faithlesse,
 First came vnto my view:
 Euen as a man with sodaine stroke,
 Of thunders mighty force,
 Which for a time both life and sence,
 From body doth diuorce,
 Bereft of motion, stands amaz'd
 With terror of the blow;
 And though aliue, yet cannot tell

Where

Octavia.

Where he doe liue or no:
 So stood I sencelesly appal'd;
 With horror of the thing
 Which now alas, too well I finde,
 Doth my destruction bring:
 How faine I would not haue beleu'd,
 That thou shouldst faithlesse be.
 How faine I would haue made my selfe,
 A liar false for thee.
 But thou art gone, fled and forsworne,
 And naught may thee recall:
 Thou liuest secure and tak'st no care,
 What may poore me befall.
 O deep dissembling faithlesse man,
 That dost me thus beguile:
 S' daine not of her thou louedst once,
 To heare the truth a while.
 Was it for this thou shedst those teares,
 O Crocodile vnkinde,
 When lastly thou didst part from me,
 With shew of constant minde?
 Did not those shewing eyes assure
 A neuer changing loue?
 Did not that periur'd tongue,
 Their euidence approue?
 Did not those fouled smect, embrace
 This body now despis'd?
 And that dissembling heart relent,
 With too much loue surpriz'd?
 O deare *Octavia* (didst thou say)
 Though

Octavia.

Though we must parted be:
But for a time, yet that small time
Seemes thousand yeere to me.
When I from thee shall be remou'd,
From all ioyes I shall part:
Yet farthest when I am remou'd,
With thee shall rest my heart.
Then sweet take thou no care for me,
But sighes and teares neglect:
And shortly if the heauen permit,
My safe returne expect.
Heere would I haue replied faine,
When griefe me tongue did stay:
And al my words dilolu'd to teares,
Whiles thou didst part away,
Shall I expect him that intends,
To see me neuer, then?
O deep deceipt! ô fraude! ô guile!
O vaine dissembling men!
What honor, worth, or honesty,
In him what pity were,
That being mine without remorse,
Could these abuses heare?
But thou thy selfe, my Lord, to be
The agent of my paine:
O how can words but make thee know,
The griefe that I sustaine?
The golden pyllers of thy youth,
Did promise vnto me:
The building of ensuing age,

Should

Octavia.

Should better furnisht be.
How mought I but conceiue, what cause
Mought thee heere to compell:
Vnielſe my selfe haue been the same,
In louing thee too well.
What beauty, pleasure, wealth or wit,
So rare doth Nilus breed?
But Tyber may therewith compare,
If not the same exceed
Some fond affection hath bewicht,
Thy Princely minde I feare:
O that I could my doubtful thoughts,
From such suspition cleare.
What is there no more power, or force,
In vertues sacred shield:
But noble mindes must basely fall,
And to affection yeeld?
Or was this sweet care-pleasing word,
But placed on thy tongue?
And neuer planted in thy heart,
Still nurst with poison stronge.
No such inordinate affectes,
In vertuous mindes haue place:
True noble hearts can not indure,
So mighty a disgrace.
He is no prince that subiect is,
And subiect vnto sinne:
But slaue-borne witches they are call'd,
Which do delight therein.
Vaine, foolish, blinde, vnpure,

G 2

Dishonest

Octavia.

That thou so obiect art
To sell thy selfe for store of earth,
Which can no worth impart,
The basest thought that any minde,
Vpon the earth may haue:
Is seruilly to make it selfe,
To any thing a slaue:
And by how much the thing more vile,
Which doth our liking moue:
By so much more, more obiect he,
Which therewith is in loue.
Then base earth-creeping minde adue,
Since this is thy delight:
I blame thee not though thou do blusht
At noble honors sight.
Had *Iulius Caesar* loued gold,
More then a noble name:
He neuer had been royalliz'd,
By such immortal fame.
The *Macedonian* monarke, whom
Æternity shall praise:
Disdain'd that any golden steps,
His glorious name should raise.
But *Mydas* purchast endless shame,
By being as thou art:
And *Cressus* for his store of gold,
Had store of bitter smart.
The gods for this doe plague vs men,
We men each other hate:
From hence, as from a fountaine, spring

Strife,

Octavia.

