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THE COMEDIES AND TRAGEDIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN  
NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH  
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A  
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN  
THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD



LONDON  
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN  
1873

# CAESAR

*AND*

# POMPEY :

A Roman Tragedy, de-  
claring their Warres.

Out of whose euent is euicted this

Propofition.

*Only a iuft man is a freeman.*

---

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

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LONDON :

Printed by THOMAS HARPER, and are to be  
fold by *Godfrey Emondson*, and *Thomas Alchorne*.

M.DC.XXXI.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONO-  
rable, his exceeding good Lord, the  
Earle of *Middlesex*, &c.

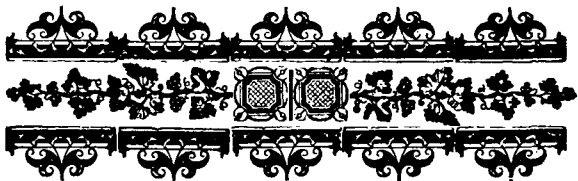


*Though (my good Lord) this martiall History suffer the diuision of Acts and Scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet neuer toucht it at the Stage; or if it had (though some may perhaps causelesly empaire it) yet would it, I hope, fall vnder no exception in your Lordships better-iudgeing estimation, since Scenicall representation is so farre from giuing iust cause of any least diminution; that the personall and exact life it giues to any History, or other such delineation of humane actions, ads to them luster, spirit and apprehension, which the only section of Acts and Scenes makes mee stand vpon thus much, since that only in some precisianismes will require a little preuention: And the hasty prose the stile auoides, obtaine to the more temperate and stai'd numerous elocution, some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it. Though ingeniously my gratitude confesseth (my Lord) it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honor; being written so long since; and had not the timely ripenesse of that age that (I thank God) I yet finde no fault with all for any old defects.*

*Good my Lord vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some worke of more nouelty and fashion may conferre this the more liking of your honors more worthy deseruings; To which his bounden affection vowes all seruices.*

Euer your Lordships

GEO. CHAPMAN.



### *The Argument.*

**P**ompey and Cæsar bring their Armies so neare *Rome*, that the Senate except against them. Cæsar vnduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. Pompey more for feare of Cæsar's violence to the State, then mou'd with any affectation of his own greatnesse. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conducing to their ends, warre ends them. In which at first Cæsar is forc't to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding Conqueror ; his victory was preuented, and he unhappily dishonor'd. Whose ill fortune his most louing and learned wife *Cornelia* trauailde after, with paines solemne and carefull enough ; whom the two *Lentuli* and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murdered.

Both the Consuls and *Cato* are slaughtered with their owne invincible hands ; and Cæsar (in spight of all his fortune) without his victory, victor.



ONLY A JUST MAN  
IS A FREE MAN.

ACT I.      Scene I.

---

*Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.*

*Cat.*      **N**ow will the two Suns of our Romane  
                  Heaven  
                  (*Pompey & Cæsar*) in their Tropicke  
burning,

With their contention, all the 'clouds assemble  
That threaten tempests to our peace & Empire,  
Which we shall shortly see poure down in blood,  
Civill and naturall, wilde and barbarous turning.

*Ath.*      From whence presage you this ?

*Cat.*      From both their Armies,  
Now gathered neere our Italie, contending  
To enter feuerally : *Pompeys* brought so neere  
By Romes consent ; for feare of tyranous *Cæsar*,  
Which *Cæsar* fearing to be done in fauour  
Of *Pompey*, and his passage to the Empire ;  
Hath brought on his for interuention.

And such a flocke of Puttocks follow *Cæsar*,  
 For fall of his ill-disposed Purse  
 (That neuer yet spar'd Crosse to Aquiline vertue)  
 As well may make all ciuill spirits suspitious.  
 20 } Looke how against great raines, a standing Poole  
 Of Paddockes, Todes, and water-Snakes put vp  
 Their speckl'd throates about the venemous Lake,  
 Croking and gasping for some fresh false drops  
 To quench their poifond thirst ; being neere to stifle  
 With clotted purgings of their owne foule bane ;  
 So still, where *Cæsar* goes, there thrust vp head,  
 Impostors, Flatterers, Faurites, and Bawdes,  
 Buffons, Intelligencers, select wits ;  
 Close Murderers, Montibanckes, and decaied Theeues,  
 To gaine their banefull liues reliefes from him.  
 From Britaine, Belgia, France, and Germanie,  
 The scum of either Countrie, (chus'd by him,  
 To be his blacke Guard,\* and red Agents here)  
 Swarming about him.

*Porc.* And all these are said  
 To be suborn'd, in chiefe, against your selfe ;  
 Since *Cæsar* chiefly feares, that you will sit  
 This day his opposite ; in the cause for which  
 Both you were sent for home ; and he hath stolne  
 Accessse so foone here ; *Pompeys* whole rest raise'd  
 To his encounter ; and on both sides, Rome  
 In generall vproare.

*Stat.* Which Sir, if you saw,  
 And knew, how for the danger, all suspect  
 To this your worthiest friend (for that knowne free-  
 dome  
 His spirit will vse this day, 'gainst both the Riuals,  
 His wife and familie mourne, no food, no comfort  
 Allowd them for his danger) you would vse  
 Your vtmost powrs to stay him from the Senate,  
 All this daies Session.

*Cat.* Hee's too wise, *Statilius*,  
 For all is nothing.

*Stnt.* Nothing Sir? I saw

\* kitchen retainers. See Fletcher's  
 Bloody Brother. Modern, Black guard

*Castor* and *Pollux* Temple, thrust vp full,  
 With all the damn'd crew you haue lately nam'd :  
 The market place and suburbs swarming with them :  
 And where the Senate sit, are Ruffians pointed  
 To keepe from entring the degrees that goe  
 Vp to the Bench ; all other but the Consuls,  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and the Senators,  
 And all for no cause, but to keepe out *Cato*,  
 With any violence, any villanie ;  
 And is this nothing Sir ? Is his One life,  
 On whom all good liues, and their goods depend,  
 In Romes whole Empire ! All the Iustice there  
 That's free, and simple ; all such virtues too,  
 And all such knowledge ; Nothing, nothing, all !

*Cat.* Away *Statilius* ; how long shall thy loue  
 Exceede thy knowledge of me, and the Gods ?  
 Whose rights thou wrongst for my right ? haue not I  
 Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs ?  
 Their iustice, and integrity included,  
 In what I stand for ? he that feares the Gods,  
 For guard of any goodnesse ; all things feares ;  
 Earth, Seas, and Aire ; Heauen, darknesse, broad  
 day-light,

Rumor, and Silence, and his very shade :  
 And what an Aspen soule hath such a creature ?  
 How dangerous to his soule is such a feare ?  
 In whose cold fits, is all heauens iustice shaken  
 To his faint thoughts ; and all the goodnesse there  
 Due to all good men, by the gods owne vowes,  
 Nay, by the firmenesse of their endlesse Being,  
 All which shall faile as soone as any one  
 Good to a good man in them : for his goodnesse  
 Proceeds from them, and is a beame of theirs.  
 O neuer more, *Statilius*, may this feare  
 Taint thy bould bosome, for thy selfe, or friend,  
 More then the gods are fearefull to defend.

*Athen.* Come ; let him goe, *Statilius* ; and your  
 fright ;

This man hath inward guard, past your yong fight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Minutius, manet Cato.*

*Cat.* Welcome ; come stand by me in what is fit  
For our poore Cities safety ; nor respect  
Her proudest foes corruption, or our danger  
Of what seene face foeuer.

*Min.* I am yours.  
But what alas, Sir, can the weaknesse doe  
Against our whole State of vs only two ?  
You know our Statists spirits are so corrupt  
And seruile to the greatest ; that what crosseth  
Them, or their owne particular wealth, or honor,  
They will not enterprife to saue the Empire.

*Cat.* I know it ; yet let vs doe like our felugs.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter some bearing Axes, bundles of rods, bare ; before  
two Consuls, Cæsar and Metellus ; Anthonius, and  
Marcellus in couples ; Senators, People, Souldiers,  
&c. following. The Consuls enter the Degrees, with  
Anthonius, and Marcellus : Cæsar slaying a  
while without with Metellus who hath  
a paper in his hand.*

*Cæf.* Moue you for entring only *Pompeys* army ;  
Which if you gaine for him ; for me, all iustice  
Will ioyn with my request of entring mine.

*Met.* Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

*Cæf.* But might we not win *Cato* to our friendship  
By honoring speeches, nor perswasive gifts ?

*Met.* Not possible.

*Cæf.* Nor by enforcieue vsage ?

*Met.* Not all the violence that can be vsde,  
Of power, or set authority can stirre him,  
Much lesse faire words win, or rewards corrupt him ;  
And therefore all meanes we must vse to keepe him  
From off the Bench.



*Cæs.* Giue you the course for that,  
And if he offer entry, I haue fellowes  
Will ferue your will on him, at my giuen signall.

*They ascend.*

*Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with  
papers. Enter the Lists, ascend and sit.*

*After whom enter Cato, Minutius,  
Athenodorus, Statilius, Porcius.*

*Cat.* He is the man that sits so close to *Cæsar*,  
And holds the law there, whispering ; see the Cowherd  
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.  
He part their whispering virtue.

1 Hold, keepe out.

2 What ? honor'd *Cato* ? enter, chuse thy place.

*Cat.* Come in ;

*He drawes him in and sits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus.*

—Away vnworthy groomes.

3. No more.

*Cæs.* What should one say to him ?

*Met.* He will be Stoicall.

*Cat.* Where fit place is not giuen, it must be taken.

4. Doe, take it *Cato* ; feare no greatest of them ;  
Thou seek'st the peoples good ; and these their owne.

5. Braue *Cato* ! what a countenance he puts on ?  
Let's giue his noble will, our vtmost power.

6. Be bould in all thy will ; for being iust,  
Thou maist defie the gods.

*Cat.* Said like a God.

*Met.* We must endure these people.

*Cæs.* Doe ; begin.

*Met.* Consuls, and reuerend Fathers ; And ye  
people,

Whose voyces are the voyces of the Gods ;  
I here haue drawne a law, by good consent,  
For entring into *Italy*, the army  
Of *Romes* great *Pompey* : that his forces here,

As well as he, great *Rome*, may rest secure  
 From danger of the yet still smoaking fire,  
 Of *Catilines* abhorr'd conspiracy :  
 Of which the very chiefe are left aliue,  
 Only chastifde, but with a gentle prifon.

*Cat.* Put them to death then, and strike dead our  
 feare,

That well you vrge, by their vnfit furuiuall.  
 Rather then keepe it quick ; and two liues giue it,  
 By entertaining *Pompeys* army too.

That giues as great cause of our feare, as they.

For their conspiracy, onely was to make

One Tyrant ouer all the State of *Rome*.

And *Pompeys* army, sufferd to be entred,

Is, to make him, or giue him meanes to be fo.

*Met.* It followes not.

*Cat.* In purpose ; clearely Sir,  
 Which Ile illustrate, with a cleare example.

If it be day, the Sunne's aboute the Earth ;

Which followes not (youle anfwere) for 'tis day

When first the morning breakes ; and yet is then

The body of the Sunne beneath the Earth ;

But he is virtually aboute it too,

Because his beames are there ; and who then knowes  
 not

His golden body will foone after mount.

So *Pompeys* army entred *Italy*,

Yet *Pompey's* not in *Rome* ; but *Pompey's* beames

Who sees not there ? and consequently, he

Is in all meanes enthron'd in th' Emperie.

*Met.* Examples proue not, we will haue the army  
 Of *Pompey* entred.

*Cato.* We ? which we intend you ?

Haue you already bought the peoples voices ?

Or beare our Consuls or our Senate here

So small loue to their Country ; that their wills

Beyond their Countrys right are so peruerse,

To giue a Tyrant here entire command ?

Which I haue prou'd as cleare as day, they doe,

If either the Conspirators suruiuing  
 Be let to liue ; or *Pompeys* army entred ;  
 Both which, beat one sole path ; and threat one  
 danger.

*Cæs.* Consuls, and honor'd Fathers ; The sole  
 entry

Of *Pompeys* army, Ile not yet examine :  
 But for the great Conspirators yet liuing,  
 (Which *Cato* will conclude as one selfe danger,  
 To our deare Country ; and deterre all therefore  
 That loue their Country, from their liues defence  
 I see no reason why such danger hangs  
 On their sau'd liues ; being still safe kept in prison ;  
 And since close prison, to a Roman freedome,  
 Ten fold torments more, then directest death,  
 Who can be thought to loue the lesse his Country,  
 That seekes to saue their liues ? And lest my selfe  
 (Thus speaking for them) be vniustly toucht  
 With any lesse doubt of my Countryes loue,  
 Why (reuerend Fathers) may it be esteem'd  
 Selfe praise in me, to proue my selfe a chiefe  
 Both in my loue of her ; and in desert  
 Of her like loue in me : For he that does  
 Most honour to his Mistrisse ; well may boast  
 (Without least question) that he loues her most.  
 And though things long since done, were long since  
 known,

And so may seeme superfluous to repeat ;  
 Yet being forgotten, as things neuer done,  
 Their repetition needful is, in iustice,  
 T'enflame the shame of that obliuion :  
 For hoping it will seeme no lesse empaire  
 To others acts, to truely tell mine owne ;  
 Put all together ; I haue past them all  
 That by their acts can boast themselues to be  
 Their Countries louers: first in those wilde king-  
 domes

Subdu'd to *Rome*, by my vnwearied toyles.  
 Which I dissaug'd and made nobly ciuill.

