POMPEY.

A

Tragedy.

DUBLIN,
Printed by John Crooke, Printer to the Kings Most Excellent Majesty, for Samuel Dancer, next Door to the Bear and Ragged-Hall in Castle-Street. 1663.
The Printer to the Reader.

I hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur Corneille, the hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resisted were resolved to have it acted; and that no abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to send it to the Press, if the Person most concerned had not feared to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this publication, more than the severity of the Censorious World.
The Persons of the Play.

Julius Caesar.
Marcus Antonius.
Lepidus.
Ptolemy, King of Ægypt.
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Phoënix, His Governour.
Achilles, His Lieutenant General.
Septimius, A Roman in the Ægyptian Kings Army.
Adrœmus, Cleopatra's Gentleman Usher.
Charmion, Cleopatra's Maid of Honour.
Cornelia, Pompey's Widdow.
Philip, Pompey's Freedman.
Romans and Ægyptians.

The Scene Ptolemy's Pallace in Alexandri.
PROLOGUE,
For the Theatre at Dublin, written by the
Earl of Roscomon,

The mighty Rivals, whose destructive
Did the whole World in Civil Armes en-
Are now agreed, and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by your Voice.
Caesar from none but You, will hear his Doom,
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourish'd in this

And you alone may Boast, you never saw
Caesar 'till now, and now can give him Law:
Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant his:
But says He cannot now begin to fear.

He
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) He knows himself too well.
Success, tis true, waited on Caesar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's Mind.
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's Cause ad-
Since here so many Cato's Judging fit. (mit,
    But you bright Nymphs, give Caesar leave to
The greatest Wonder of the world but you. (woo.
And hear a Muse, who has that Heio taught
To speak as generously, as e're he fought.
Whose Eloquence from Such a Theme detests
All Tongues but English, and all pens but Hers.
By the just Fates your Sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Caesar, and you praise him best.
    And you (Illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A Present Destiny reserv'd for you. (here,
Rome, France and England join their Forces
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
    Accept it then, and on that Pompey's Brow
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.

Pompey
(i)

POMPEY:

Act 1, Scene 1.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Phatinus, Septimus.

PTOlOMY.

Fate hath declar'd herself, and we may see
Th' Intrigue of the great Rivals Destiny:
That quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide.
Whose Rivers swelling with new bloody
(Sent thither from so many Parricides)
Tides
The Horror of torn Ensigns, Chariots, Shields,
Spread in Confusion o're th' infected Fields;
Those Slaughter'd heaps whose shades no rest ob-
By Nature to their own revenge constrain'd,
(Teir Putrefactions seeming to Revive
The War, with those that do remain alive,
Are Dreadful rules by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to cast, and Cesar to acquit.

That
That distressed Leader of the Juffer Side,
Whose wearyd Fortune hath all Help deni'd,
A terrible Example will create
To future Times, of the Extremes of Fate:
He flies, whose happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Erow:
He in our Ports chooseth his last Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe so Great,
His bold Misfortune seeks it in Abodes,
Which from the Titans once preserv'd the Gods;
And from so fam'd a Climate, doth expect
That it should Earth as well as Heav'n protect;
And lending his Despair a kinde Effort,
It should the staggering Univerfe support:
Yes, the World's Fortune Pompey with him brings,
And hopes a Land whose Fame such Wonder sings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And Pompey's Fall Attend, if not Releive.
This, Friends, the Subject is of our debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruine will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father save,
And does expose that Memphis which he gave:
We must now hasten, or prevent his fate,
His Ruine hinder or precipitate:
That is unsafe, and this Ignoble is;
I dread injustice, or unhappiness;
And angry fortune each way offers me
Either much danger, or much infamy.
It is my part to choose, yours to advise
What you believe to be most safe and wise:
Pompey's Concern'd; nay, we the same shall get,
Cesar's success to trouble, or compleat.

And
(3)

And never Monarchs Fortune, did afford
So great a Subject, for a Council Board.

PHOTINUS.

When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Sword,
Justice is nothing, but an empty word;
And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh
Must not his Reason, but his power obey:
View your own Strength, let Pompey be survey'd,
Whose Fortune Droop's, and Valour is betray'd;
Who not from Cesar only takes his flight,
But from the Senates just Reproach and sight,
( Whose greater part, were cheaply left a Prey
To the Keen Vultures of Pharsalia )
He flies lost Rome, and every Roman now;
Who must to his defeat their Fetters owe.
He flies those Kings who would chastise his Guilt,
of all the blood that in his cause was spilt.
Their Kingdoms now of Men and Mony void,
Their broken Scepters and their Thrones destroy'd,
As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all,
He flies the whole World, shattered by his Fall.
Can you alone resist so many Foes?
His safety he did in himself Repose:
He falls, and You may yield without a Blush
To such a weight as Rome her self does crush;
A weight which hath the Universe preft down,
And the yet greater Pompey, overthrown.
He that will save, whom Heaven will have wrack't,
By too much Justice may a Guilt Contract.
And a fidelity so indifferent
May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more Illustrious wound will have,
Which will not smart the less for being brave:
Do not for Egypt Thunderbolts provide,
But choose with Fortune, and the Gods to side,
Believe not they can an Injustice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree for them declare,
And think it Impious where they frown to spare,
With Divine Anger, Pompey now be sever,
Comes to involve you too, in his Defeat.
His Head for which both Gods and Men do call
Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does seem
And shew's his Hatred rather then esteem.
He would his safety with Your Ruine buy,
And can you Doubt, if he deserve to dye?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wish and thought,
And a Victorious Navy hither brought,
We then should him a Joyful welcom shew,
Who must the Gods blame for his usage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him Complain,
But with Regret A & what the Gods Ordain,
And the same Ponyard, once for Caesar meant
Shall with a sigh to Pompey's Heart be sent.
Nor can you at a less rate then his Head
Secure Your Own, and shun the storm You Dread,
Let this be thought a Crime, if so it must,
'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Just:
When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance lay'd,
The Interest of Kingdoms is betray'd,
Extremest Rigour is the Right of Kings,
When Timorous Equity their Ruine brings,
Who fears a Crime shall ever be affraid,
But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade,
Who Dangerous Virtue, as Disgrace, does shun,
And to an Useful Crime as swiftly run.
This is my Thought Sir, but Achillas may,
Or else Septimus, choose some other way.
But this I know, whatever others like. (strike.
They fear no Conquerour, who the Conquer'd

ACHILLAS.

Ptolemy says true Sir, but though Pompey we
Devested of his former Grandeur see,
Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
Which the Gods did in Thessaly revere.
Not that a Crime of State should be refrain'd,
But 'tis not lawful, till it be constrain'd:
And what need is there of such Rigour here?
Who quits the Conquer'd, needs no Conquerour
You may be Neuter, as You were before: (fear.
And Cesar may, if him you must adore;
But though you treat him as a Power Divine,
This is too great an Offring for his Shrine.
To Mars himself should this Head offer'd be,
'Twould fix on Yours too black an Infamy:
Let him not be Afflicted nor Destrroy'd,
And such a Conduit will all blame avoid.
You owe him much Sir, for Rome, mov'd by him,
Help'd our last King his Scepter to redeem,

But
But Gratitude and Hospitality,
In Monarchs Breasts must regulated be,
Nor can a King Contract so great a Debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet.
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To Cancel which, their Blood must be Imploied:
Consider too, what Pompey did expose,
When he your Father help'd against his Foes:
By that he made his Power the greater seem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by restoring him:
He did in serving him but language spend;
But Cæsar's Purse appear'd the better Friend,
Had we not Cæsar thousand Talents seen,
Pompey's Orations had small succours been.
Let him not then his Verbal merits boast,
For Cæsar's Actions have Oblig'd You most.
But if a benefit to Him be due,
Speak now for Him, as he did once for You:
His kindness safely thus require you may;
But here receiv'd, He will your Scepter sway:
This Conquer'd Roman yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enslave.
Refuse him Welcome then, but spare his Head;
But if't must fall, this arm shall strike him dead:
I can obey (Sir) and should Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine should strike the blow.

SEPTIMIUS.

Sir, I'm a Roman, and these Hero's know
Pompey needs aid, and from you seeks it now;

You
You are his fate, may his lost hopes revive,
Banish, or Kill, or give him up alive,
The first would cost you much too dear a Rate,
Tie only then the other three debate.
His exile draws on You enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conqueror;
Since to a long suspense you will him leave,
What fate his future battles shall receive;
And both on you Revenge, when weary grown
The ills, which but for You, they had not known.
To render him to Cesar were the same,
Who must forgive him, to Augment his Fame:
He will a bravery on himself impose,
And swell in that false mercy he bestowes;
Glad if that way, he Pompey can o'recome,
And in the same Act please subjected Rome:
But whilst you him to this necessitate,
You'll purchase his, as well as Pompey's hate:
His danger and dishonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him Innocent;
Whilst Pompey's Faction, you, in him destroy,
Let Cesar, at your cost, the Fruit enjoy:
By this advice, which you'll I hope allow,
You'll gain a Friend, and need not fear a Poe;
But if Achillas unsafe course you choose,
You neither gain, but both their Friendships loose.

PTOLOMY.

Let us no more debate what's just and fit,
But to the Worlds vicissitude submit.

Your
Your Major votes do with my Thoughts agree
Who in so great a change would active be,
Rome hath too long made an Injurious Claim
That all Men should adore the Roman Name:
Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
And all Her scorn in Pompey's Blood lets drown.
Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
To the Worlds Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give;
Now fate would chain an Arrogance, so fierce,
Let's help her to revenge the Universe.
Rome, thou shalt serve, & Kings which alwayes yet,
Th' haft dar'd with so much Insolence to treat,
Will Cæsar now, with les Regret, obey
Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.
Achilles and Septimius loose no time,
But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime,
Of Heavens Renement I'll the hazard run,
Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

A C H I L L A S.

