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THE VIRTUOUS  
OCTAVIA  
1598



THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1909

This reprint of Brandon's *Virtuous Octavia* has been prepared by Ronald B. McKerrow and checked by the General Editor.

*Feb.* 1910.

W. W. Greg.

The following entry appears in the Register of the Stationers' Company for the year 1598:

v<sup>to</sup> Octobris

Entred for his Copie vnder the hand of master Warden Bynge  
A booke, intituled, The Tragicomoedye of the vertuous Octavia,  
donne by Samuell Brandon . . . . . vjd/

master warden  
Ponsonbye

[Arber's Transcript, iii. 127.]

The play most likely appeared the same year, but the imprint is not dated. It is a small octavo, printed in an ordinary roman and italic type, the text being of the size known as long primer (20 ll. = 67 mm.). This has been increased to pica in the present reprint, all the other types used being, so far as possible, proportionally enlarged. The difference of folding has necessitated certain signatures being supplied in brackets.

Copies of the play are to be found in the Dyce collection at South Kensington, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the latter wanting one leaf (sig. E 8). They exhibit a few slight variations, and both have been used in the preparation of the reprint. There is also a copy in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

The play is closely modelled on Samuel Daniel's *Cleopatra*. The main source is Plutarch's Life of Antony as translated by Sir Thomas North, whose wording is often borrowed. One short passage is

from the Life of M. Claudius Marcellus (died B.C. 208), who is absurdly identified with his descendant C. Claudius Marcellus (died B.C. 41); while yet another is from that of Julius Caesar.

Of the author, Samuel Brandon, nothing whatever is known, and no other work from his pen appears to be extant. Even of *Octavia* no contemporary mention is recorded beyond the publisher's entry, and the play has not before been reprinted.

### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

In the original the commas and periods have not printed very plainly, and in a number of cases it is difficult to be certain which is employed. It will be noticed that there seems a general tendency to use a full stop, or at least a colon, at the end of each quatrain, even where this is not required by the sense. Such irregularities are not as a rule noticed in this list.

There are a few variations between the Bodleian copy (B), and that in the Dyce collection (D).

A 4 <sup>v</sup> <i>At head, a single line of ornament</i>	D: <i>a double line</i>	B.	106	Amean-borne
18	face, (?)		124	name: D: name. B.
22	framed:		139	liu'd D: liu'd B.
57	refine:		140	warres; D: warres. B.
64	shew,		189	Ti's
66	ambitious (ambitions)		207	their D: rheir B.
94	flattery,		216	asthe
			221	tyranny: D: tyrranny: B.
			232	a sleepe,

- 252 eye; D: eye, (?) B.  
 267 reason, . . . force,  
 301 their l oues (?)  
 309 *Anthony* :  
 341 c.w. O f  
 353 vnfolde.  
 380 price ;  
 498 *Antonius*, wonne  
 540 that y our (?)  
 543 higheft (*see Errata at end*).  
     *A line over the e in*  
     *MS. B, D. In B ft*  
     *is changed in MS. to ff*  
     *feare. Altered in MS. to*  
     *feare. B, D.*  
 577 ftuing  
 670 *Octauies*  
 677 tenew ;  
 710 indeed, (*space before*  
     *comma*)  
 714 what, D: what; (?) B.  
 726 Ti's  
 729 t'is  
 832 on's  
 857 feldon  
 869 *Iul*,  
 890 for fworne,  
 945 kinde, B: kinde (?) D.  
 952 beft ow. (?)  
 986 *necke*, B: *necke* D.  
 1017, 1019 *with*  
 1065 too  
 1073 fcore  
 1120 wrighte,  
 1154 feare. (?)
- 1218 (*not indented*)  
 1219 *Octa. (period doubtful)*  
 1354 deuize (*last letter damaged*)  
 1371 a fide, (*a small mark before*  
     *the comma*)  
 1393 too  
 1399 befeene,  
 1411 *Cilicia* D: *Cilicta* (?) B.  
 1428 men.  
 1430 fo  
 1445 fould  
 1456 *Of*  
 1490 *a stray*.  
 1506 *Triumphant (u turned?)*  
 1513 *worthwhere*  
 1519 wherewith  
 1521 threatningpower?  
 1524 concea'ld  
 1551 coutroule.  
 1604 *Arg. (Agr.)*  
 1615 work e your (?)  
 1624 *Oct. (period doubtful)*  
 1647 othet  
 1654 *Cea* (?) (*prefixed in MS.*  
     *in D*)  
 1664 *Oct*,  
 1680 *Cæf*  
 1692 no  
 1711 To  
 1775 and  
 1784 *A space has worked up*  
     *and made a mark after*  
     *you*  
 1938 be lye  
 1946 friend.

1964 we,	130 -tempsft-
1967 first	143 Or (Our)
1986 nature,	152 repose.
1987 that	158 fertile
2008 Whil's	173 base (? bathe)
2009 end ure,	179, 188 obiect
2019 steele, ( <i>comma doubtful</i> )	204 <i>Cressus</i>
2058 <i>Iul</i>	234 <i>Greece,</i>
2113 banishtt hence. ( <i>period doubtful</i> )	249 ore <sup>r</sup> throwne ;
2115 <i>Orphants</i>	321 last. ( <i>space before period</i> )
2122 seene. these	388 Though
2158 too,	393 refusd <sup>r</sup> .
2197 obtaynes,	400 wondring (? wandring)
2212 runne	471 fight ; ( <i>space before semi-colon</i> )
2217 all deride (?)	475 procurc
2236 thou	564 beauens
2239 that,	631 thought
2243 Octa. ( <i>prefixed in MS. in D</i> )	690 reprehend :
2245 <i>Promethius,</i>	700 part. ( <i>space before period</i> )
2255 dearh (?)	703 thoughts, returne
2286 or ( <i>our</i> )	745 ftom
2313 <i>griefe (griefe)</i>	825 truth, ( <i>comma doubtful</i> )
F 7 <sup>v</sup> <i>Dedicat.</i>	869 shouldme
F 8 ll. 8-9 in in	882 nights, of
F 8 <sup>v</sup> l. 17 Tough	899 maintaine,
71 me	953 counfell. (?)
108 thy	967 chauce,
116 witches, (? wretches)	<i>Errata</i> , l 1. line 8.
	l 2. line 8.

The headlines on G 4<sup>v</sup> and G 6<sup>v</sup> have *Octania*.

A list of characters in no particular order will be found on sig. A 4 verso. ‘*Antonies* children’ are mutes. The entry ‘*Chorus. Romano.*’ is presumably a misprint for ‘*Chorus Romanorum.*’

The facsimiles are mostly from the Bodleian copy, but the title-page and list of actors have also been reproduced from the Dyce copy, the former as being a cleaner print, the latter as having different ornaments.

The upper ornaments on sigs. A 2<sup>v</sup> and A 3 are the same as that at the top of A 4<sup>v</sup> in the Bodleian copy; the lower ornaments on the same pages are the same as those on A 4 and A 5.





THE TRAGICOMEDIA

of the vertuous Octavia.

Done by SAMVEL BRANDON.

1598.

*Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.*



LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonbye,

and are to be foulded at his shop  
in S. Pauls Church-  
yarde.



Octaviae tragicomœdia.

The Stage supposed Rome.

The Actors.

Octavius Cæsar who was afterwards called Augustus.

Octavia the sister of Cæsar & wife of Antony.

Mæcenas. } Two of the nobles of Octavius

Agrippa. } Cæsar.

Camilla. } Romaine Ladies.

Julia. } Antonies children.

Sylvia, a licentious woman.

Tullius. } Consuls.

Plancus. } Consuls.

Genius a Captaine.

Byllius nuntius.

Chorus. Romano.





# THE TRAGICO-MEDIA

of the vertuous

*OETANIA.*

Dong by SAMUEL BRANDON.

1598.

*Carmen amantissimum carmine digna gerit.*



LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonby  
and are to be foule at his shop  
in S. Pauls Church-  
yard.

A I RECTO

(BODLEIAN COPY)



To the right honorable,  
and truly vertuous Ladie, the

Ladie LVCIA AVDELAY:  
health, honor, happinesse  
and heauen.

**R** *Are Perhain, which your life do sacrifice,  
In Vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:  
Rich treasure, of beaues best treasures,  
In whom worth wisdom honor Vertues shine.  
Sedaine not, these artlesse humble lines to view,  
With honors eyes, let vertues plaine be se and,  
That she whose Vertues doubled are in you,  
By you may scape from Lybiusas hand.  
Her dying fame, by you may be preferred,  
Whiles time, and men, and memory endure:  
Your lining name by hers might be reserved,  
Did not these lines, too much her worth obscure.  
These lines, wherewith, if ought be free from blame,  
To our noble Genius taught may Few the same.*

A ii. All

A 2 RECTO





## The Argument.

**A**fter the death of *Julius Cæsar*, & the overthrow of *Brutus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the government of the Roman Empire, remained vnto *Octavius Cæsar*, *Mark Antony*, and ( at that time ) *Sevius Pompeius*. *Mark Antony*, to confirme an inviolable league of amitie, betweene *Cæsar* and himselfe: rooke to wife *Octavia*, the sister of *Cæsar*. *Antony* and *Cæsar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armies, and had bin the cause of much bloodshed: but that they were appeased, by the wife done of *Octavia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Partians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory renewed the

## THE ARGUMENT.

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

## Octa-







## Octaviæ tragicomœdia.

The Stage suppress'd Rome.

### The Actors.

Octavius Cæsar who was afterwards called  
*Augustus.*

Octavia the sister of Cæsar & wife of *Antony.*

*Macenas.* } Two of the nobles of *Octavius.*

*Agrippa* } *Cæsar.*

*Camilla.* } Romaine Ladies.

*Julia.*

*Antones* children.

*Sylvia,* a licentious woman.

*Titus.* } Consuls.

*Plancus.* }

*Geminus* a Captaine.

*Byllius* nuntius.

*Chorus. Romano.*



## Actus primus.

*Octavia. Camilla. Julia.*

**C**Amilla, now me thinks this golden time,  
Invites our munde to bathe in streams of joy.

See how the earth doth flourish in his prime,  
These woods, how they bedeck with natures pride,

Shew inwardly the absence of annoy.  
Shew inwardly touche of new conceiv'd mythe.

The pretty hydes, that in their concert hide,  
(Ere Citizens, enen happy from their birthe)

How they rejoyce! and every fencelesse thing,  
Even smiles with joy: the earth perfumes the ayre,

The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,  
**A**nd both with joye, beget these children fayre.

How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe:  
Giving each thing his beautie, forme and grace.

Eye-pleasing Greene, circle of this our globe,  
Great mymour of *Apollas* youthfull face

Color of life, youthes luetic, how delight  
Dwells fill with thee, whiles we, whom reason named

(But fallly nam'd and ill Iudge aright)  
Princes of all the rest that nature framed:

Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny,  
Slaves to mischance, vassals of fortunes power;

Bearing





To the honorable, ver-  
tuous, and excellent : Mistresse  
*Mary Thinne.*



Worthy of all the titles of ho-  
nor, y<sup>e</sup> nature, vertue, wise-  
dome and worth, may be-  
flow on their worthyest, &  
most fauoured possessors :  
having lately extracted the  
memory of *Othavia* out of the ashes of ob-  
lition : my thoughts continuing (perhaps  
longer then was fite) the current of that  
stream, haue made some idle houres con-  
uert themselves into the misseue Epistles  
betweene the vertuous *Othavia* and the li-  
centious *Antony*, wherein although my  
slender skill, hath no way bin answerable  
to the height of your noble conceipt, that  
the sight of them might breed you the  
least content : yet since they are done (pre-  
serving vpon your accustomed Clemency)  
I humbly submit them to your fauourable  
censure. If you therefore who are the ino-  
ther



The Argument.



**O**thavia seeing the long stay of her  
husband Marke Antony with  
Cleopatra the Egyptian queene:  
And finding by often tryall, that  
nothing mough be preuaile to recall his obstinate  
munde from her vnlawfull loue: Intended a  
voyage to visite him her selfe in person. But in  
the way she receiued letters from him, re-  
quiring her not to approach or come neere  
him, but to waite her stay at Athens ( where  
she was at that time ) for that he meant waite-  
ous longer delay there to come vnto her . She  
expecting his promise ( as at all other times )  
is vaine : and finding her selfe frustrate of all  
hope to attaine her desire : writeth vnto him  
( as it may be supposed ) to this effect.



THE TRA-  
GICOMOEDI,  
of the vertuous  
*Octavia.*

---

Done by SAMVEL BRANDON.  
1598.

---

*Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.*

---




---

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



To the right honorable,  
and truly vertuous Ladie, the  
Ladie L V C I A A V D E L A Y :  
health, honor, happinesse  
and heauen.

**R** *Are Phœnix, which your life do sacrifice,  
In vertues flame, to finde a life diuine:  
Rich treasurer, of beauens best treasures,  
In whom worth wisdom honor vertues shine.  
Sdaine not, these artlesse humble lines to view,  
With honors eyes, let vertues plaints be scan'd,  
That she whose vertues doubled are in you,  
By you may scape from Lybitinas hand.  
Hir dying fame, by you may be preferued,  
Whiles time, and men, and memory endure:  
Your liuing name by hers mought be referued,  
Did not these lines, too much hir worth obscure.  
These lines, wherein, if ought be free from blame,  
Your noble Genius taught my Pen the same.*



All' autore.

*T*He Thracian Poet, that reuiu'd his wife,  
Breeding in furies, pittie, and delight;  
Whose fame dooth yet suruiue his shortned life,  
Must honor yeeld to what thou doost indite.  
For he, who oftentimes by Musickes force,  
Did serpents charme, streames stay, and trees remoue:  
In womens mindes, could neuer mooue remorse,  
As his vnhappy end doth plainly prooue.  
Wherefore most praisd be thy praise worthy muse,  
Which farre surmounts the might of antique age:  
Winning that sexes grace, which did refuse  
By hearing Orpheus, to relent their rage.  
Because no musick with their minde accordes:  
But that which vertues harmonie affordes.

M I A.



Profopopeia al libro.

**W***Hen barking enuie saw thy birth,  
it straight contemnd the same:  
And arm'd his tongue, to giue a charge,  
thy weakenesse to diffame.*

*But seeing honors golden booke,  
so linckt to vertues lyne:  
He fled away as halfe afraid,  
yet ceast not to repine.*

*But feare not Momus, make returne,  
and haply for thy paine  
Thou maiſt Antonius coullors beare  
when he reuiues againe.*

S. B.



## *The Argument.*

**A**fter the death of *Iulius Cæsar*, & the ouerthrow of *Brutus* and *Cassius* the chiefe conspirators: the gouernment of the Romain Empire, remained vnto *Octavius Cæsar*, *Marke Antony*, and (at that time) *Sextus Pompeius*. *Marke Antony*, to confirme an inuiolable league of amitie, betweene *Cæsar* and himfelfe: tooke to wife *Octauia*, the sister of *Cæsar*. *Antony* and *Cæsar* falling at debate, met at *Tarentum* with their armies, and had bin the cause of much bloudshed: but that they were appeased, by the wifdome of *Octauia*. Not long after, *Antony* going to make warre with the *Parthians*, and comming into *Syria*: the place renewed the memory, and the memory reuiued the  
the



## THE ARGUMENT.

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

Octa-



---

Octauiaë tragicomœdia.

---

*The stage supposed Rome.*

---

The Actors.

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

*Octavia* the sister of *Cæsar* & wife of *Antony.*

*Mæcenus.* } Two of the nobles of *Octavius*  
*Agrippa.* } *Cæsar.*

*Camilla.* } Romaine Ladies.  
*Iulia.* }

*Antonies* children.

*Syluia,* a licentious woman.

*Titius.* } Consuls.  
*Plancus.* }

*Geminus* a Captaine.

