The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII
Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

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JOHN S. FARMER.
THE
Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero, Rome's greatest Tyrant.
Truly represented out of the purest Records of those times.
Et Studio, et Labore.

Anonymous

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

Published in 1713

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1713

M.DCC.XI

by

Printed for B.R. and S.R.

Dyce's Library
To the Right Worshipfull Sir Arthur Mannering Knight, (Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George Mannering of Eishfield in the Countie of Salop) Caruer vnto Prince Henry his Grace.

F Custome (Right worshipfull) had so great a Prerogative as that nothing crossing it, were at all allowable, then might I justify the reprehenison for this my Dedication (having to my knowledge but a singular President herein;) and the reason wherefore so many Plaies have formerly beene published without Inscriptions unto particular Patrons (contrary to Custome in divulging other Books): although perhaps I could never guesse yet because I would willingly offend none, I will now conceale. This young Scholler, as his proportion is comely, so are his garments grave, his language faire, and by his speech it should semme that his Father was an Academian: his tongue is zipt with Eloquence, and his face is lovely: he tells strange (but true) stories: he is mercurial wittie, and notwithstanding his Orphante-age: for either he hath lost his Father, or his Father hath lost him; yet it should semme that he hath read much, for he is well seen in Antiquityes: but most especially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our best approved Historian, which cannot chuse but doe him some favour. I will say no more in his commendation let his own good parts praise him, but in regard he is fatherles, your Worship (I thinke) may doe a deede of Charite to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father may once be thankfull unto you for such kinemes. In the meanes: as by myselfe am partly by dueta already bound unto your Worship, so my love shal make up that which in duete is wanting, and heereafter I will remaine your Worships denoted.
Ad Lectores.

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

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

For

Of Romes great Tyrant I the storie tell,
And what unto that State in Nerces Raigne befel.
The Tragical life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter mourners to the funerall: Cæcilius Nerua, with other Flaminis, next, the hearse of Augustus: then Tiberius, with Julia on his right hand: then Drusus Tiberius, and Livia: then Agrippina alone: next, her three sons, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: next, two Consuls, Asinius Gallus, and Titus Sabinus, with other Senators. They passe over the stage, and go in: then found to the Coronation: and enter first two Consuls, then Tiberius Nero, Nerua with the crownne Empirall: then Asinius, Sabinus, and Scianus, Senators: then Drusus Tiberius, Drusus Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius Nero ascendeth.

Tib. Vitorious Consuls, and grave Senators,
My noble kinsmen and deere Counterm—

Deare friends to deare Augustus happinesse:
Happie to haue such friends, and Counterm—
Could I but shawdow out in meske of words,
The sorrowing language of my groaning foule,
Or with a stremoe of teares alay the flame,
Wherewith my heart doth like an Etna burne,
Ye Gods I call to witnesse of my thoughtis, words:
My tongue should speake, and speake in weeping
Mine eyes should well out words, & speak in teares,
Words in my weeping, weeping in my words,
To sympathise my deare affection,
But since, —— He signeth to brownd.

Seia. What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble
Neru. See how the inundation of his grief (grace?

Doth
The Tragical life and death

Doth stop the fountaine of his utterance.

A true a griefe express with such true love,
Would make a man to be in love with griefe.

Drus. My Lord and father, what deep passion
Your deep engraven sorrowes hath surpriz'd?

Tib. Ah Drusus, Drusus, the late memorie,
Of great Augustus honorable deeds,
Compared with this new privation,
Doth rue my heart twixt contrarities.

Now would my tongue remember his faire deeds,
But then my heart swells with remembrance.

Sweet Drusus, thou whose young experience,
Hath not such deep impression of these woes,
Our honorable buryall rights unsould,
As moste befits these solemn Exequies.

Drus. My Lord, my dutie bindes me to obey,
Against my reason, and my budding yeares,
Yet for to checke my yeares, my reason failes,
My dutie must be reason to my yeares.

Therefore great States of this sad Parliament,
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,
Vouchsafe to wash your siluer haires more white,
With flowing teares of true compassion.

Augustus Caesar, high Octavius,
The true successor of great Julius,
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raies
Surpast the glorie of yong Phaeton:
Now in the darke eclipsing of his daies,
Lies lower then Apolloes blestfull Sonne.

Often hath Rome seen mans fragilitie,
But nere before the Gods mortalitie,
He pleade his Justice, loe his mercie shines;
He call him mercifull, yet juyst withall:
In mercy juyst, in Justice mercifull:
He pleade his honour, then his meekenes calls,
He praise his meekenes, yet in honours robes:
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

In honour mecke, in meekenene Honourable,
He plead his wisdome, but his wit me checks,
He praise his wit, yet linekt in wisdomes chaine;
In wittie wisdome, and in wisdome wit.
He plead his beautie, but his strength bids stay,
He praise his strength but in a beautesious mansion.
Beauteseous in valour, and in beautie strong;
So if ye seake not mans fragilitie,
Yet weepe to sees the Gods mortalitie.

Cons. No more sweet Drums into pleasing tearms,
A florie to displeasing thou relat it.

Cons. Good Drum, addde not water to the sea,
To make our sea of sorrowes overflow.

Neron. In vaine, in vaine, these puling signes of
griefe,
Esteeminate waywardnes, inconstant mindes,
Vassales to fortune, slaves to natures course;
Augustus dead and so must all men die,
So worke the filters of necessity.
No person humane can eternall be,
But in succeffion hath eternitie.
Since then the eternall prouidence of heaven,
Hath ratified Augustus Deitie,
We must provide for his poore Widdow left,
Left to our patronage (the Common-wealth)
And you my Lord Tiberius the true heire
Of great Augustus by adoption,
With loyall hommage and true fealtie,
We doe create our gratious Emperor.

Tiber. And must my silence breake or heart
In the accepting of a double yoake? (disolue
Not to Coceius is imposible.
Poore foule for me or for my modellie.
To sway the imperall Scepter of the world,
That of this world am not my Emperour,
One onely Phoenix in Arabia,
Presents
I be I ragical life and death

Presents a sacrifice to heaven's eye,
One only Atlas by his providence
The glittering stars of heaven can support.
One only one Augustus, only he
Our Roman Phoenix fit for Emperie,
Who is no, no, I know not what you meane,
An Emperour must wake, I drowsie am:
An Emperour must be valiant, I am old:
He must be just, I may be over-rul'd:
Sole Monarch must he be, my mother lives:
And must, and shall be honoured while she lives.
An Emperour must be able to endure,
In warre the winters frosts, and summers heat,
I feel a palsey rooted in my bones,
He must have hone: dropping eloquence:
I for my part neere playd the Orator.
By this my Tribunes power well I know,
How many doubtfull cares he must endure
That taketh care to be an Emperour,
An Empire (Gods forsook) a goodly bait,
To fish for wittlesse high aspiring fools.
Humilitie perswades me to auoyde
A droppe of honye in a flood of Gall.
Lords trouble not my resolution,
I dare not, can not, will not take the crowne.

Seba. By this most gallantly dissembled: Aside.
Alas my lord let tribute of our teares,
Plead for the orphant of our country se (late).
We know——

Tib. What do ye know? I know wel what ye know
Youles say the state is dolefull: so am I,
The state is now an orphant, so am I,
The state hath lost his head, and so have I
My deare Augustus.

He saith the weeping.

Seba. Why weepes Tiberius and will not cease?
And will not cease the weeping of the state?

Tib. Yes
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tib. Yes, yes, Sabinus, I will help my part,
There is Germanicus the hope of Rome,
Nero and Drusus, and Caligula.
These gallant blossoms of the goodly stemme,
Cassius, Titus, and Asinius,
The spotless records of antiquity,
These are fit actors for our empires stage,
For my part will act some little part,
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,
And you my Lords share in equaltie,
The glorious Scenes of Rome's faire Emperie:
Aji. Why then my Lord Tiberius, choose you part
The fruitfull Sicily or gold of Spaine,
The Arabian spices, or the Indian pears,
The English wels, or Vines of Italie:
The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,
Either Egipitian Isis, or Rome's loue,
Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troy nouant,
Large Citties, fertile soil, and gratious Gods,
If these, or any other may content,
Within the Circuit of our Empire,
My Lord, choose out your part, and leave the rest
To be assign'd at our discretion. Sabinus aside.
O for a shift, now Lyon rouse thy selfe,
Or else for ever loose thy Lyon's head.
Tib. May I Asinius choose? then this I choose,
To take no charge, for all I know is care,
Sicilians mutinous and Spaniards proud,
Arabians simplefooles, and Indians droyles,
Britons too rude, Italians too too wise,
Dishonourfull Serians, superflitious Iewes,
Isis too far, and Ioue is plac'd to near,
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troy nouant,
All godly Citties, but all dangerous,
By Ioue my hate hee deadly shall obtaine,
That bids me but to take a part againe.
The Tragical life and death

Affe. Not foe my Lord, you did misconstern me,
I did not meane to make deuision
In the vnited Vnion of the Realme:
I did not meane to separate the Sunne,
To runne by pece-meale in the Zodiacke:
Nor dreame of multiplicities of foules,
Which one continued essence animates,
The heavens cannot mooue without a Sunne:
Nor can the heavens have more Sunnes then one.
Tiber. Afinius I perceiue I did you wrong,
So to interpret your oration,
I am sorry, (truth I am) and if I live
Ie recompense your mightie injuries.
Nero. Will not Tiberius then accept the Crowne?
Tiber. Why should Tiberius libertie be ceased?
Nero. No, Princes have the rule of libertie.
Tiber. If libertie in greatnesse did relie.
Nero. My Lord, my Lord, it is no time to iest,
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antithesis,
Emperour or no Emperour, will you the Crowne or
Nero, speake plaine, it is high time to knowe. (not)
Tib. Take heed my Lords, be ware in your choise,
Least after stormes controle your rash attempt,
You are to choose, but once consider well
After, all Subjectes to your Emperour.
If you contraine me to this doubtfull taske,
And I (as God forbid) should change my minde,
Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage,
My snow white conscience to a Scarlet dye,
Would not the Nations of the leffer world
That are not subject to our Emperie,
Deride your lunaticke election,
And if ye should but thinke amissse of me,
Would they not laugh at your inconstancie?
Take heed, take heed, in vaine ye will repent,
Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not preuent.
Sabin. My
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Sabin. My Lord, how long shall we write in the
Or plough the ayre with vaine delusions? (fands,
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarse,
And all in vaine we bend our suplyant knees,
Vaffale our idle thoughts of reverence,
Subdue our mounting fancies to your love,
And will not all this moue Tiberius? (quest.
Ne. Ger. Good Grandfire graunt the Senators re-
Dry. Ger. Grandfire, they speake in earnest, take
the Crowne.
Calig. Ger. Grandfire accept this golde, looke how
it shines!
My thinkes it would become you passing fine.
Tiber. Deare Children, (old Tiberius eldest care)
My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,
That heauenly Confort turned to mine cares,
Thanks my kinde kindef-men, noble Romains th'aks
Euen from my heart, although my cares increase,
Constrain'd, yet grateful for your kinde constraine,
Bound to receive that which my foule abhors,
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my moddefie.
Yet were my cares in number infinite,
(For who can number all his cares hath none)
Should they shoure downe in droppes of streaming
Mustersh in troops of languishing dispaire, (blood
Swarine like to Bees, stinging like to Scorpions;
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart.
Yet these and more, and twice ten thousand more,
Old Nero will for Countries cause indure,
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

Sound Trumpets, Nero crowneth him.

Nero. Most mightie Cesar, great Tiberius,
Euer and ever Tribune of the State,
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,
The Tragicall life and death

Sole Consull for our conquered Provinces,
Prince of the Senate in our policies,
Wee heere intrest your sacred Majestie,
In all the Ornaments imperiall,
Roomes and the worlds most glorious Emperour:
Ommes. Long liue Tiberius Roomes great Emperor.
Tiber. Like as an hartles sawne, enuironed
Within the circuit of the hunters crie,
So rand I Romaines wondring at your showtes,
These new alarum's quel my slumbring thoughts,
Chaft to the Bay, I breatheless panting mule,
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.
Never could Sparta glorie offuch pray,
As for to have an Emperour at bay.
But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,
A gallant Roebucke, braue Germanicus:
Roomes shining Beacon in rude Germany,
Our deare adopted Sonne, our blessed care,
To him my Lords (as zcale of my affection)
And signe of duetie to the common state,
We doe prorogue eight years proconsulship,
On you Asinus we doe impofe,
To be our Legate to Germanicus.
Tell him we loue him, (and be sure you doe)
Tell him we honour him (doe not forget)
We loue and honour deare Germanicus,
And would be joyfull to beholde our Sonne,
Honoured in triumph at the Capittall.
But that we knowe the honour of his minde,
Difdaines to crop the blossomes of his fame,
Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,
And all the barbarous Germanes be subdu'd.
This doe Asinus and returne with loue,
In our new glorie, we thy honour proue.

Asin. My Lord, what ere Asinus honour proueth
His expedition shall declare he loueth.

