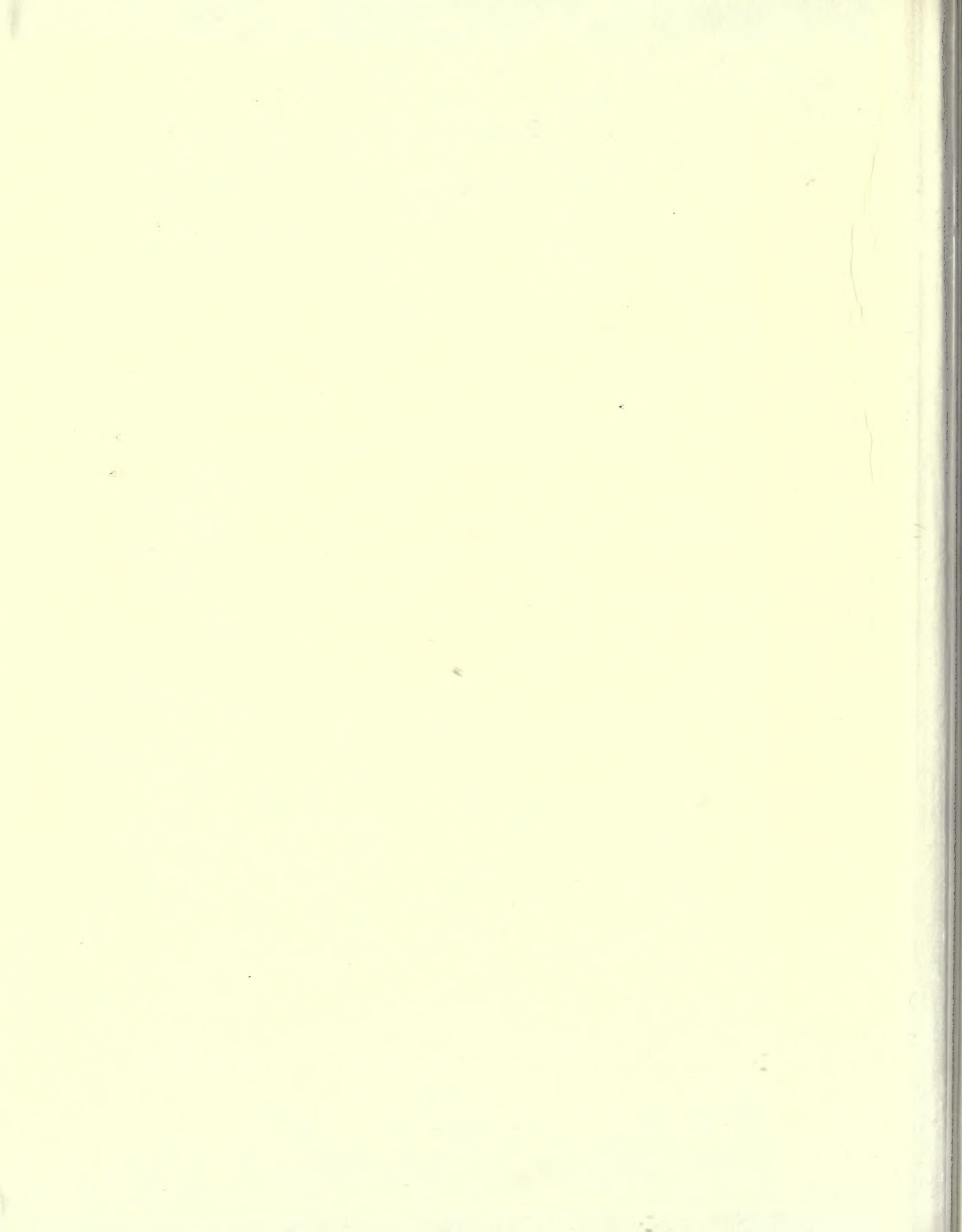
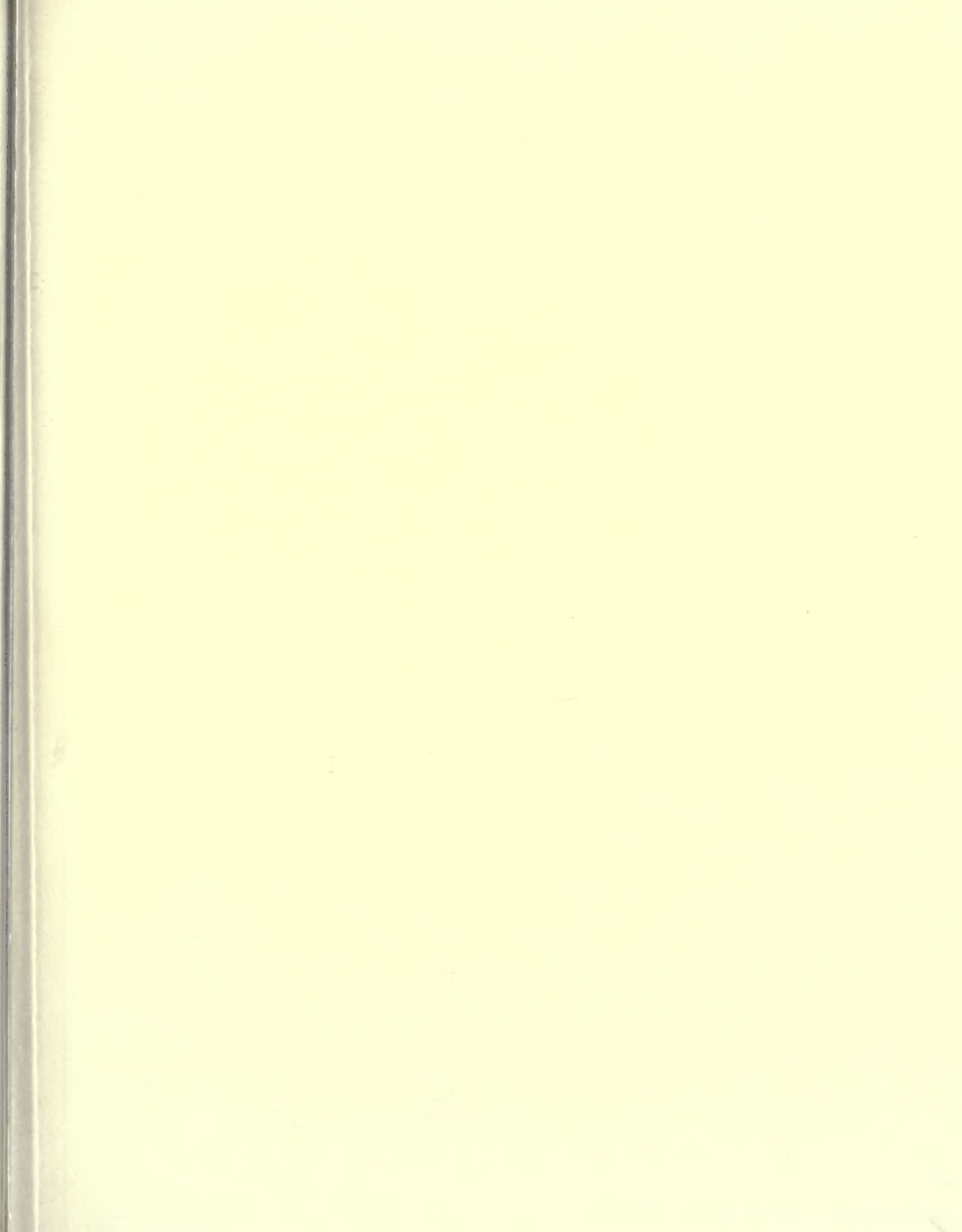


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00279073 1

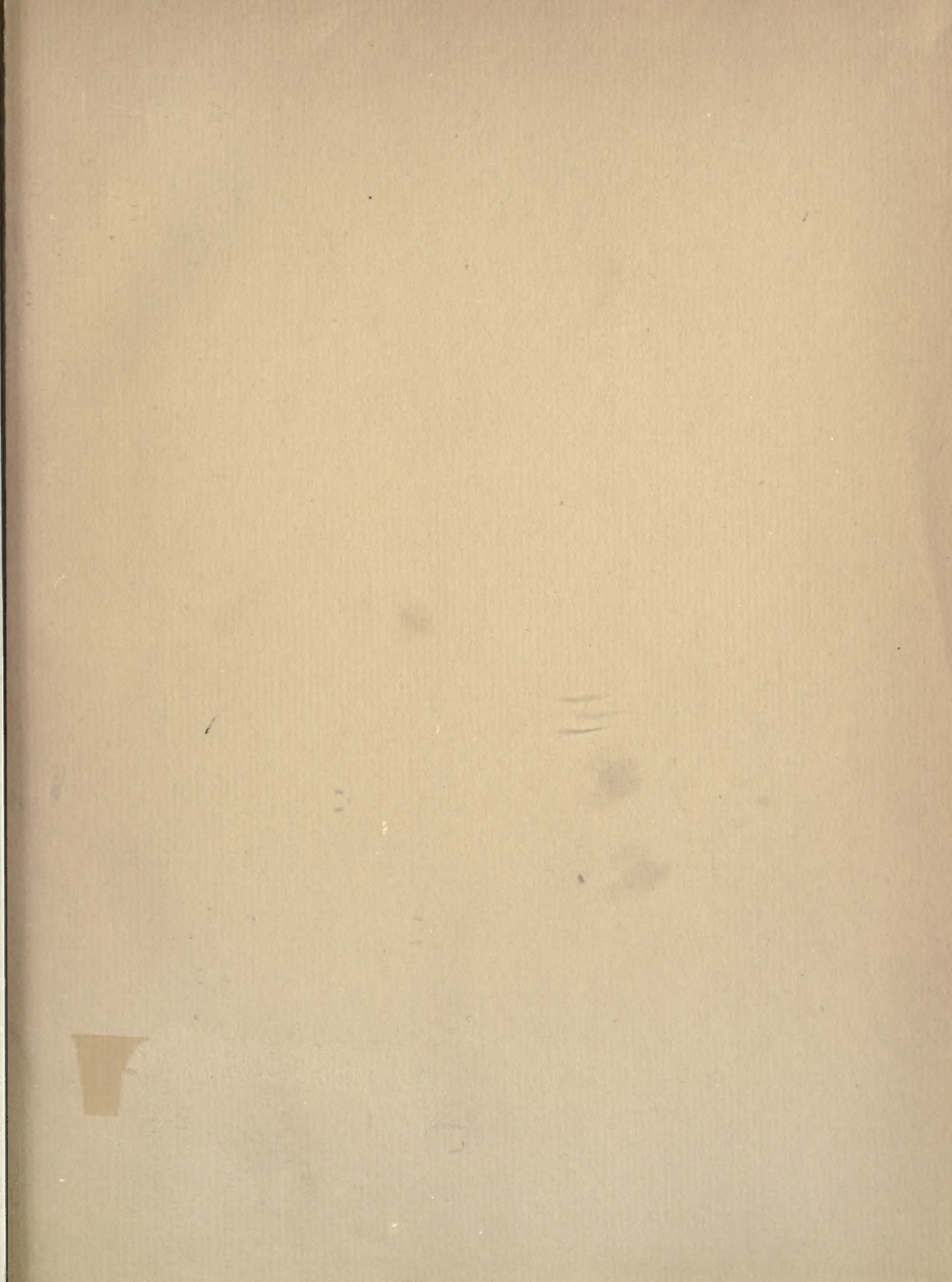


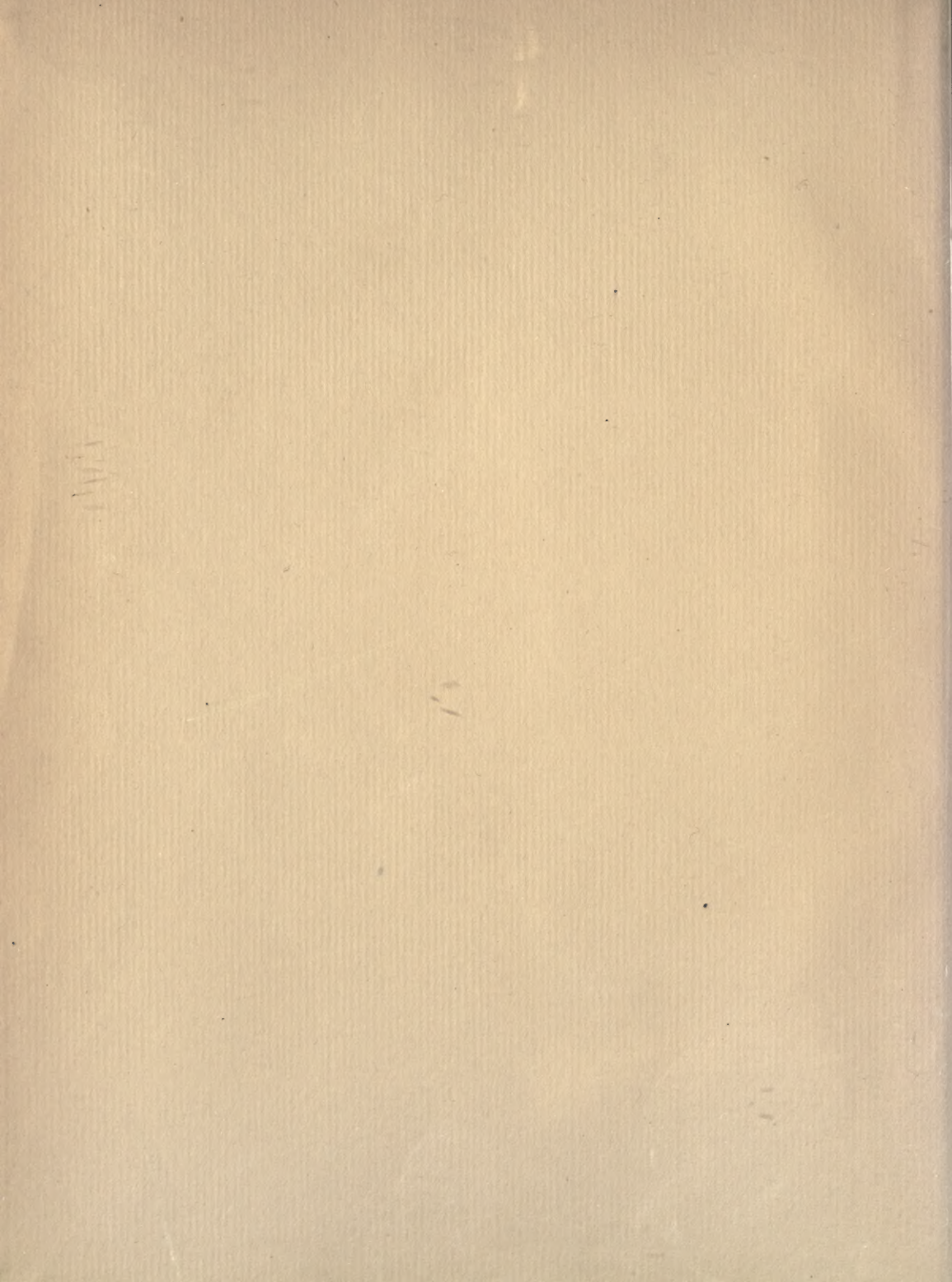














18

7

a

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY  
FREDERICK HALL AT THE  
OXFORD UNIVERSITY  
PRESS

*Handwritten scribble*

THE TRAGEDY OF  
TIBERIUS

1607



*138562 -*  
*22 / 5 / 16*

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS [No. 37]  
1914

PR  
2411  
C45  
1914

This reprint of the *Tragedy of Tiberius* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1915.

W. W. Greg.

The hero of the play here reprinted is Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar, and it is therefore desirable that it should be known as the *Tragedy of Tiberius* to distinguish it from the *Tragedy of Nero*, which deals with Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company supply the following entry :

10 Aprilis [1607]

Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck Knight and Master White Warden. A booke called the tragicall Life and Death of Claudius Tiberius Nero . . . . . vj<sup>a</sup> R.  
Francis Burton  
[Arber's Transcript, III. 346.]

The edition which appeared in pursuance of this entry was a quarto bearing the date 1607 and printed for Burton apparently by Edward Allde in a type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). Of this two copies at the British Museum, one at the Bodleian Library, one in the Dyce Collection, one at Eton College, and one in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise have been used in the preparation of the present reprint.

It is evident that the formes from which the edition was printed underwent a very considerable amount of alteration and correction while the sheets were passing through the press. This is most obvious in the case of the title-page, in which different copies show a different arrangement of ornaments, and 'The Statelie Tragedie' of one mentioned above is replaced by 'The Tragedie' of the others. These variations have led to the belief that there were two distinct issues of the play. This is not so: corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up together indiscriminately, as will be readily seen from the table printed below.

Nor is it quite certain that the most correct state of the outer forme is always found backed by the most correct state of the inner, though such seems to be the general rule in the case of the present play.

The two presumably blank leaves, sigs. A 1 and N 4, are not found in any of the six copies consulted, with the possible exception of that in the Dyce Collection. (According to the editor's recollection the latter preserves the final blank, but any notes he may have made on the subject have unfortunately been lost, and the copy has now been removed to a place of safety where it is temporarily inaccessible.)

As to the history and authorship of the play nothing whatever appears to be known. The publisher, in his dedicatory epistle to Sir Arthur Mannering, describes it as an academic play founded on Tacitus by an author who prefers anonymity, and no subsequent critic seems to have troubled himself about the matter.

The Editor's thanks are due to Mr. F. W. Cornish for facilities for consulting the copy of the play in the Library of Eton College, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for the kind loan of that in his possession.

## LIST OF VARIANTS BETWEEN COPIES.

In the case of the present play the variants are so numerous and extensive that it has been thought better to record them in a list by themselves. Four copies have been collated throughout, and are indicated in the list by the following symbols: M<sup>1</sup> and M<sup>2</sup>, the two copies at the British Museum, bearing the press-marks 161. a. 12 and 643. c. 34 respectively, B the copy in the Bodleian Library, and D that in the Dyce Collection. All variants observed in these four copies have further been checked with two other copies, in the Library of Eton College and in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise respectively: these are indicated by the symbols E and W. Where a reading occurs in one copy only the word 'rest' indicates, of course, the agreement of the other five. To facilitate analysis the signatures are given before the line-numbers, those belonging to inner formes being printed in italic.

- A2<sup>r</sup>. TITLE-PAGE. B three ornaments | rest two ornaments  
           B THE STATELIE Tragedie | rest THE Tragedie
- A3<sup>r</sup>. EPISTLE. *signed in B* Francis Burton | rest *unsigned*  
 (N.B.—In B and M<sup>1</sup> the ends of the lines are cut away. In M<sup>1</sup> the catchword is also shaved off, and it is probable that the same has happened to both leaf-signature and catchword in B, the leaf being cut close below the name.)
- B1<sup>r</sup>.     74 D *Drufus* | rest *Drufus*,  
           D *tearms*, | rest *tearms*
- 100 D *Arabia*, | rest *Arabia*
- B1<sup>v</sup>.     113 D In waire | rest (In war)  
           114 D *bones*, | rest *bones*.
- B2<sup>r</sup>.     141 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W, *Titius*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Titus*,  
           142 D *antiquitie*, | rest *antiquitie*.  
           143 D *empires* | rest *Empires*  
           148 D *you* | rest *your*  
           155 M<sup>1</sup>, D, E, W *foile*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B *foile* :  
           M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Gods* : | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Gods*,  
           (*see note at end of List*)
- 157 D *Empire*, | rest *Empirie*,  
           164 D *mutinus* | rest *mutinous*  
           165 D *Indeans* | rest *Indians*

- 167 *D* Serians, | *rest* Sirians,  
 168 *D* to neare, | *rest* too neare,  
 170 *D* godly | *rest* goodly  
*D* Citties, | *rest* Cities,  
 B<sub>2</sub><sup>v</sup>. 183 *M*<sup>1</sup>, *E*, *W*, interpret | *M*<sup>2</sup>, *B*, *D* inrerpret  
 186 *M*<sup>1</sup>, *D*, *E*, *W* Crowne? | *M*<sup>2</sup>, *B* Crowne (*the absence of the ? is probably due to an accident happening after the printing of D which was not repaired till after the printing of M<sup>2</sup> and B, cf. 201*)  
 196 *D* choofe, | *rest* choofe  
*D* once | *rest* once,  
*D* well | *rest* well;  
 201 *D* dye, | *M*<sup>1</sup>, *E*, *W* dye. (*doubtful*) | *M*<sup>2</sup>, *B* dye (*with e rather battered and loose. Evidently the comma got broken off while making corrections after printing D, and was not replaced by the erroneous period till after the printing of M<sup>2</sup> and B, cf. 186*)  
 204 *D* election, | *rest* election?  
 B<sub>3</sub><sup>r</sup>. 224 *D* turned | *rest* tuned  
 236 *D* heart. | *rest* heart:  
 B<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup>. 252 *D* Romaines | *rest* (Romaines)  
*D* showtes, | *rest* showtes.  
 262 *D* (as . . . affection) | *rest* as . . . affection,  
 264 *D* proconfulship, | *rest* Proconfulship.  
 271 *D* a | *rest* at (*there is a space in D corresponding to the missing letter*)  
 B<sub>4</sub><sup>r</sup>. 283 *D* Sibbels | *rest* Sibbels,  
*D* counfels | *rest* counfels,  
 284 *D* fire | *rest* fier  
 286 *D* Cappitall, | *rest* Cappitoll,  
 290 *D* Corronation, | *rest* Corronation?  
 310 *D* hee's | *rest* hee's  
 311 *D* indented | *rest* not indented  
*D* let | *rest* let's  
 B<sub>4</sub><sup>v</sup>. r.t. *D* death. | *rest* death  
 323 *D* Germaicus | *rest* Germanicus  
 329 *D* wayed | *rest* way'd  
 C<sub>1</sub><sup>v</sup>. 387 *D* Centurian | *rest* the Centurion  
 C<sub>2</sub><sup>r</sup>. 420 *D* Augustaes | *rest* Augustus  
 438 *D* loyne | *rest* loynes  
 C<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup>. 527 *D* Germaine kernes | *rest* Germaine-kernes  
 C<sub>4</sub><sup>r</sup>. 566 *D* pleafure, | *rest* pleafure.  
 D<sub>4</sub><sup>r</sup>. 848 Throne-oppugning (*hyphen clear in B, a trace in M<sup>2</sup>, E, not in M<sup>1</sup>, D, W*)



854 *stopt*, (*comma clear in B, fairly clear in E, possible traces in the rest*)

(These two are accidental variants in the press work.)

- E1<sup>r</sup>. 911 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Lilua*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Liua*.  
913 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Liua*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Liui*.  
M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *That's* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *That's as*  
M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *therto*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *therto*

(The insertion of the word *as* caused the previous alteration in the line. The final period dropped out at the same time.)