Strife, murders, and debate.
O scencelesse minde of foolish man,
Which sees not what it hath:
But wanting in excessiue store,
Continues errours path.
Thou shalt not need such store of wealth,
Thy wastage for to pay:
When thy offending soule to hell,
Olde *Charon* shall conuay.
O seeke thy wealth in vertues mines,
If thou true ioyes wilt finde:
All other things vconstant are,
And lighter then the winde.
But wanton lust procures thy fall,
And workes my world of woe:
An enemy of honest mindes,
Rare vertues common foe.
What plague infernall worse then this,
Whose poysoned baite doth gaine:
Both to the body and the soule,
An euerlasting paine.
What multitudes of soules are lost?
What Citties ouerthrowne?
What Kingdomes by licentious lust,
With ruine ouergrowne?
Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare
Th'effect of hatefull lust:
Or that which once was called *Troy*,
Now nothing els but dust.
And had not women had the wit,

The

Octavia.

The danger to repell:
The *Sabines* swords had made vs feeble,
The smart thereof too well.
O let the bleeding memories,
Of many in like case,
Be dreadfull motives to thy minde,
To leaue this wicked race.
How canst thou censure others misse,
And yet not see thine owne:
Can wisdom ioy at others ioyes,
And see it selfe orethrowne?
O since the cause of this effect,
Is so exceeding ill:
The horrour of the thing it selfe,
With terrour mought thee fill.
Who fouer with the like offence,
His body hath defil'd:
Of vertues dearest ornaments,
His soule was first despoil'd.
Of honor, worth and fortitude,
He lost the sacred name:
And like a coward, did subiect
Himselfe to sinne and shame.
He daies, and nights, hath wholly spent
In dronkenness and play:
By folly, and by negligence,
Hath wrought his whole decay.
Or els these cousin-germaine iunnes,
He haply did connect:
Bale slouthfulness, and luxury,

Which

Octavia.

Which worke the same effect.
O fly inordinate delights,
Each pleasure hath his paine:
And he that stained is with sinne,
Cannot be cleane againe.
Let *Deniz*, torne vntomb'd corps,
Sufficiently declare,
How this same loathsome vice doth make
Hir best attendants fare.
Dost thou not know, the sages teach,
A man should neuer doe:
The thing that wicked is and vile,
Nor yet consent thereto?
Though warely he did foresee,
It mought escape the light:
And be most secretly conceal'd,
And hid from all mens sight?
How far thou art (which shouldst excell)
From being excellent:
Do but behold and view thy selfe,
By this their president.
Who publikly hast sould thy selfe
Vnto eternall shame:
And like a sencelesse blinded man,
Perseuer'st in the same.
Or haue some other pleasures strange,
Estrang'd thy minde from me?
For (as men say) in that same court,
Great store of pleasures be,
We want not heere our true delights,

But

Othavia.

But if we had lesse store,
Of wanton sports: thou oughtest not
To shame thy selfe therefore.
Our pleasures heere, may satisfie
And please each vertuous minde:
And he no sparke of vertue hath,
Which other seekes to finde.
Alluring pleasure, staine of life,
Sower mischiefs sweetest roote:
By it, all noble thoughts and deeds,
Are troden vnder foote,
A minde corrupting monster vile,
A mal-seducing guest,
Nurse of repentance, paine, and greefe,
Depriuers of sweete rest;
Prince-haunting fiend, sweete poysoned bayte,
False theefe of happy blisse;
Who seemes a guide to hoped ioyes,
But leades vs still amisse.
Do but recount with wisdoms eyes,
Those pleasures which are past,
And see what pleasure, profit, gaine,
They yeeld thee now at last.
So when thy ill spent granted time,
His course hath fully runne:
Then shalt thou finde thy pleasures fled,
Hopes vaine, thy selfe vndone.
Learne to take pleasure in such things,
Whence true ioyes may arise:
Thou canst not do more like a prince,

Then

Othavia.