Tib. Now
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice,
Saluting all the Gods in vifitation :
Let Lettisferna three daies be proclaimed,
The Sibbes counsels and Flaminies,
Janus shut vp, and Vestae fire blaze,
Into the middle region of the ayre,
Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitall,
In siluer, scale, our records to enrole. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Plebeians, four speakers.

1. Did you not see our new Emperour how brauely he came from his Coronation.
2. Yes, twa's a gallat fight sure, but did you mark his countenance? my thought tis mightily altred within this five or fix quarters of a yere since I saw him last:
3. I, and I saw him goe to the Senate, and as you say, my thinks hee is much alterd, and lookes more terriblle a great deale.
4. That same lookes I promise is an il signe, pray God all be well.
5. Well, wee must hope the best, and thinke tis a great change from a subject to become a sufficient. For simple as I stand heere, if I should chaunce to bee chosen Emperour, I should affault my selfe highly I can tell you, or any of vs all.
6. Augustus was a goodly man, and I hope hee has left such a gracious fample, that Tiberius wil not for-get himselfe.
7. Neuer talke of Augustus more, we shall neuer see his like in Rome, vnlesse Germanicus might bee our Emperour.

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

1. My maistors, let talke no more of these State matters, for I am afraid we have saide too much already, if the Emperor should know of it.
2. You haue saide wisely neighbour, for Emperors see & heare all that they desire, I haue heard my father tel my mother so, they haue millions a Spirits that tels them all.
3. I care
The Tragicall life and death.

3 I care not, I said nothing, but praise God hee might be no worse the Augustus, that was no harme:
4 Well, let vs part upon this that hath been said, and let s keep one anothers counsels, and take heed hereafter.

Enter Germanicus with Centurion Soldiers.

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

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

Ent.
Enter a Page.
Page. My Lord, here is a Legate sent from Rome,
Which craves access vnto your Majestie,
Ger. Let him draw neare: Cocen Affinius!

Enter Affinius.
Welcome my noble friend to Germanie,
Affin. All happinesse vnto Germanicus,
I have a secret message to impart,
If please your Grace of private patience.
Ger. Tribunes looke to the gates of the Camp
See that the trenches be enchanched deepe;
Send out your scouts, if they can spie the Foe,
Number their Cohorts and their Legions:
Comfort the maimed, bury all the dead,
Refresh your bodies, for to morrow morn
We meane to scour this vanquished region:
away——

Now good Affinius, tell Germanicus
The substance that your message doth import.
Affini. Were I not now to speake vnto your Grace
My tongue should play the Rethoritian,
And in grave precepts triue to moralize,
Or make a long discourse of patience,
Adding a crooked sign'd Parenthesis,
Of puling forrow twixt each ripred line.
But for Affinius, knowes your settled minde
So nourish in flowing streames of constancie,
Affinius doth reporte Augustus death,
I will not common place of mortall men,
Nor of his vertue, nor his Noblenesse,
Nor Sains grave aduise shall be my Theame:
I know I speake vnto Germanicus,
Besides, Tiberius is our Emperour.
He saith he loues you, and to shew his love,
Hath your proconsulship eight yeares prorogued.

C

Enter.
Enter Centurian which was crowned.

Cent. Germanicus and graue Asnius,
Awake from counsell, all are in vprome,
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous.
And crie Germanicus our Emperour,
Germanicus our noble Emperour,
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,
Germanicus shall be our Emperour.
Germ. A world of cares at once assault my soule
I am distraught, harke, the mutinies,
They crie within, and exeunt omnes.

Enter Tiberius, Iulia, and Seianus.

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

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

To Roades where thou in exile didst remaine,
There to enforme thee of Augustus death,
The Emperies vacancie, and thy repeale.
Tib. My tongue denies to blazon in harsh words
Deare friends the thankfulness which my heart affords.

Julia. Meane while had I not with great policie,
Buried in silence the great Augustus death,
And in the closet of my care-sworne brest,
Embosomed the notice of the same,
Shewne vnto thee, smoothered to vulgar fame,
Bar'd from the base Plebeians stitching cares,
A Castrel had possest thy Eagles nedd.
And thou the Eagle hadst beene dispossed.

Scen. But now that Castrel in his course is stopt,
Clipt are his pinions of ambitious flight:
Nor shall he hope to sit where Nero foares.
Tib. Were he the issue of eternal lone,
Or farre more fortunate in his success,
Then was Aesiger, or faire Theseis sonne,
More happie in the offspring of his loyne.
Then Priam in his childrenes multitude,
Yet would I bridle his aspiring thoughts,
And curbeth the eynes of his ambition.

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

Tib. Therefore in policie by thine advice,
Vnder pretest of honourable minde,
We deligated to Germanicus,
Assius Gallus into Germanie,
With twice foure yeares prorogued Consulship.

Julia. Which of necessitie he must accept.
Sith hope of higher honours is foresworn.

Tiber. 'Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enjoy:

This warth' attractive Magnes of his hopes.

Sic. To which how hardly did you seem callur'd

With such denyall you refu'd it:

Making a Commentarie on the Crowne,

With ou! the dutie of an Emperour,

How wast, watchfull, wife he ought to be,

How drowse, and improudent you were,

With heaping vp a storie of what cares

They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,

So grac'd with sundrie snares and subtilties,

As Mercurie himselfe (the God of witte)

Might have admir'd, but not have matched it.

Tiber. Yet did that argus eyed Assinio,

Both marke and bluntly mate me in my drift,

With, choose your part my Lord in Britany,

Or heyday, where you will, so not in Rome,

but by my Genius ile remember——

Julia. I, had not wife Assinio vttred it.

Tiber. Had me no had nots, nor Assinio

Can soore cannopie his close conceit,

But I will know the Panther by his skinne.

Nor am I ignorant of his great love

He beares vnto the proud Germanicus,

How ever clov'd in hipercrise.

Sic. And that Germanicus holds at their hearts, (hope

In. Nomcmvrail, for they call him Roomes chiefe

Sic. And some did say he should be Emperour,

In spite of Julia and her exilde Sonne,

Tiber. But neither Julia nor her exilde Sonne,

Would have endured such competitors.

Nero will brooke no rival in his rule,

Vntlesse it be th' emperious Julia,

To whom the law of nature bindes Tiberius

So Sirme obleig'd in obedience,
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

As all the attributes of Majestie,
Rome, or the world, or Nero can afford,
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.
Whose loue first lent the essence of my life,
Whose life doth onely make me loue to live.
Julia. Enough my sunne.
Sufficient presidents of dutious minde,
We oft have proued and approv'd oft,
And for our part neuer did Tertuba
Bear so great loue to all the sunnes the bare,
As Julia doth to one Tiberius.
Tib. Mother, I do confesse and know it true,
But in the infancie of our estate,
More private consultation better sits,
We and Seianus will into our stude.
Julia. And we into our walking Gallerie. Exeunt.

Enter Germanicus Solus.

Germ. I haue dispatcht Aeminius to Rome,
With thankes to Nero and the Senators.
O Roome!
Augustus dead, Tiberius Emperor,
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,
The Legions discontent and mutinous:
The Pretors tyrants in their Provinces:
The Nation spoild, vnrig'd dismemberd:
The Cittie made a brothel house of sinne:
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie.
The field of Mars turn'd to a Tennis-court,
Minervas Olive to the Mistle tree,
Appollos Laurel, unto Bacchus Vine,
High loxe contem'd, and Vesta, Tapers scornd.
The Oracles dispis'd, the Sibyls bookes
Extem'd as superstitious delusions:
The Orients vp in armes and Ptolemed.
The Tragical life and death

The Gallogetrians proud for to rebell,
Africa in vprore, Asia in braules.
And these rude Germaine kernes not yet subdued,
Besides a new deuis'd Religion,
Of the inconstant Jewes cal'd Christians:
Our sacred Oracles some are stroke dumbe,
And some fortold of Romes destruction:
Vocall Boethia in deepe miferies,
And Delphian glorie in obscurenesse lies,
A Geminied Phœbus, a three doubled moone,
A whirling Commet, flashing in the ayre,
A Wolfe ascended to the Cappitoll:
The Temple blastede of fidelitie:
A common Harlett to bring forth a Beare,
O Gods! my heart doth quake, my soule doth scarce:

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, the scoutes discovered the wood,
Wherein the Germaines doe in ambush lie.
Ger. Sirra, goe tell them I will scarre the Crowes.
Page. My Lord.
Ger. Boy, trouble not my Meditations,
What should I spend my time to scarre these crows,
When there's a cole-blacke Rauen pearcht so high,
Germanicus, soare thou an higher pitch,
Towre like a Larke, and like an Eaglemount,
Till thou haft seazed uppon thy pray: for why?
The Legions love thee, hate Liberius:
Honour thy vertues, scorne his cowardise,
Extoll thy meekenesse, and reuile his pride:
Pray for thy happiness and curse his daies,
My Father Cains: his was Claudius,
I am of Cesar, he of India:
I heire by nature he but by adoption:
Rome saw thee honoured, Rhode him bannish'd,

He
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,
But I the Lyons of proud Germanic,
And this were cause enough, were there no other:
I by Augustus made, he by his mother.
But thou art heire imperall to the state:
But he that lookes for death may hope to late.
Yet hope Germanicus, good hopes a treasure,
But he that hopes for meate, may starue at pleasure,
I, but Tiberius Nero's very old,
But young enough to live to see thee fold:
I, but he loves thee for Augustus sake,
Augustus gone, the match is new to make,
But since his death, thy power he hath augmented,
I, that at Rome my power might be prevented:
He sent thee word he loves thee, so I think:
Who would not love the wine he means to drinke?
He honours thee (he said) and so I deeme:
Who would not of the fattest Goate esteeme?
Impatience flye Germanicus,
How is thy reason dimm'd with clowdie passion?
Proud swelling dropsie, ever gnawing worme,
Infatiate vulture, vile ambition,
Deluding Sirene, where's Germanicus?
The Legions love thee not for to aspire,
Thy vertue shines not in oppression,
No honour in ambitious array:
No meekenes in a traytors happines,
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,
Nor Cæsar did abet thy treacheries,
By nature heire, then be thou natural,
Rome saw thy honour, change not liurie,
But make thy harvest vp in Germanie.

Enter a Page.
Page. My Lord the Tribunes sent me to your grace
To know your royall pleasure in the cafe.
The Tragicall life and death

Ger: What, have they chas'd the foe, and I delay?
Runne Cass, fly for haste, away, away.

Enter Caligula at one end of the stage, and Seianus at the other end below. Julia at one end aloft, and

Tiberius Nero at the other.

Call. I am a fool, I am Caligula,
Suppos'd and idiot, and am so indeed,
For he that will live safe must seem a fool.
Julia. Am not I Empresse, and shall I be control'd.
Am I Augusta, and shall I not rule?
Have I made him to reign, and shall I stoole?
Is he my sonne, and am not I his mother?
Tiberius thou shalt know a woman's hate,
Exceedeth bounds, and never can haue date.
Tib. How am I Emperor and my mother rule?
Is she the Sunne, shall I the shadow be?
I but the smoake, and shall she be the fire?
I but a bare imagination,
And she the image that is honoured?
I but the echo, shall she be the sound?
A plague upon her, I will her confound.
Seio. Thus will I do: nay thus, nay villain thus
Poison Tiberius: I but Germanicus,
The Emperor and his mother seem to irre.
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your sports ile marre
But Nero loves me: so did my mother to,
And yet I brake her neck in honestie.
Mother forgive me, Ile doe so no more,
Yet if a thousand mothers necks would serue
To get me to be Emperor of Rome.
By heavens I would not leave one necke alive,
And to be sure that they should all be broke,
Ide hire some honest ioyneter them to fet,
And brake them ouer twenty thousand times,
And for to recompence his worthy paine,
Ide make him see his owne nine times againe.

Caligula. I laugh to see how I can counterfeit,
And I should blush, if that Germanicus,
My father, my dissembling should beholde
He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foolie:
My mother was deliver'd in the Campe,
And in my swaddling cloathes, I chace'd the Foe,
My Cradle was a Corset, and for milke
I battened was with blood, and fed so fast
That in ten yeares I was a Colonneell.
My mother knew this, but she deemes me chang'd
Poore woman in the loathsome Romish tewes,
O Mother, I am chang'd; but wherefore so?

Caligula, of Caligula, must not knowe.

Lulia. Shall I call him a Bastard? true it is,
But Lulia, then thou dost thy selfe the wrong,
Say that he was Augustus murtherer,
Yet therein Lulia thou wert counseller,
How then? a vengeance on his cursed head,
So he were murther'd would that I were dead.
Vile Monstres that I am, to perrish loath,
Yet heaven's raine brimstone and consume vs both,
I am impatient, yet I must dissemble.  

Exit Lulia.