- E2<sup>v</sup> 1028 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W, *iuueloped*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *inueloped*  
1040 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *to long*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *too long*.  
1043 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W (*Sabi-*)*nus*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D (*Sabi-*)*nus*:  
1044 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Germanici*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Germanici*:  
1046 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Prisoners*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Prisoners*:  
1047 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *crowne* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *crowue* (instead of correcting *n* to *u* the compositor merely turned the *u* right way up)
- E3<sup>r</sup>. 1063 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *doe* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *do*  
M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *solemnize* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *solemnize*.  
1076 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *protection*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *protection*.  
1087 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *iteedes*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *iteedes*,
- E4<sup>v</sup>. 1168 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *disclose* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *disclose*:  
1170 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *souldier*. | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *souldiers*.  
1173 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Germaicus* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Germanicus*  
1175 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *Victorios* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Victorious*  
1183 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *indented* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *not indented*  
M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *wisdom*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *wisdome* (*see note at end of List*)  
M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *art*, | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *Art*,
- 1188 M<sup>1</sup>, E, W *els* | M<sup>2</sup>, B, D *els*—
- F4<sup>v</sup>. 1477 *B guide*. | *rest guide*: (*more or less doubtfully, the second dot being probably an accidental mark*)
- G1<sup>r</sup>. 1479 *B faare* | *rest feare*  
1482 *B showted?* | *rest showted*  
1483 *B song*: | *rest song?*  
1484 *B redoubled*. | *rest redoubled*  
1485 *B vntumed* | *rest vntuned*  
1486 *B Germanicus*. | *rest Germanicus?*  
1487 *B dispatch* | *rest dispatcht*  
1493 *B villaiue* | *rest villaine*  
1495 *B l*, | *rest l*  
1497 *B Tiberius* | *rest Tiberius*,  
1504 *B Lionesse*, | *rest Lionesse*

- Gr<sup>v</sup>. 1518 B Fabius, | rest Titius  
 1520-1 B For . . . these, | rest (For . . . these,)  
 1520 B minos | rest Minos  
 1527 B thy | rest my  
 1528 B wilt. | rest wilt,  
 1534 B thair | rest their  
 G2<sup>r</sup>. 1548 B the | rest th'  
 1550 B storme. | rest storme?  
 1560 B paine, | rest paine.  
 1562 B (Ro-)maine. | rest (Ro-)maine,  
 1564 B engir'd then | rest engir't  
 1569 B quittance, Gallus | rest quittance Gallus,  
 1574 B *Asinius*. | rest *Asiniu*. (necessitated by the  
     following change)  
     B Since | rest Sence  
 1579 B *Nerua*. | rest *Neru*. (necessitated by following)  
     B ill | rest ill,  
 1582 c. w. B *ab*. | rest *Sab*.  
 G2<sup>v</sup>. 1596 B drown'd | rest drowne  
 1602 B butchered | rest butchered  
 1603 B factions | rest factions,  
     B treacherries, | rest treacherries,  
 1604 B a broach | rest abroach  
 1613 B infue | rest iffue  
 1614 B *Asir*. (doubtful) | rest *Asin*.  
 1618 B death. | rest death?  
 G3<sup>r</sup>. 1622 B Sonne, | rest Sonne  
 1623 B vnnaturall, | rest vnnaturall  
 1631 B to'ther | rest th'other  
     B laft | rest loft  
 1634 B Derne. | rest Denne.  
 1643 B scenceleffe | rest senceleffe  
 1645 B Seianus; wife | rest Seianus! wife  
 1648 B protest, | rest protest—  
 1653 B engaged | rest engag'd  
 G3<sup>v</sup>. 1669 B Phofonisba | rest Sophonisba  
 1685 B Chronicles. (doubtful) | rest Chronicles  
 G4<sup>r</sup>. 1715 B troubling | rest troubled  
 1727 B the deuifes | rest thy deuifes  
 G4<sup>v</sup>. 1734 B hee's | rest hee is  
 1736 B diligence: | rest diligence.  
 1741 B Fuen | rest Euen  
 1744 B therr's | rest ther's  
 1758 B baine | rest braine

- H1<sup>v</sup>*. 1830 c.w. *M<sup>1</sup> E, W* Which | *M<sup>2</sup>, B, D* Whic (*accidental variation in press*)
- I1<sup>r</sup>*. 2049 *B, D* Gboſt | *M<sup>1, 2</sup>, E, W* Ghoſt  
2058 *B, D* complaine. | *M<sup>1, 2</sup>, E, W* complaine,
- I1<sup>v</sup>*. 2091 *M<sup>2</sup>, B, D* death, infecting | *M<sup>1</sup>, E, W* death-infecting  
2112 *B, D* rendring | *M<sup>1, 2</sup>, E, W* rending
- I2<sup>v</sup>*. 1.t. *B, D* Tragigall | *M<sup>1, 2</sup>, E, W* Tragicall
- J3<sup>v</sup>*. 2244 *M<sup>2</sup>, B, D* luſtleffe | *M<sup>1</sup>, E, W* liueleffe
- K1<sup>r</sup>*. 2328 *B* vnfaigned, | *rest* vnfaign'd,  
2330 *B* time, times | *rest* ten-times  
2356 *B* Lord | *rest* Lord,  
*B* time, | *rest* time  
2358 *B* preuale, | *rest* preuaile,
- K1<sup>v</sup>*. 2369 *B* perifhed | *rest* perifhed.  
2385 *B* *S* ian | *rest* *Se*ian.  
2386 *B* heart. | *rest* hurt.  
2397 *B* Lord | *rest* Lord,  
2399 c.w. *B* coul | *rest* could
- K2<sup>r</sup>*. 2400 *B* gheſſe. | *rest* geſſe  
*B* preſumption, | *rest* preſumption :  
2420 *B* policie. | *rest* policie  
2429 *B* crueltie, | *rest* crueltie :
- K2<sup>v</sup>*. 2439 *B* ſhee's | *rest* ſhee's—  
2445 *B* woſe | *rest* whoſe  
*B* meanes, | *rest* means, (*necessitated by preceding*)  
2461 *B* Ialia | *rest* Iulia  
2462 *B* foe. | *rest* ſo ;  
2464 *B* Of | *rest* For
- K3<sup>r</sup>*. 2476 *B* Fraates | *rest* Phraates  
2499 *B* young | *rest* yong  
2502 *B* may it | *rest* may 't  
2503 *B* I am | *rest* I'm
- K3<sup>v</sup>*. 2524 *B* th eboth | *rest* th e both  
2527-8 *B* after lead | *rest* before lead
- K4<sup>r</sup>*. 2574 *B* Plebians | *rest* Plebeians
- K4<sup>v</sup>*. 2581 *B* Germanicie. | *rest* Germanici.  
2583 *B* Cæſar, | *rest* Cæſar  
2596 *B* Nero, | *rest* Nero,
- M2<sup>r</sup>*. 2974 *M<sup>2</sup>, B, E* If | *M<sup>1</sup>, D, W* I (*accidental variant in press*)
- N1<sup>r</sup>*. 3195 *B* his | *rest* is
- N1<sup>v</sup>*. 3227 *M<sup>1, 2</sup>, E, (W* doubtful) out-ſtrip | *B, D* out ſtrip  
(*doubtful. accidental variant*)
- N2<sup>v</sup>*. 3298 *B* congeala | *rest* congeale

- N<sub>3</sub><sup>r</sup>. 3299 B Philomele | *rest* Philomela  
 3323 B returne I | *rest* I returne  
 B *Macr.* | *rest Macro.*  
 3347 B So,—Reenters on the Stage. | *rest* So,—*Reenters*  
*upon the Stage.*  
 N<sub>3</sub><sup>v</sup>. 3362 M<sup>2</sup> Maides, | *rest* Maides.  
 3377 M<sup>2</sup> Chrif. | *rest* Chrif,  
 (*see note at end of List.*)

The data of the above list may be generalized as in the table given below. In this only those formes are recorded in which real variants occur, due to deliberate alterations of the type and not arising out of mere accidents of the press. The symbols (o) and (i) indicate the outer and inner formes respectively.

Forme.	Least correct state.	Intermediate state.	Most correct state.
A (o)	M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W(?)		B (?)
A (i)	M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W(?)		B (?)
B (o)	D	M <sup>2</sup> B	M <sup>1</sup> E W
B (i)	D	M <sup>2</sup> B	M <sup>1</sup> E W
C (i)	D		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> B E W
E (o)	M <sup>1</sup> E W		M <sup>2</sup> B D
G (o)	B		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W
G (i)	B		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W
I (o)	B D		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> E W
I (i)	B D	M <sup>2</sup>	M <sup>1</sup> E W
K (o)	B		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W
K (i)	B		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W
N (o)	B		M <sup>1</sup> M <sup>2</sup> D E W
N (i)	M <sup>2</sup> (?)		M <sup>1</sup> B D E W (?)

In the case of sheet A it is impossible to be certain which is the original and which the altered state. The facts that the title-page with two ornaments presents the more normal arrangement, that the space between the text of the epistle and the leaf-signature is exactly equal to one line of type, and that only one copy out of six shows this state, suggest that the alteration has been from B to M<sup>1</sup>, &c. On the other hand it is difficult to imagine any motive for the changes. It will be observed that the long ornament on the title-page, though its position has been altered, is in both cases upside down. After some hesitation the editor decided to make the reprint conform with B, on the ground that this represented the fuller and more elaborate, though very likely not the ultimate, text. It should be remarked that there is no direct authority for supposing that both the

publisher's name and also the leaf-signature and catchword ever appeared at the end of the epistle, since the leaf is closely cropped in B; the probability that they did seems however great enough to warrant the course pursued in the reprint, subject to this warning.

In sheet B it will be observed that while most of the errors in D were immediately corrected, a few remained till after the printing of M<sup>2</sup> and B, which thus constitute an intermediate group. A particularly interesting case is that of B(i) 155. This line stands in D thus:

Large Citties, fertile foile, and gracious Gods,

The corrector considered rightly that there should have been a colon at the end of the line, and he presumably marked it for correction. But the compositor misunderstood him and altered it to:

Large Citties, fertile foile : and gracious Gods,

as it stands in M<sup>2</sup> and B. Later the corrector noticed the error that had been made and had the line put right as it stands in M<sup>1</sup>, E and W:

Large Citties, fertile foile, and gracious Gods:

That this must have been the order of the changes can be readily inferred, since any other will conflict with the other changes made in the forme. But that the change from D to M<sup>1</sup>, &c., was not a simple and direct one is not merely a matter of inference but is capable of demonstration. For the first half of the two lines, though textually identical, are typographically distinct; the space before 'fertile' is too wide in D and the comma after 'foile' belongs to a smaller fount, whereas in M<sup>1</sup>, &c., they are normal, thus showing that there was presumably an intermediate state such as that supplied by M<sup>2</sup> and B. In the case of B(o) 201, D is correct: an accident removed the comma at the end of the line (M<sup>2</sup>, B), and when this was noticed the compositor seems erroneously to have replaced it by a full stop (the printing is not very clear).

A difficulty occurs at E(o) 1183. Throughout the forme M<sup>1</sup>, E and W show the original, M<sup>2</sup>, B and D the corrected, readings. But in reading 'wisdom,' (with a comma), instead of 'wisdome' (with an 'e'), M<sup>1</sup>, &c., are unquestionably correct. We are forced to assume that some accident occurred necessitating the resetting of the line and that the compositor made an error in so doing.

In forme I(i) the solitary reading of 2091, in which M<sup>2</sup> instead

of agreeing with M<sup>1</sup>, &c., joins B and D, proves an intermediate state.

All the rest is straightforward till we come to the last page, on which occurs the most mysterious puzzle of the play. Here M<sup>2</sup> differs in two readings (3362, 3377) from all the other copies, and in one of these it is as certainly correct as in the other it is as certainly in error. Presumably the correction of the one reading led accidentally to the erroneous alteration of the other, but in which direction the changes were made there is nothing (beyond the relative frequency of the two states) to show (unless indeed we assume, what the general evidence points to but does not prove, that the unit of correction was not the forme but the sheet, in which case the order for sheet N as a whole would be B : M<sup>1</sup> D E W : M<sup>2</sup>).

It is the rule in these reprints to take as basis in each forme that state of the original which seems on the whole most correct, or rather which seems to have received the most conscious correction, even though this should involve, as it sometimes does, the retention of less correct individual readings. The copies which have served as basis for the different forms of the present play (where variants have been discovered) will therefore be found enumerated in the above table under the heading 'Most correct state', but it must be understood that no opinion is advanced as to the relative correctness of the copies in the cases where queries are added to the symbols.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

Common to all copies.

<p>Epistle, l. 18 <i>for</i>  Text, l. 86 the'ternall  97 modestie.  130 know  146 equaltie,] u turned n in  <i>original</i>  209 wright  221 My thinks  247 imperiall,  280 <i>Tiber.</i>  291 twa's  292 my thought  295 my thinks  311] <i>not indented</i>  323 <i>Centurion Soldiers.</i>  340 hundeth  357 <i>Germanie,</i>  395 foule,] e, <i>doubtful</i>  400 (Imperious  403 Equalent  408 by] <i>original</i> bλ  424 policie,] <i>original</i> polīcie,  435 t he  457 Magnes  481 hearts,  (hope  484 Sonne,  497 Sufficiētprefidents  563 imperall  570 ts  582 not] <i>possibly</i> no t  600 and idiot,</p>	<p>602 <i>Iulia-</i>  618 marre  632 beholde  646 ther ein  650 heauen's  679 thirtie,  719 know  722] <i>not indented</i>  754 <i>Nero</i>  766 not with] <i>possibly</i> notwith  800 thee  Laconiades:] <i>there seems</i>  <i>to be some mark before the</i>  <i>colon</i>  807 interrupts  824 Crest :  842 <i>Exit. Piso</i>  856 haps,] <i>possibly</i> ha ps,  859 off,  881 (Ma-)(iestie  883 Liuia.] <i>point doubtful</i>  890 where fore-lookes  892 (troupes  906 <i>aud Drusus</i>  908] <i>not indented</i>  913 therto  917 repēt  940 vtican.  946 liu'd <i>Ioue,</i>  948 bed,  952 Seianus] <i>possibly</i> Seian us  (far-)(wel</p>
---	---

- 978 rapier  
 1000 vnkinde,] possibly  
     vnkinde.  
 1010 a shamed  
 1033 gaue't  
 1052] not indented  
 1087 c.w. Wee  
 1089 death,  
 1127 confu'md] apostrophe  
     doubtful  
 1153 Germanicus,  
 1177-8 Ma-net  
 1183] not indented  
 1208 farewell,  
 1228 c.w. Pifo. Or] cf. 1229  
 1318 lay] possibly l ay  
 1334 together  
 1351 er'e  
 1387 Agripina.] possibly  
     Agripina:  
 1390 Surceedes  
 1454 (wel  
 1470 leaue,  
 1472 me:  
 1473-5] stage direction belongs  
     after 1477  
 1512 Iulia make] possibly  
     Iuliamake  
 1533 Penolepes  
 1547 welkins] possibly wel kins  
 1566 had-iwiit.  
 1589 wont] possibly wont,  
 1598 dies.] d turned p in  
     original  
 1604 degree.] point turned in  
     original  
 1627 coneu'd?  
 1642 no'impression  
 1679 Emperour?  
 1712 fall's  
 1715 mind,  
 1718 ile  
 1772 Phalaux  
 1788 perfon, Thus  
 1797 grauarie,  
 1876 Renue  
 1886 Tigranocerta,  
 1929 ore'quelled  
 1951 deeme' twas  
 1970 plead  
 2007 (Germanicus  
 2011-2 set.]teth  
 2071 peirce  
 2076 vnquoth  
 2095 my thinkes  
 2116 My thought  
 2157 Vonones] possibly  
     Vonone s  
 2171 troopes,  
 2173 accompained,  
 2198 shew  
 2223 Nero  
 2225 (Drufus  
 2235 remain'd,  
 2238 Allablaster  
 2243 befall] possibly be fall  
 2261] not indented  
 2290 Agree'd,  
 2291 (quicke  
 2299 head,  
 2308 Exeunt. Omnes.  
 2341 conioy'nd,  
 2353 your] possibly yo ur  
 2368 difpatch why  
 2416 and friend,] possibly an d  
     friend,  
 2417 finononimies  
 2493 betraid  
 2518 flaine  
 2541 wrote] possibly wrote,  
 2553 in force  
 2585] not indented  
     Now] possibly No w  
 2623 aside  
 2630 lowres  
 2644 Exit  
 2645 t'is  
     Exeunt



2679 Strik  
 2747 grieve  
 2749 tougue,  
 2753 prop er  
 2762 *Spurius*  
 2788 Majfters,  
 2801-2 *Exeunt.* | (*omnes*)  
 2810 *Germanicus*  
 2814 neglect  
 2819 *Marco.*  
 2820 ma iestie,  
 2825 vnquoth  
 2830 here  
 2870 meat  
 2930 pandaturia.  
 2946 reuenge?] *possibly*  
     r euenge?  
 2948 There  
 2953 here  
     prate  
 2987 *again*  
 3009 *Æthiops*] *possibly*  
     *Æ thiops*

3013 fleepie  
 3023 a sham'd,  
 3031 were  
 3061 *downe*  
 3071 thy  
 3082 *Drufius,*  
 3094 mine  
 3103 *Canibals,*  
 3110 *die*  
 3134 *humblefutor*  
 3147 head,  
 3157 *Celfus*  
 3170 *subjeft*  
 3187 *lailer*  
 3225 *fatisfie*  
 3243 *Northren*  
 3270 *Anotamize*  
 3320 *c.w. Cal. Thanks*  
 3335 *intralls*  
 3380 *Cuildren*  
 sig. L2<sup>v</sup> r.t. *Tragic all*

N.B.—In some portions of the text lower-case letters appear not infrequently at the beginnings of verse lines, and have not been noted above. In a certain number of instances ‘j’ replaces ‘i’: these have only been recorded when they offend both old and modern convention.

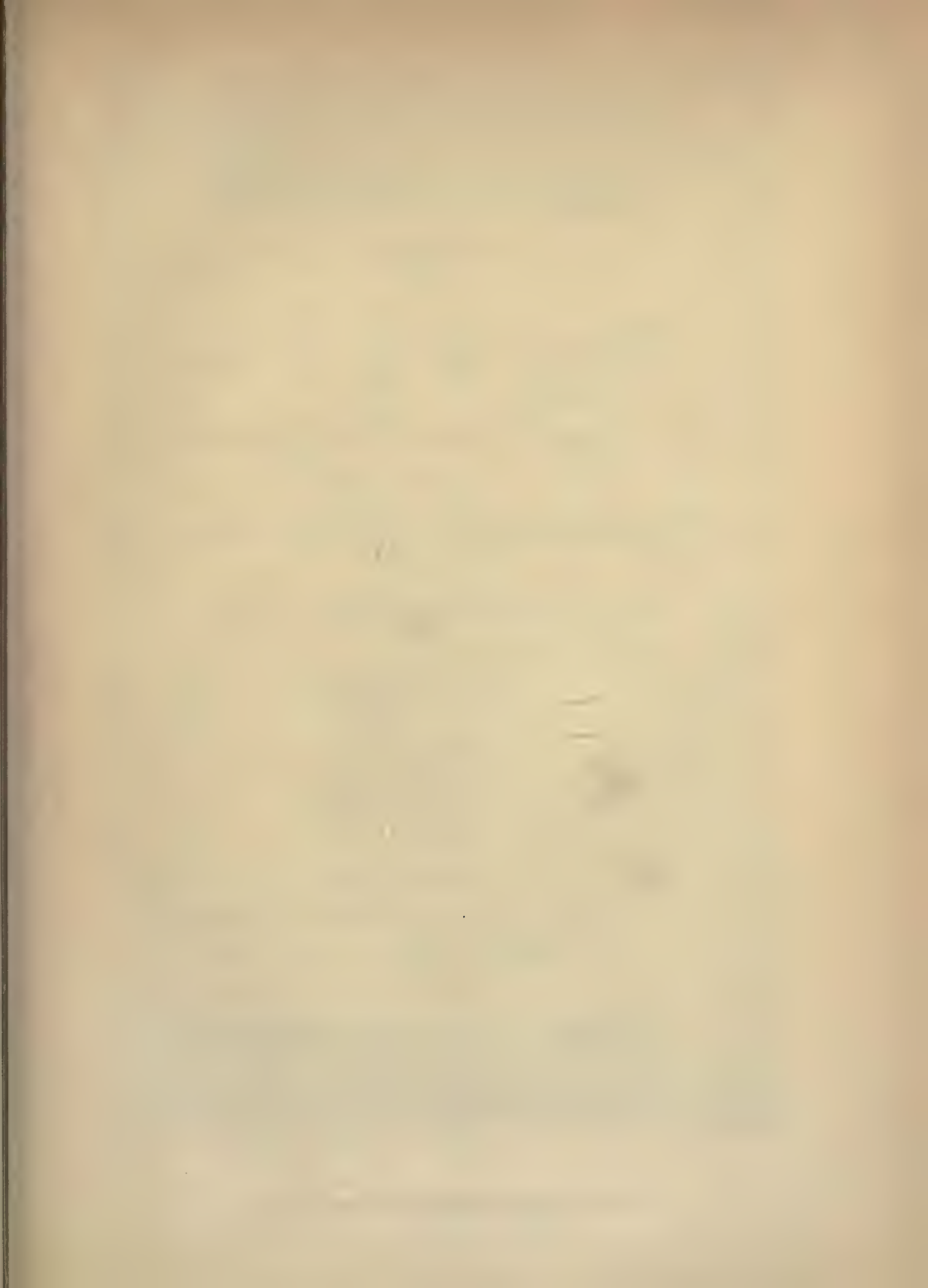
## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

<p>TIBERIUS, Emperor of Rome.</p> <p>SEJANUS } ASINIUS } Senators. SABINUS }</p> <p>COCCEIUS NERVA, a flamen.</p> <p>DRUSUS TIBERIUS, son of the Emperor.</p> <p>ASINIUS GALLUS } TITIUS SABINUS } Consuls.</p> <p>NERO } DRUSUS } sons of Germanicus. CALIGULA }</p> <p>four Plebeians.</p> <p>GERMANICUS, son of the Emperor.</p> <p>a Centurion.</p>	<p>a Page of Germanicus.</p> <p>JULIA, mother of the Emperor.</p> <p>AGRIPPINA, wife of Germanicus.</p> <p>LUCIUS PISO, praetor of Syria.</p> <p>LIVIA, wife of Drusus Tiberius.</p> <p>SPADO, attendant on Livia.</p> <p>VONONES, leader of the Armenians.</p> <p>MAXIMUS, a messenger from Germanicus.</p> <p>a Soldier of Maximus.</p> <p>four Messengers.</p> <p>JULIUS CELSUS, friend to Sejanus.</p> <p>MACRO, an officer of Tiberius.</p>
---	--

Flamens, soldiers, Vonones' son, captains of Germanicus, prisoners, and Spurius, an officer of Tiberius.

Several characters appear in the funeral show with which the play opens who do not speak till considerably later. The show has been disregarded in fixing the order of the above list. The two Consuls are named in the initial direction but in the text are only numbered (ll. 74, 76).





THE  
Tragedie of Clau-  
dius Tiberius Nero, *Romes*  
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records  
*of those times.*

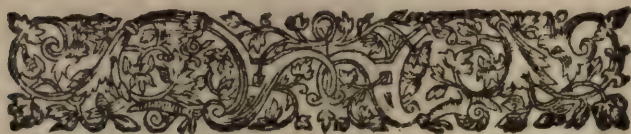
Et Studio, et Labore.

*Anon.*



L O N D O N

Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules  
Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce  
and Crowne. 1607





THE  
STATELIE  
Tragedie of Clau-

dus Tiberius Nero, *Romes*  
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records  
*of those times.*

Et Studio, et Labore.



L O N D O N

Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules  
Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce  
and Crowne. 1607.

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

22

*Enter Tiberius and Seianus.*

**Ti.** Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatcht  
With subtill *Piso* to the Orient.  
Didst thou not see with what alacritie,  
All the Plebeians at his triumph showed  
At euey period of his pleasing song?  
How that discordant quire redoubled  
With their vntuned voyces relishing,  
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?  
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,  
And soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

**Seian.** My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auctre,  
Speedie performance of this action,  
I so inuagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,  
So coniured his traiterous resolution,  
Storing the villaine with such poysonous druggs,  
As neuer *Circe* nor *Actes* knew,  
I so incenst his damn'd ambition,  
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,  
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,  
That were *Germanicus* imperious loue,  
*Piso* would poyson him to gaine my loue.

**Tib.** So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,  
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,  
Of lesser fauour, but of greater show,  
That same infamous *Tigres Iulia*.  
*Nemio* neuer saw a *Lionesse*  
Was halfe so furious as is *Iulia*.  
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre  
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?  
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament  
To haue discarded me from regiment?  
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,  
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* shall surely die.

G

*Seia.* Then

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Tiberius and Seianus.*

**Ti.** Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest faare dispatch  
With subtile *Piso* to the Orient.  
Didst thou not see with what alacritie,  
All the Plebeians at his triumph showed?  
At euery period of his pleasing song:  
How that discordant quire redoubled.  
With their vntuned voyces relishing,  
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*.  
But hees dispatch into Armenia,  
And soone shall be dispatch by *Piso* true.

*Seian.* My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,  
Speedie performance of this action,  
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,  
So coniuered his traiterous resolution,  
Storing the villaine with such poysonous druggs,  
As neuer *Circen* nor *Aetes* knew,  
I, so incenst his damn'd ambition,  
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,  
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*  
That were *Germanicus* imperious loue,  
*Piso* would poyson him to gaine my loue.

**Tib.** So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,  
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,  
Of lesser fauour, but of greater show,  
That same infamous *Tigres Iulia*.

*Nemio* neuer saw a Lionesse,  
Was halfe so furious as is *Iulia*.  
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre  
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?  
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament  
To haue discarded me from regiment?  
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,  
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* shall surely die.

G

*Seia.* Then











THE  
STATELIE  
Tragedie of Clau-

dius Tiberius Nero, *Romes*  
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records  
*of those times.*

Et Studio, et Labore.



L O N D O N

Printed for *Francis Burton*, dwelling in *Paules*  
*Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce*  
and *Crowne.* 1607

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE HISTORY OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
OF AMERICA  
FROM 1789 TO 1865

BY  
JOHN P. HARRIS  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



CHICAGO: THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, 1865



To the Right Worshipfull Sir Arthur Man-  
nering Knight, (*Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George  
Mannering of Eithfield in the Countie of Salop*) Car-  
uer vnto Prince Henry his  
Grace.

**I**F Custome (Right worshipfull) had so greate a Prero-  
gatiue, as that nothing crossing it, were at all allow-  
able, then might I iustly feare reprehension for this  
my Dedication, hauing (to my knowledge) but a singu-  
ler President heerein; and the reason wherefore so 10  
many Plaies haue formerly beene published without Inscriptions vnto  
particular Patrons (contrary to Custome in diuulging other Bookes)  
although perhaps I could nerely guesse yet because I would willingly of-  
fend none, I will now conceale. This young Scholler, as his proportion is  
comelye, so are his garments graue, his language faire, and by his speech  
it should seeme that his Father was an Academician: his tongue is tipt  
with Eloquence, and his face is louely: he tels strange (but true) stories:  
he is meruailous wittie, and notwithstanding his Orphant-age (for ey-  
ther hee hath lost his Father, or his Father hath lost him) yet it should  
seeme that he hath read much, for he is well seene in Antiquities, but 20  
most especially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our best approued Histo-  
rian, which cannot chuse but acquire him some fauour. I will say no  
more in his commendation, let his own good parts praise him, but in re-  
gard he is fatherles, your Worship (I thinke) may doe a deede of Char-  
itie to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father may once be thank-  
ful vnto you for such kindnes. In the meane space, as I my selfe am  
partly by duetie already bound vnto your Worship, so my  
loue shal make vp that which in duetie is wanting,  
and heereafter I will remaine your  
Worships deuoted.

Francis Burton.

30



*Ad Lectores.*

*In stead of Prologue to my Play,  
Obferue this one thing I ſhall ſay.*

I vſe no Sceane ſuppos'd as many doe,  
But make the Truth my Sceane, and Actors too.

*For*

Of Romes great Tyrant I the ſtorie tell,  
And what vnto that State in Neroes Raigne beſel.



## The Tragickall life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter mourners to the funerall: first Cocceius Nerua, with Sc. i  
other Flaminij: next, the hearse of Augustus: then Ti-  
berius, with Iulia on his right hand: then Drusus Ti-  
berius, and Liuia: Then Agripina alone: next, her three  
sonnes, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: next two Consuls,  
Asinius Gallus, and Titius Sabinus, with other Sena-  
tors. They passe ouer the stage and goe in: then sound  
to the Coronation: and enter first two Consuls; then Ti-  
berius Nero, Nerua with the crowne Emperiall: then  
Asinius, Sabinus, and Seianus, Senators: then Dru- 10  
sus Tiberius, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius  
Nero ascendeth.*

*Tib.* **V**ictorious Consuls, and graue Senators,  
My noble kinsmen and deere Countrimē,  
Deare friends to deare Augustus happineffe:  
Happie to haue such friends, and Countrimen:  
Could I but shadow out in maske of words,  
The forrowing language of my groaning soule,  
Or with a streame of teares alay the flame,  
Wherewith my heart doth like an Ætna burne, 20  
Yea Gods I call to witnesse of my thoughts, (words:  
My tongue should speake, and speake in weeping  
Mine eyes should well out words, & speak in teares,  
Wordes in my weeping, weeping in my words,  
To sympathize my deare affection,  
But since,——— *He feigneth to swoond.*  
*Seia.* What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble  
*Neru.* See how the inundation of his grief (grace?  
Doth

## The Tragicall life and death

Doth stop the fountaine of his vtterance.