Next, in the multitude of those rude Realmes  
 That so I fashiond ; and to *Romes* yong Empire  
 Of old haue added : Then the battailes numbred  
 This hand hath fought, and wonne for her, with all  
 Those infinites of dreadfull enemies  
 (I slue in them : Twice fiftene hundred thousand  
 All able Souldiers) I haue driuen at once  
 Before my forces : and in fundry onsets,  
 A thousand thousand of them, put to sword :  
 Besides, I tooke in lesse then ten yeares time,  
 By strong assault, aboue eight hundred Cities,  
 Three hundred feuerall Nations, in that space,  
 Subduing to my Countrey ; all which seruice,  
 I trust, may interest me in her loue,  
 Publique, and generall enough, to aquit me  
 Of any selfe-loue ; past her common good :  
 For any motion of particular iustice  
 (By which her generall Empire is maintaind)  
 That I can make for those accused prisoners,  
 Which is but by the way ; that so the reason  
*Metellus* makes for entring *Pompeys* armie,  
 May not more weighty seeme, then to agree  
 With those imprison'd nobles, vitall safeties.  
 Which granted, or but yeilded fit to be,  
 May well extenuate the necessity  
 Of entring *Pompeys* armie.

*Cat.* All that need

I tooke away before ; and reasons gaue  
 For a necessity to keepe it out  
 Whose entry (I thinke) he himselfe affects not.  
 Since I as well thinke he affects not th' Empire,  
 And both those thoughts hold ; since he loues his  
 Country,

In my great hopes of him too well to seeke  
 His sole rule of her, when so many foules,  
 So hard a taske approue it ; nor my hopes  
 Of his sincere loue to his Country, build  
 On sandier grounds then *Cæsars* ; since he can  
 As good Cards shew for it as *Cæsar* did,

And quit therein the close asperſion  
Of his ambition, ſeeking to employ  
His army in the breaſt of *Italy*.

*Pomp.* Let me not thus (imperiall Bench and  
Senate)

Feele my ſelfe beat about the eares, and toſt  
With others breathes to any coaſt they pleaſe :  
And not put ſome ſtay to my errors in them.  
The gods can witneſſe that not my ambition  
Hath brought to queſtion th' entry of my army,  
And therefore not ſuſpected the effect,  
Of which that entry is ſuppoſde the cauſe :  
Which is a will in me, to giue my power  
The rule of *Romes* ſole Empire ; that moſt ſtrangely  
Would put my will in others powers ; and powers  
(Vnforfeit by my fault) in others wills.  
My ſelfe-loue, out of which all this muſt riſe :  
I will not wrong the knowne proofes of my loue  
To this my natiue Cities publique good,  
To quit, or thinke of ; nor repeat thoſe proofes  
Confirm'd in thoſe three triumphs I haue made ;  
For conqueſt of the whole inhabited world ;  
Firſt *Affrick*, *Europe*, and then *Asia*,  
Which neuer Conſull but my ſelfe could boaſt.  
Nor can blinde Fortune vaunt her partiall hand,  
In any part of all my ſeruices,  
Though ſome haue ſaid, ſhe was the page of *Cæſar*,  
Both ſaying, marching, fighting, and preparing  
His fights in very order of his battailes :  
The parts ſhe plaid for him inuerting nature,  
As giuing calmneſſe to th' enraged ſea ;  
Impoſing Summers weather on ſterne winter ;  
Winging the ſloweſt foot he did command,  
And his moſt Cowherd making fierce of hand.  
And all this euer when the force of man  
Was quite exceeded in it all ; and ſhe  
In th' inſtant adding her cleare deity.  
Yet, her for me, I both diſclaime and ſcorne ;  
And where all fortune is renounc't, no reaſon

Will thinke one man transferd with affectation  
Of all *Romes* Empire ; for he must haue fortune  
That goes beyond a man ; and where so many  
Their hand-fulls finde with it ; the one is mad  
That vndergoes it : and where that is clear'd ;  
Th' imputed meanes to it, which is my fute  
For entry of mine army, I confute.

*Cat.* What rests then, this of all parts being dis-  
claimd ?

*Met.* My part, Sir, rests, that let great *Pompey*  
beare

What spirit he lifts ; 'tis needfull yet for *Rome*,  
That this Law be establisht for his army.

*Cæs.* Tis then as needfull to admit in mine ;  
Or else let both lay downe our armes ; for else  
To take my charge off, and leaue *Pompey* his ;  
You wrongfully accuse me to intend  
A tyranny amongst ye : and shall giue  
*Pompey* full meanes to be himselfe a tyrant.

*Anth.* Can this be answer'd ?

1. *Conf.* Is it then your wils  
That *Pompey* shall cease armes ?

*Anth.* What else ?

*Omnes.* No, no.

2. *Conf.* Shall *Cæsar* cease his armes ?

*Omn.* I, I.

*Anth.* For shame

Then yeeld to this cleare equity, that both  
May leaue their armes.

*Omn.* We indifferent stand.

*Met.* Read but this law, and you shall see a differ-  
ence

Twixt equity and your indifferency ;  
All mens obiections answered ; Read it Notary.

*Cat.* He shall not read it.

*Met.* I will read it then.

*Min.* Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vaine,  
Pretending cause for *Pompeys* armies entry,  
That only by thy Complices and thee ;

Tis forg'd to fet the Senate in an uproare.

*Met.* I haue it Sir, in memory, and will speake it.

*Cat.* Thou shalt be dumbe as soone.

*Cæs.* Pull downe this *Cato*,

Author of factions, and to prifon with him.

*Gen.* Come downe Sir. *He drawes,*

*Pom.* Hence ye mercenary Ruffians. *and all draw.*

1. *Conf.* What outrage shew you? sheath your  
infolent swords,

Or be proclaim'd your Countreys foes and traytors.

*Pom.* How infolent a part was this in you,

To offer the imprifonment of *Cato*?

When there is right in him (were forme so answer'd

With termes and place) to send vs both to prifon?

If, of our owne ambitions, we should offer

Th' entry of our armies; for who knowes

That, of vs both, the best friend to his Country,

And freest from his owne particular ends;

(Being in his power) would not assume the Empire,

And hauing it, could rule the State so well

As now 'tis gouer'nd, for the common good?

*Cæs.* Accuse your selfe, Sir, (if your conscience  
vrge it)

Or of ambition, or corruption,

Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,

And found not me with your Lead.

*Pom.* Lead? tis Gold,

And spirit of Gold too; to the politique drosse

With which false *Cæsar* founds men; and for which

His praise and honour crownes them; who founds not

The inmost sand of *Cæsar*? for but sand

Is all the rope of your great parts affected.

You speake well, and are learn'd; and golden speech

Did Nature neuer giue man; but to guild

A copper soule in him; and all that learning

That heartily is spent in painting speech,

Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.

But y'auè another praise for temperance,

Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate.

For so you must be ; at least in your meales,  
 Since y'auē a malady that tyes you to it ;  
 For feare of daily fals in your aspirings.  
 And your disease the gods nere gaue to man ;  
 But such a one, as had a spirit too great  
 For all his bodies passages to serue it,  
 Which notes th' excesse of your ambition.  
 The malady chancing where the pores and passages  
 Through which the spirit of a man is borne,  
 So narrow are, and straight, that oftentimes  
 They intercept it quite, and choake it vp.  
 And yet because the greatnesse of it notes  
 A heat mere fleshly, and of bloods ranck fire,  
 Goates are of all beasts subiect't to it most.

*Cæs.* Your selfe might haue it then, if those faults  
 cause it ;

But deales this man ingeniously, to tax  
 Men with a frailty that the gods inflict ?

*Pomp.* The gods inflict on men, diseases neuer,  
 Or other outward maimes ; but to decipher,  
 Correct, and order some rude vice within them :  
 And why decipher they it, but to make  
 Men note, and shun, and tax it to th' extreame ?  
 Nor will I see my Countryes hopes abusde,  
 In any man commanding in her Empire ;  
 If my more tryall of him, makes me see more  
 Into his intricacies ; and my freedome  
 Hath spirit to speake more, then obseruers seruile.

*Cæs.* Be free, Sir, of your insight and your speech ;  
 And speak, and see more, then the world besides ;  
 I must remember I haue heard of one,  
 That same gaue out, could see thorow Oke and stone :  
 And of another set in *Sicily*,  
 That could discern the Carthaginian Nauy,  
 And number them distinctly, leauing harbor,  
 Though full a day and nights saile distant thence :  
 But these things (Reuerend Fathers) I conceiue,



Hardly appeare to you worth graue beliefe :  
And therefore since fuch strange things haue bene  
feene

In my fo deepe and foule detractions,  
By only Lyncean *Pompey* ; who was most  
Lou'd and beleeu'd of *Romes* most famous whore,  
Infamous *Flora* ; by fo fine a man  
As *Galba*, or *Sarmentus* ; any iester  
Or flatterer may draw through a Ladyes Ring ;  
By one that all his Souldiers call in scorne  
Great *Agamemnon*, or the King of men ;  
I rest vn mou'd with him ; and yeeld to you  
To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

*Cat.* My Lords, ye make all *Rome* amaz'd to  
heare.

*Pom.* Away, Ile heare no more ; I heare it thun-  
der

My Lords ; All you that loue the good of *Rome*,  
I charge ye, follow me ; all fuch as stay,  
Are friends to *Cæsar*, and their Countreys foes.

*Cæf.* Th' euent will fall out contrary, my Lords.

1. *Conf.* Goe, thou art a thiefe to *Rome*, discharge  
thine army,

Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open foe.

2. *Conf.* *Pompey*, I charge thee, helpe thy iniur'd  
Country

With what powers thou hast arm'd, and leuy more.

*The Ruffians.* Warre, warre, O *Cæsar*.

*Sen. and Peop.* Peace, peace, worthy *Pompey*.

## Act II. Scene I.

*Enter Fronto all ragg'd, in an ouergrowne red Beard, black head, with a Halter in his hand, looking about.*

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The only time that euer was for a Rascall to liue in ?

*Fron.* How chance I cannot liue then ?

*Oph.* Either th'art not rascall nor villaine enough ;  
Or else thou dost not pretend honesty  
And piety enough to disguise it.

*Fro.* That's certaine, for euery asse does that.

What art thou ?

*Oph.* O villaine worfe then thou.

*Fro.* And dost breathe ?

*Oph.* I speake, thou hear'st, I moue, my pulse  
beates

Fast as thine.

*Fro.* And wherefore liu'st thou ?

*Oph.* The world's out of frame, a thousand Rulers  
Wresting it this way, and that, with as many  
Religions ; when, as heauens vpper Sphere is mou'd  
Onely by one ; so should the Sphere of earth be, and  
Ile haue it so.

*Fro.* How canst thou ? what art thou ?

*Oph.* My shape may tell thee.

*Fro.* No man ?

*Oph.* Man ? no, spawne of a clot, none of that  
curfed

Crew, damn'd in the masse it selfe ; plagu'd in his  
birth,

Confinde to creepe below, and wrestle with the Ele-  
ments ;

Teach himselfe tortures ; kill himselfe, hang himselfe ;  
No such gally flaue, but at warre with heauen ;

Spurning the power of the gods, command the Ele-  
ments.

*Fro.* What maist thou be thou ?

*Oph.* An endlesse friend of thine ; an immortall  
deuill.

*Fro.* Heauen bleffe vs.

*Oph.* Nay then, forth, goe, hang thy selfe, and  
thou talk'st

Of heauen once.

*Fro.* I haue done ; what deuill art thou ?

*Oph.* Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee  
 Me truly, and faves that I *Ophioneus* (for so is My name.

*Fro.* *Ophioneus*? what's that?

*Oph.* Deuillish Serpent, by interpretation; was generall  
 Captaine of that rebellious host of spirits that Wag'd warre with heauen.

*Fro.* And so were hurl'd downe to hell.

*Oph.* We were so; and yet haue the rule of earth; and cares

Any man for the worst of hell then?

*Fro.* Why should he?

*Oph.* Well said; what's thy name now?

*Fro.* My name is *Fronto*.

*Oph.* *Fronto*? A good one; and has *Fronto* liu'd thus long

In *Rome*? lost his state at dice? murder'd his Brother for his meanes? spent all? run thorow worfe Offices since? beene a Promoter? a Purueyor? a Pander?

A Sumner? a Sergeant? an Intelligencer? and at last Hang thy selfe?

*Fro.* How the deuill knowes he all this?

*Oph.* Why thou art a most greene Plouer in policy, I

Perceiue; and maist drinke Colts-foote, for all thy Horsemane beard: S'light, what need hast

Thou to hang thy selfe? as if there were a dearth Of hangmen in the land? Thou liu'ft in a good cheape State, a man may be hang'd here for a little, or Nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation?

*Gro.* My idle dissolute life, is thrust out of all his corners

By this searhing tumult now on foot in *Rome*.

---

*Cæsar* now and *Pompey*  
 Are both for battaile: *Pompey* (in his feare  
 Of *Cæsars* greater force) is sending hence

His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

*Enter Pompey running over the Stage with his wife  
and children, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius,  
Pages; other Senators, the Consuls and  
all following.*

See, all are on their wings; and all the City  
In such an uproare, as if fire and sword  
Were ransacking, and ruining their houses,  
No idle person now can lurke neare *Rome*,  
All must to armes; or shake their heeles beneath  
Her martiall halters; whose officious pride  
Ile shun, and vse mine owne swinge: I be forc't  
To helpe my Countrey, when it forceth me  
To this past-helping pickle?