Tiber. She is my Mother, I must honour her;
She is my Ladie, I must shew her dutie;
She is most wise, worthie of reuerence:
I but the hag is most ambitious,
She must have Priestes for foot, and Flaminies.
To sacrificke unt to her majestie.
She must checke Nero, I and schoole him too;
As he were prentise to hir tutorship,
She must incorporate free Denizens:
Or else sheelee scold and raile, & snarle and bite,
And take vp Nero for his luttinelle.
Well, let her scolde, and rayle, and inarle and byte.
The Tragical life and death

Nero will maunage weel the haggard kite,
I will by Ias, I will yeet I must seeme
As though my mother I did most seeme: Exit Tib. Sc. He that wil clime, and asme at honours white,
Must be a wheeling turning pollittian:
A changing Proteus, and a seeming all,
Yet a discolor'd Camelion
Fram'd of an avrie composition:
As fickle and unconstant as the ayre.
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,
By each new bangled reflection,
Rul'd by the influence of each wandring starre,
Waxe apt to take each new impression,
With wiser men sober, with licencious, light:
With pride men stately, humble with the meeke:
With old men thirtie, and with young men vaine:
With angry, furious, and with mild men calme:
Humerous with one, and dute with another:
Effeminate with some, with other chaste,
Drink with the German, with the Spaniard brave:
Brag with the French, with the Egyptian lie,
Flatter in Crete, and fawne in Gracia.
This is the way, Sestus vse thy skill,
Or this, or no way must thou get thy will.
If thou coo'rt meane the Empire to obtaine,
Sweare, flatter, lye, dissemblable, cog & flure: Exit S c.
Caligula. Caligula, why doth thy flumbring foule,
Thus dreame within thy common fences mansion?
Awake for shame, flye to Germanicus,
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of sorrow,
Vscafe this sollye, and vnmaske this face.
That hath enuice ped Caligula.
But see my mother, Agrippina comes
With valiant Drusus, and Nero my wife brother,
Caligula's now a Foole, in faith no other. 

Enter.
Enter Agripina with her two Sons, Drusus and Nero.

Agri. Why then my Sons, Tiber. weares the crown:
Drus. I mother, and hee sweares heele keepe it too,
Ner. Ger. And reafon brother hath he so to doe.
Drus. What reafon brother hath he but his will?
Ner. Will may be reafon, if heele keepe it still.
Drus. And shall he raigne? a base Plebeian.
Ner. He was adopted a Patritian.
Drus. So may I choose my horse to be my Page.
Ner. Our good brother calmey your furious swelling
We gaue our voices in his election,
(nay, Brother storme now me what I say,
Did not we sweare loyal all fidelitie,
within the Capitoll vnto his grace?
Did we not both at Vestaes sacred shrine,
Pray for the safetie of his Majestie?
And wilt thou Drusus now recall thy oath,
Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers infence?
Remember Drusus, what so ere he be,
Now he is crown'd al's past recouerie. (you know
Dru. Crown'd, I, and may be discrown'd for ought
How say you mother, may it not be so?
Cal. This ti's to be resolu'd my gallat Brother. a far
How hardly can I my affections smother? off.
Agrip. Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde
A noble way to vertuous resolution:
In the emy Nero, wisdomes treasurie:
In the emy Drusus, magnanimitie,
In both, your fathers honorable minde.
Speake faire my Sons (awhile) vnto Tiberius,
Vntill the triumph of Germanicus:
Then be resolu'd——
The cause is honorable, feare no ill.
But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's Caligula
Capring; he takes no heede of higher thinges,
The Tragical life and death

He call him hether, and see what he saies:

Caclipa, come hether gentle Sonne,

How doost thou like the great Tiberius?

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

Agr. Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leave your toies.

Cal. Why Mother, he can turne aboue ground, turne on the toe, turne euery way, what should I say more?

By heauen a braue man.

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

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

Druf. Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentlemæ.

Agr. Farwell Caclipa.

Exit, Agr., Druf. & Nero

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

Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewell,
Whome I admire in such devotion:
But dare not truft. Drufus: I know thee wel,
And loue thee dearely, for thy high refolues,
But dare not truft thee. Nero I applaud
Thy wifdome, but it wants a refolution.

Nero and Drufus, beware the braue-sicke foole
Caclipa, set you not both to Schoole. Exit.

Enter Julia, Tiberius, and Scipion.

Julia. Heard ye not with what general applauze,
Asinius was welcommned to Rome?
At his returne from barbarous Germany,
How many greedie cares did glut themselues,

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

Tiber. Not Priamus Heltor from the flying Greeks,
Whome he had chas'd from the Terrhenre shore,
Return'd with greater expectation,
Then laden with the spoiles of Germaine foes,
The people long to see Germanicus.

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

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

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

Iulia. Let vs command him, upon paine of death,
Not to approach within our citty walles,
But either to dismifle his Soldiers,
Or on the plaines pitch his Pavillions.

Tiber. No marry mother, not for all the world,
Why? it were ominous: Romes walles engirt,
With armed garrisons of greatell foes,
Vnpolitiquely counsel'd in my minde,
Administring tooe fit occasion,
For to suspect and feare a foule pretence.
And further, that the base Plebeans,
As wavering, and inconstant in their loues,
as is thee changing Laconiades:
Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,
Would like a world of rivers, to the maine,
Flow to Germanicus by multitudes,
Whose swelling pride, by their repaire encrease,
Will overflow the bankes of loyalty.

Mother
Mother this was but shallow policy,
But who 'st that interrups our conference?

Enter Piso from Armenia.

Seia. It's Lucius Piso, Pretor of Sirria.
Tiber. Welcome to Rome, and olde Tiberius.

What news in Sirria, and Armenia?
With all our Orientall Provinces:
Piso. Peace hath resign'd her Rome to bloody warre,
Whilst Mars the furie-breathing God of arms,
Knits vp his fore-head in a fearefull frowne
And in the furrowes of his foulded browses,
Displays the fable Ensigne of sad death,
Upon the spacious Armenian plaines,
And all the orient in rebellious pride,
(Threatning destruction to our westerne world)
Doe seeme to challenge vs in daring armes.
Tiber. Who is the Head in this rebellion?

Piso. The cheife controller of these warlike troupes
Is vncontrold Vonones on whose Crest:
Victorie seemes to daunce among his plumes,
His Burgonet and steele Habergeon,
Of bloody colour like unto his minde,
Of visage stern, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,
Looking as though he did comprize the world,
Within the complot of some stratagem.
Tiber. Ha! what sooone Armenia vp in armes,
Haft thou forgot thy wonted seritude?
Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done?
Or dead with Silla that first conquered thee?
Are all the stripes that strong Lucullus gaue,
Vnto thy neighbour Pontus and thy selfe,
Quite healed vp, without offensiue scarre:
are mightie Pompeies Trophies quite forgot?
Well, be it so: they blow rebellious flame.

And
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And they shall feel the furie of the same,
Meane while, returne thou hie to thy lodging,
Till fit occasion to employ thee hence.  Exit Pifo

Sec. 3. How likes your Maiestie this wofull newes?

In. Like enough, he mistike it enough.

Night Iulia counsell him, he should revenge it,

with more extreamitie of punishment,

Then angrie love raign'd from the vault of heaven

Vpon his Throne oppugning Briaris.

Tiber. I, soft and faire, first stop our teares at home,

Then let Armenia feel the force of Rome.

S. i. Good counsaile, great Tiberius, know we how.

Tiber. How? what are all our pollicies extinct?

Noe, be attentive and I tell thee how,

The head-spring stopp the smaller founts will faile,

and thus our home bred scare Germanic;

Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers ha ps,

Take from his life their lights continuance,

His life therefore extinct, their light is done.

In. This is the thing that we consulted off,

But to no purpose yet.

Tiber. Yes Mother yes,

By this occasion of the Armenian wars,

an opportunitie is offered vs,

Both to revenge and rid vs of our foes,

This Vniter of fame Germanicus,

(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,

As doth a niggard for a shrowre of golde.)

No sooner shall returne to Rome,

Grac'd with the tryumphes of his victoires,

But by my vollicie, and faire pretext,

We will conclude it in the Senate house,

That for the safetie of Rome's tottering state,

Germanicus must to Armenia,

Where hee shall fall by fierce Vonon's sword,

Or if he escape, we shall so determine it,
The Tragical life and death

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

Enter Drusus, Livia, and Spades.

Drusus: The Gods preserve your royall Ma- Tiber: Good day vnto you Sonne and Livia. Julia: Have you attended long our comming forth? Livia: Not verie long my gracious Grandmother, But hearing you were in close conference, It had bene rude whose to have interrupted yee. Tiber: We were indeede in consultation, about affaires of speciall secrete, But where fore lookes our Sonne so sad this morn? Drusus: Tiber, Hath not the clang of harsh Armenian The raling sound of Clarions & Drums, (troupes Thundred into your ears a deepe revenge? The Orient doth shine in warlike steale, and bloody streamers waued in the ayre, By their reflexions die the plaines in red, as ominous vnto destructive wars, as are the blazing Commets in the East. 

Tiber: We haue both heard, and eke consulted of The whole effect: of which our conference, Ve shall at sittter time relate to thee. Meane while lets make our preparation, against the arrivall of Germanicus, Ve who means to morrow for to Royalize, The triumphes of his Germaine victores.

Execute Tiberus, Julia, and Drusus

Madame, a word with your good Ladihip. Livia. So please it your good Lordhip, so yee may.

But
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seian. But shall I speake my mind without controll?
Linius. I haue no pattend to controll you sir.
Seian. But will ye not be angry if I doe?
Linius. That's as your selfe shal give me cause therto
Seian. But say my tounge shal fault before I find it?
Linius. If lightly I would passe it, and not mind it.
Seian. What if I should offend with hearts affe盖?
Linius. The offence shuld pardoned be if you repent
Seian: Thinketh my Lady as she sayth to me?
Linius. No other wayes, my Lord. But well I see
By these your long circumlocutions,
Your businesse is of small import with me.
Seian. Of more import (sweet Lady) then my life.
Linius. A matter of more weight then I must know.
Seian. Yet must you know it or I must not be.
Linius. Can Linius then impart a remedie?
Seian. I, if she please to slave my maladie.
Linius. What value should Linius to your fore apply?
Seian. Pityes quintesence, and soft clemencie. 
Linius. Strange fore, strange value.
Seian. Yet not so strange as true.
Linius. I pittie it: God send you eafe, adue.
Seian. Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,
To tel my paine doth somewhat eafe my heart.
And to be graced with attendive heede,
To Louers doth especialy comfort breede.
Linius. Then is my Lord a Louer?
Seian. You haue read.
Linius. How wonderfully metamorphosed?
Seian. More wonders can she worke that wrought
Able to change the chalkeft vitian (my bane.
Linius. What is your Goddesse then a Sorceresse?
Seian. The first, but then the latter nothing lefle.
Linius. You said she vsed charming sorceries:
Seian. Oneley the enchantments of her Cristall eies,
While
The Tragical Life and Death

While Io liued Io, would have beg'd her love,
and spite of Iuno, Heb. and Ganymede,
She onely should have grac'd Theatates bed,
Lin. Peareless believ'd, and fit to be a Cowe,
Farewell Scianus, I must leave ye nowe.
Seia. Deare Madam, one word more, and then far.
Lin. Be briefe Scianus then, (wel
Seia. Beauties faire cell,
The heavenly Panomphea of our daies.
Lin. Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praise.
Seia. By these bright shining Tapers thy faire eies
The guiding Planets of Scianus life,
Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,
With farre more glorious admiration,
Then chaste Desilia or Latonaes Sonne,
But one word more (deare soule) and I haue done,
By this faire branch, sprouted from fairer tree,
Enamled with Azure Riuercets,
Blew coloured vaines, whichuerie vaine disper'd,
In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.
Lin. Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand so hard.
Seia. How can I chosse, sith you do gripe my heart?
Lin. Let goe my hand, or I will have thy head,
I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!
Seia. I, in your louely, but obdurate brest.
Lin. In my brest though it were there indeede,
I would vnrip my brest, and tear it out.
Seia. Yet for your selues sweet sake to selfe be kinde
Soc faire a frame hoides not to foule a minde.
But Madam, leaving off this angrie moode,
In fadneffe would you graunt, if you were woo'd.
Lin. Blast not my name with luftfull insamie,
For if thou do, by heauen I wil — she puts her rapier
Seia. Lady, these handes were never made to bradish feele.
Lin. Could I but get it, thou shouldst quickly feele.
Seia. Fye
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

Licius. Vntiulie, by violence! Spado I am wrong'd,
Sp. By loue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,
Or I will sheathe my Rapier in thy heart. Sp. draweth.

Seia. Put vp, put vp, Pigmy hold, I say put vp—
Seianus draweth Spado his sword.

What wilt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?
Licius. Leaden resoloved coward, let me see't,
I will phlebotomize his lustfull blood.

Seia. That haue ye done already by your spight,
And now accept this sacrifice. Heswoundeth.

Sp. O cruel plight!
Licius. Yet will I breath another life into him,
Or bury him within this Sepulchre:
Spado, helpe, helpe, for Gods sake holde his head,
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,
Doe make me see my shame that was vnkinde,
Good gentle heart, I should haue pardoned him.