*Byllius nuntius.*

*Chorus. Romano.*

---

## Actus primus

Act I  
sc. i

*Octavia. Camilla. Iulia.*

**C***Amilla*, now me thinkes this golden time,  
Inuites our mindes to bathe in streames of ioy:  
See how the earth doth flourish in his prime,  
Whose liuery shewes the absence of annoy.  
These woods, how they bedeckt with natures pride,  
Shew inwarde touche of new conceiued myrthe.  
The pretty byrdes, that in their couerts hide,  
(Free Cittizens, euen happy from their birthe) 10  
How they reioyce!) and euery fencelesse thing,  
Euen smiles with ioy: the earth perfumes the ayre,  
The ayre, sweete Nectar to the earth doth bring,  
And both with ioye, beget these children fayre.  
How richly nature dooth her wealth enrobe:  
Giuing each thing his beautie, forme and grace.  
Eye-pleasing greene, circle of this our globe,  
Great myrrour of *Apollos* youthfull face.  
Coulour of life, youthes liuerie, how delight  
Dwels still with thee, whiles we, whom reason named 20  
(But falsly namde and if I iudge aright)  
Princes of all the rest that nature framed:  
Still subiect are to sorrowes tyranny;  
Slaues to mischance, vassals of fortunes power;

[A 5]

Bearing

*The Tragicomædie*

- Bearing the yoake of endlesse miserie:  
Faire baites of time which dooth vs all deuoure.)  
Now raifde aloft in honors highest feate,  
Yet in that height farre short of sweete content,  
Now, throwne downe headlong, be we nere fo great,  
30 In gulfe of greefe, which we may not preuent.  
Our pleasures, (posting guests,) make but small stay,  
And neuer once looke backe when they are gone:  
Where greefes bide long, and leaue fuch scores to pay;  
As make vs banckerout ere we thinke thereon.  
Yet this fame earth with new-borne beauties grac'd,  
Doth fay me thinks in his dumbe eloquence:  
Thus shall you fpring, mongft heauenly angels plac'd,  
Whẽ deaths cold winter once hath fnatcht you hence.  
Thefe flowers, do bid vs in their language, read  
40 In beauties bookes, how beautie is moft fraile:  
Whofe youthfull pride, th'vntimely steps doth tread,  
To deaths black kingdome, darke obliuions vaile.  
Thefe natures quirifters, do plainely fay,  
Wafte thus your time, in fetting forth his praife:  
Who feedes, who clothes, who fills our harts with ioye:  
And from this dead earth, dooth our bodies raife.  
Thus all their mirthe, are accents of our moane:  
Their bliffull ftate, of our vnhappineffe,  
A perfect map, where onely we alone,  
50 May fee our good, but neuer it poffeffe.

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

Chiefe

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Chiefe treasurer of hir perfections all ;  
Will shew your selfe most wise, and most diuine,  
In curious search of her most hidden will ;  
And following but hir footsteps, yet refine :  
The vniuersall secrets of hir skill.  
Yet I admire, your Eagle-sighted eye,  
Which hath trutthes sun-bright cyrcle so well knowne: 60  
In others worthe, discernes each Attomie,  
Forgetfull most, of what is most your owne.)  
These other creatures, haue their properties,  
Which shew, their *Syre* no niggard of his store,  
But such great giustes our mindes immortalize,  
As proude ambitious selfe, can wish no more.  
And you, great Ladie, whose high honor flies,  
With vertues winges, in admirations ayre :  
Towring, an Eagles pyche, aboue the skies,  
Where vulgar thoughts, are setled in despaire ; 70  
You, whose signes, haue put out enuies eyes,  
Whose lampe of vertue giues the purest light ;  
You, that enforce weake fame to royallize,  
Such high reuolues, as farre surpass her might,  
You, whose large praise, makes naked vertue lowre,  
And tyres report, in painting out your storie ;  
You, in whose lappe doth streame the golden shower,  
Of all good fortune, gracing highest glorie.  
O how can you, once entertaine a thought,  
That these high ioyes should stoupe to sorrowes lure ? 80  
Or how can true felicitie be brought,  
The smallest touche of passion to endure ?

Let

*The Tragicomædie*

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

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

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

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

I had

of the vertuous Octavia.

I had no want of store to make me glad :  
My greatnesse did ambitious thoughts preuent :  
Such high successe *Marcellus* honours had.  
Proude *Carthage* knowes, his youthfull sword did pay  
Large tribute of their foules to stygian lake :  
His middle age, the stoutest *Gaules* did fraye,  
*Marcellus* name made their huge armies quake.  
His ancient yeares, made craftie *Hanniball*  
Admire the proues, and vallour of his foe : 120  
Thrice bitter name, that curfed *Canniball*,  
By bloudie treason, made him life forgoe.  
Fiue times this cittie grac'd my worthy Lord,  
Or rather he them grac'd, with *Consuls* name :  
What they to others suites would scarce afforde,  
They ioyde to see my Lord accept the same.  
Now Ladies to forget my present state,  
Did ioy thinke you this while orecharge my minde ?  
I ioyde I must confesse, to see how fate  
With boundes of honor, had my life confin'de. 130  
But when I found, how monster enuie, feedes  
On highest honor, as his daintiest pray :  
How brightest fier, great store of fuell needes,  
To keepe his light, and beautie from decay.  
When that I found the musicke of my minde,  
Tunde to the concorde, of *Marcellus* blisse :  
And sawe, true vallour had his life assignde,  
To haughtie *Mars*, whose course most dangerous is.  
I liu'd in him, he spent his royall dayes,  
In bloudie bosome of life-scorning warres ; 140

Safetie

*The Tragicomædie*

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

Vpon



*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Vpon my head, at *Tarent*, but of late. 170

When as mine eyes mought see (though loth to see)

The funnes, with whose eclipse, my fortune changed:

Mine owne deare Lord, and brother, both to be

In mortall armes, against each other ranged.

Which tempest calm'd, the storme begins againe,

On mischiefes maine, full sayles mishap doth beare:

I know not now what doth my Lord detaine,

But for I know not, I know cause to feare.

To visit him, at last I was contented,

And in those forraine coastes to make appeale: 180

But my acceffe, at *Athens* he preuented,

Which makes me thinke, more then I will reueale.

And can I then with forrowes waight oppressed,

Thinke to enamell my conceit with ioy?

Can I, that am with fortunes wracke distressed,

Hope to escape the Ocean of annoy?

Why, this is ioye, to taste no scence of death,

Till dying hower, haue stopt our vitall breath.

*Iulia.* Ti's true delight, to know no cause of greefe,

Although the outward signes of ioye be small: 190

Who most reioycing, feeles that inward theefe,

A stayned conscience findes no ioy at all.

*Cam.* Indeede I thinke, true ioy, a thing seuer,

Springing from fountaine of a vertuous minde:

From spotlesse faith, and conscience pure and cleare,

The chiefest good, the heauens haue vs assignde.

For as some weepe, that are not passing sad:

So many laugh that are not rightly glad.

*Gemi-*

*The Tragicomædie*

*Geminus. Titius.*

*Act I*

*sc. ii*

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

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

Made

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

Made euery thing in ougly forme appeare.  
Vntill *Aurora*, with faire purple flowres,  
Like louing spouse, had strawed *Tytans* waye:  
Whose glorious beames, began to guilde the towres, 230  
As ioyfull post, of pleasure-bringing day.  
Then did loude Martiall musicke charme a sleepe,  
Each languishing concept, in doubtfull brest:  
And new borne comfort, now began to creepe,  
In euery minde, with causelesse feare opprest.  
Then, pride of honor, made vs scorne our foes:  
And courage added winges to our desire.  
To present fight, we all our selues dispose:  
With bloudie showers, to quenche incensed ire.  
But ere our armies, had their charge fulfilled, 240  
Ere weapons, had our inward rage exprest:  
Loe where *Octavia*, comes into the field,  
Twixt both our armies, she hir selfe adrest.  
Where with the Nectar of hir eloquence,  
With words that mought relent indurate frost:  
With maiestie, and beauties influence,  
She staves our Captaines, and affronts each hoast.  
O how I see that wonder-breeding face!  
O how I heare those hart-enchaining wordes!  
O face! o wordes! that merite highest grace! 250  
Immortall sure, base earth none such affords,  
No womans weapon blindes her princely eye;  
No womans weakenesse, hir tongues passage staves:  
Like one, that did both death, and fate desire,  
*Minerua*-like she stands, and thus she sayes.

B

Heere

*The Tragicomædie*

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

Hir

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Hir words, which seemde the myrrour of hir deede :  
As men enchanted so on hir they gazed,  
And in hir face, new lectures ganne to reede.  
But when she saw, hir words did take effect,  
Then powrde she forth the quinteffence of witte :  
And neuer did hir enterprice neglect, 290  
Till both the Emperours bewicht with it ;  
Not onely, did forget all former hate,  
But euen there, before *Octauiaes* face,  
A league of friendship they did consumate,  
And louingly each other did imbrace.  
O what a ioyfull fight, 'twas to behoulde  
A dangerous fight, turn'd to a daintie feast.  
To see how friends salute each other could,  
That but euen now, each other did detest.  
There did both armies sport in great delight, 300  
And enterchangeably their loues expresse :  
As captiues, foild without bloud, wound or fight,  
They praise the conquest, and the victor bleffe.  
Then did *Antonius*, for *Octauiaes* sake,  
Giue vnto *Cæsar* twentie Brygantines :  
Which *Cæsar* did in courteous maner take,  
And in requitall of his kinde designes,  
Did twice fiue hundred armed soldiers, giue  
To *Anthony* : and quickly one mought finde,  
The sparkes of emulation made them striue, 310  
Who mought doe most, to please *Octauiaes* minde.

*Gem.* O noble deed, deseruing highest praise,  
Well worthy to out-liue all memorye :

*The Tragicomædie*

Life-fauing Empreffe, how thy wifdome ftaiēs,  
Euen fwarmes of foules, from *Plutoes* tyranny.  
But why did not *Antonius*, in like forte  
Returne to *Roome*, to pay delight her due.

*Tit.* He prefently to'ards *Parthia* did refort,  
Againft their King the warres for to renue.

320 And recommending all his owne affaires,  
His wife, his children, and what els was deare,  
To *Cæfars* beft difpofing: he repayres,  
To *Syria*, and entends to winter there. (enclude,

*Gem.* *Roome* thou that keepft, the pearle that doth  
Heauens deareft treasure, in earths fineft frame:  
Be neuer fo vngratefull, to obrude  
Night-blacke obliuion, to her noble name.

*Act I* *Camilla. Geminus.*

*sc. iii* Come *Geminus*, and vnto me relate,  
330 What made the Empreffe, alter her entent:  
What did your voyage thus abbreuiate,  
And all your expectations preuent.

Fame (bad concealer of our clofe entents)  
Said, that the Empreffe would to *Syria* goe:  
To fee *Antonius*, who himfelfe abfcentes,  
But your returne, doth fhew it was not fo.

*Gem.* Madame, when *Æolus* had once conuai'd  
Our moouing houfes, vnto that fame place,  
Where noble *Cecrops*, the foundations lay'd,  
340 Which are the *Grecian* confines chiefest grace:  
There, long before we could approach the gates

Of

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Of that faire Citty, we encounter'd were,  
With people of all ages, and estates,  
Who in their handes, did boughes of Lawrell beare.  
Some on their knees, with ioy, and wonder fil'd,  
Salute the Empreffe : some rich giftes present.  
Some straw'd the way with flowers, and some distil'd  
Their sweet perfumes, along the fields we went.  
Thus to the Citty were we guarded straight,  
Where for our comming, all the states awaite. 350  
There were our eyes, inuited to beholde  
Most sumptuous shewes, with many pleasing sights :  
There did we heare, their learned tongues vnfolde.  
The muses skill, with rauishing delightes,  
Their lowd applause, which peirc'd the very skies,  
Extolde *Octauia* past the reach of fame :  
And silent *Eccho*, wakened with their cries,  
Taught all the neighbour hylles, to blesse her name.  
Thus frankly did two daies themselues bestow,  
To gratifie our entertainement there : 360  
Whiles *Antonie*, who as it seem'd did know  
Of our approach, and thereof stood in feare :  
Sent *Niger*, vnto *Athens*, with all speed,  
Who to *Octauia* letters did conuay :  
Requiring her no further to proceede,  
But for his comming in that place to stay.  
For thither meant he shortly to repayre,  
And therefore would not, she should vndertake  
So long a iorney, which mought much impayre  
Her health, and quiet, bootlesse for his sake. 370

*The Tragicomædie*

She, halfe fufpecting (as there was good caufe)  
That this was but a practife of delay:  
Although vnwilling, yet ſhe made a pause,  
As one that knew not how to difobay.  
But finding all his words to want effect,  
And feeing nothing mought his minde recall:  
Such things, ſhe doth vnto him ſtraight direct,  
As ſhe had brought, to pleaſure him withall.

Which was, two thouſand choſen men at armes:  
380 Great ſtore of horſes, wonte to winne their price;  
Much armour, to defend themſelues from harmes,  
As richely wrought, as cunning could deuize;  
Giſtes, to reward his beſt-deſeruing friends;  
A ſumme of money for his ſouldiers paye;  
And briefly all hir care, and ſtudie bends,  
To faue his wayning honor, from decaye.  
But whẽ ſhe ſaw, nought mought his thoughts recline  
Vnkinde, faith ſhe, ſenceleſſe of thine owne ſhame,  
Ile be my ſelfe, ſince thou wilt not be mine:  
390 Thus ſhe concluded, and away we came.

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

The



*of the vertuous Octauia.*

The sparkes of honor, in a noble harte: 400  
How industrie, and wit, may not compare,  
With that true touche, our birthright doth imparte.  
Liue vertuous Empreffe, myrroure of our age,  
Though chance discharge whole vollyes of reproach;  
With fortitude withstand proud fortunes rage,  
Let not despaire, neare thy sweete thoughts encroache.  
Time must needs turne thy mourning vnto ioye,  
For true delight from hence his spring doth take:  
When we with patience suffer sharpe annoye,  
Not for our merits, but for vertues sake. 410

*Chorus.*

*Act I*  
*Cho.*

**H***Eauiens, heare poore earth complaine,*  
*How wee, your frownes doe beare:*  
*When all things els reioyce,*  
*Ioye scornes with vs to dwell.*  
*And reasons selfe can tell,*  
*Each mirth discovering voice,*  
*Assures our iudging eare,*  
*How all things els want paine:*  
*Scence-following creatures knowe 420*  
*No cause, why to lament,*  
*In them, remorse dooth sowe,*  
*No seedes of discontent.*  
*(We see, and know, but wante our blisse:*  
*Vnperfect nature causeth this.*

B 4.

*Yea*

*The Tragicomædie*

*Yea nature most vnkinde,  
Contriuer of our fall:  
Begins our life with teares,  
And ends the same with woe.*

- 430 *Greefe (pleasures mortall foe)  
Confounds our hope with feares:  
And sowers our sweete with gall.  
This Tyrant of the minde:  
By reason, wit, or skill,  
Can neuer be withstood:  
These aggrauate our ill,  
By shewing what was good.  
And wante of that torments vs most:  
Whose worthe appears in being lost.*

- 440 *Were nature falsely nam'd  
A stepdame to mankinde,  
That sexe, which we account  
Vnperfect, weake, and fraile,  
Could not in worthe preuaile:  
And men so farre surmount.  
We should Octauiia finde,  
In some sorte to be blam'd.  
She winnes immortall fame,  
Whiles he who should excell:*
- 450 *Disbonour'd hath his name,  
And by his weaknesse fell.  
For double shame he dooth deserue,  
Who being guide dooth soonest swarue.*

*And*

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

*And Lorde Antonius, thou  
Thrice woman conquered man :  
Shall not thy hart repine,  
Their triumphs to adorne?*

*Octauiaes vertues scorne,  
That wanton life of thine :*

*And Cleopatra can,* 460  
*Commaund thy ghost euen now.*

*And faine would I refraine,  
From Fuluiaes stately name :  
Which dooth thy manhood staine,  
And makes thee blush for shame.*

*In this one thing, yet happie maist thou bee :  
They Princeesse are, that triumph ouer thee.*

*Dwell in fames liuing breath,  
T' eternitie resign'de,  
Yee faire Mars-conquering wights :* 470

*And feare not Lethes floud,  
Your vertues alwayes bud,  
Your storie, honour wrights,  
And Phœnix-like you finde,  
A new life in your death.*

*Arme but your Angel-soules,  
With perfect vertues shield,  
That Thanatos controules,  
And makes Erynnis yeelde,*

*Then shall the heauens your worthe descrye :* 480  
*Earth, sing your praise, and so will I.*

[B 5]

Actus

The Tragicomædie

Actus ſecundus.

Act II  
ſc. i

Octavia. *Byllius.*

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

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

And

of the vertuous Octavia.

And put ten thousand *Romaines*, to the sword.  
I was in presence, when a sodaine feare,  
In blackest horror of the darkeſt night,  
So much aſtoniſht all that preſent were, 510  
With ſhrieking cries that mought euen ſtones affright :  
That *Antony*, with feare of treaſon moued,  
Made *Ramnus* humbly ſweare vpon his knee,  
To ſtrike that head, that head ſo much beloued,  
From of his ſhoulders, when he once ſhould ſee,  
Vneuitable danger, to lay holde,  
Vpon himſelfe ; yet could not all this, quaile  
His haughty courage, but as vncontroulde,  
He ſtill proceedes, his ſtoutest foes t' aſſaile.  
And hauing now, ſum'd with the *Parthian* blood, 520  
The laargeſt ſcores, of wrongs we did ſuſtaine,  
Thence to retyre, he now hath thought it good :  
And for a time at *Blanckbourg* to remaine.  
*Blanckbourg* a Citty neere to *Sydon* plac'd,  
Vnto the which our whole Campe did reſorte,  
There he intends to ſtay, and not in haſte  
To viſite *Roome*, as moſt of them report.