A Kings Command must no dispute endure.

P T O L O M Y.

Go then, the Scepter which I bear, secure;
For you by this Commission are become
The Destinies of Egypt and of Rome.

Scene 3.
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Seen. 2.

Ptolomy, Photinus.

PTOLOMY.

I am mistaken Photin, or by this
My Sister will her expectation miss,
Pompey my Fathers Will having secur'd,
Her Coronation she believes allur'd.
And she her self the Mistress does esteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

PHOTINUS.

Sir, 'Twas a motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten Pompey's Fate.
He your Pretentions doubtless will decide,
And by your Fathers Will your Claims Divide.
To which great Trust of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disoblige you.
Nor that by this Discourse, I would remove
The Sacred Ciment of a Brothers Love,
I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.
Divided Empire all wise Kings avoid,
For Pow'r Communicated is Destroy'd;
And Policy. But, Sir, she does appear.

Scen. 3.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinius.

CLEOPATRA.

Pompey is come (Sir) and can you be here,
PTOLOMY.
That mighty Warriour I at home attend,
And him Achilles and Septimus send.
CLEOPATRA.
What? such Embassadors as those to him?
PTOLOMY.
You may go too, if they too little seem.
CLEOPATRA.
Is your own meeting him, too great a thing?
PTOLOMY.
I must remember, that I am a King.
CLEOPATRA.
Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him, that made you so?
And pay your homage to a Man so great?
PTOLOMY.
Did he that Title in Tharsalia get?
CLEOPATRA.
Though none did his misfortunes help afford,
He's still that Pompey who your Crown restor'd.
PTOLOMY.
PTOLOMY.

Rather his shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
Let him attend his Dug, and be content
To receive Thanks, from his cold Monument.

CLEOPATRA.

Hath such a Benefit such usage met?

PTOLOMY.

I both remember it and his Defeat.

CLEOPATRA.

You do indeed but with a scornful Pride.

PTOLOMY.

Time is the Standard by which things are Try'd:
You, that so prize him may his greatness Court,
But know, He yet may perish in the Port.

CLEOPATRA.

What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dair'd his Ruine to contrive.

PTOLOMY.

I have done only what the Gods inspir'd,
And what the safety of my State requir'd.

CLEOPATRA.

I know but too much Photinus, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Counsels poyfon'd you:
Souls that are but of Natures Rubbish fram'd.

PHOTINUS.

The Counsell, Madam, will not be disclaim'd.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis the King, Photinus, I discourse with now;
Stay then, till I descend to talke to you.
PTOLOMY.

You must a little with her scorn dispense,
I know her hatred, and your innocence;
But she's my sister, give her humour vent.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, if too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length, a yoke that is so vile,
And call your virtue back from her exile:
That magnanimity so great, and good,
Which is convey'd to princes, with their blood.

PTOLOMY.

Swell'd with a hope, in vain by you foreseen,
You speak to me of Pompey, like a queen:
Through your false zeal, flashes of pride escape;
And interest does act in virtue's shape:
Confess it then, you had been silent still,
Were it not for the king our fathers will;
You know who kept it?

CLEOPATRA.

And you shall know too.

Virtue alone, prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage seek,
I should for Caesar, not for Pompey speak:
Receive a secret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.

When none that bold rebellion could withstand,
Which rob'd our father, of his crown and land,
The injur'd king forsook his native shore,
And Rome's great Senate did for aid implore.
With him we went, their pity to engage,
You very young; but I was in an age,

When
When Nature had supply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in subduing hearts,
Caesar receiv'd, or else pretended love,
And by his Actions, would his Passion prove.
But since the Senat's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd Pompey, to our patty drew.
Whose high concern for us, on Caesar's score,
Was the last fruit their Friendship ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the event.
But such a Lover not with it content,
When by th' assistance of so great a Man,
In our behalf the Roman suffrage ran,
Resolving further Kindness to impart,
He gave his Treasure to attend his Heart:
And from the bounty of his growing flame,
These finews both of War and Power came:
Those thousands Talents which we owe him yet.
Force'd our revolted Egypt to submit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;
And by his Sovereign Right, on me bestow'd
A part of what, he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilst you, who this great reason never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my due;
And Your dread Father, partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half, when yet he ow'd me all.

PTOLOMY.

This Story, you with Art enough contrive.

CLEOPATRA.

I am affir'd, Caesar will soon arrive.
And a few hours will such a change effect,
As your Dark Policy did least expect.
And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
Who the loath'd Object of your scorn have been.
You in the Throne, usurp'd my equal seat,
And as a Slave you did your Sister Treat;
Till I was forc'd to shun a ruder Fate,
To fling and Court your Ministers of State.
Whose steel or poison, I still fear'd: but know
Pompey or Cæsar will secure me now;
And whatso'ere your Sycophants Ordain,
I now am sure my Scepter to obtain:
Till when my Pride shall leave you, to divine
In this Contest, what could be my design.

PTOLOMY, Phatin.

PTOLOMY.

What think you Phatin, of this lofty Mind?

PHOTIN.

My spirit, Sir, to wonder is resign'd,
And nothing but amazement can express;
At such a secret as I here could guess,
My thoughts are so unquiet and confus'd,
I scarce know what expedient should be us'd.

PTOLOMY.

Shall we save Pompey?

PHOTIN.

Had you that decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he should bleed.
Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
And if the loath Victorious Charms disperse,
The head of Pompey only, can suffice
To win the heart of Cæsar from her Eyes.

PTOLOMY.
PTOLOMY.
This dangerous woman hath a busie wit.

PHOTIN.
But such a service will out-balancce it.

PTOLOMY.
But what if Caesar still her Pow'r Obey?

PHOTIN.
Then flatter her, yet mind not what I say,
Till first you ask, in an affair so Nice,

Achillas and Septimus best advice.

PTOLOMY.
Lest from the Tow'r see them act Pompey's doom,
And this Debate at their return, resume.

After the first Act of Pompey, The King and Photin should be discovered, sitting and hearkning to this song.

Since affairs of the State, are already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court,
Employment, and Pleasure each other succeed,
Because they each other support.

Wore Princes confin'd
From slackening their Mind,
When by Care it is rufled and Curr'd.
A Crown would appear
Too heavy to wear
And no Man would govern the World.

If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
In diversions are various, and oft
Since the business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be soft.

Wore Princes confin'd, &c.

To
To our Monarch we owe, whatsoever we enjoy.
And no grateful Subjects were those,
Who would not the safety, be given them, employ
To contribute to his repose.
Were Princes coniin'd, &c.

After which an Antick dance of Gypsiyes should be
presented.

Act. 2. Scen. i.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

CLEOPATRA.

I love him, but a flame so much refin'd,
How bright forever, dazzles not my mind:
For Virtue makes my inclination know,
What Cesar's mistress does to Pompey owe:
And none dares own a passion so sublime,
But she that scorn's the shadow of a crime.
I should but slav Respect to Cesar pay,
To seek his love in an unhandsom way.

CHARMION.

Can you love Cesar, Madam, and advise
That Egypt should in Armes against him rise?
That they should Pompey against him Proteft,
And his Pharsaliam Triumphs should be checkt,
Sure Love in you does little Empire shew.

CLEOPATRA.

This to their high extraction Princes owe.

That
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That by th' Assistance, of their Royal Blood,
Their Passions are more easily subdued.
Their honour still, the Victory will have,
And whilst they trust themselves, they still are
All the Disorders, which in Kings we see; (brave.
To others Counsels must imputed be.
This I the caufe of Pompey's ruine Deem;
The King would help, but Phoebus murthers him.
Whose Counsel hath his Masters faith o'rethrown,
Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his own.

CHARMION.

You then who Cæsar love, and yet oppose.

CLEOPATRA.

The Love I cherish no dishonour knows,
But worthy him.

CHARMION.

Are you of his secure'd?

CLEOPATRA.

I think I am.

CHARMION.

But are you well assur'd?

CLEOPATRA.

Know that a Princess by her glory mov'd,
No Love confesses till she be believ'd.
Nor the most noble passion ever shows,
When it shall her to a Contempt expose.
At Rome, I first did Cæsar's Heart invade,
Where he the first expression of it made;
And ever since, he did to me renew,
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.
He march'd through Italy, through Gaul and Spain,
With Love in's Breast, and fortune in his Train:

Nor
Nor did he ever make so brave a Prize,
But he pays'ld Homage for it to these Eyes.
With the same hand, which did that weapon quit
With Blood of Pompey's party reeking yet,
He writ complaints, and put my fetters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.
Yes from Pharsalia his submissions came,
And if his speed be equal to his flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt shall see him shortly at my feet.
He comes my Charmion and from me alone,
Seeks the reward of all that he hath done.
And all his glory, to my Shrine he brings,
With the same hand, which gives the law to Kings.
So that ev'n in his Triumphs, my disdain
Can make the Man, that rules the World, complain.

CHARMION.

Yet I dare swear, your charms a pow'r enjoy
Which though they boast of they will n'er employ.
And the great Caesar shall no trouble know,
If it can only from your rigour grow.
But what can you expect from Caesar's flames,
Wherein such right another Woman claims,
His freedom he by marriage hath resign'd,
And only to Calphurnia is confin'd.

CLEOPATRA.

But a Divorce at Rome so common now,
May remove her, and my desires allow.
Caesar's experience him to that may lead,
Since twas Calphurnia's Passage to his bed.

CHARMION.
CHARMION.

But the same way, may you at length remove.

CLEOPATRA.