Seia. Faire Proserpine.

I am a Lover.

Licius. See how his idle soule,
Not quite disleuered from his Arteries,
Makes him dreame vaineely of Elizium:
Seianus.

Seia. Who cal's that name, He lifteth himselfe vp,
The verie index of al misery? Licius styllest backe.
Seia. Ah Lady, I did dreame that you did grant me
Licius. What shall I say? words faile me to deny him,
Seianus dreame thou still that I did graunt—
Seia. But dreames without effects bee but vaine
hopes.

Licius. No more was your's, yet dreame you stil
in hope.
The Tragicall life and death

Seia. But shall my hopes succeede?
Lin. I will not promife.

Manet Seianus solus.

Seia. Wrong me not shallow Polititians,
By misinterpreting my actions:
A farther reach is in Scianus head,
Then to adulterate a Princes bed.
Not lust, nor loue, but hate and injurie,
Inspire me with profounder policie.

Vnder this vale of loue inuelpoped,
Tis not a kiffe: an Empire tis I feke,
An opportunitie to claime the crowne,
And hit occasion to wreake reuenge,
Upon her husband for his injuries.

Drusus, the boxe on the eare thou gaue'st me,
Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.

Meane while, let this suffice: for my intent
Is onely for to loue this instrument,
As did Flisser, TroyesPaladium,
Not for it selfe, but Troyes destruction.
But whist Scium prifon vp thy tongue,
Now to the tryumphes, I haue said too long.

Enter Germanicus in Triumph with the Arch-flamines
before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Asinius and Sabinaus: next Julia, Agripina, and Linia, then Nero,
Drusus and Caligula, Germanici: then Scianus and
other Senators, then the Captaines of Germanicus with his Soldiers and Prisoners: they
crowne him with Crownes and Garlands according to the Custome, and all criе.

Omnes. Long live victorious Germanicus,
In glory Royallize. Ner. Archf. Noble
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

Ger. First to the Gods the Authors of my good,
I sacrifice the intence of my thankes.
Next unto youmy Lord imperialall,
I wish eternitie of happinesse.
All you that weare the snowie liuerie;
Of long experience worthe Senators:
And you the flouring blossomes of faire Rome,
My verie essence, valiant Soldiers all
Louing Quiritcs, loyall countriemen,
Faire Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,
Embelished with royall chasitie;
In all the circuite of my humble vowes,
I offer vp to Iovis protection.

Since first my Lords I entred Germanie,
The fertile foile of base Rebellion,
Our Eagles twice nine times have been displaid,
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored.
The barbarous Marshes on the southerne side,
Hailde downe three furious flormes of poysned
Not Cicas torture bloody Scithian: (darts
Nor Cassius scourge, disembling Partheans,
Dideuer rage in such tempeftious shoures,
But by the proueflle of our valiant Knights,
Who all alighted from their furious steedes,
The Tragical life and death

We fil'd the hissing of these poysonous Snakes,
Which all the neighbour countries ringes to death,

Ommes. Long live the valiant Germanicus,
Ger. But on the northerne side of Germany,
Whereas th' Vspites kept the plaine,
Impalled in a wildefelle of wood,
VVal'd with a rockie mountaine in the East,
Back't with the sea ypon the northerne Coast,
Enchanne'd with a deepe intrenched meere,
Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne side,
The feme w'd vp Foxes in this Stratagem,
Derided all our Legions braueries,
Foure times with all our power we gaue affault,
To winne the passage of that daungerous meere,
Foure times repulfed by the quaking ground,
That trebling durst not bearce our Soldiers.
At length when Cinthia's borrowed waining light
Repai'd the effence of her brothers lampe,
Behind the low defending of the hill,
Ifaw the Ocean farre rebattred,
As when the elder African in Spaine,
By ebbing Thetis scarred Carthage wallcs,
So by the flying backward of the maine,
The Foxes on the backe I saw engirt,
That thanks to Neptune for his clemence,
They all adorne our roiall victorie.

Ommes. Long live the valiant Germanicus,
Ger. Next to th' Vspites were incamp't,
The Tubants houering on the Mountains side,
That if our Legions approach't the hill,
They roule downe rocks of fone to murder them.
Vpon the hanging of the steepie Clift,
There was by nature plac'd a little groue,
But surely guarded for the Druides,
To solemnize their humane sacrifice,
As in the second cruell punick warre,
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The tents of Siphax, and of Hasdruball,
Were all enflam'd by noble Scipio,
So by the burning of this little groue,
The mountaine quite confus'd where Tubants lay,
And they became our triumphs goodly pray:
But in the wood that borders on the mount,
The cruel Tigers hid their damned heads:
The savage Agrinur kept their den,
Who ranging now & then would snatch their prey,
Renting each joint, dismembering each part,
And never leave till they had found the hart.
Not Massagotes were so cruell call'd,
Nor Babylon was so strongly wall'd:
For since Uspetes last confusion,
They made the sea a moate vsnto the wood,
That great Alcides would have wondered,
To see this land so environed,
Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,
Danubiæs streames swelling in proud disdain,
Into the checker of the Ocean,
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.
There did I make my skilfull Pioners
To cut a trench from great Danubius,
That this new sea which walled in the wood,
Was now the grave of their perdicion,
For when Danubiæs streames did meet the maine,
The savage Agrinur all were drown'd,
But such as swam to vs we would not slay,
That they might grace the honour of our day.

Omit. Long live Victorious Germanicus,
Ger. Twice did we meet the Buckstars in the field,
And forty thousand quite were vanquished
Of stiff-neckt Chatti, never yet controll'd,
An hundred thousand perished in one field,
Not Cannas nor the fields of Pharsalies:
So died in blood as was Danubius.
The Tragicall life and death

And which my private joy doth more obtaine,
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie slaine.
This is the Theater of Germanie,
And these the countries which I conquered,
Now worthie Emperor I made a vow,
To dedicate my sword to Ion's protection.
If't please your Majestie for to ascend,
Vnto the Senate where Germanicus,
Will all the secrets more at large disclose: 
Meane-while my followers I you dismisse,

Exeunt the soldiers.

And all my gracious friends with thanks I leave,
Vntil our Country rights we doe performe,
Which done, Germanicus will soone returne.
Omnis, Long live the valiant Germanicus:
Long live Victorious Germanicus.

Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore. Iulia.
Agripina, Livia, and Caligula, at the other. Ma-
met Nero, and Drusus Germanicus.

Nero. Drusus, if you had beene so valerous
As over-boasting in thy bumbast tearmes,
We might have feald our league of amite,
Now with Tiberius colde congealed blood.
Drusus. And if thy bookish wisdome Clarkly Art,
had arm'd beene with Romane resolution,
I tell thee Nero Cawardas thou art,
Tiberius should not thus haue scapt our hands.
By Ioue my father was his coat of steale,
Plac'd betwixt my sword and him, or els—
Nero. Or els thou would'nt haue sworne
Volumes of sixfoote othes, but nere a blow.
Drusus. No more, my father comes.
Nero. Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.
Drusus. Why Nero, brother, are ye mad?
Enter Tiberius and Germanicus, Nerva, Sabinus, Asinius, Scinius, Piso, with other Senators from the Senate.

Tib. I hope this sordain business of the East,
Doth not agrate our sunne Germanicus.
Ger. My Lord the honour of my Countries cause,
doth counterpoize my sad affections.
Tib. Farewell my honourable gallant sonne,
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,
Piso farewell, remember well thy duetie,
Once more adue my deare Germanicus.
Sei. My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,
Your high resolves to happie victorie.

Exeunt Tiberius, Scinius, and Piso.

Ger. Thanks good Scinius, gentle friend farewell,
Nerva. My Lord Germanicus I much lament,
The strong rebellion of the Oriënt,
My heart presageth what I dare not say,
Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not stay.
And yet I will; ah deare Germanicus!
How doth old Nerva with thy companie?
And but my honour doth controule my will,
I would Germanicus—farewel, farewell.
Ger. Nay good Cocceius, stay a little while,
To heare, the laft perchance I ere shall tell thee,
So variable is the chaunce of warre.
Vnto you three the patrons of my life,
Nerva, Sabinus, and Asinius,
Vnto your patronage I recommend,
My Orphant children, and my widow wife,
Faire Agripina.
No more my Lord, let heauens tell the rest,
Remember your true friend Germanicus.

They embrace, and so part.

Exit Cocceius, and enter Piso.

F Piso. Or
The Tragical life and death.

Pis. My Lord, twere time your busines were dispatched.
The journey craves great expedition,
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.

Ger. Nor ought you to extenuate the same,
What though the Senate hath decreed it so,
Germanicus should give adieu to Rome,
Before to morrowes Sunne salute the world,
Yet have I some time to remaine therein,
Which being small, that small space let me spend,
To satisfy mine eyes with gazing on,
Who for these many winters haue defir'd,
(Although in vain) to salute this place,
and now no sooner salute the same,
But am constrained to bid it adieu,
If may be never to returne againe.

Pis. It may be: 

The Senate most decreed, and it must be,
There's no resisting of necessitie,

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

Pis. You may, & I will eate the presently.

Enter Nero and Druina.

Ger. Do Piso & be honoured for this faucur.
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But see thy sonnes Germanicus, thy sonnes,
Declaring by their angrie clouded frownes,
Some ciuill discord, or some discontent,
For shame my boyes, if so a Fathers power,
May have predominance in sonnes dissent,
Clear vp those cloudie vapors of your browes,
That threaten stormes of dreadfull discontent.
Leave off your ouer-daring menacies,
and tell the cause of your dissention,
Tell me, for I ought, must, and will know.

Ner. Only this (father) caus'd our controversie,
Going to the Capitoll to the Triumph,
We saw a Kite usurpe the Eagles place,
Whereat enrag'd, we cast our Falcons off,
and for mine, was not of such speedy flight
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe.

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

Ger. VVhat, for so small a matter fall at oddes?
Fie, never violate true Brothers loue
By furious rages and dissentious Iarres:
It not befts your title, nor these times,
Sad time wherein (perhaps) my last farwell,
Is to be taken of my dearest Sonnes,
Whom, if I leaue distraet in factious hate,
How can I hope to bid you once farwell,
Since fearing as I see, you fare but ill?
My time of residence is short in Rome,
and yet too long, if long you disagree,
Be reconciled therefore to your selves,
shake hands, embrace, be friends, forget, forgive:
why so my Sonnes, thus should kind Brothers live.
Now is my heart disburthened of great care,
To see you my deare Sonnes accord so well,

F 2

And
The Tragical life and death

And though I straight most part, take this fare ell left with you as my testimoniall will.
Help, honour, cherish, love each other still,
And think how oft you break your amitie,
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

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

Calig. Now a Gods name give me a hand Ball,
For that a man may toffe against the wall,
Now up, now downe, now flye, now fall,
Yet hath no danger therewith all,
Come brother, will you play a set?

Germ. Croffe to my comfort, & thy fathers grief
Why dost thou still continu in these fits?
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?
Call downe Caligula, call downe thy ball. (away

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

Ger. Yet now at length, ceafe to torment my foule
More scourg'd with forrow to behold thee thus,
Then Priam was to fee his Illion burne.
Oh speake like to thy selfe, speake to my joy,
More joy vnto joy-rob'd Germanicus,
Then was the Lidian Cæfus dombe borne Sonne,
Stopping his Fathers execution.
Calig. Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no.
What? play the blab before such company?

Ger. What company's here, onely but we three.

Calig. Mary too many sir, by he, and he.

Ger. Sonnes stand aside, while we confer together

Calig. Nay far enough, we neede no counsellors.

Ger. Not
of Claudius Iberius Nero.

Ger. Not on my blessing till our talk be done.

Cal. Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd sonne,
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,
Whole heinish fit hath left at length to rage,
And plague my senses with a lunacie,
Which hath made me to be esteem'd a fool,
And so I am, and deeme it best be so:
For he that would live safe in brutish Rome,
Father, a foolish Euxine must become.
Ne blame me father, nor yp braid me for't,
His was by policy, mine by extacie,
Which takes me euermore in companion.
Nor (but conjured by your reverend command)
Could I haue halfe abstained from it thus.

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

Cal. Briefly to say (my Lord) with an ill heart,
For Lucius Piso with this balefull newes,
No sooner gaue her notice of your state,
And sudden expedition to the East,
But as if some Torpedo had her toucht,
A nummimg slumber rockt her sense asleepe,
And in a swoone fell downe betweene her armes:
Then scarce remembrance how or where she was,
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,
And thinking me to be Germanicus,
She sealed a thousand kisses on my lippes,
Each being steeped in a stream of tears:
And then she sighes and straight begins to frowne,
Thrice she disjoynd the cherries of her lips
As if she meant to speake, and thrice she spake.