*Oct.* O what ſhould moue my Lord thus long to ſtay ?

*Byl.* An others tung mought better y<sup>e</sup> bewray. (ſaid ?

*Octa.* What doſt thou know more thẽ thou haſt yet 530

*Byl.* Madame no more. *Oct.* Why thẽ am I diſmaide ?

Why doe I ſee thy ſorrow-clowded brow,  
Seeme to conceale I know not what annoy ?  
Say *Byllius* whence thoſe troubled lookes may grow ?  
Is my *Antonius* ſafe ? doth he enioy

That

*The Tragicomædie*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Octa.* I pardon all, so long as all be true.

*Byl.*

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

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

*Octa.* By force? *Byl.* O no, worlds could not him con- 570  
To stay this long in any place by force: (straine  
But his affection is the louing chayne,  
That from your highnesse dooth his minde diorce.

*Octa.* What chilling feare doth streame along these  
What frozen terror makes me thus to quake? (vains?  
What monstrous greefe, what horror, thus constrains  
My stiuing hart, his lodging to forsake?  
Tell me, from what conceipt may this be guest?

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

*Octa.* I must beleue it fore against my will. 580

*Byl.* Hardly we credit what imports our ill.

*Octa.* But slow beleefe from wisdome doth proceed.

*Byl.* But mortall wounds of present cure haue need.

*Oct.* Some fond report hath made thee falsly deeme.

*Byl.* I shunne report, and lightly it esteeme,

But this I sawe, when we to *Syria* came,

*Antonius* straight to *Cleopatra* sent,

A messenger *Fonteius* was his name:

Whose swiftnes did euen hast it selfe preuent.

More, then we knew not, but within short space 590

Came *Cleopatra* royally attended,

And met directly at th'appointed place,

Which for their stay they had before pretended.

There

*The Tragicomædie*

There did they sporte a time in great excessse  
Of all delights which any eye hath seene,  
And there *Antonius* his great loue t'expresse  
Did frankely giue to this Ægyptian queene,  
*Phœnicia, Cyprus* and *Cylicia*,  
Part of *Arabia* where those people dwell

600 *Cald Nabatheians*, part of *Syria*:

And finding that she could preuaile so well  
With *Antony*, she further did proceed,  
And begd part of that land we *Jewry* call,  
From whence mought be transported at hir neede,  
True balme, for to preserue hir grace withall.  
This done, my Lord, to'ards *Parthia* tooke his way,  
Which we with fier and sworde did waste and burne,  
But in those confines did not long time stay,  
But backe againe to *Blanckbourge* we returne.

610 From whence, a poste was speedily adrest,

For to conduct this *Cleopatra* thither:

She kindly condescends to his request,

Thus there they met, and there they liue together.

*Octa.* O what hart-piercing greefe doth theſe tormēt,

That are thus countercheckt with riuallles loue?

What worlds of horror do themſelues present,

Vnto their mindes that do like passions proue?

O Ielouſie, when truthe once takes thy part,

What mercy-wanting tyrant ſo feuerē?

620 What *Sylla*, what *Charibdis*, can impart

But halfe thoſe horrors which in thee appeare?

Poore *Pluto*, why do we thy rigour dread?



of the vertuous Octauia.

All torments are containde within my brest:

*Alecto* doth whole troupes of furies leade  
Within my soule, with endlesse greefe opprest.

O deserts, now you deserts are indeed:

Your common-wealths are coucht within my hart,

Within my hart, all rauening beasts do feede:

And with mad furie, still encrease my smart.

O greefe, I feele the worst that thou canst doe.

630

I taste the powerfull force of mischiefes pride.

I proue the worst that chance can put me to.

The deepest wound of fortune I abide.

But staye *Octauia*, if this be a lye:

If thy deare Lord do constant yet remaine,

Whom doost thou wrong, is it not *Antony*?

O fault too great, recall it back againe.

Canst thou be so vnkinde, nay so vniust,

To censure, iudge, condemne without a cause?

Shall flying tales make thee so much mistrust,

640

Him bound to thee by Gods, and natures lawes?

O traytor passion, if thou couldst subdue

Thy foueraigne reason, what ill tragedies

Wouldst thou soone acte, but Ielousie adieu,

My Lord is constant, and these are but lyes.

Did not he sweare on that our nuptiall day,

By all the sacred rights we holy deeme,

By those immortall powers which we obaye,

By all things els which dearly we esteeme.

By his right hand, by this our wedding ring,

650

By all that mought a perfect truthe intend:

One

*The Tragicomædie*

One time, one day, one houre ; should surely bring,  
His life, and loue vnto a finall end.  
Did not he say, the starres from heauen should fall,  
The fishes should vpon the mountaines range,  
And *Tyber* should his flowing streames recall :  
Before his loue should euer thinke on change.  
But what of this ? these are but onely words,  
And so are those which do his faith impeache.  
660 O poore *Octauia*, how thy state affordes,  
Nought but despaire to stand within thy reache.  
The seate of truthe is in our secreet harts,  
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.  
Hast back then *Tyber* to thy fountaines head,  
Descend ye starres, and this base earth adorne,  
Let *Neptunes* people on these hilles be fed,  
For *Antony* is fled, false, and forsworne.  
But tis not so, my *Antony* is true :  
His honor will not let him basely fall.  
670 *Octauies* name will faithfull loue renew.  
His Innate vertue will his minde recall.  
As feare of torment houlds the wicked in :  
So vertues loue makes good men loath their sinne.  
*Byl.* Madam, I cannot force you to beleue  
That which I speake, but that I speake is true,  
I knew too well it would your highnesse greeue,  
And would be lothe your sorrowes to tenew ;  
But would to God that all my words were lyes,  
So my disgrace mought worke your sweete content ;  
680 Would this my soule mought be the sacrifice,

To

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

To reconcile his loue thus fondly bent.  
O vertue, thou that didst my good assure,  
Arme now my soule against proude fortunes might :  
Without thy succour I may not endure,  
But this strong tempest will destroy me quite.  
O sacred lampe, pure vertues liuing flame,  
That neuer failes sweet comfort to impart :  
I feele thy power and glory in the same,  
I heare thee say in cloffet of my heart,  
*Octavia*, liue, and shew thy selfe a Queene, 690  
Tread thou my path, make constancy thy guide ;  
Let no base feare within thy minde be seene,  
Let thine owne foote into no errorr slide ;  
Make thine owne thoughts no witnes of thy misse ;  
Let thine owne conscience know no cause of blame ;  
A bulwarke stronge, a brazen wall this is,  
That will resist, both sorrow, grieve and shame.  
*Antonius* fall, his owne disgrace procures,  
His is the fault, and on his head shall fall,  
The storme of mischiefes deep-reuenging showers : 700  
When thine own worth, in heauen shal thee enstall.  
His is the fault, but what? mine is the wronge.  
The errorr his, but I endure the smart ;  
O vertue, if thou be so passing stronge,  
Yet once againe remooue this from my heart.  
Why, vertue grieues but at his owne disgrace,  
And mindes distrest, with patience doth relieue :  
With wisdomes light, it stil directs his pace,  
And cannot fall and therefore cannot grieve.

C

Well

*The Tragicomædie*

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

*Act II*

*Iulia. Camilla. Syluia.*

*ſc. ii*

- O deare *Camilla*, what a wofull ſight,  
Ti's to beholde the Empreſſe dolefull ſtate?  
Though others burthens in our eyes ſeeme light:  
Death in my heart, her grieſe doth intimate.  
O what exceeding pittie t'is to ſee,  
730 Such noble vertues nurſt in wiſedomes brest:  
Snar'd in the trap of humane miſery,  
By others baſenes thus to be diſtreſt.)

*Cam.* Madame, the caſe is pittifull indeed,  
And ſuch as may relent a flinty heart:  
A patient minde, muſt ſtand her grace inſteed,  
Till time and wiſedome, may his loue conuert.

*Iul.* But who dares tell a Prince he goes aſide?

*Cam.*

of the vertuous *Octavia*.

*Cam.* His conscience best, if wisdome were his guide.

*Iul.* But they are great and may do what they will.

*Cam.* Great if much good: not great if they do ill. 740

*Iul.* But we must yeeld to what the Prince will haue.

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

*Iul.* Be what he will his power is ouer-stronge.

*Cam.* Heuens will not suffer sin to flourish long.)

And sure who list but to beholde the end,

Shall see *Antonius* dearely buy his lust:

They neuer prosper long that leawdly spend

Their granted time, (for God is not vniust.)

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

Of patience, iustice and of constancie;

750

For me, I thinke the Empreffe sure hath mist,

The onely way to cure this maladie.

Buy liuing fame that list, with pinching paine,

And starue themselues with feeding fond concept:

Were I *Octavia* I would entertaine

His double dealing, with as fine a sleight.

I would nor weep, nor waile, but soone returne

Vpon his head the wrongs he doth pretend:

I would compel him spite of him to learne,

It were no iest a woman to offend.

760

He feesles not now the grieffe that makes her smart:

But I know what would touch him to the heart.

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

Now to forgoe his late ill-placed loue?

*Syl.* One nayle you see another will expel,

When nothing els can force the same to moue.

*The Tragicomædie*

Should he that swims in streames of sweet content,  
Make his delight the agent of my paine?

No, no, he rather were a president,

770 How to requite him with the like againe.

Had I bin toucht with scence of inward greefe,

When such like chances had be-fallen me,

Or at their leifure hoped for reliefe,

When I my selfe, mought best my selfe set free :

I had bin dead for many yeares agoe,

Or must haue liued in endlesse misery,

But I take order not to perish so,

He shall care little, that cares lesse then I.

*Cam.* But doth not *Syluia* blush to difanull,

780 Hir owne good name, hir faith, and constancie :

Doth not she feare, the wrath of heauen to pull

Vpon hir head, for such impietie ?

(iust,

*Syl.* The wrath of heauen, why no, the heauens are

And Iustice yeeldes a man his due desert :

Then sithe I do no iniurie, I trust

Not I, but he, for both our faults shall smart.

And for my faithe and constancie, no doubt

Ile deale for that as well as others shall :

But tis most strange to see you go about,

790 To praise the thing that workes all womens fall.

Why constancie is that which marreth all.

A weake conceipt which cannot wrongs resist,

A chaine it is which bindes our selues in thrall,

And giues men scope to vse vs as they list.

For when they know that you will constant bide,

Small

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

Small is their care, how often they do slide.  
O if you would but marke the little mappe  
Of my poore world, how in times swift careere  
I manage fortune, and with wit entrap  
A thousand such as hould these courfes deare; 800  
Then would you say you want the arte of loue,  
For I feare nothing lesse then such relaps,  
The frowardnesse which I in men approue,  
Most troubles me for feare of after claps.  
And Lord, you cannot gouerne one alone,  
When I haue many subiect to my beck :  
I alwayes pleafant, you still making mone,  
You full of feare, they dread my frowning check.  
Nor do I maruaile, for this vnion breedes  
A loathing sure, by nature vnto things: 810  
And constancie the minde with quiet feedes,  
And fetled quiet soone corruption brings.  
Thus first we loathe, and then we straight waies hate,  
When to one obiect we entend our minde:  
But I with choice do still renew the state,  
Of fainting loue, and still new pleasures finde.  
Looke how a Bee amongst the verdant fields,  
From diuers flowers extracts the pleafant thyme,  
Which well compounded, one fweet matter yeelds:  
So do I spend my pleasure-tasting time. 820  
I seeke not graines of gould in barraine ground,  
Nor hope for fruite, when haruest is once past:  
I like not where affection is not found,  
If any fall, I flye from him as fast.

*The Tragicomædie*

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

His



of the vertuous Octavia.

His discontent, and my vnkindnesse blame ;  
How I doe oftentimes of him enquire,  
And still a sigh awaites vpon his name.  
This way I feldon faile, till at the last,  
In follies lap affection hath him lull'd.  
From whence with fresh desire he flyes as fast,  
As if (poore foole) his wings had nere been pull'd. 860

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

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

*Iul.* But yet I know some one aboute the rest  
Is most belou'd, but that you list to iest. 870

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

*Cam.* Of straying, falling, and I wot not what,  
So many words hath *Syluia* spent in vaine: 880  
That time, and truth, and purpose are forgot,  
To *Antony* let vs returne againe.

We

*The Tragicomædie*

We speake not of thy futors, we complaine  
Of his vntruth, that second vnto none,  
In faithlesnes: of duety should remaine,  
For euer constant vnto one alone.

Of his vntruth, who hath his honor stain'd,  
By base defiling of his mariage bed:

Who being vowed, and by oath detain'd,  
890 Is false for sworne, seduc'd and fondly fled.

(*Syl.* Why all is one, no wedlocke can compell,  
No law, no feare, no reason can constraîne  
Our mindes, whiles we in natures castels dwell,  
The pleasing course of nature to refraine.

Nature it selfe dooth most delight in change,  
The heauens, by motion do their musicke make:  
Their lights by diuers waies and courses raunge;  
And some of them new formes doe alwaies take.

Their working power is neuer alwaies one,  
900 And time it selfe least constant is of all:

This earth we see and all that liues thereon,  
Without new change, into destruction fall.

Nay what is more, the life of all these things,  
Their essence, and perfection, doth consist

In this same change, which to all creatures brings  
That pleasure, which in life may not be mist.

(Sith then all creatures are so highly blest,  
To taste the sweet of life in often change:

If we which are the princes of the rest,  
910 Should want the same, me thinks t'were very strange.)  
For prooffe heereof, I need not to vnfold:

Such

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Such farre fetcht secrets, science will make it plaine.  
What pleasure hath the eye, when you beholde  
One onely object: is't not rather paine?  
What sweet delight doth charme the listning eare,  
When onely one tune it doth apprehend?  
In taste and smell, like loathing doth appeare,  
Whose euidence, no wit can reprehend.  
Since nature then hath framed for the eye,  
Such sundrie coulours to delight the same; 920  
And for the eare such strange variety,  
Of sweetest tunes, which doe our musicke frame;  
Such diuers meates, to please the dainty taste;  
So many fauours to delight that sense;  
Each other part, with diuers pleasures grac'd;  
Least want of change mought haply breed offence.  
What, shall the heart the master of the rest,  
Be more restrain'd then any sauage beast?  
Shall not the heart, on whom all those depend,  
Haue greater scope then any of them all, 930  
To taste the pleasure of each pleasing friend?  
Faith mine hath had, and so it euer shall.

*Cam.* Peace wicked woman, nay foule monster peace  
Whose very steps defile the guiltlesse earth:  
Staine of thy sexe, thy poisoned speech surcease,  
That hath from sinne, and wickednes, his birth.  
Is't not too much to glory in thy sinne,  
Leawd creature, that hast ouer-liu'd all shame?  
Imbouldning others to persist therein,  
When thou thy selfe shouldst shun and fly the same; 940

[C 5]

But

*The Tragicomædie*

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

*Act II*  
*Cho.*

*Chorus.*

**G**reat guide of this same golden flame,  
Which daies and times deuideth:  
Whose beauty euer is the same,  
And alwaies one abideth.  
Why hast thou such a monster made,  
which alwaies thus rebelleth:

*And*

*of the vertuous Octauiā.*

*And with new torments doth inuade,*

*The heart wherein it dwelleth.*

*Affection is the sauage beast,*

970

*Which alwaies vs annoyeth:*

*And neuer lets vs liue in rest,*

*But still our good destroyeth.*

*Affections power who can suppress*

*And master when it sinneth:*

*Of worthy praise deserues no lesse,*

*Then he that kingdomes winneth.*

*Were Antony a Prince indeede,*

*That base affection scorned:*

*Him to bemoane we should not need,*

980

*With vitious life deformed.*

*But this seducing vertues foe,*

*In whom all pleasure shineth:*

*Doth all our scences ouerthrow,*

*and reason vndermineth.*

*Who doth not ioy, when from his necke,*

*The yoake of bondage slideth:*

*And wish to liue without the check,*

*Of him that others guideth?*

*Yet what more hard, then to obserue,*

990

*In such licentious pleasure:*

*The golden meane, which doth not swarue,*

*From sacred vertues measure:*

*Who know, and see, the way of sinne*

*Be set*

## *The Tragicomædie*

*Beſet with dangers many:  
Yet ſtill perſiſt and walke therein,  
As negligent as any.*

*The minde with deepeſt wiſedome fraught,  
That miſchiefes hand eſcheweth:  
1000 And enuies craft doth bring to naught,  
Affections force ſubdueth.  
The haughty heart with courage bolde,  
That deaths pale face deſpiſeth:  
The Prince which ſcornes to be contrould;  
Affections power ſurprizeth.  
And hauing made it ſelſe a king,  
Our minde with error feedeth:  
Till we our ſelues effect the thing,  
Which our deſtruction breedeth.*

*1010 The path of error, is ſo grac'd,  
With ſweeteſt ſeeming pleaſures:  
As if delight had therein plac'd,  
The ſtore houſe of her treaſures.  
But who to prooue the ſame are bent,  
In ſinfull maze encludeth:  
In vaine at laſt will ſure repent,  
with ſhamefull end deluded.  
Where vertues little beaten wayes,  
with diuers troubles cumbred:  
1020 Direct our ſteps vnto true ioyes,  
Amongſt the Angels numbred.*

*Actus*

of the vertuous Octavia.