Perhaps I better shall secure his love,
Perhaps my passion may find out an Art
Better to manage that Illustrious Heart.
But let's to Heaven leave what may arrive,
And this Allianc(e) (if we can) contrive.
Were it but one day, were enough for me,
One day, the Mistress of the World to be.
I have Ambition, and be't good or ill,
It is the only Sovereign of my Will.
And 'tis this Noble passion sure, or none,
A Princess may without a Blest of her own,
But yet with Glory I would it enflame,
Nor would buy greatness with the loss of Fame,
For I the brightest Crown can scorn to touch,
When 'tis attended with the least Reproach.

Wonder not then, that I so much pursue
Pompey's defence, and would my Duty do.
His injur'd virtue, since I cannot right:
My secret Wishes must invoke his flight.
That some kind Storm may to his Ships disperse,
As may preserve him from his Murtherers.
But faithfull Achates comes, and he
Will quickly tell us Pompey's Destiny.

C 2

Scen. 2.
Scen. 2.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achates.

CLEOPATRA.

What, is it done, and hath some Treacherous hand
With that Rich blood stain'd our unhappy strand?

ACHOREUS.

By your commands, I to the shore did run,
And saw this Treason, in its Horrour done.
I saw the greatest Mortal lose his Breath,
And though a sad, I saw a glorious Death.
And since a story you require from me,
So much his Honour, and our Infamy:
Hear then his fate, and wonder, and bewail,
His three Ships in the Harbour striking sail,
When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
He thought the King, with his misfortunes touch'd,
By noble sense of Honour, did intend
With all his Court to meet to brave a friend.
But when he only saw a squiffle prepar'd,
And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his guard:
Th' ingratitude Treachery did then appear,
And gave him some approaches of a fear:
But seeing Arm'd Men on our Ships and Shoar,
He blush'd his Apprehensions were so Poor:
And when the Danger, was so near him brought,
He only on Cornelia's safety thought.
"Let's but expose, says he, this single head
To a Reception we may so much dread.

"But
"But whilst I only do the shocke sustain,
"Hasten thy Flight, and my revenge obtain.
"King Juba is more gen'rously inclin'd,
"Where thou thy Father, and my Sons shalt find:
"But if their Deaths should thee of them deprive,
"Never Despair while Cato is alive.
While their contest on this, was sad and kind;
Achillas' fatal boat their Vessels Joyn'd:
Sevtimus then, to get him in his Pow'r,
Ith Roman Language call'd him Emperor;
And as deputed from th' Egyptian Prince,
Let, Sir, lyes he, this bark convey you hence;
The Shells and Sands, which under water lye,
To greater Vessels an Access deny.
The Hero saw, and smil'd at this abuse;
He then receiv'd his Wifes and Friends adieu,
Their stay commanded, and to death did go
With the same look, as he did Crown's below:
With the same Majesty writ in his Brow,
He sat unmov'd among his Murthers now:
His stedfast Courage, did his Conduct seem,
Philip his Freed-man only follow'd him;
Of whom, what I have told you I did learn,
But saw the rest my self with sad concern:
And think, (so mournful it to me appears)
Cæsar himself could not refuse it Tears.

CLEOPATRA.

But spare not mine, nor let them intercept
A story, which I have already wept.

ACHOREUS.
ACHOREUS.

Whilst toward Land they brought him, not a word
To the unhappy Pompey they afford:
In which contempt, he did foresee his end.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to descend,
He Rising, as Achilles stood behind
Drawing his Sword, for what they had design'd,
Septimius, and three Romans more embrow'd,
Their Guilty hand in that Heroick Blood.
Till ev'n Achilles was with horror strook,
Upon a Rage so Barbarous to look.

CLEOPATRA.

You Gods, who Nations do chastise with War,
When you Revenge this Death, our Cities spare!
And not the place, but Actors look upon,
The crime of Egypt was by Romans done,
But tell me what this Worthy said, and did.

ACHOREUS.

With his Rubes border he his visage hid,
Blindly his cruel Destiny obey'd;
And would not see that Heav'n, which him betray'd:
Least any look of his, in such a strook,
Should in its assistance, or Revenge invoke.
Not the least poor complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that spoke him worthy of his wrong:
But that despising, made his last Retreat
To all that in his Life, was good or great:
And held the treason, which the King had wrought,
Too much below him to imploy his thought.

His
(23)

His Virtue, by their crime more brightly shone,
And his last Gaspe, was an Illustrious one.
This great Soule fled, his Body did expose
To th'greedy Eyes, of his inhumane Foes:
His Head, which tumbled on the blushing Deck,
(By vile Septimius sever'd from his neck.)
Upon Achillae lance we fixed see,
As after Battles Trophies use to be:
And to conclude a Destiny so sad,
The Sea was all the Sepulcher he had.
To fortune row, his Daughter's Corps resign'd,
Floats at the Pleasure of the Wave and Winde.
The Poor Cornelia at the Dreadfull view.

CLEOPATRA.

O Gods! What could she either say or do!

ACHOREUS.

By dreadful shrieks, she try'd his Life to shield,
Then hopeless up to Heav'n her hands she held:
And by her mighty sorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly swoon.
In this Distress, her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit those horrid Shoars.
But infamous Septimius having thought
Cornelia's flight, rob'd him of half his fault:
Has with six Ships hasten'd to her pursuit,
And the dead Pompey still does persecute.
But whilst to th' King Achillae brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horror on the guilt reflect,
And a Revenging Earthquake does expect.
This hears it Thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution must receive.
Their Reason, troubled by the Crimes extent,
Cannot but dread as vast a Punishment.
Philip mean while thews on the River side,
That his mean fortune a brave soul did hide.
He curiously examines every wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treason to them gave:
That those lov'd Bones he piously might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urne.
And with a little Dust, a Tomb erect
To him, who did the Universe subject.
But whilst Cornelius they one way pursue,
Another we might Cæsar's coming view,
A Navy which can hardly Reckon'd be:

CLEOPATRA.

Ne're Doubt it, Achates, it is he;
Tremble bad Men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Destiny become.
Cæsar's come, I'm a Queen, Pompey's reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the times are chang'd.

"Tut let's with wonder on the Great reflect;
"Pity their Fortune, and our own suscept:
He who we thought ev'n Fate her self had sway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:
Whom his own Rome saw (almost Dei'd)
Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride;
And who in the last hazards of his Fate,
Saw both the Consuls on his Standards wait:
As soon as Fortune one unkindness shows,
Egyptian Monsters of his Life dispose:

And
(25) 

And a Phoebus, or Septimius, can 
Govern the Destiny of such a Man. 
A King who ow's him, ev'n the Crown he wears, 
Exposing him to those base Flatterers. 
So fell the mighty Pompey, and so may 
Cesar himself perhaps another day. 
O may the Gods the Augury disprove! 
And make his Fortune constant as my Love.

CHARMION. 
The King comes Madam, who may over hear.

Scen. 3

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

PTOLOMY. 

Know you what happiness is Drawing near? 
CLEOPATRA. 
Yes I have heard it, the great Cesar's come: 
And Phoebus shall no more pronounce my Doom; 
PTOLOMY. 
That faithful Subject you could not endure. 
CLEOPATRA. 
No, but am from his Projects now secure. 
PTOLOMY. 
Which of his Plots could you so much offend? 
CLEOPATRA. 
I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend: 
For such a Politician is not Nice, 
And you are always steer'd by his Advice. 
PTOLOMY.
PTOLOMY.
If I believe him, I his prudence see.
CLEOPATRA.
And I who fear him, Know his cruelty.
PTOLOMY.
For a Crown's safety all things just appear.
CLEOPATRA.
That kind of equity creates my fear,
My share of Power hath been by it lost,
And now it has the head of Pompey soft.
PTOLOMY.
Never a game of State was more advis'd,
For else by Cæsar we had been surpris'd:
You see his speed, and we had been subdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have stood.
But now I to a Conquerour so great,
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal seat.
CLEOPATRA.
Make your own Presents, I'll dispose of mine,
Nor others Interests with Yours combine.
PTOLOMY.
Our Blood's the same, uniting me and you.
CLEOPATRA.
You might have said, our Rank unites us too.
We both are Sovereigns, yet 'twill be confest,
There is some Difference in our Interest.
PTOLOMY.
Yes, Sister, for my Heart is well content
Only with Egypt's narrow Continent.
But now your Beauty, Cæsar Heart does wound,
Tagus and Ganges must your Empire bound.
CLEOPATRA.
(27)

CLEOPATRA.

I have Ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize my Soul, but never blind.
T' upbraid me with those bounds there is no need,
I know my Reach, and shall not that exceed.

PTOLOMY.

Your Fortune smiles and you th' advantage use.

CLEOPATRA.

You may revile me, if I that abuse.

PTOLOMY.

I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

CLEOPATRA.

You seem to keep, what really you fear.
But though the Gods my just pretensions Crown,
You need not doubte I'll ask, but what's my own.
You ne're shall Anger from your Sister find,
Though you're a Cruel Brother, I'll be kind.

PTOLOMY.

But yet methinks you do discover Pride.

CLEOPATRA.

Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

PTOLOMY.

Your present carriage; that doth plainly shew.

CLEOPATRA.

Cæsar is come and you've a Master now.

PTOLOMY.

I made him mine who the Worlds Master is.

CLEOPATRA.

Pay him your Homage, while I look for his.
In this Address you may your fel. seen,
But Ile remember that I am a Queen.
Photin will help you to receive him now,  
Advise with him, he'll tell you what's to do.  

Act. 2. Scen. 4.  

Ptolomy, Photinus.  

PTOLOMY.  

I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since  
To flatter her, but swells her insolence.  
For with her Pride she did affront me so,  
That I at last fell into Passion too.  
This Arme enrag'd by her, could scarce forbear  
(Without a Thought that Caesar was so near)  
Dispatching her (as safe as she doest seem.)  
To have complain'd to Pompey, not to him.  
She talks already at that haughty rate,  
That if great Caesar please her Pride and Hate.  
And she o're him her boasted Empire have,  
Her Brother and her King must be her Slave.  
No, no, we needs must frustrate that intent,  
Nor poorly wait the ills we may prevent.  
Let's spoil her of her Power to disdain,  
And break those Charms whereby she hopes to  
Nor after such indignities, let's brook.  
(Reign:  
That she should buy my Scepter with a look.  