Then vaine things to despise,
Bring not thy selfe, thy house, thy queent,
Vnto eternall shame:
In being much more then thy selfe,
And farre lesse then thy name,
Let no delight, make thee forget,
What best befits thy state:
He is no Prince, which his affects
Cannot predominate,
VWho for his pleasure poyson drinks,
Though mixt with things most sweete:
Should haue a name by my consent,
For such a man more meete.
Or doost thou heere dislike perhaps,
That *Delus* beares such swaye:
And sacred vertues holy rights,
Haue made thee flye away.
Is chastitie so loathsome then
Vnto a wanton eare:
That beautie is no beautie, where
Such chaste desires appeare?
Can loosenesse, which the wise dispraise,
So please a noble minde:
That true nobility contemnd,
Sole pleasures there they finde?
Then must I needs displease indeed,
And know not what to say:
For why the iwine do most delight,
The most defiled pray.
The silver fish, by nature doe

The

Octavia.

The purest streames delight:
The stately Faulcon, midst the cloudes,
Directs hir towring flight.
The Eagles seldom sit in dales,
But perch on highest hills;
And euery thing delights his like,
And natures course fulfils,
But thou lesse constant then all these,
Though farre more base then they:
Instead of Christall streames, dost loue
In puddles vile to play,
Thou borne by nature to aduance
Thy thoughts to honors height;
Dost carelesly stoope vnto shame,
And fall with thine owne waight.
Then neuer thinke, I thinke it strange
That thou art fled from mee:
The heauens forbid my lowest thoughts,
Should sympathize with thee.
But heerein thou art wise indeed,
To hide thy selfe away:
And such as neuer haue thee knowne
By falshood to betray,
For why, assure thy selfe, all those
That do thy basenesse know:
Thy faithlesnesse, and periurie,
Do much detest thee now.
The heauens will sharply punish sinne,
And flye where so thou can:
Though for a time they do deferre,

They'l

Octavia.

They'l plague the periurde man,
Then view thy selfe in glasse of truthe,
And be not thus abus'd:
No honor cuer crownd the man,
That honesty refus'd.
The nobler is the birth and place,
From whence thine honor came:
The more notorious is thy fault,
If thou debase the same.
No, tis hir wit hath thee bewicht,
Hir sweet delighting tongue:
Which doth enchant thy wondring mind,
And makes thee stay this long.
This wit, indeed, were something worth,
Were wisdom ioynd thereto:
Yet not so much, that it should serue
So many to vndoe.
The earth hath not a thing so rare,
Which wisdom would not flye:
Yea rather hate and much detest,
Then purchase shame thereby.
Who can so loue a sporting wit,
That it procure his fall:
His kindnesse may be ludged great,
But sure his wit is small.
Then let vs loue base *Cariline*,
For wit and noble blood:
No, loathe him rather, for his wit
Knew neuer what was good.
And let vs *Vorro* likewise praise,

For

Octavia.

For he was witty sure :
But wicked too, and therefore *Rome*
Could not his wit endure.
The more a man excels in wit,
And ill employes the same :
The more do all men him detest,
That loue a vertuous name.
Though sweetly did the *Syrens* sing,
Yet who to them gaue care?
Their message to th' *Ionian* deepes,
He presently did beare.
Or is it beauty, that doth set
Thy heart so much on fire:
And captiuat thy senses so,
That thou canst not retire?
The rarest beauty of the face,
Cannot enforce the wise :
With paine to purchase liuing shame,
And better things despise,
Nor are the fairest alwayes found,
The best, (as I suppose)
Some noysome flowers, do seeme as faire,
As doth the fragrant Rose.
That wonder-breeding beauty sure,
Which thou dost so esteeme:
Shall come to nothing at the last,
As first it was I deeme.
The Rose and Lyllie cannot long
Content and please, the sight
No goulden day could euer scape,

The

Octavia.

The darke ensuing night,
Proude time will burie beauties youth,
In furrowes of decaye:
Wert thou ten thousand times a prince,
Thou canst not force it stay.
All these fond pleasures (if fond things
Deserue so good a name)
Should not seduce a noble minde,
To staine it selfe with shame.
The time shall come, when all these same,
Which seeme so riche with ioy:
Like tyrants shall torment thy minde,
And vex thee with annoy.
When all those honye-tongued mates,
Can but weepe and lament:
That they by force, must part from thee,
Whose vitall course is spent.
When all thy greatnesse must be left,
To such as shall succeed:
When sweetest pleasures memory,
Most dreadfull thoughts shall breede;
When this so much desired Sunne,
Shall but displease thy sight;
And all things else shall seeme to want,
The taste of sweete delight.
When all the creatures of the earth,
Cannot procure thine ease:
And friends, with showres of vaine-shed teares,
Cannot thy grieffe appease.
When tyrantizing paine, shall stop

The

Octavia.