*Actus tertius.*

*Act III*  
*sc. i*

*Octavia. Cæsar.*

O Fearce desire, the spring of sighes and teares,  
Relieu'd with want, impouerisht with store,  
Nurft with vaine hopes, and fed with doubtful feares,  
Whose force withstood, encreaseth more and more.  
How doth thy pride thus torture my poore heart,  
Whiles I for bodies shadowes entertaine:  
And in the haruest of most high desert, 1030  
Do reape no fruite, but scorne and deep disdaine.  
No fearce *Hyrceanian* Forrest doth possesse,  
So wilde a *Tyger*, nor no *Libian* coaste,  
Hath euer knowne a greedy Lyonesse,  
Rob'd of the pray which she affected most,  
So beyond measure full of furious Ire,  
As is the minde rob'd of his chiefe desire.  
O destinies, that draw the golden twine,  
Which doth conduct the neuer-tyred poste,  
Why haue you left vnclos'd these eyes of mine, 1040  
To see the field of all mine honor lost?  
In vaine I sought a while, to cure the wound  
With balme of hope, drawne from a constant minde,  
But now the truth is manifestly found:  
I heare, I see, I know, I feele, I finde,  
The shamefull wronge, the scorne and high disdaine  
Which

*The Tragicomædie*

Which faithlesse he most falsly dooth pretend,  
To power on me whiles from dispaire in vaine,  
With constant hope, my weaknesse I defend,  
1050 O torment, worse then deaths most bitter gall:  
Worse then is found in that infernall place;  
To see another glory in my fall;  
To see another proud with my disgrace.  
Why doost thou stay, distrest *Octavia* dye.  
Dead to all ioyes let death thy torments end,  
Who gaue thee life, the same doth now deny:  
And to another his affection bend.  
Another dooth thy interest enioy:  
And yet thou liuest, and yet thou doost delay,  
1060 To calme with death the tempest of annoye,  
When to disgrace thy life dooth thee betray.  
Dye dead *Octavia*. What? and basely dye?  
Shall I sit downe and yeeld my selfe to shame?  
Shall I content my selfe with wronges? not I.  
Reuenge *Octavia*, or thou art too blame.  
Dye neuer vnreueng'd of such a wrong.  
My power is such that I may well preuaile.  
And rather then I will endure it long,  
With fier and sword I will you both affaile.  
1070 My nature doth abhorre to be thus vsed,  
My heart doth scorne such monstrous iniurie:  
My birth, my state, disdaine to be abused,  
And I will deeply score thy periurie.  
Then greefe giue place a while vnto disdaine,  
Myelde pittie, make thee wings and flye away:

And



of the vertuous *Octavia*.

And death, withdraw thy hastie hand againe,  
Whiles with aduantage I their debts repay.  
How now *Octavia*, whither wilt thou flye?  
Not what thou maist, but do thou what is iust:  
Shall these same hands attempt impietie?

1080

I may, I can, I will, I ought, I must,  
Reuenge this high disgrace, this *Cæsar* will,  
Byrthe, nature, reason, all require the same.  
Yet vertue will not haue me to do ill.  
Yeeld, all things yeeld, to vertues sacred name.  
How then? euen thus, with patience make thee strong,  
The heauens are iust, let them reuenge thy wrong.  
Cruell to me, selfe-wronging *Antony*,

Thy follie shall not make *Octavia* sinne:

Ile be as true in vertuous constancie,  
As thou art false and infamous therein.

1090

Ile be as famous for a vertuous wife,  
As thou notorious for so leawd a life.

*Cæsar*. As is a sweet pearle-dropping siluer showre,  
Which some milde cloud down from the shadie skies  
Vpon the parched flowrie fields dooth power:  
Such is *Octaviaes* sight to *Cæsars* eyes.

Hath *Iafons* trauaile gaind the goulden fleece,  
Or hath *Octavia* faild of hir entent?

Is *Antony* within the bounds of *Greece*,  
Or dooth he stay at *Blanckbourg* malecontent?

1100

*Oct.* O *Cæsar*, how my now distracted minde  
Vnites it selfe to render worthy thanks:  
But woe is me, no way, no meanes I finde,

No

*The Tragicomædie*

No hope to hide *Antonius* lustful prankes.  
I him befought, by all that words might say,  
By this same ring that knit the *Gordian* knot:  
By all the rights past on our wedding day,  
But all in vaine, for all is now forgot.

✓ 1110 Looke how some proude hard harted mighty rocke,  
Which makes the sea a mirrour for his face,  
Repell's the waters with a churlish stroake,  
Which mildely striue his body to imbrace:  
So his indurate minde reiects my words,  
And rudely makes me and my hopes forlorne,  
His flinty heart naught but repulse affords,  
And my deserts returne me naught but scorne.

*Cæsar.* Were not *Octauia* precious in my fight,  
Whose will withstood what I did most desire:

1120 The bloody lynes had not been now to wrighte,  
Of such reuenge as his leawd deeds require.  
But worthy branch of braue *Octavius* lyne,  
In *Cæsars* thoughts liue and predominate:  
Yours is my kingdome and what els is mine,  
My selfe, my scepter and my royal state.  
Then sith I euer graunted your request,  
And let you prooue al meanes his loue to winne:  
Since you and we in vaine haue done our best,  
To stay his foote out of the sincke of sinne;

1130 Now for my sake, if I may ought preuaile,  
For dead *Octavius* neuer stained worth:  
For deare *Anchariaes* loue, and your auaille,  
Excuse no more his faithlesnesse hencefoorth,

Yeeld

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Yeeld but to this, liue heere and banish care,  
Forget his name that traytor-like is fled:  
Liue like a Queene, remember who you are,  
And let me rouse him from his Lemmans bed.  
Leaue you this house of his, and what is his,  
Stand of your selfe since he entends your fall:  
Dishonor not your name with others misse, 1140  
If loue cannot recall him terror shall.

*Oct.* Dishonor not my name! O *Cæsar* no,  
My miserie is not of that degree:  
Wrought by my follie or forc'd by my foe,  
Which mought attribute that disgrace to me.  
Tis paine, and greefe, to beare and suffer wrong,  
But shame and sinne to him that dooth the same:  
True patience can mildly suffer long,  
Where rage and furie do our liues defame.  
Tis fortitude which scornes the force of wrong, 1150  
And temperance not to be moou'd withall:  
Tis constancie makes vs continue strong,  
And wisdoms worke to free our selues from thrall.  
But I am wrong'd you say, and tis base feare,  
Without reuenge to suffer iniurie:  
Its cowardize vnworthy wrongs to beare,  
And madnesse to giue way to trecherie,  
Well then, reuenge, but what? *Octauiaes* wrong.  
Of whom? of *Antony*. And who is he?  
Ah my deere Lord, that will returne ere long, 1160  
And hate his fall, and be most true to me.  
If not, Ile then reuenge, but how? with death?

D

He

*The Tragicomædie*

He is my selfe, his greefe procures my paine.  
With spoile and losse? O no that were not good,  
By certaine losse to hope for doubtfull gaine.  
How then? be false as he is most vntrue.  
One wound doth not an others balme procure.  
Flame is not quencht with flame, but both reue,  
A double force not easie to endure.

1170 Whence springs reuenge? from malice and disdain:  
Then speake not of it, for it is in vaine.  
Earth open first thine vndeuided Iawes,  
And swallow me in thine infernall wombe:  
Eare willingly I swarue from vertues lawes,  
Truthe my loues childbed was, truthe be his tombe.

*Cæs.* Were *Antony* as loyall in his loue,  
As he is false, forsworne, and fondly bent:  
Then would I thinke it reason to approoue,  
And highly praise your vertuous entent.

1180 But sith he willingly doth you forsake,  
And wilfully persistes to do vs wrong:  
High honor dooth require our swords to take,  
Most iust reuenge, which we may not prolong.

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

*Cæs.* Can my perswasions then no whit preuaile?  
Can my request no thought of yeelding finde?  
1190 Can you esteeme of him whose truth dooth faile?  
There are few women of *Octauiaes* minde.

*Octa.*

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

*Octa.* Too few I grant, and therefore am I such,  
And though alone, yet will perseuer still:  
We imitate the multitude too much,  
Most do, as do the most, and most do ill.  
The number of the vertuous is so small,  
That few delight to tread that loanely way:  
But wisdomes heires are iealious of their fall;  
And thinke it shamefull all should goe astray.  
A vertuous act seemes strange in some mens sight, 1200  
Because they seldome saw the like before,  
But noble mindes are carefull of the right,  
And others errors make them feare the more.  
How fencelesly we sleepe in follies bedde,  
How few there are indeed, how all would seeme  
Wife, honest, iust, how fondly are we led,  
To vse that least which we do most esteeme?  
Then ought a prince to feare much more then any:  
Least his fault be a president to many.

*Cæs.* And is it vertue then to be misused? 1210

*Octa.* To giue no cause why we should be abused.

*Cæs.* Do but consent, Ile act and beare the blame.

*Octa.* To giue consent to sinne, is sinne & shame.

*Cæs.* And is it sinne to punish leawdnesse then?

*Octa.* Sinne to exulte vpon repentant men.

*Cæs.* But he persists in hatefull trecherie.

*Oct.* True loue may spring from pardoned iniurie.

*Cæ.* How may they loue, whõ worlds of distance part?

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

*Cæ.* But time, and absence, will consume all loue. 1220

*The Tragicomædie*

*Oct.* Soner the hart, which doth thofe paffions proue.

*Cæf.* Not fo, no mortall darte neare loue is found.

*Oct.* But we are mortall which endure the wound.

*Cæf.* Yet leaue this houfe, if not his loue deny.

*Oct.* Firft let this foule out of his lodging flye.

*Cæf.* Can nature then no priuiledge obtaine?

Are his deferts in fuch aboundant ftore?

Must all I do be fruitleffe and in vaine?

*Antonius* be your guide, I fay no more.

1230 *Oct.* If that my words fo much offend your minde,

O filent death, thou my beft refuge art:

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

In filent greefe, O breake my wounded heart.

*Cæf.* What in a traunce? O fifter, fifter deare,

Light of my life, deare modell of my foule:

Hurt not your felfe, O banifh needleffe feare,

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

O deare *Octauia*, I fpake but to proue,

How farre your thoughts were bent with ieaoufie;

1240 To fee if malice had exilde your loue,

To finde how you esteemd of *Antony*.

*Oct.* O *Cæfar* more belou'd then thefe fame eyes,

More then the light which glads my tired life:

Do not my truly louing minde defpife,

Kill not my heart with this your factious ftrife.

Alaffe tis not his houfe that I refpect,

His wealth, or trypartite high regiment:

I would the worlds great treafurie neglect,

Rather then hazard *Cæfars* difcontent.

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Tis not affection that enchaines my minde, 1250  
Or partiall loue that makes my faith so strong:  
Too well alasse my selfe abusde I finde,  
And this my hart too sensible of wrong,  
And what is worse, this wrong so full of scorne,  
As mought incense the mildest minde aliuie:  
To see my Lord a gracelesse Queene suborne;  
And my dishonour carelesly contriue.  
Nay worse then that, if worse then that may be,  
No creature euer felt the like disgrace:  
Each wronged wight may hope for remedie, 1260  
My shamefull storie nothing may deface.  
For if my Lord would cure this wound againe:  
Yet woe is me, the scarre will still remaine.  
In these respects, perhaps I could be brought,  
To strike reuenge as deepe as any could:  
I want no meanes whereby it mought be wrought,  
For many thousands wish it if I would.  
And what is more, my selfe can scarcely let:  
But *Cæsars* sworde for me would pay the debt.  
But when I finde in closet of my heart, 1270  
How I haue paun'd my faith to *Antony*,  
How I haue vow'd that nought but death should  
From him my loue, and my fidelitie. (part  
When that I see the vulgar peoples eyes,  
Make my designs the paterne of their deeds:  
How with my thoughts they striue to simpathize,  
And how my misse their certaine error breeds.  
When that I finde how my departure were,

*The Tragicomædie*

The opening of a gate to ciuill warres:  
1280 Then *Atlas*-like I am constrain'd to beare,  
A hated hell though not the happie starres.  
Ile rather dye, then witnesse with these eyes,  
In mortall wounds and bloudie lines enrowled,  
The argument of my calamities,  
Whom proud mischance, vniustly thus controwled.  
Shall neuer two such noble Emperours,  
Their dearest liues aduenture for my sake:  
Shall neuer for my sake such mightie powers,  
The doubtfull chaunce of battle vndertake.

1290 Shall neuer tongue recount *Octauiaes* error,  
An instance of his faithlesse periurie  
Ile rather dye the worlds vnspotted myrrour,  
And with my faith surmount his iniurie.

*Cæs.* Well sifter, then I see that constancie  
Is sometimes feated in a womans brest:  
Your strange designes euen from your infancie,  
Can neuer without wonder be exprest.

*Oct.* I know not what you thinke of woman kinde,  
That they are faithlesse and vnconstant euer:  
1300 For me, I thinke all women striue to finde  
The perfect good, and therein to perseuer.  
Euen as a Torche, or Sulphure powdered light,  
Whiles any nourishment maintaines his flame,  
Fayles not to burne, and burning shineth bright,  
Till arte obscure, or force put out the fame:  
Such is the minde in womans brest contained,  
With the true zeale of vertues loue enflam'd,

We



of the vertuous Octauia.

We may be dead, but liuing neuer stained,  
We may be wrongd, but neuer rightly blam'd.

*Cæs.* Wel, for your selfe proceed as you thinke best: 1310  
Time and the heauens, must see these wrongs redrest.

*Cæsar. Titius. Plancus.*

*Act III*

Great peeres that striue with wisdoms sacred fame,

*sc. ii*

To ouer-lie all humaine memory:

Shew me, for what entent you hither came,

What cause you to reuolt from *Antony*?

*Tit.* By our accesse we nothing else entend,

But humbly to beseech your maiestie:

Vnder your gracious fauour to defend,

Our wronged selues from hatefull iniurie.

1320

Proud *Cleopatra*, Ægyptys craftie Queene,

Rules *Antony*, and wrongs she cares not where:

So insolent hir late attempts haue been,

As no pride-scorning *Romaine* heart can beare.

She is become our Queene and gouernour,

And we whose courage feares the force of no man:

By seruile basenesse of our Emperour,

Must be content to stoope vnto a woman.

*Cæs.* What Angel Queen rules those *Nyleian* coasts,

Whose beautie can so ouer-rule mens mindes:

1330

What goddesse can command the man that boasts

To equall *Iulius*, in his high designes.

*Plan.* If in those gifts, by nature we enioy,

Vnto *Octauiaes* sacred maiestie,

Shee be but comparable any way:

*The Tragicomædie*

Be neuer *Romaines* so disgrac'd as we.  
But for hir artificiall ornaments,  
For pompe, for pride, for superfluitie,  
For all excesse that folly represents:  
1340 She doth exceed the height of vanitie.  
Hir sunne-burnt beautie cannot please his sight,  
That hath a minde with any reason fraught:  
But tis hir *Syren* tongue that dooth delight,  
Hir craftie *Cyres* wit which hath him caught.  
As when from *Athens*, *Niger* made returne,  
And did relate the Emperesse entent,  
Which he of purpose had in charge to learne:  
And did hir princely guifts to him present.  
And further did with truth discouering words,  
1350 *Octauiaes* well deserued praises frame:  
An argument which to that Queene affords,  
A furious blast to raise a Iealious flame.  
Then did she nothing vnattempted leaue,  
That art mought frame, or wit mought well deuize  
Which mought his minde, of reason quite bereaue:  
And thus she straight began to *Syrenize*.  
Shee pines hir body with the want of food,  
That she mought seeme to languish for his sake:  
And by hir gestures would be vnderstood,  
1360 How from his absence she hir death should take.  
Hir deepe lamenting lookes fixt in his face,  
In silent termes present an earnest sute:  
As who should say, O pittie my hard case,  
Whom violence of passion maketh mute.