Her
The Tragicall life and death

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

Gov. Ah me! and doth she still continue thus?
Cal. Not now my Lord: for when as this was done,
She wak't out of her slumbring extasie,
Receyuing refection of her senses,
And then the bluft, and sight, to see her error,
And gan to frame excuses for her fault,
Prompting speedily to come to you.

Enter Piso and Agripina.

Gov. And here she comes. My deare Agripina:
Agri. Most deare Germanicus,
Nero. Ah! see how th' extremity of loyall loue,
Succedes in passions of affection,
as it denieth passage to their speech.
Dr. Curst be the authors through whose occasion
Happes the dissheuering of so sweet an union.
Nero. Faine would she bid him stay, faine say farewell,
But feare and loue amaze her in misdoubt: (well,
She doubts to stay him, fearing to offend him,
She loues too well, too willingly to leave him;
Ger. Enforce, I doome the sentence of my death,
For can I live if parted from my loue
That art both essence of my loue and life?
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,
Ore-ruld by too strict times necessitie,
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell;
Agr. Ill fare that word farewell, since by farewell
I fare so ill; then bid me not farewell:
Yet wish I not thy stay my dearest Lord,

But
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But that you would assent to one petition.
Be not inquisitive, speake not at all,
Vnlesse when as you speake, you say I shal.
Ger. I shal my dearest deare, if so you shal
aske onely what shall be convenient,
and indisparageable vnlo our goods:
Which for I doubt not speake I giue consent.

Agri. Then in thy little leffe then banishment;
Refute me not for thy companion,
and this with teares I b. g for ratified:
Revoke not what is promis'd, nor excuse
With arguments drawne from my sexe and life,
Too weak, too feeble, and vnfit for warre,
Or by relating all the miseries,
Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;
For all the ills that issue out of warre,
I have them past, or passe not what they are.
Witness this lively Image of thy selfe,
Of whom I was delivered in the campe,
Bellona was my Midwife, and my paines
Were eas'd by the ayer-renting founds,
Of warlike Sackbuts, Clarions, and Drums.

Ger. Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leave;
and through extremitie of passion,
You make me halfe to feare you leave to loue:
Pardon me Agripina, if my loue
through feare to loose my loue, doth loue to feare,
For life takes life from loue, loue growes from fear,
Feare to dislike, feare to be faithlesse prou'd:
Feare for to loose him selfe from his best belou'd,
This fearing loue, and louing fearefulnesse,
Doth bind my heart, and prifon vp my tongue:
Why wouldft thou this? I know thou wouldst it not.
From stately Rome vnto the Suns arife,
So many miles, so many mischies lies:
Where shouldst thou haplesse me accompany,
The Tragical life and death

The mischiefe were redoubled, and one houre, Perhaps should cause me die a double death. Once in my selfe, and ten times more in thee, Yet wouldst thou this? I know thou wouldst it not. Ay. Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my will. Ger. Time intercepts my time, adieu.

Deare Agripina once againe adieu.

Pilo. The time is now expired of our stay; And therefore you must either now agree, Or Madam gainst your will be must depart, For my part I will presently depart.

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

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

Agr. And is your haste so great as his my Lord?

Must Agripina then forsake her loue?

Ger. Or else Germanicus muft leave his life.

Therefore my deare, deare wife, and dearest sonnes,

Let me Inquit you with my last embrace:

And in your cheekes impresse a fare-well kisle,

Kisse of true kindnesse and affecious loue,

Bath'd in the licour of distilled raine,

Which nere before dissolved into teares,

Which falling lowly downe before your feete,

Seeme for to beg a mutuell unitie,

To be continued after my depart.

Which if you are resoluted to maintaine,

Then we no dallying protraction,

But now compendiously lets take our leave;

Agr. As wills Germanicus so muft it be.

Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me;

Exit Agripina. Nero, Drusus, and Caligula embrace Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an other doore.

Gr. Deare wife, deare sons, heauens your protcc-
The Gods our guide, farewell, this way for me.

Enter
Thus is Germanicus our greatest fear'd dispatch:
With subtil Piso to the Orient.
Didst thou not see with what alacrity,
All the Plebeians at his triumph howted
At every period of his pleasing song?
How that discordant quire redoubled
With their untuned voices relishing,
Long live Victorious Germanicus!
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,
And soone shall be dispatcht by Piso true.

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

Tib. So much Seianus for Germanicus,
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,
Oflesser fauour, but of greater show,
That fame infamous Tigres Julia.

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

G

Seia. Then
Then make thy quick confession.

But yet there doth remain a corrosive,
A canker that doth gnaw my festred soul,
Nero and Druus yong Germanici,
Whose youth is guided by two elder stars,
Tirius Sabinus, and Asinius,
Were these made Councellers to Proserpine,
(For neither Minos nor Sterne Eacus,
Nor Rodamanthus were so just as these.)
Nero and Druus might be soone entraped,
If that Scianus loues Tiberius,
If ever Nero did repay his loue,
Then see these Phosphori be made away,
That dimme the glory of our happlieday.

Here take my Signet, vse what meanes thou wilt,
Be Emperor, so Imay have my will,
For even as sure as Nero draws his breath,
Asinius and Sabinus dies the death.

Scianus. If they did both Ulysses equalize,
Matchless Penolepes unmatch'd mate,
And if Minerua should inclow'd their thoughtes,
As Cipria wrap thy Achesiades,
Were Apollo their eternall friend,
They should not live if Nero fought their end.

Tiberius. Meane while, as cleare from all suspicion,
Tiberius will leaue this wicked Roome.
Julia, Sabinus, and Asinius
Shall rue the absence of Tiberius. 

Enter Nerva, Sabinus, and Asinius.

Nerva. Who sees the Sunne incombr'd in darke
And
And exhal’d vapours dimme the welkons face,
Followed in purfuite with th’ affaulting winde,
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,
And not expects a sharpe tempesfulous storme?

_Sabinus._ Who viewes the troubled bosome of

Endiaped with Cole-blacke Porpessies,
Prodigious Monsters, and prefaging Signes,
Mark in th’appearance of vnwonted shapes,
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,
and lookest not for a ciiill warre of wayles? (true;

_Afinius._ Who sees the rules to bee vnfaigned
And not provides preventing remedies,
Well might hee proove the perrill to his paine.
The Walles once battered by the boyflerous Ro-

And open passage forced to their foes,
Too late it is, for the engir’t to plead
In matters, where foreslight might frame auaille.
Folly it is to truft to had-iwift.
Late prouidence procures long repentance,
And thus I quite you for similitudes.

_Nerus._ Cancell that quittance Gallus, Neru a
knowes,
How deepe ensearching is Asinius skil,
But yet I wonder you will sentence it,
Rather then to acquire the hidden fencce.

_Afinius._ Sence then is hidde in thofe similitudes.
_Nerus._ I, such deepe fence as makes my fences
droope.

_Sabinus._ No, fences droope where fence of ill is
none.

_Nerus._ Sharpe fence may fence all thoughts
vnshewn.

_Afinius._ Blinde is the censure of vncertainties.

_Nerus._ I, to the eye which sees what open lyes.
The Tragicall life and death

Sab. You speake Enigmas, doubtful and obscure.
Neru. Yet not so darke and hard, as true and sure.
Sab. Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.
Neru. Not Oedipus, it needs a searching wit,
A quicke conceite, an all obseruing minde,
This that must expaine this hidden sense,
Such one was wont, aged Asinius haue,
Such grounded wisdome reaching at conceite,
Like as the fire in chimicke distillation,
Able to separate the ellements.
But wherefore weepes Asinius; thy griefe disclose,
Neru. will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.
Asinius. Not for my selfe I shed these brinish teares.
Neru. Tears shed for Romes estate doe drowne mine eies.
Sab. Hard state where vices line, and vertue dies.
Neru. Witness the secret counsels which are kept,
Where to no state of Senate is request.
But old established orders quite destre.
Sab. Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,
And secret factions, compleat treacheries,
Are common set abroach by each degree.
Neru. Nero hath tane adiew of stately Rome,
And poasted downe into the Countrie,
Nothing regarding his imperiall state,
And heere Seianus reuils all alone,
Free from the checke of Magistrates controule,
Commanding all, as he were Emperour.
Sab. And with him keepes the high Augusta heere,
But to what end, the Gods alone doe know.
Who graunt that all may issue to the best.
Asin. Amen, Amen, my minde presageth ill;
And say we what we can, theile haue their will.

Enter Asinius, Neru and Sabinus.

Exit. And dare Tiberius worke old Iulias death.

Scio. Excel-
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seia. Excellent Lady, worthy Julia,
Upon mine honour Nero seekes your life.

Jul. And can the heavens see and not revenge?

Not mad Orestes Citemus fractus Sonne
Was so unnatural as this beare-whelpe is.
I did conceive the villain in my wombe,
Which now I hate because it fostered him.
Could I not get some Taxus to have made,
My wombe abortive, when I him conceiv'd?

Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,
 Thy first adoption by Augustus bounty?
Caius and Lucius, thy elder Brethren,
One in Armenia, the other lost in Spaine,
And all that thou the Empire mightst obtaine.
Proud Phaeton, attend thy Fathers thron,.
And rouse the frozen Serpent from his Denne.
Father of darkness, Patrone of confusion,
Reduce the Cael of eternall night.
Let heaven & earth, & aire, bee brought to nought,
For Nero's lives, and Julia's life is sought.

Seia. In vaine the furie of such idle thoughts,
Doe but augment the habit of your passion,
The Virgin ayre doth onely heare your moanes,
Which fleeting takes no impression of your griefe.
In vaine you doe implore, the fenceless creature,
For to vnbind the chaine of constant nature.

Jul. Seianus! wife Seianus! lovely man,
What shall I call thee to obtaine thy love?
And yet I know, thou louesst Julia.

Seia. Madam, upon my honour I protest—

Jul. Protest no more, Seianus! sweare no more,
I doe beleue thou louest Julia;
And may I trust Seianus with my love?

Seia. And may you trust Seianus with your love?
If I had not engag'd my honours pawne,
If I had not admired Julia,
The Tragicall life and death

I loved Augusta more then mine owne life,
How durst I have disclosed Cæsar's drifts,
Broke my allegiance to my soueraigne,
Clearing the mistie cloudes of his revenge,
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.

Iulia. Why then Scianus counsell Iulia,
And iust Augusta in her deep extreames,
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,
For to beguile the Lion of his pray?

Scian. Augusta, Cæsar is your noble sone.
Iulia. I, but he seekes the life of Iulia.

Scian. Madam, he may be moved to pittie you;
Iulia. Shall I then entreat degenerate man, That never knew Augusta's royall spirit?

Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,
Or Anthonies Egyptian parramour?
Did Philipps high resolu'd Olympiaes,
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,
And shall Augusta royall Iulia,
Crouch, beg, entreat her boy Tiberius?

Scian. Lady not so, Scianus will entreat.
Iulia. Nor thou, nor any, shall entreat for me;
Did not I beare him? who shall beg my life?
I shame to heare thy foolish pitting,
Did not we make Tiberius Emperour?

And can we not depose Tiberius?
Where are those volumes of inuention?
Which once had residence in thy conceit?
Those massacres and golden policies,
That ore thy fortunes ever houered?
Record Scianus all thy Chronicles
Due to the bottom of thy memorie,
And plot some laborinth of villanie.

Do not Scianus all in vaine contend;
Nero, or Iulia, or both must end.

Scian. Royall Augusta, Iulia commanda,
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The utmost that Seianus can invent.

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

Julia. What by his Orchard? speake Seianus, speake,
What doth the smoke of Lerna lurke thereby?
Or Thebaine Sphinx, or Memphis Crocodile,
What Dipsas, or what Monstre can we find,
But halfe so cruel in his proper kind?

Seian. There is a Caeue Speianca call'd,
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometric,
Whose top is wouen with a wauing vine,
The leaves of tempr'd plaister flagging downe,
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:
The ruddie clusters of the grapes appearing,
Lively engraven in dependant stones,
Noneer Mausolus, nor Amphiomons towers,
Noneer Asiaes immortal workmanship,
Dianae Temple halfe so curious,
as this entrenched earthly Paradise.
But which increaseth most a mazing wonder,
With turning of one stone all fall's alunder.

Julia. What of this? what of the Caeue Seianus?

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

Julia. Enough Seianus, promis to turne the stone,
Julia is sicke, Augusta must be gone.

Seian. Madam, vpon mine honour I make him sure.

Julia. Farewell Seianus, I must needs be gone.

Exit Julia. Mam: Seianus join's.

Seian. Madam farewell. Go stepdame Julia,
Plot with Seianus for Tiberius death,
But first go tell the Queene of fearfull Disse,
and read a lecture there of policie,
Noneer to trust a friend in secrecie.
So then Seianus here Epitomize
all thy devises for to get the crowne.