The passage of thy breath:
And thee compell to (weare thy selfe,
True seruant vnto death.
Then shall one vertuous deed impart
More pleasure to thy minde:
Then all the treasures that on earth,
Ambitious thoughts can finde.
The well-spent time of one short day,
One hower, one moment then:
Shall be more sweet, then all the ioyes
Amongst vs mortall men.
Then shalt thou finde but one refuge,
Which comfort can retaine:
A guiltlesse conscience pure and cleare,
From touch of sinfull staine.
Then shall thine inward eyes, behoulde
The leathsome path of sinne:
And thy proud heart repine in vaine,
That thou hast walkt therein.
Then shall *Octavias* wrongs appeare,
Like monsters to thine eyes:
And thou shalt curse the time, and day,
That thou didst me despise.
Then shall my sighes, and reares, enflame
A bonfire in thy minde:
And thou thy selfe, thy selfe shalt loathe,
For being thus vnkinde.
At thy right hand, my wronged ghoast,
Shall iust complaints reue:
And on thy left, that queene shall shew

What

Octavia.

What hath been wrought by you.
About thy head, thine eyes shall see
The heavens to iustice bent:
Below thy secte, the pit of hell,
Ordain'd for punishment.
Ah poore *Antonias* how wilt thou,
Abhorre thy wretched state:
And most entirely then repent,
But then 't will be too late.
But thou great Emperour dost disdain
Such sharpe rebukes to finde:
For pietie, and pittie both,
Are strangers to thy minde.
Thy braue heroick thoughts do scorne
To stoope to these concepts:
To humble for such high reuelues,
As honors praise awaights.
Then great *Herculian*, worthy prince,
What Trophies may we raise,
To equall these thy great designs
And manifest thy praise?
Who may inough augment thy fame,
To answere thy desert:
Who doost attempt with periury,
To breake a womans heart.
A glory great, a conquest fit,
For such as faithlesse be:
For in thy deeds, the world may view,
The worthe that is in thee.
More then a man thou wouldst be thought,

H

And

Octavia.

And shouldst indeed be so :
 But let thy deeds more manly bee,
 Or els that name forgoe.
 That man which seemes a man in shew,
 And is not such a one:
 Deserues another name by right,
 For he by right is none.
 O do not thinke a womans death,
 Can much endeaure thy name:
 But thinke how this vmanly deed,
 Will worke thine endlesse shame.
 What man, that were a man indeed,
 (Much lesse a Prince) would see,
 His wife, and Queene, a spectacle,
 Of greefe and miserie?
 Would to the pittie of the world,
 And to all wondring eyes,
 My constant louing minde reiect:
 And guiltlesse me despise.
 Would such vneasant streames of teares,
 Draw from these restlesse springs:
 And loade my heart with endlesse greefe,
 Which vter ruine brings.
 But hide thy head and all is well,
 Thy faults cannot be spied:
 No, thou must know the beauens are iust,
 And must their sentence bide.
 When all those powers which thou hast wrongd,
 Shall punishment require:
 How canst thou wretch be halfe inough,

L. A.

T.

Octavius.

To satisfie their ire
 How canst thou euer hope to pay
 The forfait of thy miste
 VWhen powerfull Iustice shall impose
 The iust reuenge of this
 VWhich makes me pittie more thy state
 Then greue at mine awne wrong
 To thinke how he whom I haue lou'd
 Shall plagued be ere long
 Yer know, though I detest thy fault
 I beare thee no ill will:
 For if Antonius will returne
 He shall be loued still.

To which shee receiued this answer.

following.

Antonius to Octavia.

AMongst the monstrous stormes of woe,
 Which do my soule surprize:
 Thy direfull plaints, *Octavia*, were
 Presented to mine eyes.
 O heauens! how cruelly haue you set
 Your still repugnant starres
 Which cruelly, crulle my iynred life,
 With mortall ciuill wames
 I see, and know, that to be true,
 Which thou dost heere obiect
 I see thou rightly callest that wrong,
 Which I may not correct.