Then

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Then would she stand of purpose in his way,  
In any place where he should passage make :  
And there as though vnwilling to bewray,  
What bitter grieffe she inwardly did take :  
Downe from her eyes distils a Christall tyde,  
Which at his comming she would dry againe, 1370  
And sodainly would turne her head a side,  
As though vnwilling to reueale her paine.  
Thus in his prefence rauished with ioy,  
She smiles, and shewes, what mirth she can deuize :  
But in his absence drowned with annoy,  
She seemes to take her life from those his eyes.  
Then Meeremaide-like his scences she inuades,  
With sweetest nectar of a sugered tongue :  
Vnto her will, she euer him perswades,  
The force of her words witch-craft is so strong. 1380  
Then came the kenell of her flattering crew,  
Who largely paint the story of her death,  
Like feede Attorneys they her sute renue,  
And hunt *Antonius* spirits out of breath.  
Wherewith assayl'd, he like a man enchanted,  
To make her know she need not to misdoubt him :  
Or like to one with some mad fury haunted,  
Asssembleth all the people round about him.  
In that fayre Citty royalliz'd by fame,  
By that great *Macedonian* monarke builded : 1390  
Of whom it tooke beginning, birth and name ;  
Where on a high *Tribunall* seate which yeelded,  
A large prospect, were plac'd too chayres of golde ;

[D 5]

One

*The Tragicomædie*

One for himfelfe, another for her grace,  
And humbler feates which mought her childrē hold,  
Of fuch like mettall, in the felfe fame place.  
There he eftabliht *Cleopatra*, Queene  
Of *Ægipt*, *Cyprus*, and of *Lidia*:  
And that his bounty mought the more befeene,  
1400 He ioyn'd thereto the lower *Syria*.  
*Cæfarion*, heyre apparant to her grace  
Was conftituted King of thofe fame lands.  
His owne two fonnes by her were there in place,  
Attended with great troopes of martiall bands.  
Thefe two, the mighty Kings of Kings he called,  
And to the eldeft gaue *Armenia*,  
The country *Media*, and forthwith enftalled  
Him regent of the Kingdome *Parthia*.  
To *Ptolomy* he gaue *Phœnicia*,  
1410 And all the terrytories there adioyning:  
The vpper *Syria*, and *Cilicia*,  
Vnto them both peculiar guards affigning.  
A *Median* gowne the elder of them ware,  
And all th' *Armenian* fouldiers fo instructed:  
Accomplifhing the charge they had before,  
About him came and thence they him conducted.  
In *Macedonian* robes the other ftands,  
In diftance from his brother little fpace:  
About him came the *Macedonian* bands,  
1420 And guarded fafe his perfon from the place.  
Thefe things proclaim'd, the trumpets lowdeft voice,  
Vnto all peoples eares fourthwith imparted,  
Whereat

of the vertuous Octauia.

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

*Cæs.* Immortall? why you said she was not such.

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

*Cæ.* Was her attyre so admirable then?

*Pla.* Scorning the basenes of vs mortall men.

Clad like the Goddesse *Isis* she did goe:

Then what hard heart wold not haue thought her so 1430

*Cæs.* When that *Appollodorus* on his backe,

A flockbed did to *Iulius Cæsar* bring:

With thongs of leather trust vp like a sacke;

As though there had been need of such a thing,

Where was the Goddesse when this came to passe?

*Pla.* Shee, noble she, was ryding on her Ass.

*Cæs.* When *Antony* about the streetes doth runne,

Listning at each mans window in the night:

To heare what in the house is said or done,

And with strainge noyses passengers affright.

1440

Where is this Goddesse then so highly blest?

*Pla.* She ambles after to laugh at the iest.

*Cæ.* And shal our state maintaine their hateful pride?

Shall bleeding *Roome* procure their wanton peace?

Tis time we should a remedy prouide,

And their ambition speedily suppress.

*Chorus.*

The Tragicomædie

Act III  
Cho.

Chorus.

1450 **W**hat guilded baites of sinne,  
Doe still procure our misse :  
And seeke our soules to winne,  
From theyr entended blisse?  
Euen natures selfe doth draw,  
And force vs still to slide :  
And violate the law,  
Which reason makes our guide.  
Of pleasures we allowe,  
Which doe our thraldom bring :  
When starueling vertue now,  
Is scarcely iudg'd a thing ;  
1460 The one a poore concept, the other proou'd a King.

If that it be so sweete,  
To tread the path of sinne :  
And so exceeding meete,  
We should not walke therein ;  
O nature most vnkinde,  
That prooues weake reasons foe :  
O reason too too blinde,  
That crossseth nature so.  
Three mal-seducing foes,  
1470 Conduct false errors traine :  
Misleading most of those,

Which

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

*Which vertues praise would gaine.  
Whose force vnlesse we foyle, we labour all in vaine.*

*Th'examples of the most,  
Which most doe take least care,  
To anchore on the coaste,  
Where sacred vertues are.  
Sweete Syrenyzing tongues,  
In flattery most expert:  
Whose ill perswading songes,  
Our scences doe peruert. 1480  
And mens iniurious deeds,  
Doe cause vs to digresse:  
Our errour fury breedes,  
When wronges our mindes oppresse. (distresse.  
These treason working mates, still worke our great*

*Examples make vs bolde,  
To tread the doubtfull way,  
Which we before were tolde,  
Would lead vs quite a stray. 1490  
Perswations kindly mooue,  
And winne vs to doe ill:  
Whose poyson when we prooue,  
We poysoned, loue it still,  
But iniury more strong,  
Doth fiercely vs incite:  
By suffring to doe wronge,  
Forgetfull of the right,*

*All*

*The Tragicomædie*

*All these thrice vertuous Queene, assaile thee with  
(their might.)*

1500

*Who can vile deedes despise,  
And flattering tongues neglect:  
With malice temporize,  
As wisdom doth direct.*

*Giue him the lawrell crowne,  
Triumphant victors weare:  
The tyttles of renowne,  
Which vertues monarkes beare.  
And thou most glorious queene,*

1510

*These traytor foes repell:  
That vertue may be seene,  
In that your sexe to dwell.  
And brauely vaunt thy worthwhere he most basely fel.*

*Act IV  
sc. i*

*Actus quartus.*

*Octauia. Mecænas. Agrippa. Cæsar.*

**Y**OU haughty Lords, that bury death, and fate,  
In liuing monuments of lofty fame:

Whose worthy praise doth claime the boundles  
wherewith eternity doth blaze her name. (date,

1520

*Gainst whom raise you these forces in such haste?  
Gainst whom lead you this danger threatningpower?  
Doth hatefull Hanniball your confines waste?*

Or



*of the vertuous Octavia.*

Or *Brennus* sword your liues seeke to deuoure?  
No no my Lords, this your concea'd designe,  
Refounding *Echoes* of most strange debate:  
With tragike tydings fill'd these ears of mine,  
That powr'd on me the storme of all your hate.  
Neuer since princelie hande of *Syluias* sonne,  
Laide the foundations of these stately towers:  
Did sharpe mischaunce so much eclyps the sunne, 1530  
Of our good fortune, with such fatall lowers.

But if that wisedome euer found a place,  
Within your soules, which beautifies your praise:  
Now shew the same, and saue from high disgrace,  
Our bleeding honor, and death breathing ioyes.  
You know how bloud maintaines the life of warres,  
As doubtfull as deare bought the victory:  
Mans destiny is chain'd by vnknowne starres,  
To happy ioyes or mournfull misery,  
If you triumph, you conquer not your foes, 1540  
But neighbors, kinsfolkes and your dearest friendes:  
Whose wounds bleed shame, and deep hart-peircing  
Insteed of conquest this is your amendes. (woes,  
But if my Lord obtaine the lawrell wreath,  
And fortune smile on him with like successe:  
What fatall tempests, furious rage will breath,  
From his hearts caue, your selues may easily gresse.  
You know when touch of honor wings his minde,  
What lyon thoughts tyre on his haughty soule.  
Where wronged valour raignes tis hard to finde, 1550  
Such pittie as may honors pride couroule.

Then

*The Tragicomædie*

Then sith your course to loofe your selues is bent,  
To loofe your liues or purchase liuing shame :  
Let wisedomes eyes, blinde errors faults preuent,  
With ease a sparke, with paine is quencht a flame.  
Be aduocates for me to *Cæsars* grace,  
And stop in time the current of his hate :  
Let gentle pittie in your mindes finde place,  
When swords haue pleaded, words wil come too late.  
1560 You know my fortune euer hath been such,  
As dazeled *Enuies* eies with honors shine :  
But since *Antonius* hath augmented much,  
This soueraignty, and great estate of mine ;  
Since nature, fortune, birth and maiesty,  
In fields of glory stirre vp ciuill warres,  
Which of them most should raise my dignity,  
And lift mine honor neereft to the starres ;  
Since these two Emperours whose princely hands,  
Doe sway the scepter of the *Romaine* state :  
1570 The one my brother, linkt in natures bands,  
The other is my spouse and louing mate ;  
Since heauens themselues did in my life prouide,  
To shew the map of their felicityes :  
This *Roome* my Lords and all the world beside,  
Make me the obiect of their wondring eyes.  
Thus I that was more happy then the rest,  
And did excell in glory and renoune :  
With more then most disgrace shall be supprest,  
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.  
1580 And that which nature grantes the meanest wight,  
They

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

They cannot loose which haue the conquest wonne:  
Yet with this strange *Dylemma* workes my spight,  
Who s'eu'er winne *Octauia* is vndone.

Great Empreffe, this bright sunne can witnes well,  
So can these heauens before whose powers I stand:  
That gainst our mindes *Cæsar* doth vs compell,  
This enterprize you see, to take in hand.

But for my selfe, and if the case be such,  
That but report is auctor of this iarre:

If *Cæsars* honor may be free from touch 1590  
Of any staine, relinquishing the warre.

Ile doe my best, and what I may perswade,  
To lay downe armes, wherein if I preuaile:  
A perfect league of friendship shall be made,  
That may the fury of this tempest quaille.

And pardon me (deare soueraigne) though my speech  
Include exceptions in this doubtfull wise:

I may not *Cæsar* mooue, nor him beseech,  
What may his maiestie disroyallize.

This said, behold my hand, my sword, my soule, 1600  
Heere humbly prostrate at your princely feete:

What you commaund let none dare to controule,  
This *Cæsar* will and this we thinke most meete.

*Arg.* Madam, your speech I thinke doth not extend,  
To the disparagement of your owne bloud:

And sooner shall my life haue finall end,  
Then I refuse to doe your highnes good.

Though last my speech, yet second vnto none  
Is my desire, t'effectuate your will:

E

But

*The Tragicomædie*

- 1610 But loe where *Cæsar* comes himfelfe alone, (skil.  
Arme we our tongues with words, our words with  
*Cæf.* Fayer iffue of renoun'd *Octavius* race,  
My fecond felfe, *Roomes* glorious Empreffe:  
Behold vs all affembled heere in place,  
To worke your fafety and your wrongs redreffe.  
Your Lord *Antonius* (as we heare) doth threate,  
To power sharpe ftormes of deep reuenging Ire,  
Vpon our heads: and make th' imperiall feate  
His fole poffeffion, ere he hence retyre.
- 1620 But let him know, though finely he pretend,  
To guilde iniuftice with a Princes name:  
Though he triumph in words, yet ere I end,  
What he begins, he may repent the fame.  
*Oct.* My gracious Lord, high words doe but encrease  
The flame of vallour in incensed mindes:  
Leaue armes my Lord, and let vs treat of peace:  
Who beft doth fpeed in war, fmal fafety findes,  
Ful wel the world your noble worth hath knowne,  
Let not new dangers needleffe tropheies raife.
- 1630 Let not th'effect of hateful deeds be showne,  
Against my Lord who may deferue your praife.  
*Cæf.* Shal he be prais'd that is become our foe,  
Staine of our name, foile of the *Romaine* ftate:  
A feruile man, contriuer of our woe,  
And from all honor doth degenerate?  
Nay what is more, tis faid he doth pretend,  
To worke our ruine, and our fatal end.  
*Octa.* Can foule fufpition then, and falfe report,

In

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

In wisedomes confines holde so large a place :  
That it can foyle our reason in such sort, 1640  
To fly the good, and worke his owne disgrace?  
The auncient *Romaines* went to draw their swordes, ✓  
To purchase honor, of their stoutest foes :  
But you whose groundes are vaine surmized words,  
By seeking honor, shall your honors loose.  
Fame hath two wings, the one of false report :  
The other hath some plumes of veritie ;  
Why then should doubtful rumour, raise a forte  
Of mortall hate, against my Lord and me.  
Suppose he rais'd as you haue done, a power : 1650  
He to defend, not to offend his friend,  
The heauens forbid that any fatall hower,  
Should your proceedings turne t'vnhappy end.  
Vnhappy no, he neuer falles amisse,  
That foiles his foe before his final ende :  
High honor, not long life, the treasure is,  
Which noble mindes without respect defend.

*Oct.* The prize of honor is not alwaies bloud.

*Cæ.* Tis honor all whose end imports our good.

*Oct.* O'wretched state where men make haste to dye. 1660

*Cæ.* True valour feeles nor grieffe nor misery.

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

*Cæ.* Iustice, not pittie, fits a Princes minde.

*Oct.* He hath done nothing, spare an innocent.

*Cæ.* He doth too much that beares a false entent. ✓

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

*Cæ.* I am'd with iustice, know not how to feare.

*The Tragicomædie*

- Oct.* O *Cæsar* shall my heart be made a stage,  
For you to play a bloudie tragedie?  
1670 Shall feerce misfortune, breathing spitefull rage,  
Make me vicegerent of all misery?  
If both of you misled in errors maze,  
Doe seeke reuenge of misconceiued wrongs,  
For your owne sakes out of your fancies raze,  
The spots of mallice grafted with your tongues.  
But if mischance haue offered disgrace,  
To eyther party: O let me entreate,  
That for my sake, kinde pardon may deface,  
A fault so small, with breath of words made great.  
1680 *Cæf* Bright lamp of vertue, honors liuing flame,  
Whosoeuer winne, you can no losse sustaine:  
Whom partiall fortune list to crowne with fame,  
His be the day, the triumph and the gaine.  
The victor must be eyther your owne Lord,  
Or els your brother, who will both consent,  
To trie their fortunes with the dinte of sword,  
But shield you as the worlds chiefe ornament.  
If both we fall, (which hap the heauens forbid)  
All that suruiue, are subiect to your will.  
1690 Your birth, your state, your vertues are not hid:  
But knowne, and lou'd, and will be honored still.  
no ear so deaf which hath not heard your name; (mire  
Whose eares haue heard, their mindes your worth ad-  
Whose minds admire, their harts loue doth enflame,  
And winnes them subiect to your owne desire.  
No perils threaten you, you need not feare.

*Octa.*

of the vertuous Octavia.

*Octa.* But many you, and I their burthen beare.

*Cæs.* Tis reason I, none els my grieffe sustaine.

*Octa.* Where nature forceth, reason is but vaine.

And therefore *Cæsar* heere I thee beseech, 1700

By these same scepter-bearing hands of mine:

By these same teares, true witnes of my speech;

By that same princely port and grace of thine;

By all the loue thou bear'st to *Acciaes* ghost,

By all the rightes that louing mindes hold deare;

Lay armes aside dismisse this puifant hoast,

Let friendly truce release my minde of feare.

If not, ile drowne my life in these same teares,

And tyre with plaints the *Pandionian* birdes:

Tyre th' *Halciones*, with grieffe that beares 1710

To high a straine, for highest clyming words.

Ile make the sunne for pittty cloath his steedes

In sorrows liuery, and disdaine your sight:

Force niggard *Pluto* with my wofull deeds,

To entertaine my soules disgraced flight.

Else will I flie and shrowde my face from shame,

Where *Pyndus* hides his head amongst the starres:

Or where ambitious *Othris*, wanting flame

Of heauenly lamps, the cloudes swift motion barres.

Ought will I doe, before these eies behold 1720

Death's vifrage painted in that princelie face:

Before ile see captiuitie, lay holde

On those faire lims, which merit highest grace.

