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1910

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1965

THE WOUNDS OF CIVIL WAR
BY THOMAS LODGE

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1910

This reprint of the *Wounds of Civil War* has been prepared by J. Dover Wilson with the assistance of the General Editor.

Dec. 1910.

W. W. Greg.

PR
2659
L822W
1910

Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War* was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company as follows :

xxiiij^{to} Die maij [1594]

Entred for his copie vnder thand of Master Cawood a booke intituled the woundes of Civill warre liuely sett forth in the true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla vi^d C.
[Arber's Transcript, II. 650.] John Danter ./.

In pursuance of this entry a quarto duly appeared from Danter's press with the date 1594. Of this, the only early edition known, various copies are extant. For the purpose of the present reprint four have been collated throughout, those namely preserved in the Bodleian Library and the Dyce collection at South Kensington, together with the two at the British Museum, one (C. 12. e. 16) forming part of the Royal library and one (C. 34. d. 20) of the Garrick collection. The Royal copy is a duplicate from the Bridgewater Library. The last leaf, which is blank, is present in the Bodleian and Dyce copies, but is wanting in both those at the British Museum. Besides the usual differences due to accidental causes, these copies present a number of definite variants originating in intentional alterations made in the type while the sheets were passing through the press. With rare and doubtful exceptions the two copies at the British Museum agree together against a similar agreement of the Bodleian and Dyce copies. Details are recorded in the list of readings given below; it is sufficient to observe here that the outer forme of sheet A is more correct in the former, while the outer forme of sheet C and the inner of sheet D

are more correct in the latter group. The original is badly printed in an ordinary roman type of a body approximating to modern Pica (20 ll. = 84 mm.).

The text is divided into five acts, but the divisions are not always accurately marked. The distribution has been corrected, and that into scenes added, in the margin.

The authorship of the play is assigned on the title-page to Thomas Lodge, an ascription which has been accepted by every one since Winstanley, who for some reason includes '*Marius and Scylla*' among the tragedies of Lodovic Carlell.

The facsimile of the title-page which accompanies the present reprint has been made from the Bodleian copy. In this the date is partly cut away. Unfortunately the copies which show the date best are in other ways unsuitable for reproduction.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

including variants between copies

N.B.—The letters BM stand for the agreement of the two British Museum copies.

<i>Title</i> Sunne in Paules	701 c.w. <i>Lncius</i> . (702 <i>Lucius</i> :)
(Sunne in Paules <i>Dyce</i>)	705 world.
3 Lictorius :	709 is
4 and Cynna : (Cynna : and	717 looks.
Mark Anthony : ?)	751 for me seem es <i>Dyce</i> :
25 Legionsfull (?)	for me see me <i>Bodl.</i> :
30 robdof (?)	for me seeme, <i>BM</i>
94 dishono r to (?)	(read for me seemes)
96 makethe (?)	761, 765 <i>flaue</i> :
98 Yer (<i>i. e.</i> Ere)	773 aSailer
103 <i>Licto</i> :	805 Capitoll,
131 Could (1 <i>doubtful</i>)	c.w. Lecto-
186 Scillas (Seillas <i>Bodl. Dyce</i>)	(806 Lectorius,)
197 spence	831 pal fies (?)
202 ihoul d laugh	834 Anrhonie,
227 mate (make)	837 rule (r <i>Dyce</i>)
234 Scilla proceeds	844 presumptions
(Scilla, proceed ?)	(presumptious <i>BM</i>)
277 agreein (?)	850 fway ? (fway.?)
317 discordsand	931 c.w. <i>Iailer</i>
394 ma de	939 dwels. (dwel <i>Dyce</i>)
395 fight, (fight : ?)	955 fame (fume <i>BM</i>)
398 Pontus (Pontus, ?)	bodie (bodiə <i>BM</i>)
401 name. (name, ?)	966 my (wy <i>BM</i>)
411 <i>Scilla</i> (<i>Scilla.</i>)	971 subdude (fuqdude <i>BM</i>)
418 T he (?)	974 <i>French-man.</i> (<i>Frehch-man.</i>
434, 440 <i>Scilla</i> (<i>Scilla.</i>)	<i>BM</i>)
465 falne, (falne ; <i>BM Royal</i> ?)	980 leaue (leane <i>BM</i>)
512 winch	983 hough (hongh <i>BM</i>)
572 friends.	984 il (ii <i>BM</i>)
575 Mithridates,	985 fera (<i>possibly fera in Bodl.</i>
584 Beheld (Be held)	<i>Dyce</i>)
585 there (their ?)	986 founta (fouut a <i>BM</i>)
lines, (liues,)	995 Quarante (Quarante <i>BM</i>)
665 c.w. Will (666 will)	996 danfoure (?)
697 in iustice (iniustice)	999 difpatch, (dispotch, <i>BM</i>)
701 be frend, (befrend.)	1000 his (fhis <i>BM</i>)

1069 Actus tertius. (<i>Act. III,</i> <i>sc. iii</i>)	1606 foe ?
1082 Ionia. (Ionia,)	1621 dangerwifedome (?)
1090 friends.	1625 that (that,)
1097 c.w. <i>Lu.</i> (1098 <i>Lucretius</i> :)	1657 c.w. <i>Corn</i> : (1658 <i>Cornel</i> :)
1109 read t hefe	1659 vnto (not to?)
1135 Valerius (Bafillus ?)	1660 fame. (fame, ?)
1152 yeeld	1714 T he
1154 B eleuee (?)	1727 Ivnto (?)
1188 foes. (foes. <i>Exeunt.</i>)	1730 Silla
1190 <i>onrootes.</i> (?)	1736 fought
1193 beftrepast (?)	1749 <i>Exeunt</i> (<i>Exeunt.</i>)
1204 count (count)	1798 c.w. <i>I fou</i> (in BM there are traces possibly of a broken letter following)
forrow.	1836 releefe, (releefe, ?)
1208 hells.	1842 doth
1215 Liues (Liue ?)	1866 AEsculapius
1266 fhore.	1879 <i>moritur</i> (<i>moritur.</i>)
1284 you pr refent (your present)	1932 quartus. (quintus.)
1285 foe man	1937 c.w. <i>Ima-</i> (1938 <i>Imagine</i>)
1295 Cynna haueyour (Cynna. Haue you ?)	1951 Phocida.
1303 farewell come (farewell. Come)	1977 My (<i>Carbo</i> : My)
1304 Afcourge (?)	1980 ftoope (ftoope ?)
1313 vs,	2007 <i>Caubo</i> : (<i>Carbo</i> :)
1370 c.w. Remem	2011 hence, (hence <i>BM</i>)
1383 lone (loue)	2012 It would be (Twould not be ?)
1390 throue,	2013 wh en (?)
1392 <i>iu:</i> (<i>pa:</i>)	2019 Ful-fild
1400 long Marius (long may Marius ?)	2021 <i>Lentulus.</i> (<i>Lentulus,</i> <i>Ca-</i> <i>rinna.</i> ?)
1416 Rome.	2026 linkes
1418 blood.	2032 Narbonus,
1448 contemnnd ?	2067 fhall be (?)
1455 octavius	2068 fell (?)
1477 c.w. That (The)	2077 makes
1501 ac counted (?)	2079 c.w. Oh (O <i>Bodl.</i>)
1511 <i>Cynn</i> :	2081 difconfetted
1512 publifhthis	2103 <i>aretreat.</i>
1596 In fteed	2104 Romaine
1601 fills	2149 c.w. Preferu (Preferue <i>an</i> <i>indistinct mark after the</i> <i>u in Bodl. and Dyce only</i>)

2159	y ou (?)	2427	defires
2179	<i>Luer</i> : (<i>Lucr</i> :)	2431	mytale.
2191	sprung (sprung :)		c.w. <i>Pop</i> : (2432 <i>Popp</i> .)
2206	dreeping (creeping ?)	2447	refignd,
2218	<i>Exeunt</i> (<i>Exeunt</i> .)	2463	vp braides
2234	Scillaand (?)	2465	th ese (?)
2253	c.w. <i>Pompey</i>	2485	fleepe.
2298	courage	2489	foule.
2305	perfwafions	2497	meete.
2325	Yee	2505	sexc.
	the mselues (?)	2507	land.
2355	<i>Ssilla</i> :	2529, 2532	(<i>not indented</i>)
2361	c.w. Romanes	2548	ouer-bear?
	(2362 Romanes :)	2578	faires,
2417	fore. but	2585	it
2419	feekes	2588	warre.
	(<i>line not full</i>)	2591	bleffe (?)

The bad printing of the original shows itself chiefly in the uncertain word-division. Only when a wrong division is quite clear has it been reproduced in the text, all doubtful cases being merely queried in the above list. The printer was very short of upper case letters and eked out his stock in various ways. Frequently an obvious lower case letter is used, but more often perhaps a small capital. In cases where these can be readily distinguished from the corresponding lower case letters, they have been replaced in the reprint by upper case: but in cases where the form of the letter is the same in upper and lower case, a lower case letter has been printed. A small initial 's', however, has been regarded as being a small capital (and consequently has been replaced by an upper case letter) on the ground that in such a position the long form would be normal in lower case. There are two slightly varying forms of the small 'w', one of which is probably a small capital, but the two seem to be used indifferently. An italic upper case letter is often replaced by the corresponding roman letter: the opposite change is less frequent.

The variations between the copies are readily analysable. The earliest state of the outer forme of sheet A is represented by Bodl. In working, some of the type on the title-page shifted as in Dyce. In BM this has been readjusted and an error on A4^v corrected (l. 186). The apparent variation of BM Royal on B4^v (l. 465) is probably accidental. The earliest state of the

outer forme of C is unrepresented in the four copies collated: the reading in l. 751 must have been 'feemes'. In Dyce the 'es' has already shifted away from the 'feem': in Bodl. the 's' has dropped out, the 'm' has left the 'fee' and joined the following 'e' and the 'fee' has also shifted further from the preceding 'me'. After this the forme was corrected, but the correction was wrongly made, for while the type was shifted back into place correctly, a comma was inserted in place of the lost 's': the reading therefore of BM is inferior both in form and punctuation. The great majority of the variants occur in the inner forme of D, which appears in a very incorrect state in BM. At least twelve obvious misprints were corrected in this forme before Bodl. was printed. Dyce also represents a corrected but rather later state, the ends of two lines (837, 939) having dropped out or become damaged. There is also a variant in the outer forme of H; but whether the comma at the end of l. 2011 has been inserted in Bodl. and Dyce or lost in BM, is not quite clear: most likely the latter, since there seems to be some trace of the last letter of the catchword on H₄ in the former but not in the latter copies. The variant in the catchword on H₃^v is evidently due to accidental causes.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of entrance.

SULPITIUS.		ARCATHIUS }
QUINTUS POMPEY.		ARISTION } captive princes.
JUNIUS BRUTUS.		ARCHELAUS }
LUCRETIVS.		ALBINOVANUS.
LECTORIUS.		a Soldier of Marius'.
LUCIVS MERVLA.		FLACCUS.
CINNA.		a Messenger.
CAIVS GRANIUS.		CORNELIA, wife of Scilla.
CAIVS MARIUS.		FULVIA, her daughter.
MARK ANTHONY.		a Soldier of Marius'.
SCILLA (i. e. Sulla).		a Clown, servant to Anthony.
MARIUS the younger.		three Soldiers of Marius'.
a Soldier of Scilla's.		a Captain.
LEPIDUS.		METELLUS.
PAUSANIUS	}	CARBO.
LUCIVS FAVORINUS		NORBANUS.
	Magistrates of Minturnum.	SCIPIO.
CETHEGVS.		PVBLIUS LENTVLVS.
a Slave of Cinna.		CARINNA.
OCTAVIVS.		a Soldier of Marius the younger's.
a young Citizen	}	TVDITANVS.
an old Citizen		two Citizens of Praeneste.
a Jailor.	of Romc.	VALERIVS FLACCUS.
PEDRO, a Frenchman.		CURTALL }
LVCVLLVS.		POPPEY } Burghers.
BASILLVS.		Genius.

Senators, lictors, captains, soldiers, an ancient, attendants on the magistrates of Minturnum, Roman lords, Moors, prisoners of divers nations, citizens of Rome, consular guard.

Archelaus and Scipio, whose entrances are noted at ll. 1073 and 2021 respectively, have no parts assigned them. Nor has Publius Lentulus (l. 2021) unless he is to be identified with Carinna (properly Carrinas a legate of Carbo's) who speaks

l. 2047, but whose entry is not marked. Flaccus appears as a supporter of Marius in IV. i, Valerius Flaccus as a supporter of Scilla in V. v, while a Valerius is named (perhaps in error for Basillus) at l. 1135. The words '*Appian solus.*' (l. 373) which now stand like a stage direction must seemingly have originated in a reference to an authority, namely the '*Civil Wars*' of Appianus, an Alexandrian historian of the second century.

THE WOUNDS of Ciuill VVar.

Liuely set forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla.*

As it hath beene publiquely plaide in London,
by the Right Honourable the Lord high
Admirall his Seruants.

Written by *Thomas Lodge Gent.*

O Vita! misero longa, falsi breuis.



LONDON,

Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold
at the signe of the Sunne in Paules
Church-yard.

1604. 2
A I RECTO (BODL. COPY)



The most Lamentable and
true Tragedies of Marius
and Scilla.

Enter on the Capitoll Sulpitius Tribune: Caius Marius: Q. Pompey Consull: Iunius Brutus: Lucretius: Caius Granius: Licorius: Lucius Merula Jupiters Priest: and Cynna: whom placed, and their Licors before them with their Rods and Axes, Sulpitius beginneth.

SULPITIUS TRIBVNE.



Raue Senators and Fathers of this State,
Our strange protractions & vnkind delays
wher waighty wars doth cal vs out to fight.
Our factious wits to please aspiring Lords,
You see hath added powre vnto our foes,
And hazarded rich *Phrigia* and *Bithinia*,
Wich all our *Asian* Holds and Cities too:
Thus *Scilla* seeking to be Generall,
(VWho is inuested in our Consuls Pall)
Hath forced murders in a quiet State:
The cause whereof euen *Pompey* may complaine,
VWho seeking to aduance a climbing friend,
Hath lost by death a sweete and curteous sonne.
VWho now in *Asia* but *Mithridates*,
Laughs at these fond discentions I complaine:
VWhile we in wrangling for a Generall,

A 2

Forfake:

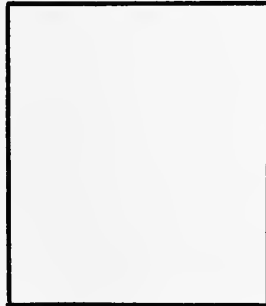
T H E
W W O V N D S
of Ciuill VVar.

Liuely fet forth in the true Tragedies of *Marius and Scilla*.

As it hath beene publicly plaide in London,
by the Right Honourable the Lord high
Admirall his Seruants.


Written by *Thomas Lodge* Gent.

O Vita ! misero longa, felici breuis.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Iohn Danter, and are to be sold
at the signe of the Sunne in Paules
Church-yarde

1 5 9 4.


 The most Lamentable and
 true Tragedies of Marius
and Scilla.

Enter on the Capitoll Sulpitius Tribune: Caius Ma- ^{Act 1}
rius: Q. Pompey Confull: Iunius Brutus: Lucretius: ^{sc. i}
*Caius Granius: Lictorius: Lucius Merula *Iupiters**
Priest: and Cynna: whom placed, and their Lictors be-
fore them with their Rods and Axes, Sulpitius begin-
neth.

S V L P I T I V S T R I B V N E.

G
 Raue Senators and Fathers of this State,
 Our strange protractions & vnkind delays
 wher waighty wars doth cal vs out to fight 10
 Our factious wits to please aspiring Lords,
 You see hath added powre vnto our foes,
 And hazarded rich *Phrigia* and *Bithinia*,
 With all our *Asian* Holds and Cities too:
 Thus *Scilla* seeking to be Generall,
 (VVho is inuested in our Consuls Pall)
 Hath forced murders in a quiet State:
 The cause whereof euen *Pompey* may complaine,
 VVho seeking to aduance a climbing friend,
 Hath lost by death a sweete and curteous sonne. 20
 VVho now in *Asia* but *Mitbridates*,
 Laughs at these fond discentions I complaine?
 VVhile we in wrangling for a Generall,

The true Tragedies of

Forfake our friends, forestall our forward warre,
And leaue our Legions full of dalliance,
VVaighting our idle wills at Capua.
Fie Romaines, shall the glories of your names,
The wondrous beauty of this Capitoll,
Perish through Scillas insolence and pride,
As if that Rome were robd of true renoune, 30
And destitute of warlike Champions now?
Loe here the man, the rumor of whose fame,
Hath made Hiberia tremble and submit;
See Marius that in managing estate,
Through many cares and troubles he hath past,
And spent his youth, vpon whose reuerend head
The milke-white pledge of wisdome sweetly spreds:
He fixe times Consul, fit for peace or warre,
Sits drooping here content to brooke disgrace,
VVho glad to fight through follies of his foes 40
Sighs for your shame whilst you abide secure;
And I that see and should recure these wrongs,
Through Pompeys late vacation and delay,
Haue left to publish him for Generall,
That merites better Titles farre than these:
But (Nobles) now the finall day is come,
VVhen I your Tribune studying for renoune,
Pronounce and publish Marius Generall,
To leade our Legions against Mithridates,
And craue (graue Fathers) signes of your content. 50

Q. Pomp: Beleeue me Noble Romaines, & graue Se-
This strange election, and this new made Law, (nators,
VVill witnes our vnstable gouernement,
And dispossesse Rome of her Emperie;
For although Marius be renownd in Armes,
Famous for prowesse, and graue in warlike drifts,
Yet may the sunne-shine of his former deeds
Nothing eclipse our Scillas dignity:
By lot and by election he was made,

Chiefe

Marius and Scilla.