*Oph.* Goe to, thou shalt serue me; chuse thy profession;

And what cloth thou wouldst wish to haue thy Coat  
Cut out on.

*Fro.* I can name none.

*Oph.* Shall I be thy learn'd Counsaile?

*Fro.* None better.

*Oph.* Be an Archflamen then, to one of the Gods.

*Fro.* Archflamen? what's that?

*Oph.* A Priest.

*Fro.* A Priest? that nere was Clerke?

*Oph.* No Clerke? what then?

The greatest Clerks are not the wisest men.\*

Nor skills it for degrees in a knaue, or a fooles preferment,

Thou shalt rise by fortune: let desert rise leifurely  
Enough, and by degrees; fortune preferres headlong,  
And comes like riches to a man; huge riches being  
Got with little paines; and little with huge paines.

And

For discharge of the Priesthood, what thou wantst  
In learning, thou shalt take out in goodfellowship:  
Thou shalt equiuocate with the Sophister, prate with

\* original here?

The Lawyer, scrape with the Vfurer, drinke with the Dutchman, sweare with the French man, cheat With the English man, brag with the Scot, and Turne all this to Religion, *Hoc est regnum Deorum Gentibus.*

*Fro.* All this I can doe to a haire.

*Oph.* Very good, wilt thou shew thy selfe deeply learn'd too,

And to liue licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter?

*Fro.* Not for hell?

*Oph.* For hell? soft Sir; hop'st thou to purchase hell

With only dicing or whoring away thy liuing? Murthering thy brother, and so forth? No there Remaine works of a higher hand and deeper braine, To obtaine hell. Thinkst thou earths great Potentates haue gotten their places there with Any single act of murther, poysoning, adultery, And the rest? No; tis a purchase for all manner Of villany; especially, that may be priuiledg'd By Authority; colourd with holinesse, and enioyd With pleasure.

*Fro.* O this were most honourable and admirable.

*Oph.* Why such an admirable honorable villane shalt

Thou be.

*Fro.* Is't possible?

*Oph.* Make no doubt on't; Ile inspire thee.

*Fro.* Sacred and puissant. *He kneeles.*

*Oph.* Away; Companion and friend, giue me thy Hand; say, dost not loue me? art not enamourd Of my acquaintance?

*Fro.* Protest I am.

*Oph.* Well said, protest and tis enough. And know for

Infallible; I haue promotion for thee; both here, and Hereafter; which not one great one amongst Millions shall euer aspire to. *Alexander*, nor great

*Cyrus*, retaine those titles in hell, that they did  
On earth.

*Fron.* No? *Oph.* No: he that sold Seacoale  
here, shall be

A Baron there; he that was a cheating  
Rogue here, shall be a Iustice of peace there;  
A knaue here, a knight there. In the meane  
Space, learne what it is to liue; and thou shalt  
Haue Chopines at commandment to any height  
Of life thou canst wish.

*Fro.* I feare my fall is too low.

*Oph.* Too low foole? hast thou not heard of  
*Vulcans* falling

Out of heauen? Light a thy legges, and no matter  
Thou thou halt'st with thy best friend euer after; tis  
The more comely and fashionable. Better goe lame  
In the fashion with *Pompey*, then neuer so vpright,  
Quite out of the fashion with *Cato*.

*Fro.* Yet you cannot change the old fashion (they  
fay)  
And hide your clouen feet.

*Oph.* No? I can weare Rofes that shall spread  
quite

Ouer them.

*Fro.* For loue of the fashion doe then.

*Oph.* Goe to; I will hereafter.

*Fro.* But for the Priesthood you offer me, I affect  
it not.

*Oph.* No? what saist thou to a rich office then?

*Fro.* The only second meanes to raise a rascall  
In the earth.

*Oph.* Goe to; Ile helpe thee to the best ith earth  
then:

And that's in *Sicilia*; the very storehouse of the  
Romanes, where the Lord chiefe Censor there  
Lyes now a dying; whose soule I will haue; and  
Thou shalt haue his office.

*Fro.* Excellent; was euer great office better  
supplied?

*Exeunt.*

*Nuntius.*

Now is the mighty Empresse of the earth  
 (*Great Rome*) fast lockt vp in her fancied strength,  
 All broke in vproares ; fearing the iust gods  
 In plagues will drowne her so abused blessings.  
 In which feare, all without her wals, fly in ;  
 By both their iarring Champions rushing out ;  
 And those that were within, as fast fly forth ;  
 The Consuls both are fled without one rite  
 Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,  
 As euer heretofore their custome was  
 When they began the bloody frights of warre.  
 In which our two great Souldiers now encountering,  
 Since both left *Rome*, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,  
*Pompey* (not willing yet to hazard battaile,  
 By *Catos* counsaile, vrging good cause) fled :  
 Which firing *Cæsars* spirit ; he pursu'd  
 So home, and fiercely, that great *Pompey* skorning  
 The heart he tooke, by his aduised flight,  
 Despisde aduice as much as his pursuite.  
 And as in *Lybia*, an aged Lion,  
 Vrg'd from his peacefull couert, feares the light,  
 With his vnready and diseas'd appearance,  
 Giues way to chace a while, and coldly hunts,  
 Till with the youthfull hunters wanton heat,  
 He all his coole wrath frets into a flame :  
 And then his sides he swinges with his Sterne,  
 To lash his strenth vp, let's downe all his browes  
 About his burning eyes ; erects his mane,  
 Breakes all his throat in thunders, and to wreake  
 His hunters insolence, his heart euen barking ;  
 He frees his fury, turnes, and rushes back  
 With such a gastly horror, that in heapes,  
 His proud foes fly, and he that station keeps :  
 So *Pompeys* coole spirits, put to all their heat  
 By *Cæsars* hard pursuit he turnd fresh head,  
 And flew vpon his foe with such a rapture  
 As tooke vp into furies, all friends feares ;  
 Who fir'd with his first turning, all turnd head,



And gaue so fierce a charge, their followers fled,  
 Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,  
 And after set out such a tragedy,  
 As all the Princes of the earth may come  
 To take their patternes by the spirits of *Rome*.

*Alarme, after which enter Cæsar following Crassinius calling to the Souldiers.*

*Crass.* Stay cowherd, fly ye *Cæsars* fortunes ?

*Cæs.* Forbeare, foolish *Crassinius*, we contend in  
 vaine

To stay these vapours, and must raise our Campe.

*Crass.* How shall we rise (my Lord) but all in vproares,

Being still pursued ?

*Enter Acilius.*

The pursuit stayes, my Lord,

*Pompey* hath founded a retreat, resigning

His time to you to vse, in instant raising

Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where fortune

May good amends make for her fault to day.

*Cæs.* It was not fortunes fault, but mine *Acilius*,

To giue my foe charge, being so neare the sea,

Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,

And should haue driuen th' encounter further off ;

Bearing before me such a goodly Country,

So plentiful, and rich, in all things fit

To haue suppli'd my armies want with victuals,

And th' able Cities too, to strengthen it,

Of *Macedon* and *Theffaly*, where now

I rather was besieg'd for want of food,

Then did assault with fighting force of armes.

*Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.*

*Ant.* See, Sir, here's one friend of your foes recouer'd.

*Cæs.* *Vibius* ? In happy houre.

*Vib.* For me vnhappy.

*Cæs.* What? brought against your will?

*Vib.* Else had not come.

*Ant.* Sir, hee's your prisoner, but had made you  
his,

Had all the rest pursu'd the chace like him ;  
He draue on like a fury ; past all friends,  
But we that tooke him quick in his engagement.

*Cæs.* O *Vibius*, you deserue to pay a ranfome  
Of infinite rate, for had your Generall ioynd  
In your addression, or knowne how to conquer ;  
This day had prou'd him the supream of *Cæsar*.'

*Vib.* Knowne how to conquer? His fue hundred  
Conquests

Atchieu'd ere this day, make that doubt vnfit  
For him that flies him ; for, of issues doubtfull  
Who can at all times put on for the best?  
If I were mad, must hee his army venture  
In my engagement? Nor are Generalls euer  
Their powers disposers, by their proper Angels,  
But trust against them, oftentimes, their Counsailes,  
Wherein, I doubt not, *Cæsars* selfe hath err'd  
Sometimes as well as *Pompey*.

*Cæs.* Or done worse,  
In disobeying my Counsaile (*Vibius*)  
Of which, this dayes abused light is witnesse ;  
By which I might haue seene a course secure  
Of this discomfiture.

*Ant.* Amends fits euer  
Aboue repentance, what's done, with not vndone ;  
But that prepared patience that you know  
Best fit; a fouldier charg'd with hardest fortunes ;  
Asks still your vse, since powers still temperate kept  
Ope still the clearer eyes by one faults sight  
To place the next act, in the surer right.

*Cæs.* You prompt me nobly Sir, repaying in me  
Mine owne stayes practice, out of whose repose,  
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc't me  
Thus farre beyond my temper ; but good *Vibius*,

Be ransom'd with my loue, and haste to *Pompey*,  
 Entreating him from me, that we may meet,  
 And for that reason which I know this day  
 (Was giuen by *Cato*, for his pursutes stay  
 Which was preuention of our Romane blood)  
 Propose my offer of our hearty peace.  
 That being reconcil'd, and mutuall faith  
 Giuen on our either part, not three dayes light  
 May further shew vs foes, but (both our armies  
 Disperst in Garisons) we may returne  
 Within that time to *Italy*, such friends  
 As in our Countryes loue, containe our splenes.

*Vit.* Tis offerd, Sir, 'boue the rate of *Cæsar*,  
 In other men, but in what I approue  
 Beneath his merits: which I will not faile  
 T' enforce at full to *Pompey*, nor forget

In any time the gratitude of my seruice. *Vi. salutes Ant.  
 and the other,  
 & exit.*

*Cæs.* Your loue, Sir, and your friendship.

*Ant.* This prepares a good induction to the change  
 of fortune,

In this dayes issue, if the pride it kindles  
 In *Pompeys* vaines, makes him deny a peace  
 So gently offerd: for her alterd hand  
 Works neuer surer from her ill to good  
 On his side she hath hurt, and on the other  
 With other changes, then when meanes are vsde  
 To keepe her constant, yet retire refusde.

*Cæs.* I try no such conclusion, but desire  
 Directly peace. In meane space Ile prepare  
 For other issue in my vtmost meanes;  
 Whose hopes now resting at *Brundusium*,  
 In that part of my army, with *Sabinus*,  
 I wonder he so long delaies to bring me,  
 And must in person haste him, if this Euen  
 I heare not from him.

*Craff.* That (I hope) flies farre  
 Your full intent, my Lord, since *Pompeys* navie  
 You know, lies houering all alongst those seas,  
 In too much danger, for what ayde soeuer

You can procure to passe your person safe.

*Acil.* Which doubt may proue the cause that staves  
*Sabinus* ;

And, if with shipping fit to passe your army,  
He yet straines time to venture, I presume  
You will not passe your person with such Conuoy  
Of those poore vessels, as may serue you here.

*Cæs.* How shall I helpe it ? shall I suffer this  
Torment of his delay ? and rack suspitions  
Worse then assur'd destructions through my thoughts.

*Anth.* Past doubt he will be here ; I left all orderd,  
And full agreement made with him to make  
All vtmost haste, no least let once suspected.

*Cæs.* Suspected ? what suspicion should feare a  
friend

In such assur'd streights from his friends enlargement.

If twere his souldiers safeties he so tenders,  
Were it not better they should sinke by sea,  
Then wrack their number, King and cause ashore ?  
Their stay is worth their ruine, should we liue,  
If they in fault were ? if their leader ! he  
Should dye the deaths of all ; in meane space, I  
That should not, beare all, fly the fight in shame,  
Thou eye of nature, and abortiue night  
Fall dead amongst vs : with defects, defects  
Must serue proportion ; iustice neuer can  
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt.*

*Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus,  
Porcius, Statilius.*

*Pomp.* This charge of our fierce foe, the friendly  
gods

Haue in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back  
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,  
Of two and thirty Ensignes forc't from him,  
Two thousand souldiers flaine.

*Cat.* O boast not that,  
Their losse is yours, my Lord.

*Pomp.* I boast it not,  
But only name the number.

*Gab.* Which right well  
You might haue raisde so high, that on their tops  
Your Throne was offer'd, euer t'ouerlooke  
Subuerted *Cæsar*, had you beene so blest  
To giue such honor to your Captaines Counsailes  
As their alacrities did long to merit  
With prooffull action.

*Dem.* O twas ill neglected.

*Stat.* It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet  
Th' euent so cleare is to confute.

*Pom.* If twere,  
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battaile,  
Th' aduerture being so casuall; if compar'd  
With our more certaine meanes to his subuersion?  
For finding now our army amply storde  
With all things fit to tarry surer time,  
Reason thought better to extend to length  
The warre betwixt vs; that his little strength  
May by degrees proue none; which vrged now,  
(Consisting of his best and ablest souldiers)  
We should haue found at one direct set battaile  
Of matchlesse valours; their defects of victuall  
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerues,  
Where, on the other part, to put them still  
In motion, and remotion, here and there;  
Enforcing them to fortifying still  
Where euer they set downe; to siege a wall,  
Keepe watch all night in armour: their most part  
Can neuer beare it, by their yeares oppression;  
Spent heretofore too much in those steele toyles.