Betwixt.
The Tragical life and death

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are seaven lights,
Seaven wandring planets, seaven obstacles,
Tiberius Cesar, and Germanicus,
The triple offspring of Germanicus;
Julia, Agrippina, and Linus;
All these Seianus twixt thy hopes and thee,
But for Germanicus hee is eclips'd,
His Orient of honour is obscur'd,
I hope ere this by Piso's diligence.
Julia is in her struggling agonie,
Betwixt the poylon and concoction:
Druatus, Tiberius sonne, I mean to speed,
And make his father for to murder him.
Even thus the Caue I told to Julia,
Is verie true, I doe not vs to lie,
Not to complot the deepest villainy.
Nor did I lie, ther's such a Caue indeede,
And with one scene I can consume the worke,
Some flender shallow polititian now,
Would deeme it here a point of wondrous reach,
To murder sonne and father in this Caue.
Not so, Seianus hath a farther scope,
Deeper conceit, and farre more misticall.
The Caue shall fall and yet Tiberius live,
But I will seeme to vnderprop the Caue,
With these my pillars, and bear all the loade,
So shall I get more faunour with the Prince,
That whom soeuer I shall countenance,
Shall seeme as ere repealed Oracles.
Then will I worke this credulous conceit,
To what impression my braineinuents,
Ile to Campania. Now first haue at his sonne,
Then for himselfe when all my plot is done.

Exit Seianus.
Enter Germanicus, and Pió at one doore, Vonones and his sonne at the other.

Ger. Vonones, though this proud rebellion
Disturb the universal vitue,
although this vnoeoa member of the world,
Hath made a separation from the head:
Though thou and thy proud sonne in daring armes
Have made our Eagles sweat in thy pursuite,
Yet know a Roman is thine enemie,
Whose Legions farre surpass'd in Chivalrie,
The triple Phalaux of Armenia,
Were euery man a furious Elephant,
Rule by a Castle of Numidians,
These Germane Legions would encounter them;
and these new squadrons out of Italy,
Would strive with them in glorious emulation,
Till with the spoile of vanquisht Elephants,
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.
Yet know my mercie farre exceeds my strength,
an Olive branch wreath'd with Humilitie.
Shall win more favour with Germanicus,
Then all the Ensignes in Armenia can.
Speake then Vonones, wilt thou fight or yeeld?
Von. Germanicus, as to my hostile friend,
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,
admines, but nothing feares thy victories.
Except thy person, Thus much for your state.
Germanicus, is no rebellion,
For to maintaine our ancestors renowne,
It is your pride to seeke Dominions,
Finding occasions still to conquer all:
First Romulus encreaf his Colonies,
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,
Within the circuit affaire Italy,
Subiect'd to your Lordly Empires:

Then
The Tragicall life and death

Then must Scicilia be your grauarie,
Carthage be sackt for emulation,
Spane must find horses, France an enemie,
Because that Brennus scal'd the Capitol,
Yong Philip in the second punicke warre,
Must be reclaim'd by old Emilius,
Mithridates for helping Perseus,
Must pay a ranfome of all Asia
To Taurus Mountaine; yet not so content,
Except he yeeld vp Lisimachium,
For him Tigranes, Ttolomie for Anthonie,
My Grandire for great Pompeys dignitie,
Must yeeld the title of his royaltie:
Romanes, you wrong the world by falso pretences,
To make them all your vaffaile Provinces:
How did the Britaines wrong your Empirie?
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians?
What did Numidia, or what did Germanie?
The late Caracter of thy victorie.
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld:
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

Exeunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones
and his some flic. Enter Germanicus and Piso.

Ger. Now are these Orientall braueries quail'd
dese rauening wolues hem'd in their lurking dens:
Tigramenta, were it proud Babylon,
Glew'd with Alphaltes flime impenetrable,
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,
Germanicus would never leave assault,
Till it were subject to Germanicus.
Sound them a parley.

Enter Vonones as upon the wallers.

Germanicus speaketh.

Ger. Vonones, first to thy vpbraiding taunts,
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,
Thou callest vs Romanes too ambitious,
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,
Proud to insult vpon Dominions,
By faigned shew of some receiued wrong:
First know Vononcs that great Romulus,
Diuineft ofspring of th' immortall Gods,
Neuer vsurfpt vpon his neighbour bounds,
Without the suit occasion of reuenge:
Witnessse the tempefts of the Solines troopes,
And Titias Titias doubtfull trecherie:
Scicilia were redeem'd from servitude,
From Carthage bondage, whose ambitious pride;
Fiue hundred thousand flue in Italy:
Spaine as abettors of false Hanniball,
Subdued by Africans to our rule,
France,philip, Perseus, and Mythridates,
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,
Neuer without defiance were surprizde;
Neuer without just cause we them defied:
Vononcs thou dost know this to be true,
Yet your presumption makes you all to rue.
Vono. Germanicus were all the Romane spirits,
Imbarkt within thy royall curtesie,
Or were thy spirit infused into all,
Tigrancerta by the die of warre,
Should neuer make my realme vnfortunate.
Vononcs would be to Germanicus
A vassailc subject, tributarie King.
Ger. Vononcs, not vnto Germanicus,
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee:
If at our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,
Then faile to Rome, and in the Capitoll
There reintreate great Cæsars clemencie,
Yecld vp thy Citie, and dismissed thy force.

Vononcs
The Tragicall life and death

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.
Von. Germanicus, how much I honour thee!
Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,
For know, before that tyrant shall insult
Over the Armenian Orientall Prince,
Euen by the Sun, and all his counsellors;
The autour of our royall progenies,
Scale, burne, assault, batter, undermine,
Reneue as oft your wearied Legions,
as Polinices, or the Thebanewall,
Nothing but death Vonones shall enthrall,
Germ. Then to the fight,
and heauen I trust will ayde vs in our right.

Germanicus and Piso scale the walles, Germanicus is repuls'd the first assault; Piso winteth the wall first, but is in danger by Vonones and his sonne: Germanicus our resfoueth Piso, Vonones and his sonne sis.

Chesara, sara, maugre all their force,
Tigranocerta, is subdued to vs.
Romanes assault the Keepe, let them not breath;
Till with the cinders of the fired Tower,
Your dreadfull furie cleane dissoled be.

Sound a parley within.
Piso. But harke, th' Armenians doe aprily craue;
I thynke thei' yeeld, and fo our labour saue.
Germ. Then found terror to their melting hearts.
Tey resfounded a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.
Von. Germanicus, and Romane conquerours,
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,
Vonones here vpon his suppliant knee,
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,
That had no finew, had no bendeing ioynt.
Here he that never begg'd, doth now entreat

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

Ger. And as I live, Vonones shall obtaine,
How honour crost by chance, reuives againe!
Vonones. Then thus, in single combat I deie,
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,
This honorable challenge in the field,
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,
For foure and twentie houres to haue my scope;
For to ordaine a new supply of warre.
If I be vanquish't, vse the law of armes.

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

Germanicus comset downe to the Stage.
Romaines, on your allegiance be gone,
Perswasion is the fight of present death:
I see the Garlands dangling in the skyes,
Of Coruin and Torquates victories.

Vonones commeth downe, they fight and break;
Vonones being wounded. lampe

Von. Curs'd bee the houre, and cursled bee the
Which gives the influence to my haplesse beings.
I had not deem'd that twentie thou and soules,
Could have o're'quelled in a single fight,
My armoure, purpled with vermilion blood,
(More then the Scarlet blufl the maker gau:)
You hel'd bred furies, I plague you all in hell,
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ. of Rome.

Fight againe, and Vonones is slain.

Ger. A noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?
The Tragical life and death

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,
Too much dore earth oppresse him not with weight
Whose minde was elevated whilst he liued.
Let lillies decke his euer-flowring toonbe,
And Rosets border on his wayled grave.
Sweet Nightingales participathe his breath,
Help to immortallize his glorious death.

Pifo and all the Romaines come downe from the
walls to Germanicus, and Germanicus speaks
to them.

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

Pifo, Germanicus, whose head shall this adorne?
Ger. His that deserv'd it, and I deeme' twas I.

Pifo. Know nay Germanicus, but it was I
That first repuls'th' Armenians from th'ir wallers,
First pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.
I scald the scionce, therefore the Crowne is mine,
I pitch mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments,
And by my soule, and by Bellonaes night,
Pifo will have his owne, his Crowne, his right.

Ger. Pifo shall have his owne, shall have his right,
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)
The glorious Signet of my victorie:
First stars shall turne vpon this earthly pole,
Bound to th'fadie Orbes circumference.
And heards of beasts shall graze on earthly pasture
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,
Nature turn'd topsy turvey for that day,
Pifo my honours Crowne shall braue away.

Pifo. Braue! Pifo will not Braue, his deeds shall plead
Ger. His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,
Without ambition I pleade my right.
Did not I my selfe in th' first assault,
Thrice change my Target ouer poys'd with Darts?
Did not I brandish in the second fight,
My burning Semiter that all their eyes,
Could not indure the heate of his reflection?
Then in the midst of all the frontiers strength
Hew'd me a passage to Vonones Sonne,
Whose dying Ghost bare record of my force,
That did dismay their power, disman their walles,
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbar'd their Gates,
And straight remounted to assault the Keepe.
Perchance that Pifo by some posterne gate,
Crept through a meuse; & by the winding stayres,
Panting and breathlesse, stale vp to the walles.
But I——

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

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

Ger. Worthy Centurion with all my heart,
Pifo. I must perforce, or else not have my part,
Cent. Speak Soldiers, Pifo or German. (Germanicus
Sol. Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

Cent. Trum
Enter Tiberius Solus.  

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

Enter Tiberius Solus
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He may bewray me to the Senators;
He may disclose me unto Julia;
He may discover me to Germanicus;
He may doe what he will, to seek my end.

Exit Tiberius.

Enter the Ghost of Germanicus.

Ghost. Ingratious Nero, and ingrateful Rome,
Unto the merits of Germanicus,
Revenge my causelosse wrongs, great Proserpine,
Who murthered was by hatefull treacherie.
Me thinkest I am a man, and now could rauie,
That ner e before did know what anger ment.
This murall crowne wrought my vn timely death,
By Pifoes enue, and Tiberius pride.
Germanicus, poore soule do not complaine.
For prayers cannot thy life restore againe,
I will goe see my Children and my wife,
That I may thinke on them in this new life.

Exit Ghost.

Enter Agrippina at one doore, Drusus and Nero at the other crying out gas from their beds.

Ner. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.
Agr. My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.
Drus. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus,
Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,
Fie sluggishe Brother, draw thy balefull sword,
Mother, sling wilde fire at the Crockadile,
For nothing else can pierce his brazen skales.
Agr. Drusus, what spirit doth disturb my Sonne?
Drus. Mother, me thought I saw Martichora,
The dreadfull hiddeous Egyptian beast,
Horrid and rough slamy and terrible,
Fac'd as an Hidra like some vnquoth man,
Whose ears hang drayling downe vnto his feete.

Sweeping
The Tragical life and death

Sweeping the loathsome foile with greedinesse,
Fang'd with three Iron grates of steely tuskes,
Wally ed, with collour fleet in deepest bloud,
With Lyons claws, and Scorpions poiftous fling,
Woven in Gorgias hundred thousand knots,
His murmuring found, mix of two Simphonies,
Rebellowed twixt a flute, and trumpetts found,
That seem'd the world with roaring to confound.
By him me thought I saw a gallant beaft,
A princely Lyon, crown'd with honour meede,
At which this vgy Monster wrought amaine,
For to defeate the Lyon of his pray,
But all in vaine, till this deceitfull beaft,
Belcht forth an ayrie death, infecting breath,
At which me thought the Lyon vanished.
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,
Pla'd in his room by this beast perished:
Twice thus I dreamt, and still my thinkes I dreame;
But mother, what did your affrighting mean?

Agr. Oh Sonne! I dream't that in the azure skye,
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did strive,
One darter rayes, the' other rainebowes made:
One suckered plants, the other moou'd the fire:
One shining, tother dimme: one true, tother false,
And in this discord all in heavenly motion,
The hoast of starrie cloudes did hide the ayre.
Thefe hideous monsters met in furious rage,
As if the world had beene dislevered.
Like when a Whale runs in the boysterous maine,
Seeming to shoulder all the yealding waues,
So by contrition of this dawning night,
The Axeltree of heauen did seeme to moue:
From whence, as from an anuile seem'd to stream,
A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,
Which rendring passage to the Orient,
Seem'd for to light upp upon Germanicus.
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

Nero. My thought I sawe a snowye milke white
Encountring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,
The Storke was succoured by a neighbour Crane,
The Swan relieued by a dunghill Cocke,
All joyned in battaile, all to furious.
But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue;
Or other fate, the Swane and gallant cocke,
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkaffe of the Storke;
All which seem'd pleasing to my slumbering fence,
But all too rufull that which after fell,
Fell discord twixt the Swan, and Cocke arose,
The pereleffe Swanne was worthy Conquerour,
But yet alas the gallant Cocke.

Enter Maximus a messenger from Germanicus, be
knocketh at the doore.

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

Max. Open, ah open vnto Maximus.

Dr. The faithful Maximus, God send good newes.

Enter Maximus.

Agr. Too much I see, I dare not heare the rest,
And yet I will not feare, yet feare comes againt my will,
Mine eares are fopt, how doth Germanicus?