Chiefe Generall againſt Mithridates, 60
And ſhall we then abridge him of that Rule ;
Twere iniurie to Scilla and to Rome :
Nor would the height of his all daring minde,
Brooke to the death ſo vile and fowle diſgrace.

Iu. Brutus: Why Pompey, as if the Senate had not
To appoint, diſpoſe, & change their Generals: (powre
Rome ſhall belike be bound to Scillas Rule,
VVhoſe haughty pride and ſwelling thoughts puſt vp,
Foreſhowes the reaching to proud *Tarquins* ſtate :
Is not his lingring to our Romaine loſſe 70

At Capua where he braues it out with feaſts,
Made knowne thinke you vnto the Senate here ?
Yes Pompey, yes: and hereof are we ſure
If Romaines State on Scillas pride ſhould lie,
Romes Conqueſts would to Pontus Regions flie :
Therefore graue and renowned Senators,
(Pillars that beare and hold our Rule aloft,
You ſtately, true, and rich Piramides)
Deſcend into the depth of your eſtates, 80
Then ſhall you finde that Scilla is more fit,
To Rule in Rome domeſticall affaires,
Then haue the Conqueſt of Bithinia,
Which if once got, heele but by death forgoe,
Therefore I ſay Marius our Generall.

Lucretius: Lo thus we ſtrive abroad to win renowne,
And naught regard at home our waning ſtates;
Brutus I ſay the many braue exploits,
The warlike Acts that Scilla hath atchieude,
Showes him a ſouldier and a Romaine too,
Whoſe care is more for Country than himſelfe : 90
Scilla nill brooke that in ſo many warres,
So hard adventures and ſo ſtrange extreames,
Hath borne the palme and prize of victory,
Thus with diſhonor to giue vp his charge :
Scilla hath friends and ſouldiers at commaund,

The true Tragedies of

That first will make the towres of Rome to shake,
And force the stately Capitoll to daunce,
Yer any robbe him of his iust renowne:
Then we that through the *Caspian* shores haue runne,
And spread with ships the Orientall Sea, 100
At home shall make a murder of our friends,
And massaker our dearest Countrimen.

Licto: The powre of *Scilla* nought will vaile gainst
And let me die *Lucretius* ere I see, (Rome,
Our Senate dread for any priuate man,
Therefore Renownd *Sulpitius* send for *Scilla* backe,
Let *Marius* leade our men in *Asia*.

L. Merula: The Law, the Senate wholly doth affirme,
Let *Marius* lead our men in *Asia*.

Cynna: *Cynna* affirms the Senates Censure iust, 110
And faith let *Marius* leade the Legions forth.

C. Granius: Honor and victory follow *Marius* steps,
For him doth *Granius* wish to fight for Rome.

Sulpitius: why then you sage and auncient Syres of
Sulpitius here againe doth publish forth, (Rome,
That *Marius* by the Senate here is made,
Chiefe Generall to lead the Legions out,
Against *Mithridates* and his Competitors,
Now victory for honor of Rome follow *Marius*.

Here let Marius rowse himselfe. 120

Marius: Sage and imperiall Senators of Rome,
Not without good aduisement haue you seene,
Old *Marius* silent during your discourse:
Yet not for that he feard to pleade his cause,
Or raise his honor troden downe by age,
But that his words should not allure his friends,
To stand on stricter tearmes for his behoofe:
Sixe times the Senate by election hath,
Made *Marius* Consul ouer warlike Rome,
And in that space nor Rome nor all the world, 130
Could euer say that *Marius* was vntrue,

These

Marius and Scilla.

These filuer haire that hang vpon my face,
Are witnesſes of my vnfaigned zeale,
The *Cymbrians* that yer-while inuaded France,
And held the Romaine Empire in difdaine,
Lay all confounded vnder *Marius* ſword,
Fierce *Scipio* the myrrour once of Rome,
whoſe loſſe as yet my inward ſoule bewailes,
Being aſkt who ſhould ſucceede and beare his Rule,
Euen this (quod he) ſhall *Scipios* armour beare, 140
And therewithall clapt me vpon the backe :
If then graue Lords, my former paſſed youth,
was ſpent in bringing Honors into Rome,
Let then my age and latter date of yeares,
Be ſealed vp for honor vnto Rome.

Here enter Scilla with Captaines and Souldiers.

Sul: *Scilla*, what means theſe Arms and warlike troops
Theſe glorious Enſignes and theſe fierce Allarms,
Tis proudly done to braue the Capitoll.

Scilla: Theſe Armes *Sulpitius* are not borne for hate, 150
But maintenance of my confirmed ſtate :
I come to Rome with no ſeditious thoughts,
Except I finde too froward iniuries.

Sul: But wiſedome would you did forbear,
To yeeld theſe flight ſuſpitions of contempt,
where as this Senate ſtudieth high affaires.

Scil: what ſerious matters haue theſe Lords in hand ?

Sul: The Senators with full decree appoint,
Old *Marius* for their Captaine Generall,
To leade thy Legions into *Asia*, 160
And fight againſt the fierce *Mithridates*.

Scilla: To *Marius*? Iolly ſtuffe: why then I ſee,
Your Lordſhips meane to make a babe of me.

Iu. Brutus: Tis true *Scilla* the Senate hath agreed,
That *Marius* ſhall thoſe bands and Legions beare,
which you now hold againſt *Mithridates*.

Scil: *Marius* ſhal lead them then, if *Scilla* ſaid not no,
And

The true Tragedies of

And I shall be a Consul shadow then,
Trustles Senators and ingratefull Romaines,
For all the Honors I haue done to Rome, 170
For all the spoiles I brought within her walles,
Thereby for to enrich and raise her pride,
Repay you me with this ingratitude:
You know vnkinde, that Scillas wounded Helme,
VVas nere hung vp or once distaind with rust:
The Marcians that before me fell amaine,
And like to winter haile on euery side,
Vnto the City Nuba I pursude,
And for your sakes were thirty thousand flaine:
The HIPPINIANS and the SAMNITS Scilla brought, 180
As Tributaries vnto famous Rome:
I, where did Scilla euer draw his sword,
Or lift his warlike hand aboue his head
For Romaines cause but he was Conquerour:
And now (vnthankeful) seeke you to disgrace,
And teare the plumes that Scillas sword hath wonne.
Marius I tell thee Scilla is the man,
Disdaines to stoope or vaile his pride to thee;
Marius I say thou maist nor shalt not haue,
The charge that vnto Scilla doth belong, 190
Vnlesse thy sword could teare it from my hart,
VVhich in a thousand folds impalls the fame.

Marius: And Scilla hereof be thou full assurde,
The honor whereto mine vndaunted minde,
And this graue Senate hath enhaunfed me,
Thou nor thy followers shall derogate,
The spence of yeares that Marius hath ore-past,
In forraine broyles and ciuil mutenies,
Hath taught him this, that one vnbrideled foe,
My former fortunes neuer shall oregoe. 200

Scilla: Marius, I smile at these thy foolish words,
And credit me shoul d laugh outright I feare,
If that I knew not how thy froward age,

Doth

Marius and Scilla.

Doth make thy fence as feeble as thy ioynts.

Marius: Scilla, Scilla, Marius yeeres hath taught
Him how to plucke so proud a yonkers plumes,
And know these haire that dangle downe my face,
In brightnes like the filuer Rodope:
Shall add so haughtie courage to my minde,
And rest such percing obiects gainst thine eies, 210
That maskt in follie, age shall force thee stoope. (fo,

Scil: And by my hand I sweare ere thou shalt mafe mee
My foule shall perish but Ile haue thy bearde,
Say graue Senators shall Scilla be your Generall.

Sulpitius: No the Senate, I and Rome her selfe agrees
Ther's none but Marius shall be Generall.
Therefore Scilla these daring tearmes vnfit,
Beseeme not thee before the Capitoll.

Scilla: Beseeme not me? Senators aduise you,
Scilla hath vowd whose vowes the heauens recorde, 220
VVhose othes hath pierst and searcht the deepest vast,
I and whose protestations raigne on earth:
This Capitoll wherein your glories shine,
VVas nere so preft and throngde with scarlet gownes,
As Rome shall be with heapes of slaughtred soules
Before that Scilla yeeld his titles vp.
Ile mate hir streets that peere into the clouds,
Burnisht with gold and Iuorie pillors faire,
Shining with Iasper, Iet, and Ebonie,
All like the pallace of the morning funne, 230
To swim within a sea of purple blood
Before I loofe the name of Generall.

Mar: These threats against thy country and these Lords,
Scilla proceeds from forth a Traitors hart,
VVhose head I trust to see aduanced vp
On higheft top of all this Capitoll:
As earst was manie of thy progenie,
Before thou vaunt thy victories in Rome.

Scilla: Graybeard, if so thy hart and tongue agree,

B

Draw

The true Tragedies of

Draw forth thy Legions and thy men at armes, 240
Reare vp thy standerd and thy steeled Crest,
And meete with Scilla in the fields of Mars,
And trie whose fortune makes him Generall.

Marius: I take thy word: Marius will meet thee there,
And proue thee Scilla a Traitor vnto Rome,
And all that march vnder thy traiterous wings,
Therefore they that loue the Senate and Marius
Now follow him.

Scilla: And all that loue Scilla come downe to him,
For the rest let them follow Marius 250
And the Diuel himselfe be their Captaine.

*Here let the Senate rise and cast away their Gownes, hauing
their swords by their sides: Exit Marius and with him Sulpiti-
us: Iu: Brutus: Lectorius.*

Q. Pompey: Scilla, I come to thee.

Lucretius: Scilla, Lucretius will die with thee.

Scilla: Thankes my Noble Lords of Rome.

*Here let them goe downe and Scilla offers to goe forth and
Anthony calls him backe.*

Anthony: Stay Scilla, heare Anthony breath forth, 260
The pleading plaints of sad declining Rome.

Scilla: Anthony, thou knowst thy hony words doo pierce,
And moue the minde of Scilla to remorse:
Yet neither words nor pleadings now must serue,
When as mine honor calls me forth to fight,
Therefore sweete Anthony be short for Scillas hast.

Anthony: For Scillas hast, O whither wilt thou flie?
Tell me my Scilla what dost thou take in hand?
VVhat warres are these thou stirrest vp in Rome?
VVhat fire is this is kindled by thy wrath? 270

A fire that must be quencht by Romaines blood,
A warre that will confound our Emperie,
And last an Act of fowle impietie.
Brute beasts nill breake the mutuall law of loue,
And birds affection will not violate,

The

Marius and Scilla.

The fenceles trees haue concord mongft themfelues,
And ftones agree in linkes of amitie,
If they my Scilla brooke not to haue iarre,
What then are men that gainft themfelues doo warre?
Thoult fay my Scilla honor ftirres thee vp: 280
Ift honor to infringe the lawes of Rome?

Thoult fay perhaps the titles thou haft wonne,
It were difhonor for thee to forgoe:
O, is there any height aboue the higheft,
Or any better than the beft of all?
Art thou not Consul? Art thou not Lord of Rome?
VVhat greater Tytles fhould our Scilla haue?
But thou wilt hence, thou wilt fight with Marius
The man, the Senate, I and Rome hath chofe.
Thinke this before, thou neuer liftft aloft, 290
And letteft fall thy warlike hand adowne,
But thou doft raze and wound thy Citie Rome:
And looke how many flaughtred foules lie flaine,
Vnder thy Enfignes, and thy conquering Launce;
So many murders makeft thou of thy felfe.

Scilla: Inough my Anthony, for thy honied tongue
VVaht in a firrop of fweete Conferuatiues,
Driueth confused thoughts through Scillas minde,
Therefore fuffize thee, I may nor will not heare,
So farewell Anthony, honor calls me hence, 300
Scilla will fight for glorie and for Rome.

Exit Scilla and his followers.

Merula: See Noble Anthony the truffles ftate of rule,
The stayles hold of matchles foueraignetie,
Now fortune beareth Rome into the Clowds,
To throw her downe into the loweft hells,
For they that fpread her glory through the world,
Are they that teare her prouwd triumphant plumes:
The hart-burning pride of prouwd *Tarquinius*,
Rooted from Rome the fway of kingly mace, 310
And now this difcord newly fet abroad,

The true Tragedies of

Shall rafe our Consuls and our Senates downe.

Anthony: Vnhappy Rome and Romaines thrife accurst,
That oft with triumphs fild your Citie walls,
VVith kings and conquering Rulers of the world,
Now to eclipse in top of all thy pride,
Through ciuill discordsand domesticke broiles:
O Romaines weepe the teares of sad lament,
And rent your sacred Robes at this exchange,
For Fortune makes our Rome a banding ball, 320
Toft from her hand to take the greater fall.

Gra: O whence proceeds these fowle ambitious thoughts,
That fires mens harts and makes them thirst for Rule:
Hath soueraignty so much bewicht the minds
Of Romaines: that their former busied cares
VVhich erst did tire in seeking Cities good,
Must now be changd to ruine of her walls?
Must they that reard her stately Temples vp,
Deface the sacred places of their Gods?

Then may we waile and wring our wretched hands, 330
Sith both our Gods, our temples and our walls,
Ambition makes fell fortunes spightfull thralls. *Ex: all.*

*A great Alarum: let young Marius chase Pompey ouer Act 1
the stage, and old Marius chase Lucretius: Then let enter sc. ii
three or fowre souldiers and his Auntient with his cullors, and
Scilla after them with his hat in his hand, they offer to flie away.*

Scilla: Why whither flie you Romaines,
VVhat mischiefe makes this flight?
Stay good my friends, stay dearest Countrimen.

1. souldier: Stay let vs heare what our Lord Scilla faith. 340

Scilla: What wil you leaue your chieftains Romains then?
And loose your Honors in the gates of Rome?
VVhat shall our Country see, and Scilla rue,
These Coward thoughts so fixt and firmd in you?
VVhat are you come from Capua to proclaime,
Your hartles treasons in this happy towne?
VVhat will you stand and gaze with shameles looks,

VVhilst

Marius and Scilla.

VVhilst Marius butchering knife assailes our throats?
Are you the men, the hopes, the staies of state?
Are you the souldiers prest for Asia? 350
Are you the wondered Legions of the world,
And will you flie these shadows of resist?
VVell Romaines I will perish through your pride,
That thought by you to haue returnd in pompe.
And at the least your Generall shall proue,
Euen in his death your treasons and his loue.
Lo this the wreath that shall my body binde,
VVhilst Scilla sleepes with honor in the field:
And I alone within these cullors shut,
VVill blush your dastard follies in my death. 360
So farewell hartles souldiers and vntrue,
That leaue your Scilla who hath loued you. *Exit.*

1. souldier: VVhy fellow souldiers shall we flie the field,
And carelesly forsake our Generall?
VVhat shall our voves conclude with no auaille?
First die sweete friends, and shed your purple blood,
Before you lose the man that wills you good.
Then to it braue Italians out of hand:
Scilla we come with fierce and deadly blowes,
To venge thy wrongs and vanquish all thy foes. 370
Exeunt to the Alarum.



Actus secundus. Scena prima.

*Act II
sc. i*

Appian solus.

Enter Scilla triumphant, Lucretius, Pompey, with souldiers.

SScilla: You Romaine souldiers, fellow mates in Armes,
The blindfold Mistris of incertaine chaunce,
Hath turnd these traiterous climers from the top,
And seated Scilla in the chieftest place.

The true Tragedies of

The place beſeeming Scilla and his minde.
For were the throne where matchles glorie fits, 380
Empald with furies threatning blood and death,
Begirt with famine and thoſe fatall feares
That dwell below amidſt the dreadfull vaſt:
Tut Scillaes ſparkling eyes ſhould dim with cleere
The burning brands of their conſuming light,
And maſter fancie with a forward minde,
And maſke repining feare with awfull power.
For men of baſer mettall and conceipt
Cannot conceiue the beautie of my thought.
I crowned with a wreath of warlike ſtate, 390
Imagine thoughts more greater than a crowne,
And yet befitting well a Romane minde.
Then gentle miniſters of all my hopes,
That with your ſwords ma de way vnto my wiſh,
Hearken the frutes of your couragious fight,
In ſpite of all theſe Romane Baſilisks,
That ſeeke to quell vs with their curriſh lookes,
We will to Pontus weele haue gold my harts,
Thoſe orientall pearles ſhall decke our browes:
And you my gentle friends, you Romane peeres, 400
Kinde Pompey worthie of a Conſulls name.
You ſhall abide the father of the ſtate,
Whilſt theſe braue lads Lucretius and I,
In ſpight of all theſe brauling Senators,
Will, ſhall, and dare attempt on Aſia,
And driue Mithridates from out his doores.
Pomp. I Scilla, theſe are words of mickle worth,
Fit for the maſter of ſo great a minde:
Now Rome muſt ſtoop, for Marius and his friends
Haue left their armes, and truſt vnto their heeles. 410
Scilla But Pompey, if our Spaniſh Iennets feete
Haue learnt to poaſt it of their mother winde,
I hope to trip vpon the gray beards heeles,
Till I haue cropt his ſhoulders from his head.