PHOTINUS.  

Do not for thyself pretend to provide  
That Egypt should be to his Triumphs Ty'd.
For this Ambitious Man which through the world,
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conquest, and a Rage so smart,
As such a loss, writes in a Lovers Heart:
Though you but act, what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, He'll you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

PTOLOMY.

If Cleopatra sees him she's a Queen.

PHOTINUS.

But if the dye your Ruine is foreseen.

PTOLOMY.

Who ruines me should on my fall attend.

PHOTINUS.

To ruine her you must your self befriend.

PTOLOMY.

What? must my Crown upon her Temples shine?

No, my Scepter I must needs resign,
The Conquerour shall rather it command.

PHOTINUS.

You'll sooner force it from a Sisters hand.

How great soever now his flames appear,
He must be gone, and leave You Master here.

Love in such Men, seldom that room can find,
Which to their Interest will not be resign'd.

With Juba, Scipio, and with Pompeys Sons,
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with Africk runs:
And while that Party are not yet overthrown,
He cannot safely call the World his own.

Cæsar's too weak a Captain, to o'resee
The Pursuit. : Pharsalia's Victory.

And
And leave such fierce Hearts on revenge intent,
To rise from their sole late Astonishment.
If he his ends Obtain, and them o'recom,
He his gain'd Empire must secure at Rome:
And there the fruit of his success enjoy,
Whilst he at pleasure does her laws destroy.
Judge in that time, what great things you may do,
See Cæsar then, and strive to please him too.
Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
That future things on accidents depend.
Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
And without murmurs yield to his Command:
He will believe that Justice he shall do
If he your Fathers Testament pursue;
Besides this signal service you have done;
Will give you still some Title to your Throne.
Entire submission to his Orders shew,
Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
That time for our Revenge will be most fit.
When we can Act, as well as think of it.
With temper let these Passions then be born,
Which were excited by your Sisters scorn.
Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
Who Acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

PTOLOMY.
O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
A Prudent Counsellour's the bliss of Kings.
Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
And to save all, on Cæsar all bestow.
His Pride let's slatter with an empty State,
And with our whole Fleet on him richer Wait.
After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by two Egyptian Priests on the Stage.

1.

See how Victorious Cæsar's Pride
Does Neptune's Bosom sweep!
And with Thetisalian Fortune ride
In Triumph o'er the Deep.

2.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dare's do more then they?
Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kiss
And Sea, and Land obey.

1.

What can the Fortunate withstand?
For this resiles He,
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Embarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men submit,
And Cæsar's fav'ring woe,
Virtue her self may think, it fits
That Egypt court him too.

1.

But Pompey's Head's a rate to dear,
For by that impious price
The Godless Noble will appear
Than do's the Sacrifice.

2. If
If justice be a thing divine,
The gods should it maintain,
For us to attempt what they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.

Chorus.
How desperate is our Prince's fate?
What bazzard does he run?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or to be just, undone.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Charmion, Achorus.

CHARMIAN.

Yea, whilst the King himself is gone to meet
Caesar, and lay his Sceptre at his feet.
To her Appartment Cleopatra went,
And there unmoved expects his Complement.
What words have you to clothe this Humour in?

ACHOREUS.

'Tis Noble Pride and worthy of a Queen.
Who with Heroick courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I speak to Her?

CHARMION.

No, but she hath sent
Me to enquire this meetings great event,
How Cæsar on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether 't were acknowledg'd or disdain'd.
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could say.

ACHOREUS.
The head of Pompey hath already cost,
More than they will have any cause to boast:
For whether Cæsar be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd Ptolemy, they serv'd him ill,
You saw him part, and I pur'd him still,
When from the city his well order'd Fleet,
Advance'd a League, that they might Cæsar meet.
He with spread Sails arriv'd, and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of Mars
So Neptune to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his wind.
Our Prince was so Altonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned Head forget.
Through his false Joy his Terour he Confess'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts express'd.
I my self blusht as at a shamefull Thing,
There to see Ptolemy, but not the King;
Cæsar who saw his Courage thus expire,
In pity flatter'd him to raise it higher.
He with low voice offering his Fatal gift,
"Now Sir, sayes he you have no Rival left.

E"
"What in **Thessalia**, not the Gods could do,
"I give you **Pompey** and **Cornelia** too.
"Here's one, and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.

**Achillas** then the great Head did expose,
Which still to speak it felt seem'd to dispose.
At this new injury some warm Remain
Did imperfect groans seem to complain.
I thought his open mouth and ghastly look,
Recall'd the Soul which scarce her leave had took,
And his last anger seem'd with dying Breath,
To charge the Gods with his Defeat and Death.

**Caesar** seem'd Thunder stricken at this view,
As not resolv'd what to believe or do.
Inmoveably on that sad Object ty'd;
He long from us his inward thought did hide,
And I would say if I durst make a guess,
By what our Nature ues to express:
Some such malignant Pleasure he enjoy'd,
As his offended honour scarce destroy'd.

That the whole World now in his Power lies,
Could not but bring some flattering surprize.
But though a while this conflict he endure'd,
Yet his great Soul it self soon re-affur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treason hates,
Himself he judges, on himself debates.
Each Joy and Grief at reasons bar appears,
At length resolv'd, he first let fall some Tears.
His Virtues Empire he by force regains,
And Noblest Thoughts by that weak sign explains.
The horrid present from his sight expelled,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heaven held.
In a few words their insolence repres'd,
And after did in Penitence rest.
Nor even to his Romans could reply,
But with a heavy sigh and furious Eye.
At last with Thirty Cohorts came to Land,
To seize the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
Shew his Distrust, as well as Discontent.
Egpyt he speaks of, as a Province won,
And now calls Pompey not a Foe, but Son.
This I observ'd.

CHARMION.

By which the Queen may find
The Just CJiris to her Vows inclin'd:
Whilst with this happy News to her I fly,
Do you preserve her your Fidelity,

ACHOREUS.

Ne're doubt it, but here Cæsar comes, go then
Describe the Consternation of our Men:
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate;
Ile first observe, and then to her Relate.
Scen. 2.

_Cæsar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Photinus, Achorens, Roman and Egyptian Soldiers._

PTOLOMY.

Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern Us.

CÆSAR.

Do you know _Cæsar_, and speak to him thus?
What worse could envious Fortune offer me?
Who alike hate a Crown, and Infamy.
This to accept, would all my Boast confute,
That _Rome_ did me unjustly Persecute:
(Where, _Rome_, who both Scorns, and gives Crowns every
And nothing sees in Kings, to love or fear);
Nay, at our Birth, does all our Souls enflame,
To flight the Banke, and to abhor the Name.
This truth you might have learn'd from _Pompey_,
If he such Offers lik'd, could shun them too. (_Who
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, t' afford
Service to him who had them both restr'd:_
So glorious had been even ill success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less:
And if your Fortune safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been _Cæsar's_ Pride:
But though you would not own so brave a strife,
What right had you to that Illustrious Life?
(37)

Who that rich Blood to wash your hands allow'd,
That to the meanest Roman should have bow'd?
Was it for you, Pharsalia's Field I won;
Wherein so many Nations were undone?
And did I purchase at so high a Rate,
That you should be the Arbiters of Fate?
If I in Pompey that could ne're admit,
Shall you escape, o're him assuming it?
How much is my Success abus'd by you,
Who attempt more then ever I durst do?
What Name, think you, will such a blow become,
Which has usurp'd the Sovereignty of Rome?
And in one Person did affront her more,
Then could the Asian Massacre before.
Do you imagine I shall e're agree
You would have been more scrupulous for me?
No, had you Pompey here Victorious seen,
My Head to him had such a Present been:
To my Conquest your Submissions owe,
When all Wrongs had pursu'd my Overthrow.
You do adore the Conqueror, not me;
I but enjoy it by Felicity.
Dangerous Friendship! Kindness to be fear'd!
Which turns with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.
But speak; this Silence does encrease your Sin.

PTOLOMY.

Never hath my Confusion greater been;
And I believe, Sir, you'll allow it me,
Since I, a King born, now a Master see;
Where at my frown each Man did trembling stand,
And every Word of mine, was a Command.
I see a New Court, and Another sway,
And I have nothing left, but to obey:
Your very Look abates my Spirits force;
And can it be regain’d by your Discourse?
Judge how I can from such a Trouble cease,
Which my Respects create, and Fears encrease:
And what can an astonish’d Prince express,
Who Anger sees in that Majestick Dress?
And whose Amazement, do his Soul subdue,
That Pompey’s Death should be reveng’d by You.
Yet I must say, whatever he bellow’d,
We owe you more, than ever we ow’d:
Your Favour was the first to us express,
And all he did, was done at your Request;
He did the Senate move for injur’d Kings,
And them that Paayer to our Assistance brings.
But all that He for Egypt could obtain,
Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain:
By that his Rebels our late King subdu’d,
And you have Right to all our Gratitude:
We Pompey as your Friend and Son rever’d,
But when he your Competitour appear’d,
When of your Fortune he suspicious grew,
Tyranny fought and dar’d to fight with you—

CAESAR,

Forbear, your hatreds Thirst his Blood supplies,
Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice;
Say nothing here that Rome still dares deny,
But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

PTOLOMY.
PTOLOMY.

Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought;
I only say, That in the Wars last fought,
To which so many Wrongs did you perswade,
Our Vows for your Succes were only made:
And since he ever fought your Blood to spill,
I thought his Death a necessary Ill.
For as his groundless Hatred daily grew,
He would, by all ways, the Dispute renew;
Or it at length, he fell into your Hand (stand:
We fear'd your Mercy would your Right with-
For to that Pitch your sense of Honour flies,
As would to Fame your Safety Sacrifice;
Which made me judge, in so extream an Ill,
We ought to serve you, Sir, against your will;
My forward Zeal th' occasion did embrace,
Without your leave, and to my own disgrace:
And this you as a Crime in me disclaim,
But nothing done for you deserves that Name:
I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which Act you may enjoy, and disapproove;
Nay by my Guilt, my Merit higher growes;
Since I my Glory gave for your Repose,
And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
Your Glory and your Power to be assur'd.

CAESAR.

You employ, Ptolemy, such Crafty Words,
And weak Excuses as your Cause affords;
Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
What all Mankind beg'd of the Gods should be:

And
And did to you such Subtilties Convey,  
As stole the Fruit of all my Wars away;  
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end  
Was of a Foe subdued, to make a Friend;  
Where the worst Enemies that I have met,  
When they are conquer'd, I as Brother Treat:  
And my Ambition only this Design'd,  
To Kill their Hate, and force them to be kind;  
How blest a Period of the War 't had been,  
If the glad World had in one Chariot seen  
Pompey and Caesar at once to have fate  
Triumphant o'er: all their former Hate!  
These were the Dangers you fear'd should befall;  
O fear Ridiculous! and Criminal!  
You fear'd my Mercy, but that trouble quit,  
And wish it rather, you have need of it.  
For I am sure strict Justice would consent  
I should appease Rome with your punishment.  
Not your Respects, nor your Repentance now,  
No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow.  
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,  
But Cleopatra's Blood must not be spilt:  
Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn;  
And must expect you'll do me Right on them:  
For what in this I shall observe you do,  
Must be the Rule of my Esteem for you:  
To the great Pompey Altars now erect,  
And to him pay, as to the Gods, Respect.  
By Sacrifices your Offence expell,  
But have a Care you choose your Victims well.  
Go then, and whilst you do for this prepare,  
I must stay here about another Care.  

Scen. 3.
Scene 3.

_Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus._

**Cæsar.**

_Antonius_, have you this bright Prince's seen?

**Antonius.**

Yes, Sir, I have, and she's a matchless Queen;
With such proportion Heaven never yet
All Beauties both of Mind and Body knit;
So sweet a Greatness in her Face does shine,
The Noblest Courage must to it resign;
Her Looks and Language with such ease subdue,
If I were Cæsar, I should love her too.

**Cæsar.**

How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd?

**Antonius.**

As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd;
She modestly declin'd her highest aims,
And thinks the Merits, what the most disclaims.

**Cæsar.**

But can I hope her love?

**Antonius.**

Can she have yours?

As that your Joies, so this her Crown secures.
To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
Whose kindness you with Empire can reward?
Then let your Passion all its Doubts disband,
For what can Pompey's Conquerour withstand?
(42)

But yet her Fear to her remembrance brings,
How little Rome hath ever valu'd Kings;
And more than that, she dreads Calpurnia's Love,
But both these Rubs your presence will remove,
And your successfull Hope all Mis's will break,
If you vouchsafe but for your Self to speak.

CÆSAR.

Let's go then, and these needless scruples quit,
Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it:
Come let us stay no longer.

ANTONIUS.

But first know,
Cornelia is within your Power now:
Septimius brings her, boasting of his Fault,
And thinks by that, he hath your Favour bought.
But once aloof your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

CÆSAR.

Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does so roughly use!
O Heaven! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this small remainder of one day?

Scen. 4.
Death had been glorious, and had set me free
As from my Sorrow then, so now from Thee.
Yet I must thank the Gods, though so severe,
That since I must come hither, Thou art here:
That Cæsar reigns here, and not Ptolemy;
And yet, O Heaven! what Stars do govern me?
That some faint kind of satisfaction ’tis,
To meet here with my greatest Enemies;
And into their Hands that I rather fall,
Then into His that ow’d my Husband all.
But of thy Conquest, Cæsar, make no boast,
Which to my single Destiny thou ow’st;
I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac’d,
And twice have caus’d th’ whole World to be dif-
My Nuptial Knot twice ominously ty’d, (grac’d;
Banish’d the Gods from the Uprighter Side;
Happy in misery I had been, if it,
For Home’s advantage, had with Thee been Knit;
And on thy House that I could so dispense
All my own Stars malignant influence:
For never think my Hated can grow less,
Since I the Roman Constancy profess’d;
And though thy Captive, yet a Heart like mine,
Can never stoop to hope for ought from Thine:
Command, but think not to subject my Will,
Remember this, I am Cornelia still.

CÆSAR.

O Worthy Widow of a Man so brave!
Whole Courage, Wonder, Fate does pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Birth, to whom your Love you owe;
And
And we may find, by your Hearts glorious frame,
Both to, and from what Families you came;
Young Cæsars Soul, and noble Pompeys too,
Whole Virtues Fortune cheated of their due;
The Scipios Blood, who savd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and sparkle in your Eyes;
And Rome herself hath not an ancient Stem, (them:
Whole Wife or Daughter, hath more honour'd
Would to those Gods your Ancestors once sav'd,
When Hannibal them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a false Barbarians Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our Ancient love rely'd,
That he had suffered my successfull Arms,
Only to vanquish his unjust Allarms;
Then he, without distrustning me, had stay'd
Till he had heard what Cæsar could have said;
And I, in spight of all our former strife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of Life;
Forget my Conquest, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:
Then I, with a content entirely great,
Had pray'd the Gods to Pardon his Defeat;
And giving me his Friendship to possess,
He had pray'd Rome to Pardon my success.
But since Fate, so Ambitious to destroy,
Hath rob'd the World, and Us, of so much Joy,
Cæsar must strive to acquit himself to you,
Of what was your Illustrious Husbands due:
Enjoy your self then with all freedom here.
Only two dayes my Prisoner appear;
And witness be, how after our Debate,
I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate;
You this Account to Italy may yield,
What Pride I borrow from Thessalia's Field.
I leave you to your self, and shall Retire;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire;
As Roman Ladies have respected been,
So Honour her, (that is,) above a Queen.
Madam, command; all shall your Orders wait.

CORNELIA.
O Gods! how many Virtues must I hate!

After the third Act, to Cornelia asleep on a Couch,
Pompey's Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

From lasting and unclouded Day,
From joy's resit'd above Alay,
And from a Spring without decay.

I come, by Cynthia's borrowed Beams
To visit my Cornelia's Dreams,
And give them yet Sublimer beams.

Behold the Man, thou lov'dst before,
Pure streams have wash'd away his Gore,
And Pompey now shall bleed no more.

By Death my Glory I resume;
For I would have been a Saviour of Rome
T' restore the Liberty of Rome.
(47)

By me her doubfull fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeath's my Fame this Pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it Dy'd.

Nor shall my Vengeance be withstood
Or unattended with a Flood,
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His days shall troubled be, and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.

He, by Severity Divine
Shall be an offering at my Shrine,
As I was his, be must be mine.

Thy Sorrow's Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waste thee soon a shoar,
And to thy Pompey thee restore.

Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous, and Immortal Groves.

There none a Guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a Tear.

After
After this a Military Dance, as the continuance of her Dream, and then Cornelia starts up, as waken'd in amazement, saying.

What have I seen? and whether is it gone
How great the vision! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some Joy laid up in Fate for me.

Exit.


Ptolemy, Achillas, Photinus.

PTOLEMY.

What? with that Hand, and with that Sword
A Victim of th' unhappy Pompey made,
Saw you Septimius, fled from Cæsar's hate,
Give such a bloody Period to his Fate?

ACHILLAS.

He's Dead, Sir, and by that you may collect,
What shame (foreseen by him) you must expect:
Cæsar you may by this slow anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go:

But
But the consider'd Indignation grows
Stronger by Age, and gives the fiercer Blows;
In vain you hope his Fury to allwage,
Who now secure, does Politickly rage;
He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive, abhor'd; he dead reveres:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth choose,
To act the vengeance, and yet make the use.

PTOLOMY.

Had I believ'd Thee, I had never known
A Master here, nor been without a Throne:
"But still with this Imprudence Kings are curst,
"To hear too much Advice, and choose the worst;
"At the Pits brinke Fate does their Reason blind;
"Or if some hint, they of their Danger find,
"Yet that false Light amis their Judgment steer's,
"Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

PHOTINUS.

I must confess I Cæsar did mistake,
Since such a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his side hath streams, and those alone
Can expiate your fault, and fix your Throne.
I no more say, you silently should bear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, a better Remedy esteem,
To justify his Rivals Death, on him.
When you the First Act, by the last make good,
And Cæsar's shed, as well as Pompey's Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.
PTOLOMY.

Yes, Yes, to this all Reasons do persuade,
Let's fear no more the Greatness we have made:
Caesar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
And twice in one day we'll dispose of Rome;
As Bondage first, let's Freedom next bestow;
Let not thy Actions, Caesar, swell Thee so;
But call to mind what thou hast seen me doe;
Pompey was Mortal, and so thou art too;
Thou envy'dst him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think, thou hast no more Lives, then he;
Thy own Compassion for his Fate, does shew
That thy Heart may be Penetrable too:
Then let thy Justice threaten as it please;
'Tis I, must with thy Ruine, Rome appease;
And of that Cruel Mercy Vengeance take,
Which spares a King, but for his Sitters take.
My Life and Power shall not exposed be
To her Resentment, or thy Levity;
Least thou, to morrow, shouldst at such a Rate
Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate:
More noble Maximes shall my Fears expell;
Thou bad'st me once to choose my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
Who know no Victim worthier than thee,
Nor th' Immolation of whose Blood, will draw
Better Acceptance from thy Son in law.
But vainly, Friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unless we knew, what Strength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable heat,
The Tyrants Forces being here so great;

But
(51)

But of our Power let us be first agreed,
And in what time and method to proceed.