*Asin.* So true a griefe exprest with such true loue, 30  
Would make a man to be in loue with griefe.

*Dru. Tib.* My Lord and father, what deepe passion  
Your deep-engrauen sorrowes hath surpriz'd?

*Tib.* Ah Drufus, Drufus, the late memorie,  
Of great Augustus honorable deedes,  
Compared with this new priuation,  
Doth riue my heart twixt contrarities.  
Now would my tongue remember his faire deedes,  
But then my heart fwels with remembrance.  
Sweet Drufus, thou whose young experience, 40  
Hath not such deepe impression of these woes,  
Our honorable buryall rights vnfold,  
As moſte befits these ſolomne Exequies.

*Dru. Tib.* My Lord, my duetie bindes me to obey,  
Against my reason, and my budding yeares,  
Yet for to checke my yeares, my reason ſaies,  
My duetie muſt be reason to my yeares.  
Therefore great States of this ſad Parliament,  
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,  
Vouchſafe to waſh your ſiluer haire more white, 50  
With flowing teares of true compaſſion.

*Augustus Cæſar, high Octavius,*  
The true ſucceſſor of great Iulius,  
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raies  
Surpaſt the glorie of yong Phaeton:  
Now in the darke eclipſing of his daies,  
Lies lower then Apolloes breathleſſe Sonne.  
Often hath Rome ſeene mans fragillitie,  
But nere before the Gods mortallitie.  
Ile pleade his Iuſtice, loe his mercie ſhines: 60  
Ile call him mercifull, yet iuſt withall:  
In mercy iuſt, in Iuſtice mercifull:  
Ile pleade his honour, then his meekenes calls,  
Ile praife his meekenes, yet in honours robes:



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

In honour meeke, in meekenes honourable,  
Ile plead his wifdome, but his wit me checks,  
Ile praife his wit, yet linckt in wifdomes chaine,  
In wittie wifdome, and in wifdome wit.  
Ile plead his beautie, but his ftrength bids ftay,  
Ile praife his ftrength but in a beautious manfion, 70  
Beauteous in valour, and in beautie ftiong:  
So if ye reake not mans fragilitie,  
Yet weepe to fee the Gods mortalitie.

*Con. 1.* No more fweet *Drufus*, into pleasing tearms  
A ftorie to difpleafing thou relat'ft.

*Con. 2.* Good *Drufus*, adde not water to the fea,  
To make our fea oforrowes ouerflow.

*Nerua.* In vaine, in vaine, thefe puling fignes of  
griefe,

Effeminate waywardnes, inconstant mindes, 80

Vaffailes to fortune, flaues to natures courfe;

*Augustus* dead, and fo muft all men die,

So worke the filters of neceffitie.

No perfon humane can eternall be,

But in fucceffion hath eternitie.

Since then the'ternall prouidence of heauen,

Hath ratified *Augustus* Deitie,

We muft prouide for his poore Widdow left,

Left to our patronage (the Common-wealth)

And you my Lord *Tiberius* the true heire 90

Of great *Augustus* by adoption,

With loyall homage and true fealtie,

We doe create our gracious Emperour.

*Tiber.* And muft my filence breake or heart  
In the accepting of a double yoake? (difolue

Not fo *Cocceius* tis impoffible

Poore foule for me or for my modettie.

To fway th' imperiall Scepter of the world,

That of this world am not my Emperour,

One onely *Phenix* in *Arabia*

100

## The Tragicall life and death

Presents a sacrifice to heauens eye,  
One onely *Atlas* by his prouidence  
The glittering starrs of heauen can support.  
One onely, one *Augustus*, onely he  
Our Romane *Phœnix* fit for Emperie,  
Who I? no, no, I know not what you meane,  
An Emperour must wake, I drowfie am:  
An Emperour must be valiant, I am old:  
He must be iust, I may be ouer-rul'd:  
Sole Monarch must he be, my mother liues: 110  
And must, and shall be honoured while she liues.  
An Emperour must be able to endure,  
(In war) the winters frosts, and summers heate,  
I feele a palsie rooted in my bones.  
He must haue honie-dropping eloquence:  
I for my part nere playd the Orator.  
By this my Tribunes power well I know,  
How many doubtfull cares he must endure  
That taketh care to be an Emperour.  
An Empire (Gods forfend) a goodly bait, 120  
To fish for witleffe high aspiring fooles.  
Humilitie perfwades me to auoyde  
A droppe of honie in a flood of Gall.  
Lords trouble not my resolution,  
I dare not, can not, will not take the crowne.  
*Seia.* By *Ioue* most gallantly diffembled: *Aside.*  
Alas my Lord let tribute of our teares,  
Plead for the orphant of our countryes state.  
We know———  
*Ti.* What do ye know? I know wel what ye know 130  
Youle say the state is dolefull: so am I.  
The state is now an orphant, so am I,  
The state hath lost his head, and so haue I  
My deare *Augustus.* *He faineth weeping.*  
*Sab.* Why weepes *Tiberius* and will not cease?  
And will not cease the weeping of the state?

*Tib.* Yes

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Tiber.* Yes, yes, *Sabinus*, I will help my part,  
There is Germanicus the hope of Roome,  
*Nero* and *Drusus*, and *Caligula*.  
These gallant blossomes of the goodly stemme, 140  
*Cocceius*, *Titius*, and *Asinius*,

The spotlesse records of antiquitie.  
These are fit actors for our Empires stage,  
I for my part will act some little part,  
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,  
And you my Lords share in equaltie,  
The glorious Sceanes of Roomes faire Emperie.

*Asi.* Why then my Lord *Tiberius*, choose your part  
The fruitfull *Sicily* or gold of Spaine,  
The Arabian spices, or the Indian pearles, 150  
The English wels, or Vines of Italie :

The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,  
Either Ægyptian *Isis*, or Roomes Ioue,  
Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troynouant,  
Large Citties, fertile soile, and gracious Gods:  
If these, or any other may content,  
Within the Circuit of our Empire,

My Lord, choose out your part, and leaue the rest  
To be assign'd at our discretion. *Seianus aside.*  
O for a shift, now Lyon rouse thy selfe, 160  
Or else for euer loose thy Lyons head.

*Tib.* May I *Asinius* choose? then this I choose,  
To take no charge, for all I know is care,  
*Sicilians* mutinous and Spaniards proud,  
Arabians simple fooles, and Indians droyles,  
Britons too rude, Italians too too wise,  
Disloyall Sirians, superstitious Iewes,  
*Isis* too far, and Ioue is plac'd too neare,  
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troynouant, 170  
All goodly Cities, but all dangerous,  
By Ioue my hate hee deadly shall obtaine,  
That bids me but to take a part againe.

## The Tragicall life and death

*Affi.* Not foe my Lord, you did misconster me,  
I did not meane to make deuision  
In the vnited Vnion of the Realme:  
I did not meane to separate the Sunne,  
To runne by peece-meale in the Zodiacke:  
Nor dreame of multiplicitie of soules,  
Which one continued effence animates,  
The heauens cannot moue without a Sunne: 180  
Nor can the heauens haue more Sunnes then one.

*Tiber.* *Affinius* I perceiue I did you wrong,  
So to interpret your oration,  
I am forry, (troth I am) and if I liue  
Ile recompence your mightie iniuries.

*Neru.* Will not *Tiberius* then accept the Crowne?

*Tiber.* Why should *Tiberius* libertie be ceas'd?

*Neru.* No, Princes haue the rule of libertie.

*Tiber.* If libertie in greatnesse did relie.

*Neru.* My Lord, my Lord, it is no time to iest, 190  
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antithesis,  
Emperour or no Emperour, will you the Crowne or  
*Neru.* speake plaine, it is high time to knowe. (no?)

*Tib.* Take heed my Lords, be warie in your choise,  
Least after stormes controle your rash attempt,  
You are to choose but once, consider well;  
After, all Subiectes to your Emperour.

If you constraime me to this doubtfull taske,  
And I (as God forbid) should change my minde,  
Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage, 200  
My snow white conscience to a Scarlet dye.

Would not the Nations of the lesser world

That are not subiect to our Emperie,

Deride your lunaticke election?

And if ye should but thinke amisse of me,

Would they not laugh at your inconstancie?

Take heede, take heede, in vaine ye will repent,

Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not preuent.

*Sabin.* My

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Sabin.* My Lord, how long shall we wright in the  
Or plough the ayre with vaine delusions? (sands, 210  
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarse,  
And all in vaine we bend our suplyant knees,  
Vassaile our idle thoughts of reuerence,  
Subdue our mounting fancies to your loue,  
And will not all this mooue *Tiberius*? (quest.

*Ne. Ger.* Good Grandfire graunt the Senatours re-

*Dru. Ger.* Grandfire, they speake in earnest, take  
the Crowne.

*Calig. Ger.* Grandfire accept this golde, looke how  
it shines! 220

My thinks it would become you passing fine.

*Tiber.* Deare Children, (old *Tiberius* eldest care)

My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,  
That heauenly Confort tuned to mine eares,  
Thanks my kinde kins-men, noble Romains thãks  
Euen from my heart, although my cares increase,  
Constrain'd, yet gratefull for your kinde constraint,  
Bound to receiue that which my soule abhors,  
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,  
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my modestie. 230

Yet were my cares in number infinite,  
(For who can number all his cares hath none)  
Should they showre downe in droppes of streaming  
Muster in troups of languishing dispaire, (blood  
Swarme like to Bees, sting like to Scorpions;  
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart:  
Yet these and more, and twice ten thousand more,  
Old *Nero* will for Countries cause indure,  
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

*Sound Trumpets, Nerua crowneth him.* 240

*Ner.* Most mightie *Cesar*, great *Tiberius*,  
Euer *Augustus* Tribune of the State,  
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,

## The Tragicall life and death

Sole Confull for our conquered Prouinces,  
Prince of the Senate in our policies,  
Wee heere inuest your sacred Majestie,  
In all the Ornaments jmeriall,  
Roomes and the worlds most glorious Emperour.

*Omnes.* Long liue *Tiberius* Roomes great Emperor.

*Tiber.* Like as an hartles fawne, enuironed 250

Within the circuit of the hunters crie,  
So stand I (Romaines) wondring at your showtes.  
These new alarum's quel my slumbring thoughts,  
Chast to the Bay, I breathelesse panting muse,  
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.  
Neuer could *Sparta* glorie of such pray,  
As for to haue an Emperour at bay.

But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,  
A gallant Roebucke, braue *Germanicus*:

Roomes shining Beacon in rude Germany, 260

Our deare adopted Sonne, our blessed care,  
To him my Lords as zeale of my affection,  
And signe of duetie to the common state,  
We doe prorogue eight yeares Proconfulship.  
On you *Asinius* we doe impose,

To be our Legate to Germanicus.

Tell him we loue him, (and be sure you doe)

Tell him we honour him (doe not forget)

We loue and honour deare *Germanicus*,

And would be ioyfull to beholde our Sonne, 270

Honoured in triumph at the Capitall.

But that we knowe the honour of his minde,

Disdaines to crop the blossomes of his fame,

Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,

And all the barbarous Germanes be subdu'd.

This doe *Asinius* and returne with loue,

In our new glorie, we thy honour proue.

*Asini.* My Lord, what ere *Asinius* honour proueth  
His expedition shall declare he loueth.

*Tib.* Now

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Tiber.* Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice, 280  
Saluting all the Gods in vifitation :

Let *Lectisternia* three daies be proclaimed,

The *Sibbels*, counfels, and *Flaminies*,

*Ianus* fhut vp, and *Vestæes* fier blaze,

Into the middle region of the ayre,

Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitoll,

In filuer feale, our records to enrole. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Plebeians, foure speakers.*

Sc. ii

1 Did you not see our new Emperour how brauely  
he came from his Corronation? 290

2 Yes, twa's a gallât fight fure, but did you mark his  
countenance? my thought tis mightily altred within  
this fiue or six quarters of a yere fince I saw him laft :

3 I, and I saw him goe to the Senate, and as you  
fay, my thinks hee is much altered, and lookes more  
terrible a great deale.

2 I that same lookes I promife is an il signe, pray  
God all be well.

4 Well, wee must hope the best, and thinke tis a  
great change from a subiect to become a sufficient, 300  
for fimple as I stand heere, if I should chaunce to bee  
chofen Emperour, I should affault my selfe highly I  
can tell you, or any of vs all.

3 *Augustus* was a goodly man, and I hope hee has  
left fuch a gracious fample, that *Tiberius* will not for-  
get himfelfe.

1 Neuer talke of *Augustus* more, we shal neuer see  
his like in Rome, vnlesse *Germanicus* might bee our  
Emperour.

*Om.* O worthy *Germanicus*! hee's a flower indeed. 310

1 My maifters, let's talk no more of these State-mat-  
ters, for I am afraid we haue faid too much already, if  
the Emperour should know of it.

2 You haue faid wifely neigbour, for Emperors see  
& heare all that they desire: I haue heard my father  
tel my mother fo, they haue millions a Spirits that  
tels them all.

3 I care

## The Tragicall life and death

3 I care not, I saide nothing, but praide God hee might be no worse thē *Augustus*, that was no harme:

4 Well, let vs part vpon this that hath been said, 320  
and lets keepe one anothers counsels, and take heed heereafter. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Germanicus with Centurion Soldiers.*

Sc. iii

*Ger.* Well followed Tribunes, gallant Gentlemē,  
Thus are these hearts chac'd to their lurking dens,  
That brayed like Asses in their Lyons skinne.  
Worthy Centurion, thou whose might did breake  
The triple ranges of our dangerous foes,  
Whose well way'd buckler tooke so many darts,  
As seem'd to cloud the sunne with multitude: 330  
Accept the honour of a Gentleman,  
Crown'd with the triumph of victorious spoyles,  
This Crowne thus pleated of the verdant grasse,  
Thy high vplifted head shall more adorne,  
Then all the honour of proud Germany.

*Centu.* Noble *Germanicus* a Romaine heart,  
Hath by inheritance a mounting spirit,  
Did not great *Coriolanus* so aduaunce,  
The mellow fruite of his old withered stocke?  
Did not three hundeth *Fabij* all at once, 340  
In one day breath, war, vanquish, fight and dye,  
All to maintaine the honour of their name?  
So did *Marius* in *Numidia*,  
And happie *Scylla* vnder *Scipio*.  
With what alacritie did *Scuola*,  
Encounter *Porfenes* torture, death and fire,  
All to maintaine the honour of their name,  
And should not I hazard this blaze of life,  
This rising bubble, this imprisoned soule,  
This changing matter, this inconstant act, 350  
For Countrie, friends, and honour of my name?

*Enter*



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* My Lord, heere is a Legate sent from Rome,  
Which craues accessse vnto your Majestie.

*Ger.* Let him draw neare: Cosen *Affinius!*

*Enter Asinius.*

Welcome my noble friend to *Germanie*,

*Asin.* All happinesse vnto *Germanicus*,

I haue a secreet message to impart,

If please your Grace of priuate patience.

360

*Ger.* Tribunes looke to the 4. gates of the Campe

See that the trenches bee inchaneld deepe,

Send out our scouts, if they can spie the Foe,

Number their Cohorts and their Legions:

Comfort the maimed, burie all the dead,

Refresh your bodies, for to morrow morne

We meane to scoure this vanquisht region:

away——

*Exeunt.*

Now good *Affinius*, tell *Germanicus*

The substance that your message doth import.

370

*Asin.* Were I not now to speake vnto your Grace

My tongue should play the Rethoritian,

And in graue precepts striue to moralize,

Or make a long discourse of patience,

Adding a crooked sign'd Parenthesis,

Of puling sorrow twixt each siped line.

But for *Asinius*, knowes your setled minde

So nurs't in flowing streames of constancie,

*Asinius* doth reporte *Augustus* death,

I will not common place of mortall men,

380

Nor of his vertue, nor his Noblenesse,

Nor *Solons* graue aduise shall be my Theame:

I know I speake vnto *Germanicus*,

Besides, *Tiberius* is our Emperour.

He saith he loues you, and to shew his loue,

Hath your proconsulship eight yeres prorogu'd.

C

*Enter*

# *The Tragicall life and death*

*Enter the Centurion which was crowned.*

*Cent. Germanicus* and graue *Asinius*,  
Awake from counsell, all are in vprore,  
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous. 390  
And crie *Germanicus* our Emperour,  
*Germanicus* our noble Emperour.  
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,  
*Germanicus* shall be our Emperour.

*Germ.* A world of cares at once assault my soule,  
I am distracted, harke, the mutinies.

*They crie within, and exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Tiberius, Iulia, and Seianus.* Sc. *iu*

*Tib.* Impute it not vnto vngratefulnesse,  
(Imperious *Augusta* of great Rome, 400  
And which doth touch me nearer dearest mother,  
That *Nero* hath deferd indebted thankes,  
Equivalent vnto your high deserts.  
I can not (mother) fet your praise to sale,  
Or Orator it with a glosing tongue,  
Graced with picked phrafes, glorious speech,  
Choice Synonimies, pleasing Epithites,  
Paged by apish action, toying gesture,  
Mother I hate this tip-tongued flatterie,  
Better is me, be as you see me now, 410  
Thankfull in outward deeds, than outward shew,  
But forward mother with your former tale.

*Iulia.* No sooner the vncontrolled fates,  
Exilde his life, and with his life our care,  
But that *Seianus* from whose faithfull tongue,  
(As from *Apollo*s tru-sent Oracles,  
We chiefe deriue the drift of our affaires)  
Poasted like to the Palphraies of the Sunne,

To

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

To Roades where thou in exile didst remaine,  
There to enforme thee of *Augustus* death, 420  
The Empires vacancie, and thy repeale.

*Tib.* My tongue denies to blazon in harsh words  
Deare friends the thankfulness my heart affords.

*Iulia.* Meane while had I not with great policie,  
Buried in silence great *Augustus* death,  
And in the closet of my care-sworne brest,  
Embosomed the notice of the same,  
Shewne vnto thee, smothered to vulgar fame,  
Bar'd from the base Plebeians itching eares,  
A Castrell had possesst thy Eagles nest. 430  
And thou the Eagle hadst beene dispossest.

*Seia.* But now that Castrel in his course is stopt,  
Clipt are his pinions of ambitious flight:  
Nor shall he hope to sit where *Nero* soares.

*Tib.* Were he t he issue of eternall *Ioue*,  
Or farre more fortunate in his successe,  
Then was *Alcides*, or faire *Thetis* sonne,  
More happie in the offspring of his loynes  
Then *Priam* in his childrens multitude,  
Yet would I bridle his aspiring thoughts, 440  
And curbe the reynes of his ambition.

*Seia.* Wel can he braue it in his barbarous armes,  
Against th' oppugning force of Germanie,  
And stranger nations of the farthest North,  
Whose hearts like to their Climate hard congeald,  
Are frozen cold to Romes felicitie.  
A crested Burganetto more fits him,  
Then to ingirt his Temples with a Crowne.

*Tib.* Therefore in policie by thine aduise, 450  
Vnder pretext of honourable minde,  
We deligated to *Germanicus*,  
*Asinius Gallus* into Germanie,  
With twice foure yeares prorogued Consulship.

*Iulia.* Which of necessitie he must accept,

## The Tragicall life and death

Sith hope of higher honour is forestald.

*Tiber.* Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enioy :  
This was th' attractiue Magnes of his hopes.

*Seia.* To which how hardly did you seeme allur'd  
With such denyall you refused it:

Making a Commentarie on the Crowne,

460

With oh! the duetie of an Emperour,  
How warie, watchfull, wise he ought to be,  
How drowfie, and improuident you were,  
With heaping vp a storie of what cares  
They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,  
So grac'd with fundrie squemish subtilties,  
As *Mercurie* himselfe (the God of witte)  
Might haue admir'd, but not haue matched it.

*Tiber.* Yet did that *Argus* eyed *Asfinius*,  
Both marke and bluntly mate me in my drift,  
*With, choose your part my Lord in Britany,*  
Or heyday, where you will, so not in Rome,  
but by my Genius ile remember——

470

*Iulia.* I, had not wife *Asfinius* vttered it.

*Tiber.* Had me no had-nots, nor *Asfinius*  
Can so ore cannopie his close conceite,  
But I will know the Panther by his skinne.  
Nor am I ignorant of his great loue  
He beares vnto the proud *Germanicus*,  
How euer clowd in hippocresie.

480

*Seian.* I, that *Germanicus* holds al their hearts, (hope

*Iuli.* No meruaile, for they call him Roomes chiefe

*Seia.* And some did fay he should be Emperour,  
In spite of *Iulia* and hir exild Sonne,

*Tiber.* But neither *Iulia* nor her exilde Sonne,  
Would haue endured such competitors.

*Nero* will brooke no riual in his rule,

Vnlesse it be th' emperious *Iulia*,

To whome the law of nature bindes *Tiberius*

So firme obleiged in obedience,

490

As

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

As all the attributes of Majestie,  
Rome, or the world, or *Nero* can affoord,  
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.  
Whose loue first lent the essence of my life,  
Whose life doth onely make me loue to liue.

*Julia.* Enough my sonne.  
Sufficient presidents of dutious minde,  
We oft haue proued and approued oft,  
And for our part neuer did *Hecuba*  
Beare so great loue to all the sonnes she bare, 500  
As *Julia* doth to one *Tiberius*.

*Tib.* Mother, I do confesse and know it true,  
But in the infancie of our estate,  
More priuate consultation better fits,  
We and *Seianus*, will into our studie.

*Julia.* And we into our walking Gallerie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Germanicus solus.* 5c. v

*Germ.* I haue dispatcht *Asinius* to Rome,  
With thanks to *Nero* and the Senators.  
O Roome! 510

*Augustus* dead, *Tiberius* Emperour,  
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,  
The Legions discontent and mutinous:  
The Pretors tyrants in their Prouinces:  
The Nauie spoil'd, vnrig'd, dismembred:  
The Cittie made a brothell house of sinne:  
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie.  
The field of Mars, turn'd to a Tennis-court,  
*Mineruaes* Oliue to the Mirtle tree,  
*Appolloes* Laurell, vnto *Bacchus* Vine, 520  
High *Ioue* contemd, and *Vestaes* Tapers scornd:  
The Oracles dispis'd, the *Sibbils* bookes  
Esteem'd as superstitious delusions:  
The Orient vp in armes and *Piso* fled,

## *The Tragicall life and death*

The *Gallogetians* proud for to rebell,  
*Affricke* in vprore, *Asia* in braules,  
And these rude *Germaine-kernes* not yet subdued,  
Besides a new deuis'd Religion,  
Of the inconstant Iewes cal'd Christians:  
Our sacred Oracles some are stroke dumbe, 530  
And some fortolde of Romes destruction:  
Vocall *Boetia* in deepe miseries,  
And *Delphian* glorie in obfcurenesse lies,  
A Geminied *Phæbus*, a three doubled moone,  
A whirling Commet, flashing in the ayre,  
A Wolfe ascended to the Cappitoll:  
The Temple blasted of fidelitie:  
A common Harlet to bring foorth a Beare,  
O Gods! my heart doth quake, my foule doth feare.

*Enter a Page.*

540

*Page.* My Lord, the scoutes discovered the wood,  
Wherein the *Germanes* doe in ambush lie.

*Ger.* Sirra, goe tell them I will scarre the Crowes.

*Page.* My Lord.

*Exit.*

*Ger.* Boy, trouble not my Meditations,  
What should I spend my time to scarre these crowes,  
When there's a cole-blacke Rauen pearcht so high?  
*Germanicus*, soare thou an higher pitch,  
Towre like a Larke, and like an Eagle mount,  
Till thou hast feaz'd vpon thy pray: for why? 550  
The Legions loue thee, hate *Tiberius*:  
Honour thy vertues, scorne his cowardise,  
Extoll thy meekenesse, and reuile his pride:  
Pray for thy happinesse and curffe his daies,  
My Father *Caius*: his was *Claudius*,  
I am of *Cæsar*, he of *Iulia*:  
I heire by nature, he but by adoption:  
Rome saw thee honoured, *Rhodes* him bannished,

He

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,  
But I the Lyons of proud Germanie. 560  
And this were cause enough, were there no other:  
I by *Augustus* made, he by his mother.  
But thou art heire imperall to the state:  
But he that lookes for death may hope to late.  
Yet hope *Germanicus*, good hopes a treasure,  
But he that hopes for meate, may starue at pleasure.  
I, but *Tiberius Nero's* verie olde,  
But young enough to liue to see thee fold.  
I, but he loues thee for *Augustus* sake,  
*Augustus* gone, the match ts new to make. 570  
But since his death, thy power he hath augmented,  
I, that at Rome my power might be preunted:  
He sent thee word he loues thee, so I thinke:  
Who would not loue the wine he meanes to drinke?  
He honours thee (he said) and so I deeme,  
Who would not of the fattest Goate esteeme?  
Impatient furie flye *Germanicus*,  
How is thy reason dimn'd with clowdie passion?  
Proud swelling dropisie, euer gnawing worme,  
Insatiate vulture, vile ambition, 580  
Deluding Sirene, where's *Germanicus*?  
The Legions loue thee not for to aspire,  
Thy vertue shines not in oppression;  
No honour in ambitious aray:  
No meekenes in a traytors happines,  
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,  
Nor *Cæsar* did abet thy treacheries,  
By nature heire, then be thou naturall,  
Rome saw thy honour, change not liuerie,  
But make thy haruest vp in Germanie. 590

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* My Lord the Tribunes sent me to your grace  
To know your royall pleasure in the case.

*Germ.* What,

## The Tragicall life and death

*Ger:* What, haue they chas'd the foe, and I delay?  
Runne *Caius*, flie for haft, away, away.

*Enter Caligula at one end of the stage, and Seianus at the Se. vi*  
*other end below. Iulia at one end aloft, and*  
*Tiberius Nero at the other.*

*Cal.* I am a foole, I am *Caligula*,  
Suppos'd and idiot, and am so indeed, 600  
For he that will liue safe must seeme a foole.

*Iulia-* Am not I Empreffe, and shall I be control'd.  
Am I *Augusta*, and shall I not rule?  
Haue I made him to raigne, and shall I stoope?  
Is he my sonne, and am not I his mother?