Marius and Scilla.

As for his sonne, the proud aspiring boy,
His beardlesse face and wanton smiling browes,
Shall (if I catch him) decke yond Capitoll:
The father, sonne, the friends, and souldiers all,
That fawne on Marius, shall with furie fall.

Lucr. And what euent shall all these troubles bring? 420

Scilla. This: Scilla in fortune will exceed a king.

But friends and souldiers, with dispersed bands
Goe seeke out Marius fond confederates:
Some poast along those vnfrequented paths,
That tract by nookes vnto the neighbring sea:
Murther me Marius, and maintaine my life.
And that his fauorites in Rome may learne
The difference betwixt my fawne and frowne,
Go cut them short, & shed their hatefull blood, *Ex. Soul.*
To quench these furies of my froward mood. 430

Lucr. Loe Scilla where our senators approach,
Perhaps to gratulate thy good succeffe.

Enter Anthonie, Granius, Lepidus.

Scilla I that perhaps was fitly placed there:
But my Lucretius, these are cunning Lords,
Whose tongues are tipt with honnie to deceiue:
As for their hearts, if outward eyes may see them,
The diuell scarce with mischief might agree them.

Lep. Good fortune to our Consull, worthy Scilla.

Scilla And why not Generall against the king of Pontus? 440

Gran. And generall against the king of Pontus.

Scilla. Sirrha, your words are good, your thoughts are ill,
Each milke white haire amidst this mincing beard,
Compar'd with milions of thy trecherous thoughts,
Would change their hiew through vigor of thy hate.
But did not pitie make my furie thrall,
This sword should finish hate, thy life and all.
I pre thee Granius, how doth Marius?

Gran. As he that bydes a thrall to thee and fate,
Liuing in hope as I and others doo,

450
To

The true Tragedies of

To catch good fortune, and to croffe thee too.

Scilla: Both blunt and bold but too much Mother wit,
To play with fier where furie streames about,
Curtall your tale fond man cut of the rest:
But here I will difsemble for the best.

Granius: Scilla my yeares hath taught me to difcerne,
Betwix ambitious pride and Princely zeale.
And from thy youth these Peeres of Rome haue markt,
A rash reuenging hammer in thy braine,
Thy tongue adornde with flowing eloquence, 460
And yet I see imprinted in thy browes,
A fortunate but froward gouernaunce.
And though thy riuall Marius mated late,
By backward working of his wretched fate
Is falne, yet Scilla marke what I haue seene
Euen here in Rome the Fencer Spectacus,
Hath bin as fortunate as thou thy selfe:
But when that Craffus fword assayed his creft,
The feare of death did make him droope for woe.

Scilla: You saw in Rome this brawling fencer die, 470
VVhen Spectacus by Craffus was subdewd:
VVhy so, but sir I hope you will applie,
And say like Spectacus that I shall die?
Thus peeuish eld discourfing by a fire,
Amidst their cups will prate how men aspire:
Is this the greeting Romanes that you giue,
Vnto the Patron of your Monarchie?
Lucretius shall I play a prettie iest.

Lucre: VVhat Scilla will, what Romane dare withstand?

Scilla: A brieft and pleasing answere by my head, 480
VVhy tell me Granius dost thou talke in sport?

Granius: No Scilla my discourse is resolute,
Not coynd to please thy fond and curfled thoughts:
For were my tongue betraide with pleasing words,
To feed the humors of thy haughty mind:
I rather wish the rot should roote it out.

Scilla

Marius and Scilla.

Scilla: The braueſt brawler that I euer heard,
But ſouldiers ſince I ſee he is oppreſt
VVith crooked choller, and our Artiſts teach,
That fretting blood will preſſe through opened veines, 490
Let him that hath the keenest ſword arreſt,
The gray-beard and cut off his head in ieſt.
Souldiers lay hands on Granius.

Granius: Is this the guerdon then of good aduiſe?

Scilla: No but the meanes to make fond men more wiſe.
Tut I haue wit, and carry warlike tooles,
To charme the ſcolding prate of wanton fooles.
Tell me of Fencers and a tale of Fate?
No, Scilla thinkes of nothing but a ſtate.

Granius: VVhy Scilla I am armd the worſt to trie. 500

Scilla: I pray thee then Lucretius let him die.

Exeunt with Granius.

Bethrow me Lords but in this iolly vaine,
'Twere pittie but the prating foole were flaine:
I feare me Pluto will be wroth with me,
For to detaine ſo graue a man as he.

Anthony: But ſeeke not Scilla in this quiet ſtate,
To worke reuenge vpon an aged man,
A ſenator, a ſoueraigne of this towne.

Scilla: The more the Cedar climes the ſooner downe, 510
And did I thinke the prowdeſt man in Rome,
VVould winch at that which I haue wrought or done,
I would and can controwle his infolence.
VVhy ſenators, is this the true reward,
VVherewith you anſwere Princes for their paine,
As when this ſword hath made our Citie free,
A brauing mate ſhould thus diſtemper mee?
But Lepidus and fellow ſenators,
I am reſolude and will not brooke your taunts,
VVho wrongeth Scilla, let him looke for ſtripes. 520

Marke Anthony: I but the milder paſſions ſhow the man:
For as the leafe doth beautifie the tree,

The true Tragedies of

The pleafant flowres bedecke the painted fpring,
Euen fo in men of greateft reach and powre,
A milde and piteous thought augments renowne:
Old Anthony did neuer fee my Lord,
A fwelling showre that did continue long,
A climbing towre that did not taft the wind,
A wrathfull man not wafte with repent.
I fpeake of loue my Scilla, and of ioy
To fee how fortune lends a pleafant gale,
Vnto the fpredding failes of thy defires:
And louing thee muft counfaile thee withall,
For as by cutting fruitfull vines increafe,
So faithfull counfailes workes a Princes peace.

530

Scilla: Thou hony talking father fpeake thy minde.

Anthony: My Scilla fcarce thofe teares are dried vp,
That Romaine Matrons wept to fee this warre:
Along the holy ftreets the hideous grones,
Of murdered men infect the weeping aire:
Thy foes are fled not ouertaken yet,
And doubtfull is the hazard of this warre:
Yea doubtfull is the hazard of this warre,
For now our Legions draw their waftfull fwords,
To murder whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
To conquer whom? Euen Romaine Citizens.
Then if that Scilla loue thefe Citizens,
If care of Rome, if threat of forraine foes,
If fruitfull counfailes of thy forward friends
May take effect, goe fortunate and driue,
The king of Pontus out of Afia,
Leaft while we dreame on ciuill mutenies,
Our wary foes affaile our Citie walls.

540

550

Pompey: My long concealed thoughts Marke Anthony,
Muft feeke difcouerie through thy pliant words:
Beleeue me Scilla ciuill mutenies,
Muft not obfcure thy glories and our names:
Then fith that factious Marius is fuppreft,

Goe

Marius and Scilla.

Goe spread thy colours midst the Asian fields,
Meane while my selfe will watch this Cities weale. 560

Scilla: Pompey I know thy loue, I marke thy words,
And Anthony thou hast a pleasing vaine,
But senators I hammer in my head,
VVith euery thought of honor some reuenge:

Enter Lucretius with the head.

Speake what shall Scilla be your Generall?

Lepidus: We doo decree that Scilla shall be Generall.

Scilla: And wish you Scillas weale and honour too?

Anthony: We wish both Scillas weale and honor too.

Scilla: Then take away the scandall of this state, 570

Banish the name of Tribune out of towne,
Proclaime false Marius and his other friends.
Foe men and traitors to the state of Rome,
And I will wend and worke so much by force,
As I will master false Mithridates,

Lepidus: The name of Tribune hath continued long.

Scilla: So shall not Lepidus if he withstand me.

Sirra you see the head of Granius,
VVatch you his hap vnlesse you change your words,
Pompey now please me Pompey graunt my sute. 580

Pompey: Lictors proclaime this our vndanted doome,
we will that Marius and his wretched sonnes,
His friends Sulpitius, Claudius and the rest
Beheld for traytors, and acquit the men
That shall endanger there vnluckie lines,
And henceforth Tribunes name and state shall cease,
Graue Senators how like you this decree?

Lepidus: Euen as our Consulls wish, so let it be.

Scilla: Then Lepidus all friends in faith for me, 590
So leaue I Rome to Pompey and my friends,
Resolud to manage those our Asian warres,
Frolike braue Souldiers wee must foote it now,
Lucretius you shall bide the brunt with me,
Pompey farewell, and farewell Lepidus,

The true Tragedies of

Marke Anthony I leaue thee to thy books,
Study for Rome and Scillas Royaltie.

But by my fword I wrong this graybeards head,
Goe firra place it on the Capitoll:

A iust promotion fit for Scillaes foe.

Lordings farewell, come souldiers let vs goe. *Exit.* 600

Pompey: Scilla farewell and happy be thy chaunce,
VVhose warre both Rome and Romaines must aduaunce.

Exeunt senators.

Enter the Magistrates of Minturnum with Marius very melancholie, Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanius with some attendants. *Act II sc. ii*

Pausanius: My Lord the course of your vnstaied fate,
Made weake through that your late vnhappy fight,
VVithdrawes our wills that faine would worke your weale:
For long experience and the change of times, 610

The innocent suppressions of the iust
In leaning to forsaken mens reliefe,
Doth make vs feare lest our vnhappy towne,
Should perish through the angrie Romaines sword.

Marius: Lords of Minturnum when I shapd my course,
To flie the danger of pursuing death,
I left my friends, and all alone attaind
(In hope of succors) to this little towne,
Relying on your curtesies and truth.

VVhat foolish feare doth then amaze you thus? 620

Fauorinus: O Marius, thou thy self, thy sonne, thy friends,
Are banished and exiles out of Rome,
Proclaind for traitors, rest of your estates,
Adiudgde to death with certaine warrantize.
Should then so small a towne my Lord as this,
Hazard their fortunes to supplie your wants?

Marius: VVhy Citizens, and what is Marius?
I tell you not so base as to dispaire,
Yea able to withstand ingratitude.

Tell

Marius and Scilla.

Tell me of foolish lawes decreede at Rome, 630
To please the angrie humors of my foe:
Beleeue me Lords I know and am assurde,
That magnanimitie can neuer feare,
And fortitude so conquer silly fate,
As Scilla when he hopes to haue my head,
May hap ere long on sodaine lose his owne.

Pausanius: A hope befeeming Marius, but I feare,
Too strange to haue a short and good euent.

Marius: VVhy fir Pausanius haue not you beheld, 640
Campania plaines fulfilled with greater foes,
Than is that wanton milke-sop.natures scorne.
Base minded men to liue in perfect hope,
VVhose thoughts are shut within your cottage eues,
Refuse not Marius that must fauour you:
For these are parts of vnaduised men,
VVith present feare to lose a perfect friend,
That can, will, may controwle, commaund, subdue,
That brauing boy that thus bewitcheth you.

Fauorinus: How gladly would we succour you my Lord, 650
But that we feare.

Marius: VVhat? the Moone-shine in the water.
Thou wretched stepdame of my fickle state,
Are these the guerdons of the greatest minds,
To make them hope and yet betray their hap,
To make them clime to ouerthrow them straight?
Accurst thy wreake, thy wrath, thy bale, thy wheele,
That makit me sigh the sorrowes that I feele.
Vntroden paths my feete shall rather trace,
Than wrest my succours from inconstant hands. 660
Rebounding Rocks shall rather ring my ruth,
Than these Campanian piles where terrors bide.
And nature that hath lift my throne so hie,
Shall witnes Marius triumphs if he die.
But shee that gaue the Lictors rod and axe,
To wait my fixe times Consulship in Rome,

The true Tragedies of

will not pursue where erst she flattered so,
Minturnum then farewell for I must goe,
But thinke for to repent you of your no.

Pausa: Nay stay my Lord and daime in priuate here,
To waight a message of more better worth,
Your age and trauels must haue some releefe,
And be not wroth, for greater men than we
Haue feared Rome and Romaine tirranie.

670

Marius: You talke it now like men confirme in faith,
well let me trie the fruits of your discourse,
For care my minde and paine my bodie wrongs.

Pausanius: Then Fauorinus shut his Lordship vp,
within some secreet chamber in the state,
Meane while we will consult to keepe him safe,
And worke some secreet meanes for his supplie.

680

Marius: Be trustie Lords, if not I can but die. *Exit Ma.*

Pausanius: Poore haples Romaine, little wottest thou,
The wearie end of thine oppressed life.

Lucius: Why my Pausanius, what imports these words?

Pausanius: Oh Lucius age hath printed in my thoughts,
A memorie of many troubles past,
The greatest townes and Lords of Asia,
Haue stood on tickle tearmes through simple truth,
The Rhodian records well can witnes this.

690

Then to preuent our meanes of ouerthrow,
Finde out some stranger that may sodainely,
Enter the chamber where as Marius lies,
And cut him short, the present of whose head
Shall make the Romaines praise vs for our truth,
And Scilla prest to graunt vs priuiledge.

Lucius: A barbarous act to wrong the men that trust.

Pausanius: In Countries cause in iustice proueth iust.
Come Lucius let not fillie thought of right,
Subiect our Citie to the Romaines might:
For why you know in Marius onely end,
Rome will reward and Scilla will be friend,

700

Lucius.

Marius and Scilla.

Lucius: Yet all successions will vs discommend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marius the younger: Cethegus: Lectorius with other Romaine Lords and souldiers. *Act II*
sc. iii

Young Marius: The wayward Ladie of this wicked world,
That leads in luckles triumph wretched men,
My Romaine friends hath forced our desires,
And framde our minds to brooke too base reliefe:
VVhat land or Libian desert i s vnfought,
To finde my father Marius and your friend: 710
Yea they whom true relent could neuer touch,
These fierce Numidians hearing our mishaps,
VVeepe floods of mone to waile our wretched fates.
Thus we that erft with terrors did attaint,
The Bactrian bounds and in our Romaine warres,
Enforst the barbarous borderers of the Alpes,
To tremble with the terrors of our looks.
Now flie poore men affrighted with our harmes,
Seeking amidft the desert rocks and dens,
For him that whilom in our Capitoll, 720
Euen with a becke commaunded Asia.
Thou wofull sonne of such a famous man,
Vnsheath thy sword, conduct these warlike men
To Rome, unhappie Mistris of our harmes:
And there since tyrants powre hath thee opprest,
And robd thee of thy father, friends and all,
So die vndaunted, killing of thy foes,
That were the offspring of these wretched woes.

Lectorius: VVhy how now Marius; will you mate vs thus,
That with content aduventure for your loue? 730
VVhy Noble youth resolue your selfe on this,
That sonne and father both haue friends in Rome:
That seeke olde Marius rest and your reliefe.

Marius: Lectorius, friends are geason now adaies,
And grow to fume before they tast the fire:
Aduersities bereauing mans auailles,
They flie like feathers dallying in the winde,

They

The true Tragedies of

They rife like bubbles in a stormie raine,
Swelling in words and flying faith and deedes.

Cethegus: How fortunate art thou my louely Lord, 740
That in thy youth maist reape the fruits of age,
And hauing loft occasions hold-fast now,
Maist learne hereafter how to entertaine her well:
But sodaine hopes doo fwarme about my hart,
Be merry Romaines see where from the Coast,
A wearie messenger doth poast him fast.

Enter Cinnaes slaue with a letter inclosed posting in hast.

Lectorius: It should be Cinnaes slaue or els I erre,
For in his forehead I behold the scar,
Wherewith he marketh still his barbarous fwaines. 750

Marius: Oh stay him good Lectorius for me seem es
His great post hast some pleasure should present.

Lectorius: Sirra art thou of Rome?

Slaue: Perhaps Sir no?

Lectorius: VVithout perhaps say Sirra is it so?

Slaue: This is Lectorius Marius friend I trow,
Yet were I best to learne the certaintie,
Lest some diffembling foes should me discry.

Marius: Sirra leaue off this foolish dalliance,
Lest with my sword I wake you from your trance. 760

Slaue: Oh happie man, Oh labours well atchieude,
How hath this chance my wearie lims reuiude:
Oh Noble Marius, Oh Princelie Marius.

Marius: what meanes this Pesant by his great reioice.

Slaue: Oh worthy Romaine, many months haue past,
Since Cinna now the Consul and my Lord,
Hath sent me forth to seeke thy friends and thee:
All Libia with our Romaine Presidents,
Numidia full of vnfrequented waies,
These wearie limbs haue troad to seeke you out, 770
And now occasion pitying of my paines,
I late arriude vpon this wished shore,
Found out aSailer borne in Capua,

That

Marius and Scilla.

That told me how your Lordship past this way.

Marius: A happie labor worthie some reward.
How fares thy maister? whats the newes at Rome?

Slave. Pull out the pike from off this iauelin top,
And there are tidings for these Lords and thee.

Marius: A pollicie befeeming *Cynna* well:
Lectorius read, and breake these letters vp.

780

Letters.

To his honourable frend *Marius* the yonger greeting.