ACHILEAS.

We may do much, Sir, in our present State,
Two miles from hence, six thousand Soldiers wait;
Which I, foreseeing some new Discontents,
Have kept in readiness, for all Events;
Cesar with all his Arts, could not foresee
That underneath this Town a Vault should be,
By which this night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Ease, and without Noise convey;
T assault his Life by open force alone,
Would be the only way to loose your Own:
We must surprize him, and act our design,
When he is Drunk with Pleasure, Love and Wine.
The People are all ours; for when he made
His entry, Horrour did their Souls invade;
When with a Pomp so arrogantly grave,
His Facies did our Royal Ensigns brave;
I mark'd what Rage at that Injurious view,
From their incensed Eyes, like sparkles flew;
And they so much did with their fury strive,
That your least Con tenance may it revive.

SEPTIMUS: Soldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the Terrour of their Leaders Fate,
Seek nothing but revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captains Person, so contemn.

PTOLomy.

But what way to approach him can be found!
If at the Feast his Guards do him surround?
PHOTINUS.

Cornelia's Men, who have already known
Among your Romans Kindred of their own,
Seem to persuade us they would help afford
To Sacrifice their Tyrant, to their Lord;
Nay have assured it, and much better may
Then we, to Caesar the first stabs convey;
His Clemency (not only false but vain)
Which Courts Cornelia, that He Rome may gain,
Will to his Person, give them such access,
As may assure our Plot of a success.

But Cleopatra comes; to Her appear
Only posses'd with Weakness, and with Fear:
Let us withdraw Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

PTOLOMY.

Go wait me.—

Scen. 2.

PTOLOMY, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Brother, I have Caesar seen,
And have to him your Interestour been.

PTOLOMY.

I never could expect an Act so kind
From, you who bear so generous a Mind.

But
(53)

But your great Lover quickly from you went.

CLEOPATRA.

'Twas to the Town, t' appease some discontent,
Which he was told had newly rais'd been
Betwixt the Soldier and the Citizen:
Whilst I with Joyfull haste come to assure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were secure;
The Illustrious Cæsar on the Course you took,
Doe with less anger then Compassion look,
He pitties you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whose Souls the baseness of their Birth confess,
And who in vain great Dignities possesse:
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm;
Those too much Power would quickly overthrow:
That hand, whose Crimes alone do purchase Fear,
Will soon let fall a Weight it cannot fear.

PTOLOMY.

Those Truths, and my ill Fate do me perswade
How bad a choice of Counsellours I made:
For had I acted Honourable things,
I had as glorious been, as other Kings;
And better merited the Love you bear
A Brother, so unworthy of your Care;
Cæsar and Pompey had been here agreed,
And the Worlds Peace in Egypt been decreed;
Who her own Prince a friend to both had seen;
Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.

But since to call this back is past our Art,
Let me discharge to you my Troubled heart;
You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
Could yet Prefer me both my Life and Crown
Be truly great and vanquish all your Hate,
By changing Phoebus and Achilla's Fate.
For their offending you, their Death is due,
But that my Glory suffers in it too.
If for their Kings Crimes they should punish'd be,
The Infamy would wholly light on me;
Cæsar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain
For my sake, therefore, your just Hate constrain:
Your heart is Noble, and what pleasure then
Is th' abject Blood of two unhappy Men?
Let me owe all to you, who Cæsar charme,
And, with a Look, his Anger can disarm.

CLEOPATRA.
Were but their Life and Deathime to give,
My scorn is great enough to let them live:
But I with Cæsar little can prevail,
When Pompey's Blood lies in the other scale;
I boast no Power to Dispose his will,
For I have spoke, and he hath found it still,
And turning quickly to some new Affair,
He neither does refuse, nor grant my Prayer:
Yet I would once more on that hath Them proceed,
In hope a new attempt may better speed;
And I believe.—

PTOLOMY.
He comes, let me be gone,
Least I should chance to draw his anger on;
My presence may enflame what I would make less,
So you alone, may act with more success.

Scen. 3—
Scen. 3.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion, Aegores, and Romans.

CÆSAR.

The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen,
Which had alarm'd with little reason been;
Nor need they fear the troublesome event
Of Souliers Pride, or Peoples Discontent:
But O great Gods! when absent from your Eyes,
A greater Tumult did within me Rise;
When these unwelcome Cares snatcht me from you,
My heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;
And I my own Renown began to hate,
Since it my parting did necessitate;
But I forgave all to the single Thought
How much advantage to my Love it brought:
For tis to that, I owe the noble Hope
Which to my Flame does give so fair a Scope,
And perswades Cæsar that his Heart may prove
Not utterly unworthy of your Love;
And that he may pretend to that, since he
Nothing above him, but the Gods, can see.
Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
That with more glory could your fetters bear
Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might
By Conquering its King, appear more bright.
Less for his Throne would I the Man pursue,
Then to dispute the Right of serving you.
’Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
That my Ambitious Aim did always sight.
And in Pharsalia rather my Sword drew
To Preserve that, then Pompey to subdue.
I Conquer’d, and the God of Battles, less
Then your bright Eyes, afforded me success.
They rais’d my Courage, and my hand did sway,
And I owe them that memorable day.
As the effect of heat by them inspir’d,
For when your beauties had my passion fir’d;
That a return might your great Soul become,
They made me Master of the World and Rome.
I would ennoble that high Title I wear,
By the Addition of your Prisoner.
And shall most happy be, if you think fit
That Title to esteem, and this permit.

C L E O P A T R A.

I know how much I to my fortune owe,
Which this excess of Honour does bestow,
Nor will from you my inward thoughts conceal
Since I know both, you, and myself too well.
Your Love did in my earliest Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Present wear;
I twice receiv’d my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withstand?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot resist your siege,
Who so much merit, and so much Oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Ranks, and the Command
Which I have now regain’d in Egypt Land.

The
The Sceptr, by your Hand restor'd to mine,  
Do all against my innocent Hopes combine;  
To my desir'd injurious they have been,  
And lessen me by making me a Queen,  
For if Rome still be as she was before,  
'To ascend a Throne, will but debase me more;  
These Marks of Honour will but my Shame  
And Ruine my Pretences to your Flame:  
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,  
Might all my Fears with ease enough destroy,  
And I would hope, that such a Man as you,  
May justly Rome's Capriciousness subdue;  
And her unjust averseion for a Throne:  
She might see cause, for your sake, to disown:  
I know that you can greater things effect,  
And from your Promise Wonders I expect;  
You in Tharsis did much greater do,  
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

C E S A R.

There's nothing humane can my Love withstand;  
'Tis but the overrunning Affricts Land,  
To shew my Standards to the rest of those,  
Who did me with so ill a Fate oppose;  
And when Rome can no more of them Advance,  
She will be forc'd to study Complaisance:  
And you shall see her with a solemn State,  
At your Feet sacrifice her Pride and Hate;  
Nay I must have her, at your Royal Seat,  
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat;  
And with so much Respect these Beauties view,  
That the young Cesar shall request from you's
This is the only Fortune I desire,
And all to which my Laws do aspire:
How blest were my Condition, if I might
Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your sight?
But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
For I must quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that absence therefore, suffer me
To take such Courage from the Charms I see,
That frighted Nations may, at Caesar's name,
Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

CLEOPATRA.

This is too much; but if I this abuse,
The fault which you create you must excuse:
You did my Crown, and perhaps Life restore,
And yet your Love (I trust) will grant me more;
And I Conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my hopes, and all your high Defert,
Dip not in Blood the Bounties you impart;
Great Sir, forgive those that have Guilty been,
Or else by that, let me appear a Queen;
Achilles and Phoebus blood disdain,
For they endure enough, to see me reign;
And their Offense——

CAESAR.

Ah! by some other way
Assure your self how much my Will you Iway,
(59)
As you Rule me, if I might you request,
You better should employ your Interest;
Govern your Cæsar as a lawfull Queen,
And make him not Partaker of their Sin:
For your sake only, I the King disdain;
'Twas love alone that—

Scen. 4.

To them Cornelia.

CORNELIA.

Cæsar, have a Care.

For Traytors have against thy Life Combin'd,
And sworn thy Head shall be to Pompey's Joyn'd.
If to prevent them thou shouldst be remiss,
Thy Blood will speedily be mixt with his.
If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'st know,
The Author, Order, and the Actor too.
I yield them thee;

CÆSAR.

O truly Roman Heart!
And Worthy him, of whom you were a part!
His Soul, which sees from its exalted State,
How I endeavour to Revenge his fate,
Forgets his hate, and is become so kind,
To save my Life, by what he left behind.
Whatever Treason could to Pompey do,
Yet he does still subsist, and act in you:
And prompts you to a thing so brave, that he
May vanquish me in generosity.

H 2      CORNELIA.
(60)

CORNELIA.