Max. O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurkle,
Neer taught this dolefull Engine for to speake;
Then should my soule in mourning silence groane.

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

Max. Then Madam thence we left this stately
Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.
My Lord first sayled to Brandusium,
So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.
From thence to Ephesus, from Ephesus
To Lifmachium we bent our course,
Thence to the mountaine Taurus Marcht by land,
Shewing on which we coast Armenia,
and in her forrill bowels pitcht our Tents.
Vonones three leagues off displaide his flag,
The scarlet Ensigne of his bloody minde,
There like two heards of Lyons, we inrang'd
Our squadron to their Phallax, to their darts,
Our slings : against their Cammels, all our horse.
Betwixt our armies Tigris swiftly ran,
and there within a league on our right hand,
A deepe-delu'd Caeus, (fit ambush to intrap)
All vaulted with a young disprayed groue.
Here with five hundredth foot-men light of armes,
My Lord did place me till he gave the signe :
So in the heate our Legions seem'd to flye,
Till all Vonones armie past the shoud,
And in pursuite of our suppos'd flight,
There all enuironed with hidden troopes,
That saw Vonones and his Sierie Sonne,
And some few more, which them accompanied,
We made an ende of this rebellion.
Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,
And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,
In single combat, slew their gouvernor.

 agar. Ah my deare Lord! how fares Germanicus ?
 man. I, that's the dismall newes I have to tell,
Leaving the Orient thus in setled peace,
And Pifio Pretor of Armenia,
We marched to the Cittie Antioche,
Whereas my Lord had heard were CHRISTIANS,
Judeian Priests, the which did magnifie...
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

An vnknowne God, in dayly pietie.
Before the Cittie grew a Cipresse Groue,
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,
Where GaFly Screech-owles hold their residence,
True Prodigies, offatall miseries.
about the midday of Antipodes,
When our Horrizon was benum'd with sleepe,
a furie and a passion both at once,
Began furprise my Lord Germanicus. (her Son.)

Agr. Oh heavens! — She fainteth and is upheld by

Drus. Mother you promis'd for to heare the worst
and can you not indure the first assualt?

Agr. Yes Maximus, tell out the dyrest wo,
My hart conceuies more grief then thou canst shew

Max. What time the luing diall of the night,
His first alarum, rang to Cipria,
Gall of my soule, I saw that woefull sight,
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meekely lay,
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,
Doth gnaw the earth, in felnelle of his minde,
Grudging forrow but disdaines to moane,
Or rore in torment of his agonie,
So lay Germanicus in grievous paine:
Yet griefe from outward shew did much restraine,
But feeling that his spirits gan to faile,
and vitall pulses lewe their motion,
He cal'd for Plato, and there two houres red,
Of the immortal all effence of the Soule,
So constant in his soules Divine relieving, (uing
That griefe even grieu'd her selfe, for him not grie-
Then to his friends, he gau this last farwell,
Dear friends, and worthy countrymen adieu,
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,
By fates Eternall hand beene catcht from earth,
I might accuse the Iustice of the Gods:
But lince by Piso, and his poysonous drugs,

Germa.
The Tragicall life and death

Germanicus is lost; revenge my death.

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

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

Agrip. I had it living, and must haue it dead,
all may befall that must necessitie.
Flyo living soule, into this lustlifte heart,
That it may animate my greater part.
Or else (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye
That here my breathing soule may tombed be,
Mine eyes shall drizzell down Arabian mirrbe,
To garnish all Armenian infestions
Or falling from my eye-balles couered be,
With this faire couer of sad misteries.
I must needs looke vpon this last reliefe,
Which swells, as being angry for my griefe;
Ah my Germanicus! thus to hold thy heart,
Yeeldes me no comfort, but augments my smart.

Nero returneth. Nero. Mother
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

Agr. What to thy Father my Germanicust

Drus. returns.

Drus. Mother, Asinius Gallus very weak,
Expects the fatal hour of his death,
Philetians tell him he is poysoned.

Agr. Too much my Sonne, great sorrow still is

dumbe.

Exit omnes.

Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers.

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

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

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germa-
nicus! the very hunisuckle of humanity, & the Ma-
ry-gold of magnanimity: Pifo is not to be eopared
to him, Pifo noe, he is to him (even in the creame of
his nature) the verie lees of licentiousnes, the Veriu-
ic of villany, the very excrement of evil, & which
is more he had no reason to poyson him.

3 Good Germanicus, oh when shall I make thee
an other payre of boots that would euen smile when
they should come upon his legges? O I shall never
make such merrie bootes againe, for all the drie lea-
ther in my shope I warrant will weep intirely when
they heare this newes.

Sold. Consent to me, Pifo will be heare presently
(his thought to haue beene heere before vs) consent
to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

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

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

Sold. Nay.
The Tragicall life and death

Sold. Nay, will you all keepe touch, and weelee
tear him ioynt by ioynt when we haue got him,
therefore stand close, for I heare his horse neigh, the
Ashe will be heere presently.

Enter Pifo.

Pif. Haile Mother Rome.

Sol. I,stormes of vengeance on thy cursed head,
1. Where is Germanicus? speake!
2. Speak! what hast thou done with Germanicus?
Pif. I cannot tell.
All. But wee will make thee tell.

They drag him in, and enter again with his limes in their
hands, they shout and cry.

(Lord

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

Excunt Omnes.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus out of the Cauo.

Tibe. Seianus.
Seia. My Lord.
Tibe. Ho Seianus.
Seia. Here my gracious Lord.
Tibe. A plague vpó him, that first made this Cauo
It was not sumptuous, not faire enough
To be the Tombe of a liue Emperour.
Thankes to my Genius, and thy prouidence,
That hath defended me from farther ill,
And yet my shoulders seele the heauie loade,
Sirra a bruch;
Vanish the monuments of antique worldes,
Mew'd in externall silence be obscured,
Not Theseius love vnto Perrithous
Not Alexanders to Hesperfion,
Nor the two Bretheren of Paris sworne,
That in eternall courses scale the heauens,
Did ever manifest such demonstrations,

Of
Of faith vnfaign'd, and more than Turtell-done,
Saued my life, now by my Geneus
If all the world were ten times multiplied,
And one of them were made of maffie gold,
Enamed with Pearles and Diamonds,
Embost with Iaspur and Alites vertue:
Yea were all thee imaginary worlds,
Under Tiberius his dominion,
This world, this rough-cast world with precious
Should be the guerdon of my samed life. (Items)
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,
To counter-ballance such a faithfull minde.
Seian. Most gracious Caesar mightie Emperour;
Had Pellion and Costa beene conioy'nd,
Had mounting Tenarus with the snowie Alpes,
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Caue,
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)
Have beene embowel'd in this earthie hell,
To saue the life of great Tiberius.
Tib. Now haue I tried the trunell of thy flampe;
Bith' touchstone of this late oppression,
Nero repayes thy loue with viturie,
But by my Geneus how this sudaine fear
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care.
Tell me Seianus, how fares Julia?
Seia. My Lord she doth commend her to your grace
But very weake vpon a surfeet taken.
Tib. As how Seianus? old folkes use good diet.
Seia. And so did she my Lord, at supper time
She tooke a kernell of reparatorine,
In a Pomgranet, which did so preuaile,
As that left her sicker with her Physick.
Asinius and Sabinus her deare friends,
From that Apothecarie did receive,
The like restoratiue with like effect:
And then I poulsted to your Maiestie.

K

Tib. Julia
The Tragical life and death

Tib. Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius,
For each a tear, so to Elizium.
But what Seianus note I in thy face?
The fear of fear through well dissembled,
Are they not all dispatch why dost thou fear?
Seian. Upon mine honour all are perished. (foul)
Tib. What doth thy conscience then disturb thy
What means the careless rowling of thine eyes?
Thy louing sorrow, souling of thine armes?
Thy sudden sighs, thy wateriaing countenance?
Now all thy blood doth ebe into thy heart,
Now all thy blushing visage over-flowes,
Speake my Seianus, father of my life,
And by my Geneus thou shalt obtaine.
Seia. Fear and allegiance, duty and affection,
Honour and pittie, loyalty and love,
Raise mutual tumults in my cloven heart.
Tib. Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,
The mutinous distention of thy fear.
Seian. May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.
Tib. Let Cæsar know, lest Cæsar fear in vaine.
Seian. What if my Lord it do concern my hurt?
Tib. Yet tell to Cæsar who can cure thy hurt.
Seia. I am persuaded that it is but forg'd.
Tib. Well, howsoever I command the shew.
Seia. Faullter my tongue thou dolefull instrument,
Infortunate to tell so bad a storie.
Pardon my Lord.
Tib. Seianus I command.
And by thy Geneus I will be obeyed.
Seia. Then heauens beare witnes what I do record
Comes of no malice nor ambition,
For of mine honour I do think it forg'd.
My Lord, since you lay in Campania,
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,
That you will never backe returne to Rome.

I could
I could not gaze on what presumption:
But when I first assaulted Julia,
And she had swallowed vp the poysonous baign,
Faith then in love vnto her Ladyship,
I told her that your grace did seeke her death.
Not Menus with the franticke dames of Thrace,
(That in their Dionisian Sacrifice,
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)
Raued like Julia in her passion.

Tib. O how it doth me good to heare her mad!
Seia. May it please your Maiestie to give me leaue
Here to set downe a dolefull period.
Tib. No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.
Seia. After the furie, anger tooke her throne,
Like a fierce Lion chaft to seeke revenge,
When wooing me with many honeie words,
Of good, and wise, and friend, and debonaire,
Idle sinononimies of womenes wit,
The all to prayed my constant secrecie,
And I to heare the summall exigent,
Swore neuer to reveale her policie
Whilst Julia and Seianus both shouled liue.
And I have kept my promise with her to.
Then did she seeme to wooe me with her lookes,
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.

Tib. If thou concealest but one fillable,
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.
Seia. My Lord, great Julia said she would preuent
Tiberius in his Tygers crueltie:
She swore my ayde, she swore my secrecie,
Adding a gift to euerie worde she spake:
This Ring, this Signet of Augustus Armes,
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,
Yet Julia you know my Lord was wife,
And all may be but forged policie:

K 2. She
The Tragical life and death

She said how she devised the plot,
In this Campanian cessation.
(Oh Gods forfend) to end Tiberius' days!

Tiber. This well Sejanus she's— but proceed.

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

(That made me post with haste from Rome)
On this same fatal day, old Julia swore,
Her Sonne, Tiberius should be poison'd.

But by whose means, my Lord I must conceal,
For of mine honour I doth think it forg'd.

Tiber. Conceal a traitor, and my guard shall stop
Thy jointed carcase: goe too tell me all.

Sejan. Why then my Lord, imagine all is false,
And what I say, is all but counterfeit.

Do not conceive that Drusus your deare sonne,
Aspires to be a present Emperour:
Believe not that this day he makes a feast,
Where mighty Caesar should be poison'd.

Think not that Spado that Twain soone bent to It,
Is now corrupted to performe the act,
Who taing first vnto your Maiestie,
With a Vine-branch enfoulded on his arme
Will squeae in poysonous drugs to slay my Lord.

Imagine this to be a lying dreame,
Though Julia swarre and vow'd it should be so,
And made great joyance, that it should be so;
Believe it not, for I say not true,
For on mine honour I doe think it forg'd.

Tiber. No, no, Sejanus, I have well observe'd,
The haughty homacke of that aspiring Boi,
But Ie pull downe his lofty crested plumes,
And teach him homage to his soueraigne.

How dare the stragling elfe, once looke on mee,
And not be turn'd into an Aspen leafe,
To tremble at each breathed sillage?

Sejan. Et
Sei. Be patient good my Lord, perhaps tis false; 
Or be it true, as who would once conceive,
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts?
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,
Forgive Phraates his rebellious Sonne?
Did not Jugurthus father, often checke
His high aspiring thoughts; yet him forgave:
Tiber. Talk of forgoingeffe in some pettie Kings;
Not in the state of mighty Emperors,
This day he doth provide Thyestas feast,
And bids his father to the bloody cates.
Perfwade me not, Seianus I will goe,
I have already promiss'd him to come,
And if the villaine offer me these drugs,
He make him will the cup, I should carrouse.

Enter Spado toward them.

But heere comes Spado his fine instrument, 
See where his Garland is, it stab the Slawe.
Sei. No good my Lord, how can you then inquire
The hatefull Treasons of your wicked Sonne?
Tib. Tis true Seianus, I will hold my hands.
Sei. Oh how I fear'd I should have beene betray'd
Spado. Euer Augustus! Drusus royall banquet,
Requires the presence of Tiberius.
Tiber. Spado we come.

They draw aside the drapes, and banquete on the stage,
Spado to fet to Tiberus, and after inguseth the poison.