Before ile see their bloudie weapons drinke,

The nectar of thy life, or Iuorie stain'd,

*The Tragicomædie*

- With vgly gore: O let me neuer thinke,  
Or hope till then, to haue this life maintain'd.  
Before that time, death is a welcōme gueſt  
To my liues lodging: and O ſiſters deare,  
1730 If euer pitty dwelt in dyrefull brest,  
Draw not my threed till that newes peirce mine care.  
How oft when ſleep inuites my drowſie eye,  
With natures curtaine to repell the light:  
And hide my minde from ſorrows tyranny,  
Vnder the darknes of the ſilent night?  
Shal thy pale ghooſt defil'd with deaths foule hand,  
Stand in my ſight, as in the cleereſt day:  
And fury-like arm'd with blacke fiery brand;  
Affright my minde and chaſe dead ſleep away?  
1740 Which being gone, fierce ſorrows cruell clawes,  
Seaze on my waking thoughts like tygers fell:  
And gripe my heart with ſharpe tormenting pawes,  
That thouſand times deaths rygour doth excell.  
*Cæſ.* O perfect vertue gracing woman kinde,  
Inuincible *Octauia* ceaſe to plaine:  
O had *Antonius* halfe ſo good a minde,  
No diſcord could betwixt vs two remaine.  
My Lords what thinke you, how may we proceed?  
High honor cries reuenge vpon our foes:  
1750 And yet *Octauia* croſſing this our deed,  
Cannot reſolue which of vs ſhe would looſe.  
*Agr.* I thinke it is a braue and Princely thing,  
With fire and ſword to ruinate our foes:  
But greater glory is it for a King,

To



*of the vertuous Octavia.*

To saue his subiects from wars common woes.  
Tis wisedome noble *Cæsar*, must aduance  
Our state beyond the reach of fortunes arme :  
Not fierce reuenge which workes effectes by chance,  
And glories most when most it worketh harme. 1760  
And valour, such as doth contemne all feare,  
And guild our actes with honor and renoune :  
With gentle clemencie, our deeds endeare, (downe.  
And mount with vertue where chance throwes vs  
*Mecæ*. The rarest thing a Princes fame to raise,  
Is to excell those that are excellent :  
All other to surmount in vertues praise,  
And be his kingdomes chieftest ornament.  
Make quiet peace within his coastes remaine,  
And succour those that liue in great distresse :  
From bloody slaughter euer to refraine, 1770  
With time, and wisedome, passions rage suppressse.  
These are the wings directing vertues flight.  
This is the fuell feeding honors flame.  
This is the path that leades to heauen aright.  
and sun-bright beames that guild braue *Cæsars* name.  
*Cæs*. Pitty my Lords, is often like a maske,  
That hides our eyes from seeing what is iust :  
Inuiting any t'vndertake the taske,  
To worke our woes and execute their lust.  
For to neglect the course we haue begun, 1780  
Were to betray our selues vnto our foes :  
Where keeping stronge though no exploite be done,  
Yet gaining nothing, nothing shall we loose.

Why

*The Tragicomædie*

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

1790 *Byl.* Thrice noble *Cæſar*, hither am I ſent,  
Hauing in charge from great *Mark Antony*:  
Th'ambaffage of his pleaſure to preſent,  
Before *Octauia* and thy maieſty.  
Firſt he commaunds *Octauia* to depart,  
Out of his houſe, and leaue all that is his:  
The reaſon why, he liſt not to impart,  
It muſt ſuffice that ſuch his pleaſure is.  
He likewiſe will, thy highneſſe knowledge take,  
How much he ſcornes thou ſhouldſt his wil withſtād :

1800 And thereof meanes with fire and ſword to make,  
A perfect demonſtration out of hand.

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

*Byl.* Fiue hundreth ſaile of warlike ſhips he brings,  
Wherewith the froathing Ocean he ſcours:  
And in his army are eight forraigne Kings,  
Eight Kings in perſon with their mighty powers.  
1810 A hundred thouſand well arm'd foote, are led  
Vnder *Canidius* their chiefe generall:  
Twelue thouſand horſe moſt ſtrongly furniſhed,

All.

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

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

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

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

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

Can this suffice your fetled thoughts to change? 1820

Are not our liues with mischiefes Ocean bounded?

*Octa.* Had I so many tongues to paint my woes,

As euer silent night had shining eyes:

Yet could not all their eloquence disclose,

The throwes of greefe which do my minde surprize.

But would to God, this world of misery,

Mought presently be trebled vnto me:

So that from imminent calamitie,

My deereft brother *Cæsar* mought be free.

For me, long since I wel discern'd the storme, 1830

And fought by all meanes how I mought preuent it:

But sith no wit can *Antony* reforme,

O 'tis not I, but he, that wil repent it.

I fear'd the stroke before I felt the wound,

But now resolu'd the worst of chance to bide:

True fortitude doth in my soule abound,

My honor scornes the height of fortunes pride.

The worst that can befall me is but death:

And O how sweete is his liues sacrifice,

On vertues altar that expires his breath, 1840

And in the armes of innocencie dyes.

[E 5]

They

*The Tragicomædie*

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

*Cæſ.* My Lords, I wil yee preſently proclaime  
Marke *Antony*, a foe vnto our ſtate:  
1850 That all his ſoueraignties yee ſtraight reclaime,  
And all his dignities annihilate.  
We will not ſee the *Romaine* Empires ſhine,  
By any ſeruile minde to be defamed:  
To manage ſteele our nature dooth encline,  
Of womens wanton toyes we are aſhamed.  
And therefore with ſuch haſt, as may be-fit,  
A matter that imports our deareſt blood:  
Weele meet *Antonius*, if the heauens permit,  
And what we ſay, there will we make it good.  
1860 Adiew *Octauia*, and your ſelfe prepare  
To runne what courſe of fortune I approue:  
If happie ſtarres to vs allotted are,  
Ile neuer be forgetfull of your loue.  
*Oct.* Honour attend thy ſteps, and till I ſee,  
The period of my worlds declining ſtate:  
Ile neuer to my ſelfe a traytor bee,  
But ſeeke the meanes to ſtay your mortall hate.

*Chorus.*

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

*Chorus.*

*Act IV*  
*Cho.*

**E**Arth-ruling heauenly powers,  
Great Ioues immortal mates:  
That from your Chrystall bowers,  
Dyrect all mortall states,  
And vs like Actors do dispose:  
To play what parts you list t' impose.  
Must we, poore we, consent  
To call you euer iust?  
Though you our harts torment,  
Euen after your owne lust?  
And for each drop of hoped ioy:  
Powre downe whole tempests of annoy.

1870

1880

And that which is much more,  
Looke what we best do deeme:  
Doth vex our mindes more sore,  
Then that wee least esteeme.  
And that which nature saith is best:  
By tryall yeelds vs smallest rest.  
Who dooth not wish, to weare  
The terrour breeding crowne:  
And direfull scepter beare,  
As badge of high renoune?  
Yet who more iustly do complaine:  
That they the brunt of woes sustaine.

1890

*Stand*

*The Tragicomædie*

*Stand who so list for me,  
In highest slipperie place:  
Though great their glorie be,  
Yet greater their disgrace.*

*And who so subiect to mischance:*

*As those whom fortune doth aduance.*

*These base earth-creeping mates,*

1900 *Proud enuie neuer spyes:*

*When at the greatest states,*

*Hir poysoned quiuer flies.*

*Each tempest doth turmoyle the seas:*

*When little lakes haue quiet ease.*

*Not those that are bedight,*

*With burnisht glistering gould,*

*Whose pompe doth steale our sight,*

*With wonder to behoulde:*

*Taft smallest sweet without much gaule:*

1910 *Nor finde true ioyes within their call.*

*This did the beauen's impose,*

*Not that they are vniust:*

*But for to punish those,*

*Who glory in their lust.*

*And our misdeeds procure vs still:*

*To seeke our good amongst much ill.*

*A monster honour is,*

*Whose eyes are vertues flame:*

*His face contempt of this,*

*Which*

of the vertuous Octauia.

Which we pale death do name.

1920

His Lyon heart nought else dooth feare :

But crowing cock of shame to heare.

His wings are high desires,

His feete of Iustice frame :

Food dangerous aspires,

His seate immortall fame.

Onely the traine of Enuies plumes,

With others growthe it selfe consumes.

1928

Actus Quintus.

Act V  
sc. i

Julia. Geminus. Camilla.

HATH *Geminus* beheld th'Ægyptian Queene,  
The auctor of the troubled worlds distresse?  
Hast thou hir guifts and rare perfections seene,  
That makes *Antonius* scences thus digresse?  
Tell vs, is she so admirable faire,  
That Italy hath none which may come nigh hir?  
Doth she all beauties else so much impaire,  
Or els indeed, dooth partiall fame be lye hir?  
Haue those hir eyes so rare an influence,  
To houlde and captiuat mens senses so,  
That foyling wit, and reasons best defence,  
They rauished, must needs themselues forgoe?

1940

*Gem.* I know not what may seem faire in your fight,  
Because some like what others discommend :

But

*The Tragicomædie*

But for my selfe, and if I iudge aright,  
Speaking of *Cleopatra* as a frend.

The fairest thing that in her may be seene :

Is, that she is a Ladie and a Queene.

Madame, that sun-burnt coast, yeelds not a face

1950 Which with the *Romain* beauties may compare :

There mought be found a thousand in this place ;

Whose naturall perfections are more rare.

*Iul.* How passing strange it seemes that *Antony*,

Should leaue the paragon of natures pride :

And follow hir whose shamefull luxurie,

Dooth make the world his folly to deride.

Whence should it spring, that such a thing should be?

Is this his folly, or the heauens decree?

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

1960 *Iul.* And I thinke not, for nature is the cause.

By nature we are moou'd, nay forst to loue :

And being forst, can we resist the same?

The powerfull hand of heauen we wretches prouue :

Who strike the stroke, and poore we, beare the blame.

*Cam.* Loue sure, frō nature tooke his birth by right,

But loue of what? *Iul.* Of beautie loues delight.

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

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

*Iul.* Desire doth spring, frō what we wish, and want,

1970 Dooth loose himselfe in winning of his faint :

Enioying dooth that humor quite supplant,

And therefore cannot this loues nature paint.

If loue were a desire, as you do guesse,

Sith



*of the vertuous Octavia.*

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

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

*Iul.* I thinke this loue a deepe affection sure,  
Wrought by th'instinct of natures hidden might, 1980  
Which in our hearts an vnion doth procure,  
With that which perfect seemes vnto our sight.  
Such is that loue which in vs doth arise,  
When such a beautie we do chauce to see:  
As with our nature best doth simpathize,  
Which nature, faultie is, and not poore we.

*Cam.* Wel, what is beauty? *Iu.* that which liketh best.

*Cam.* Which liketh whō? *Iul.* Some one aboue ſ̄ rest.

*Cam.* Why? some do like what others disalowe.

Some loue, what others hate: and few there are 1990  
In whom a like affection doth growe,  
Of any one thing, though the same be rare.  
Were beautie then such as you heere do name,  
One thing should be, and not be beautifull,  
One thing should be, and yet not be the same:  
And that me thinkes were strange and wonderfull.  
I rather thinke these outward beauties growe,  
From iust proportion and right fymmetrie:  
Of these same gifts which nature doth bestow,  
Vpon vs all in our natiuitie. 2000

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

To

*The Tragicomædie*

To whom the praise of beautie we ascribe,  
Yet do not all alike affect the same.  
Now, if this were the object of our loue,  
We all should like some one that were most faire:  
Who should alone most deepe affection moue,  
Whil's vulgar minds mought drown in deep despaire.  
But as no woman easily can end ure,

2010 To be depriu'd of beauties louely praise:  
So is there none so much deformed sure,  
That in some minds, affection doth not raise.  
Ther's none so faire whose beautie all respect,  
Although we were enforst it should be so:  
Some nothing faire, whom we must needs affect,  
Though reason, wit, and all the world say no.

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

*Iul.* I thinke because we lodge in natures frame.

Look how the Loadstone draws nought els but steele,  
2020 Though mettals far more pretious are about it:  
Yet this as his fit subiect seemes to feele  
His power attractiue, and moues not without it,  
Or as in diuerse instruments we see,  
When any one doth strike a tuned string:  
The rest which with the same in concord be,  
Will shew a motion to that fencelesse thing;  
VVhen all the other neither stirre nor playe,  
Although perhaps more musicall then they:  
So are our minds, in spight of reasons nay,  
2030 Strain'd with the bent of natures sympathie:  
VVhose powerfull force, no wit, no arte, can stay.

And

*of the vertuous Octavia.*

And if you aske a farther reason why:  
In these two things, but shew the cause of both:  
And then ile tell you why we loue, and loathe.  
Now, if the power of nature be so strong  
That euen sencelesse things yeeld therevnto:  
O why should we endure so great a wrong,  
To beare the blame of that which others doe.  
What liuing man can ceasse himselfe to be,  
And yet as possible as to refraine, 2040  
From that whereto our nature dooth agree:  
And spight of vs, doth vs thereto constraîne.  
Who can be angry with the sencelesse steele,  
For cleauing vnto this hard-harted thing?  
Or blame that which can neither heare, nor feele,  
For moouing to the other sounding string.  
If these may be excusd by natures lawes:  
O how much more should we be free from blame,  
Within whose tender hearts affection draws,  
Such deepe caractars leading to the same. 2050

*Cam.* Is beautie then, sole obiect of our loue?

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

*Cam.* I euer thought that vertue had been best.

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

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

*Iul.* To shew that vice the world hath ouergrowne.

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

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

*Ca.* The thing contemnd can we the name esteeme?

*Iul.* Yes all that are not such as all would seeme. 2060

*The Tragicomædie*

But fith this is the beautie of the minde,  
And nothing fits our naturall difcourfe:

Let vs excufes for *Antonius* finde,  
And to our former purpofe haue recourfe.)

*Cam.* No *Iulia*, no, your harueft is too long,  
For fuch a fimple croppe as you receiue:

You may not thus perfift the truth to wrong,  
And with your wit, the world feeke to deceiue.

But Lord how willing are we to inuent,

2070 And finde out couerts to obfcure our finne:)

As though to hide the fame, and not repent,  
Could vs preferue from being drownd therein.

Tis true, that nature did thefe buildings frame.

And true, that they to natures power are thrall.

And true, that imperfections foyle the fame.

And true, that we by natures weakneffe fall.

And this is true, that God vnnatured all,

And gaue vs wifdome to fuppreffe our will:)

He gaue vs perfect reason to recall,

2080 Affections fcoutes from following what is ill.)

Why we are men: and this fame fparke diuine,

Our trouping thoughts fould marfhall in fuch wife,

That no affect from reason fould decline,

Nor rebell paffion in our hearts arife.

Th'inftinct of nature, which doth all things moue,

Bids loue whereas you like without regarde:

But pietie faith, where tis lawfull loue,

Or els hell torments fhall be your rewarde.

*Octauia.*

of the vertuous Octauia.

Octauia. *Antonyes children.*

Act V

sc. ii

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

2091

2100

2110

*The Tragicomædie*

- Whiles I furuiue, they shall not be distressed.  
O *Antony*, borne of no gentle Syre,  
Some cruell *Caucasus* did thee beget:  
2120 Euen scencelesse things thy scencelesnesse admire,  
And seeme to feele, what thou seemst to forget.  
Oft haue I seene. these stones with pittie moued,  
Sheed dropping teares, lamenting my disgrace:  
When in thy heart where most it most behoued,  
No kinde remorse could euer finde a place.  
More milde then thee, I finde each cruell beast,  
For they but giue a smale-time lasting death:  
With endlesse greefe, my foule thou dost molest,  
Which euer killing, neuer stops my breath.  
2130 O failing piller of my falling state!  
O fading flower of vertues fairest field!  
O why shouldst thou so much degenerate,  
And honors byrth-right to dishonor yeeld.  
Yeeld to dishonour all that deare bought wealth,  
Which earthly kings doth in heauens kingdom place:  
Let thy mindes treasure fall away by stealth,  
By stealth contriue and worke thine owne disgrace.  
O *Erecina* that my Lord did know,  
As thy sonde boye shootes shaftes of swift desire:  
2140 So mightie *Ioue*, sharpe thunder-boults doth throwe,  
Confounding such as from his lawes retyre.  
He nurst in sinne, sees not his owne disgrace,  
Augmenting still, our sorrow and his shame:  
That greatnesse hides the danger from his face,  
But yet my care is doubled with the same.

The

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

The greedie Wolfe, and cruell rauening beare,  
Toucht with th'extremitie of hungrie paine,  
The guiltlesse cattle furiously do teare:  
And being fed, from crueltie refraine.  
But tyranizing greefe prayes on the heart, 2150  
And cloyed with fighes and teares doth stil perfeuer:  
His raging furie nothing may diuert,  
But still, itill fed, is satisfied neuer.  
O happie he, a thousand times and more,  
Whose quiet thoughts so milde a calme do gaine:  
That neither hope can force from safeties shore,  
Nor deepe despaire can sincke on mischiefes maine.  
But maiestie, and honour, for these too,  
Shalbe the onely obiects of mine eye:  
What vertue faith is iust, that will I doe, 2160  
Thus I resolute to liue, thus will I dye.

*Geminus. Byllius. Octauia.*

*Act V*  
*sc. iii*

And are you sure that *Antony* is slaine?  
May we beleue that this report is true?

*Byl.* Why should you with me to recount againe,  
The story that doth double greefe reue?  
O had you but discovered with your eyes,  
The face of woe in all that present were:  
Or heard their dolefull noyse and shrieking cries,  
You would haue cause to greeue and not to feare. 2170

*Oct.* What tragick tidings bring these wofull wights,  
That ring such peales of horror in mine eares?  
What vnknowne cause your martiall hearts affrights?