Cæsar, thou art deceived in my intent,
If you think’t Hatre yields to acknowledgment:
No, Pompey’s blood must all commerce deny,
Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
And I thy offer’d Freedom would enjoy,
That to thy Ruine I might it employ.
Nay, I shall make new business for thy Sword,
If thou dra’st be so Just to keep thy word.
But though so much on thy Destruction bent,
Yet I thy Murder would as much prevent.
I have thy Death, with too much Justice sought,
That it should now, be with a Treason bought.
Who knows and suffers, does partake the guilt:
Nor should thy blood be infamously spilt.
But when my Husbands Sons, and Kindred do
Attempt thy death, then I shall with it too.
And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Armies fight,
Offer thee Nobly to that Hero’s Ghost,
In whose Revenge thou so much zeal bestowest?
My restless thirst for such a day as this,
By thy untimely fall its end would miss.
But whatso’er hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am Rack’d by their delay,

"For distant satisfaction is half lost:
"And long expected Joys too dearly cost.
I shall not wander on the Affrick Strands;
To seek the vengeance ready in thy hands,
Which does the head it Threatens best befit:
For I could thine have had instead of it;"

But
(61)

But that my hatred saw the difference great,
Betwixt my Husbands murder and defeat:
And I an earlier Punishment would see
On their Presumption, then thy Victory.
This is Rome with, Whose Venerable Brow
To this affront, too just a Blush would owe:
If her two Noblest heads should (after all
Her Triumphs) with so much dishonour fall.
Shee, upon whom thou never couldst impose,
Would sooner Punish Criminals, then foes.
Her Liberty, would a misfortune grow,
If upon Tiber Nile should it bestow.
None but a Roman could her Master be,
And but a Roman none should set her free.
Here thou wouldst fall to her unsacrifice'd:
And wouldst be murther'd so, but not chastis'd.
Nor would succeeding Tyrants frighted be,
For the Example too, would dye with Thee.
Revenge her thou, on Egypt's wrong, and I
Will her revenge upon Pharsalia try.
Adieu, no time in this should wasted be,
Go then, and boast I once made vows for thee.

Scene 5.
Sczn. 5.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Achates, Charmion.

CÆSAR.

Her Virtue, and their Crime, alike amaze,
Queen, you perceive for whom your goodness
( prays,

CLEOPATRA.

That, now, no more against your Justice fights,
Go (Sir) Revenge all violated rights:
My Ruine, they much more then yours desire:
The Traytors do against my Right Conspire.
As my support, against you they design:
And by your death, would make their way to mine.
But though all this be to my anger known,
Yes'tis my Brother still, that leads them on.
Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
Is your deserved fury may restrain?

CÆSAR.

Yes, Ile remember, your heart is so great,
That for his Births sake, you his Crime forget.
Adieu, fear nothing, for these are not foes,
That can the fortune of my Arms oppose.
Them, and their Party, I shall quickly rout,
When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out:
They shall not Souldiers, but Tormentors see,
And now my Axes shall my Ensigns be. Exit. Cæsar.

CLEOPATRA.
(63)

CLEOPATRA.

Dear Achoreus, after Caesar go,
With him prevent my Threatned overthrow.
And when he punithes our worthles Foes,
Make him remember what his promise ows.
Observe the King, when he in fight appears,
And spare his blood, that you may spare my tears.

ACHOREUS.

Madam, his fortune shall no sorow need,
If all my Care and Service can succeed.

After the fourth Act, Cleopatra sits hearkening to this Song.

Proud Monuments of Royal Dust!
Do not your old Foundations shake?
And labour to resign their trust
For sure your mighty Guests should wake,
Now their own Memphis lies at Stake.

Alas! in vain our Dangers call;
They care not for our Destiny,
Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egypt now enslav'd, or free,
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd,
Now death the busie Scene hath bid;
Where but in story shall we find
Those great disturbers of Mankind?
When Men their quiet Minutes spent
Where Mists grew and Fountains purr'd,
As safe as they were Innocent:
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition to undo the World?

What is the aim of being Great,
Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin,
Or if we attain a Royal Seat,
With Guiltless Steps what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within.

Honour the Brightness of the Mind!
And love her noblest extasie:
That does our selves, this others bind
When you great Pairs shall disagree
What Casualt can the Universe be.

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
With gentle, but relentless sway
Yet Honour must that govern too:
And when thus Honour wins the Day,
Love overcomes the bravest way.
Act 5. Scen. 1.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and Philip.

Cornelia.

May I believe my Eyes? or does this sight Delude me, with Chimera's of the Night? Do I behold Thee Philip? and didst Thou Funeral rites to my lov'd Lord allow? His Ashes does this Urne contain? O view! At once so terrible and tender too! Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate, All of Great Pompey that is spar'd by Fate. Expect not I a Tear to you should pay, For Great Souls, ease their Griefs another way. Shallow Afflictions, by Complaints are fed: And who laments, would gain be Comforted. But I have sworn by all that we Adore; And by yourself (sad Object) which is more: (For my griev'd Heart does more to you submit, Then to thosc Gods whom so ill-guarded it.) By you I swear it then (Mournfull remain, My only Deity, now he is slain) That no extinction or decay, shall be In that revenge which must enoble me.
To Caesar, Ptolemy, by base surprize,
Rome, of thy Pompey, made a Sacrifice.
And I, thy injur’d walls will never see,
Till Priest, and God, to him shall offer’d be.
Put me in mind, and my just hate sustain,
O Athens! now my hope as well as Pain.
And to assist me in that great design,
Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
But Thou, who on so infamous a show,
Gav’st him a flame, so Pious, though so Poor:
Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great,
To pay to such a Hero such a Debt?

PHILIP.
Cover’d with Blood, and much more dead than he;
When I had curs’d the Royal Treachery,
My wandering Feet were by my grief convey’d,
Where yet the Wind upon the Water plaid:
After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
And saw the Headless Trunk approach the Sand:
Where the angry Wave, a pleasure seem’d to take
To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
I to it leap’d, and thrust it to the banks;
Then gathering a heap of Shipwreck’d Planks,
A half, artless Pile, I to him rais’d,
Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas’d.
‘Twas hardly kindled, when Heaven grew so kind
To send me help, in what I had design’d.
Codrus*, an Ancient Roman, who lives here,
Returning from the City, spy’d me there.
And when he did a headless Carcass view,
By that sad mark alone he Pompey knew:
Then weeping said, O thou who ere thou art
To whom the Gods such honours do impart.
Thy fortune's greater then thou dost believe,
Thou shalt rewards, not Punishments receive.

Cæsar's in Egypt and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'st these Pious Care's,
These Ashes to his Widow thou mayst bear
In Alexandria, for now she is there.

By Pompeys Conqueror so entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be disdain'd.
Go on till I return, this said, he went,
And quickly brought me this small Monument.
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd,
That Hero's Ashes which the fire had made.

CORNElia.
With what great Praises should this act be crown'd!

PHILIP.

Entering the Town I great disorders found.
A numerous People to the Port did flye,
Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager Romans fiercely these pursed,
Rage in their eyes, their hands with blood imbrew'd.
When Cæsar with brave Justice did Command,
Phœbin to perish by a Hangmans hand.
On me appearing, he vouch'd to look,
And with these words my Masters Ashes took.
Remainers of a Demigod! whose Name
I scarce can equal Conquerour as I am.
Behold guilt punish'd and till Altars call,
For other Victims let these Treasons fall.

I 2

Greater
Greater shall follow. To the Court go thou,  
On Pompey's Widow this from me bestow.  
And whilst with it the makes with grief some truce,  
Tell her how Cæsar her Revenge pursues.  
That great Man, fighting, then from me did turn,  
And humbly kissing did restore the Urne.

CORNELIA.

O Formal Grief! how easie is that Tear,  
That's shed for Foes whom we no longer fear!  
How soon revenge for others fills that brest,  
Which to it, is, by its own danger prest?  
And when the Care we take to right the dead  
Secures our Life and does our glory spread.  
Cæsar is generous 'tis true, but he  
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,  
Might in an envious mind a doubt revive,  
What he would do were Pompey yet alive.  
His courage, his own safety does provide,  
Which does the Beauty of his actions hide.  
Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight  
In Pompeys Cause for Cleopatra's Right.  
So many Int'rests with my Husband's met,  
Might to his Virtue take away my debt.  
But as Great Hearts judge by themselves alone,  
I choose to guess his honour by my own.  
And think we only make his fury such,  
Since in his Fortune I shou'd do as much.

Scen. 2.
Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

CLEOPATRA.

I come not to disturb a grief so due
To that affliction which hath wounded you.
But those remains 't adored, which from the wave,
A faithfull freed-man did so lately save.
To mourn your fortune, Madam, and to swear,
You'd still enjoy, a Man so justly Dear
If Heaven which does persecute you still,
Had made my Power equal to my will.
Yet if to what that Heaven sends you now,
Your Grief can any Room for Joy allow:
If any sweetness in revenge there be,
Receive the certainty of yours from me.
The false thatinus——But you may have heard.

CORNELIA.

Yes, Princess that he hath his Just reward.

CLEOPATRA.

Have you no comfort in that news discern'd?

CORNELIA.

If there be any you are most concern'd.

CLEOPATRA.

All hearts with Joy receive a wish'd Event.

CORNELIA.

Our thoughts are, as our Interests, different.

Though
Though Caesar add Achilles Death 'twill be,
To you a satisfaction, not to me.
For nobler rites to Pompey's Ghost belong,
These are too mean to expiate his wrong.
No reparation by such Blood is made,
Either to my grief, or his injur'd shade,
And the Revenge which does my Soul enflame,
Till it hath Caesar, Ptolemy doth claim;
Who though so much unfit to reign or live,
Caesar I know will for his safety strive.
But though his Love hath dar'd to promise it,
Yet jutier Heaven dares it not permit
And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
They shall both perish by each others Sword.
Such an event would my Hearts grief destroy,
Which now is such a Stranger grown to Joy.
But if ye Gods think this too great a thing,
And but one fall, O let it be the King!

CLEOPATRA.
Heaven does not govern as our Will's direct.

CORNELIA.
But Gods, what Causes promise, will effect
And do the guilty with revenge pursue.

CLEOPATRA.
As they have Justice they have Mercy too.

CORNELIA.
But we may Judge as here events have past,
They now the first will act and not the last.

CLEOPATRA.
Their Mercy oft does through their Justice break.

CORNELIA.
Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak.

Each
Each hath her cause of kindness and of hate,
And both concern'd are in this Prince's fate.
But by the Blood which hath to day been shed,
We shall perceive whose vows have better sped.
Behold your Achoreus.

Scen. 3.