*Tiberius* thou shalt know a womans hate,  
Exceedeth bounds, and neuer can haue date.

*Tib.* How am I Emperour and my mother rule?  
Is she the Sunne, shall I the shadow be?  
I but the smoake, and shall she be the fire? 610  
I but a bare imagination,  
And she the image that is honoured?  
I but the *eccho*, shall she be the found?  
A plague vpon her, I will her confound.

*Seia.* Thus will I do: nay thus, nay villaine thus  
Poison *Tiberius*: I but *Germanicus*,  
The Emperour and his mother seeme to iarre.  
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your sports ile marre  
But *Nero* loues me: so did my mother to, 620  
And yet I brake her necke in honestie.  
Mother forgiue me, ile doe so no more,  
Yet if a thousand mothers necks would serue  
To get me to be Emperour of Rome,  
By heauens I would not leaue one necke aliue,  
And to be sure that they should all be broke,  
Ide hire some honest ioynter them to set,  
And breake them ouer twentie thousand times,

And



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And for to recompence his worthy paine,  
Ide make him fet his owne nine times againe.

*Caligu.* I laugh to see how I can counterfeite, 630  
And I should blush, if that Germanicus,  
My father, my dissembling should beholde  
He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foole:  
My mother was deliuered in the Campe,  
And in my swadling cloathes, I chac'd the Foe,  
My Cradle was a Corslet, and for milke  
I batteded was with blood: and fed so fast  
That in ten yeares I was a Collonell.

My mother knew this, but she deemes me chang'd  
Poore woman in the loathsome Romish stewes, 640  
O Mother, I am chang'd: but wherefore foe?

*Caligula* of *Caligula* must not knowe.

*Iul.* Shall I call him a Bastard? true it is,  
But *Iulia*, then thou doo'st thy selfe the wrong.  
Say that he was *Augustus* murtherer,  
Yet ther ein *Iulia* thou wert counseller,  
How then? a vengeance on his curfed head,  
So he were murther'd would that I were dead.  
Vile Monster that I am, to perrish loath,  
Yet heauen's raine brimstone and consume vs both, 650  
I am impatient, yet I must dissemble. *Exit Iulia.*

*Tiber.* She is my Mother, I must honour her:  
She is my Ladie, I must shew her duetie:  
She is most wise, worthie of reuerence:  
I but the hag is moste ambitious,  
Shee must haue Priestes forfooth, and *Flaminies*,  
To sacrifice vnto her Majestie,  
She must checke *Nero*, I and schoole him too;  
As he were prentise to hir tutorship,  
She must incorporat free Denizens: 660  
Or else sheele scold and raile, & snarle and bite,  
And take vp *Nero* for his lustinesse.  
Well, let her scolde, and rayle, and snarle and byte,

D

*Nero*

## The Tragicall life and death

*Nero* will mannage well the haggard kite,  
I will by *Ioue*, I will, yet I must feeme  
As though my mother I did most esteeme. *Exit Tib.*

*Sei.* He that wil clime, and aime at honours white,  
Must be a wheeling turning pollititian :  
A changing Proteus, and a seeming all,  
Yet a discoloured Camelion 670

Fram'd of an ayrie composition :  
As fickle and vnconstant as the ayre :  
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,  
By each new fangled reflection,  
Rul'd by the influence of each wandring starre,  
Waxe apt to take each new impressiion.  
With wisemen sober, with licencious, light :  
With proud men stately, humble with the meeke :  
With old men thirftie, and with young men vaine :  
With angrie, furious, and with mild men calme : 680

Humerous with one, and *Cato* with another :  
Effeminate with some, with other chaste,  
Drink with the German, with the Spaniard braue :  
Brag with the French, with the Ægyptian lie,  
Flatter in Creet, and fawne in Græcia.  
This is the way, *Seianus* vse thy skill,  
Or this, or no way must thou get thy will.  
If thou doost meane the Empire to obtaine,  
Swear, flatter, lye, dissemble, cog, & faine. *Exit. Se.*

*Calig.* *Caligula*, why doth thy flumbring soule, 690  
Thus dreame within thy common fences mansion ?  
Awake for shame, flye to Germanicus,  
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of sorrow,  
Vncase this follye, and vnmaske this face,  
That hath enueloped *Caligula*.

But see my mother, *Agripina* comes  
With valiant *Drusus*, and *Nero* my wife brother,  
*Caligula's* now a Foole, in faith no other. *Manet.*  
*Enter*

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Agripina with her two Sonnes, Drusus  
and Nero.*

700

*Agr.* Why then my Sons, *Tiber.* weares the crown:

*Dru.* I mother, and hee sweares heele keepe it too.

*Ner. Ger.* And reason brother hath he so to doe.

*Dru.* What reason brother hath he but his will?

*Nero.* Will may be reason, if heele keepe it still.

*Drus.* And shall he raigne? a base Plebeian.

*Ner.* He was adopted a Patritian.

*Drus.* So may I choose my horse to be my Page.

*Nero.* Good brother calme your furious swelling

We gaue our voices in his election, (rage, 710

nay Brother storme not, here me what I say,

Did not we sweare loyall fidelitie,  
within the Capitoll vnto his grace?

Did we not both at Vestaes sacred shrine,

Pray for the safetie of his Majestie?

And wilt thou *Drusus* now recall thy oath,

Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers infence?

Remember *Drusus*, what so ere he be,

Now he is crown'd al's past recouerie. (you know

*Dru.* Crown'd, I, and may be discrown'd for ought 720

How say you mother, may it not be so?

*Cal.* This ti's to be resolu'd my gallât Brother. *afar*

How hardly can I my affections smother? *off.*

*Agrip.* Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde

A noble way to vertuous resolution:

In thee my *Nero*, wifdomes treasure:

In thee my *Drusus*, magnanimitie,

In both, your fathers honorable minde.

Speake faire my Sons (awhile) vnto *Tiberius*,

Vntill the tryumph of Germanicus:

730

Then be resolu'd—

The cause is honorable, feare no ill.

But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's *Caligula*

Capring: he takes no heede of higher thinges,

## The Tragicall life and death

Ile call him hether, and see what he saies :

*Caligula*, come hether gentle Sonne,  
How doost thou like the great *Tiberius*?

*Cal.* Faith hee's a braue man Mother, and his parrell is fit, and he has a fine Crowne of golde, and all this makes him but a braue mā, for what would you 740  
haue in a braue man but he may haue it?

*Agrip.* Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leaue your toies.

*Calig.* Why Mother, he can turne about ground, turne on the toe, turne euerie way, what should I say more?

By heauen a braue man.

*Nero.* And what can you doe Brother, let vs see?

*Cal.* Faith Brother I am not in the humour, and braue men can doe nothing without it bee in an hu- 750  
mour.

*Drus.* Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentlemā.

*Agrip.* Farwell *Caligula*.

*Exeunt. Agr. Drus. & Nero*

*Caligu.* I, I warrant you, for ile sup at Court to night.

Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewel,

Whome I admire in such deuotion :

But dare not trust. *Drusus* I know thee well,

And loue thee dearely, for thy high resolues, 760

But dare not trust thee. *Nero* I applaud

Thy wisdome, but it wants a resolution.

*Nero* and *Drusus*, beware the braine-sicke foole

*Caligula*, set you not both to Schoole. *Exit.*

*Enter Iulia, Tiberius, and Seianus.*

*Sc. vii*

*Iulia.* Heard ye not with what general applause,  
*Asinius* was welcommed to Rome?

At his returne from barbarous Germany,

How many greedie eares did glut themselues,

With

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

With hearing newes of their Germanicus? 770  
How many greedy tongues in labour were,  
To blazen foorth the trophees of his praise?

*Tiber.* Not *Priams Hector* from the flying Greeks,  
Whome he had chased from the Terrhene shore,  
Return'd with greater expectation,  
Then laden with the spoiles of Germaine foes,  
The people long to see Germanicus.

*Seia.* Not onely the Plebeians, but the Equites,  
Do reuerence him within their inward thoughts,  
as if the Vassaile were a demie God. 780

*Tiber.* And rightly marry, for if *Nero* liue,  
*Nero* shall deifie him to the full.

*Seia.* But if you suffer him on honors wings,  
To soare vp higher in ambitious flight,  
Borne on the tempest of the peoples tongues:  
Tis tenne to one, heele neuer stoope to lure,  
To keepe him short, is onely to be sure.

*Julia.* Let vs commaund him, vpon paine of death,  
Not to approach within our cittie walles,  
But either to dismisse his Soldiers, 790  
Or on the plaines pitch his Pauillions.

*Tiber.* No marry mother, not for all the world,  
Why? it were omminous: Romes walles engirt,  
With armed garrisons of greatest foes,  
Vnpolitiquely counfel'd in my minde,  
Administring too fit occasion,  
For to suspect and feare a foule pretence.  
And further, that the base *Plebeians*,  
As wauering, and inconstant in their loues,  
as is thee changing *Laconiades*: 800  
Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,  
Would like a world of riuers to the maine,  
Flow to Germanicus by multitudes,  
Whose swelling pride, by their repaire encrease,  
Will ouerflow the bankes of loyaltie.

# The Tragicall life and death

Mother this was but shallow pollicie,  
But who'ft that interrups our conference?

*Enter Pifo from Armenia.*

*Seia.* It's *Lucius Pifo*, Pretor of *Sirria*.

*Tiber.* Welcome to Rome, and olde *Tiberius.* 810

What newes in *Sirria*, and *Armenia*?

With all our Orientall Prouinces:

*Pif.* Peace hath resign'd her rome to bloody warre,

Whilft *Mars* the furie-breathing God of armes,

Knits vp his fore-head in a fearefull frowne

And in the furrowes of his foulded browes,

Displaies the fable Ensigne of sad death,

Vpon the spacious *Armenian* plaines,

And all the orient in rebellious pride,

(Threatning destruction, to our westerne world) 820

Doe seeme to challenge vs in daring armes.

*Tiber.* Who is the Head in this rebellion?

*Pif.* The cheife controler of these warlicke troupes

Is vncontroll'd *Vonones* on whose Crest:

Victorie seemes to daunce among his plumes,

His Burgonet and steele Habergeon,

Of bloody colour like vnto his minde,

Of visage sterne, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,

Looking as though he did comprise the world,

Within the complot of some stratagem. 830

*Tiber.* Ha! what, so soone *Armenia* vp in armes,

Hast thou forgot thy wonted seruitude?

Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done?

Or dead with *Silla* that first conquered thee?

Are all the stripes that strong *Lucullus* gaue,

Vnto thy neighbour *Pontus* and thy selfe,

Quite healed vp, without offensiue scarre?

are mightie Pompeies Tropheis quite forgot?

Well, be it so: they blow rebellious flame,

And

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And they shall feele the furie of the same, 840  
Meane while, returne thou *Piso* to thy lodging,  
Till fit occasion to employ thee hence. *Exit. Piso*

*Seia.* How likes your Maiestie this woful newes?

*Iul.* Like enough, he misliketh it enough.  
Might *Iulia* counsell him, he should reuenge it,  
with more extremitie of punishment,  
Then angrie Ioue raign'd from the vault of heauen  
Vpon his Throne-oppugning Briaris.

*Tibe.* I, soft and faire, first stop our feares at home,  
Then let Armenia feele the force of Rome. 850

*Sei.* Good counsaile, great *Tiberius*, knew we how.

*Tiber.* How? what are all our pollicies extinct?  
Noe, be attentiu, and ile tell thee how,  
The head-spring stopt, the smaller founts will faile.  
and thus our home bred feare Germanici,  
Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers haps,  
Take from his life their lights continuance,  
His life therefore extinct, their light is done.

*Iul.* This is the thing that we consulted off,  
But to no purpose yet. 860

*Tibe.* Yes Mother yes,  
By this occasion of the Armenian wars,  
an opportunitie is offered vs,  
Both to reuenge and rid vs of our foes.  
This Vsurer of fame Germanicus,  
(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,  
As doth a niggard for a showre of golde.)  
No sooner shall returne to Rome,  
Grac'd with the tryumphes of his victories,  
But by my pollicie, and faire pretext, 870  
We will conclude it in the Senate house,  
That for the safetie of Romes tottering state,  
Germanicus must to Armenia,  
Where hee shall fall by fierce Vonones sword,  
Or if he scape, weele so determine it,

As

## The Tragicall life and death

As Ioue to Saturne, shall resigne his Throane,  
and banisht from the Speare, where now he raignes,  
Humble himselfe, below the horned Moone,  
Before he shall returne to visite Rome.

*Enter Drusus, Liuia, and Spado.*

88o

(iestie

*Drus. Tiber.* The Gods preferue your royall Ma-  
*Tibe.* Good day vnto you Sonne and Liuia.

*Iulia.* Haue you attended long our comming forth?

*Liuia.* Not verie long my gracious Grandmother,  
But hearing you were in close conference,  
It had beene rudenessse to haue interrupted yee.

*Tiber.* We were indeede in consultation,  
about affaires of speciall secrecie,  
But where fore-lookes our Sonne so sad this morne? 89o

*Drus. Tiber.* Hath not the clang of harsh *Armenian*  
The ratling found of Clarions & Drums, (troupes  
Thundred into your eares a deepe reuenge?  
The Orient doth shine in warlike steele,  
and bloody streamers waued in the ayre,  
By their reflexions die the plaines in red,  
as ominous vnto destructive wars,  
as are the blazing Commets in the East.

*Tiberi.* We haue both heard, and eke consulted of  
The whole effect: of which our conference, 90o  
VVe shall at fitter time relate to thee.

Meane while lets make our preparation,  
against th' arriuall of Germanicus,  
VVho meanes to morrow for to Royalize,  
The triumphes of his Germaine victories.

*Exeunt Tiberius, Iulia, and Drusus*

*Manet Seianus & Liuia, & Spado.*

*Seian.* Madame, a word with your good Ladiship.

*Liu.* So please it your good Lordship, so ye may.

*Seia.* But



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Seian.* But shall I speake my mind without cōtrol? 910

*Liui.* I haue no pattend to controll you fir.

*Seian.* But will ye not be angry if I doe?

*Liui.* That's as your selfe shal giue me cause therto

*Seia.* But say my tung should fault before I find it?

*Liui.* If lightly I would passe it, and not mind it.

*Seia.* What if I should offend with hearts assent?

*Liui.* The offence shuld pardoned be if you repēt

*Seia:* Thinketh my Lady as she sayth to me?

*Liui.* No other wayes my Lord. But well I see

By these your long circomlocutions,

920

Your businesse is of small import with me.

*Seia.* Of more import (sweet Lady) then my life.

*Liui.* A matter of more waight then I must know.

*Seia.* Yet must you know it or I must not be.

*Liui.* Can *Liui* then impart a remedie?

*Seia.* I, if she please to salue my maladie.

*Liui.* What salue should *Liui* to your fore apply?

*Seia.* Pitties quintefence, and soft clemencie.

*Liui.* Strange fore, strange salue.

*Seian.* Yet not so strange as true.

930

*Liui.* I pittie it: God send you ease, adue.

*Seia.* Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,

To tel my paine doth somewhat ease my heart.

And to be graced with attentiuē heede,

To Louers doth especiall comfort breede.

*Liui.* Then is my Lord a Louer?

*Seian.* You haue read.

*Liui.* How wonderfully metamorphosed?

*Seian.* More wonders can she worke that wrought  
Able to change the chastest vtican. (my bane, 940

*Liui.* What, is your Goddesse then a Sorceresse?

*Seian.* The first, but then the latter nothing lesse.

*Liui.* You said she vsed charming forceries:

*Seia.* Onely the inchantments of her Cristall eies,  
Which had they glaunched on enamoured *Ioue,*

E

While

## The Tragicall life and death

While Io liu'd *Ioue*, would haue beg'd her loue,  
and spite of *Iuno*, *Hebe* and *Ganimede*,  
She onely should haue grac'd *Theatates* bed,

*Liu.* Pearelesse belike, and fit to be a Cowe,  
Farewell *Seianus*, I must leaue ye nowe.

*Seia.* Deare Madam, one word more, and then far- 950

*Liu.* Be brieft *Seianus* then. . . . . (wel

*Seia.* Beauties faire cell,

The heauenly *Panomphea* of our daies.

*Liu.* Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praise.

*Seia.* By these bright shining *Tapers* thy faire eies

The guiding *Planets* of *Seianus* life,

Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,

With farre more glorious admiration,

Then chaste *Dictinna* or *Latonaes* Sonne,

But one word more (deare soule) and I haue done,

By this faire braunch, sprouted from fairer tree,

Enamuled with *Azure Riuerets*,

Blew coloured vaines, which euerie waies disper't,

In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.

*Liu.* Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand so hard.

*Seia.* How can I chose, sith you do gripe my heart?

*Liu.* Let goe my hand, or I will haue thy head.

I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!

*Sei.* I, in your louely, but obdurate brest.

*Liu.* In my brest! though it were there indeede,

I would vnrip my brest, and teare it out.

*Seia.* Yet for your selues sweet fake to self be kinde

Soe faire a frame holdes not so foule a minde.

But Madame, leauing off this angrie moode,

In sadnesse would you graunt, if you were woo'd.

*Liu.* Blast not my name with lustfull infamie,

For if thou do, by heauen I wil — *She puls his rapier*

*Seia.* Lady, these handes were neuer made to brād-  
dish steele.

*Li.* Could I but get it, thou should'ft quickly feele. 980

*Seia.* Fye

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Sei.* Fye Lady, fye, what, turn'd a Soldier?  
If you be so resolu'd, let this be war. *He kisseth her.*

*Liu.* Vnciuilie, by violence! *Spado* I am wrong'd.

*Sp.* By Ioue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,  
Or I wil sheath my Rapier in thy heart. *Sp. draweth.*

*Sei.* Put vp, put vp, Pigmy hold, I fay put vp:  
*Seianus giueth Spado his purse.*

What wilt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?

*Liu.* Leaden resolu'd coward, let me see't, 990  
I will phlebotomize his lustfull blood.

*She taketh the Rapier.*

*Seia.* That haue ye done alreadie by your spight,  
And now accept this sacrifice. *He swoundeth.*

*Spa.* O cruell plight!

*Liu.* Yet will I breath another life into him,  
Or burie him within this Sepulcher:

*Spado,* helpe, helpe, for Gods fake holde his head,  
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,

Doe make me see my shame that was vnkinde, 1000  
Good gentle heart, I should haue pardoned him.

*Seia.* Faire *Proserpine* }  
I am a Louer. ————— }

*Liui.* See how his idle soule,  
Not quite disseuered from his Arteries,  
Makes him dreame vainely of Elizium:  
*Seianus:*

*Seia.* Who cal's that name, *He listes himselfe vp, &*  
The verie index of al misery? *Liui.* flyeth backe.

*Liui.* I am a shamed for I was too nigh. 1010

*Seia.* Ah Lady, I did dreame that you did grant me

*Liu.* What shall I say? words faile me to deny him,  
*Seianus* dreame thou still that I did graunt——

*Seia.* But dreames without effectes bee but vaine  
hopes.

*Liui.* No more was your's, yet dreame you stil  
in hope.

## The Tragical life and death

*Seia.* But shall my hopes succede ?

*Liu.* I will not promise.

*Seia.* But performe indeed. *Exit Liuia & Spado.* 1020

*Manet Seianus solus.*

*Seia.* Wrong me not shallow Politicians,

By misinterpreting my actions :

A farther reach is in Seianus head,

Then to adulterate a Princes bed.

Not lust, nor loue, but hate and iniurie,

Inspire me with profounder pollicie.

Vnder this vale of loue inuelloped,

Tis not a kisse: an Empire tis I seeke,

An opportunitie to claime the crowne,

1030

And fit occasion to wreake reuenge,

Vpon her husband for his iniuries.

*Drusus*, the boxe on the eare thou gaue'st me,

Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.

Meane while, let this suffice: for my intent

Is onely for to loue this instrument,

As did *Vlisses*, *Troyes Paladium*,

Not for it selfe, but *Troyes* destruction.

But whist *Seianus* prison vp thy tongue,

Now to the triumphes, I haue staid too long.

1040

*Enter Germanicus in Tryumph with the Arch-flamines Sc. viii*

*before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Asinius and Sabi-*

*nus: next Iulia, Agripina, and Liuia, then Nero,*

*Drusus and Caligula, Germanici: then Seianus and*

*other Senators, then the Captaines of Germani-*

*cus with his Soldiers and Prisoners: they*

*crowue him with Crownes and Gar-*

*lands according to the Cust-*

*ome, and all crie.*

*Omnes.* Long liue victorious Germanicus,

1050

In glory Royallize.

*Ner. Archfl.* Noble

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ner. Archfla.* Noble Germanicus, whose winged  
Swift glyding through the frozen Germany, (fame,  
Hath brought vs newes of thy faire victories,  
Thou that doest equalize in honors Titles,  
The elder Scipio, noble Affrican,  
And younger Scipio Afiaticus,  
Paulus Emilius of proud Macedon,  
Flaminiaes conquest, and Metellus glorie :  
Old Fabius wisdom and Marcellus furie, 1060  
Renowned Gracchus, gallant resolution,  
Braue man at armes vnfold thy Victories,  
Which heauens themfelues do seeme to solemnize.

*Ger.* First to the Gods the Authors of my good,  
I sacrifice the infence of my thanks.

Next vnto you my Lord imperiall,  
I wish eternitie of happinesse.

All you that weare the snowie liuerie,  
Of long experience worthie Senators :

And you the flowring blossomes of faire Rome, 1070  
My verie essence, valiant Soldiers all

Louing Quirites, loyall counciemen,  
Faire Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,  
Embellished with royall chastitie ;

In all the circuite of my humble vowes,  
I offer vp to *Ioues* protection.

Since first my Lords I entred Germanie,  
The fertile soile of base Rebellion,

Our Eagles twice nine times haue been displaid,  
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored. 1080

The barbarous Marshes on the southerne side,  
Hailde downe three furious stormes of poysoned

Not Cicas torture bloody Scithian : (darts

Nor Craffus scourge, disembling Partheans,  
Did euer rage in such tempestious showres,

But by the prowesse of our valiant Knights,  
Who all alighted from their furious steeds,

## *The Tragicall life and death*

We stil'd the hissing of these poysonous Snakes,  
Which all the neighbour countrie stinges to death,

*Omnes.* Long liue the valiant Germanicus. 1090

*Ger.* But on the northerne side of Germany,

Whereas th' Vfsipites kept the plaine,  
Impalld in a wilder nesse of wood,  
VVal'd with a rockie mountaine in the East,  
Back't with the sea vppon the northerne Coast,  
Enchannel'd with a deepe intrenched meere.  
Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne side,  
These mew'd-vp Foxes in this Stratagem,  
Derided all our Legions braueries.

Foure times with all our power we gaue assault, 1100

To winne the passage of that daungerous meere,  
Foure times repulsd by the quaking ground,  
That trembling durst not beare our Soldiers.

At length when Cinthia's borrowed waining light

Repai'd the essence of her brothers lampe,

Behinde the low defending of the hill,

I saw the Ocean farre rebattered,

As when the elder African in Spaine,

by ebbing Thetis scarred Carthage walles,

So by the flying backward of the maine, 1110

The Foxes on the backe I saw engirt,

That thanks to Neptune for his clemencie,

They all adorne our royall victorie.

*Omnes.* Long liue the valiant Germanicus.

*Ger.* Next to th' Vfsipetes were incamp't,

The Tubants houering on the Mountaines side,

That if our Legions approach't the hill,

They roule downe rocks of stone to murder them.

Vpon the hanging of the steepe Clift,

There was by nature plac'd a little groue, 1120

But surely guarded for the Druides,

To solemnize their humane sacrifice,

As in the second cruell punick warre,

The

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The tents of *Siphax*, and of *Hasdruball*,  
Were all enflam'd by noble *Scipio*,  
So by the burning of this little groue,  
The mountaine quite confu'md where Tubants lay,  
And they became our triumphs goodly pray:  
But in the wood that borders on the mount,  
The cruell Tigers hid their damned heads: 1130  
The sauage *Agriuarij* kept their den,  
Who ranging now & thẽ would snatch their pray,  
Renting each ioynt, disseuering each part,  
And neuer leaue till they had found the hart.  
Not *Massagetes* were so cruell calld,  
Nor Babilon was ere so strongly walld:  
For since *Uspetes* last confusion,  
They made the sea a moate vnto the wood,  
That great *Alcides* would haue wondered,  
To see this Iland so enuironed. 1140  
Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,  
Danubiaes streames swelling in proud disdaine,  
Vnto the checker of the Ocean,  
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.  
There did I make my skilfull Pioners  
To cut a trench from great Danubius,  
That this new sea which walled in the wood,  
Was now the graue of their perdition.  
For when Danubiaes streames did meet the maine,  
The sauage *Agriuarij* all were drown'd, 1150  
But such as swam to vs we would not fleay,  
That they might grace the honour of our day.  
    *Omnes.* Long liue Victorious Germanicus,  
    *Ger.* Twice did we meet the Buckstars in the field,  
And fortie thousand quite were vanquished  
Of stiff-neckt *Chatti*, neuer yet contrould,  
An hundred thousand perisht in one field,  
Not *Cannas* nor the fields of *Pharsalie*:  
So died in blood as was Danubius.

And

## The Tragicall life and death

And which my priuate ioy doth more obtaine, 1160  
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie flaine.  
This is the Theater of Germanie,  
And thefe the countries which I conquered,  
Now worthie Emperour I made a vow,  
To dedicate my fword to *Ioues* protection.  
If't pleafe your Maieftie for to afcend,  
Vnto the Senate where *Germanicus*,  
Will all the fecrets more at large difclofe:  
Meane-while my followers I you difmiffe,

*Exeunt the fouldiers.* 1170

And al my gracious friends with thanks I leaue,  
Vntil our Country rights we doe performe,  
Which done, *Germanicus* will foone returne.

*Omnes.* Long liue the valiant *Germanicus*:  
Long liue *Victorious Germanicus*.

*Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore. Iulia  
Agripina, Liuia, and Caligula, at the other. Ma-  
net Nero, and Drufus Germanici.*

*Nero.* *Drufus* if you had beene fo valerous  
As ouer-boasting in thy bumbaft tearmes, 1180  
We might haue feald our league of amitie,  
Now with *Tiberius* colde congealed blood.