L. A.

H 2

I finde

Antony.

I finde my selfe engulst in greefe,
Entrapt in mischiefs power:
Yet cannot I auoide the storme,
Though it my life deuoure.
Of force my heart must condiscend,
To what thou dost require:
Yet cannot I performe the thing,
Which is thy chiefe desire.
I know the fate, and perfect way,
Which reason saith is best:
Yet willingly I follow that,
Which wisdom liketh least.
What reason will, that same would I,
And wisdom would so too:
But some thing greater then vs all,
Will not consent thereto.
That time, that day, those lookes, those words,
Are yet fresh in my minde:
When my departure, mutuell greefe,
Vnto vs both assign'd.
Those teares, I yet remember well,
Whiles I did thee imbrace:
Those seded silent speaking lookes,
Plac'd in each others face.
My words which true loue did endite,
And faith confirme the same:
(For constant truth did at that time,
Secure my thoughts from blame.)
My heart was free from thought of change,
My minde from false entent:

I scorn'd

Antony.

I scorn'd a false dissembling worde,
And nought but truth I meant.
But since mine eyes enrich their sight,
With *Cleopatras* face:
My thoughts another object found,
My heart another place.
Which object so allur'd my minde,
With rauishing delight:
That wanting hir, I thought each day,
An endlesse tedious night.
My very thoughts fram'd all my wordes,
To *Cleopatras* name:
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,
My fancie from the same:
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deaffe,
My minde did scencelesse proue:
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,
Hir face, hir name, hir loue:
No pleasures could my fancie please,
No mirth it selfe endear:
Wherein th' Idea of hir face,
Did not to me appeare.
What reasons left, I vnapprou'd,
What counsailes force I to breake
The sweete captiuing band of loue,
But all I found too weak.
He is deceiu'd, that thinks to finde,
A countermine in loue:
And woe is me, that speaking this,
I speake but what I proue.

H :

Thus

Antony.

Thus I my selfe the agent made,
And traitor of my blisse:
Can neuer hope to contradict,
Or to encounter this.
But though my yeelding heart as then,
Thy true loue did detame:
That deed of niue, a greater power,
By force reuokes againe.
And those truth-tellings fluges teach,
That euery motion final
Is by a greater overcome,
Or hindred therewithall.
Or then, though reason, reason bring,
Yet must it condescend:
And yeeld to that, against whose force
It cannot vs defende:
And neuer me to sharply blame,
As actor of this ill:
Tis not *Antony*; but the heauens,
Which do withstand thy will.
And what the heauens do force vs to,
We may not disobay:
When their decrees are once enrould,
O who may then say nay?
These mouing stars which we behould,
Our mindes do rule and guide:
And looke what course they set vs in,
Therein must we abide.
This sparke of reason is not ours,
But lent vs from aboue.

The

Antony.

The Gods do giue and take the same,
They make vs loathe and loue.
Then deare, why shouldst thou so vpbraide
And sharply reprehend:
Thy *Antony*: for such a fault
As he may not amend.
If in my heart I did thee hate,
Then were I worthy blame:
But I haue euer lou'd thee well,
Who well deseruedst the same.
And though I cannot thee afford,
The dearest of my heart:
Yet needst thou not thus to complaine,
Who hast so large a part.
No day, no night, their posting course,
So speedily could frame:
But they beheld, my thoughts, returne
Due homage to thy name.
When bloudy terror, danger, death,
Vpon me did lay houlde:
Thy memory reuiu'd my innde,
And made my courage bolde.
No not a thousand fierce assaults,
And perils many moe:
Could euer force my louing heart,
Of *Ennis* to forgoe.
But tyrant loue, me from my selfe,
And from my Queene doth steal:
And pardon me though I perhaps,
Too great a fault reueale.

H 4

And

Antony.