To them Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

But alas,
I read no good presages in his face;
Speak Achoreus, let us freely hear
What yet deserves my sorrow, or my fear.

ACHOREUS.

As soon as Cæsar did the treason know:

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis not his conduct I enquire of now:
I know he cut and stopt that secret vault
Which to him should the murderers have brought,
That to secure the streets his men he sent,
Where Phoebus did receive his punishment:
Whose sudden fall Achilles so amaz'd
That on the abandoned port he quickly seiz'd;
Whom the King follow'd, and that, to the land
Antonius all his soldiers did command.
Where Cæsar join'd him, and I thence do guess
Achilles punishment, and his success.

ACHOREUS.
ACHOREUS
His usual Fortune her Assistance gave.
CLEOPATRA.
But tell me if he did my Brother save,
And kept his Promise.
ACHOREUS.
Yes, with all his Might.
CLEOPATRA.
That's all the News I wish'd you to recite,
Madam, You see the Gods my wishes heard.
CORNELIA
They only have his Punishment defer'd.
CLEOPATRA.
You wish'd it now: but they have him secure'd:
ACHOREUS.
Or Cesar had, if he had life endur'd.
CLEOPATRA.
What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?
Oh! Quickly your obscure Discourses clear.
ACHOREUS.
Neither your cares nor ours could save him, who
Would die in spight of Cesar, and of You:
But Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd:
That ever falling Monarch dignify'd.
His resolv'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the Romans dearly fold his blood.
He fought Antonius with such noble heat,
That on him He did some advantage get:
But Cesar's coming alter'd the event;
ACHILLAS there after Phocinus went.
But so as him did too much Honour bring:
With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.
(73)

O spare the King; in vain the Conquerour cry'd;
To him no Hope but Terrouit it imply'd.
For frighted, he thought Caesar did intend
But to revere him to a shameful end.
He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
What Virtue armed by Despair can do.
By this mistake his vexed soul abus'd,
Still fought the Death which still was him refus'd,
Breathles at last, with having fought and bled,
Encompass'd round, and his best Soldiern's dead,
Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,
And follow'd was by such tumultuous heaps,
As by their number, overprest, the Ship
With all its fright was swallow'd in the Deep.
This Death recovers all his lost Renown,
Gives Caesar Fame, and You the Egyptian Crown.
You were proclaim'd, and though no Roman sword
Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd.
Caesar extremly did concern'd appear;
He sighs, and he complains: but see him here,
Who better can then I his Griefs relate,
For the unhappy Kings restitues Fate.

Seer. 4.

To them.

Caesar, Antonius, Lepidus,

CORNELIA.

Caesar be just, and me my Gallies yield,
Achilles and Phocinus both are kill'd:
Nor
Nor could thy sovra heart their Master save,
And Pompey here, no more revenge can have.
This fatal lboare nothing does me present,
But th' Image of their horrible Attempt,
And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noize
Of People who in charge of Kings rejoice:
But what afflicts me most, is still to see
Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
Release me then from this inglorious pain,
And set my Hate at liberty again.
But yet before I go I must request
The Head of Pompey with his Bones may rest.
Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy hands intreat.

Caesar.

You may so justly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be Caesar's shame:
But it is fit, after so many Woes,
That we should give his wandering Shade repose,
And that a Pile which You and I enflame,
From the first mean one rescue Pompey's name.
That he should be appeas'd our Grief to view,
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May ( the Pomp done, and fire extinct again )
His reunited Ashes entertain.
This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Vertue dedicate,
Offer him Vows, Incense and Victims too,
And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for these Rites require,
Refuse me not the Favour I desire.
(75)
But stay till these solemnities be past,
And then you may resume your eager haste.
Bring to our Rome a Treasury so great,
That Relic be——

CORNELIA.

Not thither Cesar yet.
Till first thy ruin, granted me by Fate,
To these lov'd Ashes shall unlock the Gate;
And thither (tho' Deaf to Rome as me)
They come not till Triumphant over thee.
To Africk I must this rich burden bear,
Where Pompey's sons, Cato and Scipio are.
Who'll finde I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
Fortune as well as Justice on their side:
And thou shalt see, there with new fury hurl'd,
Tarsalia's Ruines arme another World.
From Rank to Rank these Ashes I'll expose
Mixt with my Tears, t' exasperate thy Foes.
My Hate shall guide them too, and they shall fight
With Urns, instead of Eagles in their fight;
That such sad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Punishment.
Thou to this Hero now devout art grown,
But, raising his Name, do'st exalt thy own.
I must be Witness too! and I submit;
But thou canst never move my Heart with it.
My Los'd can never be repair'd by Fate,
Nor is it possible t' exhaust my Hate.
This Hate shall be my Pompey now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
But as a Roman, though my Hate be such,
I must confess, I thee esteem as much.
Both these extremes Justice can well allow:
This does my Virtue, that my Duty show.
My sense of Honour does the first command,
Concern, the last, and they are both contraind.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I should hate, makes me such value pay:
My Duty so my Anger does create,
And Pompey's Widdow makes Cornelia hate.
But I from hence shall hasten, and know then,
I'll raise against thee Gods, as well as Men.
Those Gods that flatter'd thee and me abus'd,
And in Pharsalia Pompey's Cause refused:
Who at his Death could Thunderbolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not his Soul will give my Zeal such heat,
As I without their help shall thee defeat.
But should all my Endeavours prosper ill,
What I can not do, Cleopatra will.
I know thy flame, and that 't obey its force
Thou from Calpurnia stud'st a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou would'st this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of Rome thou dar'st not break.
But know, the Roman Youth think it no sin
To fight against the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will at the Price
Of thy best Blood revenge their scorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruine if I check thy Love;
Adieu; tomorrow will thy Honour prove.

Scen. 5.
SCEN. 5.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius, Lepidus, Achoreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Rather then You to this expos'd should be, With my own Ruine I would set you free. Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happines's; For that's the greatest that I can possesse. Though far unworthy to be Cæsar's Bride, Yet He'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

CÆSAR.

Those empty projects, Queen, are all now left To a great Heart of other Help bereft; Whose keen desires her want of Strength confess, Could she perform more, she would wish it less. The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove, Nor can they my Felicitie remove. If your Love stronger then your Grief appears, And will for Cæsar's sake dry up your Tears; And that a Brother, who deserv'd them not, May for a Faithful Lover be forgot. You may have heard, with what Regret of mine His Safety to Despair he did retire. How much I sought his Reason to redeem From those vain Terrors that surronded him, Which he disputed to his latest Breath, And cast away his Life for fear of Death. O shame for Cæsar! Who so eminent! And so solicitous for your Content! Yet.
(78)
Yet by the Cruel Fortune of this Day
Could not the First of your Commands Obey:
But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
Their Just Decrees on guilty men fulfill.
And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
Since by his Death Egypt is wholly Yours.

CLEOPATRA.
I know I gain another Diadem,
For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and Him;
But as the Fate of humane things is such,
That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
Excuse me, if the Crown conferred by You
As it obliges, Does afflict me too.
And if to see a Brother justly kill'd
To Nature I as well as Reason yield.
No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.
I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
Nor dare without Regret ascend the Throne.

ACHORUS.
The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
Who with great shouts demand to see their Queen,
And many signify their Impatience give,
That such a Blessing they so late receive.

CAESAR.
Let them so just a Happiness obtain, (reign,
And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your
O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire:)

That
That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to morrow for a glorious day.
When all such Noble Offices may owne,
Pompey's appease, and Cleopatra Crown.
To her a Throne, to him let's Altars Build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests as after
the second.

A
 Ascend a Throne Great Queen! to you
 By Nature, and by Fortune due,
 And let the World adore

One who ambition could withstand,
Subdue revenge, and Love command,
On Honours single score.

2.
To mighty Roman shades, permit
That Pompey should above you sit,
He must be Dei'd.

For who like him, e've fought or fell?
What Hero, ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly dy'd?

What cannot Glorious Cæsar do?
How nobly does he fight and woe!
On Crowns how does he tread.
(80)

What mercie to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living foes,
   How pious to the dead?

2.
Cornelia yet would challenge tears,
But that the sorrow which she wears,
   So charming is, and brave.

That it exalts her Honour more,
Then if she all the Scepters bear,
   Her Generous Husband gave.

Chorus.
Then after all the Blood that's shed,
Let's right the living and the dead:
   Temples to Pompey raise;

Set Cleopatra on the Throne;
Let Caesar keep the World he's won;
   And sing Cornelia's praise.

After which a Grand Masque is
Danc'd before Caesar and Cleopatra,
made (as well as the other Dances and
the Tunes to them) by Mr. John Ogilby.

EPILOGUE
EPILOGUE.

Written by Sir Edward Dering Baronet.

Pleased or displeas'd, censure as you think
The Action, Plot, the language or the wit:
But we're secure, no Bolder thought can tax
These scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex.
Nor Envy with her hundred Eyes elpie
One line severest Virtue need to flye:
As Chaft the words, as harmless is the fence,
As the first smiles of Infant Innocence.
Yet at your Feet, Caesar's Content to bow,
And Pompey, never truly Great till now:
Who does your Praise and kinder Votes pre-
Before th' applause of his own Theatre: (for
Where fifty Thousand Romans daily blest
The Gods and him, for all that they posseft.
The sad Cornelia says, your gentler breath
Will force a smile, ev'n after Pompey's Death.

L

She
She thought all Passions bury’d in his Urne,
But flattering hopes and trembling fears remain:
Undone in Egypt, Thessaly and Rome, (turn:
She yet in Ireland hopes a milder Doom:
Nor Iberian Shoars, or Libyan Sands
Expect relief, but only from you hands.
E’n Cleopatra, not content to have
The universe, and Caesar too her Slave: (low;
Forbears her Throne, till you her right all
Tis I’st have rul’d the World, then pleased you.

FINIS.