*Drufus.* And if thy bookifh wifdome clarkly Art,  
had armed beene with Romane refolution,  
I tell thee *Nero* Coward as thou art,  
*Tiberius* should not thus haue fcapt our hands,  
By *Ioue* my father was his coat of Steele,  
Plac'd betwixt my fword and him, or els——

*Nero.* Or els thou would'ft haue fworne,  
Volumes of fix foote othes, but nere a blow. 1190

*Dru.* No more, my father comes.

*Nero.* Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.

*Dru.* Why *Nero*, brother, are ye mad?

*Enter*



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Tiberius and Germanicus, Nerua, Sabinus, Sc. ix  
Asinius, Seianus, Pifo, with other Senatours from the  
Senate.*

*Tib.* I hope this sodaine businesse of the East,  
Doth not agrate our sonne Germanicus.

*Ger.* My Lord the honour of my Countries cause,  
doth counterpoize my sad affections. 1200

*Tib.* Farewell my honourable gallant sonne,  
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,  
Pifo farewell, remember well thy duetie,  
Once more adue my deare Germanicus.

*Seia.* My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,  
Your high resolues to happie victorie.

*Exeunt Tiberius, Seianus, and Pifo.*

*Ger.* Thanks good *Seianus*, gentle friend farewell,

*Nerua.* My Lord Germanicus I much lament,  
The strong rebellion of the Orient, 1210  
My heart presageeth what I dare not say,  
Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not stay.  
And yet I will: ah deare Germanicus!  
How doth old *Nerua* wifh thy companie?  
And but my honour doth controule my will,  
I would Germanicus——farewel, farewel.

*Ger.* Nay good *Cocceius*, stay a little while,  
To heare, the last perchance I ere shall tell thee,  
So variable is the chaunce of warre.

Vnto you three the patrones of my life, 1220  
*Nerua, Sabinus, and Asinius,*

Vnto your patronage I recommend,  
My Orphant children, and my widow wife,  
Faيرة *Agripina.*

No more my Lord, let heauens tell the rest,  
Remember your true friend Germanicus.

*They embrace, and so part.*

*Exit Cocceius, and enter Pifo.*

F

*Pifo.* Or

## The Tragical life and death

*Pif.* My Lord 'twere time your busines were dispatcht,

1230

The iorney craues great expedition,  
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.

*Ger.* Nor ought you to extenuate the fame,  
What though the Senate hath decreed it so,  
Germanicus should giue adiew to Rome,  
Before to morrowes Sunne salute the world,  
Yet haue I some time to remaine therein,  
Which being small, that small space let me spend,  
To satisfie mine eyes with gazing on't,  
Who for these many winters haue desir'd,  
(Although in vaine) to resalute this place,  
and now no sooner resalute the fame,  
But am constrained to bid it adiew,  
It may be neuer to returne againe.

1240

*Pif.* It may be? nay thats sure *Speaking aside.*  
The Senate hath decree'd, and it must be,  
There's no resisting of necessitie.

*Ger.* Yet gentle Pifo, suffer me to grieue,  
If at nought else, yet at necessitie,  
Too strickt for ouertoylde Germanicus,  
Whose wearie limmes, require a longer rest  
Then is one daies short intermission.  
Yet were it Pifo but an houres space,  
Were all my bodie brus'd with bearing armes,  
Yet would Germanicus beare it as he may,  
and rather sinke vnder his armours weight,  
Then leaue to wear it in defence of Rome,  
To whome though Rome for harbour be deny'd,  
Yet hath he roome in all the world beside:  
Onely this respite, and I craue no more,  
To giue my wife and Sonnes their last farwell.

1250

1260

*Pi.* You may, & I wil cal thẽ presently.

*Enter Nero and Drusus.*

*Ger.* Do Pifo & be honoured for this fauour.

But

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But see thy sonnes Germanicus, thy sonnes,  
Declaring by their angrie clowded frownes,  
Some ciuill discord, or some discontents,  
For shame my boyes, if so a Fathers power,  
May haue predominance in sonnes dissent,  
Cleare vp those clowdie vapors of your browes, 1270  
That threaten stormes of dreadfull discontent.

Leaue off your ouer-daring menacies,  
and tell the cause of your dissention,  
Tell me, for I ought, must, and will know.

*Ner.* Onely this (father) caus'd our controuersie,  
Going to the Capitoll to the Tryumph,  
VVe saw a Kite vsurpe the Eagles place,  
Wherat enrag'd, we cast our Falcons off,  
and for mine, was not of such speedy flight  
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe. 1280

*Druf.* Patience herselfe I thinke would be enrag'd,  
To see a man so faintly Faulconer it.  
For Father, had my Brother done his best,  
VVe might haue taken downe the Haggard Kite.

*Ger.* VVhat, for so small a matter fall at oddes?  
Fie, neuer violate true Brothers loue  
By furious rages and dissentious Iarres:  
It not befits your title, nor these times,  
Sad time wherein (perhaps) my last farwell,  
Is to be taken of my dearest Sonnes, 1290  
Whom, if I leaue distract in factious hate,  
How can I hope to bid you once farwell,  
Since faring as I see, you fare but ill?  
My time of residence is short in Rome,  
and yet too long, if long you disagree,  
Be reconciled therefore to your selues,  
shake hands, embrace, be friendes, forget, forgiue:  
why so my Sonnes, thus should kind Brothers liue.  
Now is my heart, disburthened of great care,  
To see you my deare Sonnes accord so well, 1300

## The Tragicall life and death

And though I straight must part, take this farewell  
left with you as my testimoniall will.  
Helpe, honour, cherrish, loue each other still,  
And thinke how oft you breake your amitie,  
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

*Enter Caligula with a Racket and Tennis-ball  
in his hand.*

*Calig.* Now a Gods name giue me a hand Ball,  
For that a man may tosse against the wall,  
Now vp, now downe, now flie, now fall, 1310  
Yet hath no danger therewith all.  
Come brother, will you play a set?

*Germ.* Crosse to my comfort, & thy fathers grief  
Why doost thou still continew in these fits?  
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?  
Cast downe *Caligula*, cast downe thy ball. (away

*Cali.* Nay by Ladie Father, nay first take my life  
Take vp my ball, lay downe my Ball, tush, tush,  
To tennis with an Emperor is not worth a rush.  
Where's neuer a stroake but all in hazard plaide. 1320  
No Father, ile doe with it as poore men doe  
With great mens iniuries, put it vp till time serue.

*Ger.* Yet now at length, cease to torment my soule  
More scourg'd with sorrow to behold thee thus,  
Then Priam was to see his Illion burne.  
Oh speake like to thy selfe, speake to my ioy,  
More ioy vnto ioy-rob'd Germanicus,  
Then was the Lidian *Cressus* dombe borne Sonne,  
Stopping his Fathers execution.

*Calig.* Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no. 1330  
What? play the blab before such company?

*Ger.* What company's heere, onely but we three.

*Cali.* Mary too many fir, by he, and he.

*Ger.* Sonnes stand aside, while we confer together

*Cali.* Nay far enough, we neede no counsellors.

*Ger.* Not

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ger.* Not on my blessing till our talke be done.

*Cal.* Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd sonne,  
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,  
Whose hellish fit hath left at length to rage,  
And plague my senses with a lunacie,  
Which hath made me to be esteem'd a foole,  
And so I am, and deeme it best be so:  
For he that would liue safe in brutish Rome,  
Father, a foolish *Brutus* must become.  
Ne blame me father, nor vpbraide me for't,  
His was by policie, mine by extacie,  
Which takes me euermore in companie.  
Nor (but coniured by your reuerend commaund)  
Could I haue halfe abtained from it thus.

1340  
signed  
madness

*Ger.* The strangest fit that euer I haue knowne. 1350  
Which how er'e strong, yet striue to bridle it,  
Once giue repulse and you the conquest get,  
But time cuts off our talke, my glasse is runne,  
And date of my abode is almost done,  
Say therefore how doth *Agripina* fare?  
What makes her stay? how brookes she my depart?

*Cal.* Briefly to say (my Lord) with an ill heart,  
For *Lucius Piso* with this balefull newes,  
No sooner gaue her notice of your state,  
And suddaine expedition to the East, 1360  
But as if some *Torpedo* had her toucht,  
A numming slumber rockt her sense asleepe,  
And in a swoound fell downe betweene mine armes:  
Then scarce remembring how or where she was,  
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,  
And thinking me to be Germanicus,  
She seald a thousand kisses on my lippes,  
Each being steeped in a stream of teares:  
And then she sighes, and straight begins to frowne,  
Thrise she disioynd the cherries of her lips 1370  
As if she meant to speake, and thrise she spake.

## The Tragicall life and death

Her voyce seem'd dead in labour with her words,  
And onely rendered an abortiue found,  
Till thrice recall'd at length recouered,  
She sigh'd forth, ah deare Germanicus!  
And wilt thou then so soone? What more she said,  
Drown'd in the fluent Ocean of her teares,  
Gasp'd a period to her abrupt speech.

*Ger.* Ah me! and doth she still continue thus?

*Cal.* Not now my Lord: for when as this was done, 1380  
She wackt out of her slumbring extasie,  
Receyuing refruition of her senses,  
And then she blusht, and fight, to see her error,  
And gan to frame excuses for her fault,  
Promising speedily to come to you.

*Enter Piso and Agripina.*

*Ger.* And here she comes. My deare *Agripina*.

*Agri.* Most deare *Germanicus*.

*Nero.* Ah! see how th' extremitie of loyall loue,  
Surceedes in passions of affection, 1390  
as it denieth passage to their speech.

*Dr.* Curst be the authors through whose occasion  
Happes the disseuering of so sweet an vnion.

*Nero.* Faine would she bid him stay, faine say fare-  
But feare and loue amaze her in misdoubt: (well,  
She doubts to stay him, fearing to offend him,  
She loues too well, too willingly to leaue him:

*Ger.* Enforc't, I doome the sentence of my death,  
For can I liue if parted from my loue  
That art both essence of my loue and life? 1400  
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,  
Ore-ruld by too strict times necessitie,  
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell.

*Agri.* Ill fare that word farewell, since by farewell }  
I fare so ill: then bid me not farewell: }  
Yet wish I not thy stay my dearest Lord,

But

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But that you would assent to one petition.

Be not inquisitiue, speake not at all,  
Vnlesse when as you speake, you say I shal.

*Ger.* I shall my dearest deare, if so you shall  
aske onely what shall be conuenient,  
and indisparageable vnto our good:  
Which for I doubt not, speake I giue consent. 1410

*Agri.* Then in thy little lesse then banishment,  
Refuse me not for thy companion,  
and this with teares I beg for ratified:  
Reuoke not what is promis'd, nor excuse  
With arguments drawne from my sexe and life,  
Too weak, too feeble, and vnfit for warre,  
Or by relating all the miseries, 1420  
Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;  
For all the ills that issue out of warre,  
I haue them past, or passe not what they are.  
Witnesse this liuely Image of thy selfe,  
Of whom I was deliuered in the campe,  
*Bellona* was my Midwife, and my paines  
Were eased by the ayer-renting sounds,  
Of warlike Sackbuts, Clarions, and Drums.

*Ger.* Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leaue,  
and through extremitie of passion, 1430  
You make me halfe to feare you leaue to loue:

Pardon me *Agripina*, if my loue  
through feare to loose my loue, doth loue to feare,  
For life takes life from loue, loue growes from feare,  
Feare to dislike, feare to be faithlesse prou'd:  
Feare for to loose himselfe from his best belou'd,  
This fearing loue, and louing fearefulnesse,  
Doth bind my heart, and prison vp my tongue:  
Why wouldst thou this? I know thou wouldst it not.  
From stately Rome vnto the Suns arise, 1440  
So many miles, so many mischiefs lies:  
Where shouldst thou haplesse me accompanie,

The

## The Tragicall life and death

The mischief were redoubled, and one houre,  
Perhaps should cause me die a double death.  
Once in my selfe, and ten times more in thee,  
Yet wouldst thou this? I know thou wouldst it not.

*Agr.* Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my wil.

*Ger.* Time entercepts my time, adieu,  
Deare *Agripina* once againe adieu.

*Piso.* The time is now expired of our stay, 1450  
And therefore you must either now agree,  
Or Madam gainst your will he must depart,  
For my part I will presently depart.

*Agr.* Ah! stay a little while and I haue done. (wel

*Ger.* Madam, for all the world I dare not: fare yee

*Agr.* And is your haste so great as his my Lord?  
Must *Agripina* then forsake her loue?

*Ger.* Or else Germanicus must leaue his life.  
Therefore my deare, deare wife, and dearest sonnes,  
Let me ingirt you with my last embrace: 1460  
And in your cheekes impresse a fare-well kisse,  
Kisse of true kindnesse and affectionous loue,  
Bath'd in the licour of distilled raine,  
Which nere before dissolued into teares,  
Which falling lowly downe before your feete,  
Seeme for to beg a mutuall vnitie,  
To be continued after my depart.

Which if you are resolued to maintaine,  
Then vse no dallying protractions,  
But now compendiously lets take our leaue, 1470

*Agr.* As wills Germanicus so must it bee,  
Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me:

*Exit Agripina. Nero, Drusus, and Caligula embrace  
Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an o-  
ther doore.* (tors be,

*Ger.* Deare wife, deare sons, heauens your protec-  
The Gods our guide. farewell, this way for me.

*Enter*



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Tiberius and Seianus.*

Sc. x

*Ti.* Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatch  
With subtil *Piso* to the Orient. 1480

Didst thou not see with what alacritie,  
All the Plebeians at his triumph showt  
At every period of his pleasing song?  
How that discordant quire redoubled  
With their vntuned voyces relishing,  
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?  
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,  
And soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

*Seian.* My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,  
Speedie performance of this action, 1490  
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,  
So coniu'd his traiterous resolution,  
Storing the villaine with such poysonous druggs,  
As neuer *Circe* nor *Aetes* knew,  
I so incenst his damn'd ambition,  
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,  
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,  
That were *Germanicus* imperious *Ioue*,  
*Piso* would poyson him to gaine my loue.

*Tib.* So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*, 1500  
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,  
Of lesse fauour, but of greater shew,  
That same infamous *Tigres Iulia*.

*Nemia* neuer saw a Lionesse  
Was halfe so furious as is *Iulia*.  
Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre  
Raueing to swallow vp my Emperie?  
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament  
To haue discarded me from regiment?  
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie, 1510  
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* shall surely die.

G

*Seia.* Then

# The Tragicall life and death

*Seian.* Then Iulia make thy quicke confession.

*Tiber.* But yet there doth remaine a corasue,  
A canker that doth gnaw my festered soule,  
Nero and Drufus yong Germanici,  
Whose youth is guided by two elder starres,  
Titius Sabinus, and Afinius,  
Were these made Counsellers to Proserpine,  
(For neither Minos nor sterne Eacus,  
Nor Rodamanthus were so iust as these,)  
Nero and Drufus might be soone entrapt.  
If that Seianus loues Tiberius,  
If euer Nero did repay his loue,  
Then see these Phosphori be made away,  
That dimme the glorie of our happie day.  
Heere take my Signet, vse what meanes thou wilt,

1520

Be Emperour, so I may haue my will,  
For euen as sure as Nero drawes his breath,  
Afinius and Sabinus dies the death.

1530

*Seianus.* If they did both Vliffes equalize,  
Matchles Penolepes vnmatched mate,  
And if Minerua should inclow'd their thoughtes,  
As Cipria wrapt her Achesiades:  
I, were Apollo their eternall friend,  
They should not liue if Nero fought their end.

*Tiberius.* Meane while, as cleare from all  
suspition,

Tiberius will leaue this wicked Roome.

1540

Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius

Shall rue the absence of Tiberius.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerua, Sabinus, and  
Afinius.*

Sc. xi

(cloudes,  
*Nerua.* Who sees the Sunne incombred in darke  
And

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And exhal'd vapours dimme the welkins face,  
Followed in pursuite with th' assaulting winde,  
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,  
And not expects a sharpe tempestuous storme? 1550

*Sabinus.* Who views the troubled bosome of  
the maine,

Endiaped with Cole-blacke Porpesies,  
Prodigious Monsters, and presaging Signes,  
Markt in th'appearance of vnwonted shapes,  
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,  
and looks not for a ciuill warre of wayles? (true,

*Afinius.* Who sees the rules to bee vnfaigned  
And not prouides preuenting remedies,  
Well might hee prooue the perrill to his paine. 1560  
The Walles once battered by the boysterous Ro-  
maine,

And open passage forced to their foes,  
Too late it is, for the engir't to plead  
In matters, where foresight might frame auaille.  
Folly it is to trust to had-iwift.

Late prouidence procures long repentance,  
And thus I quite you for similitudes.

*Nerua.* Cancell that quittance Gallus, Nerua  
knowes, 1570

How deepe ensearching is Afinius skill,  
But yet I wonder you will sentence it,  
Rather then to acquire the hidden sence.

*Afiniu.* Sence then is hidde in those similitudes.

*Nerua.* I, such deepe sence as makes my fences  
droope.

*Sabinus.* No, fences droope where sence of ill is  
none.

*Neru.* Sharpe sence may sensure ill, all thoughts  
vnshowne. 1580

*Afinius.* Blinde is the censure of vncertainties.

*Nerua.* I, to the eye which sees what open lyes.

G 2 *Sab.* You

## The Tragicall life and death

*Sabi.* You speake Ænigmaes, doubtful and obscure.

*Neru.* Yet not so darke and hard, as true and sure.

*Sabi.* Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.

*Neru.* Not Oedipus, it needes a searching wit,

A quicke conceite, an all obseruing minde,

Tis that that must explaine this hidden sence,

Such one was wont aged Asinius haue,

Such grounded wifdome reaching at conceite,

1590

Like as the fire in chimicke distillation,

Able to seperate the ellements.

But wherefore weepes Asinius? thy grieffe disclose,

Nerua will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.

*Asini.* Not for my selfe I shed these brinish teares.

*Neru.* Teares shed for Romes estate doe drowne  
mine eies.

*Sab.* Hard state where vices liue, and vertue dies.

*Ner.* Witnesse the secret counsels which are kept,

Where to no state of *Senate* is requested,

1600

But olde establisht orders quite detested.

*Sab.* Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,

And secret factions, compleate treacheries,

Are common set abroach by each degree.

*Ner.* Nero hath tane adiew of stately Rome,

And poasted downe into the Countrie,

Nothing regarding his imperiall state,

And heere Seianus reuils all alone,

Free from the checke of Magistrates controule,

Commaunding all, as he were Emperour.

1610

*Sab.* And with him keepes the high Augusta heere,

But to what end, the Gods alone doe know:

Who graunt that all may issue to the best.

*Asin.* Amen, Amen, my minde presageth ill,

And say we what we can, theile haue their will.

*Exeunt Asinius, Nerua and Sabinus.*

*Enter Iulia and Seianus.*

Sc. xii

*Iuli.* And dare Tiberius worke old Iuliaes death?

*Seia.* Excel-

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Scia.* Excellent Lady, worthy Iulia,  
Vpon mine honour Nero seekes your life. 1620

*Iul.* And can the heauens see and not reuenge?  
Not mad *Orestes Clitemnestraes* Sonne  
Was so vnnaturall as this beare-whelp is.  
I did conceiue the villaine in my wombe,  
Which now I hate because it fostered him.  
Could I not get some Taxus to haue made,  
My wombe abortiue, when I him conceiu'd?  
Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,  
Thy first adoption by Augustus bounty?  
Caius and Lucius, thy elder Bretheren, 1630  
One in Armenia, th'other lost in Spaine,  
And all that thou the Empire migh't obtaine.  
Proud Phaeton, assend thy Fathers throane,  
And rouse the frozen Serpent from his Denne.  
Father of darkeness, Patrone of confusion,  
Reduce the *Caos* of eternall night.  
Let heauen & earth, & aire, bee brought to nought,  
For Nero liues, and Iuliaes life is sought.

*Scia.* In vaine the furie of such idle thoughts,  
Doe but augment the habit of your passion, 1640  
The Virgin ayre doth onely heare your moanes,  
Which fleeting takes no'impression of your grieffe.  
In vaine you doe implore, the sencelesse creature,  
For to vnbinde the chaine of constant nature.

*Iul.* Seianus! wife Seianus! louely man,  
What shall I call thee to obtaine thy loue?  
And yet I know, thou louest Iulia.

*Scia.* Madam, vpon my honour I protest——

*Iul.* Protest no more, Seianus sweare no more,  
I doe beleeuue thou louest Iulia: 1650  
And may I trust Seianus with my loue?

*Scia.* And may you trust Seianus with your loue?  
If I had not engag'd my honours pawne,  
If I had not admired Iulia;

## The Tragicall life and death

Loued Augusta more then mine owne life,  
How durst I haue disclosed Cæsars drifts,  
Broke my allegiance to my foueraigne,  
Clearing the mistie cloudes of his reuenge,  
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.

*Iulia.* Why then Seianus counsell Iulia,  
Aduise Augusta in her deepe extreames,  
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,  
For to beguile the Lion of his pray?

*Seian.* Augusta, Cæsar is your noble sonne.

*Iulia.* I, but he seekes the life of Iulia.

*Seian.* Madam, he may be moued to pittie you.

*Iulia.* Shall Iulia then entreat degenerate man,  
That neuer knew Augustaes royall spirit?  
Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,  
Or Antonies Egyptian parramour?  
Did Philips high resolu'd Olympias,  
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,  
And shall Augusta royall Iulia,  
Crouch, beg, entreate her boy Tiberius?

*Seian.* Lady not so, Seianus will entreate.

*Iulia.* Nor thou, nor any, shall entreat for me,  
Did not I beare him? who shall beg my life?  
I shame to heare thy foolish pittying,  
Did not we make Tiberius Emperour?  
And can we not depose Tiberius?

Where are those volumes of inuentions,  
Which once had residence in thy conceit?  
Those massacres and golden pollicies,  
That ore thy fortunes euer houered?  
Record Seianus all thy Chronicles  
Diue to the bottome of thy memorie,  
And plot some laborinth of villanie.  
Do not Seianus all in vaine contend;  
Nero, or Iulia, or both must end.

*Seian.* Royall Augusta, Iulia commaund,

1660

1670

1680

1690

The

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The vtmost that Seianus can inuent.

Madam, you know that Cæsar three dayes since,  
Remou'd his Court vnto Campania,  
Where by his Orchard——

*Iulia.* What by his Orchard? speake Seianus, speake,  
What doth the smoke of Lerna lurke thereby?  
Or Thebane Sphinx, or Memphis Crocadile,  
What Dipfas, or what Monster can we find,  
But halfe so cruel in his proper kind?

*Seia.* There is a Caue *Spelunca* call'd, 1700  
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometrie,  
Whose top is wouen with a wauing vine,  
The leaues of tempred plaister flagging downe  
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:  
The ruddie clusters of the grapes appearing,  
Liuely engrauen in dependant stones,  
Neuer Mausolus, nor Amphions towers,  
Nor Asiaes immortall workmanship,  
Dianaes Temple halfe so curious,  
as this entrenched earthly Paradise. 1710  
But which encreaseth most a mazing wonder,  
With turning of one stone all fall's afunder.

*Iulia.* What of this? what of the Caue Seianus?

*Seian.* Here oftentimes the wearie Emperour,  
Doth banquet and refresh his troubled mind,

*Iulia.* Enough Seianus, promise to turne the stone,  
Iulia is sicke, Augusta must be gone.

*Sei.* Madam, vpon mine honour ile make him sure.

*Iulia.* Farewell Seianus, I must needes be gone.

*Exit Iulia. Manet Seianus solus.* 1720

*Seian.* Madam farewell. Go stepdame Iulia,  
Plot with Seianus for Tiberius death,  
But first go tell the Queene of fearefull Diffè,  
and read a lecture there of policie,  
Neuer to trust a friend in secrecie.  
So then Seianus here Epitomize  
all thy deuises for to get the crowne. Betwixt

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are seauen lights,  
Seauen wandring planets, seauen obstacles,  
*Tiberius Cæsar*, and *Germanicus*. 1730  
The triple offspring of *Germanicus*:  
*Iulia*, *Agripina*, and *Liuia*:  
All these *Seianus* twixt thy hopes and thee,  
But for *Germanicus* hee is eclips't,  
His Orient of honour is obscur'd,  
I hope ere this by Pifoes diligence.  
*Iulia* is in her struggling agonie,  
Betwixt the poyson and concoction:  
Drufus, *Tiberius* sonne, I meane to speede,  
And make his father for to murder him. 1740  
Euen thus the Caue I told to *Iulia*,  
Is verie true, I doe not vse to lie,  
Not to complot the deepest villanie.  
Nor did I lie, ther's such a Caue indeede,  
And with one stone I can consume the worke,  
Some slender shallow polititian now,  
Would deeme it here a point of wondrous reach,  
To murder sonne and father in this Caue.  
Not so, *Seianus* hath a farther scope,  
Deeper conceit, and farre more misticall: 1750  
The Caue shall fall and yet *Tiberius* liue,  
But I will seeme to vnderprop the Caue,  
With these my pillars, and beare all the loade,  
So shall I get more fauour with the Prince,  
That whom foeuer I shall countenance,  
Shall seeme as ere repealed Oracles.  
Then will I worke this credulous conceit,  
To what impression my braine inuents,  
Ile to Campania. Now first haue at his sonne,  
Then for himselfe when all my plot is done. 1760  
*Exit Seianus.*

*Enter*



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Germanicus, and Piso at one doore, Vonones and Sc. xiii  
his sonne at the other.*

*Ger.* Vonones though this proud rebellion  
Disturbe the vniuersall vnitie,  
although this vtmost member of the world,  
Hath made a separation from the head:  
Though thou and thy proud sonne in daring armes  
Haue made our Eagles sweate in thy pursuite:  
Yet know a Roman is thine enemie, 1770  
Whose Legions farre surpasse in Chualrie,  
The triple Phalaux of *Armenia*.  
Were euerie man a furious Elephant,  
Rul'd by a Castle of Numidians,  
These Germane Legions would encounter them,  
and these new squadrons out of Italy,  
Would striue with them in glorious emulation,  
Till with the spoile of vanquisht Elephants,  
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.  
Yet know my mercie farre exceeds my strength, 1780  
an Oliues branch wreath'd with humilitie.  
Shall win more fauour with Germanicus,  
Then all the Ensignes in *Armenia* can.  
Speake then Vonones, wilt thou fight or yeeld?