*Cal.* I so aduise, and yet repent it not,  
But much reioyce in so much saued blood  
As had beene pour'd out in the stroke of battaile,  
Whose fury thus preuented, comprehends  
Your Countreys good, and Empires; in whose care  
Let me beseech you that in all this warre,  
You sack no City, subiect to our Rule,

Nor put to sword one Citizen of *Rome* ;  
 But when the needfull fury of the sword  
 Can make no fit distinction in maine battaile,  
 That you will please still to prolong the stroke  
 Of absolute decision to these iarres,  
 Considering you shall strike it with a man  
 Of much skill and experience, and one  
 That will his Conquest sell at infinite rate,  
 If that must end your difference ; but I doubt  
 There will come humble offer on his part,  
 Of honor'd peace to you, for whose sweet name  
 So cryed out to you in our late-met Senate,  
 Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.  
 Take pity on your Countreys blood as much  
 As possible may stand without the danger  
 Of hindering her iustice on her foes,  
 Which all the gods to your full wish dispose.

*Pom.* Why will you leaue vs? whither will you  
 goe

To keepe your worthyest person in more safety  
 Then in my army, so deuoted to you ?

*Cat.* My person is the least, my Lord, I value ;  
 I am commanded by our powerfull Senate,  
 To view the Cities, and the kingdomes situate  
 About your either army, that which side  
 Soeuer conquer, no disorderd straglers  
 Puft with the Conquest, or by need impeld,  
 May take their swinge more then the care of one  
 May curb and order in these neighbor confines  
 My chiefe passe yet resolues for Vtica.

*Pom.* Your passe (my truest friend, and worthy  
 Father)

May all good powers make safe, and alwayes answer  
 Your infinite merits, with their like protection.  
 In which, I make no doubt but we shall meet  
 With mutuall greetings, or for absolute conquest  
 Or peace preuenting that our bloody stroke,  
 Nor let our parting be dishonor'd so,  
 As not to take into our noblest notice

Your selfe (most learned and admired Father)  
 Whose merits, if I liue, shall lack no honor.  
*Porcius, Statilius*, though your spirits with mine  
 Would highly chere me, yet ye shall bestow them  
 In much more worthy conduct; but loue me,  
 And with me conquest, for your Countreys sake.

*Sta.* Our liues shall feale our loues, Sir, with worst  
 deaths  
 Aduentur'd in your seruice.

*Pom.* Yare my friends.

*Exeunt Cat. Athen. Por. Sat.*

These friends thus gone, tis more then time we minded  
 Our lost friend *Vibius*.

*Gab.* You can want no friends,  
 See, our two Consuls, Sir, betwixt them bringing  
 The worthy *Brutus*

*Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.*

1. *Conf.* We attend (my Lord)  
 With no meane friend, to spirit your next encounter,  
 Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths  
 Brought in his conduct.

2. *Conf.* And though neuer yet  
 He hath saluted you with any word  
 Or looke of flendrest loue in his whole life,  
 Since that long time since, of his fathers death  
 By your hand authord; yet see, at your need  
 He comes to serue you freely for his Country.

*Pom.* His friendly preface, making vp a third  
 With both your persons, I as gladly welcome,  
 As if *Ioues* triple flame had guilt this field,  
 And lightn'd on my right hand, from his shield.

*Bru.* I well assure my selfe, Sir, that no thought  
 In your ingenious construction, touches  
 At the asperion that my tendred seruice  
 Proceeds from my despaire of elsewhere safety.  
 But that my Countreys safety owning iustly  
 My whole habilities of life and fortunes,

And you the ablest fautor of her fafty,  
Her loue, and (for your loue of her) your owne  
Only makes facred to your vfe my offering.

*Pom.* Farre fly all other thought from my construction,

And due acceptance of the liberall honor,  
Your loue hath done me, which the gods are witnesse,  
I take as flirr'd vp in you by their fauours,  
Nor leffe esteeme it then an offering holy ;  
Since, as of all things, man is'faid the measure,  
So your full merits measure forth a man.

1. *Conf.* See yet, my Lord, more friends.

2. *Conf.* Fiue Kings, your seruants.

*Enter fiue Kings.*

*Hib.* Conquest and all grace crowne the gracious  
*Pompey,*

To serue whom in the facred Romane safety,  
My selfe, *Iberias* King, present my forces.

*Theff.* And I that hold the tributary Throne  
Of Grecian *Theffaly*, submit my homage,  
To *Rome*, and *Pompey*.

*Cil.* So *Cilicia* too.

*Epir.* And so *Epirus*.

*Thra.* Lastly I from Thrace  
Present the duties of my power and seruice.

*Pom.* Your royall aides deserue of *Rome* and  
*Pompey*

Our vtmost honors. O may now our fortune  
Not ballance her broad breast twixt two light wings,  
Nor on a slippèry globe sustaine her steps,  
But as the Spartans say, the Paphian Queene  
(The flood *Eurotas* passing) laid aside  
Her Glasse, her Ceston, and her amorous graces,  
And in *Lycurgus* fauor ; arm'd her beauties  
With Shield and Iaueline, so may fortune now,  
The flood of all our enemies forces passing  
With her faire Ensignes, and arriu'd at ours,



Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shooes,  
 Her faithlesse, and still-rowling stone spurne from her,  
 And enter our powers as she may remaine  
 Our firme assistant : that the generall aydes,  
 Fauours, and honors you performe to *Rome*,  
 May make her build with you her endlesse home.

*Omn.* The gods vouchsafe it ; and our causes right.

*Dem.* What suddaine Shade is this? obserue my  
 Lords,

The night, methinks, comes on before her houre.

*Thunder and lightning.*

*Gab.* Nor trust me if my thoughts conceiue not so.

*Bru.* What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest  
 shafts

Along aires middle region.

1 *Conf.* They presage

Vnusuall tempests.

2. *Conf.* And tis their repaire,

That timelesse darken thus the gloomy ayre.

*Pom.* Let's force no *omen* from it, but avoid  
 The vapors furies now by *Ioue* employd.

*Thunder continued, and Cæsar enters disguis'd.*

The wrathfull tempest of the angry night,  
 Where hell flies muff'd vp in clouds of pitch,  
 Mingl'd with Sulphure, and those dreadful bolts,  
 The Cyclops Ram in *Ioues* Artillery,  
 Hath rous'd the furies, arm'd in all their horrors,  
 Vp to the enuious seas, in spight of *Cæsar*.  
 O night, O ielous night, of all the noblest  
 Beauties, and glories, where the gods haue stroke  
 Their foure digestions, from thy gastly Chaos,  
 Blush thus to drowne them all in this houre sign'd  
 By the necessity of fate for *Cæsar*.  
 I that haue ranfackt all the world for worth,  
 To forme in man the image of the gods,

Must like them haue the power to check the worst  
 Of all things vnder their celestially Empire,  
 Stoope it, and burst it, or breake through it all,  
 With vse and safety, till the Crowne be set  
 On all my actions; that the hand of nature  
 In all her worst works ayming at an end,  
 May in a master-peece of hers be seru'd  
 With tops, and state fit for his virtuous Crowne:  
 Not list arts thus farre vp in glorious frame,  
 To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.  
 This riuier *Anius* (in whose mouth now lyes  
 A Pynace I would passe in, to fetch on  
 My armies dull rest from *Brundusium*)  
 That is at all times else exceeding calme,  
 (By reason of a purling winde that flies  
 Off from the shore each morning, driuing vp  
 The billows farre to sea) in this night yet,  
 Beares such a terrible gale; put off from sea,  
 As beats the land wind back, and thrusts the flood,  
 Vp in such vproare, that no boat dare stirre.  
 And on it is disperst all *Pompeys* nauy  
 To make my perill yet more enuious.  
 Shall I yet shrink for all? were all, yet more?  
 There is a certaine need that I must giue  
 Way to my passe; none, knowne, that I must liue.

*Enter Master of a ship with Sailors*

*Maſt.* What battaile is there fought now in the  
 ayre.  
 That threatens the wrack of nature?  
*Cæs.* Master? come.  
 Shall we thrust through it all?  
*Maſt.* What lost man,  
 Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make  
 So desperate a motion.  
*Cæs.* Launch man, and all thy feares fraight dif-  
 auow,  
 Thou carriest *Cæſar* and his fortunes now.

## Act III. Scene I.

*Pompey, two Consuls, five Kings, Brutus, Gabinius,  
Demetrius.*

Now to *Pharfalia*, where the smarting strokes  
Of our resolu'd contention must reſound,  
(My Lords and friends of *Rome*) I giue you all  
Such welcome as the ſpirit of all my fortunes,  
Conqueſts, and triumphs (now come for their crowne)  
Can crowne your fauours with, and ſerue the hopes  
Of my deare Country, to her vtmoſt wiſh ;  
I can but ſet vp all my being to giue  
So good an end to my forerunning Acts ;  
The powers in me that formd them hauing loſt  
No leaſt time ſince, in gathering ſkill to better ;  
But like ſo many Bees haue brought me home,  
The ſweet of what foeuer flowers haue growne  
In all the meades, and gardens of the world.  
All which hath growne ſtill, as the time encreaſe  
In which twas gather'd, and with which it ſtemm'd.  
That what decay foeuer blood inferr'd,  
Might with my mindes ſtore, be ſuppli'd, and cher'd,  
All which, in one fire of this inſtant fight  
Ile burne, and ſacrifice to euery cinder  
In ſacred offering to my Countreys loue,  
And therefore what euent foeuer ſort,  
As I no praife will looke for, but the good  
Freely beſtow on all ; (if good ſucceed)  
So if aduerſe fate fall, I wiſh no blame,  
But th' ill beſalme me, made my fortunes ſhame,  
Not mine, nor my fault.

1 *Conf.* We too well loue *Pompey*,  
To doe him that iniuſtice.

- Bru.* Who more thirsts  
The Conquest, then resolues to beare the foile ?
- Pom.* Said *Brutus*-like, giue feuerall witnesse all,  
That you acquit me whatsoeuer fall.
- 2 Conf.* Particular men particular fates must beare,  
Who feesles his owne wounds lesse, to wound another ?
- Theff.* Leauē him the worst whose best is left  
vndone,  
He only conquers whose minde still is one.
- Epir.* Free mindes, like dice, fall square, what ere  
the cast.
- Ibir.* Who on him selfe sole stands, stands solely  
fast.
- Thra.* He's neuer downe, whose minde fights still  
aloft.
- Cil.* Who cares for vp or downe, when all's but  
thought.
- Gab.* To things euent's doth no mans power extend.
- Dem.* Since gods rule all, who any thing would  
mend.
- Pom.* Ye sweetly ease my charge, your selues vn-  
burthening.  
Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know  
Of *Vibius* certaine state ?
- Gab.* Not yet, my Lord.
- Pomp.* Too long protract we all meanes to recouer  
His person quick or dead, for I still thinke  
His losse seru'd fate, before we blew retreat ;  
Though some affirme him seene, soone after fighting.
- Dem.* Not after, Sir, (I heard) but ere it ended.
- Gab.* He bore a great minde to extend our pursuit  
Much further then it was ; and seru'd that day  
(When you had, like the true head of a battaile,  
Led all the body in that glorious turne)  
Vpon a farre-off Squadron that stood fast  
In conduct of the great *Marc Anthony*,  
When all the rest were fled, so past a man  
That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him  
Thrice breake thorow all with ease, and passe as faire

As he had all benee fire, and they but ayre.

*Pom.* He stuck at last yet, in their midst, it seem'd.

*Gab.* So haue I seen a fire drake glide at midnight  
Before a dying man to point his graue,  
And in it stick and hide.

*Dem.* He comes yet safe.

*A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius,  
with others.*

*Pom.* O *Vibius*, welcome, what a prisoner ?  
With mighty *Cæsar*, and so quickly ransom'd ?

*Vib.* I Sir, my ransome, needed little time,  
Either to gaine agreement for the value,  
Or the disbursement, since in *Cæsars* grace  
We both concluded.

*Pom.* Was his grace so free.

*Vib.* For your respect, Sir.

*Pom.* Nay, Sir, for his glory.

That the maine Conquest he so surely builds on,  
(Which euer is forerun with petty fortunes)  
Take not effect, by taking any friend  
From all the most, my poore defence can make,  
But must be compleat, by his perfect owne.

*Vib.* I know, Sir, you more nobly rate the freedome  
He freely gaue your friend ; then to peruert it  
So past his wisdom : that knowes much too well  
Th' vncertaine state of Conquest ; to raise frames  
Of such presumption on her fickle wings,  
And chiefly in a losse so late, and grieuous,  
Besides, your forces farre exceeding his,  
His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand :  
And yours full foure and fourty thousand strong :  
For all which yet, he stood as farre from feare  
In my enlargement, as the confident glory  
You please to put on him ; and had this end  
In my so kinde dismissal, that as kindly  
I might solícite a sure peace betwixt you.

*Pom.* A peace ? Is't possible ?

*Vib.* Come, doe not shew this wanton incredulity too.

*Tom.* Beleeue me I was farre from such a thought  
In his high stomack : *Cato* prophecied then.

What thinke my Lords our Consuls, and friend *Brutus*?

*Omn.* An offer happy.

*Bru.* Were it plaine and hearty.

*Pom.* I, there's the true inspection to his prospect.

*Bru.* This streight of his perhaps may need a sleight

Of some hid stratagem, to bring him off.

*Pom.* Deuices of a new fordge to entrap me ?  
I rest in *Cæsars* shades ? walke his strow'd paths ?  
Sleepe in his quiet waues ? Ile sooner trust  
Hibernian Boggs, and quicksands ; and hell mouth  
Take for my sanctuary : in bad parts  
That no extreames will better, natures finger  
Hath markt him to me, to take heed of him.  
What thinks my *Brutus* ?