*The Tragicomædie*

What filent greefe in your fadde lookes appears?

*Byl.* Did but our words import the found of woe,  
To wound your eares withall were double finne:  
But fith your highneffe will, it should be fo,  
And that your safetie is contain'd therein;  
We will not from your grace conceale the fame;  
2180 And though we should, yet time will open all.  
From Ægipts common woes I lately came,  
And did bewaile *Antonius* wilfull fall.

*Oct.* Is *Antony* ore'throwne? *Byl.* Yes all is loft.  
His power and forces wholly are decayed:  
(He is deceiued by hir he loued most,  
By *Cleopatra* shamefully betrayed.)

And she that taught him first to swim in finne:  
Was euen the first that drown'd his life therein.

*Oct.* Ah, by what meanes did she my Lord abuse?  
2190 *Byl.* By such a meanes as leawd offenders vse.  
For when the warres at first pretended were,  
And that *Antonius* with him would not take hir:  
Shee fearing least hir selfe not being there,  
He haply mought be moued to forsake hir.  
Shee fees *Canidius* our cheefe Generall,  
Him to perswade, that she mought present be:  
He sues, obtaines, and we embarked all,  
Make ioyfull hast our wofull end to see.  
For whiles our powers of equall forces were,  
2200 And neither side could disaduantage spye:  
Like one that knew a secret cause of feare,  
Out of the armie she began to flye.



of the vertuous Octauia.

Loe, how no greatnesse can our conscience free,  
From inward horror of our wicked deeds:  
For that same better part of vs doth see,  
A greater power whose Iustice terrour breeds.  
But he, whose thoughts were to hir lookes enchained,  
Although the armie did no losse sustaine,  
As though for hir he had the world disdayned:  
Forsakes them all, and after flies amaine. 2210  
Whose causelesse feare so much dismaid the hoast,  
Who scorn'd to fight for him which runne away:  
That with small hurt, the battle there was lost,  
And *Cæsar* had the honor of the day.  
The Legions, thus deprivied of a guide,  
Themselues to *Cæsars* clemencie submit:  
*Antonius* basenesse they do all deride,  
And thinke a chamber were for him more fit.  
But Lyon-harted *Cæsar* still proceeds,  
His strength is doubled, weakened is his foe: 2220  
Vnto *Pelusium* hastely he speedes,  
These fugitiues may not escape him so.  
There lay *Antonius* nauie in the rode,  
Who yeelded when *Augustus* fleet was seene:  
And likewise shewed how *Antony* abode,  
At *Alexandria* with this fearfull Queene,  
Who seeing thus himselve deprivied of ayde,  
Cryes out that *Cleopatra* hath betrayed him:  
She whether guiltie, or perhaps affraid,  
That frō hir slaughter nothing could haue staid him; 2230  
Flies from his fight, and falsely sends him word,

*The Tragicomædie*

That she (drownd in despaire) hir selfe had slaine :  
Wherwith enrag'd, he takes a bloudie sword,  
And breathing out these speeces all in vaine ;  
O *Cleopatra* princeesse of my heart ;  
And art thou dead ? lo dying I adore thee :  
This more then death, doth now procure my smart,  
That wanting courage, I went not before thee ;  
With that, yet warme death-couloured instrument,  
2240 In his faire brest he did the gate set ope,  
Which to the earth, his bloudlesse lims hath sent :  
His dying soule vp to the heauens I hope.  
And is he dead ? *Byl.* His better part yet liueth,  
But to his corps a tombe sweet quiet giueth.  
    *Octa.* O poore *Promethius*, now I feele thy paines,  
Greefes greedie vulture feedes vpon my heart :  
Vpon my head a shower of mischiefè raines,  
And all the heauens conclude to worke my smart.  
O my *Antonius*, O my Lord, my Lord :  
2250 O that *Octauia* had been slaine for thee ;  
O that the heauens would vnto me afford,  
That this my bloud might thy liues ransome be.  
Mine was the wound thou gauest that noble brest,  
That purple streame extracted from my heart :  
In my deepe passions is thy death exprest,  
Thou felst the stroke, but I endure the smart,  
And O that greefe did not thus stop my breath,  
And all my words dissolue in showers of teares,  
That I might worthily lament thy death :  
2260 And *Catadupa*-like, dull all mens eares.

Vnhappy

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

Vnhappy world, the pilgrimage of paine,  
The stage where mischief acts a dyreful part :  
What hast thou had, what dost thou now containe,  
Which but a thought of pleasures mought impart.  
Not one care-wanting houre my life hath tasted :  
But from the very instant of my birth,  
Vncessant woes my tyred heart haue wasted,  
And my poore thoughts are ignorant of mirth.  
Looke how one waue, another still pursueth,  
When some great tempest holds their troupes in chafe : 2270  
Or as one houre an others losse reneweth ;  
Or posting day supplyes anothers place ;  
So do the billows of affliction beate me,  
And hand in hand the stormes of mischief goe ;  
Successiue cares with vtter ruine threate me ;  
Griefe is enchain'd with griefe, and woe with woe.  
Yet must I beare it with a patient minde :  
For why the heauens haue this to me assign'd.

*Chorus.*

*Act V*  
*Cho.*

**I***Nexorable fates,*  
*That on both high and low,*  
*Your equall rigour shew :*  
*Correcting all estates,*  
*And stately mindes suppressing.*  
*Your fauour none may winne,*

2281

[F 5]

*No*

*The Tragicomædie*

*No cloake or faults can hide:  
But needs we must abide,  
The punishment of sinne,  
And hope for no releasing.*

1290 *No greatnes may withstand,  
No words can pittie mooue:  
But we must all approoue,  
The vigour of your hand:  
Great Ioues decrees expressing.*

*Great Ioues decrees, which some,  
Fate, fortune, chance, doe name:  
Are not indeed the same,  
But heauens eternall doome,  
Our witleffe steps directing.*

1300 *Their speech exceedes our skill,  
Their words pierce not our eares:  
But in our life appeares,  
The legent of their will:*

*Our errours misse correcting.  
Then let the greateſt know,  
Dole on their ruine feedes:  
Whiles they obscure vile deedes,  
Vnder a glorious ſhew;  
The vulgar ſort infecting*

1310 *Octauius ſtill diſtreſt,  
Doth not to vs declare,  
How they moſt wretched are,*

*Who*

*of the vertuous Octauia.*

*Who are with grieſe oppreſt :*  
*But ſhewes what heauen requireth.*  
*How through affliction great,*  
*Great troubles and annoy :*  
*We finde the doubtfull way,*  
*That leades to vertues ſeate :*  
*Which wiſedomes ſelfe deſireth.*  
*In faireſt chriſtall ſtone,* 2320  
*Let men her tropheys ſhew :*  
*That all the world may know,*  
*Heere liueth ſuch a one,*  
*As vertues height aſpireth.*

*Sharpe grieſe and ſweet delight,*  
*Are Gyants to approoue :*  
*If ought may vs remoue,*  
*And turne vs from the right,*  
*Thence double errour ſpringeth.*  
*The weakeſt wrought his fall,* 2330  
*Whiles that Octauia true :*  
*The other did ſubdue.*  
*And purchaſt therewithall :*  
*That fame her honor ſingeth.*  
*A monument moſt rare,*  
*Of pure Arabian gold,*  
*The higheſt worth t'unfold,*  
*Let arte for her prepare :*  
*Who time in tryumph bringeth.*

*Time*

*The Tragicomædie*

- 2340 *Time shall endeare thy name,  
With honors breath make sweet:  
The garland is most meete,  
For such as winne the same;  
Thy vertue best deserued.  
Whiles any sparke of worth,  
Doth lodge in womans brest:  
Thy praise among the rest,  
Be euermore hencefoorth,  
In noblest mindes preferued:*
- 2350 *Of Diamonds most pure,  
A tombe let Angels frame:  
And there engraue her name,  
For euermore t'endure,  
T'eternity reserued.*

*L'aqua non temo de l'eterno oblio.*

*FINIS.*



To the honorable, ver-  
tuous, and excellent : Mistresse  
*Mary Thinne.*

W

Orthy of all the titles of honor, y<sup>e</sup> nature, vertue, wisdom and worth, may bestow on their worthyest, & most fauoured possessors : hauing lately extracted the memory of *Octauia* out of the ashes of obliuion : my thoughts continuing (perhaps longer then was fitte) the current of that streame, haue made some idle houres conuert themselues into the misliue Epistles betweene the vertuous *Octauia* and the licentious *Antony*, wherein although my slender skill, hath no way bin answerable to the height of your noble conceipt, that the sight of them mought breed you the least content : yet since they are done (presuming vpon your accustomed Clemency) I humbly submit them to your fauourable censure. If you therefore who are the mo-  
ther

*The Dedicat.*

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

Humbly yours,  
*S. B.*





## The Argument.

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

## *Octavia to Antonius.*

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

Where

*Octavia.*

Where he doe liue or no :  
So stood I sencelesly appal'd, 30  
With horror of the thing,  
Which now alasse, too well I finde,  
Doth my destruction bring.  
How faine I would not haue beleeu'd,  
That thou shouldst faithlesse be :  
How faine I would haue made my selfe,  
A lyar false for thee.  
But thou art gone, fled and forsworne,  
And naught may thee recall :  
Thou liuest secure and tak'it no care, 40  
What may poore me befall.  
O deep dissembling faithlesse man,  
That dost me thus beguile :  
S'daine not of her thou louedst once,  
To heare the truth a while.  
Was it for this thou shedst those teares,  
O Crocodile vnkinde,  
When lastly thou didst part from me,  
With shew of constant minde ?  
Did not those showring eyes assure 50  
A neuer-changing loue ?  
Did not that periur'd lying tongue,  
Their euidence approoue ?  
Did not those foulded armes, embrace  
This body now despis'd ?  
And that dissembling heart relent,  
With too much loue surpriz'd ?  
O deare *Octavia* (didst thou say)

G

Though

*Octavia.*

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

Should

*Octavia.*

Should better furnisht be.  
How mought I but conceiue, what cause 90  
Mought thee heereto compell:  
Vnlesse my selfe haue been the same,  
In louing thee too well.  
What beauty, pleasure, wealth or wit,  
So rare doth *Nilus* breed?  
But *Tyber* may therewith compare,  
If not the same exceed.  
Some fond affection hath bewicht,  
Thy Princely minde I feare:  
O that I could my doubtful thoughts, 100  
From such suspition cleare.  
What is there no more power, or force,  
In vertues sacred shield:  
But noble mindes must basely fall,  
And to affection yeeld?  
Or was this sweet eare-pleasing word,  
But placed on thy tongue?  
And neuer planted in thy heart,  
Still nurst with poison stronge. 110  
No such inordinate affectes,  
In vertuous mindes haue place:  
True noble hearts can not indure,  
So mighty a disgrace.  
He is no prince that subiect is,  
And subiect vnto sinne:  
But slaue-borne witches, they are call'd,  
Which do delight therein.  
Vaine, foolish, blinde, vnpure,

*Octavia.*

- Dishonest, idle mindes,  
120 Vnlawfull loue, to vile desires,  
With fonde affection bindes.  
This is the hand, which doth the raynes  
Of modesty vndoe:  
And nothing is so base or vile,  
Which it perswades not to.  
The mortall foe of reasons good,  
Th'inuenter of deceit:  
The plague infecter of the minde,  
The deadly poysoned bayte.  
130 The furious-tempest-breathing breath,  
To euery quiet minde:  
The map of mischief, where the world  
Naught els but greefe can finde.  
The noble *Scipio*, whom the world  
So highly doth adore:  
Could not be conquered by this foe,  
And honored was therefore.  
Tis greater shame, to him that should  
Correct anothers misse:  
140 To merite well deserued blame,  
Then to him that subiect is.  
Tis greater glory to defend,  
Or selues from errors great:  
Then by supplanting other men,  
To gaine a Princely seate.  
Then suffer not thy selfe aliue,  
To be entomb'd in shame:  
Remember how thy former deeds,

Deserue

*Octauia.*

Deferue immortall fame :  
Procure not to thy golden day  
Of life, an euening darke. 150  
Within the hauen of repofe.  
Drowne not thy conquering barke.  
Though this licentious life of thine,  
Sweet pleasures feeme to bring :  
A bitter fweet thou fhalt it finde,  
Which flowes from fuch a fpring.  
But Ægyptes fertile foile, perhaps  
Thy greedy thoughts doth holde :  
Allured with th'abundant ftore, 160  
Of minde-bewitching gold.  
If vertue, honor and renowne,  
Be of a fmall prize :  
Then mifers foode which thou efteem'ft,  
Thou maift vs well defpife.  
But if more worth remaine in them,  
Then thou couldft euer fee :  
Then *Antony* thou art not him,  
I tooke thee for to be.  
O bafeft minde that euer liued, 170  
And bare fo braue a name :  
To fly the filuer ftreames of worth,  
And bafe in filthy fhame.  
O that thou couldft fo leaue thy felfe  
A while that thou mought'ft finde :  
How hatefully the world doth fcorne,  
The bafenef of thy minde.  
How faine I would not now beleeeue,

*Octauia.*

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

Strife,



*Octavia.*

Strife, murthers, and debate.

O scencelesse minde of foolish man,

210

Which sees not what it hath :

But wanting in excessiue store,

Continues errors path.

Thou shalt not need such store of wealth,

Thy wastage for to pay :

When thy offending soule to hell,

Olde *Charon* shall conuay.

O seeke thy wealth in vertues mines,

If thou true ioyes wilt finde :

All other things vnconstant are,

220

And lighter then the winde.

But wanton lust procures thy fall,

And workes my world of woe :

An enemy of honest mindes,

Rare vertues common foe.

What plague infernall worse then this,

Whose poysoned baite doth gaine :

Both to the body and the soule,

An euerlasting paine.

What multitudes of soules are lost ?

230

What Citties ouerthrowne ?

What Kingdomes by licentious lust,

With ruine ouergrowne ?

Let deep lamenting *Greece*, declare

Th'effect of hatefull lust :

Or that which once was called *Troy*,

Now nothing els but dust.

And had not women had the wit,

The

*Octania.*

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

Which

*Octavia.*

Which worke the same effect.

O fly inordinate delights, 270

Each pleasure hath his paine :

And he that stained is with sinne,

Cannot be cleane againe.

Let *Deniz* torne vntombed corps,

Sufficiently declare,

How this same loathsome vice doth make

Hir best attendants fare.

Dost thou not know, the fages teach,

A man should neuer doe :

The thing that wicked is and vile, 280

Nor yet consent thereto ?

Though warely he did foresee,

It mought escape the light :

And be most secretly conceald,

And hid from all mens sight ?

How far thou art (which shouldst excell)

From being excellent :

Do but behold and view thy selfe,

By this their president.

Who publikly hast sould thy selfe 290

Vnto eternall shame :

And like a scenceleffe blinded man,

Perfeuer'ft in the same.

Or haue some other pleasures strange,

Estrang'd thy minde from me ?

For (as men say) in that same court,

Great store of pleasures be,

We want not heere our true delights,

[G 5]

But

*Octavia.*

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

Then

*Octavia.*

Then vaine things to despise.  
Bring not thy selfe, thy house, thy queene,  
Vnto eternall shame: 330

In being much more then thy selfe,  
And farre lesse then thy name.  
Let no delight, make thee forget,  
What best befits thy state:  
He is no Prince, which his affects  
Cannot predominate.

VVho for his pleasure poyson drinkes,  
Though mixt with things most sweete:  
Should haue a name by my consent, 340  
For such a man more meete.