BEing *Consull* (for the welfare both of father and sonne, with other thy accomplices) I haue vnder an honest policie since my instalment in the *Consulship*, caused all *Scillas* frends that were indifferent with the other neighbring Cities to reuolt: *Octavius* my fellow *Consull* with the rest of the *Senate* mistrusting me, and hearing how I sought to vnite the old Citizens with the new, hath wrought much trouble, but to no effect. I hope the 790 souldiers of *Capua* shall follow our faction, for *Scilla* hearing of these hurly-burlies is hasting homeward verie fortunate in his warres against *Mithridates*. And it is to be feared, that some of his frends here haue certified him of my proceedings, and purpose to restore you. *Cethegus* and *Lectorius* I heare say are with you. *Censorinus* and *Albinouanus* will shortly visit you. Therefore hast and seeke out your father, who is now as I heare about *Minturnum*. Leue what power you can with all expedition, and stay not. Rome the 5. Kalends of December.

Your vnfained frend,
Cinna *Consull*.

800

Marius: Yea Fortune, shall yong *Marius* clime aloft,
Then woe to my repining foes in Rome,
And if I liue (sweete Queene of change) thy shrines,
Shall shine with beautie midst the *Capitoll*,

D

Lecto-

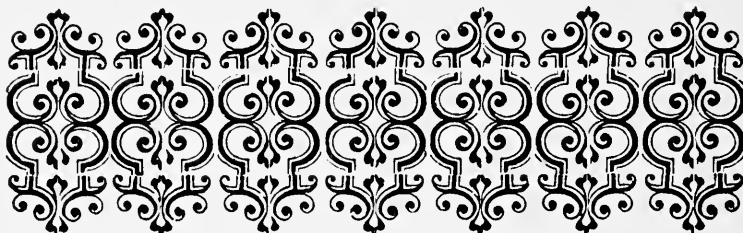
The true Tragedies of
Lectorius, tell me what were best be done.

Lector: To sea my Lord, seeke your warlike Sire,
Send backe this pefant with your full pretence,
And thinke alreadie that our paines haue end,
Since Cynna with his followers is your frend.

810

Marius: Yea Romanes we will furrow through the fome
Of swelling flouds, and to the sacred Twins
Make sacrifice to shield our ships from stormes.
Follow me Lords, come gentle messenger,
Thou shalt haue gold and glorie for thy paines. *Exeunt.*

Finis secundi Acti.



Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Act III
sc. i

Enter Cynna, Octavius, Anthonius,
Lictors, Citizens.

Cyn: **V**Pbraiding Senators bewittch with wit,
That terme true iustice innouation :
You ministers of Scillas mad conceipts,
Will Confulls thinke you stoope to your controules ?
These yonger Citizens, my fellow Lords,
Bound to maintaine both Marius and his sonne,

820

Craue

Marius and Scilla.

Craue but their due, and will be held as good
For priuiledge, as those of elder age:
For they are men conformd to feats of armes,
That haue both wit and courage to commaund.
These fauorites of Octavius, what with age 830
And palfies shake their iauelins in their hands,
Like hartlesse men attained all with feare:
And should they then ouer-top the youth.
No, nor this Confull, nor Marke Anrhonie,
Shall make my followers faint, or loose their right,
But I will haue them equall with the best.

M. An: Why then the Senates name (whose reuerent rule
Hath blazd our vertues midst the Westerne Ile)
Must be obscurde by Cynnas forced powre.
O Citizens, are lawes of Countrey left? 840
Is iustice banisht from this Capitoll?
Must we poore fathers see your trooping bands
Enter the sacred Synode of this state.
Oh brutish fond presumptions of this age,
Rome would the mischiefes might obscure my life.
So I might counsaile Confulls to be wise.
VVhy Countri-men wherein consists this strife?
Forsooth the yonger Citizens will rule,
The old mens heads are dull and addle now:
And in elections youth will beare the sway? 850
O Cynna, see I not the wofull fruits
Of these ambitious stratagemes begun,
Each flattering tongue that dallieth pretie words,
Shall change our fortunes and our states at once.
Had I ten thousand tongues to talke the care,
So manie eyes to weepe their wofull misse,
So manie pennes to write these manie wrongs:
My tongue your thoughts, my eyes your teares shuld moue,
My pen your paines by reasons should approue.

Cynna: VVhy Anthonie, seale vp those sugred lips, 860
For I will bring my purpose to effect.

The true Tragedies of

Antb: Doth *Cynna* like to interrupt me then?

Cynna: I *Cynna* fir, will interrupt you now,
I tell thee *Marke*, old *Marius* is at hand,
The verie patron of this happie law,
VWho will reuenge thy cunning eloquence.

Ma. An: I talke not I to please or him or thee,
But what I speake, I thinke and practife too:
Twere better *Scilla* learnt to mend in Rome,
Than *Marius* come to tyrannize in Rome. 870

Octa: Nay *Marius* shall not tyrannize in Rome.
Old Citizens, as *Scilla* late ordaind,
King *Tullius* lawes shall take their full effect,
The best and aged men shall in their choice,
Both beare the day and firme election.

Cynna: Oh braue *Octavius* you will beard me then,
The elder *Confull* and old *Marius* frend,
And these Italian freemen must be wrongd.
Firft shall the frute of all thine honors faile,
And this my ponyard shall dispatch thy life. 880

Lepid. Such infolence was neuer seene in Rome:
Nought wanteth here but name to make a King.

Octa: Strike villaine if thou list, for I am prest,
To make as deepe a furrow in thy brest.

Yong Cit: The yong mens voices shal preuaile my lords.

Old Cit: And we will firme our honors by our blouds.

Thunder.

Antb: O false ambitious pride in yong and old:
Harke how the heauens our follies hath contrould.

Old Cit: What shall we yeeld for this religious feare? 890

Antb: If not religious feare, what may repreffe
These wicked passions, wretched Citizens.
O Rome, poore Rome, vnmeet for these misdeedes,
I see contempt of heauens will breed a crosse:
Sweete *Cynna* gouerne rage with reuerence.

Thunder.

O fellow Citizens, be more aduifde.

Lepid.

Marius and Scilla.

Lepid. VVe charge you Confulls now diffolue the Court
The Gods contemne this brawle and ciuill iarres.

Oct. We will submit our honors to their wills: 900
You ancient Citizens come follow mee.

Exit Octavius, with him Anthonie & Lepidus.

Cynna. High Ioue himfelfe hath done too much for thee,
Els fhould this blade abate thy royaltie.

VVell yong Italian Citizens take hart,
He is at hand that will maintaine your right:

That entring in thefe fatall gates of Rome,
Shall make them tremble that difturbe you now.

You of Prenefte and of Formiæ,

VVith other neighbring Cities in Campania, 910
Prepare to entertaine and fuccor Marius.

Citizen. For him we liue, for him we meane to die. *Exe.*

Enter old Marius with his keeper, & two fouldiers. Act III
sc. ii

Marius. Haue thefe Minturnians then fo cruelly,
Prefumd fo great iniuftice gainft their frends?

Jailer. I *Marius*, all our Nobles haue decreed
To fend thy head a present vnto Rome.

Marius. A Tantals present it will proue my frend,
VVhich with a little smarting ftrefse will end
Old *Marius* life, when Rome it felfe at laft, 920
Shall rue my losse, and then reuenge my death.
But tell me Jailer, couldft thou be content,
In being *Marius* for to brooke this wrong.

Jailer. The high eftate your Lordfhip once did wield,
The manie frends that fawnd when fortune fmild,
Your great promotions, and your mightie welth:
Thefe (were I *Marius*) would amate me fo,
As losse of them would vexe me more than death.

Marius. Is Lordfhip then fo great a bliffe my frend?

Jailer. No title may compare with princely rule. 930

Marius. Are frends fo faithfull pledges of delight?

The true Tragedies of

Iailer: VVhat better comforts than are faithfull frends?

Marius: Is welth a meane to lengthen liues content?

Iai: VVhere great possessions bide, what care can tutch?

Marius: These stailes of fortune are the common plagues
That still mislead the thoughts of simple men.

The shepheard swaine that midst his country cote,

Deludes his broken slumbers by his toyle,

Thinks Lordship sweete, where care with lordship dwels.

The trustfull man that builds on trothles vowes,

940

VVhose simple thoughts are crost with scornfull nayes,

Together weepes the losse of welth and frend:

So Lordship, frends, welth, spring and perish fast,

VVhere death alone yeelds happie life at last.

O gentle gouernor of my contents,

Thou sacred chieftaine of our Capitoll,

VVho in thy christall orbes with glorious gleames,

Lendst lookes of pitie mixt with maiestie,

See wofull Marius carefull for his sonne,

Carelesse of lordship, welth or worldly meanes,

950

Content to liue, yet liuing still to die:

VVhose nerues and veynes, whose sinewes by the sword

Must loose their workings through distempering stroake:

But yet whose minde in spight of fate and all,

Shall liue by fame although the bodie fall.

Iail: VVhy mourneth Marius this recurelesse chance?

Mar: I pre thee Iailer wouldst thou gladly die?

Iail: If needes, I would.

Mar: Yet were you loath to trie.

Iail: VVhy noble Lord, when goods, frends, fortune faile 960
VVhat more than death might wofull man auaille?

Mar: VVho calls for death (my frend) for all his scornes,

VVith Aesops slaue will leaue his bush of thornes.

But since these traitrous Lords will haue my head,

Their Lordships here vpon this homely bed,

Shall finde me sleeping, breathing forth my breath,

Till they their shame, and I my fame attaine by death.

Liue

Marius and Scilla.

Lieue gentle Marius to reuenge my wrong,
And firrha fee they stay not ouer-long.
For he that earlt hath conquered kingdomes many, 970
Difdaines in death to be subdude by anie.

He lies downe.

*Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Pausanius, with Pedro
a French-man.*

Iail: The most vndanted words that euer were.
The mightie thoughts of his imperious minde,
Do wound my hart with terror and remorfe.

Pauf: Tis desperate, not perfect noblenes.
For to a man that is preparte to die,
The heart should rent, the sleepe should leaue the eye: 980
But say Pedro, will you doo the deed?

Pedr: Mon monfieurs per la fang dieu, mee will make a
trou fo large in ce belly, dat he fal cry hough come vne por-
ceau. Featre de lay, il a true me fadre, hee kill my modre.
Faith a my trote mon espee: fera le fay dun foldat, Sau, fau,
Ieieuera, come il founta pary, me will make a fpitch-cocke
of his perfona.

Fauor: If he haue flaine thy father and thy frends,
The greater honor shall betide the deed:
For to reuenge on righteous estimate, 990
Befeemes the honor of a French mans name.

Pedro: Mes mefsiers, de fault auoir argent, me no point
de argent, no point kill Marius.

Pauf: Thou shalt haue forty crowns, wil that content thee?

Pedro: Quarante efcus, per le pied de Madam, me giue
more dan foure to fe prettie damofele, dat haue le dulces tet-
tinos, le leures cymbrines. Oh they be fines.

Fauorinus: Great is the hire and little is the paine,
Make therefore quicke difpatch, and looke for gaine.
See where he lies in drawing on his death, 1000

The true Tragedies of

VVhose eies by gentle slumber sealed vp,
Present no dreadfull visions to his hart.

Pedro: Bien monsieur, le demourera content. Maries
tu es mort. Speake dy prerres in dy sleepe, for me fall cut off
your head from your espaules before you wake. Qui es stia,
what kinde a man be dis.

Fauor: VVhy what delaies are these, why gaze ye thus?

Pedr: Nostre dame, Iesu estiene, oh my siniors der be a
great diable in ce eies, qui dart de flame, and with de voice
d'un beare, cries out, Villaine dare you kill Marius. Ie trem- 1010
ble: aida me siniors, autrement I shall be murdred.

Paus. VVhat sodaine madnes daunts this stranger thus?

Pedro: Oh me no can kill Marius, me no dare kill Mari-
us: adieu messiers, me be dead si ie touche Marius, Marius est
vne diable. Iesu Maria sauua moy. *Exit fugiens.*

Paus. VVhat furie haunts this wretch on sodaine thus?

Fauor: Ah my Pausanius I haue often heard,

That yonder Marius in his infancie

VVas borne to greater fortunes than we deeme:

For being scarce from out his cradle crept,

And sporting pretely with his compeeres,

On sodaine seuen yong Eagles soard amaine,

And kindly pearcht vpon his tender lap.

His parents wondring at this strange euent,

Tooke counsaile of the Southsaiers in this,

VVho told them that these seuen-fold Eagles flight,

Forefigured his seuen times Consulship:

And we our selues (except bewitcht with pride)

Haue seene him fixe times in the Capitoll

Accompanyd with rods and axes too.

And some diuine instinct so preffeth mee,

That fore I tremble till I set him free.

Paus: The like assaults attaint my wandering minde.

Seeing our bootlesse warre with matchlesse fate,

Let vs intreat him to forsake our towne,

So shall we gaine a friend of Rome and him:

Marius

1020

1030

Marius and Scilla.

Marius awaketh:

But marke how happely he doth awake.

Mar: What, breath I yet pore man, with mounting fighs
Choaking the riuers of my restleffe eies? 1040
Or is their rage restraind with matchleffe ruth?
See how amazd these angrie Lords behold
The poore confused lookes of wretched Marius.
Minturnians why delaies your headfman thus
To finish vp this ruthfull tragedie?

Fauorinus: Far be it Marius from our thoughts or hands
To wrong the man protected by the Gods:
Liue happie (Marius) so thou leaue our towne.

Marius: And must I wrestle once againe with fate?
Or will these Princes dally with mine age? 1050

Pausan: No matchles Romane, thine approued minde
That earst hath altred our ambitious wrong
Must flourish still, and we thy seruants liue
To see thy glories like the swelling tides
Exceed the bounds of Fate and Romane rule.
Yet leaue vs Lord, and seeke some safer shed,
Where more secure thou maist preuent mishaps:
For great pursuits and troubles thee awaite.

Marius: Ye piteous powres that with succesfull hopes,
And gentle counsailes thwart my deepe dispaire: 1060
Olde Marius to your mercies recommends
His hap, his life, his hazard and his sonne.
Minturnians, I will hence, and you shall flie
Occasions of those troubles you expect.
Dreame not on dangers that haue saud my life:
Lordings adieu, from walls to woods I wend,
To hills, dales, rockes, my wrong for to commend. *Exit.*

Fauor: Fortune vouchsafe thy manie cares to end. *Exe.*

The true Tragedies of



Actus tertius.

Act III
sc. iii

*Enter Scilla in triumph in his chare triumphant of gold, draw- 1070
en by foure Moores, before the chariot: his colours, his crest,
his captaines, his prisoners: Arcathius Mithridates son,
Aristion, Archelaus, bearing crownes of gold, and mana-
cled. After the chariot, his souldiers bands, Basillus, Lu-
cretius, Lucullus: besides prisoners of diuers Nations, and
sundry disguises.*

SCilla: You men of Rome, my fellow mates in Armes,
VVhose three yeares prowesse, pollicie, and warre,
One hundred three score thousand men at Armes
Hath ouerthrowne and murdered in the field: 1080
VVhose valours to the Empire hath restorde,
All Grecia, Asia, and Ionia.
VVith Macedonia subiect to our foe:
You see the froward customes of our state,
VVho measuring not our many toiles abroad,
Sit in their Cells imagining our harmes,
Replenishing our Romaine friends with feare.
Yea, Scilla worthy friends, whose fortunes, toiles,
And stratagems these strangers may report,
Is by false Cynna and his factious friends. 1090
Reuilde, condemnde, and crost without a cause.
Yea (Romaines) Marius must returne to Rome,
Of purpose to vpbraid your Generall.
But this vndaunted minde that neuer droopt:
This forward bodie formd to suffer toile,
Shall hast to Rome where euerie foe shall rue,
The rash disgrace both of my selfe and you:

Lu.

Marius and Scilla.

Lucretius: And may it be that those feditious braines,
Imagine these presumptuous purposes?

Scilla: And may it be? why man and wilt thou doubt, 1100
Where Scilla daines these dangers to auerre?
Sirrha except not so, misdoubt not so,
See here Ancharius letters reade the lines,
And say Lucretius that I fauour thee,
That darest but suspect thy Generall.

Read the letters and deliuer them.

Lucr: The case conceald hath moued the more misdoubt,
Yet pardon my presumptions worthy Scilla,
That to my grieue haue readt these hideous harmes.

Scilla: Tut my Lucretius, fortunes ball is tost, 1110
To forme the storie of my fatall powre:
Rome shall repent, babe, mother, shall repent,
Aire weeping clowdie sorrowes shall repent,
vwind breathing many sighings shall repent
To see those stormes concealed in my brest,
Reflect the hideous flames of their vnrest:
But words are vaine, and cannot quell our wrongs,
Briefe periods serue for them that needs must post it.
Lucullus since occasion calls me hence,
And all our Romaine senate thinke it meete, 1120
That thou pursue the warres I haue begun,
As by their letters I am certified,
I leaue thee Fimbrias Legions to conduct,
with this prouiso, that in ruling still,
You thinke on Scilla and his curtesies.

Lucullus: The waightie charge of this continued warre,
Though strange it seeme, and ouer great to wield,
I will accept if so the Armie please.

Souldiers: Happie & fortunate be Lucullus our Generall.

Scilla: If he be Scillas friend, els not at all: 1130
For otherwise the man were ill bested,
That gaining glories straight should lose his head.
But souldiers since I needly must to Rome,

The true Tragedies of

Basillus vertues shall haue recompence.
Lo here the wreath Valerius for thy paines,
Who first didst enter Archilous trench:
This pledge of vertue firrha shall approue,
Thy vertues, and confirme me in thy loue.