And pardon needs, I must obtaine,
 If this so much offend:
 For heere my loue did first begin,
 And heere my life must end.
 Heere will I shew, Laccher am,
 Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:
 For *Cleopatra* whiles I liue,
 Shall me most constant finde.
 Why am I call'd an *Emperour*,
 If I should subiect be:
 And be compeld to leaue the thing,
 VVhich most delighteth me,
 No deare *Obtaine*, thy request,
 Can neuer be fulfilld:
 Let Gods be Gods, and Kings be Kings,
 For none but cowards yelde,
 VVere she as *Queen*, when she lodg'd
 Hir vnknowne greatest guest,
 VVere she a Lyon, Lyber, VVolfe,
 Or some worse sauadge beast,
 VVere she a furie, or what else,
 VVhose presence glads my heart,
 And to my rauisht captiue soule,
 Such sweetnesse doth impart:
 I would exceede *seuen* simple gifts,
 And giue the machine round,
 And all the treasures, wealth, and store,
 Which therein may be found,
 I would from parents, children, friends,
 My dearest thoughts remoue,

Surrender

Antony.

Surrender scepter, kingdome, crowne,
 For to enioy my loue.
 And by my houny, truth and zeale,
 The ering world should see:
 No base, or seruile, scorned thought,
 Had euer place in me,
 I would disdain a monark should,
 But equall my desire:
 My constant faith should farre exceed,
 The height of all aspire,
 They do but blow the coales of hate,
 Which my designs improue:
 If euer fault may pardon get,
 O pardon faulty loue.
 I grant, I were a monster vile,
 Vnworthy of my life:
 If I should hate, or thee disdain,
 Who wast my spouse and wife,
 But *Cleoptraes* dearest loue,
 In me doth beare such sway,
 That I enuy or mallice none,
 So I may her enioy.
 And say not, tis a shamefull thing
 To loue a stranger so:
 For loue I must, and loue I will,
 Though all the world say no.
 The gods I hope wil not be mou'd,
 Such sharp reuenge to take:
 On those which erie, but in such faults,
 As they themselues did make.

Were

Antony.

Were it dishonor to be kinde,
To those we best esteeme:
Great *Lowe* him selfe could not be free,
From such disgrace (I deeme),
That monster quelling *Hercules*,
Should haue been called base:
When his victorious conquering arme,
Did *Omphale* embrace.
No, I disclaime, the brauest minde
That drawes this vitall breath,
Should thinke me base, who haue contemn'd,
The very face of death.
Tis rather base, to be compel'd
To that we fancy least:
O why am I a Prince, if not
To doe aslikes me best?
Suppose within my seded minde,
There could be such a thought,
That to consent to thy request,
I haply might be brought.
Would not the Princesse of my soule,
My *Cleopatra*, pay
The largest tribute of her life,
Her *Antony* to stay?
Are not her words, her sighes, her teares,
Most precious to my heart?
Doth not her face, her tongue, her wit,
My soules delight impart?
How then can I (vnhappy man)
My selfe so well dispose:

As

Antony.

As mought content and please you both,
Who both your selues oppose.
No *Hercules* can this performe,
No *Sphinx*: this doubt excluder.
Yet thus I fully am resolu'd,
And thus I doe conclude,
The knot which cannot be vndone,
In sunder thus I strike:
Heere will I liue, heere will I bide,
And loue you both alike.
Let *Cesar* fight, *Octavia* frowne,
Let children waile and weep:
Thus I resolute, and thus I vow,
Which vow ile firmly keep:
And if your mallice, and perhaps
My fortune, doe procure:
That all my words and deedes, the worst
Construction must endure:
My constant truth, and minde resolu'd,
That worst must needs abide:
For why from this well grounded loue,
My heart shall neuer slide:
Thou' all things truly seest indoe'd,
But neuer spyest the wound:
By which my sweet affecting thoughts,
Their endlesse thraldome found.
By which my prayer-scorning heart,
Is brought to condiscend:
To which that this my chiefe desire,
Mought not too much offend:

Aske,

Antony.

Aske, take, assume all that you list,
Performe your hearts desire:
So that you neither her from me,
Nor me from her require,
While I my *Cleopatra* may,
Betweene these armes enfold:
I enuy not great *Cresus* wealth,
Nor *Midas* store of gold.
But if vneuitable fate,
Her presence should deny:
Though all the world were mine besides,
With penury I dye.
Nor let it seeme so passing strange,
That I cannot be moued:
By thy entreaty to forgoe,
The thing so much beloued.
Through thine owne heart, do but behold
And see how small auaille:
Perswasions, reasons, words, and wit,
Affections force to quaille.
If none of those can take effect,
To winne thy loue from me:
Why shouldst thou think that from this *Queene*,
I can diuorced be?
Sith wisdom then can neuer shew,
It selfe more wisely sure:
Then to forgoe that thing with ease,
Which paine cannot procure.
Ah striue not thus against the streame,
But dry thy teares againe;

For

Antony.