*Bru.* Tis your best and safest.

*Pom.* This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare  
To make our warre the bloodier, whose fit feare  
Makes me I dare not now (in thoughts maturer  
Then late enclin'de me) put in vse the Counsaile  
Your noble father *Cato* (parting) gaue me,  
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood,  
This battaile hazards now, that must cost more.

*Conf.* It does, and therefore now no more deferre it.

*Pom.* Say all men so ?

*Omn.* We doe.

*Pom.* I grieue ye doe,  
Because I rather wish to erre with *Cato*  
Then with the truth goe of the world besides ;  
But since it shall abide this other stroke,  
Ye gods that our great Romane *Genius*  
Haue made, not giue vs one dayes conquest only,  
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,  
As did the *Genius* of the *Macedons* ;

Nor be by land great only, like *Laconians* ;  
 Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' *Athenians* ;  
 Nor slowly stirr'd vp, like the *Perſian* Angell ;  
 Nor rockt aſleepe ſoone, like the *Ionian* ſpirit.  
 But made our *Romane* *Genius*, fiery, watchfull,  
 And euen from *Romes* prime, ioynd his youth with  
 hers,

Grow as ſhe grew, and firme as earth abide,  
 By her encreaſing pomp, at ſea, and ſhore,  
 In peace, in battaile ; againſt *Greece* as well  
 As our *Barbarian* foes ; command yet further  
 Ye firme and iuſt gods, our aſſiſtfull Angell  
 For *Rome*, and *Pompey*, who now fights for *Rome* ;  
 That all theſe royall Lawes, to vs, and iuſtice  
 Of common ſafety, may the ſelfe-loue drowne  
 Of tyrannous *Cæſar* ; and my care for all  
 Your Altars crown'd with endleſſe feſtiuall. *Exeunt.*

*Cæſar, Anthony, a Soothſayer, Craſſinius,  
 Acilius, with others.*

*Cæſ.* Say (ſacred Soothſayer) and informe the truth,  
 What liking haſt thou of our ſacrifice ?

*Sooth.* Imperiall *Cæſar*, at your ſacred charge,  
 I drew a milke white Oxe into the Temple,  
 And turning there his face into the eaſt,  
 (Fearefully ſhaking at the ſhining light)  
 Downe fell his horned forehead to his hoofe,  
 When I began to greet him with the ſtroke,  
 That ſhould prepare him for the holy rites,  
 With hydeous roares he laid out ſuch a throat  
 As made the ſecret lurkings of the god  
 To anſwer ecco-like, in threatning ſounds :  
 I ſtroke againe at him, and then he ſlept,  
 His life-blood boyling out at euery wound  
 In ſtreames as cleare as any liquid Ruby,  
 And there began to alter my preſage,  
 The other ill ſignes, ſhewing th'other fortune,  
 Of your laſt skirmiſh, which farre oppoſite now

Proues, ill beginnings good euent's forefheew.  
 For now the beaft cut vp, and laid on th' Altar,  
 His lims were all lickt up with instant flames,  
 Not like the Elementall fire that burnes  
 In houfhold vfes, lamely ftuggling vp,  
 This way and that way winding as it rifes,  
 But (right and vpright) reacht his proper fphere  
 Where burnes the fire eternall and sincere.

*Cæf.* And what may that preface ?

*Sooth.* That euen the fpirit  
 Of heauens pure flame flew downe and rauifht vp  
 Your offerings blaze in that religious instant,  
 Which fhewes th' alacritie and cheerefull virtue  
 Of heauens free bounty, doing good in time,  
 And with what fwiftnesse true deuotions clime.

*Omn.* The gods be honor'd.

*Sooth.* O behold with wonder,  
 The facred blaze is like a torch enlightned,  
 Directly burning iuft aboue your campe !

*Omn.* Miraculous.

*Sooth.* Beleeue it, with all thanks :  
 The Romane *Genius* is alterd now,  
 And armes for *Cæfar*.

*Cæf.* Soothfayer be for euer  
 Reuerenc't of *Cæfar*. O *Marc Anthony*,  
 I thought to raife my camp, and all my tents,  
 Tooke downe for fwift remotion to *Scotuffa*.  
 Shall now our purpofe hold ?

*Anth.* Againft the gods ?  
 They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we  
 Muft adde our parts, and be in th' vfe as free.

*Craff.* See Sir, the fcouts returne.

*Enter two fcouts.*

*Cæf.* What newes, my friends ?

1 *Scou.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the voward of the  
 foe  
 Is rang'd already.

2 *Scou.* Answer them, and arme :  
 You cannot fet your reft of battell vp



In happier houre ; for I this night beheld  
 A strange confusion in your enemies campe,  
 The souldiers taking armes in all difmay,  
 And hurling them againe as fast to earth.  
 Euery way routing ; as th' alarme were then  
 Giuen to their army. A most causelesse feare  
 Disperst quite through them.

*Cæs.* Then twas *Ioue* himselve  
 That with his secret finger stir'd in them.

*Craff.* Other prefages of successe (my Lord)  
 Haue strangely hapn'd in the adiacent Cities,  
 To this your army : for in *Tralleis*,  
 Within a Temple, built to Victory,  
 There stands a statue of your forme and name,  
 Neare whose firme base, euen from the marble paue-  
 ment,

There sprang a Palme tree vp, in this last night,  
 That seemes to crowne your statue with his boughs,  
 Spred in wrapt shadowes round about your browes.

*Cæs.* The signe, *Craffinius*, is most strange and  
 gracefull,  
 Nor could get issue, but by power diuine ;  
 Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides  
 (Of neuer such kinde promise of successe)  
 Performe it without tough acts of our owne.  
 No care, no nerue the lesse to be employd ;  
 No offering to the gods, no vowes, no prayers :  
 Secure and idle spirits neuer thriue  
 When most the gods for their aduancements striue.  
 And therefore tell me what abodes thou buildst on  
 In any spirit to act, enflam'd in thee,  
 Or in our Souldiers seene resolu'd addresses ?

*Craff.* Great and firy vertue. And this day  
 Be sure (great *Cæsar*) of effects as great  
 In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd  
 Enforcements resolute, from this arm'd hand,  
 Which thou shalt praise me for aliuie or dead.

*Cæs.* Aliue (ye gods vouchsafe) and my true vowes  
 For life in him (great heauen) for all my foes

(Being naturall Romans) fo farre ioyntly heare  
As may not hurt our Conquest ; as with feare  
Which thou already strangely haft diffufde  
Through all their army ; which extend to flight  
Without one bloody froke of force and fight.

*Cnth.* Tis time, my Lord, you put in forme your  
battell.

*Cæf.* Since we must fight then, and no offerd peace  
Will take with *Pompey* : I rejoyce to see  
This long-time lookt for, and most happy day,  
In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,  
With toyles, not sweats of blood through yeares ex-  
tended,

This one day seruing to decide all iarres  
'Twiixt me and *Pompey*. Hang out of my tent  
My Crimfine coat of armes, to giue my souldiers  
That euer-sure signe of resolu'd-for fight.

*Craff.* These hands shall giue that signe to all their  
longings. *Exit Craff.*

*Cæf.* My Lord, my army, I thinke best to order  
In three full Squadrons: of which let me pray  
Your selfe would take on you the left wings charge ;  
My selfe will lead the right wing, and my place  
Of fight elect in my tenth legion :  
My battell by *Domitius Calvinus*  
Shall take direction.

*The Cote of Armes is hung out, and the  
Souldiers shoute within.*

*An.* Hearn, your souldiers shoute  
For ioy to see your bloody Cote of Armes  
Affure their fight this morning.

*Cæf.* O blest Euen  
Bring on them worthy comforts. And ye gods  
Performe your good prefages in euent  
Of fit crowne for our discipline, and deeds  
Wrought vp by conquest ; that my vse of it  
May wipe the hatefull and vnworthy staine

Of Tyrant from my Temples, and exchange it  
 For fautor of my Country, ye haue giuen  
 That title to those poore and fearefull fowles  
 That euery found puts vp, in frights and cryes ;  
 Euen then, when all *Romes* powers were weake and  
 heartlefs,

When traiterous fires, and fierce Barbarian fwords,  
 Rapines, and soule-expiring slaughters fill  
 Her houfes, Temples, all her ayre, and earth.  
 To me then (whom your bounties haue enform'd  
 With fuch a fpirit as defpifeth feare ;  
 Commands in either fortune, knowes, and armes  
 Againft the worft of fate ; and therefore can  
 Difpofe bleft meanes, encourag'd to the beft)  
 Much more vouchsafe that honor ; chiefly now,  
 When *Rome* wants only this dayes conqueft giuen me  
 To make her happy, to confirme the brightneffe  
 That yet ſhe ſhines in ouer all the world ;  
 In Empire, riches, ſtrife of all the Arts,  
 In gifts of Cities, and of kingdomes ſent her ;  
 In Crownes laid at her feet, in euery grace  
 That ſhores, and ſeas, floods, Iſlands, Continents,  
 Groues, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce ;  
 All which I (victor) will encrease, I vow  
 By all my good, acknowledg'd giuen by you.

## Act IIII      Scene I.

*Pompey in haſte, Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius following.*

**T**He poyſon ſleep't in euery vaine of Empire,  
 In all the world, meet now in onely me,  
 Thunder and lighten me to death ; and make  
 My ſenſes feed the flame, my ſoule the crack.

Was euer foueraigne Captaine of so many  
 Armies and Nations, so opprest as I,  
 With one hosts headstrong outrage ? vrging fight,  
 Yet fly about my campe in panick terrors ;  
 No reason vnder heauen suggesting cause.  
 And what is this but euen the gods deterring  
 My iudgement from enforcing fight this morne ?  
 The new-fled night made day with Meteors,  
 Fir'd ouer *Cæsars* campe, and false in mine,  
 As pointing out the terrible euent  
 Yet in suspence ; but where they threat their fall  
 Speake not these prodigies with fiery tongues,  
 And eloquence that should not moue but rauish  
 All sound mindes, from thus tempting the iust gods,  
 And spitting out their faire premonishing flames  
 With brackish rheumes of ruder and brainsick number,  
 What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus mad  
 For one poore fortune of a beaten few ;  
 To halfe so many staid, and dreadfull souldiers ?  
 Long train'd, long foughten ? able, nimble, perfect  
 To turne and winde aduantage euery way ?  
 Encrease with little, and enforce with none ?  
 Made bold as Lyons, gaunt as famisht wolues,  
 With still-feru'd slaughters, and continuall toyles.

*Bru.* You should not, Sir, forsake your owne wife  
 Counsell,

Your owne experienc't discipline, owne practise,  
 Owne god-inspired insight to all changes,  
 Of Protean fortune, and her zany, warre,  
 For hosts, and hels of such ; What man will thinke  
 The best of them, not mad ; to see them range  
 So vp and downe your campe, already suing  
 For offices false, by *Cæsars* built-on fall,  
 Before one stroke be struck ? *Domitius, Spinther,*  
 Your father *Scipio* now preparing friends  
 For *Cæsars* place of vniuersall Bishop ?  
 Are you th'obserued rule, and voucht example ;  
 Who euer would commend Physitians,  
 That would not follow the diseas'd desires

Of their sick patients ? yet incurre your selfe  
The faults that you so much abhorre in others.

*Pom.* I cannot, Sir, abide mens open mouthes,  
Nor be ill spoken of ; nor haue my counsels  
And circumspections, turnd on me for feares,  
With mocks and scandals that would make a man  
Of lead, a lightning ; in the desperat'ft onset  
That euer trampled vnder death, his life.  
I beare the touch of feare for all their safeties,  
Or for mine owne ? enlarge with twice as many  
Selfe-liues, selfe-fortunes ? they shall sinke beneath  
Their owne credulities, before I crosse them.  
Come, haste, dispose our battaile.

*Vib.* Good my Lord,  
Against your *Genius* warre not for the world.

*Pom.* By all worlds he that moues me next to beare  
Their scofs and imputations of my feare  
For any cause, shall beare this sword to hell.  
Away, to battaile ; good my Lord lead you  
The whole six thousand of our yong Patricians,  
Plac't in the left wing to enuiron *Cæsar*.  
My father *Scipio* shall lead the battaile ;  
*Domitius* the left wing ; I the right  
Against *Marc Anthony*. Take now your fils  
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarme, excursions, of al: The five Kings driuen ouer  
the Stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing: At the  
dore enter againe the five Kings. The  
battell continued within.*

*Epir.* Fly, fly, the day was lost before twas fought.

*Theff.* The Romans feard their shadowes.

*Cil.* Were there euer  
Such monstrous confidences, as last night  
Their Cups and musique shew'd ? Before the morning  
Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck ?

*Iber.* It made great *Pompey* mad, which who could  
mend ?

The gods had hand in it.

*Tra.* It made the Consuls  
Run on their swords to see't. The braue Patricians  
Fled with their spoyled faces, arrowes sticking  
As shot from heauen at them.

*Theff.* Twas the charge  
That *Cæsar* gaue against them.

*Epir.* Come, away,  
Leaue all, and wonder at this fatall day.