Basillus: Happie be Scilla, if no foe to Rome.

Scilla: I like no iffs from such a simple groomc,
I will be happie in despite of state,
And why? because I neuer feared fate.
But come Arcathius for your fathers sake,
Enioyne your fellow Princes to their taskes,
And helpe to succour these my wearie bones.
Tut blush not man, a greater state than thou,
Shall pleasure Scilla in more baser fort.
Aristion is a iolly timberd man,
Fit to conduct the chariot of a King.

Why be not squeamish, for it shall goe hard,
But I will giue you all a great reward.

Arcath: Humbled by fate like wretched men we yeeld

Scilla: Arcathius these are fortunes of the field.

Beleeue me these braue Captiues draw by art,
And I will thinke vpon their good defart.
But stay you strangers, and respect my words.
Fond hartles men, what folly haue I seene:
For feare of death can Princes entertaine
Such bastard thoughts, that now from glorious armes
Vouchsafe to draw like oxen in a plough.

Arcathius I am sure Mithridates
Will hardly brooke the scandall of his name:
Twere better in Picæo to haue died
Aristion, than amidst our legions thus to draw.

Aristion: I tell thee Scilla, captiues haue no choice,
And death is dreadfull to a caytiue man.

Scilla: In such imperfect mettals as is yours.
But Romanes that are still allurde by fame,
Chuse rather death than blemish of their name,

1140

1150

1160

But

Marius and Scilla.

But I haue haft, and therefore will reward you. 1170
Goe fouldiers, with as quicke difpatch as may be,
Haften their death, and bring them to their end,
And fay in this that Scilla is your frend.

Arcathius: Oh ranfome thou our liues fweet conqueror.

Scilla: Fie foolish men, why flie you happines,
Defire you ftill to lead a feruile life.
Dare you not buy delights with little paines.
VVell, for thy fathers fake Arcathius,
I will preferre thy triumphs with the rest.
Goe take them hence, and when we meete in hell, 1180
Then tell me Princes if I did not well.

Exeunt milites.

Lucullus, thus thefe mightie foes are downe,
Now ftriuie thou for the king of Pontus crowne.
I will to Rome, goe thou, and with thy traine,
Purfue Mithridates till he be flaine.

Lucul: VVith fortunes help, go calme thy countries woes
VVhilst I with thefe feeke out our mightie foes: 1188

*Enter Marius folus from the Numidian mountaines, Act III
feeding on rootes. sc. iu*

Mar: pat: Thou that haft walkt with troops of flocking
Now wandrest midft the laborynth of woes, (frends,
Thy best repaft with manie fighting ends,
And none but fortune all thefe mifchiefes knowes.
Like to thefe ftretching mountaines clad with fnow,
No fun-fline of content my thoughts approcheth:
High fpyre their tops, my hopes no height do know,
But mount fo high as time their tract reprocheth:
They finde their fpring, where winter wrongs my minde:
They weepe their brookes, I waft my cheekes with teares. 1200
Oh foolish fate, too froward and vnkinde,
Mountaines haue peace, where mournfull be my yeres:
Yet high as they my thoughts fome hopes would borrow,

The true Tragedies of

But when I count the evening end with sorrow,
Death in Minturnum threatned Marius head,
Hunger in these Numidian mountaines dwells:
Thus with prevention hauing mischief fled,
Old Marius findes a world of manie hells.
Such as poore simple wits haue oft repinde,
But I will quell by vertues of the minde. 1210
Long yeres misspent in manie luckles chances,
Thoughts full of wroth, yet little worth succeeding,
These are the meanes for those whom fate aduances:
But I, whose wounds are fresh, my hart still bleeding,
Liues to intreate this blessed boone from fate,
That I might die with grieffe to liue in state.
Sixe hundreth sonnes with solitarie walkes,
I still haue sought for to delude my paine,
And frendly Eccho answering to my talkes,
Rebounds the accent of my ruth againe: 1220
She (curteous Nymph) the wofull Romane pleaseth,
Els no comforts but beafts my paines appeaseth.
Each day she answeres, in yond neighbring mountaine,
I doo expect reporting of my sorrow,
Whilst lifting vp her lockes from out the fountaine,
She answereth to my questions euen and morrow:
Whose sweete rebounds my sorrowes to remoue,
To please my thoughts I meane for to approue.
Sweet Nymph draw nere thou kind & gentle Eccho. *Eccho.*
VVhat help to ease my wearie paines haue I? *I. 1230*
VVhat comfort in distres to calme my griefes? *griefes.*
Sweet Nymph these griefes are growne before I thought so?
I thought so.
Thus Marius liues disdained of all the Gods. *O ods.*
VVith deepe dispaire late ouertaken wholly. *O ly.*
And wil the heavns be neuer wel appeased? *appeased.*
VVhat meane haue they left me to cure my smart? *art.*
Nought better fits old Marius mind then war. *then war.*
Then full of hope say Eccho, shall I goe? *goe.*
Is

Marius and Scilla.

Is anie better fortune then at hand. *at hand.* 1240
Then farewell Eccho, gentle Nymph farewell. *farewell.*
Oh pleasing folly to a pensive man.
VVell I will rest fast by this shadie tree.
VVaiting the end that fate alloteth mee. *sit downe.*

*Enter Marius the sonne, Albinouanus, Cethegus,
Lectorius, with souldiers.*

Marius: My countrimen and fauorites of Rome,
This melancholy defart where we meete,
Resembleth well yong Marius restles thoughts.
Here dreadfull filence, solitarie caues, 1250
No chirping birds with solace sining sweetlie,
Are harbored for delight: but from the oake
Leaueles and saples through decaying age,
The scritch-owle chants her fatall boding layes.
VVithin my brest, care, danger, sorrow dwells,
Hope and reuenge sit hammering in my hart,
The balefull babes of angrie Nemesis
Dispearfe their furious fires vpon my soule.

Lector: Fie Marius, are you discontented still,
VVhen as occasion fauoreth your desire? 1260
Are not these noble Romanes come from Rome?
Hath not the state recald your father home?

Marius: And what of this, what profit may I reape,
That want my father to conduct vs home.

Lector: My Lord, take hart, no doubt this stormie flawe
That Neptune sent to cast vs on this shore.
Shall end these discontentments at the last.

Mar: pat: VVhom see mine eyes, what is not yon my son?

Mar: iu: vwhat solitarie father walketh there?

Mar: pa: It is my sonne, these are my friends I see: 1270
vwhat haue forepining cares, so changed mee?
Or are my lookes, dilttempred through the paines
And agonies that issue from my hart?

Fie

The true Tragedies of

Fie Marius, frolicke man, thou muſt to Rome,
There to reuenge thy wrongs and waight thy tombe.

Marius iu. Now fortune frowne, & palter if thou pleaſe,
Romanes behold my father and your friend.
Oh father.

Marius pa. Marius thou art fitly met:
Albinouanus and my other friends, 1280
VVhat newes at Rome? what fortune brought you hither?

Albino. My Lord, the Confull Cynna hath reſtord
The doubtfull courſe of your betrayed ſtate,
And waits you pr eſent ſwift approach to Rome,
Your foe man Scilla poaſteth verie faſt,
VVith good ſucceſſe from Pontus to preuent
Your ſpeedie entrance into Italy.

The neighbring Cities are your verie friends,
Nought reſts my Lord, but you depart from hence.

Mar: iu. How manie deſart waies hath Marius ſought, 1290
How manie Cities haue I viſited,
To finde my father and releue his wants?

Marius pat. My ſonne, I quite thy trauels with my loue,
And Lords and Citizens we will to Rome,
And ioyne with Cynna haue your ſhipping here?
VVhat are theſe ſouldiers bent to die with mee?

Soul. Content to pledge our liues for Marius.

Lect. My Lord, here in the next adioyning port,
Our ſhips are rigd and readie for to faile.

Marius pa. Then let vs faile vnto Hetruria, 1300
And cauſe our friends the Germanes to reuolt,
And get ſome Tuſcans to increaſe our power.
Deſerts fareweſll come Romanes let vs goe,
A ſcourge for Rome that hath depreſt vs fo. *Exeunt.*





Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Act IV
sc. i

*Enter Marke Anthonie, Lepidus, Octavius,
Flaccus, Senators.*

Octa. **W**Hat helps my Lords to ouerhale these cares?
What meanes or motions may these mischiefs
You see how Cynna that should succor Rome, (end? 1310
Hath leuied armes to bring a traitor in.

O worthlesse traitor, woe to thine and thee,
That thus disquieteth both Rome and vs,

Anth: Octavius these are scourges for our finnes,
These are but ministers to heape our plagues:
These mutinies are gentle meanes and waies,
VVhereby the heavns our heauie errors charmes.
Then with content and humbled eyes behold
The christall shining globe of glorious Ioue:
And since we perish through our owne misdeedes 1320
Go let vs flourish in our frutefull praier.

Lepid: Midst these confusions mighty men of Rome,
VVhy wast we out these troubles all in words,
VVeepe not your harmes, but wend we straight to armes,
Loe Distia spoyld, see Marius at our gate:
And shall we die like milkfops dreaming thus?

Octa: A bootles warre to see our cuntry spoyld.

Lep: Fruteles is dalliance whereas dangers bee.

Anth: My Lord, may courage wait on conquered men?

Lep: I euen in death most courage doth appeare. 1330

Octa: Then waiting death I meane to feate me here,
Hoping that Confulls name and feare of lawes,
Shall iustifie my conscience and my cause.

Enter a messenger.

F

Now

The true Tragedies of

Now firrha, what confused lookes are thefe,
VVhat tidings bringeft thou of dreriment?

Meffen: My Lords, the Confull Cynna with his frends
Haue let in Marius by *Via Appia*,
VVhofe fouldiers waft and murther all they meete,
VVho with the Confull and his other frends
VVith expedition hafteth to this place.

1340

Anth: Then to the downfall of my happines,
Then to the ruine of this Citie Rome.
But if mine inward ruth were laid in fight,
My ftreames of teares fhould drowne my foes defpight.

Octa: Courage Lord Anthony, if Fortune please,
She will and can thefe troubles foone appeafe.
But if her backward frownes approch vs nie,
Refolue with vs with honor for to die.

Lep: No storme of fate fhall bring my forrowes downe, 1350
But if that Fortune lift, why let her frowne.

Anth: VVhere ftate's opprest by cruell tyrants bee,
Old Anthony, there is no place for thee.

Drum strike within:

Harke, by this thundring noyfe of threatning drums,
Marius with all his faction hether comes.

*Enter Marius, his Sonne, Cynna, Cetbegus, Lectorius with
fouldiers: upon fight of whom Marke Anthony pre-
fently flies.*

Octa: Then like a traitor he fhall know ere long, 1360
In leuying armes he doth his countrey wrong.

Marius pa: And haue we got the goale of honor now,
And in defpight of Confulls entred Rome?
Then rouze thee Marius, leaue thy ruthfull thoughts:
And for thy manie toiles and cares fustaind,
Afflict thy foes with twice as many paines.
Goe fouldiers feeke out Bebius and his frends,
Attilius, Munitorius with the reft,
Cut off their heads, for they did croffe me once:
And if your care can compaffe my decree,

1370

Remem

Marius and Scilla.

Remember that same fugitiue Marke Anthony,
VVhose fatall end shall be my frutefull peace.
I tell thee Cynna, nature armeth beafts
With iust reuenge, and lendeth in their kindes
Sufficient warlike weapons of defence:
If then by nature beafts reuenge their wrong,
Both heauens and nature grant me vengeance now.
Yet whilst I liue and sucke this subtile aire
That lendeth breathing coolenes to my lights,
The register of all thy righteous acts, 1380
Thy paines, thy toiles, thy trauels for my sake,
Shall dwell by kinde impressions in my hart,
And I with linkes of true vnfained lone
VVill locke these Romane fauorites in my brest,
And liue to hazard life for their releefe.

Cyn: My Lord, your safe and swift returne to Rome,
Makes Cynna fortunate and well appaid,
Who through the false suggestions of my foes,
VVas made a coffer of a Confull here:
Lo where he sits commanding in his throue, 1390
That wronged Marius, me, and all these Lords.

Mar: iu: To quite his loue, Cynna let me alone.
How fare these Lords that lumping pouting proud
Imagine how to quell me with their lookes.
No welcome sirs, is Marius thought so base?
VVhy stand you looking babies in my face?
VVho welcomes mee, him Marius makes his friend:
VVho lowres on mee, him Marius meanes to end.

Flaccus: Happie and fortunate thy returne to Rome.
Lepidus: And long Marius liue with fame in Rome. 1400

Marius: I thanke you curteous Lords that are so kinde.

Mar: iu: But why endures your Grace that brauing mate
To sit and face vs in his robes of state.

Mar: pa: My sonne he is a Confull at the least,
And grauitie becomes Octavius best.

The true Tragedies of

But Cynna would in yonder emptie feat,
You would for Marius freedome once intreate.

Cynna preffeth vp, and Octavius flaieth him.

Octa: Auant thou traitor, proud and insolent,
How darest thou preffe nere ciuill gouernment.

1410

Mar: VVhy Maffer Confull, are you growne fo hot?
Ile haue a present cooling card for you.

Be therefore well aduisde, and moue me not:

For though by you I was exile from Rome,

And in the defart from a Princes feate

Left to bewaile ingrattitudes of Rome.

Though I haue knowne your thirftie throates haue longd

To baine their felues in my distilling blood.

Yet Marius Sirs, hath pitie ioynd with powre:

Loe here the Imperiall Ensigne which I wield,

1420

That waueth mercie to my wilhers well:

And more see here the dangerous trote of warre,

That at the point is steeld with ghastly death.

Octa: Thou exile, threatnest thou a Confull then?

Lictors, goe draw him hence: such brauing mates,

Are not to boast their armes in quiet states.

Marius: Go draw me hence. VVhat no relent Octavius?

Mar: iu: My Lord what hart indurate with reuenge,
Could leaue this loffell, threatning murther thus?

Vouchsafe me leaue to taint that traitors feate

1430

VVith flowing streames of his contagious blood.

Octa: The fathers sonne, I know him by his talke,

That scolds in words when fingers cannot walke.

But Ioue I hope will one day fend to Rome

The blessed Patron of this Monarchie,

VVho will reuenge iniustice by his sword.

Cynna: Such brauing hopes, such cursed arguments,

So strict command, such arrogant controwles.

Suffer me Marius, that am Confull now,

To doo thee iustice, and confound the wretch.

1440

Mar: pat: Cynna, you know I am a priuate man,

That

Marius and Scilla.

That still submit my censures to your will.

Cynna: Then souldiers draw this traitor from the throne,
And let him die, for Cynna wills it so.

Mar: iu: I now my Cynna, noble Confull speakes,
Octavius, your checkes shall cost you deare.

Octa: And let me die for Cynna wills it so?

Is then the reuerence of this robe contemnd?

Are these associates of so small regard?

Why then Octavius willingly consents,

1450

To entertaine the sentence of his death.

But let the proudest traitor worke his will,

I feare no strokes, but here will sit me still.

Since iustice sleepes, since tyrants raigne in Rome,

octavius longs for death to die for Rome.

Cyn: Then strike him where he sits, then hale him hence.

A souldier stabs him, he is caried away.

Octa: Heauens punish Cynnas pride and thy offence.

Cynna: Now is he false that threatned Marius,
Now will I sit and plead for Marius.

1460

Mar: pat: Thou doost me iustice Cynna, for you see
These peeres of Rome haue late exiled mee.

Lepid: Your Lordship doth iniustice to accuse
Those who in your behalfe did not offend.

Flacc: We grieue to see the aged Marius
Stand like a priuate man in view of Rome.

Cyn: Then bid him sit, and loe an empty place,
Reuoke his exile, firme his gouernment,
And so preuent your farther detriment.

Lepid: We will accompt both Marius and his frends, 1470
His sonne and all his followers free in Rome:

And since we see the dangerous times at hand,

And here of Scillas confidence and hast,

And know his hate and rancor to these Lords,

And him create for Confull to preuent

The policies of Scilla and his frends.

Cyn: Then both confirmd by state and full consent,

The true Tragedies of

The rods and axe to Marius I present,
And here inuest thee with the Consulls pall.

Flaccus: Long, fortunate and happie life betide
Old Marius in his seuenfold Consulship. 1480

Mar: iu: And so let Marius liue and gouerne Rome,
As cursed Scilla neuer looke on Rome.

Marius pat: Then placde in Consuls throne, you Romane
He takes his seate. (states

Recald from banishment by your decrees,
Enstald in this imperiall seate to rule,
Old Marius thankes his frends and fauorites:
From whom this finall fauor he requires,
That seeing Scilla by his murthrous blade
Brought fierce seditions first to head in Rome,
And forced lawes to banish innocents:
I craue by course of reason and desert,
That he may be proclaimd as earst was I,
A traitor and an enemie of Rome:

Let all his frends be banisht out of towne:
Then cutting off the branch where troubles spring,
Rome shall haue peace and plentie in her walls.

Cynn: In equitie it needes must be my frends,
That one be guiltie of our common harmes: 1500
And since that Marius is accounted free,
Scilla with all his frends must traitors bee.

Mar: iu: My fathers reasons Romanes are of force:
For if you see and liue not too secure,
You know that in so great a state as this,
Two mightie foes can neuer well agree.