*Von.* Germanicus, as to my hostile friend,  
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,  
admires, but nothing feares thy victories.  
Except thy person, Thus much for your state.  
Germanicus, tis no rebellion,  
For to maintaine our ancestors renowne, 1790  
It is your pride to seeke Dominions,  
Finding occasions still to conquer all:  
First Romulus encreast his Colonies,  
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,  
Within the circuit of faire Italy,  
Subiected to your Lordly Empirie:

H

Then

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Then must Scicilia be your grauarie,  
Carthage be factt for emulation,  
Spaine must find horfes, France anemie,  
Because that Brennus scal'd the Capitoll, 1800  
Yong Philip in the second punicke warre,  
Must be reclaim'd by old Æmilius,  
Mithridates for helping Perfeus,  
Must pay a ransome of all Asia  
To Taurus Mountaine; yet not so content,  
Except he yeeld vp Lifimachium,  
For him Tigranes, Ptolomie for Anthonie,  
My Grandfire for great Pompeys dignitie,  
Must yeeld the title of his royaltie:  
Romanes, you wrong the world by false pretences, 1810  
To make them al your vassaile Prouinces:  
How did the Britaines wrong your Empire?  
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians?  
What did Numidia, or what did Germanie?  
The late Character of thy victorie.  
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld:  
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

*Exeunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones Sc. xiv  
and his sonne flie. Enter Germanicus and Piso.*

*Ger.* Now are these Orientall braueries quail'd 1820  
these rauening wolues hem'd in their lurking dens:  
Tigramenta, were it proud Babylon,  
Glew'd with Alphaltes slime impenetrable,  
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,  
Germanicus would neuer leaue assault,  
Till it were subiect to Germanicus.  
Sound them a parley.

*Enter Vonones as vpon the walles.  
Germanicus speaketh.*

*Ger.* Vonones, first to thy vpbraiding taunts, 1830  
Which

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,  
Thou callest vs Romanes too ambitious,  
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,  
Proud to insult vpon Dominions,  
By fained shew of some receiued wrong:  
First know Vonones that great Romulus,  
Diuineſt ofspring of th' immortal Gods,  
Neuer vsurpt vpon his neighbour bounds,  
Without the iust occasion of reuenge:  
Witnesse the tempests of the Solines troopes, 1840  
And Titias Titaias doubtfull trecherie:

Scicilia we redeem'd from seruitude,  
From Carthage bondage, whose ambitious pride,  
Fieue hundred thousand flue in Italy:  
Spaine as abettors of false Hanniball,  
Subdued by Africans to our rule,  
France, Philip, Perseus, and Mythridates,  
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,  
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,  
Neuer without defiance were surprizde, 1850  
Neuer without iust cause we them defied:  
Vonones thou dost know this to be true,  
Yet your presumption makes you all to rue.

*Vono.* Germanicus were all the Romane spirits,  
Imbarkt within thy royall curtesie,  
Or were thy spirit infused into all,  
Tigranocerta by the die of warre,  
Should neuer make my realme vnfortunate.  
Vonones would be to Germanicus  
A vassaile subiect, tributarie King. 1860

*Ger.* Vonones, not vnto Germanicus,  
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee:  
If at our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,  
Then faile to Rome, and in the Capitoll  
There reintreate great Cæsars clemencie,  
Yeeld vp thy Citie, and dismisſe thy force.

## The Tragicall life and death

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,  
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.

*Von.* Germanicus, how much I honour thee!

Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,  
For know, before that tyrant shall insult  
Ouer the *Armenian* Orientall Prince,  
Euen by the Sun, and all his counsellors,  
The autour of our royall progenies,  
Scale, burne, assault, batter, vndermine,  
Renue as oft your wearied Legions,  
as Polinices, or the Thebane wall,  
Nothing but death Vonones shall enthrall.

1870

*Germ.* Then to the fight,  
and heauen I trust will ayde vs in our right.

1880

*Germanicus and Pifo scale the walles, Germanicus is repulst the first assault, Pifo winneth the wall first, but is in danger by Vonones and his sonne: Germanicus rescueth Pifo, Vonones and his sonne flie.*

*Che sara, sara,* maugre all their force,

*Tigranocerta,* is subdued to vs.

Romanes assault the Keepe, let them not breath,  
Till with the cinders of the fired Tower,  
Your dreadfull furie cleane dissolved be.

*Sound a parley within.*

1890

*Pifo.* But harke, th' Armenians doe a parly craue,  
I thinke thei'l yeeld, and so our labour faue.

*Ger.* Then found terror to their melting hearts.

*They resound a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.*

*Von.* Germanicus, and Romane conquerours,  
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,  
Vonones here vpon his suppliant knee,  
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,  
That had no finew, had no bending ioynt,  
Here he that neuer begg'd, doth now entreat

1900

A boone,

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

A boone, a glorious boone: Germanicus,  
Tis not my life: Vonones heart would breake  
Before his tongue should be his Oratour.  
Tis not Captiuitie, nor Towne, nor Friendes,  
Nor Realme, nor wife, nor my posteritie,  
Germanicus, it is a boone of fame  
Vonones beggs, that nere will beg againe.

*Ger.* And as I liue, Vonones shall obtaine,  
How honour crost by chance, reuiues againe!

*Vonones.* Then thus, in single combat I desie,  
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,  
This honorable challenge in the field,  
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,  
For foure and twentie houres to haue my scope,  
For to ordaine a new supply of warre.  
If I be vanquish't, vse the law of armes.

1910

*Germ.* Discend Vonones, on my honours pawne  
For to performe this resolution.

*Germanicus comes downe to the Stage.*

Romaines, on your alleagiance be gone,  
Perswasion is the fight of present death:  
I see the Garlands dangling in the skies,  
Of Coruin and Torquates victories.

1920

*Vonones commeth downe, they fight and breath,*

*Vonones being wounded.* lampe,

*Von.* Curs'd bee the houre, and curssed bee the  
Which giues the influence to my haplesse being:  
I had not deem'd that twentie thousand soules,  
Could haue ore'quell'd in a single fight,  
My armour, purpled with vermillion blood,  
(More then the Scarlet blush the maker gaue:)  
You hel-bred furies, I plague you all in hell,  
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ of  
Rome.

1930

*Fight againe, and Vonones is slaine.*

*Ger.* Ah noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,  
Too much dere earth oppresse him not with weight  
Whose minde was eleuated whilst he liued.  
Let lillies decke his euer-flowring toombe, 1940  
And Rosets border on his wayled graue,  
Sweet Nightingales participate his breath,  
Helpe to immortalize his glorious death.

*Piso and all the Romaines come downe from the  
wall to Germanicus, and Germanicus speaks  
to them.*

Now braue Centurions, worthy Legions,  
After the night of labour, honours day  
Bring forth the murall Crowne and Ornaments.

*Pis.* Germanicus, whose head shall this adorne? 1950

*Ger.* His that deseru'd it, and I deeme' twas I.

*Pis.* Know nay Germanicus, but it was I

That first repulst th' Armenians from their walles,  
First pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,  
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,  
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.

I scald the sconce, therefore the Crowne is mine,  
I pitcht mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments;  
And by my soule, and by Bellonaes night,  
Piso will haue his owne, his Crowne, his right. 1960

*Ger.* Piso shall haue his owne, shal haue his right,  
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)  
The glorious Signet of my victorie:

First stars shall turne vpon this earthly pole,  
Bound to this shadie Orbes circumference.  
And herds of beasts shall graze on earthly pasture  
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,  
Nature turn'd topsy turuey fore that day,  
Piso my honours Crowne shall braue away.

*Pis.* Braue! Piso will not Braue, his deeds shal plead 1970

*Ger.* His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,  
Without ambition I pleade my right.

Did

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did not I my selfe in th' first assault,  
Thrice change my Target ouer poys'd with Darts?  
Did not I brandish in the second fight,  
My burning Semiter? that all their eies,  
Could not indure the heate of his reflection?  
Then in the midst of all the frontiers strength  
Hew'd me a passage to Vonones Sonne,  
Whose dying Ghoast bare record of my force, 1980  
That did difmay their power, difman their walles,  
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbard their Gates,  
And streight remounted to assault the Keepe.  
Perchance that Pifo by some posterne gate,  
Crept through a meuse, & by the winding stayres,  
Panting and breathlesse, stale vp to the walles.  
But I——

*Pif.* Nay stay Germanicus, my heart doth throb,  
Mine eares doe glowe, to heare thy brauing taunts:  
I am a Soldier, and as good as thou, 1990  
But for the childish rumor of thy name:  
And shall I loose by these insulting tearmes  
The Crowne of honour that I haue deseru'd?  
Not one fault drop of Sweat, that I haue spent,  
But honours fountaine shall repay againe.  
Germanicus, Pifo will haue his due,  
Or thou or he, this fact of thine shall rue.

*Centur.* My Lords, what dismal furie doth enchât  
Your noble Spirits to this mortall strife?  
The Romaine millitarie lawes enforce, 2000  
That in these graue demurres the Soldiers quest,  
Should giue the honour by a whole consent:  
Are you my Lord Germanicus content,  
And you Lord Pifo with our Romaine lawes?

*Ger.* Worthy Centurion with all my heart.

*Pif.* I must perforce, or else not haue my part,

*Cent.* Speak Soldiers, Pifo or German. (Germanicus

*Sol.* Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

*Cent.* Trum-

## The Tragicall life and death

*Centu.* Trumpets, relate to heauen this Vnitie.

*Germanicus sitteth downe, Piso at the other end of the* 2010  
*Stage sprinckleth Powder on the Crowne, and then he set.*  
*teth it on Germanicus his head, Trumpets sound.*

*Pis.* I lost the Crowne, but I haue won the day,  
Long liue Victorious Germanicus.

*Ger.* Piso grieue not at Iustice equitie,  
Mine honour's dearer Piso then my life,  
Except this grudge, Piso, I honour thee,  
Depute thee Lord Armenian gouernour,  
To grace thy vertue, and reward thy paine,  
Farwell good Piso, ile to Antioche. *Exit. Ger. & Sol.* 2020

*Pis.* I, goe Germanicus but nere returne,  
That Crowne shall be the last thou ere shalt weare,  
That garland decks thy speedy funerall:  
If that Germanicus passe Antioche,  
Piso's a foole, Scianus had no wit:  
That powder which I sprinckled on the leaues,  
Me of my death, him of his life bereaues. *Exit Piso.*

*Enter Tiberius Solus.*

*Sc. xv*

*Tib.* I am dispos'd to meditate alone,  
Here in my Orchard, let none dare trouble me: 2030  
These Poppies too much aspire, they are too high,  
I must needs make them headlesse for their pride,  
And sure their seede, would breede a deadly sleepe,  
Should I not crop them, in their flowring prime:  
These marigolds, would follow with the Sunne,  
If I should suffer them to sprout on high,  
But ile confine their stature to my measure:  
So will I doe with all competitors.  
Here's an olde roote doth hide the rising plants,  
And that doth make me thinke on Iulia. 2040  
Where is Scianus, that incarnate diuell,  
Hath he not ended yet my greatest euill?  
I doe misdoubt the Villaine, oh the flauel!

He



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He may bewray me to the Senators:  
He may disclose me vnto Iulia:  
He may discover me to Germanicus:  
He may doe what he will, to seeke my end.

*Exit Tiberius.*

*Enter the Ghost of Germanicus.*

Sc. xvi

*Ghost.* Ingratefull Nero, and ingratefull Rome,  
Vnto the merrits of Germanicus,  
Reuenge my causelesse wrongs, great Proserpine,  
Who murdered was by hatefull treacherie.  
Me thinkes I am a man, and now could raue,  
That nere before did know what anger ment.  
This murall crowne wrought my vntimely death,  
By Pises enuie, and Tiberius pride.  
Germanicus, poore soule doe not complaine,  
For prayers cannot thy life restore againe,  
I will goe see my Children and my wife,  
That I may thinke on them in this new life.

2051

2060

*Exit Ghost.*

*Enter Agripina at one doore, Drusus and Nero at the other crying out, as from their Beds.*

Sc. xviii

*Ner.* My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.

*Agr.* My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.

*Dru.* My father, my deare Lord Germanicus,

Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,  
Fie sluggish Brother, draw thy balefull sword,  
Mother, sling wilde fire at the Crockadile,  
For nothing else can peirce his brazen skales.

2070

*Agr.* Drusus, what spirit doth disturbe my Sonne?

*Dru.* Mother, me thought I saw Martichora,  
The dreadfull hiddeous Ægyptian beast,  
Horrid and rough slimy and terrible,  
Fac'd as an Hidra like some vnquoth man,  
Whose eares hang drayling downe vnto hir feete,

I

Sweeping

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Sweeping the loathsome foile with greedineffe,  
Fang'd with three Iron grates of steely tuskes,  
Wall eyed, with collour steep in deepeft bloud, 2080  
With Lyons clawes, and Scorpions poyfonous sting  
Wouen in Gorgias hundreth thousand knots,  
His murmuring found, mixt of two Simphonies,  
Rebellowed twixt a flute, and trumpets found,  
That seem'd the world with roring to confound.  
By him me thought I saw a gallant beast,  
A princely Lyon, crown'd with honours meede,  
At which this vgly Monster wrought amaine,  
For to defeate the Lyon of his pray,  
But all in vaine, till this deceitefull beast, 2090  
Belcht forth an ayrie death-infecting breath,  
At which me thought the Lyon vanished.  
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,  
Plac'd in his roome by this beast perrished:  
Twice thus I dream't, and still my thinkes I dreame,  
But mother, what did your affrighting meane?  
*Agri.* Oh Sonne! I dream't that in the azure skye,  
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did striue,  
One darted rayes, th' other rainebowes made:  
One suckered plants, the other moou'd the fire: 2100  
One shining, tother dimme: one true, tother false,  
And in this discord all in heavenly motion,  
The hoast of starrie cloudes did hide the ayre.  
These hideous monsters met in furious rage,  
As if the world had beene dissevered.  
Like when a Whale runs in the boysterous maine,  
Seeming to shoulder all the yeelding waues,  
So by contrition of this dawning night,  
The Axeltree of heauen did seeme to mooue:  
From whence, as from an anuile seem'd to streame, 2110  
A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,  
Which rending passage to the Orient,  
Seem'd for to light vppon Germanicus.

This

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This frighted Agripina in her Dreame,  
But Nero what did thy vpstarting meane?

*Nero.* My thought I sawe a snowye milke white  
Encountring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan  
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,  
The Storke was succoured by a neighbour Crane,  
The Swan relieued by a dunghill Cocke, 2120  
All ioyne in battaile, all to furious.

But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue,  
Or other fate, the Swan and gallant cocke,  
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkasse of the Storke,  
All which seem'd pleasing to my flumbring fence,  
But all too ruffull that which after fell,  
Fell discord twixt the Swan, and Cocke arose,  
The peerelesse Swanne was worthy Conquerour,  
But yet alas the gallant Cocke.—

*Enter Maximus a messenger from Germanicus, he 2130  
knocketh at the doore.*

But who disturbes vs at this time of night?  
Where is the Porter with the Citties watch?

*Max.* Open, ah open vnto Maximus.

*Dr.* The faithful Maximus, God send good newes.

*Enter Maximus.*

*Agr.* Too much I feare, I dare not heare the rest,  
And yet I will: nay farwell Maximus,  
I will not feare, yet feare comes gainst my will,  
Mine eares are stopt, how doth Germanicus? 2140

*Max.* O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurffe,  
Nere taught this dolefull Engine for to speak;  
Then should my soule in mourning silence groane.

*Agr.* Ah deere Maximus by all that ere was deare  
Within thy trustie heart, make no delaies,  
Tel Agripina: rid her of her feare,  
My heart is hardned euen the worst to heare. (Rome

*Max.* Then Madam sithence we left this stately

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.  
My Lord first sayled to Brandusium, 2150  
So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.  
From thence to Ephefus, from Ephefus  
To Lifimachium we bent our courfe,  
Thence to the mountaine Taurus marcht by land,  
Sheluing on which we coast Armenia,  
and in her firrill bowels pitcht our Tents.  
Vonones three leagues off displaide his flag,  
The scarlet Ensigne of his bloody minde,  
There like two heards of Lyons, we inrang'd  
Our squadron to their Phallax, to their darts, 2160  
Our slings : against their Cammels, all our horfe.  
Betwixt our armies Tigris swiftly ran,  
and there within a league on our right hand,  
A deepe-delu'd Caue, (fit ambush to intrap)  
All vaulted with a young disprayed groue.  
Here with fiue hundreth foot-men light of armes,  
My Lord did place me till he gauē the signe:  
So in the heate our Legions seem'd to flye,  
Till all Vonones armie past the fload, 2170  
And in pursuite of our supposed flight,  
There all enuironed with hidden troopcs,  
That saw Vonones and his fierie Sonne.  
And some few more, which them accompaigned,  
We made an ende of this rebellion.  
Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,  
And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,  
In single combat, slew their gouernor.  
*Ag.* Ah my deare Lord! how fares Germanicus?  
*Max.* I, thats the dismall newes I haue to tell,  
Leauing the Orient thus in fetled peace, 2180  
And Pifo Pretor of Armenia,  
We marched to the Cittie Antioche,  
Whereas my Lord had heard were Christians,  
Iudeian Priestes, the which did magnifie,

An

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

An vnknowne God, in dayly pietie.  
Before the Cittie grew a Cipresse Groue,  
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,  
Where Gaffly Sreatch-owles hold their residence,  
True Prodigies, of fatall miseries.  
about the midday of Antipodes, 2190  
When our Horrizon was benum'd with sleepe,  
a furie and a passion both at once,  
Began surprize my Lord Germanicus. (*her Sons.*  
*Agr.* Oh heauens!—*She fainteth and is vpheld by*  
*Dru.* Mother you promis'd for to heare the worst  
and can you not indure the first assault?  
*Agrip.* Yes Maximus, tell out the dyrest wo,  
My hart conceiues more grief then thou canst shew  
*Max.* What time the liuing diall of the night, 2200  
His first alarum, rang to Cipria,  
Gall of my soule, I saw that woefull fight,  
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meekely lay,  
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,  
Doth gnaw the earth, in felnesse of his minde,  
Grudging sorrow but disdaines to moane,  
Or rore in torment of his agonie,  
So lay Germanicus in grieuous paine:  
Yet grieffe from outward shew did much restraine,  
But feeling that his spirits gan to faile,  
and vitall pulses leaue their motion, 2210  
He cald for Plato, and there two houres red,  
Of the immortall effence of the Soule,  
So constant in his foules Diuine releeuing, (*uing*  
That grieffe euen grieu'd herselfe, for him not grie-  
Then to his friendes, he gaue this last farwell,  
Deare friendes, and worthy countrymen adiew,  
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,  
By fates Eternall hand beene catcht from earth,  
I might accuse the Iustice of the Gods:  
But since by Piso, and his poysonous drugs, 2220

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Germanicus is loft; reuenge my death.

*Agri.* Enough, too much: O I can beare no more,  
Good Nero goe, run to Sabinus house. (*Exit Nero*  
And treat him come, and comfort thy sad mother,  
Drusus goe thou vnto Afinius lodge, (*Drusus*  
And wooe him hether to thy forowing Mother. *Exit*  
But was my Husband poysoned by that flauē?  
O Monstrous hell-hound of ambition!

*Max.* No man could proue it, but it was furmis'd,  
Both by the dying words of my deare Lord, 2230  
And by the suddaine swelling of his head,  
That like a snow white Leaper was defilde.  
As by the heart of great Germanicus,  
Whose body being burnt, that yet vntoucht,  
A certaine note of poyson still remain'd,  
Which I embalmed with Arabian spices,  
Mixt with the ashes of my dearest Lord:  
Haue in this Allablaster box preferu'd,  
The onely Relique of this Tragedie,  
Which to you worthy Ladie I present, 2240  
Yours it was liuing, yours it must be dead.

*Agrip.* I had it liuing, and must haue it dead,  
all may befall that must necessitie.  
Flye liuing soule, into this liueleffe heart,  
That it may animate my greater part.  
Or else (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye  
That here my breathing soule may tombed be.  
Mine eyes shall drizell down Arabian mirrhe,  
To garnish all Armenian infections  
Or falling from my eye-balles couered be, 2250  
With this faire couer of sad miseries.  
I must needes looke vpon this last reliefe,  
Which swels, as being angry for my grieffe.  
Ah my Germanicus! thus to hold thy heart,  
Yeeldes me no comfort, but augments my smart.

*Nero returneth.*

*Ner.* Mother

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Ner.* Mother, Sabinus some two houres since,  
Is gone to visite faire Elizium.

*Agri.* What to thy Father my Germanicus?

*Drusus returneth.*

2260

*Drus.* Mother, Afinius Gallus very weake,  
Expects the fatall houre of his death,  
Phisicians tell him he is poysoned.

*Agrip.* Too much my Sonne, great sorrow still is  
dumbe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers.* *Sc. xviii*

1. And is it true, did Piso poyson Germanicus?

*Sold.* True, I as true as this is an Armenian Loufe,  
that bit me by the backe, & I am sure I carried none  
out of Rome with me: for his head sweld, his hayre  
would not burne, and hee dyed in a furie, and we al  
know that Piso had mortall hatred against him  
because he wold not let him haue his mural crown.

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germa-  
nicus! the very hūnifuckle of humanity, & the Ma-  
ry-gold of magnanimitie: Piso is not to be cōpared  
to him. Piso noe, he is to him (euen in the creame of  
his nature) the verie lees of licentioufnes, the Veri-  
uice of villany, the very excrement of euil, & which  
is more, he had no reason to poyson him.

2280

3 Good Germanicus, oh when shall I make thee  
an other payre of boots that would euen smile whē  
they should come vppon his legges? O I shall neuer  
make such merrie bootes againe, for all the drie lea-  
ther in my shop I warrant will weep intirely when  
they heare this newes.

*Sol.* Consent to me, Piso will be heare presently  
(he thought to haue beene heere before vs) consent  
to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

1 Agree'd, and lets rost him in his skinne, as you  
rost a Cat.

2290

(quicke

2 Nay, lets drowne him aliuē, or else bury him

*Sold.* Nay

## The Tragicall life and death

*Sold.* Nay, will you all keepe touch, and wee teare him ioynt by ioynt when wee haue got him, therefore stand close, for I heare his horse neigh, the Affe will be heere presently.

*Enter Piso.*

*Pis.* Haile Mother Rome.

*Sol.* I, stormes of vengeance on thy curffed head,

1. Where is Germanicus? speake! 2300

2. Speak! what hast thou done with Germanicus?

*Pis.* I cannot tell.

*All.* But wee will make thee tell.

*They drag him in, and enter againe with his lims in their hands, they sbout and cry.* (Lord

*Omnes.* Thus haue we sent reuenge to our deare Thus haue we sent Germanicus reuenge.

*Excunt. Omnes.*

*Enter Tiberius and Seianus out of the Caue.* Sc. xix

*Tibe.* Sejanus.

*Seia.* My Lord. 2311

*Tibe.* Ho Sejanus.

*Seia.* Here my gracious Lord.

*Tibe.* A plague vpō him, that first made this Caue

It was not sumptuous, not faire enough

To be the Tombe of a liue Emperour.

Thanks to my Genius, and thy prouidence,

That hath defended me from farther ill,

And yet my shoulders feele the heauie loade,

Sirra a bruffh : 2320

Vanish the monuments of antique worldes,

Mew'd in externall filence be obscured,

Not Thefus loue vnto Perrithous

Not Alexanders to Hæphestion,

Nor the two Bretheren of Paris sworne,

That in eternall courses scale the heauens,

Did euer manifest such demonstrations,

Of



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Of faith vnfaign'd, and more then Turtle-doue,  
Saued my life, now by my Geneus  
If all the world were ten-times multiplied, 2330  
And one of them were made of massie gold,  
Enameled with Pearles and Diamonds,  
Emboft with Iasper and Alites vertue  
Yea were all these imaginarie worlds,  
Vnder Tiberius his dominion,  
This world, this rough-cast world with precious  
Should be the guerdon of my faued life. (Iems,  
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,  
To counter-ballance such a faithfull minde.

*Seian.* Most gracious Cæsar mightie Emperour, 2340  
Had Pellion and Coffa beene conioy'nd,  
Had mounting Tenarus with the snowie Alpes,  
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Caue,  
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)  
Haue beene embowell'd in this earthie hell,  
To saue the life of great Tiberius.

*Tib.* Now haue I tried the trunesse of thy stampe,  
Bith' touchstone of this late oppression,  
Nero repayes thy loue with vsurie,  
But by my Geneus how this suddaine feare 2350  
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care.  
Tell me Seianus, how fares Iulia?

*Seia.* My Lord she doth cōmend her to your grace  
But very weake vpon a surfet taken.

*Tib.* As how Seianus? old folkes vse good diet.

*Seia.* And so did she my Lord, at supper time  
She tooke a kernell of restoratiue,  
In a Pomgranet, which did so preuaile,  
As that left her sicker with her Phisicke:  
Afinius and Sabinus her deare friends, 2360  
From that Apothecarie did receiue,  
The like restoratiue with like effect:  
And then I boasted to your Maiestie.