*Exeunt.*

*The fight neerer; and enter, Crassineus, a sword, as  
thrust through his face; he falls. To him Pompey  
and Cæsar fighting: Pompey giues way,  
Cæsar follows, and enters at  
another dore.*

*Cæf.* Pursue, pursue; the gods foreshew'd their  
powers,  
Which we gaue issue, and the day is ours.  
*Crassineus?* O looke vp: he does, and shewes  
Death in his broken eyes; which *Cæsars* hands  
Shall doe the honor of eternall closure.  
Too well thou keptst thy word, that thou this day  
Wouldst doe me seruice to our victory,  
Which in thy life or death I should behold,  
And praise thee for; I doe, and must admire  
Thy matchles valour; euer euer rest  
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tombe  
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,  
Ile curiously preferue with balmes, and spices,  
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,  
Inscrib'd with this true soule of funerall.

*Epitaph:*

*Crassineus fought for fame, and died for Rome,  
Whose publique weale springs from this priuate tombe.*

*Enter some taking him off, whom Cæsar helps.*

*Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their hands, broad hats, &c.*

*Pom.* Thus haue the gods their iustice, men their wils,

And I, by mens wils rulde ; my selfe renouncing,  
Am by my Angell and the gods abhorr'd ;  
Who drew me, like a vapour, vp to heauen  
To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the earth :  
O the deserued terrors that attend  
On humane confidence ! had euer men  
Such outrage of presumption to be victors  
Before they arm'd ? To send to *Rome* before  
For houses neare the market place, their tents  
Strowd all with flowers, and nosegayes ; tables couer'd  
With cups and banquets ; bayes and mirtle garlands,  
As ready to doe sacrifice for conquest  
Rather then arme them for fit fight t'enforc it ;  
Which when I saw, I knew as well th' euent  
As now I feele it, and because I rag'd  
In that presage, my *Genius* shewing me clearely  
(As in a mirror) all this curf'd issue ;  
And therefore vrg'd all meanes to put it off  
For this day, or from these fields to some other,  
Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw  
Their spirits settl'd in some grauer knowledge  
Of what belong'd to such a deare decision ;  
They spotted me with feare, with loue of glory,  
To keepe in my command so many Kings,  
So great an army ; all the hellish blastings  
That could be breath'd on me, to strike me blinde  
Of honor, spirit and soule : And should I then  
Saue them that would in spight of heauen be ruinde ?  
And, in their safeties ruine me and mine  
In euerlasting rage of their detraction.

*Dem.* Your safety and owne honor did deserue  
Respect past all their values ; O my Lord  
Would you ?

*Pom.* Vpbraid me not ; goe to, goe on.

*Dem.* No ; Ile not rub the wound. The misery is,  
The gods for any error in a man  
(Which they might rectify, and should ; because  
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong  
To be thus insolent, thus grac't, thus blest ?

*Pom.* O the strange carriage of their acts, by which  
Men order theirs ; and their deuotions in them ;  
Much rather striving to entangle men  
In pathlesse error, then with regular right  
Confirme their reasons, and their pieties light.  
For now Sir, whatsoeuer was foreshowne  
By heauen, or prodigy ; ten parts more for vs,  
Forewarning vs, deterring vs, and all  
Our blinde and brainlesse frenzies, then for *Cæsar* ;  
All yet will be ascribde to his regard  
Giuen by the gods for his good parts, preferring  
Their glosse (being starck impostures) to the iustice,  
Loue, honor, piety, of our lawes and Countrey.  
Though I thinke these are arguments enow  
For my acquitall, that for all these fought.

*Dem.* Y'are cleare, my Lord.

*Pom.* Gods helpe me, as I am ;  
What euer my vntoucht command of millions  
Through all my eight and fifty yeares, hath woonne,  
This one day (in the worlds esteeme) hath lost.  
So vile is praise and dispraise by euent.  
For I am still my selfe in euery worth  
The world could grace me with, had this dayes Euen  
In one blaze ioyn'd, with all my other Conquests.  
And shall my comforts in my well-knowne selfe  
Faile me for their false fires, *Demetrius* ?

*Dem.* O no, my Lord.

*Pom.* Take grieve for them, as if  
The rotten-hearted world could steepe my soule  
In filthy putrifraction of their owne ?  
Since their applauses faile me ? that are hisses  
To euery sound acceptance ? I confesse,  
That till th' affaire was past, my passions flam'd,  
But now tis helpleffe, and no cause in me,



Rest in these embers my vnmooued soule,  
 With any outward change, this dystick minding;  
 No man should more allow his owne losse, woes,  
 (Being past his fault) then any stranger does.  
 And for the worlds false loues, and ayry honors,  
 What soule that euer lou'd them most in life,  
 (Once feuer'd from this breathing sepulchre)  
 Againe came and appearde in any kind  
 Their kinde admirer still, or did the state  
 Of any best man here, associate?  
 And euery true soule should be here so feuer'd  
 From loue of such men, as here drowne their soules  
 As all the world does? *Cato* sole accepted,  
 To whom Ile fly now, and my wife in way  
 (Poore Lady, and poore children, worse then father-  
 lesse)  
 Visit, and comfort. Come *Demetrius*, *They disguise*  
 We now must sute our habites to our fortunes *themselves.*  
 And since these changes euer chance to greatest.  
 Nor desire to be  
 (Doe fortune, to exceed it, what she can)  
 A *Pompey*, or a *Cæsar*, but a man. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Acilius, with souldiers.*

*Cæs.* O We haue slaine, not conquerd, Roman  
 blood  
 Peruersts th' euent, and desperate blood let out  
 With their owne fwords. Did euer men before  
 Enuy their owne liues, since another liu'd  
 Whom they would willfully conceiue their foe,  
 And forge a Tyrant merely in their feares  
 To iustifie their slaughters? *Consuls?* *furies.*  
*Ant.* Be, Sir, their faults their griefes! The greater  
 number  
 Were only slaues, that left their bloods to ruth,  
 And altogether, but six thousand slaine.  
*Cæs.* How euer many; gods and men can witnesse  
 Themselues enforc't it, much against the most

I could enforce on *Pompey* for our peace.  
 Of all slaine, yet, if *Brutus* only liu'd,  
 I should be comforted, for his life sau'd  
 Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.  
 But much I feare his death, because the battell  
 Full stricken now, he yet abides vnfound.

*Acil.* I saw him fighting neare the battels end,  
 But suddainly giue off, as bent to fly.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Anth.* He comes here, see Sir.

*Bru.* I submit to *Cæsar*  
 My life and fortunes.

*Cæf.* A more welcome fortune  
 Is *Brutus*, then my conquest.

*Bru.* Sir, I fought  
 Against your conquest, and your selfe ; and merit  
 (I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

*Cæf.* You fought with me, Sir, for I know your  
 armes  
 Were taken for your Country, not for *Pompey* :  
 And for my Country I fought, nothing lesse  
 Then he, or both the mighty-stomak't Consuls ;  
 Both whom (I heare) haue slaine themselues before  
 They would enioy life in the good of *Cæsar*.  
 But I am nothing worfe, how ill foeuer  
 They, and the great authority of *Rome*  
 Would faine enforce me by their mere suspitions.  
 Lou'd they their Country better then her *Brutus* ?  
 Or knew what fitted nobleffe, and a Romane  
 With freer souls then *Brutus*. Those that liue  
 Shall see in *Cæsars* iustice, and what euer  
 Might make me worthy both their liues and loues,  
 That I haue lost the one without my merit,  
 And they the other with no Roman spirit.  
 Are you empair'd to liue, and ioy my loue ?  
 Only requite me, *Brutus*, loue but *Cæsar*,  
 And be in all the powers of *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*.  
 In which free wish, I ioyne your father *Cato* ;

For whom Ile haste to *Vtica*, and pray  
His loue may strengthen my successe to day. *Exeunt.*

*Porcius in haste, Marcellius bare, following. Porcius  
discouers a bed, and a sword hanging by it which he  
takes downe.*

*Mar.* To what vse take you that (my Lord ?)

*Por.* Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any seruant,  
Besides your selfe, of all my fathers nearest,  
Serue any mood he serues, with any knowledge  
Of this or any other. *Cæsar* comes  
And giues his army wings to reach this towne.  
Not for the townes sake, but to saue my father.  
Whom iustly he suspects to be resolu'd  
Of any violence to his life, before  
He will preferue it by a Tyrants fauour.  
For *Pompey* hath miscarried, and is fled.  
Be true to me, and to my fathers life ;  
And doe not tell him ; nor his fury serue  
With any other.

*Mar.* I will dye, my Lord,  
Ere I obserue it.

*Por.* O my Lord and father.

*Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius.  
Cato with a booke in his hand.*

*Cat.* What feares fly here on all sides ? what wilde  
lookes  
Are squinted at me from mens mere suspicions  
That I am wilde my selfe, and would enforce  
What will be taken from me by the Tyrant.

*Ath.* No : Would you only aske life, he would  
thinke

His owne life giuen more strength in giuing yours

*Cat.* I aske my life of him ?

*Stat.* Aske what's his owne ?

Of him he scornes should haue the least drop in it  
At his disposure.

*Cat.* No, *Statilius*.

Men that haue forfeit liues by breaking lawes,  
Or haue beene ouercome, may beg their liues,  
But I haue euer beene in euery iustice  
Better then *Cæsar*, and was neuer conquer'd,  
Or made to fly for life, as *Cæsar* was.  
But haue beene victor euer, to my wish,  
Gainst whomsoeuer euer hath oppoide ;  
Where *Cæsar* now is conquer'd in his Conquest,  
In the ambition, he til now denide ;  
Taking vpon him to giue life, when death  
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous selfe.  
No right, no power giuen him to raise an army,  
Which in despight of *Rome* he leades about  
Slaughtering her loyall subiects, like an outlaw,  
Nor is he better. Tongue, shew, falshood are,  
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,  
Vaineglory, villany ; and at best you can,  
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.  
My fame affirme my life receiu'd from him ?  
Ile rather make a beast my second father.

*Stat.* The gods auert from euery Roman minde  
The name of slaue to any Tyrants power.  
Why was man euer iust, but to be free,  
'Gainst all iniustice ? and to beare about him  
As well all meanes to freedome euery houre,  
As euery houre he should be arm'd for death,  
Which only is his freedome ?

*Ath.* But *Statilius*

Death is not free for any mans election,  
Till nature, or the law, impose it on him.

*Cat.* Must a man goe to law then, when he may  
Enioy his owne in peace ? If I can vse  
Mine owne my selfe, must I of force, referue it  
To serue a Tyrant with it ? All iust men  
Not only may enlarge their liues, but must,  
From all rule tyrannous, or liue vniust.

*Ath.* By death must they enlarge their liues ?

*Cat.* By death.

*Ath.* A man's not bound to that.

*Cat.* Ile proue he is.

Are not the liues of all men bound to iustice ?

*Ath.* They are.

*Cat.* And therefore not to serue iniustice :

Iustice it selfe ought euer to be free,  
And therefore euery iust man being a part  
Of that free iustice, should be free as it.

*Ath.* Then wherefore is there law for death ?

*Cat.* That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can  
Performe the fitting iustice of a man  
In kingdomes common good, may be enforc't.  
But is not euery iust man to him selfe  
The perfect't law ?

*Ath.* Suppose.

*Cat.* Then to himselfe

Is euery iust mans life subordinate.  
Againe, Sir ; Is not our free soule infus'd  
To euery body in her absolute end  
To rule that body ? in which absolute rule  
Is she not absolutely Empreffe of it ?  
And being Empreffe, may she not dispose  
It, and the life in it, at her iust pleasure ?

*Ath.* Not to destroy it.

*Cat.* No ; she not destroyes it

When she disliues it ; that their freedoms may  
Goe firme together, like their powers and organs,  
Rather then let it liue a rebell to her,  
Prophaning that diuine coniunction  
Twixt her and it ; nay, a disunction making  
Betwixt them worse then death ; in killing quick  
That which in iust death liues : being dead to her  
If to her rule dead, and to her aliue,  
If dying in her iust rule.

*Ath.* The body liues not  
When death hath rest it.

*Cat.* Yet tis free, and kept  
Fit for reijunctiō in mans second life ;  
Which dying rebell to the soule, is farre  
Vnfit to ioyne with her in perfect life.

*Ath.* It shall not ioyne with her againe.

*Cat.* It shall.

*Ath.* In reason shall it ?

*Cat.* In apparant reason ;  
Which Ile proue clearly.

*Stat.* Heare, and iudge it Sir.

*Cat.* As nature works in all things to an end,  
So in th' appropriate honor of that end,  
All things precedent haue their naturall frame ;  
And therefore is there a proportion  
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes :  
For else there could not be in their creation,  
Alwayes, or for the most part, that firme forme  
In their still like existence ; that we see  
In each full creature. What proportion then  
Hath an immortall with a mortall substance ?  
And therefore the mortality to which  
A man is subiect ; rather is a sleepe,  
Then bestiall death ; since sleepe and death are call'd  
The twins of nature. For if absolute death  
And bestiall sease the body of a man,  
Then is there no proportion in his parts,  
His soule being free from death, which otherwise  
Retaines diuine proportion. For as sleepe  
No disproportion holds with humane soules,  
But aptly quickens the proportion  
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter  
To giue vp formes to soules, which is their end :  
So death (twin-borne of sleepe) resoluing all  
Mans bodies heauy parts ; in lighter nature  
Makes a reunion with the spritely soule ;  
When in a second life their beings giuen,  
Holds this proportion firme, in highest heauen.

*Ath.* Hold you our bodies shall reuiue, resumming  
Our soules againe to heauen ?