Lepid: Then let vs seeke to please our Consull first,
And then prepare to keep the exile out.
Cynna, as Marius and these Lords agree,
Firme this Edict, and let it passe for mee. 1510

Cynn: Then Romanes, in the name of all this state,
I here proclaime and publishthis decree:
That Scilla with his frends, allies and all,

Arc

Marius and Scilla.

Are banisht exiles, traitors vnto Rome.
And to extinguisht both his name and state,
VVe will his house be rased to the ground,
His goods confiscate : this our censures is.
Lictors proclaime this in the market place,
And see it executed out of hand.

Exit Lictor.

Mar: pat: Now see I Senators, the thought, the care, 1520
The vertuous zeale that leads your toward mindes,
To loue your friends and watch your common good :
And now establisht Confull in this place,
Old Marius will foresee aduenient harmes :
Scilla the scourge of Asia as we heare
Is prest to enter Italie with sword,
He comes in pompe to triumph here in Rome,
But Senators you know the wauering wills,
Of foolish men I meane the common fort,
VWho through report of innouations, 1530
Or flattering humors of well tempred tongues,
VWill change and draw a second mischiefe on :
I like your care, and will my selfe apply
To aime and leuell at my countries weale.
To intercept these errors by aduice,
My sonne yong Marius, Cethegus and my friends,
Shall to Preneste to preuent and stop
The speedie purpose of our forward foe.
Meane while ourselues will fortifie this towne,
This beautie of the world, this maiden towne, 1540
VWhere streaming Tybris with a pleafant tyde,
Leads out the stately buildings of the world.
Marius my hope, my sonne, you know your charge,
Take those Iberian legions in your traine,
And we will spare some Cymbrians to your vse,
Remember thou art Marius sonne, and dreame
On nought but honor and a happie death.

Mar: iu: I go my Lord in hope to make the world
Report my seruice, and my dutie too,

And

The true Tragedies of

And that proud challenger of Asia,
Shall finde that Marius sonne hath force and wit.

1550

Exit cum Cethego.

Marius pat: Goe thou as fortunate as Greekes to Troy,
As glorious as Alcides in thy toiles,
As happie as Sertorius in thy fight,
As valiant as Achilles in thy might.
Go glorious, valiant, happie, fortunate,
As all those Greekes and him of Romane state.

Enter led in with souldiers Cornelia and Fulvia.

Corn: Traitors why drag you thus a Princes wife,
As if that beautie were a thrall to fate.

1560

Are Romanes growen more barbarous than Greekes,
That hale more greater than Cassandra now?
The Macedonian Monarch was more kinde,
That honored and relieud in warlike campe
Darius mother, daughters and his wife,
But you vnkinde to Romane Ladies now,
Perhaps as constant as the Asian Queenes,
For they subdude had frendship in disgrace,
VVhere we vnconquered liue in wofull case.

1570

Mar: VVhat plaintiffe pleas presents that Ladie there?
VVhy souldiers, make you prisners here in Rome?

Soul: Dread Confulls, we haue found Cornelia here,
And Scillas daughter posting out of towne.

Marius: Ladies of worth, both beautifull and wife,
But nere allied vnto my greatest foe:
Yet Marius minde that neuer ment disgrace,
More likes their courage than their comely face.
Are you Cornelia Madame, Scillas wife?

Corn: I am Cornelia Scillas wife: what then?

1580

Marius: And is this Fulvia Scillas daughter too?

Fulvia: And this is Fulvia Scillas daughter too.

Mar: pat: Two welcome guests, in whom the maiestie
of my conceit and courage must consist:
VVhat thinke you Senators and countrimen?

See

Marius and Scilla.

See here are two the fairest starres of Rome,
The deereft dainties of my warlike foe,
VVhose liues vpon your censures doo confist.

Lepid: Dread Confull the continuance of their liues,
Shall egge on Scilla to a greater haft.

1590

And in bereauing of their vitall breath,
Your grace shall force more furie from your foe:
Of these extreames we leaue the choice to you.

Mar: Then thinke that some strange fortune shall insue.

Ful: Poore Fuluaia, now thy happie daies are done,
In steed of marriage pompe, the fatall lights
Of funeralls must maske about thy bed.

Nor shall thy fathers armes with kinde embrace
Hem in thy shoulders trembling now for feare.

I see in Marius lookes such tragedies,

1600

As feare my hart, and fountaines fills mine eyes.

Corn: Fie Fuluaia, shall thy fathers daughter faint
Before the threats of dangers shall approach?

Drie vp those teares, and like a Romane maid,
Be bold and silent till our foe haue said.

Marius: Cornelia wife vnto my traitor foe?
VVhat gadding mood hath forst thy speedie flight,
To leaue thy country, and forsake thy friends?

Corn: Accursed Marius, off-spring of my paines,
VVhose furious wrath hath wrought thy countries woe:

1610

VVhat may remaine for me or mine in Rome,
That see the tokens of thy tyrannies?

Vile monster, robd of vertue, what reuenge
Is this, to wreake thine anger on the walls?

To race our house, to banish all our friends,
To kill the rest, and captiue vs at last?

Thinkst thou by barbarous deedes to boast thy state,
Or spoyling Scilla to depreffe his hate?

No Marius, but for euerie drop of blood

And inch of wrong he shall returne thee two.

1620

Flaccus: Madame, in danger wisedome doth aduise,

G

In

The true Tragedies of

In humble termes to reconcile our foes.

Marius: She is a woman Flaccus, let her talke,
That breath forth bitter words in steed of blowes.

Corn: And in regard of that immodest man,
Thou shouldst desist from outrage and reuenge.

Lect: VVhat, can your Grace indure these cursed scoffs?

Mar: VVhy my Lectorius, I haue euer learnt,
That Ladies cannot wrong me with vpbraids.
Then let her talke, and my concealed hate,
Shall heap reuengement vpon Scillas pate.

1630

Fulu: Let feauers first afflict thy feeble age,
Let palsies make thy stubborne fingers faint,
Let humors streaming from thy moystned braines
With cloudes of dymnes choake thy fretfull eyes,
Before these monstrous harmes assaile my fyre.

Mar: Byr Ladie Fuluia, you are gaily red,
Your mother well may boast you for her owne,
For both of you haue words and scoffs at will:
And since I like the compasse of your wit,
My selfe will stand, and Ladies you shall sit:
And if you please to wade in farther words,
Lets see what brawles your memories affords.

1640

Corn: Your Lordships passing mannerly in iest,
But that you may perceiue we smell your drift,
VVe both will sit and countenance your shift.

Mar: VVhere constancie and beautie doo consort,
There Ladies threatnings turnd to merry sport.
How fare these beautifull, what well at ease?

Ful: As readie as at first for to displeafe.
For full confirmd that we shall surely die,
VVe wait our ends with Romane constancie.

1650

Mar: why think you Marius hath confirmd your death?

Ful: VVhat other frute may spring from tyrants hands?

Mar: In faith then Ladies, thus the matter stands,
Since you mistake my loue and curtesie,
Prepare your selues, for you shall surely die.

Corn:

Marius and Scilla.

Cornel: I Marius, now I know thou dost not lie:
And that thou maist vnto thy lasting blame,
Extinguish in our deaths thy wished fame. 1660
Grant vs this boone that making choice of death,
VVe may be freed from furie of thine yre.

Marius: An easie boon, Ladies I condiscend.

Corn: Then suffer vs in priuate chamber close
To meditate a day or two alone:
And tyrant if thou finde vs liuing then,
Commit vs straight vnto thy slaughtering men.

Marius: Ladies I grant, for Marius nill denie,
A sute so easie, and of such import:
For pitie were that Dames of constancie, 1670
Should not be agents of their miserie.

Here he whispers Lectorius.

Lectorius, harke, dispatch. *Exit. Lector.*

Corn: Loe Fulua, now the latest doome is fixt,
And naught remains but constant Romane harts,
To beare the brunt of yrksome furies spight,
Rouse thee my deare, and daunt those faint conceipts,
That trembling stand agast at bitter death:
Bethinke thee now that Scilla was thy fyre,
VVhose courage heauen nor fortune could abate. 1680
Then like the off-spring of fierce Scillas house,
Passe with the thrice renowned Phrigian Dame,
As to thy marriage, so vnto thy death:
For nought to wretches is more sweete than death.

Ful: Madam confirmd as well to die as liue,
Fulua awaiteth nothing but her death.
Yet had my father knowne the course of change,
Or seene our losse by luckie augurie,
Thys tyrant nor hys followers had liued,
To ioy the ruine of fierce Scillas house. 1690

Mar: But Ladie, they that dwell on fortunes call,
No sooner rise, but subiect are to fall.

Ful: Marius I doubt not but our constant endes,

The true Tragedies of

Shall make thee waile thy tyrants gouernment.

Marius: VVhen tyrants rule doth breed my care & woe
Then will I fay two Ladies told me so.

But here comes Lectorius,

Now my Lord, haue you brought those things.

Lector: I haue noble Confull.

Mar: Now Ladies, you are resolute to die.

1700

Corn: I Marius, for terror cannot daunt vs:
Tortors were framde to dread the baser eie,
And not t'appall a princely maieftie.

Marius: And Marius liues to triumph ore his foes,
That traine where warlike troopes amidst the plaines,
And are inclosde and hemd with shining armes,
Not to appall such princely Maieftie.

Vertue sweete Ladies is of more regard
In Marius minde where honor is inthronde,
Than Rome or rule of Romane Emperie.

1710

Here he puts chaines about their neckes:

The bands that should combine your snow white wrests,
Are these which shall adorne your milke white neckes:
The priuate cells where you shall end your liues,
Is Italy, is Europe, nay the world:

Th'Euxinian sea, and fierce Sicilian Gulph,

The riuier Ganges and Hydaspis streame,

Shall leuell lye, and smoothe as christall yce:

VVhilst Fulua and Cornelia passe thereon:

The fouldiers that should guard you to your deaths,

1720

Shall be fiae thousand gallant youths of Rome,

In purple robes crosse bard with pales of gold,

Mounted on warlike coursers for the field,

Fet from the mountaine tops of Cortia,

Or bred in hills of bright Sardinia,

VVho shall conduct and bring you to your Lord,

I vnto Scilla Ladies shall you goe,

And tell him Marius holds within his hands,

Honor for Ladies, for Ladies rich reward,

But

Marius and Scilla.

But as for Silla and for his compeeres
VVho dare gainst Marius vaunt their golden crefts,
Tell him for them old Marius holds reuenge,
And in his hands both triumphs life and death. 1730

Corn: Doth Marius vse with glorious words to iest,
And mocke his captiues with these glosing tearmes?

Mar: No Ladies, Marius hath fought for honour with his
And holds disdaine to triumph in your fals. (fword,
Lieu Cornelia, liue faire and fairest Fuluaia :
If you haue done or wrought me iniurie,
Scilla shall pay it through his miserie. 1740

Fuluaia: So gracious (famous Confull) are thy words,
That Rome and we shall celebrate thy worth,
And Scilla shall confesse himselfe orecome.

Corn: If Ladies praiera or teares may moou the heauens,
Scilla shall vow himselfe old Marius frend.

Mar: Ladies for that I nought at all regard,
Scilla's my foe, Ile triumph ouer him,
For other conquest glorie doth not win.
Therefore come on, that I may send you vnto Scilla. *Exeunt* 1749

Enter a clowne drunke with a pint of wine in his hand, and Act 1V
two or three souldiers. sc. ii

1 foul: Sirrha, dally not with vs, you know where he is.

Clowne: O fir, a quart is a quart in any mans purse, and
drinke is drinke, and can my master liue without his drinke I
pray you?

2 foul: You haue a master then firrha?

Clowne: Haue I master thou scondrell? I haue an Orator
to my master, a wife man to my master. But fellowes, I must
make a parenthesis of this pint pot, for words make men dry:
now by my troth I drinke to Lord Anthonie. 1760

3 foul: Fellow souldiers, the weaknes of his braine hath
made his tongue walke largely, we shall haue some nouelties
by and by.

The true Tragedies of

Clowne: Oh most surpassing wine, thou marow of the vine,
More welcome vnto me, than whips to schollers bee,
Thou art and euer was a meanes to mend an affe,
Thou makest some to fleep, and manie mo to weep,
And some be glad & merry, with heigh down derry, derry.
Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble:
And me haue pinkie nine, more braue and iolly wine: (ho. 1770
VVhat need I praise thee mo, for thou art good with heigh

3 soul: If wine then be so good, I pree thee for thy part,
Tell vs where Lord Anthony is, & thou shalt haue a quart.

Clow. First shal the snow be black, & pepper lose his smack
And stripes forsake my backe, first merrie drunke with sack,
I will go boast and tracke, and all your costards cracke,
Before I doo the knacke shall make me sing alacke:

Alacke the old man is wearie, for wine hath made him mer-
(rie: with a heigh ho.

1 soul: I pre thee leaue these rymes, and tell vs where thy 1780
master is.

Clown: Faith where you shall not bee vnles ye goe with
mee. But shall I tell them so? O no sir, no, no, no, the man
hath manie a foe, as farre as I doo know: you doo not flout
me I trow. See how this licor fumes, & how my force pre-
fumes. You would know where Lord Anthonie is? I per-
ceiue you. Shall I say he is in yond farme house? I deceiue
you. Shall I tell you this wine is for him? the gods forfend,
and so I end. Go fellow fighters theres a bob for ye.

2 soul: My masters, let vs follow this clowne, for que- 1790
stionles this graue orator is in yonder farme house. But who
commeth yonder?

Enter old Anthonie.

Anth: I wonder why my peasant staies so long,
And with my wonder hasteth on my woe,
And with my woe I am affaild with feare,
And by my feare await with faintful breath
The final period of my paines by death.

Marius and Scilla.

1 soul: Yonds the man we seeke for (fouldiers) vnsheath
your swords, and make a riddance of Marius ancient ene- 1800
mie.

Clowne: Master flie, flie, or els you shall die: a plague on
this wine hath made me so fine, and will you not be gone,
then Ile leaue you alone, and sleepe vpon your woe, with a
lamentable heigh ho. *Exit.*

Anth: Betraid at last by witles ouersight,
Now Anthony, prepare thy selfe to die:
Loe where the monstros ministers of wrath
Menace thy murther with their naked swords.

2 soul: Anthonie well met, the Confull Marius with o- 1810
ther confederate Senators, haue adiudged thee death, ther-
fore prepare thy selfe, and thinke we fauor thee in this little
protraction.

Anth: Immortall powers that know the painefull cares,
That waight vpon my poore distressed hart,
O bend your browes and leuill all your lookes
Of dreadfull awe vpon these daring men.
And thou sweet neece of Atlas on whose lips
And tender tongue, the pliant Muses sit,
Let gentle courie of sweet aspiring speech, 1820
Let honnie flowing tearmes of wearie woe,
Let frutefull figures and delightfull lines
Enforce a spring of pitie from their eyes,
Amase the murthrous passions of their mindes,
That they may fauour wofull Anthonie.
Oh countrimen what shal become of Rome,
VWhen reuerend dutie droopeth through disgrace?
Oh Countrimen, what shal become of Rome,
VWhen woful nature widdow of her ioyes,
VWeepes on our wals to see her lawes deprest? 1830
Oh Romaines hath not Anthonies discourse,
Seald vp the Mouthes of false seditious men,

Affoild

The true Tragedies of

Affoild the doubts and queint contralls of powre,
Releued the mournfull matrone with his pleas?
And will you seeke to murder Anthonie?
The Lions brooke with kindnes their releefe,
The sheep reward the shepheard with their fleece:
Yet Romanes seeke to murder Anthony.

1 soul: Why what enchanting termes of arte are these?
That force my hart to pitie his distresse.

1840

2 soul: His action, speech, his fauor, and his grace,
My rancor rage and rigor doth deface.

3 soul: So sweet his words that now of late me seemes
His art doth draw my soule from out my lips.

Anth: VVhat enuious eies reflecting nought but rage,
VVhat barbarous hart refreshd with nought but blood,
That rents not to behold the sensles trees
In doaly season drooping without leaues?

The shepheard sighs vpon the barrain hills
To see his bleating lambs with faintfull lookes.

1850

Behold the vallies robd of springing flowres,
That whilom wont to yeeld them yerely food.
Euen meanest things exchangd from former state,
The vertuous minde with some remorse doth mate.
Can then your eyes with thundering threats of rage,
Cast furious gleames of anger vpon age?

Can then your harts with furies mount so hie,
As they should harme the Romane Anthonie?

I farre more kinde than sensles tree haue lent
A kindly sap to our declining state,

1860

And like a carefull shepheard haue foreseene
The heauie dangers of this Citie Rome,

And made the citizens the happie flocke
Whom I haue fed with counsailes and aduice.

But now those lockes that for their reuerend white,
Surpasse the downe on AEsculapius chin:

But now that tongue whose termes and fluent stile
For number past the hoasts of heauenly fires:

But

Marius and Scilla.

But now that head within whose subtill braines
The Queene of flowring eloquence did dwell: 1870

Enter a Captaine.

These lockes, this tongue, this head, the life and all,
To please a tyrant traitrouly must fall.

Capt: VVhy how now foldiers is he liuing yet?
And will you be bewitched with his words?

Then take this fee false Orator from me, *stab him.*
Elizium best befeemes thy faintfull lims.

Anth: Oh bliffull paine, now Anthony must die,
VVhich ferud and loud Rome and her Emperie. *moritur*

Capt: Goe curtall off that necke with present stroke, 1880
And straight present it vnto Marius.