Or doost thou heere dislike perhaps,  
That *Delia* beares such swaye:  
And sacred vertues holy rights,  
Haue made thee flye away.  
Is chastitie so loathsome then

Vnto a wanton eare:  
That beautie is no beautie, where  
Such chaste desires appeare?  
Can looseneffe, which the wise dispraise, 350  
So please a noble minde:

That true nobility contem'nd,  
Sole pleasures there they finde?  
Then must I needs displease indeed,  
And know not what to say:  
For why the swine do most delight,  
The most defiled pray.  
The siluer fish, by nature doe

The

*Octania.*

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

They'l

*Octavia.*

They'l plague the periurde man.  
Then view thy selfe in glasse of truthe, 390  
And be not thus abusd:  
No honor euer crownd the man,  
That honesty refusd'.  
The nobler is the birth and place,  
From whence thine honor came:  
The more notorious is thy fault,  
If thou debase the fame.  
No, tis hir wit hath thee bewicht,  
Hir sweet delighting tongue:  
Which doth enchant thy wondring mind, 400  
And makes thee stay this long.  
This wit, indeed, were something worth,  
Were wisdome ioyn'd thereto:  
Yet not so much, that it should serue  
So many to vndoe.  
The earth hath not a thing so rare,  
Which wisdome would not flye:  
Yea rather hate and much detest,  
Then purchase shame thereby.  
Who can so loue a sporting wit, 410  
That it procure his fall:  
His kindnesse may be iudged great,  
But sure his wit is small.  
Then let vs loue base *Catiline*,  
For wit and noble blood:  
No, loathe him rather, for his wit  
Knew neuer what was good.  
And let vs *Varro* likewise praise,

For

*Octavia.*

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

The



*Octavia.*

The darke ensuing night.  
Proude time will burie beauties youth, 450  
In furrowes of decaye :  
Wert thou ten thousand times a prince,  
Thou canst not force it stay.  
All these fond pleasures (if fond things  
Deferue so good a name)  
Should not seduce a noble minde,  
To staine it selfe with shame.  
The time shall come, when all these same,  
Which seeme so riche with ioy :  
Like tyrants shall torment thy minde, 460  
And vex thee with annoy.  
When all those honye-tongued mates,  
Can but weepe and lament :  
That they by force, must part from thee,  
Whose vitall course is spent.  
When all thy greatnesse must be left,  
To such as shall succeed :  
When sweetest pleasures memory,  
Most dreadfull thoughts shall breede ;  
When this so much desired Sunne, 470  
Shall but displease thy sight ;  
And all things else shall seeme to want,  
The taste of sweete delight.  
When all the creatures of the earth,  
Cannot procurc thine ease :  
And friends, with showres of vaine-shed teares,  
Cannot thy greefe appease.  
When tyranizing paine, shall stop

The

*Octauia.*

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

What

*Octavia.*

What hath been wrought by you,  
Aboue thy head, thine eyes shall see 510  
The heauens to iustice bent :  
Below thy feete, the pit of hell,  
Ordain'd for punishment.

Ah poore *Antonius* how wilt thou,  
Abhorre thy wretched state :  
And most entirely then repent,  
But then t'will be too late.  
But thou great Emperour dost disdain  
Such sharpe rebukes to finde :

For pietie, and pittie both, 520  
Are strangers to thy minde.  
Thy braue heroick thoughts do sorne  
To stoope to these conceipts :  
To humble for such high reuolues,  
As honors praise awaights.

Then great *Herculian*, worthy prince,  
What Trophyes may we raise,  
To equall these thy great designs  
And manifest thy praise ?

Who may inough augment thy fame, 530  
To answere thy desert :

Who doost attempt with periury,  
To breake a womans heart.

A glory great, a conquest fit,  
For such as faithlesse be :  
For in thy deeds, the world may view,  
The worthe that is in thee.

More then a man thou wouldst be thought,

H

And

*Octavia.*

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

To

*Octavia.*

To satisfie their ire?  
How canst thou euer hope to pay 570  
The forfait of thy misse:  
VVhen powerfull Iustice shall impose,  
The iust reuenge of this.  
VVhich makes me pittie more thy state,  
Then greeue at mine owne wrong:  
To thinke how he whom I haue lou'd,  
Shall plagued be ere long.  
Yet know, though I detest thy fault,  
I beare thee no ill will:  
For if *Antonius* will returne, 580  
He shall be loued still.

*To which shee receiued this answer  
following.*

*Antonius to Octavia.*

**A**mongst the monstrous stormes of woe,  
Which do my soule surprize:  
Thy direfull plaints *Octavia*, were  
Presented to mine eyes.

O heauens! how crossly haue you set,  
Your still repugnant starres? 590  
Which crossly, crosse my tyred life,  
With mortall ciuill warres.  
I see, and know, that to be true,  
Which thou dost heere obiect:  
I see thou rightly callest that wrong,  
Which I may not correct.

*Antony.*

I finde my selfe engulft in greefe,  
Entrapt in mischiefes power:  
Yet cannot I auoide the ftorme,  
600 Though it my life deuoure.  
Of force my heart must condiscend,  
To what thou doft require:  
Yet cannot I performe the thing,  
Which is thy chiefe defire.  
I know the safe, and perfect way,  
Which reafon faith is beft:  
Yet willingly I follow that,  
Which wifdom liketh leaft.  
What reafon will, that fame would I,  
610 And wifdom would fo too:  
But fome thing greater then vs all,  
Will not confent thereto.  
That time, that day, thofe lookes, thofe words,  
Are yet fresh in my minde:  
When my departure, mutuall greefe,  
Vnto vs both affign'd.  
Thofe teares, I yet remember well,  
Whiles I did thee imbrace:  
Thofe fetled filent fpeaking lookes,  
620 Plac'd in each others face.  
My words which true loue did endite,  
And faith confirme the fame:  
(For constant truth did at that time,  
Secure my thoughts from blame.)  
My heart was free from thought of change,  
My minde from false entent:

I fcornd

*Antony.*

I scornd a false dissembling worde,  
And nought but truthe I meant.  
But since mine eyes enrich their sight,  
With *Cleopatras* face: 630  
My thoughts another object found,  
My heart another place.  
Which object so allur'd my minde,  
With ravishing delight:  
That wanting hir, I thought each day,  
An endless tedious night.  
My very thoughts fram'd all my wordes,  
To *Cleopatras* name:  
Yea, when most great affaires withdrew,  
My fancie from the same: 640  
Mine eyes were blinde, mine eares were deaffe,  
My minde did scencelesse proue:  
But when they saw, heard, or perceiu'd,  
Hir face, hir name, hir loue:  
No pleasures could my fancie please,  
No mirth it selfe endeare:  
Wherein th'Idea of hir face,  
Did not to me appeare.  
What reasons left I vnapprou'd,  
What counsailes force? to breake 650  
The sweete captiuing band of loue,  
But all I found too weake.  
He is deceiued, that thinks to finde,  
A countermine in loue:  
And woe is me, that speaking this,  
I speake but what I proue.

*Antony.*

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

The



*Antony.*

The Gods do giue and take the fame,  
They make vs loathe and loue.  
Then deare, why shouldst thou so vpbraid  
And sharply reprehend:

690

Thy *Antony*: for such a fault  
As he may not amend.

If in my heart I did thee hate,  
Then were I worthy blame:

But I haue euer lou'd thee well,  
Who well deseruedst the fame.

And though I cannot thee afford,  
The dearest of my heart:

Yet needst thou not thus to complaine,  
Who hast so large a part.

700

No day, no night, their posting course,  
So speedily could frame:

But they beheld, my thoughts, returne  
Due homage to thy name.

When bloody terror, danger, death,  
Vpon me did lay houlde:

Thy memory reuiu'd my minde,  
And made my courage bolde.

No not a thousand fierce assaults,  
And perils many moe:

710

Could euer force my louing heart,  
*Octauia* to forgoe.

But tyrant loue, me from my selfe,  
And from my Queene doth steale:

And pardon me though I perhaps,  
Too great a fault reueale.

H 4

And

*Antony.*

And pardon needs, I must obtaine,  
If this so much offend:  
For heere my loue did first begin,  
720 And heere my life must end.  
Heere will I shew, I neither am  
Vnconstant, nor vnkinde:  
For *Cleopatra* whiles I liue,  
Shall me most constant finde.  
Why am I call'd an Emperour,  
If I should subiect be:  
And be compeld to leaue the thing,  
VVhich most delighteth me?  
No deare *Octavia*, thy request  
730 Can neuer be fulfilld:  
Let Gods be Gods, and Kings be Kings,  
For none but cowards yeeld.  
VVere she as *Baucis*, when she lodg'd  
Hir vnknowne greatest guest:  
VVere she a Lyon, Lybert, VVolfe,  
Or some worse sauadge beast;  
VVere she a furie, or what else,  
VVhose presence glads my heart,  
And to my rauisht captiue soule,  
740 Such sweetnesse doth impart;  
I would exceede *Ioues* simple gulfes,  
And giue the machine round,  
And all the treasures, wealth, and store,  
Which therein may be found.  
I would from parents, children, friends,  
My dearest thoughts remoue.

Surrender

*Antony.*

Surrender scepter, kingdome, crowne,  
For to enioy my loue.

And by my bounty, truth and zeale,  
The erring world should see:

750

No base, or seruile, scorned thought,  
Had euer place in me.

I would disdaine a monark should,  
But equall my desire:

My constant faith should farre exceed,  
The height of all aspire.

They do but blow the coales of hate,  
Which my designs improve:

If euer fault may pardon get,  
O pardon faulty loue.

760

I grant, I were a monster vile,  
Vnworthy of my life:

If I should hate, or thee disdaine,  
Who wast my spouse and wife.

But *Cleopatraes* dearest loue,  
In me doth beare such sway:

That I enuy or mallice none,  
So I may her enioy.

And say not, tis a shamefull thing  
To loue a stranger so:

770

For loue I must, and loue I will,  
Though all the world say no.

The gods I hope wil not be mou'd,  
Such sharp reuenge to take:

On those which erre, but in such faults,  
As they themselues did make.

[H 5]

Were

*Antony.*

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

As

*Antony.*

As mought content and please you both,  
Who both your felues oppose.

No *Hercules* can this performe,

No *Sphynx* this doubt exclude:

810

Yet thus I fully am resolu'd,

And thus I doe conclude;

The knot which cannot be vndone,

In funder thus I strike:

Heere will I liue, heere will I bide,

And loue you both alike.

Let *Cæsar* fight, *Octauia* frowne,

Let children waile and weep:

Thus I resolute, and thus I vow,

Which vow ile firmly keep.

820

And if your mallice, and perhaps

My fortune, doe procure:

That all my words and deeds, the worst

Construction must endure:

My constant truth, and minde resolu'd,

That worst must needs abide:

For why from this well grounded loue,

My heart shall neuer flide.

Thou all things truly seest indeed,

But neuer spyest the wound:

830

By which my sweet affecting thoughts,

Their endlesse thraldome found.

By which my prayer-scorning heart,

Is brought to condescend:

To which that this my chiefe desire,

Mought not too much offend.

Aske,

*Antony.*

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

For

*Antony.*

For to perswade me booteles is,  
To force me is more vaine.  
Though al the world shouldme withstand  
I will not be withheld, 870  
A Prince dislikes to be gaine-said,  
But scornes to be compel'd.  
And it may be (for who can tel,  
What absence may procure)  
That faire *Octavia* neuer could,  
So long time chaste endure.  
Ah, can I thinke in such excesse,  
Of liberty and store,  
Of *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and what els,  
May be desired more. 880  
Amongst so many tedious daies,  
And nights, of great disport;  
Amongst such braue heroicke Lords,  
As to that Court resort;  
That thy vnmoued minde, can be  
So tyed to *Vestaes* rightes,  
But that sometimes it will consent,  
To *Venus* sweet delights?  
Can that faire face, which in all hearts  
Doth high affection moue: 890  
Resist so many strong attempts,  
As will assault thy loue?  
No, no, they are not alwaies true,  
Which doe most truely speake:  
If it were so, how then am I,  
More then a woman weake?

And

*Antony.*

And yet my conscience doth dissent,  
And plainly this deny:  
And yet suspicion doth maintaine,  
900 It cannot be a lye.  
O how can he be euer brought,  
To thinke another true:  
Who through the guilt of his owne minde,  
The others life doth view?  
And should I then returne to *Roome*,  
Mine honor thus to foile?  
No, rather let me finde a tombe,  
In any forraigne foyle.  
And since thou knowest (O too too well)  
910 *Antonius* high disgrace:  
He must prouide of all the world,  
Not to beholde thy face.  
Thy face the lecture of his misse,  
The mirrour of his shame:  
The euer wounding rod, and spur  
Of my eclipsed fame.  
The disproportion of our thoughts,  
Could neuer well agree:  
Thou still shouldst hate my faithlesnesse,  
920 I blush thy truth to see.  
A fault doth neuer with remorse,  
Our mindes so deeply moue:  
As when anothers guiltlesse life,  
Our errour doth reprove.  
But be it, that from all those doubtles,  
I could my minde set free:

Yet



*Antony.*

Yet whiles ambitious *Cæſar* liues,  
I may not come to thee.  
Let all the world perſwations uſe,  
And their beſt counſell giue: 930  
For me, I neuer will be drawne,  
In dangers mouth to liue.  
I cannot brooke, another ſhould,  
Be mightier then I:  
An equall in th'imperiall ſeate,  
My heart doth much enuy.  
And who ſo ſimple, that will looke  
For faith or truth in thoſe:  
Whoſe faithleſnes may hap to gaine,  
Whoſe truth a crowne muſt looſe. 940  
There is no truth in ſuch, whoſe hearts,  
An Empire doe affect:  
Competitors may talke of truth,  
But doe all truth neglect.  
And be it, that we could agree  
Which hath been ſeldome knowne:  
Yet ſtill in time, from priuate grudge,  
Such quarrels great haue growne.  
Such bloody deeds, ſuch ſtrife, debate,  
Such outrage, murther, death: 950  
That words, and oathes and al, haue prou'd  
But vaine diſſembling breath.  
No nature, reaſon, counſell, wit,  
Ambition can conſtraine,  
To hold vnuiolable truth:  
Or conſcience to detaine.

*Antony.*

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

F I N I S.

*Errata.*

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

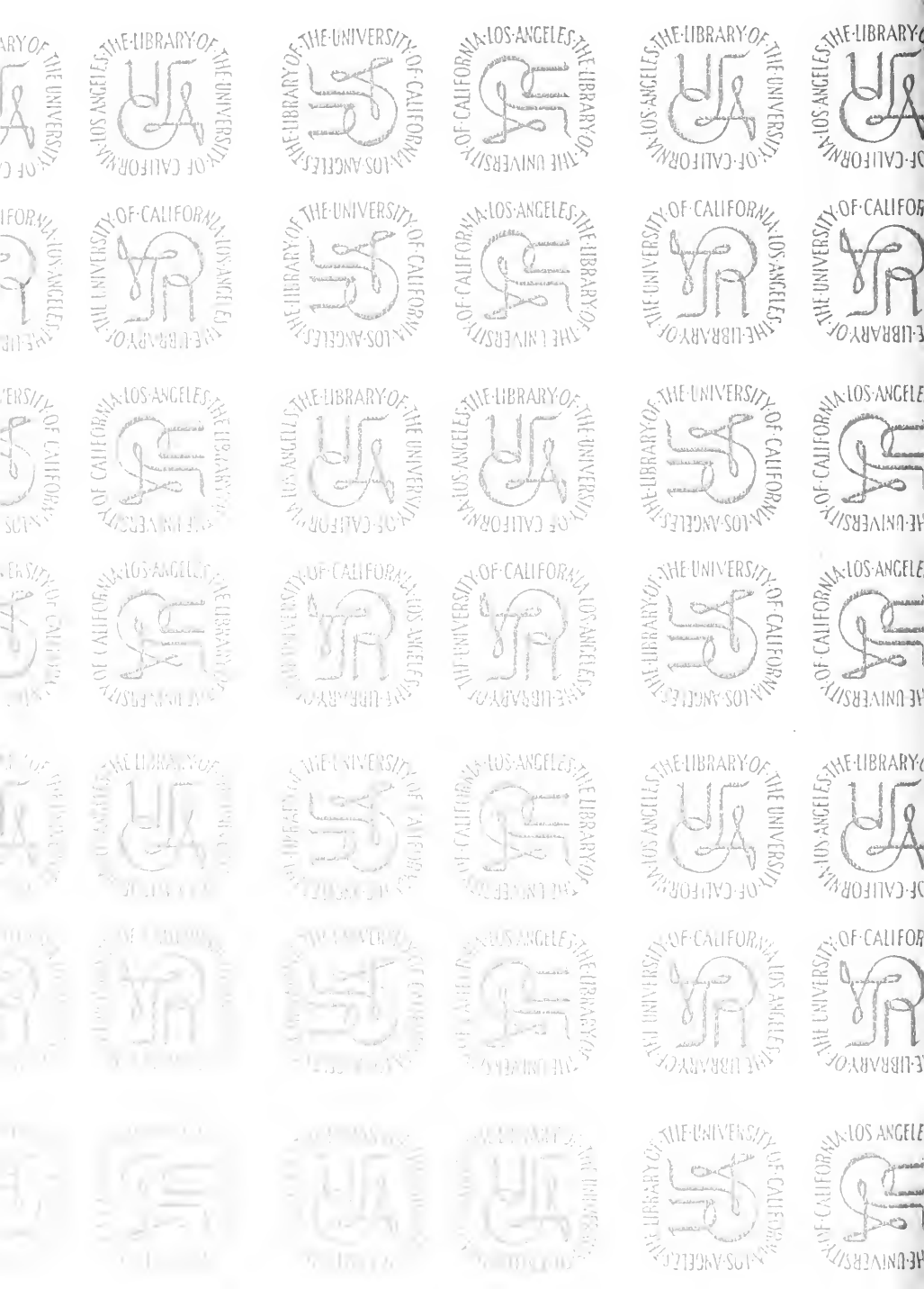
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