*Cat.* Past doubt, though others  
 Thinke heauen a world too high for our low reaches.  
 Not knowing the sacred fence of him that sings,  
*Ioue* can let downe a golden chaine from heauen,  
 Which tyed to earth, shall fetch vp earth and seas ;  
 And what's that golden chaine, but our pure soules,  
 A golden beame of him, let downe by him,  
 That govern'd with his grace, and drawne by him,  
 Can hoist this earthy body vp to him,  
 The sea, and ayre, and all the elements  
 Comprest in it : not while tis thus concret,  
 But fin'd by death, and then giuen heauenly heat.

*Ath.* Your happy exposition of that place  
 (Whose sacred depth I neuer heard so founded)  
 Euiçts glad grant from me you hold a truth.

*Stat.* Is't not a manly truth, and mere diuine ?

*Cat.* Tis a good chearefull doctrine for good men.  
 But (sonne and seruants) this is only argu'd  
 To spend our deare time well, and no life vrgeth  
 To any violence further then his owner  
 And grauer men hold fit. Lets talke of *Cæsar*,  
 He's the great subiect of all talke, and he  
 Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

*Mar.* It is, my Lord.

*Cat.* Why then let's in and eat ;  
 Our coole submission will quench *Cæsars* heat.

*Sta.* Submission ? here's for him.

*Cat.* *Statilius*,  
 My reasons must not strengthen you in error,  
 Nor learn'd *Athenodorus* gentle yeelding.  
 Talke with some other deepe Philosophers.  
 Or some diuine Priest of the knowing gods,  
 And heare their reasons, in meane time come sup.

*Exeunt.*

*Cato going out arme in arme  
 betwixt Athen. and Statilius.*

## Act V. Scene I.

*Enter Vshers, with the two Lentuli, and Septimius before Cornelia; Cyris, Telefilla, Lælia, Drufus, with others, following, Cornelia, Septimius and the two Lentuli reading letters.*

Cor. So may my comforts for this good newes  
thriue

As I am thankfull for them to the Gods.  
Ioyes vnexpected, and in desperate plight,  
Are still most sweet, and proue from whence they  
come;

When earths still Moonelike confidence, in ioy,  
Is at her full. True ioy descending farre  
From past her sphere, and from that highest heauen  
That moues and is not mou'd: how farre was I  
From hope of these euent, when fearefull dreames  
Of Harpies tearing out my heart? of armies  
Terribly ioyning? Cities, kingdomes falling,  
And all on me? prou'd sleepe, not twin to death,  
But to me, death it selfe? yet waking then,  
These letters; full of as much chearefull life,  
I found clofde in my hand. O gods how iustly  
Ye laugh at all things earthly? at all feares  
That rise not from your iudgements? at all ioyes,  
Not drawne directly from your selues, and in ye,  
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruine.  
Why write great learned men? men merely rapt  
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe?  
Vndanted spirits? inexorable fate  
And all feare treading on? tis all but ayre,  
If any comfort be, tis in despaire.

1 Len. You learned Ladies may hold any thing.



2 *Lent.* Now madam is your walk from coach  
come neare

The promontory, where you late commanded  
A Sentinell should stand to see from thence  
If either with a nauy, brought by sea,  
Or traine by land ; great *Pompey* comes to greet you  
As, in your letters, he neare this time promise.

*Cor.* O may this Isle of *Lesbos*, compass in  
With the *Ægean* sea, that doth diuide  
*Europe* from *Asia*. (The sweet literate world 112  
From the Barbarian) from my barbarous dreames  
Diuide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2 *Lent.* He's busied now with ordering offices.  
By this time, madam, fits your honor'd father He looks  
in his letter.  
In *Cæsar's* chaire of vniuerfall Bishop.  
*Domitius Ænobarbas*, is made Confull,  
*Spynter* his Confort ; and *Phaonius*  
Tribune, or Pretor.

*Septimius with a letter.*

*Sep.* These were only fought  
Before the battaile, not obtaind ; nor mouing  
My father but in shadowes.

*Corn.* Why should men  
Tempt fate with such firme confidence ? seeking  
places  
Before the power that should dispose could grant  
them ?  
For then the stroke of battaile was not struck.

1 *Lent.* Nay, that was sure enough. *Physitians*  
know  
When sick mens eyes are broken, they must dye.  
Your letters telling you his victory  
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath broken  
Both the eyes and heart of *Cæsar* : for as men  
Healthfull through all their liues to grey-hayr'd age,  
When sickness takes them once, they seldom scape :  
So *Cæsar* victor in his general fights

Till this late skirmish, could no aduerſe blow  
Suftaine without his vtter ouerthrow.

2 *Lent.* See, madam, now; your Sentinell: en-  
quire.

*Cor.* Seeſt thou no fleet yet (Sentinell) nor traine  
That may be thought great *Pompeys*?

*Sen.* Not yet, madame.

1 *Lent.* Seeſt thou no trauellers adreſt this way?  
In any number on this Lesbian ſhore?

*Sen.* I ſee ſome not worth note; a couple comming  
This way, on foot, that are not now farre hence.

2 *Lent.* Come they apace? like meſſengers with  
newes?

*Sen.* No, nothing like (my Lord) nor are their  
habites

Of any ſuch mens faſhions; being long mantles,  
And ſable hew'd; their heads all hid in hats  
Of parching *Theſſaly*, broad brimm'd, high crown'd.

*Cor.* Theſe ſerue not our hopes.

*Sen.* Now I ſee a ſhip,

A kenning hence; that ſtrikes into the hauen.

*Cor.* One onely ſhip?

*Sen.* One only, madam, yet.

*Cor.* That ſhould not be my Lord.

1 *Lent.* Your Lord? no madam.

*Sen.* She now lets out arm'd men vpon the land.

2 *Lent.* Arm'd men? with drum and colours?

*Sen.* No, my Lord,

But bright in armes, yet beare halfe pikes, or bead-  
hookes.

1 *Lent.* Theſe can be no plumes in the traine of  
*Pompey*.

*Cor.* Ile ſee him in his letter, once againe.

*Sen.* Now, madam, come the two I ſaw on foot.

*Enter Pompey and Demetrius.*

*Dem.* See your Princeſſe, Sir, come thus farre  
from the City in her coach, to encounter your promiſt  
comming

About this time in your last letters.

*Pom.* The world is alter'd since *Demetrius* ;  
(offer to goe by.)

1 *Lent.* See, madam, two Theſſalian Augurs it  
feemes

By their habits. Call, and enquire if either by their  
Skills or trauels, they know no newes of your husband.

*Cor.* My friends ? a word.

*Dem.* With vs, madam ?

*Cor.* Yes. Are you of *Theſſaly* ?

*Dem.* I, madam, and all the world beſides.

*Cor.* Your Country is great.

*Dem.* And our portions little.

*Cor.* Are you Augures ?

*Dem.* *Augures madam* ? yes a kinde of *Augures*, alias  
Wizerds, that goe vp and downe the world, teaching  
How to turne ill to good.

*Cor.* Can you doe that ?

*Dem.* I, madam, you haue no worke for vs, haue  
you ?

No ill to turne good, I meane ?

*Cor.* Yes ; the abſence of my husband.

*Dem.* What's he ?

*Cor.* *Pompey* the great.

*Dem.* Wherein is he great ?

*Cor.* In his command of the world.

*Dem.* Then he's great in others. Take him with-  
out his

Addition (great) what is he then ?

*Cor.* *Pompey*.

*Dem.* Not your husband then ?

*Cor.* Nothing the leſſe for his greatneſſe.

*Dem.* Not in his right ; but in your comforts he is.

*Cor.* His right is my comfort.

*Dem.* What's his wrong ?

*Cor.* My ſorrow.

*Dem.* And that's ill.

*Cor.* Yes.

*Dem.* Y'are come to the vse of our Profession,  
madam,

Would you haue that ill turnd good ? that  
Sorrow turnd comfort ?

*Cor.* Why is my Lord wrong'd ?

*Cor.* We professe not that knowledge, madam :  
Supose he were.

*Cor.* Not I.

*Dem.* Youle suppose him good.

*Cor.* He is so.

*Dem.* Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd ;  
for

All goodnesse is wrong'd in this world.

*Cor.* What call you wrong ?

*Dem.* Ill fortune, affliction.

*Cor.* Thinke you my Lord afflicted ?

*Dem.* If I thinke him good (madam) I must. Vn-  
lesse he

Be worldly good, and then, either he is ill, or has ill :  
Since, as no sugar is without poyson : so is no worldly  
Good without ill. Euen naturally nourisht in it, like a  
Houehold thiefe, which is the worst of all theeues.

*Cor.* Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

*Dem.* He's too great to be truly good ; for worldly  
greatnes

Is the chiefe worldly goodnesse ; and all worldly good-  
nesse

(I prou'd before) has ill in it : which true good has not.

*Cor.* If he rule well with his greatnesse ; wherein  
is he ill ?

*Dem.* But great Rulers are like Carpenters that  
weare their

Rules at their backs still : and therefore to make good  
your

True good in him, y'ad better suppose him little, or  
meane.

For in the meane only is the true good.

*Pom.* But euery great Lady must haue her husband  
Great still, or her loue will be little.

*Cor.* I am none of those great Ladies.

*Len.* She's a Philosphresse Augure, and can turne

Ill to good as well as you.

*Pom.* I would then, not honor, but adore her : could you

Submit your selfe chearefully to your husband, Supposing him false ?

*Cor.* If he submit himselfe chearfully to his fortune.

*Pom.* 'Tis the greatest greatnes in the world you vndertake.

*Cor.* I would be so great, if he were.

*Pom.* In supposition.

*Cor.* In fact.

*Pom.* Be no woman, but a Goddesse then ; & make good thy greatnesse ;

I am chearfully false ; be chearfull.

*Cor.* I am : and welcome, as the world were closde In these embraces.

*Pom.* Is it possible ?

A woman, losing greatnesse, still as good,

As at her greatest ? O gods, was I euer

Great till this minute ?

*Amb. Len.* Pompey ?

*Pom.* View me better.

*Amb. Len.* Conquerd by Cæsar ?

*Pom.* Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me, in it : no conquest of me :

I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.

Must I not hold my selfe, though lose the world ?

Nor lose I lesse ; a world lost at one clap,

'Tis more then *Ioue* euer thundred with.

What glory is it to haue my hand hurle

So vast a volley through the groning ayre ?

And is't not great, to turne griefes thus to ioyes,

That breake the hearts of others ?

*Amb. Len.* O tis *Ioue*-like.

*Pom.* It is to imitate *Ioue*, that from the wounds Of softest clouds, beats vp the terriblest sounds.

I now am good, for good men still hate least,  
That twixt themfelues and God might rise their rest.

*Cor.* O *Pompey, Pompey* : neuer Great till now.

*Pom.* O my *Cornelia* : let vs still be good,  
And we shall still be great : and greater farre  
In euery solid grace, then when the tumor  
And bile of rotten obseruation sweld vs.  
Griefes for wants outward, are without our cure,  
Greatnesse, not of it felse, is neuer sure.  
Before, we went vpon heauen, rather treading  
The virtues of it vnderfoot, in making  
The vicious world our heauen ; then walking there  
Euen here, as knowing that our home ; contemning  
All forg'd heauens here raisde ; setting hills on hills.  
*Vulcan* from heauen fell, yet on's feet did light,  
And stood no lesse a god then at his height ;  
At lowest, things lye fast ; we now are like  
The two Poles propping heauen, on which heauen  
moues ;

And they are fixt, and quiet, being aboue  
All motion farre ; we rest aboue the heauens.

*Cor.* O, I more ioy, t'embrace my Lord thus fixt,  
Then he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

*i Len.* Miraculous standing in a fall so great,  
Would *Cæsar* knew Sir, how you conquerd him  
In your conuiction.

*Pom.* Tis enough for me  
That *Pompey* knows it. I will stand no more  
On others legs : nor build one ioy without me.  
If euer I be worth a house againe,  
Ile build all inward : not a light shall ope  
The common outway : no expence, no art,  
No ornament, no dore will I vse there,  
But raise all plaine, and rudely, like a rampier,  
Against the false society of men  
That still batters  
All reason peecemeale. And for earthy greatnesse  
All heauenly comforts rarifies to ayre,  
Ile therefore liue in darke, and all my light,

Like Ancient Temples, let in at my top.  
 This were to turne ones back to all the world,  
 And only looke at heauen. *Empedocles*  
 Recur'd a mortall plague through all his Country,  
 With stopping vp the yawning of a hill,  
 From whence the hollow and vnwholsome South  
 Exhald his venomd vapor. And what else  
 Is any King, given ouer to his lusts,  
 But euen the poyson'd cleft of that crackt mountaine,  
 That all his kingdome plagues with his example ?  
 Which I haue flopt now, and so cur'd my Country  
 Of such a sensuall pestilence :  
 When therefore our diseaf'de affections  
 Harmefull to humane freedome ; and stormelike  
 Inferring darknesse to th' infected minde  
 Oppresse our comforts : tis but letting in  
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit,  
 Take in another way ; like roomes that fight  
 With windowes gainst the winde, yet let in light.

*Amb. Len.* My Lord, we seru'd before, but now  
 adore you.

• *Sen.* My Lord, the arm'd men I discou'rd lately  
 Vnshipt, and landed ; now are trooping neare.

*Pom.* What arm'd men are they ?

• *Len.* Some, my Lord, that lately  
 The Sentinell discouer'd, but not knew.

*Sen.* Now all the sea (my Lords) is hid with ships,  
 Another Promontory flanking this,  
 Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,  
 That easily may see hither ; it seemes looking  
 What these so neare intend : Take heed, they come.