For to perswade me bootles is,
To force me is more vaine.
Though al the world should me withstand
I will not be withheld,
A Prince dislikes to be gaine-said,
But scomes to be compel'd.
And it may be (for who can tel,
What absence may procure)
That faire *Ostania* neuer could,
So long time chaste endure.
Ah, can I thinke in such excessse,
Of liberty and store,
Of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and what els,
May be desired more.
Amongst so many tedious daies,
And nights, of great disport;
Amongst such braue heroicke Lords,
As to that Court resort;
That thy vnmoued minde, can be
So tyed to *Vestaes* rightes,
But that sometimes it will consent,
To *Venus* sweet delights?
Can that faire face, which in all hearts
Doth high affection moue:
Resist so many strong attempts,
As will assault thy loue?
No, no, they are not alwaies true,
Which doe most truly speake:
If it were so, how then am I,
More then a woman weake?

And

Antony.

And yet my conscience doth dissent,
And plainly this deny:
And yet suspicion doth maintaine,
It cannot be a lye.
O how can he be euer brought,
To thinke another true:
Who through the guilt of his owne minde,
The others life doth view?
And should I then returne to *Roome*,
Mine honor thus to soile?
No, rather let me finde a tombe,
In any forraigne soyle.
And since thou knowest (O too too well)
Antonus lugh disgrace:
He must prouide of all the world,
Nor to beholde thy face.
Thy face the lecture of his misse,
The mirour of his shame:
The euer wounding rod, and spur
Of my eclipsed fame.
The disproportion of our thoughts,
Could neuer well agree:
Thou still shouldst hate my faithlesnesse,
I blush thy truth to see.
A fault doth neuer with remorse,
Our mindes so deeply moue:
As when anothers guiltlesse life,
Our error doth reproc.
But be it, that from all those doubttes,
I could my minde set free:

Yet

Antony.

Yet whiles ambitious *Cesar* liues,
I may not come to thee.
Let all the world perswasions vse,
And their best counsell giue:
For me, I will be drawne,
In dangers mouth to lue.
I cannot brooke, another should,
Be mightier then I:
An equall in th'imperiall seate,
My heart doth much enuy.
And who so simple, that will looke
For faith or truth in those:
Whose faithlesnes may hap to gaine,
Whose truth a crowne must loose.
There is no truth in such, whose hearts,
An Empire doe affect:
Competitors may talke of truth,
But doe all truth neglect,
And be it, that we could agree
Which hath been seldome knowne:
Yet still in time, from priuate grudge,
Such quarrels great haue growne.
Such bloody deeds, such strife, debate,
Such outrage, murder, death:
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd
But vaine dissembling breath.
No nature, reason, counsell, wit,
Ambition can constraîne,
To hold vniolable truth:
Or conscience to detain.

P.

Antony.

Pale feare, mistrust, vnlook'd for chance,
 And fortunes dyreful frownes:
 Most deep suspect, and swift reuenge,
 Attendant are on crownes.
 Not that I dread or stand in feare,
 What *Cæsar* can procure,
 But that this absence better mought,
 My safety assure.
 And it may hap (for none can tel)
 In time what may be wrought:
 Since vnexpected chaunce, my loue
 To *Cleopatra* brought.
 So happy time, so good an' hower,
 For thee may hap to fall:
 Which may my loue and fancy, backe
 From her againe recall.
 In hope whereof, *Octauia* must
 Her sighes and teares suppress:
 Vntill *Antonius* finde the meanes,
 These errors to redresse.

FINIS.

Errata.

- Act. 2. pag. 3. lines. for highest read highnes.
 Act. 2. pag. 22. line 8. for frowardnes read forwardnes.
 Act. 5. pag. 4. line 1. for ascribe read assigne.
 Epist. 1. pag. 1. line 16. for Tough read Though.

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