K

*Tib.* Iulia

## The Tragicall life and death

*Tib.* Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius,  
For each a teare, so to Elizium.  
But what Seianus note I in thy face?  
The feale of feare though well dissembled,  
Are they not all dispatcht why dost thou feare?  
*Seian.* Vpon mine honour all are perished. (soule?)  
*Tib.* What doth thy conscience then disturbe thy 2370  
What meanes the carelesse rowling of thine eyes?  
Thy louing sorow, foulding of thine armes?  
Thy suddaine sighs, thy wauering countenance?  
Now all thy blood doth ebbe into thy heart,  
Now all thy blushing visage ouer-flowes,  
Speake my Seianus, sauer of my life,  
And by my Geneus thou shalt obtaine.  
*Seia.* Feare and allegiance, dutie and affection,  
Honour and pittie, loyaltie and loue,  
Raife mutuall tumults in my clouen heart. 2380  
*Tib.* Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,  
The mutinous dissention of thy feare.  
*Seian.* May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.  
*Tib.* Let Cæsar know, least Cæsar feare in vaine.  
*Seian.* What if my Lord it do concerne my hurt?  
*Tib.* Yet tell to Cæsar who can cure thy hurt.  
*Seia.* I am perswaded that it is but forg'd.  
*Tib.* Well, howfoeuer I commaund thee shew.  
*Seia.* Faulter my tongue thou dolefull instrument,  
Infortunate to tell so bad a storie. 2390  
Pardon my Lord.  
*Tib.* Seianus I commaund.  
And by my Geneus I will be obeyed.  
*Seia.* Then heauens beare witnes what I do record  
Comes of no malice nor ambition,  
For of mine honour I do thinke it forg'd.  
My Lord, since you lay in Campania,  
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,  
That you will neuer backe returne to Rome,  
I could

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I could not gesse on what presumption : 2400  
But when I first assaulted Iulia,  
And she had swallowed vp the poysonous baight,  
Faith then in loue vnto her Ladiship,  
I told her that your grace did seeke her death.  
Not Menus with the frantike dames of Thrace,  
(That in their Dionisian sacrifice,  
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)  
Raued like Iulia in her passion.

*Tib.* O how it doth me good to heare her mad!

*Seia.* May it please your Maiestie to giue me leaue 2410  
Here to set downe a dolefull period.

*Ti.* No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.

*Seia.* After the furie, anger tooke her throne,  
Like a fierce Lion chafte to seeke reuenge,  
When wooing me with many honie words,  
Of good, and wife, and friend, and debonaire,  
Idle finonanimies of womens wit,  
she all to prayed my constant secrecie  
And I to heare the summall exigent,  
Swore neuer to reueale her policie 2420  
Whilest Iulia and Seianus both should liue.  
And I haue kept my promise with her to.  
Then did she seeme to wooe me with her lookes,  
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,  
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.

*Tib.* If thou concealest but one fillable,  
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.

*Seia.* My Lord, great Iulia said she would preuent  
Tiberius in his Tygers crueltie :  
She swore my ayde, she swore my secrecie, 2430  
Adding a gift to euerie worde she spake :  
This Ring, this Signet of Augustus Armes,  
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,  
Yet Iulia you know my Lord was wife,  
And all may be but forged pollicie :

## The Tragicall life and death

She said how she deuifed had the plot,  
In this Campanian ceceffion.

(Oh Gods forsend) to end Tiberius daies?

*Tib.* Tis well Sejanus shee's— but proceede.

*Scia.* The day before the blustering Ides of March 2440  
Which as I take it, this day is expired.

(That made me poste so hastily from Rome)

On this same fatall day, olde Iulia swore,

Hir Sonne Tiberius should be poysoned.

But by whose means, my Lord I must conceale,

For of mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

*Tiber.* Conceale a Traytor, and my guard shal lop  
Thy ioynted carkaffe: goe too tel me all.

*Scia.* Why then my Lord, imagine all is false,  
And what I say, is all but counterfaite. 2450

Doe not conceiue that Drusus your deare sonne,  
Aspires to be a present Emperour:

Beleue not that this day he makes a feast,

Where mightie Cæsar, should be poysoned.

Thinke not that Spado that Twig soone bent to il,

Is now corrupted to performe the act,

Who tasting first vnto your Maiestie,

With a Vine-branch enfoulded on his arme

Will squeafe in poysonous drugs to slay my Lord.

Imagine this to be a lying dreame, 2460

Though Iulia sware and vow'd it should be so,

And made great ioyance, that it should be so;

Beleue it not surely she said not true,

For on mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

*Tiber.* No, no, Sejanus, I haue well obseru'd,

The haughtie stomacke of th'aspiring Boy,

But Ile pull downe his lofty crested plumes,

And teach him homage to his soueraigne.

How dare the stragling elfe, once looke on mee,

And not be turn'd into an Aspen leafe, 2470

To tremble at each breathed fillable?

*Scia.* Be

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Seia.* Be patient, good my Lord, perhaps tis false:  
Or be it true, as who would once conceiue,  
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts?  
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,  
Forgiue Phraates his rebellious Sonne?  
Did not Iugurthus father, often checke  
His high aspiring thoughts? yet him forgauē:

*Tiber.* Talke of forgiuenesse in some pettie Kings 2480  
Not in the state of mightie Emperors,  
This day he dooth prouide Thyestas feast,  
And bids his father to the bloody cates.  
Perfwade me not, Seianus I will goe,  
I haue already promis'd him to come,  
And if the villaine offer me these drugs,  
Ile make him swill the cup, I should carroufe.

*Enter Spado toward them.*

But heere comes Spado his fine instrument,  
See where his Garland is, ile stab the Slaue.

*Seia.* No good my Lord, how can you then inquire 2490  
The hatefull Treasons of your wicked Sonne?

*Tib.* Tis true Seianus, I will hold my hands.

*Seia.* Oh how I fear'd I should haue beene betraid

*Spad.* Euer Augustus! Drufus royall banquet,  
Requires the prefence of Tiberius.

*Tiberi.* Spado we come.

*They draw aside the Arras, and banquet on the stage,  
Spado tasteth to Tiberius, and after infuseth the poyson.*

*Spa.* My Lord, yong Drufus wifheth happinesse,  
To Nero Cæsar in this Cup of wine. 2500

*Tiberi.* Drufus doe thou begin vnto Tiberius.

*Dru.* My Lord, may't please you here is other wine.

*Tibe.* But taste of this my Sonne, I'm sure tis good.

*Dru.* Here is the like my gracious Lord beside.

K 3

*Tiber.* It

# The Tragicall life and death

*Tiber.* It may be like, but not so altogether.

*Druf.* Tis of the same.

*Tiber.* Well, please my humor Sonne.

*Druf.* Why good my Lord.

*Tiber.* By Ioue ile haue it so. *He drinketh and falls  
downe, Seianus stabbeth Spado.* 2510

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where is the Emperour? Augusta is deade.

*Tib.* Goe tell that newes to Proserpine. *Stabs him.*

*Another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Cæsar? great Germanicus is dead.

*Tiber.* Commend me to Germanicus. *Stabs him.*

*Another Messenger.*

*Mess.* Where's Nero, Piso is by the Plebeians flaine

*Tibe.* Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his flesh  
and thine. *Stabs him.* 2520

*An other.*

*Mess.* Where is Tiberius? where is Cæsar's grace?  
Asinius and Sabinus both are dead.

*Ti.* Go greet thẽ both thus frõ Tiberius. *Stabs him.*  
How now what newes bringst thou? speake  
speake.

*Seianus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Se-  
ianus cryeth out, and Nero stareth on him.*

*Seia.* No newes my Lord, I am Seianus I,  
I sau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus. 2530

*Tib.* Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend,  
The headlong furie of a troubled foule,  
I dare not trust my selfe to see my Sonne.  
O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented?  
Sejanus I must ride in poste to Rome,  
To reigne the furie of the common heard,  
See these foule carkasses be buryed.

Goe to Sejanus, when I haue my will, *He speaketh  
Ile make thee Patterne of thy Villaines. this aside.*

Meane

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Meane while I will to Rome to finde the bookes, 2540  
Augustus wrote and left with Iulia. *Exit Tiberius.*

*Scia.* Why this is well, Germanicus is gone  
With Iulia and with Drufus into hell.  
Follow Sejanus, Noe: thy wits I meane,  
Alas poore Drufus, troth I pittie thee,  
And Spado too, me thinkes now I could weepe,  
But that it is too womanly: this chopping boy  
Whome I corrupted for this Stratageme,  
I did him a great fauour, had he liued  
Tiberius would haue had him tortured, 2550  
Hang'd by the Nauell for confession.  
Drufus, for thee, I could haue wisht thy life,  
But reason did in force thy destinie.  
First that thou wert heire to Tiberius:  
Next an obseruer of my secrecies,  
Thirdly thy Liuia, that Queene of beautie,  
The eldest Daughter to Germanicus,  
Sejanus secret friend, thy secret foe,  
Next to Germanicus, heyre to the Crowne,  
Thy sometime, now my wife, if heauens agree, 2560  
To make me heire vnto a Princes Throne,  
Nay more, an Empyre thus shall be mine owne:  
Fourthly the blow which I receiu'd in peace,  
Vntill reuenge might fatisfie my will:  
All these, or any were sufficient:  
I am sorry, I haue vs'd thee too too well,  
Now to the summe of all my foes are left:  
Tiberius Cæsar, with him Agripina,  
Nero and Drufus the Germanici.  
Then thus the fierce enrag'd Germanici, 2570  
I will infence against Tiberius  
As the sole agent in their fathers death,  
Shew them the fauours of the Senators,  
The Plebeians harts in chained to their beckes,  
Faure baites for to allure their young conceites.

Rebellion

## The Tragicall life and death

Rebellion Ile intitle honourable,  
And if that we obtaine the victorie  
As I haue bound them Legions to mine hoast,  
Then will I haue my spies, my fawning Curs,  
My hireling hell-hounds in the battailes heate, 2580  
To murder both the yong Germanici.  
Tiberius vanquisht, and these made away,  
Cæsar Seianus, Empreffe Liuia. *Exit Seianus.*

*Enter Caligula solus.* Sc. xx

*Calig.* Now pleased by fit occasion,  
Poure forth the treasures of thy inward thoughts,  
Which too too long haue beene imprisoned,  
Now muse on Romes ensuing miseries,  
Tiberius treasons, and thy fathers death,  
Thy brothers danger, and thine owne contempt, 2590  
And musing, meditate vpon reuenge,  
Banish harts quiet from thy sleeping thoughts,  
Vntill thy thoughts be satisfied with blood.  
Nero I come, inspire me iustest rage :  
And Rome shall tremble at Caligula. *Exit Calig.*

*Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Drusus Germanici.* Sc. xxi

*Seian.* Nero, Drusus, Drusus, Nero, both are one,  
Or one or both, for both I know are one :  
And what I speake to one I speake to both.  
Nay, heare me out for what I speake is true, 2600  
Piso did poyson great Germanicus  
Your father, Neroes sonne and my good Lord,  
I, by Tiberius pollicie.  
Lo here the pardon made for Piso drawne,  
Which Iulia dying did to me commend,  
What shall I speake to moue you to reuenge,  
The Senat is deuoted to your stocke,  
The common people in soft murmuring,  
Like Bees doe seeke the honie of your Hiues,  
What if some Waspes doe moue Tiberius? 2610

I haue



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I haue a swarme maugre these lazie droanes :

I haue the Legions at Seianus becke,  
And for my sake, and specially for yours,  
I know they will euibrate all their force,  
Besides the honour of your Countries good,  
Exile the tyrant, so did Cassius,  
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,  
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,  
The Senators, and the Plebians :

If all may moue you, courage noble hearts ;  
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,  
Romanes haue valiant and vndaunted minds.

2620

*Nero.* Brother a word with you:— *Takes him aside*

*Seia.* I, go, consult, whilst I centuriate

A thousand nets to catch such tender fooles.

*Nero.* Drusus how dost thou like Seianus gesture?

*Dru.* Faith like his words, for both are counterfet.

*Nero.* Vpon my life Tiberius sent the slaue.

*Dru.* Tis so by Ioue, tis so, looke brother, see

How the damn'd villain fleares, & laughs, & lowres 2630

Wele first begin with him, & thẽ for Nero: *They be-*

*Nero.* Brother content, and now be resolute, *gin to*

But here comes Iulius Celsus, hold thy hand. *draw.*

*Enter Iulius Celsus.*

*Celsus.* Flie, flie Seianus, Iulius bids thee flie:

Nero hath found thy death in Iuliaes house,

I meane, the cause of death, thy trecheries,

The letter that thou sent'st to Liuia :

Away, shift for thy selfe, and so will I. *Exit.*

*Seia.* Hath he found that? Seianus curffe thy selfe, 2640

The lower world, and the highest heauen.

That he hath found them; die, consume, and burne.

I heare the noise of horses, they are here,

A plague vpon them all, then here away. *Exit*

*Ne.* Brother away, t'is time, we may suspect. *Exeunt*

*Seianus lookes in at the doore, and speaketh.*

L

*Seia.* Hell

## *The Tragicall life and death*

*Sei.* Hell yawne and swallow them: that way I am  
This way the dogs wil bark, & so betray me: (stopt,  
The geefe will gaggle, if I flie this way.  
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound thẽ: 2650  
Oh for the seauen-way house of Hannibal!  
Sejanus kill thy selfe, oh no I dare not,  
Would I were an Assẽ to beare: so I am.  
I am not: I flie, I dare not: I cannot, I must. *Exit.*

*Enter Tiberius with his guard pursuing Seianus. Sc. xxii*

*Tib.* Haft for your liues, seeke, search, enquire, stop  
Misdoubt, examine, spie, watch, haue a care, stay,  
And if he passe, not one of you shall scape  
Th' extreamest torments that I can inflict.  
Poast, poast, away some to the Capitoll, 2660  
Some to port Esquiline, mount Pallatine,  
Watch, watch the streetes, the Drusian streetes,  
Hie to the Altars, the Ægerian wood:  
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,  
Some where, any where, euery where, away, away.

*Enter Seianus: the guard besets all the doores, he draweth and proffereth to come diuers wayes: at last rusbeth on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.*

*Seia.* Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:  
here swallow vp a liuing sacrifice, 2670  
Grac'd with an Heccatombe of slaughtered slaues,  
Hold sword Sejanus barthers death for death.

*Ti.* So, bind the traitor fast in Iron chaines,  
Now slaue of honor, ground of Infamie,  
Obloquies subject, and faire dealings shame,  
Nay heare me villaine, for thou must, and shalt.

*Seia.* Must, shal, and will, for I am bound to doe it.

*Tib.* I, and to beare what euer I inflict.

*Sei.* Strik quickly, & strike home, I wait the stroke  
And shall embrace the instrument of death, 2680  
And

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And neuer grieue to droune it in my blood,  
So that the streamie spirits that ascend,  
Were of sufficient force to strangle thee :

*Tib.* Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee !

*Seia.* I craue no pittie, neither feare thy pride,  
Whose pittie onely serueth for a truce,  
To leuie new supply of tyrannie.

*Tib.* The man begins to play the Orator,  
Get him a Throne to grace his eloquence.

*Seia.* This kind of curtesie I will accept. 2690

*Tib.* Yet shall you not perform't except I will :

*Sei.* If, Tygers issue thou shouldst cut out my tung:  
And rob my thoughts of their Ambassador,  
The boundlesse Ocean of my swelling thoughts,  
(Enraged with the malice of my heart)  
Would ouerflow my breasts immuring bankes,  
To make relation of thy villanie.

*Tib.* Oh terrible reuenge, intollerable.  
But I shall vndergoe it as I may,  
And here and there still as you glaunce at me, 2700  
But touch a little your owne villainies,  
And therein play the true Historian.

Tut, courage man, why dost thou not begin ?

*Seia.* Bidst thou begin, who long will with me end,  
Ere I haue ript vp halfe thy villainies :

Which neuer will haue end vntill thou end.

Oh hadst thou ended ere thou hadst begun,

So many euils had not chaunc'd in Rome :

Then had not Vestaes Tapers beene defil'd,

Nor th' Altars turnd to irreligious vses : 2710

When thou didst make her neuer dying lampes,

Serue for the Torches to thy burning lust,

The whilest her Temple made a brothel-house,

And all her virgins prostitute to thee.

But these are but thy meanest outrages,

Wrought in thy villainous minoritie

## The Tragic all life and death

Thy Cleopatrean cates could scarce digest,  
Without a measure daunc'd by naked truls,  
To feed thy glutton-eyes immodest gaze.

*Tib.* And where was then Sejanus, holy man? 2720

*Seia.* Herein I doe accuse my selfe of guilt.

*Tib.* Beshrew thy hatefull head for doing it.

*Seia.* Bale to thy hatefull heart for causing it.

*Tib.* Thy plotting head for so inuventing it.

*Seia.* Thy bloodie mind for so concluding it.

*Tib.* And on Sejanus for effecting it.

*Seia.* And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Yet villaine doe I curse my cursed selfe?

Downe poysted by the execrations

Of those that thou by me hast murdered?

2730

*Tib.* Beleeue him firs, may be he speaketh truth.

*Seia.* It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.

Caius, and Lucius, were murdered,

And Agripina, by Tiberius.

So poysoned Germanicus was flaine.

Sabinus, and Afinius were dispatch'd,

And Iulia for her sonne Tiberius.

And so thou louedst Drusus thine owne sonne,

To sucke his bloud in whose death still I ioy,

To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant.

2740

Poore Prince vniustly doom'd to suddaine death,

Which in his life he onely this deseru'd

By giuing me a whirret on the eare:

But as for treasons ignominious spot

against thy selfe, thy life or Diademe,

His innocent thoughts neuer were tainted with.

*Ti.* Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & griefe

*Seia.* Onely for this. *(Aside.)*

*Tib.* Onely for this! O furie teach my tougue,

To breath eternall curses on his soule.

2750

*Seia.* O how I triumph in soule-pleasing ioy,

That herein yet I die not vnreung'd.

I made

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I made him die for mine owne prop er fault,  
For know Tiberius as in all the rest,  
So in thy Sonne Drufus sad Tragedie,  
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,  
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,  
To fwim vnto the Throne of Maieftie,  
And from thy hand rend the imperiall crowne.

*Tib.* Here is the Catalogue of his deserts, 2760  
Tis pittie but he were an Emperour.

*Spurius*———*He whispers in his eare, & Exit Spurius*  
Make hafte, I charge thee on thy life.  
Herein I must detract from pollicie,  
And Fortune attribute the caufe to thee,  
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.

*Scia.* Reuenge! alas thou maift perhaps on me,  
Inflict th' extreamitie of punishment,  
And rid thee fo of one peece of thy feare,  
But yet thou canft not fcape deserued death, 2770  
For from the Phoenix ashes of their Sire,  
The heart reuiued young Germanici.

Wife Nero, and fierce Drufus arm'd with rage,  
Come like a lightning to confume thy state.

*Tiber.* Soldiers purfue them ere they paffe the  
To ioyne themfelues vnto the Legions. (walles

*Scia.* Why lunaticke Vfurper of the Crowne,  
They are the lawfull heires vnto the state,  
Thou but adopted by false treacherie,  
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne, 2780  
For both but false, and both but villanie.

*Tibe.* Thou dooft me wrong Sejanus to vpbraid  
With Ignominious Title of ingrate. (me thus,  
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.

*Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.*  
Who, I Vfurpe your Crowne and your estate?  
I were not fit to liue and if I should.  
Therefore my Majfters, heere before you all,

## The Tragicall life and death

I doe refigne my crowne imperiall  
Vnto Sejanus, and doe inuest him Cæsar, 2790

*He sets the burning Crowne upon his head.*

All haile Sejanus, Romes great Emperour.

*Seia.* Al haile: Hell, Death, Destruction plague  
Let all the tortures, torments, punishment. (you al  
In earth, in heauen, in hell, reuenge my death,  
Whose burning paine torments me not so much  
as that there comes not from my scalded braines,  
Sufficient smoake to smother all of you. *He dyes.*

*Tibe.* So dye thy Curffes with thy curfed selfe,  
Now one goe cast, his bodye in to Tiber, 2800  
The rest goe with me, tis high time to hast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Agripina sola.* (*omnes Sc. xxiii*)

*Agr.* Oh heauens! and if that any power be higher!  
O earth! and if that any lower lye?

Melt heauens into a showre of supple balme.  
Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leaues,  
Too foolish Agripina to complaine,  
Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and al in vaine.  
This earthly hart, it is my pleasing earth.

*She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus* 2810

This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy:  
This balme, this Cassia, this is sweetest Myrrhe  
When I forget to ioy in this respect,  
Heauē, Earth, Nepenthaes all do me neglect  
O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!  
To whome, and when, and where shall I complaine?  
I know not, and againe I knowe,  
For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.

*Enter Marco.*

*Macr.* Madam, Tiberius Cæsars ma iestie, 2820  
Sent me to tell you of his neare approach.

*Agr.* Wil Nero come? where are his torturs then?  
His rod, his Hatchets, Rakes, gyues, manacles,  
Whips, Gridirōs, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, beares  
And all his vnquoth new found Messengers,  
Which

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which bloody Phallaris could nere inuent?  
Can faire Pallantias leaue her Lucifer,  
Or Phœbus shine, and not Aurora rise?  
Tush you are much deceiu'd, Nero will not come.

*Macro.* Lady, my heart doth yearne to here your 1830  
To surge in billowes of such bitter waues. (griefe,  
And——

*Agr.* And what? good Gentleman, tel out the rest:  
What, will you set a ship vpon my Sea,  
Fraught with a thousand Tunne of heauie cares,  
And with a sharpe tempestious Romaine winde,  
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,  
Then glide vppon the yce and so to land,  
And sowe these feedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,  
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay, 2840  
Then in pursuing of this faintie foyle,  
Stay vntill haruest, and in Autumne sheare  
This fruitfull Corne, and so returne againe.  
But Agripina, these fond humors leaue,  
Macro, my griefe my fences halfe bereaue.

*Macro.* True Agripina, Macro much did wonder,  
The variable passions of sad forrow,  
That I lament the tragicke historie,  
This dolefull faltering Engine should impart,  
Nero will hether come vnder pretext, 2850  
To comfort, but to trie your patience.  
He hath an Apple in such firrop dipt,  
Which he in kindenes meanes to offer you:  
If you accept, accept a present death:  
If you denie, heele take exceptions,  
Against your faith, and subiects loyaltie.  
Dreadfull Dilemma, counsell as you may,  
I doubt that Nero wil misdoubt my stay. *Exit Macro.*

*Agr.* Dares he not stay? O monstrous periurie!  
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne? 2860  
By Saturnes sighe, and Venus golden belt?

Mercuries

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,  
That he would stay with me. O periury!  
Nero make hast: yet stay, ile paire my Nailles,  
Least that I fet my tallents on his face,  
And spoile Narcissus comely personage.  
He will giue me an Aple, ile giue him——  
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile giue him  
A Chesnut, and heele cracke the riuen shell,  
And twixt his Millstones, grinde the yealding meat 2870  
Germanicus, oh my Drusus! oh my Deare,  
Nero, no! Nero Cæsar will visite me,  
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailles.  
Quailles! noe with Apples so he comes:  
I shall be cram'd to day.

*Enter Tiberius with his attendants Spurius & Nerua,  
Macro and Caligula following after.*

*Tiber.* Faire Daughter Agripina, you doe wrong  
That spotlesse beautie with congealed teares.  
Blotting those Rubies with dissolued pearles, 2880  
Stayning those Roses with such Christal streames.  
Is not the world subject to Romaine power?  
And thou the Daughter of the Emperour,  
And so th' imperiall Mistresse of the world?  
Then Agripina but commaund the world?  
and all the world shall seeke to comfort thee.

*Agri.* Nero, not all the world can comfort me,  
Since all the world hath lost my comforter.

*Tiber.* Hath all the world? what did your Lord as-  
Daughter, you cannot rule vnlesse you raigne. (pire? 2890

*Agr.* Blush not deare Ensigne of my modestie,  
Shame light on me if that I be asham'd,  
Since thou wilt neuer be asham'd of shame,  
My Lord Germanicus did he aspire?  
No Nero no, there lurkes the fistila  
Of fawning hatred that did murther him.  
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?

Did



## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did he not homage to Tiberius?  
Did he not loue his cuntrye past compare?  
Courteous and milde, and too obsequious? 2900  
Too well beloued and too credulous?  
and therefore murdered.

*Tiber.* Nay stay a while,  
And breath, and raile, and raile and breath againe,  
and then I hope your Ladyship will stay,  
Meane while, hold, heeres an apple to refresh  
The dried vapours of your fuming head.  
Eate it and breath, eate it and raile againe,  
Doe so faire Daughter to allay your paine.  
Words ease the stomacke. 2910

*Agrip.* So must they mine:  
Or else my heart would breake in vile despite.  
Monster of Monsters, ill is too too good,  
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:  
Nature could neuer finde a man so bad,  
That might resemble thy foule Villanies.  
Toade, Crockadile, Aspe, Viper, Basiliske,  
Too holosome, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,  
For Neroes poyson, furie, enuy, wrath.

*Tibe.* Woman, I listen much vnto thy Taunts, 2920  
Yet know that I haue Pandaturia,  
There, babble to the wind, thy foolish moanes,  
There in some desert make thy Elegies,  
Tune them vnto the puling harmony,  
Of the lamenting confort bred in Thrace:  
Rome shall not heare thy yelling execrations,  
Before Enos shall foure times be washt,  
In Nereus fountaine with Hiperion,  
Vpon thy life see that thou see not Rome,  
But banisht, backe to pandaturia. 2930

*Agri.* First let the head of Nilus be reueal'd,  
Let Tiber flowe in Ægipt, Nile in Rome,  
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,

## *The Tragicall life and death*

All to confusion, let heauen turne to hell,  
And which is more and most Prodigious,  
Let Nero thinke one thought of honestie,  
If Agripina yeeld to bannishment.

Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,  
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?  
Did not the Parthian King admonish thee?

2940

Thou wert a villaine, and thou sworst twas true,  
Doth not each night with dreames of thy foule sins  
Torment thy soule with gasty Spectacles?

Cajus, Lucius, Augustus, Iulia,  
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,  
Solicite Pluto for thy deepe reuenge?

They doe, they doe, and all the furies shake  
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.

If there be heauen, be sure of Nemefis:

If there be hell be sure to be tormented,

2950

With balefull tortors neuer yet inuented. (breath?)

*Tibe.* Not all this while, good Daughter out of  
Wel, speake thy last, that Rome shal here thee prate

*Agr.* My last fond Tyrant know that I wil speake  
In spite of Nero, in disdaine of Rome,  
Nero the Butcher, bloody shambles Rome,  
Who sells the fayrest ware at meanest price.

*Tibe.* I, and because peeuiish wilfull grieffe,  
Hath made you somewhat leane, not fit for sale,  
You shall to graffe to Pandaturia:

2960

Prouide her hay and water store enough.

*Agrip.* No, no, what shall I call this hate of earth?

Ile call him Nero, thats the worst of all.

Nero, it shall not neede, I am prouided  
Of fairer Cates without thy honest care,  
The corne that makes my bread are yellow cares,  
Ripened by heate of anger, in my breast,  
The barren field of nought but carefull feedes.