1 soul: Euen in this head did all the Muses dwell:
The bees that fate vpon the Grecians lips,
Distild their honnie on his tempred tongue.

2 soul: The christall dew of faire Castalian springs,
VVith gentle floatings trickled on his braines:
The Graces kist his kinde and curteous browes,
Apollo gaued the beauties of his harpe,

Enter Lectorius pensue.

And melodies vnto his pliant speech. 1890

Cap: Leau these presumptuous praises, councitrimen,
And see Lectorius pensue where he comes.
Loe here my Lord the head of Anthony,
See here the guerdon fit for Marius foe,
Whom dread Apollo prosper in his rule.

Lector: Oh Romanes, Marius sleepes among the dead,
And Rome laments the losse of such a frend.

Cap: A sodaine and a wofull chance my Lord,
VVhich we intentiue faine would vnderstand.

Le: Thogh swolne with sighs my hart for sorrow burst, 1900
And tongue with teares and plaints be choaked vp,
Yet will I furrow forth with forced breath
A speedie passage to my pensue speech.
Our Confull Marius, worthie fouldiers,

The true Tragedies of

Of late within a pleasant plot of ground,
Sate downe for pleasure nere a christall spring,
Accompanied with manie Lords of Rome :
Bright was the day, and on the spreading trees
The frolicke citizens of Forrest fung
Their layes and merrie notes on pearching boughes: 1910
VVhen suddenly appeared in the East,
Seauen mightie Eagles with their tallents fierce,
VVho waing oft about our Confulls head,
At last with hideous crie did soare away.
VVhen suddenly old Marius all agast,
With reuerent smile determind with a sigh
The doubtfull silence of the standers by.
Romanes (said he) old Marius now must die.
These seuen faire Eagles, birds of mightie Ioue,
That at my birth day on my cradle fate, 1920
Now at my last day arme me to my death :
And loe I feele the deadly pangs approach.
VVhat should I more? in brieve, with manie praers
For Rome, his sonne, his goods and lands disposd,
Our worthie Confull to our wonder dide.
The Citie is amazde, for Scilla hafts
To enter Rome with furie, sword, and fire.
Goe, place that head vpon the Capitoll,
And to your wards, for dangers are at hand. *Exit.*
Capt: Had we foreseene this luckles chance before, 1930
Old Anthonie had liude and breathed yet. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

*A great skirmish in Rome and long, some slaine. At
last enter Scilla triumphant with Pompey, Metel-
lus, Citizens, souldiers.*

*Act V
sc. i*

Scilla: Now Romanes after all these mutinies,
Seditious, murthers, and conspiracies,

Ima-

Marius and Scilla.

Imagine with vnpartiall harts at last
VVhat frutes proceed from these contentious brawles.
Your streetes, where earst the fathers of your state 1940
In robes of purple walked vp and downe,
Are strewd with mangled members, streaming blood.
And why? the reasons of this ruthfull wrack,
Are your feditious innouations,
Your fickle mindes inclinde to foolish change.
Vngratefull men, whilst I with tedious paine
In Asia feald my dutie with my blood,
Making the fierce Dardanians faint for feare,
Spredding my cullers in Galatia,
Dipping my sword in the Enetans blood, 1950
And foraging the fields of Phocida.
You cald my foe from exile with his frends,
You did proclaime me traitor here in Rome,
You racde my house, you did deface my frends.
But brauling wolues, you cannot byte the moone,
For Scilla liues so forward to reuenge,
As woe to those that fought to doo me wrong.
I now am entred Rome in spite of force,
And will so hamper all my curfed foes,
As be he Tribune, Confull, Lord or Knight 1960
That hateth Scilla, let him looke to die.
And first to make an entrance to mine yre,
Bring me that traitor Carbo out of hand.

Bring in Carbo bound.

Pomp. Oh Scilla, in reuenging iniuries,
Inflict the paine where first offence did spring,
And for my sake establish peace in Rome,
And pardon these repentant Citizens.

Scilla: Pompey, I loue thee Pompey, and consent
To thy request, but Romanes haue regard, 1970
Least ouer-reaching in offence againe,
I load your shoulders with a double paine.

Exeunt Citizens.

The true Tragedies of

But Pompey see where iolly Carbo comes
Footing it featly, like a mightie man.

VVhat no obeisance firrha to your Lord?

My Lord? No Scilla, he that thrice hath borne

The name of Confull scornes to stoop to him,

Whose hart doth hammer nought but mutinies.

Pomp: And doth your Lordship then disdaine to stoope 1980

Carbo: I to mine equall Pompey as thou art.

Scilla: Thine equall villaine, no he is my frend,

Thou but a poore anatomie of bones,

Cafde in a knauish tawny withred skin:

VVilt thou not stoop? art thou so stately then?

Carbo: Scilla, I honor gods, not foolish men.

Sci: Then bend that wythered bough that will not break
And fouldiers cast him downe before my feete:

They throw him downe.

Now prating fir, my foote vpon thy necke,

1990

Ile be so bold to giue your Lordship checke.

Beleeue me fouldiers, but I ouer-reach,

Old Carbos necke at first was made to stretch.

Carbo: Though bodie bend, thou tyrant most vnkinde,
Yet neuer shalt thou humble Carbos minde.

Scilla: oh fir, I know for all your warlike pith,
A man may marre your worship with a wyth.

You firrha leuied armes to doo me wrong:

You brought your legions to the gates of Rome:

You fought it out in hope that I would faint.

2000

But firrha, now betake you to your bookes,

Intreate the Gods to faue your sinfull soule.

For why this carcaffè must in my behalfe

Goe feast the rauens that serue our augures turne.

Me thinkes I see alreadie how they wish,

To bait their beakes in such a iolly dish.

Carbo: Scilla thy threates and scoffes amate me not:
I pre thee let thy murthrers hale me hence,
For Carbo rather likes to die by sword,

Than

Marius and Scilla.

Than liue to be a mocking stocke to thee. 2010

Scilla: The man hath haft good fouldiers take him hence,
It would be good to alter his pretence.
But be aduisde, that when the foole is flaine,
You part the head and bodie both in twaine.
I know that Carbo longs to know the cause,
And shall: thy bodie for the rauens, thy head for dawes.

Carbo: O matchles ruler of our Capitoll,
Behold poore Rome with graue and piteous eie,
Ful-fild with wrong and wretched tyrannie.

Exit Carbo cum militibus. 2020

Enter Scipio and Norbanus, Publius Lentulus.

Scilla: Tut the pore mans praier will neuer pierce the skie.
But whether preffe these mincing Senators?

Norbanus: VVe preffe with praiers, we come with mourn
Intreating Scilla by those holy bands (full teares,
That linkes faire Iuno with her thundring Ioue,
Euen by the bounds of hospitalitie,
To pitie Rome afflicted through thy wrath.
Thy fouldiers (Scilla) murder innocents.
O whither will thy lawles furie stretch, 2030
If little ruth ensue thy countries harmes.

Scilla: Gay words Narbonus, full of eloquence,
Accompanied with action and conceipt.
But I must teach thee iudgement therewithall.
Dar'st thou approach my prefence that hast borne
Thine armes in spight of Scilla and his frends?
I tell thee foolish man thy iudgement wanted
In this presumptuous purpose that is past:
And loytering scholler, since you faile in art,
Ile learne you iudgement shortly to your smart. 2040
Dispatch him fouldiers, I must see him die.
And you Carinna, Carbos ancient frend,
Shall follow straight your heedles Generall.
And Scipio were it not I loud thee well,

Thou

The true Tragedies of

Thou shouldst accompanie these slaues to hell:
But get you gone, and if you loue your selfe. *Exit Scipio.*

Carinna: Pardon me Scilla, pardon gentle Scilla.

Scilla: Sirrha, this gentle name was coynd too late,
And shadowed in the throwds of byting hate.

Dispatch: why so, good fortune to my frends,

2050

As for my foes, euen such shall be their ends.

Conueigh them hence Metellus, gentle Metellus,

Fetch me Sertorius from Iberia,

In dooing so, thou standest me in stead,

For fore I long to see the traitors head.

Metell: I goe confirmd to conquer him by fword,
or in th'exployt to hazard life and all.

Scilla: Now Pompey let me see, those Senators
Are dangerous stops of our pretended state,

And must be curtald least they grow too proud,

2060

I doo proscribe iust fortie Senators,

Which shalbe leaders in my tragedie.

And for our Gentlemen are ouer proud,

Of them a thousand and sixe hundreth die,

A goodlie armie meete to conquere hell.

Souldiers performe the course of my decree,

Their friends my foes, their foes shalbe my friends,

Go sell their goods by trumpet at your wills.

Meane while Pompey shall see and Rome shall rue,

The miseries that shortly shall ensue.

2070

Exit.

*Alarum skirmish a retreat, enter young Marius vpon the Act V
walles of Preneste with some souldiers all in blacke and wonder-
full mellancoly. sc. ii*

Marius: Oh endles course of needy mans auaile,

VVhat fillie thoughts, what simple pollicies

makes man presume vpon this traitorous life?

Haue I not seene the depth of sorrow once,

And then againe haue kist the Queene of chauce,

Oh

Marius and Scilla.

Oh Marius thou Tillitius and thy friends, 2080
Hast seene thy foe discomfitted in fight.
But now the starres haue formde my finall harmes,
My father Marius lately dead in Rome,
My foe with honour doth triumph in Rome,
My freends are dead and banished from Rome,
I Marius father freends more blest then thee:
They dead, I liue, I thralled they are free.
Here in Preneste am I cooped vp,
Amongst a troope of hunger starued men,
Set to preuent false Scillaes fierce approach. 2090
But now exempted both of life and all.
VVell Fortune since thy fleeting change, hath cast
Pore Marius from his hopes and true desiers,
My resolution shall exceed thy power,
Thy coloured wings steeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath distainde in purple blood,
Thy royall Robes washt in my purple blood
Shall witnes to the world thy thirst of blood,
And when the tyrant Scilla shal expect
To see the sonne of Marius stoope for feare, 2100
Then then, Oh then my minde shal well appeare,
That sorne my life and hold mine honour deare.

Alarum aretreat.

Harke how these murtherous Romaine viper like,
Seeke to betray their fellow Cittizens,
Oh wretched world from whence with speedie flight,
True loue, true zeale, true honour late is fled.
sould: VVhat makes my Lord so carelesse and secure,
To leaue the breach and here lament alone?
Mar: Not feare my friend for I could neuer flie, 2110
But studdy how with honor for to die.
I pray thee cal the cheefest Cittizens.
I must aduise them in a waightie cause,
Here shal they meete me and vtill they come,

The true Tragedies of
I wil goe view the danger of the breach.

Exit Marius and the souldiers.

Enter with drum and souldiers Lucretius with other Romanes, as Tuditanus &c. *Act V*
sc. iii

Lucretius: Say Tuditanus, didst thou euer see
So desperate defence as this hath been :

2120

Tudit: As in Numidia Tygers wanting food,
Or as in Libia Lions full of yre,
So fare these Romanes on Preneste wals.

Lucret: Their valure Tuditanus and resist,
The manlike fight of yonger Marius,
Makes me amazd to see their miseries,
And pitie them although they be my foes.
VVhat said I foes? O Rome with ruth I see
Thy state confumde through folly and dissention.

VVell found a parle, I will see if words
Can make them yeeld, which will not flie for strokes?

2130

Sound a parle, Marius upon the wals with the Citizens.

Marius: What seeks this Romane warrior at our hands?

Lucr: That seekes he Marius, that he wisheth thee :
An humble hart, and then a happie peace.
Thou seest thy fortunes are deprest and downe,
Thy vittels spent, thy souldiers weake with want,
The breach laid open readie to assault,
Now since thy meanes and maintenance are done,
Yeeld Marius, yeeld, Preneftians be aduisde,
Lucretius is aduisde to fauor you.

2140

I pre thee Marius marke my last aduice.
Relent in time, let Scilla be thy friend :
So thou in Rome maist lead a happie life,
And those with thee shall pray for Marius still.

Mar: Lucretius, I consider on thy words,
Stay there awhile thou shalt haue answere straight.

Lucretius: Apollo grant that my perswasions may,

Preferu

Marius and Scilla.

Preferue theſe Romane ſouldiers from the ſword. 2150

Marius: My friends and citizens of Preneste towne,
You ſee the wayward working of our ſtarres,
Our harts confirmd to fight, our victuals ſpent.
If we ſubmit, its Scilla muſt remit,
A tyrant, traitor, enemie to Rome,
Whoſe hart is guarded ſtill with bloodie thoughts.
Theſe flattring vowes Lucretius here auowes,
Are pleaſing words to colour poyfoned thoughts.
What will you liue with ſhame, or die with fame?

1 Cit: A famous death, my Lord delights vs moſt. 2160

2 Cit: We of thy faction (Marius) are reſolud
To follow thee in life and death together.

Marius: VVords full of worth, beſeeming noble mindes
The verie Balfamum to mend my woes.
Oh countrimen, you ſee Campania ſpoild,
A tyrant threatning mutinies in Rome,
A world diſpoild of vertue, faith and truſt.
If then no peace, no libertie, no faith,
Conclude with me, and let it be no life.

Liue not to ſee your tender infants ſlaine, 2170
Theſe ſtately towers made leuell with the land,
This bodie mangled by our enemies ſword:
But full reſolud to doo as Marius doth,
Vnſheath your ponyards, and let euerie friend,
Bethinke him of a ſouldierlike farewell.
Sirrha, diſplay my ſtanderd on the wals,
And I will anſwere yond Lucretius,
VVho loueth Marius, now muſt die with Marius.

Luer: VVhat anſwere wil your Lordſhip then return vs?

Marius: Lucretius, we that know what Scilla is, 2180
How diffolute, how trothles and corrupt:
In brieſe conclude to die before we yeeld:
But ſo to die (Lucretius marke me well)
As loath to ſee the furie of our ſwords
Should murder friends and Romane citizens.

The true Tragedies of

Fie countrimen, what furie doth infect
Your warlike bosomes, that were wont to fight
VVith forren foes, not with Campanian frends?
Now vnaduifed youth must counsaile eld:
For gouernance is banisht out of Rome. 2190
Woe to that bough from whence these bloomes are sprung
VVoe to that Aetna, vomiting this fire:
VVoe to that brand, consuming Countries weale:
Woe to that Scilla, careles and secure,
That gapes with murder for a Monarchie.
Goe second Brutus with a Romane minde,
And kill that tyrant: and for Marius sake
Pitie the guiltles wiues of these your frends,
Preferue their weeping infants from the sword,
Whose fathers seale their honors with their bloods. 2200
Farewell Lucretius, first I presse in place *stab.*
To let thee see a constant Romane die.
Preneftians, loe a wound, a fatall wound,
The paine but small, the glorie passing great. *againc.*
Preneftians see a second stroke: why so.
I feele the dreeping dimnes of the night,
Closing the couerts of my carefull eies.
Follow me frends: for Marius now must die
With fame, in spight of Scillas tyrannie. *moritur.*
1 Cit: We follow thee our chiefetaine euen in death, 2210
Our towne is thine Lucretius: but we pray
For mercie for our children and our wiues. *moritur.*
2 Cit: O saue my sonne Lucretius, let him liue. *moritur.*
Lucretius: A wondrous and bewitched constancie,
Beseeming Marius pride and haughtie minde,
Come let vs charge the breach, the towne is ours
Both male and female put them to the sword:
So please you Scilla, and fulfill his word. *Exeunt*

A little skirmish, a retreat: enter in royaltie Lucretius. Act V
sc. iij

Lucret:

Marius and Scilla.

Lucret: Now Romanes we haue brought Prence low, 2220
And Marius sleepest amidst the dead at last.
So then to Rome my countremen with ioy,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our fight.
Those prisners that are taken, see forthwith
VVith warlike iauelins you put them to death.
Come let vs march, see Rome in fight my harts,
VVhere Scilla waights the tidings of our warre.

Enter Scilla, Valerius Flaccus: Lepidus, Pompey, Citizens Ac V
Guard: Scilla seated in his robes of state is saluted by the sc. v
Citizens, &c.

Flaccus: Romanes you know, and to your greefes haue 2231
A world of troubles hatched here at home, (seene
VVhich through preuention being welnigh croft
By worthie Scilla and his warlike band:
I Confull with these fathers thinke it meet
To fortifie our peace and Cities weale,
To name some man of worth that may supply
Dictators power and place, whose maiestie
Shall crosse the courage of rebellious mindes.
VVhat thinke you Romanes, will you condiscend? 2240

Scilla: Nay Flaccus, for their profits they must yeeld,
For men of meane condition and conceipt
Must humble their opinions to their lords.
And if my frends and Citizens consent
Since I am borne to manage mightie things,
I will (though loth) both rule and gouerne them.
I speake not this as though I wish to raigne,
But for to know my frends: and yet againe
I merrit Romanes farre more grace than this.

Flaccus: I countremen, if Scillas powre and minde 2250
If Scillas vertue, courage and deuice,
If Scillas frends and fortunes merit fame,
None then but he should beare Dictators name.

The true Tragedies of

Pompey: VVhat think you Citizens, why stand ye mute?
Shall Scilla be Dictator here in Rome?

Citizens: By full consent Scilla shalbe Dictator.

Flaccus: Then in the name of Rome I here present
The rods and axes into Scillas hand,
And fortunate proue Scilla our Dictator.