*Enter Achilles, Septius, Saluius, with souldiers.*

*Arch.* Haile to *Romes* great Commander ; to whom  
*Egypt*

• (Not long since seated in his kingdome by thee,  
 And sent to by thee in thy passage by)  
 Sends vs with answer : which withdraw and heare.

*Pom.* Ile kisse my children first.

*Sep.* Bleffe me, my Lord.

*Pom.* I will, and *Cyris*, my poore daughter too.  
Euen that high hand that hurld me downe thus low,  
Keepe you from rising high : I heare : now tell me.  
I thinke (my friend) you once seru'd vnder me :

*Septius only nods with his head.*

*Pom.* Nod onely ? not a word daigne ? what are these ?

*Cornelia* ? I am now not worth mens words.

*Ach.* Please you receiue your ayde, Sir ?

*Pom.* I, I come.

*Exit Pom. They draw and follow.*

*Cor.* Why draw they ? See, my Lords ; attend them  
vfhers.

*Sen.* O they haue slaine great *Pompey*.

*Cor.* O my husband.

*Sept. Cyr.* Mother, take comfort.

*Enter Pompey bleeding.*

O my Lord and father.

*Pom.* See heauens your sufferings, is my Countries  
loue,

The iustice of an Empire ; pietie ;

Worth this end in their leader : last yet life

And bring the gods off fairer : after this

Who will adore, or serue the deities ?

*He hides his face with his robe.*

*Enter the Murtherers.*

*Ach.* Helpe hale him off : and take his head for  
*Cæsar*.

*Sep.* Mother ? O faue us ; *Pompey* ? O my father.

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding,  
and kneele about Cornelia.*

1 *Len.* Yet fals not heauen ? Madam, O make  
good



Your late great spirits ; all the world will say,  
 You know not how to beare aduerse euent,  
 If now you languish.

*Omn.* Take her to her coach.

*They beare her out.*

*Cato with a booke in his hand.*

O Beastly apprehenders of things manly,  
 And merely heauenly : they with all the reasons  
 I vsde for iust mens liberties, to beare  
 Their liues and deaths vp in their owne free hands ;  
 Feare still my resolution though I seeme  
 To giue it off like them : and now am woonne  
 To thinke my life in lawes rule, not mine owne,  
 When once it comes to death ; as if the law  
 Made for a sort of outlawes, must bound me  
 In their subiection ; as if I could  
 Be rackt out of my vaines, to liue in others ;  
 As so I must, if others rule my life ;  
 And publique power keepe all the right of death,  
 As if men needes must serue the place of iustice ;  
 The forme, and idoll, and renounce it selfe ?  
 Our selues, and all our rights in God and goodnesse ?  
 Our whole contents and freedoms to dispose,  
 All in the ioyes and wayes of arrant rogues ?  
 No stay but their wilde errors, to sustaine vs ?  
 No forges but their throats to vent our breaths ?  
 To forme our liues in, and repose our deaths ?  
 See, they haue got my sword. Who's there ?

*Enter Marcellius bare.*

*Mar.* My Lord.

*at.* Who tooke my sword hence ? Dumb ? I doe  
 not aske

For any vse or care of it : but hope  
 I may be answered. Goe Sir, let me haue it.

*Exit Mar.*

Poore slaues, how terrible this death is to them?  
 If men would sleepe, they would be wroth with all  
 That interrupt them: Phyfick take to take  
 The golden rest it brings: both pay and pray  
 For good, and foundest naps: all friends consenting  
 In those kinde inuocations; praying all  
 Good rest, the gods vouchsafe you; but when death  
 (Sleepes naturall brother) comes; (that's nothing  
 worfe,

But better; being more rich; and keeps the store;  
 Sleepe euer fickle, wayward still, and poore)  
 O how men grudge, and shake, and feare, and fly  
 His sterne approaches? all their comforts taken  
 In faith, and knowledge of the blisse and beauties  
 That watch their wakings in an endlesse life:  
 Dround in the paines and horrors of their sense  
 Sustainde but for an houre; be all the earth  
 Rapt with this error, Ile pursue my reason,  
 And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,  
 Th' eternall law of heauen and earth no firmer.  
 But while I seeke to conquer conquering *Cæsar*,  
 My soft-splen'd seruants ouerrule and curb me.

*He knocks, and Brutus enters.*

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword  
 Where late I left it? Dumb to? Come another!

*Enter Cleanthes.*

Where's my sword hung here?

*Cle.* My Lord, I know not.

*Ent. Marcilius.*

*Cat.* The rest, come in there. Where's the sword  
 I charg'd you

To giue his place againe? Ile breake your lips ope,  
 Spight of my freedome; all my seruants, friends;  
 My sonne and all, will needs betray me naked  
 To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce  
 And Beare-like, mankinde of the blood of virtue.  
 O gods, who euer saw me thus contemn'd?  
 Goe call my sonne in; tell him, that the lesse  
 He shewes himselfe my sonne, the lesse Ile care  
 To liue his father.

*Enter Athenodorus, Porcius : Porcius kneeling; Brutus, Cleanthes and Marcilius by him.*

*Por.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Rest patient of my duty, and my loue ;  
Your other children think on, our poore mother,  
Your family, your Country.

*Cat.* If the gods  
Giue ouer all, Ile fly the world with them.  
*Athenodorus,* I admire the changes,  
I note in heauenly prouidence. When *Pompey*  
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,  
He stood inuincible against the world :  
Yet, now his cares grew pious, and his powers  
Set all vp for his Countrey, he is conquered.

*Ath.* The gods wills secret are, nor must we measure  
Their chaste-referued deepes by our dry shallowes.  
Sufficeth vs, we are entirely such  
As twixt them and our consciences we know  
Their graces, in our virtues, shall present  
Vnspotted with the earth ; to'th high throne  
That ouerlookes vs : for this gyant world  
Let's not contend with it, when heauen it selfe  
Failes to reforme it : why should we affect  
The least hand ouer it, in that ambition ?  
A heape tis of digested villany ;  
Virtue in labor with eternall Chaos  
Prest to a liuing death, and rackt beneath it.  
Her throwes vnpitied ; euery worthy man  
Limb by limb sawne out of her virgine wombe,  
To liue here peecemeall tortur'd, fly life then ;  
Your life and death made presidents for men. *Exit.*

*Cat.* Ye heare (my masters) what a life this is,  
And vse much reason to respect it so.  
But mine shall serue ye. Yet restore my sword,  
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceiue  
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's *Statilius*?

*Por.* I think Sir, gone with the three hundred  
Romans  
In *Lucius Cæsars* charge, to ferue the victor.

*Cat.* And would not take his leaue of his poore  
friend ?

Then the Philosophers haue stoop't his spirit,  
Which I admire, in one so free, and knowing,  
And such a fiery hater of base life,  
Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe  
To our great Conqueror. But I aduise him  
To spare his youth, and liue.

*Por.* My brother *Brutus*  
Is gone to *Cæsar*.

*Cat.* *Brutus* ? Of mine honor  
(Although he be my sonne in law) I must say  
There went as worthy, and as learned a President  
As liues in *Romes* whole rule, for all lifes actions ;  
And yet your sister *Porcia* (his wife)  
Would scarce haue done this. But (for you my sonne)  
Howeuer *Cæsar* deales with me ; be counsailede  
By your experienc't father, not to touch  
At any action of the publique weale,  
Nor any rule beare neare her politique sterne :  
For, to be vpright, and sincere therein  
Like *Catos* sonne, the times corruption  
Will neuer beare it : and, to sooth the time,  
You shall doe basely, and vnworthy your life ;  
Which, to the gods I wish, may outweigh mine  
In euery virtue ; howsoever ill  
You thriue in honor.

*Por.* I, my Lord, shall gladly  
Obey that counsell.

*Cat.* And what needed you  
Urge my kinde care of any charge that nature  
Imposes on me ? haue I euer showne  
Loues least defect to you ? or any dues  
The most indulgent father (being discreet)  
Could doe his dearest blood ? doe you me right  
In iudgement, and in honor ; and dispence

With passionate nature : goe, neglect me not,  
But fend my sword in. Goe, tis I that charge you.

*Cor.* O my Lord, and father, come, aduise me.

*Exeunt.*

*Cat.* What haue I now to thinke on in this world?

No one thought of the world, I goe each minute  
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedome.  
The next world, and my soule, then let me serue  
With her last vtterance ; that my body may  
With sweetnesse of the passage drowne the fowre  
That death will mix with it : the Consuls soules  
That slew themselues so nobly, scorning life  
Led vnder Tyrants Scepters, mine would see.  
For we shall know each other ; and past death  
Retaine those formes of knowledge learn'd in life ;  
Since, if what here we learne, we there shall lose,  
Our immortality were not life, but time.  
And that our soules in reason are immortall,  
Their naturall and proper obiects proue ;  
Which immortallity and knowledge are.  
For to that obiect euer is referr'd  
The nature of the soule, in which the acts  
Of her high faculties are still employde.  
And that true obiect must her powers obtaine  
To which they are in natures aime directed.  
Since twere absurd to haue her set an obiect  
Which possibly she neuer can aspire.

*Enter a Page with his sword taken out before.*

*Pag.* Your sword, my Lord.

*Cat.* O is it found ? lay downe  
Vpon the bed (my boy) *Exit Pa.* Poore men ; a  
boy

Must be presenter ; manhood at no hand  
Must serue so foule a fact ; for so are calde  
(In common mouths) mens fairest acts of all.  
Vnsheath ; is't sharpe ? tis sweet. Now I am safe,  
Come *Cæsar*, quickly now, or lose your vassall.

Now wing thee, deare foule, and receiue her heauen.  
The earth, the ayre, and fea I know, and all  
The ioyes, and horrors of their peace and warres,  
And now will see the gods state, and the starres.

*He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at  
another side of the Stage with his sword  
drawne, Porcius, Brutus, Cleanthes  
and Marcilius holding his hands.*

*Stat.* Cato? my Lord?

*Por.* I sweare (*Statilius*)

He's forth, and gone to seeke you, charging me  
To seeke elfewhere, lest you had slaine your selfe;  
And by his loue entreated you would liue.

*Sta.* I sweare by all the gods, Ile run his fortunes.

*Por.* You may, you may; but shun the victor now,  
Who neare is, and will make vs all his slaues.

*Sta.* He shall himselfe be mine first, and my slaues.

*Exit.*

*Por.* Looke, looke in to my father, O (I feare)  
He is no fight for me to beare and liue. *Exit.*

*Omn.* 3. O ruthfull spectacle?

*Cle.* He hath ript his entrals.

*Bru.* Search, search; they may be found.

*Cle.* They may, and are.

Giue leaue, my Lord, that I may see them vp  
Being yet vnperisht.

*Ca.* Stand off; now they are *He thrusts him back  
not. & plucks out his entrals.*

Have he my curse that my lifes least part faues.

Iust men are only free, the rest are slaues.

*Bru.* Myrror of men.

*Mar.* The gods enuid his goodnesse.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Brutus, Acilius, with Lords  
and Citizens of Vtica.*

*Cæf.* Too late, too late; with all our haste. O

*Cato,*

All my late Conquest, and my lifes whole acts,  
 Most crownde, most beautified, are blasted all  
 With thy graue lifes expiring in their scorne.  
 Thy life was rule to all liues; and thy death  
 (Thus forcibly despising life) the quench  
 Of all liues glories.

*Ant.* Vnreclaimed man?

How censures *Brutus* his sterne fathers fact?

*Bru.* Twas not well done.

*Cæs.* O censure not his acts;

Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

*Enter Achilius, Septimius, Salvius, with  
 Pompeys head.*

*All kneeling.* Your enemies head great *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Curfed monsters,

Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp  
 Let any dare to view it; farre as nobleffe  
 The den of barbarisme flies, and blisse  
 The bitterest curse of vext and tyrannise nature,  
 Transferre it from me. Borne the plagues of virtue  
 How durst ye poyson thus my thoughts? to torture  
 Them with instant rapture.

*Omn.* 3. Sacred *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Away with them; I vow by all my comforts,  
 Who slack seemes, or not fiery in my charge,  
 Shall suffer with them.

*All the souldiers.* Out base murderers;  
 Tortures, tortures for them: *hale them out.*

*Omn.* Cruell *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Too milde with any torture.

*Bru.* Let me craue

The ease of my hate on their one curst life.

*Cæs.* Good *Brutus* take it; O you coole the poyson  
 These villaines flaming pou'rd vpon my spleen  
 To suffer with my lothings. If the blood  
 Of euery common Roman toucht so neare;  
 Shall I confirme the false brand of my tyranny

With being found a fautor of his murder  
Whom my deare Country chufde to fight for her?

*Ant.* Your patience Sir, their tortures well will quit  
you :

*Bru.* Let my slaues vse, Sir, be your president.

*Cæs.* It shall, I sweare: you doe me infinite honor.

O *Cato*, I enuy thy death, since thou  
Enuiedst my glory to preferue thy life.  
Why fled his sonne and friend *Statilius*?  
So farre I fly their hurt, that all my good  
Shall fly to their defires. And (for himselfe)  
My Lords and Citizens of *Vtica*,  
His much renowne of you, quit with your most.  
And by the sea, vpon some eminent rock,  
Erect his sumptuous tombe; on which aduance  
With all fit state his statue; whose right hand  
Let hold his sword, where, may to all times rest  
His bones as honor'd as his soule is blest.

Sept 03

*FINIS.*