My meate the sodden sorrowes of my heart,

Which

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which boile with soft remembrance of my woes, 2970  
And if I play the Epicure in grieffe,  
My teares shall be the fence of my repasts.  
If euer other foode my tongue doe taste:  
If euer other foode my stomacke doe concockt:  
Let all be turn'd from sustentation,  
To fill impostumes with contagious filth.  
I tell thee Nero, Agripine will die,  
And starue herselfe, and scorne thy bannishment.  
Tis two daies since I last did taste of meate,  
Curst be my soule, if euer I doe eate. 2980

*Tibe.* Will you not? see, sirra, go fetch some foode  
Ile make thee curse thy selfe: hold, take, fall too.

*Agri.* Detested tyrant, I do scorne thy foode.

*Tib.* Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,  
Cut her meate small, and feede her daintily.

*Agri.* Out villaine. *He feedeth her, and she putteth it*

*Tibe.* Sirra dispatch I fay. *(out againe*

Nay, cram her then, & feede her fat withall.

*He choaketh her and so she dies.*

What hast thou strangled her? here take thy hyre. 2990  
Canst thou not feed a Daw no better yet? *Stabs him.*

*Neru.* Ah, Nero, Nero.

*Tib.* What Nerua be content,  
She chose of this rather then banishment:  
And better choake then starue our wilful daughter,  
Shee's gone, and if I liue thou shalt goe after. *Aside.*

*Exeunt all but Macro and Caligula.*

*Macro.* Barbarous, inhumane, worse then crueltie,  
Which Gods and men, mine eyes, and soule, do hate,  
What Hyporborian Climate in the North? 3000  
What Lidian defart, Indian vastacie?  
What wilderneffe in wilde Arabia,  
So hatefull monster euer nourished,  
To hinder willing death by villanie?  
Caligula, Changeling Caligula,

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Where is the Spirit of Germanicus?  
Did he beget thee in an idle dreame?  
Or did thy Mother thinke it vanitie  
As Æthiops Queene vpon Andromeda?  
If but one sparke by chance remaine aliue, 3010  
If but one drop, one Mathematicke point,  
Make vp a Sea, a bodie by addition,  
Blow vp (Caligula) this fleepie sparke,  
Caligula remember what thou art.

*Calig.* Macro, Caligula can beare thy taunts,  
Can be vpbraided at a Captaines hand,  
My Father told me, and I remember it,  
The highest vertue is true patience.  
I know not what you meane by all these wordes,  
That mount my Fathers prayfes to the skie, 3020  
To liue securely, I deeme that the best,  
And a great vertue to be patient.

*Macro.* Patient Caligula, I am a sham'd,  
I am impatient to heare that word,  
That noble Title wrested from his fence,  
Ah! did not Macro serue Germanicus  
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field?  
Did not a peale of Trumpets found thy birth?  
And Drums make musicke to allay hir paines?  
Wast thou not train'd fore thou couldst speake, 3030  
Didst thou not were a Common Soldiers sute?  
And therefore hadst thy name Caligula?  
Where is thy Captiue soule imprifoned?  
Thy Lyons heart? incag'd! no, thou art wise,  
Thou deem'st that Nero hath suborn'd my tongue,  
To make a glozing Theame of flatterie,  
To sift thy secrets, and to sell thy life,  
First let the earth open her curst wombe,  
and swallow vp this hellish mation.  
Let euerie step treade on a Scorpion: 3040  
Let euerie object be a Bassaliske:

Let

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Let heauen——what can I with Caligula?  
Here is my poynard: here, be sure strike home,  
If thou canst haue but least suspicion  
That Macro seekes to vndermine my Lord.  
What? shall I now become a Sycophant?

*Cali.* Macro, Caligula doth not mistrust,  
Nor hath he reason to misdoubt thy faith,  
But Macro, thus much for Caligula:  
Meete me at Fides Temple, there thou shalt know 3050  
More, then vnto my mother I durst shew.

*Macro.* Were it to Thale, I would thether poast,  
To heare the sentence of Caligula.  
Till then my Lord adiew.

*Calig.* Farwel Macro.

*Exit Macro.*

My Father slaine or poysoned in the East,  
Liuia become a foule adulteresse.  
Nero and Drufus fast shut vp in ward,  
and thou deere mother heere lyeft butchered.  
Grow to the earth you feeble instruments. *He kneels* 3060  
Till I distill a liquid sacrifice *downe*  
From my harts fornance, & these Christal streames.  
Ye dry'd vp wels, straine out a little more,  
Tis Agripina that you must deplore.  
Proud Spirit, bound thy swelling Timpanie,  
Till I vnfraught this Galley of laments.  
Then cleare thy passage, and burst out in fire,  
and make an Earthquake in this little world.  
What shall I vow? to whome shall I lament?  
Vnto the Marbles? they doe weepe for sorrow. 3070  
Vnto the Walles? thy riue themselues with griefe.  
Vnto the Beasts? why they would starue themselues  
To feede themselues vpon this fading hew.  
Marbles and Walles, and beastes more ruth then he,  
That was the Author of this Tragedie.

*He takes her in his armes and goes in.*

Æneas burthen neuer was so deare,

## The Tragicall life and death

As this celestiall burthen which I beare. *Exit.*

*Nero and Drusus chained in prison.*

*Sc. xxiv*

*Dru.* Brother I faint, and now my starued soule,  
Seekes for to feed vpon Ambrosia. (chain'd 3081

*Nero.* Dear Drufius, wold mine armes were but vn-  
That thou mightst stanch thy hunger on my flesh:  
My colder humors feed my gnawing heat,  
That I can better yet endure the fast.

See brother I thinke thou maist reach mine arme,  
I pray thee feed vpon this leane repast.

*Dru.* No brother if it would prolong my life,  
Till the great yeare when al things must be chang'd  
To the Idea of the formers will. 3090

But if thy hungry wolfe doe vexe thy soule,  
Feed on these cates, taste on this brawnie arme,  
That will reioyce to feede thy appetite.

*Nero.* Nay brother feed on mine } *They eate each*

*Dru.* Nay brother mine. } *Others armes.*

*Enter Caligula againe.*

*Cal.* Boast not Antigone of thy deare loue.  
To Polinices thy affected brother,  
Whom thou in sight of Creon didst entombe,  
I haue entomb'd a farre more precious Iewell, 3100  
I in dispite of Nero farre more cruell.

*Dru.* Ah, Nero, Nero, that dost vs enforce,  
To be such louing Romane Canibals,

*Cal.* Who calles on Nero, wast my mothers ghost?

*Nero.* Ah cruell Cæsar, brother forgiue, forgiue,  
My food digesteth not, nor can I liue.

*Cal.* Or am I blind, or doe mine eyes behold,  
My starued brothers? tis so Caligula.

*Nero.* Brother farewell my glasse of life is run.

*Dru.* And Ile go with thee to Elizium. *They both die* 3110

*Cal.* Is there a prouident intelligence?  
That rules the world by his eternall being?  
Is there a Ioue? and will he not be just?

Or

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Or is he iust? and will he not reuenge?  
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?  
Canst thou not moue the heauens? then raise vp hell.

*Exit Caligula.*

*Enter Tiberius with his guard.*

St. xxv

*Tib.* Cocceius Nerua staru'd himfelfe to death,  
I wonder much what made the old man die,  
In truth I lou'd him for his naked truth,  
In truth he was an honest simple man.  
Well vertue go with him, vice stay with me,  
Till I haue massacred my prisoners,  
And rooted out all this conspiracie:  
Then will I seeme a new reformed man,  
And rise betimes each morning to the Temple,  
So afterwards I may contriue some drifts.  
I haue a Catalogue which I must finde,  
And search the prisons whether I haue all.

3120

3130

*Iulius Celsus crieth out of prison.*

*Cel.* Ah, Nero, Nero, Celsus begs thine ayde,

*Tib.* Iulius Celsus what is thy petition?

*Cel.* An humblefutor for your clemencie.

*Tib.* My clemencie Celsus, Marie and you shall,  
I, and great reason for Seianus sake.

*Cel.* Not in his name I beg compassion,  
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,  
ah gracious Nero let my Guiues be loos'd.

*Tib.* And Celsus led to execution.

3140

*Cel.* Ah, no Tiberius, I desire not death,  
But better ease in my imprisonment,  
For this I beg.

*Tib.* For whose sake Iulius?

*Cel.* For mercies sake, and thy deare Geneus.

*Tib.* For that word Iailer loose his Iron bands,  
Or by my Geneus thou shalt loose thy head,

*Cel.* O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.

*Tib.* Tis but for a while, know that Iulius.

*Cel.* Now

## *The Tragicall life and death*

*Celsus.* Now monster, Tyger, earthes infection. 3150  
Plague of the world, scourge of our happie Rome,  
Treatons first borne, hels out-spewed vommit,  
Prodigious homicide, and murthers lawe,  
That makes a sporting lawe to murther men.

*Tibe.* Holla and breathe, and then beginne again,  
Nero shall recompence thee for thy paine.

*Celsus.* Such Recompence had good Germanicus,  
Such Agripina, such had Iulia :  
Such Nero, Drufus, and their dearest Mother,  
Poore Agripina, wife Afinius : 3160

Sabinus, Nerua, and thy other selfe,  
Young Drufus, whose deare blood was once thine  
Yet of thine owne hadst no compafsion. (owne  
And lastly, (though not vnderferuing it)

Yet heerein well deseruing at thy hands,  
In that he was thy mischiefes instrument :  
Haplesse Sejanus too improuident,  
Of his intended fall, thy false intent.  
And such a recompence remaines for me,  
The meanest subject of thy Tyrannie. 3170

*Tibe.* Marie amen, sweare it, an Oracle :

*Celsus.* But tyrant, Celsus doth contemne thy furie  
My minde was neuer feuer-shooke with feare  
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,  
I haue already arm'd my age to die,  
Whose age deemes death the end of miserie.  
See therefore Tyger, heeres thy mercies fruite,  
The ease I fought, the end of earnest suite.  
For this I beg'd, for this I seem'd vnwilling,  
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing. 3180

*He puts the Chaine about his necke and strangles himself.*

*Tiber.* Wondrous well gain'd, here is good vsfury,  
Where tis the gainers interest to die :  
But Oh for Charitie ! Iayler, Soldiers run,  
Rescue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet



# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Yet let him goe.

*Tailer* What is your highnesse will ?

*Tib.* Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,  
For Charitie clofe vp his dying eyes.

Why this it is to haue a pollicie, 3190

Here's a poore plot to preuent crueltie.

And ten to one the villaine vnderstands,

How this will vex me that he scapes my hands.

But let that passe leaue him to Acheron,

His part is past, part of my part's to come.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple.* Sc. xxvi

*Cal.* Thus haue we interchang'd our mutuall othes  
In presence of the Goddesse of all truth :

Macro remember how thou art inioyn'd, 3200

By words, by signes, by letters and by thoughts,

For to adore eternall secrecie.

*Macro.* And if my Lord misdoubt my secrecie,

Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,

Vnioynt my bodie, and pull out my heart,

That I may neither tell, nor make a signe,

Nor thinke one thought against your royaltie.

*Cal.* Pardon me Macro, if I somewhat feare,

That hauing all this while securely slept,

Vnder the Canopie of vanitie, 3210

And neuer did impart my secrecie,

To father, mother, or my brethren :

Nerua, Sabinus, or Afinius :

Nero, Seianus, all I haue deceiued ;

Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.

But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,

The supreame relique of Germanicus.

by Agripinaes loathed execution,

By my deare brothers starued carkasses,

By thee, by me, by all the gods, by all : 3220

And if that any number be, more then all.

N

Ioyne

## The Tragicall life and death

Ioyne to exile this proud Tarquinius,  
Infulting Nero: no not so, not so:  
Yes so it must be, or else murdered,  
For nought but death can satisfie my wrongs.

*Macro.* Like as a Grayhound in his hot pursuite,  
Striues to out-strip the fearfull flying Doe,  
Or as Dianaes gift to Cephalus,  
yeare'd to out-run the beast of Archadie,  
Both striuing, yet both swifter then the blasts, 3230  
Disdaine Boreas in his swelling pride,  
Shot for the sifter of faire Dianire:  
So doth the honour of your houering thoughts,  
Grudge to be equall'd by my fluttering flight,  
Yet good my Lord giue Macro leaue to mount,  
And ceaze vpon the accosting stooping pray.

*Cal.* Not so, I (Macro) tis that haue the wrong.

*Macro.* But I my Lord, ———

*Cal.* Do not intreat,  
Doe not prolong with idle breathing words, 3240  
The date of cold reuenge: for euen this night,  
Nero shall be inroll'd in Plutoes Court.  
In Germanie farre on the Northren side,  
Within the circuit of a desart wood,  
A wilderneffe of deadly Basilisks,  
Within this circuit is an hellish poole,  
Cold in the tenth degree. Not Stix so cold,  
Wherein the fearefull Thetis drencht her sonne.  
In a Mules hoofe this water haue I kept,  
As fatall drinke to Philips worthie sonne, 3250  
And euen this night this water shall reuenge,  
The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,  
Macro flie vnto the Legions, win their hearts,  
Perfwade with all thy warlike eloquence,  
Aduance our Eagles, and to morrow morne  
Approach with them vnto the Capitol,  
Faile not good Macro, but make hast away,

This

# of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This night for Nero or Caligula.

*Enter Liuia Solo.*

*S. xxvii*

*Liuia.* Can Liuia still participate this ayre?  
Still temporize with fawning miserie?  
Still feed on cares, yet still vaine hopes repaire?  
Will nothing end my cruell destinie?  
What lumpish Saturne did inspire my breath,  
Did make me die in life, yet liue in death?

3261

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart  
Euaporate the spirits of thy foule,  
Weepe out thy braine the substance of thy smart,  
That knew thy shame, yet would not sin controule,  
Anotamize this Sepulchre of shame,  
Soule, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

3270

Is Drufus dead? and yet can Liuia liue?  
Sejanus at Elizium, and I stay?  
My father murdered? who me life can giue?  
My brothers staru'd? Liuia not made away?  
Old Heccuba by death could ease her grieffe,  
And cannot Liuia find out like reliefe?

Can I that flourished like fairest Rose,  
Droope like the Lillie beaten downe with raine?  
Can I to whom each courtiers tongue would glose,  
Endure their scornes, their taunts and vile disdaine?  
Could Liuia liue, when Liuia was contented?  
And cannot Liuia die now shees tormented?

3280

*She kneeles downe by the Welles side.*

Great Faunus to whose sacred Deitie,  
This sanctified groue is consecrate:  
Accept the incense of my last pietie,

N 2

The

## The Tragicall life and death

The best deuotion I can dedicate :

Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer :

Many more great, none more sincere can offer. 3290

Not Dido to Sicheus sacrifice,

Nor Cleopatra vnto Anthonie :

Nor great Olympias could this truce dispise,

Nor Sophonisbaes loyall miserie :

Zenobia, Palmicaes noble Queene,

This fatall end of Liuia might be seeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamie,

Cold streames, congeale the rumour of my death,

Thou onely Philomela sing my Tragedie,

Carroll a Dirge for my exhaled breath :

3300

Faire streames I come, let no man heare my cries,

Let no man shed one teare that Liuia dies.

*Here she leapeth in.*

*Enter Caligula solus.*

Sc. xxviii

*Cal.* By this, the cruel Tarquine should be sped,

Banisht from Rome and Romane Emperie,

But much I feare, preferuatiues doe stay

The furie of his waterie receipt,

And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole

Was I for to impart my secrecie ?

3310

O what a villaine was Caligula ?

Horror confounds me in this Agonie :

But Ile Catastrophize this Tragedie.

Did not the villaine sweare, and vow, and weepe,

Offer his breast, that I might make a window

To see the cankers of his festred soule,

And thou wouldest not take him at his word ?

*Enter Macro.*

*Macro.* My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,

For to salute your grace the Emperour.

3320

*Cal.* Thanks

## of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Cali.* Thankes Macro, royall friend commaund  
them stay,

Till I returne from Nero back againe. *Exit Macro.*

*Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth  
sicke, and pulleth aside the Arras.*

*Caligula.* All happineffe vnto your Majestie.

*Tibe.* Curst be all happineffe, for I haue none.

I haue a fire, a fire within my bowells,  
That burnes, and scalds, and mads me with the pain:

If I must die, yet would I had my wish, 3330

Oh that euen all the people in the world,

Had but one necke that at one deadly blowe,

I might vnpeople all the world and die.

Giue me my hands that I may rent my flesh,  
And teare this raging from out my burning intralls

Where is Æsculapius? who goes for him?

Ile hale the leach from hell to cure my paine,

And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,

Ile burne euen all the Temples of the Gods,

That cannot help the Romaine Emperour. 3340

*Calig.* Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour,  
and be reueng'd on thee Tiberius.

Thou monster Tyrant, thus ile help thee thus:

*Hee stops his breath with the sheete, and stabs him.*

This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,

This for Nero, this for Drufus, this for Caligula.

So,—*Reenters upon the Stage.*

There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,

He raign'd noe day, but some were murdered,

Asking his Maister Zeno a Greeke word, 3350

What Dialect? he answered Dorice,

And therefore kild him, for becaufe he thought

He mockt him for his Rhodian bannishment.

He loathd wine now, becaufe he swilled goare:

More greedily then he did wine before.

He flue a Poet for this little cause,

## *The Tragicall life and death*

Because that in a dolefull Tragedie,  
Hee rail'd on Agamemnons crueltie.  
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,  
No vestall Virgin should be strangled, 3360  
He for to inuent a crueltie,  
Made first the hang-man to deflowre the Maides.  
And then commaunded for to strangle them.  
When one had almost kild himselfe for feare,  
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.  
The tyrant would deny no Witnesses,  
If any did accuse twas present death.  
When first the Tyrant did possesse the Crowne.  
He sent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,  
Who cherrisht Nero in his banishment. 3370  
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,  
But in an angrie, fullen, discontent:  
Who in a rage made him be tortured:  
And whẽ the villain saw he had wrong'd his friend  
He murdered him, that it might be conceald.  
He crucified one Peter cald a Saint,  
Of holy Iewes, that did adore one Christ,  
Which they entitle Sauour of the world.  
He kil'd one Pryam (therein happy most,  
In that he liued and all his Cuildren lost.) 3380  
These and so many more as should I tell,  
I should imploy a world to number them,  
And still be further with Simonides,  
To signifie the certaine multitude.  
By these his acts ile iustifie his death,  
That I may get Romes royall Empiry,  
And to eternall glorie of renoune,  
I was a foole, but all to get the Crowne.

*F 7 N I S.*

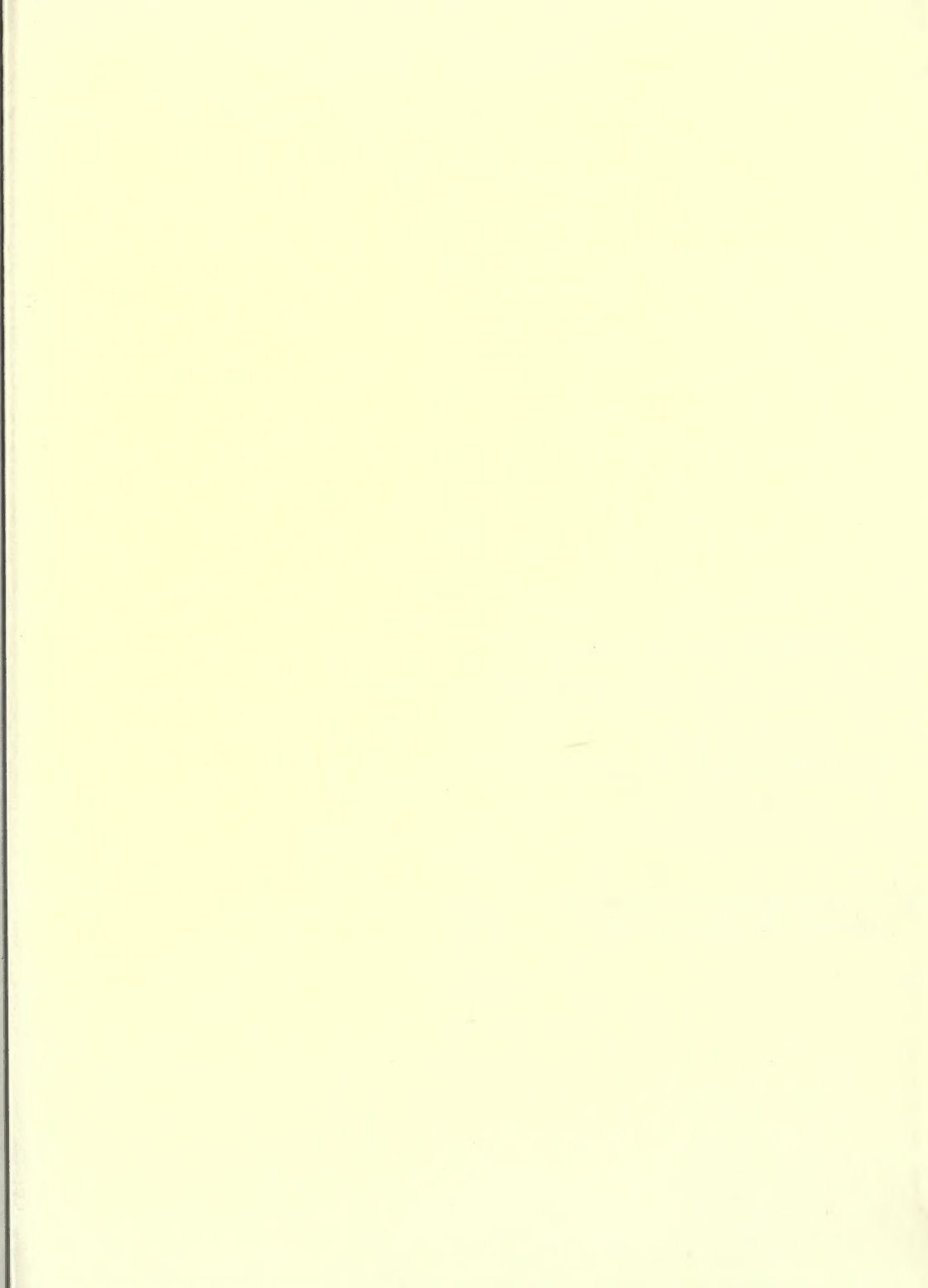


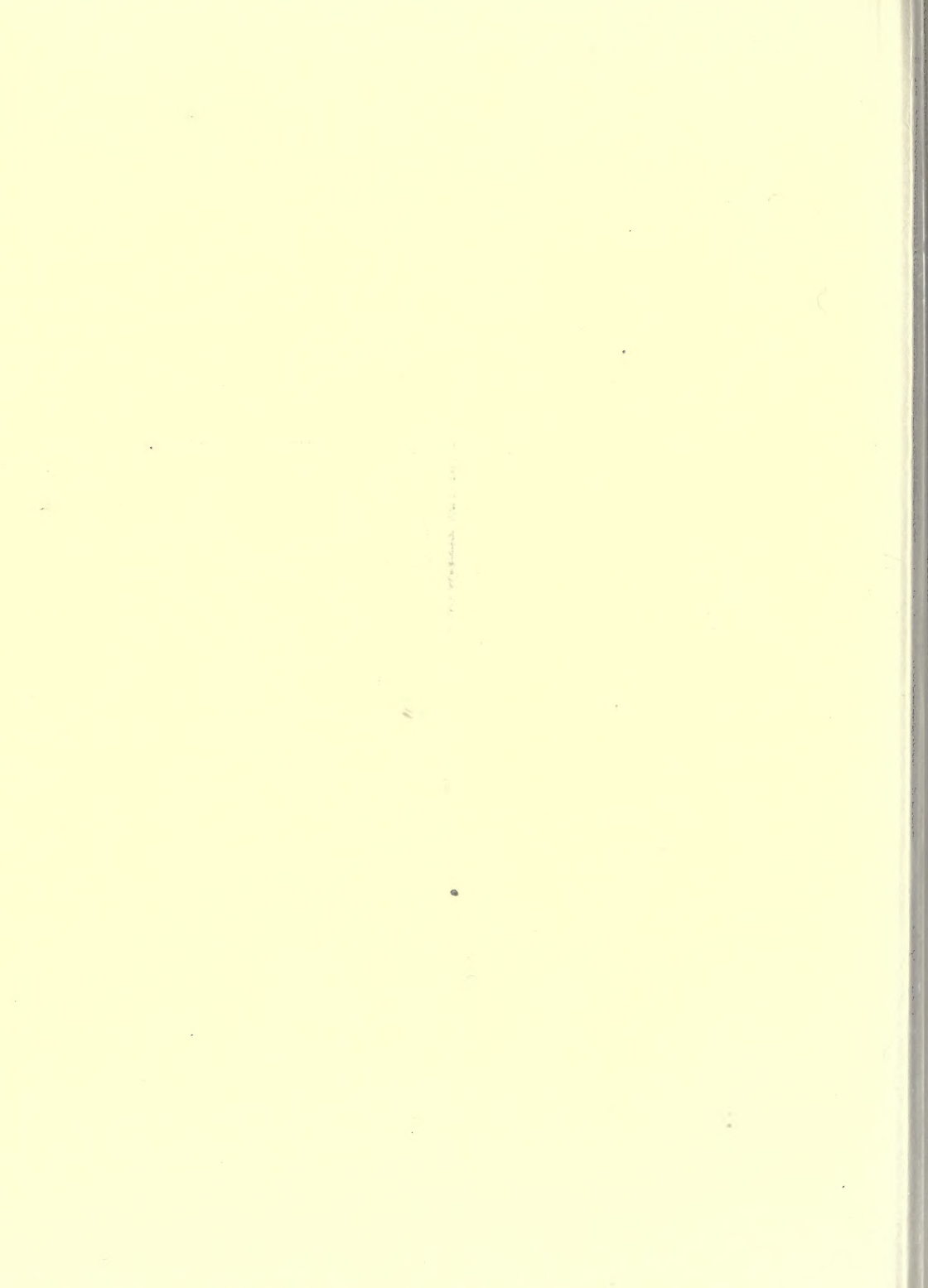
7 2467 - 3 PB











BINDING SECT. JUL 23 1973

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

PR  
2411  
C45  
1914

Claudius Tiberius Nero (Play  
The tragedy of Tiberius