Trumpets sound: crie within Scilla Dictator.

2260

Scilla: My fortunes Flaccus cannot be impeacht,
For at my birth the plannets passing kinde
Could entertaine no retrograde aspects.
And that I may with kindnes quite their loue,
My cuntrymen I will preuent the cause,
Gainst all the false encounters of mishap.
You name me your Dictator, but prefixe
No time, no course, but giue me leau to rule,
And yet exempt me not from your reuenge:
Thus by your pleasures being fet aloft,
Straight by your furies I should quickly fall.
No Citizens, who readeth Scillas minde,
Must forme my titles in another kinde.
Either let Scilla be Dictator euer,
Or flatter Scilla with these titles neuer.

2270

Citizens: Perpetuall be thy glorie and renowne,
Perpetuall Lord Dictator shalt thou bee.

Pompey: Hereto the Senate frankly doth agree.

Scilla: Then so shall Scilla raigne you Senators,
Then so shall Scilla rule you Citizens:
As Senators and Citizens that please mee
Shall be my friends, the rest cannot disafe mee.

2280

Enter Lucretius with souldiers.

But see whereas Lucretius is returnde.
Welcome braue Romaine where is Marius?
Are these Prenestians put vnto the sword.

Lucre: The Cittie noble Scilla raced is,
And Marius dead not by our swords my Lord,
But with more constancie than Cato died.

Scilla:

Marius and Scilla.

Scilla: VVhat constancie and but a verie boy, 2290
VVhy then I see he was his fathers sonne,
But let vs haue this constancie describde.

Lucr: After our feerce assaults, and their resist,
Our seige, their salying out to stop our trench:
Labor and hunger rayning in the towne,
The yonger Marius on the Citties wall,
Vouchsafte an interparle at the last:
VVherein with constancie and courage too,
He boldly armed his freends him selfe to death.
And spreading of his coloures on the wall, 2300
For answere saide he could not brooke to yeeld,
Or trust a tyrant such as Scilla was.

Scilla: VVhat did the bransicke boy vpbraid me fo?
But let vs heare the rest Lucretius.

Lucre: And after great perswasions to his freends
And worthy resolution of them all:
He first did sheath his ponyard in his breast,
And so in order dyed all the rest.

Scilla: Now by my sword this was a worthy iest.
Yet silly boy I needs must pittie thee, 2310
VVhose noble minde could neuer mated bee.
Beleeue me countrymen a fodaine thought,
A fodaine change in Scilla now hath wrought.
Old Marius and his sonne were men of name,
Nor Fortunes laughes, nor lowers their minds could tame,
And when I count their fortunes that are past,
I see that death confirmde their fames at last.
Then he that striues to manage mightie things,
Amidst his triumphes gaines a troubled minde.
The greatest hope the greater harme it brings: 2320
And pore men in content their glory finde.
If then content be such a pleasant thing,
VVhy leaue I country life to liue a king?
Yet Kings are Gods and make the proudest stoope,
Yee but themselues are still persude with hate:

The true Tragedies of

And men were made to mount and then to droope.
Such chances wait vpon incertaine fate,
That where she kisseth once shee quelleth twice,
Then who so liues content is happy wife.

VVhat motion moueth this Philosophie?

2330

Oh Scilla see the Ocean ebbs and floats.

The spring-time wanes when winter draweth nie.

I, these are true and most assured notes.

Inconstant chance such tickle turnes hath lent,

As who so feares no fall, must seeke content.

Flaccus: VVhilst grauer thoughts of honor shuld allure
VVhat maketh Scilla muse and mutter thus? (thee

Scilla: I that haue past amidst the mightie troopes

Of armed legions through a world of warre,

Doo now bethinke me Flaccus on my chance,

2340

How I alone where manie men were flaine,

In spite of Fate am come to Rome againe.

And lo I wield the reuerend stiles of state,

Yea, Scilla with a becke could breake thy necke.

VVhat Lord of Rome hath darde as much as I?

Yet Flaccus knowst thou not that I must die?

The laboring sifters on the weary Loombs,

Haue drawne my webb of life at length I know:

And men of witt must thinke vpon their tombes.

For beasts with careles steps to Lethe goe:

2350

Where men whose thoughts and honors clime on hie,

Liuing with fame, must learne with fame to die.

Pomp: What lets my Lord in gouerning this state,

To liue in rest, and die with honor too?

Scilla: What lets me Pompey? why my curteous frend,

Can he remaine secure that weilds a charge?

Or thinke of wit when flattrers doo commend?

Or be aduisde that careles runs at large?

No Pompey, honnie words makes foolish mindes,

And powre the greatest wit with error blindes.

2360

Flaccus, I mured Anthonie thy frend,

Romanes

Marius and Scilla.

Romanes: some here haue loft at my commaund
Their Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Allies,
And thinke you Scilla thinking these misdeeds,
Bethinks not on your grudges and mislike?
Yes Countrimen I beare them still in minde.
Then Pompey were I not a filly man,
To leaue my Rule and trust these Romans than?

Pompey: Your Grace hath small occasions of mistrust,
Nor seeke these Citizens for your disclaime. 2370

Scilla: But Pompey now these reaching plumes of pride,
That mounted vp my fortunes to the Clowds,
By graue conceits shall straight be laid aside,
And Scilla thinks of farre more simple shrowds.
For hauing tride occasion in the throne,
He see if she dare frowne when state is gone.
Loe Senators, the man that sate aloft,
Now deignes to giue inferiors highest place.
Loe here the man whom Rome repined oft,
A priuate man, content to brooke disgrace, 2380
Romanes, loe here the axes, rods and all,
He master fortune, least she make me thrall.
Now who so list accuse me, tell my wrongs,
Vpbraid me in the presence of this state.
Is none these iolly Citizens among,
That will accuse or say I am ingrate.
Then will I say and boldly boast my chaunces,
That nought may force the man whom Fate aduances.

Flaccus: what meaneth Scilla in this fullen moode,
To leaue his titles on the sodaine thus? 2390

Scilla: Confull I meane with calme and quiet mind,
To passe my daies while happy death I finde.

Pomp: What greater wrong, than leaue thy countrey so?

Scilla: Both it and life must Scilla leaue in time.

Cit: Yet during life haue care of Rome and vs.

Scilla: O wanton world that flatterst in thy prime,
And breathest balme and poyson mixt in one.

See

The true Tragedies of

See how these wauering Romaines wisht my raigne,
That whylom fought and fought to haue me slaine,
My Countrymen this Cittie wants no store
Of Fathers warriors to supplie my roome,
So grant me peace and I will die for Rome.

2400

Enter two Burgers to them Poppey and Curtall.

Curtall: These are verie indiscreet counsailes neighbor
Poppey, and I will follow your misaduifement.

Poppey: I tell you goodman Curtall the wenche hath
wrong, oh vaine world, oh foolish men, could a man in nature
cast a wench downe, and disdaine in nature to lift hir vp
again? could he take away hir dishonestie, without bouncing
vp the banes of matrimonie? oh learned Poet wel didst thou
write Fustian verse. 2410

These maides are dawes that goe to the lawes and a babe
in the belly.

Cur: Tut man tis the way the world must follow, for
maides must be kinde, good husbands to finde.

Poppey: But marke the fierce if they swell before, it will
grieue them fore. but see yondes Master Scilla, faith a prettie
fellow is a.

Scilla: what seekes my countrymen? what would my
freendes? 2420

Cur: Nay sir your kinde words shall not serue the turne,
why thinke you to thrust your souldiers into our kindred
with your curtesies sir.

Poppey: I tel you Master Scilla my neighbour wil haue
the Law, he had the right he wil haue the wrong for therein
dwels the Law.

Confull: what desires these men of Rome?

Cur: Neighbour sharpen the edge tole of your wits vpon
the whetstone of indiscretion that your wordes may shaue
like the rasers of Palermo, you haue learning with ignorance
therefore speake mytale. 2430

Pop:

Marius and Scilla.

Popp. Then worshipfull Master Scilla, be it knowne vnto you, that my neighbors daughter Doritie was a maid of reſtoritie, faire fresh and fine as a merrie cup of wine. Her eies like two potcht egges, great and goodly her legs, but marke my dolefull dittie, alas for woe and pittie: a fouldier of yours vpon a bed of flowers, gaue her ſuch a fall, as ſhe loſt maidenhead and all. And thus in verie good time I end my rudefull rime.

Scilla: And what of this my frend, why ſeeke you mee, 2440
Who haue reſignd my titles and my ſtate
To liue a priuate life as you doo now?
Goe moue the Conſull Flaccus in this cauſe,
VVho now hath power to execute the lawes.

Curtall: And are you no more Maſter dix cator, nor Generalitie of the fouldiers?

Scilla: My powers doo ceaſe, my titles are reſignd,

Curtall: Haue you ſignd your titles? O baſe minde, that being in the powles ſteeple of honor, haſt caſt thy ſelfe into the ſinke of ſimplicitie. Fie baſt, were I a king, I would 2450
day by day ſucke vp white bread and milke, and go a ietting in a iacket of filke, my meat ſhould be the curds, my drinke ſhould be the whey, and I wold haue a mincing laſſe to loue me euerie day.

Poppey: Nay goodman Curtall, your diſcretions are verie ſimple, let me cramp him with a reaſon. Sirrha, whether is better good ale or ſmall beere? Alas ſee his implicitie that cannot anſwere me: why I ſay ale.

Curtall: And ſo ſay I neighbor.

Poppey: Thou haſt reaſon, ergo ſay I tis better be a King 2460
than a clowne. Faith maſter Scilla, I hope a man maye now call ye knaue by authoritie.

Scilla: VVith what impatience heare I theſe vp braides That whilome plagude the leaſt offence with death.
Oh Scilla theſe are ſtales of deſteny,
By ſome vpbraids to try thy conſtancie.
My friends theſe ſcornes of yours perhaps will moue,

The true Tragedies of

The next Dictator shun to yeeld his state,
For feare he finde as much as Scilla doth.
But Flaccus, to preuent their further wrong,
Vouchsafe some Lictor may attach the man, 2470
And doo them right that thus complaine abuse.

Flaccus: Sirrha, goe you and bring the souldier
That hath so loosly leant to lawles lust;
VVe will haue meanes sufficient be affurd
To coole his heate, and make the wanton chaf.

Curtall: We thanke your mastership: come neighbour,
let vs iog, faith this newes will set my daughter Dorotheie a
gog.

Exeunt cum Lictore.

Scilla: Graue Senators and Romanes, now you see 2480
The humble bent of Scillas changed minde.
Now will I leaue you Lords, from courtly traine
To dwel content amidst my country caue,
VVhere no ambitious humors shall approach,
The quiet silence of my happy sleepe.
Where no delicious Iouifance or toyes,
Shall tickle with delight my tempered eares,
But wearying out the lingering day with toile,
Tyring my veines and furrowing of my soule.
The silent night with slumber stealing on 2490
Shall locke these carefull, closets of mine eies.
Oh had I knowne the height of happines,
Or bent mine eies vpon my mother earth:
Long since O Rome had Scilla with reioyce
Forfaken armes to leade a priuate life.

Flaccus: But in this humblenes of minde my Lord,
VVhere as experience proude and Art doo meete.
How happy were these faire Italian fields,
If they were graced with so sweete a funne:
Then I for Rome and Rome with me requires, 2500
That Scilla will abide and gouerne Rome.

Scilla: O Flaccus, if th'Arabian Phœnix striue
By natures warning to renue her kinde,

VWhen

Marius and Scilla.

VWhen soaring nie the glorious eye of heauen,
Shee from her cinders doth reuiue her sexe.
VVhy should not Scilla learne by her to die ?
That earst haue beene the Phœnix of this land.
And drawing neere the funne-shine of content,
Perish obscure to make your glories growe.
For as the higher trees do shield the shrubs,
From posting Phlegons warmth and breathing fire,
So mighty men obscure each others fame,
And make the best deferuers fortunes game.

2510

Enter Genius.

But ah what sodaine furies doo affright ?
VVhat apparitious fantasies are these ?
Oh let me rest sweete Lords, for why me thinks,
Some fatall spells are founded in mine eares.

Genius: *Subsequitur tua mors: priuari lumine Scillam.*

Numina Parcarum iam fera precipiunt.

2520

Precipiunt fera iam Parcarum numina, Scillam,

Lumine priuari, mors tua subsequitur.

Elysium petis, ô felix! & fatidici astri:

Præsciis Heroas ô petis innumeros!

Innumeros petis ô Heroas! præsciis astri

Fatidici: & felix, ô petis Elisium!

Euanescit fubito.

Scilla: *Ergone post dulces annos properantia fata?*

Ergone iam tenebræ præmia lucis erunt?

Attamen, ut vitæ fortunam gloria mortis

2530

Vincat, in extremo funere cantet olor.

Pom: How fares my Lord? what dreadful thoughts are these

VVhat doubtfull answeres on a sodaine thus?

Scilla: Pompey the man that made the world to stoope,

And fettered fortune in the chaines of powre,

Must droope and draw the Chariot of Fate

Along the darksome bankes of Acheron.

The heauens haue warnd me of my present fall.

Oh call Cornelia forth, let Scilla see

The true Tragedies of

His daughter Fulvia ere his eyes be shut.

2540

Exit one for Cornelia.

Flaccus: VVhy Scilla, where is now thy wonted hope
In greateft hazard of vnftaied chance?

VVhat fhall a little biting blaft of paine
Blemifh the bloffomes of thy wonted pride?

Scilla: My Flaccus, worldly ioyes and pleasures fade.
Inconstant time like to the fleeting tide

VVith endles courfe mans hopes doth ouer-bear?

Nought now remaines that Scilla faine would haue,
But lafting fame when bodie lies in graue.

2550

Enter Cornelia, Fulvia.

Cornelia: How fares my Lord? how doth my gentle Scilla?

Scilla: Ah my Cornelia paffing happie now.

Free from the world, allied vnto the heauens,
Not curious of incertaine chaunces now.

Cornelia: VVords full of woe ftill adding to my grieffe,
A cureleffe croffe of many hundreth harmes.

Oh let not Rome and poore Cornelia loofe,
The one hir frend, the other her delight.

Scilla: Cornelia, man hath power by fome inftinct
And gracious reuolution of the ftarres,

2560

To conquer kingdomes not to mafter fate:
For when the courfe of mortall life is runne,

Then Clotho ends the web hir fifter fpun:

Pompey, Lord Flaccus, fellow Senators,

In that I feele the faintfull deawes of death

Steeping mine eies within their chilly wet,

The care I haue of wife and daughter both,

Must on your wifedomes happily relie.

VVith equall diftribution fee you part,

2570

My lands and goods betwixt thefe louely twaine.

Onely beftow a hundred thoufand Seftercies,

Vpon my friends and fellow fouldiers.

Thus hauing made my finall testament,

Come Fulvia let thy father lay his hand,

Vpon

Marius and Scilla.

Vpon thy louely bofome and intreat
A vertuous boone and fauour at thy hands.
Faire Romane maide, fee that thou wed thy faires,
To modeft vertuous and delightfull thoughts:
Let Rome in viewing thee behold thy fire, 2580
Honour Cornelia from whose fruitfull woombe,
Thy plenteous beauties sweetly did appeare,
And with this Leffon louely maide farewell.

Fuluia: oh tedious and vnhappy chance for me.

Scilla: Content thee Fuluia, for it needes must bee.

Cornelia I muft leaue thee to the world,
And by thofe loues that I haue lent thee oft,
In mutuall wedlocke rytes and happie warre.
Remember Scilla in my Fuluia ftill:
Confull farewell, my Pompey I muft hence, 2590
And farewell Rome, and Fortune now I bleffe thee,
That both in life and death wouldft not opprefse mee. *dies.*

Cornelia: oh hideous ftormes of neuer danted fate,
Now are thofe eyes whose sweet reflections coold
The smothered rancors of rebellious thoughts
Clad with the fable mantles of the night:
And like the tree that robd of funne and fhowres
Mournes defolate withouten leafe or fap:
So poore Cornelia late bereft of loue,
Sits fighing, haples, ioyles and forlorne: 2600

Fuluia: Gone is the flower that did adorne our fields,
Fled are thofe sweete reflections of delight,
Dead is my Father, Fuluia dead is hee
In whom thy life, for whom thy death muft bee.

Flaccus: Ladies, to tyre the time in reftles mone
VVerre tedious vnto frends and nature too,
Sufficeth you that Scilla fo is dead,
As fame fhall fing his power though life be fled.

Pompey: Then to conclude his happines my Lords,
Determine where fhall be his Funerall. 2610

Lepidus: Euen there where other Nobles are interd.

Marius and Scilla.

Pompey: VVhy Lepidus what Romane euer was,
That merited so high a name as hee?
Then why with simple pompe and funerall
VVould you intombe so rare a paragon?

Corn: An vrne of gold shall hem his ashes in,
The Vestall virgins with their holy notes
Shall sing his famous (though too fatall) death.
I and my Fulua with disperfed haire
VVill waight vpon this noble Romanes hearfe.

2620

Fulua: And Fulua clad in blacke & mournfull pale
VVill waight vpon her fathers funerall.

Pomp: Come beare we hence this trophée of renowne,
VVhose life, whose death was farre from fortunes frowne.

Exeunt omnes.

The Funeralls of Scilla in great pompe.

Deo iuuante, nil nocet liuor malus:

Et non iuuante nil iuuat labor grauis:

FINIS.



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