Spa. My Lord, yong Drusus witheth happiness,
To Nero Caesar in this Cup of wine.
Tiber. Drusus due thou begin unto Tiberius.
Drus. My Lord may 't ble, if you here is other wine.
Tiber. But taste of this my Sonne, I'm sure tis good.
Drus. Here is the like my precious Lord beside.
The Tragicall life and death

Tiber. It may be like, but not so altogether.
Drn. 'Tis of the same.
Tiber. Well, please my humor Sonne.
Drn. Why good my Lord.
Tiber. By Tove ile have it so. He drinketh and falls
downe, Sejanus Strabbeh Spade.

Enter a Messenger.
Mef. Where is the Emperor? Augusta is deade.
Tib. Goetell that newes to Proserpine. Stabs him.
Another Messenger.
Mef. Where's Caesar? great Germanicus is dead.
Tib. Commend me to Germanicus. Stabs him.
Another Messenger.
Mef. Where's Nero, Piso is by the Plebeians slaine
Tibe. Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his flesh
and thine. Stabs him.

Another.
Mef. Where is Tiberius? where is Caesar's grace?
Afinius and Sabinus both are dead.
Tib. Go greet the both thus from Tiberius. Stabs him.
How now what newes bringft thou? speak villain
speake.
Sejanus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Se-

Sejanus cryeth out, and Nero stares on him.

Sejanus. No newes my Lord, I am Sejanus I,
I sau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus.
Tib. Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend,
The headlong furie of a troubled soule,
I dare not tryst my selfe to see my Sonne.
O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented?
Sejanus I must ride in poste to Rome,
To reign the furie of the common heard,
See these soules carkasses be burryed.
Go to Sejanus, when I haue my will, He speakesth
He make thee Pattern of thy Villaines. this aside.
Meane
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

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

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

Enter Caligula solus.

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

Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Drusus Germanici.

Seian. Nero, Drusus, Drusus, Nero, both are one;
Or one or both, for both I know are one:
And what if I speake to one I speake to both.
Nay, heare me out for what I speake is true,
Pifo did pay for great Germanicus
Your father, Neroes sone and my good Lord,
I, by Tiberius pollicie.
Lo here the pardon made for Pifo drawne,
Which Iulias dying did to me commend,
What shall I speake to move you to revenge,
The Senat is devoted to your Glasse,
The common people in soft murmuring,
Like Bees doe seek the honie of your Hues,
What if some Waspes doe move Tiberius?

I haue
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I haue a swarme maugre these lazie droanes:
I haue the Legions at Seianus becke,
And for my sake, and specially for yours,
I know they will eulogize all their force,
Besides the honour of your Countries good,
Exile the tyrant, so did Cassius,
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,
The Senators, and the Plebians:
If all may moue you, courage noble hearts;
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,
Romanes haue valiant and undaunted minds.

Nero. Brother a word with you:—Take him aside
Seian. I go, consult, whilst I centuriate
A thousand nets to catch such tender fools.

Nero. Drusus how dost thou like Seianus gesture?
Drus. Faith like his words, for both are counteret.
Nero. Vpon my life Tiberius sent the slauve.

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Enter Julius Celsus.

Celsus. Flye, flye Seianus, Julius bids thee flye.
Nero hath found thy death in Juliaes house,
I meane, the cause of death, thy treacheries,
The letter that thou sent it to Lulia:
Away, shift for thy selfe, and so will I. Exit.

Seian. Hath he found that Seianus curse thy selfe?
The lower world, and the highest heauen.
That he hath found them, die, consume, and burne.
I heare the noyse of horses, they are here,
A plague vpon them all, then here away. Exit

Nero, Brother away, this time, we may suspet. Exeunt

Seianus looke in at the doore, and speakeith.

L

Scia. Hell
The Tragical! life and death

Sei. Hell yawne and swallow them: that way I am
This way the dogs will bark. & so betray me: (topt,
The ceeles will gaggle, if I fly this way.
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound the:
Oh for the scauen-way house of Hannibal!
Sejanus kill thy selfe, oh no I dare not,
Would I were an Asse to beare: so I am.

Enter Tiberius with his guard pur sueing Seianus.
Tib. Hast for your liues, seeke, search, enquire, flop
Mild doubt, examine, spie, watch, haue a care, flay,
And if he passe, not one of you shall escape
Th' extreamest torments that I can inflict.
Post post, away some to the Capitol,
Some to port Esquiline, mount Pallatine,
Watch, watch the streetes, the Drusian streetes,
Hie to the Altars, the Egerian wood,
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,
Some where, any where, every where, away, away.

Enter Seianus: the guard besets all the doors, he draweth and proffereth to come divers ways: as last rasheth on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.
Seia. Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:
Here swallow vp a lining sacrifice,
Grac'd with an Heccatomb of slaughtered slaues,
Hold sword Seianus bar ters death for death.
Ti. So, bind the traitor fast in Iron chaines,
Now slaue of honor, ground of Infamie,
Obloques subject, and faire dealings shame,
Nay heare me villain, for thou must, and shalt.
Seia. Must, shall, and will, for I am bound to doe it.
Tib. I, and to beare what euer I inflict.
Seia. Strik quickly, & strike home, I wait the stroke
And shall embrace the instrument of death.

And
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And never grieue to drown it in my blood,
So that the streamie spirits that ascend,
Were of sufficient force to strangule thee:

Tib. Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee!
Sejanus. I crave no pittie, neither feare thy pride,
Whose pittie onely serueth for a truce,
To leuie new supply of tyrannie.

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

Sejanus. This kind of curteiie I will accept.

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

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

Tib. Oh terrorble reuenge, intollerable.
But I shall vnerrgo it as I may,
And here and there slill as you glaunique at me,
But touch a little your owne villainies,
And therein play the true Historian.

Tut. Courage man why doft thou not begin?

Sejanus. Bidst thou begin, who long will with me end,
Ere I have ript vp halfe thy villanies:
Which never will have end vntill thou end,
Oh hadst thou ended ere thou hadst begun,
So many euils had not chaune'd in Rome:
Then had not Vestae Tapers beene defil'd,
North' Alters turnd to irreleigious viies:
When thou didst make her newer dying lampes,
Serve for the Torches to thy burning luft,
The whilest her Temple made a brothel-house,
And all her virgins prostitute to thee.
But these are but thy meanest outrages,
Wrought in thy villainous minoritie.
The Tragic all: life and death

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

Thib. And where was then Sejanus, holy man?
Seia. Herein I doe accuse my selfe of guilt.

Thib. Betrew thy hatefull head for doing it.
Seia. Bale to thy hatefull heart for caus'ng it.
Thib. Thy plotting head for so inventing it.
Seia. Thy bloody mind for so concluding it.
Thib. And on Sejanus for effecting it.
Seia. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Yet villain doe I curse my cursed selfe?
Downe poyfed by the execrations
Of those that thou by me hast murthered?

Thib. Beleeue him first, may be he speakest truth.
Seia. It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.

Caius, and Lucius, were murthered,
And Agripina, by Tiberius.
So poysoned Germanicus was slaine,
Sabinus, and Asinius were dispatch'd,
And Julia for her sonne Tiberius.
And so thou louedst Drusus thine owne sonne,
To sucke his bloud in whose death still I joy,
To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant.
Poor Prince vniftly doom'd to sudaine death,
Which in his life he onely this deseru'd
By giuing me a whirret on the ear:
But as for treafons ignominious spot
against thy selfe, thy life or Diademe,
His innocent thoughts never were tainted with.

Thib. Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & grievous
Seia. Onely for this.
Thib. Onely for this! O furie teach my tongue,
To breath eternall curses on his soule.
Seia. O how I triumph in soule-pleasing joy,
That herein yet I die not vnreuen'd.
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I made him die for mine owne proper fault,
For know Tiberius as in all the rest,
So in thy Sonne Drusus sad Tragedie,
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,
To swim vnto the Throne of Maiestie,
And from thy hand rend the imperially crowne:
Tib. Here is the Catalogue of his deserts,
Tis pittie but he were an Emperor.

Spurius———He whispers in his ear, & exit Spurius
Make haste, I charge thee on thy life.
Herein I must detact from policie,
And Fortune attribute the caufe to thee,
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.

Seia. Reuenge alas thou maist perhaps on me,
Inflift th'extreamitie of punishment,
And rid thee of one peece of thy feare,
But yet thou canst not flape deserued death,
For from the Phoenix ashes of their Sire,
The heart revived young Germanici.
Wife Nero, and fierce Drusus arm'd with rage,
Come like a lightning to consume thy state.
Tiber. Soldiers pursue them ere they passe the
To ioyne themselues vnto the Legions. (wattles

Seia. Why lunaticke Vfurper of the Crowne,
They are the lawfull heires vnto the state,
Thou but adopted by false treacherie,
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne,
For both but false, and both but villanie.
Tiber. Thou dooest me wrong Sejanus to vpbraid
With Ignominious Title of ingratitude. (me thus,
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.

Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.
Who, I Vfurpe your Crowne and your estate?
I were not fit to live and if I shou'd.
Therefore my Majsters, here before you all,
The Tragicall life and death

I doe resign my crowne imperiall
Vnto Sejanus, and doe induelt him Cæsar,

He sett the burning crowne upon his head.

All haile Sejanus, Rome's great Emperour.

Set. Al haile: Hell, Death, Destruction plague

Let all the tortures, torments, punishments: (you al

In earth, in heauen, in hell, revenge my death,

Whose burning paine torments me not so much

as that there comes not from my scalded braines,

Sufficient smoake to smother all of you. He dye:

Tib. So dye thy Curses with thy cursed selfe,

Now one goe cast, his body in to Tiber,

The rest goe with me, this high time to haft. Exeunt.

Enter Agripina sola.

Agr. Oh heavenstand if that any power be higher!

O earth! and if that any lower lye?

Melt heauens into a showre of supple balme.

Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leaves,

Too foolish Agripina to complaine,

Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and all vain.

This earthly hart, it is my pleasing earth.

She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus

This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy:

This balme, this Cassia, this sweetest Myrrhe

When I forget to joy in this respect,

Heauë, Earth, Nepenthaes all do me neglect

O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!

To whom, and when, and where shall I compleine?

I know not, and againe I knowe,

For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.

Enter Marco.

Mar. Madam, Tiberius Cæsars majestie,

Sent me to tell you of his near approach.

Agri. Will Nero come? where are his tortures then?

His rod, his Hatchets, Rackes, gyues, manacles,

Whips, Gridirós, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, bearces,

And all his vnquoth new found Messengers,

Which
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which bloody Phallaris could nere invent?
Can faire Pallantias leave her Lucifer,
Or Phoebus shine, and not Aurora rise?
Tthough you are much deceiv'd, Nero will not come.

Macro. Lady, my heart doth yearn to here your
To surge in billowes of such bitter wanes. (griefe,
And

Agr. And what? good Gentleman, tel out the rest:
What will you set a ship upon my Sea,
Fraught with a thousand Tunne of heavie cares,
And with a sharpe tempestious Romaine winde,
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,
Then glide vppon the yce and so to land,
And sowe those seedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay,
Then in pursuance of this faintie yole,
Stay vntill harvest, and in Autumnne sheare.
This fruitefull Corne, and so returne againe.
But Agripina, these fond humors leauce,
Macro, my griefe my fences halfe bereave.

Macro. True Agripina, Macro much did wonder,
The variable passions of sad sorrow,
That I lament the tragicke historic,
This dolefull faultering Engine should impart,
Nero will hether come vnder pretext,
To comfort, but to trie your patience.
He hath an Apple in such sirrop dipt,
Which he in kindenesse meanes to offer you.
If you accept, accept a present death:
If you deny, heele take exceptions,
Against your faith, and subjects loyaltie.
Dreadfull Dilemma, counsell as you may.
I doubt that Nero wil misdoubt my slay. Exe. Macr.

Agr. Dares he not slay? O monstrous perjurie!
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne?
By Saturnes sigh, and Venus golden belt?
The Tragical life and death

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,
That he would stay with me. O perjury!
Nero make haft: yet stay, ile paire my Nailes,
Leaft that I fet my talents on his face,
And spoile Narcissus comely personage.
He will giue me an Aple, ile giue him ————
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile giue him
A Chefnut, and heele cracke the riuen shell,
And twiখ his Milstones, grinde the yealding meate
Germanicus, oh my Druius! oh my Deare,
Nero, not! Nero Cæfar will viſtite me,
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailes.
Quailes! noe with Apples so he comes:
I shall be cram'd to day.

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

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

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

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

Agri. Blush not deare Ensigne of my modestie,
Shame light on me if that I be ashamed,
Since thou wilt never be ashamed of shame,
My Lord Germanicus did he aspire?
No Nero no, ther lurkes the fiftile
Offsawning hatred that did murther him,
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did he not homage to Tiberius?
Did he not love his country past compare?
Courteous and milde, and too obsequious?
Too well beloved and too credulous?
and therefore murdered.

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

Aegri. So must they mine:
Or else my heart would break in vile dispute.
Monster of Monsters, ill is too too good,
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:
Nature could never finde a man so bad,
That might resemble thy foule Villanies.
Toads, Crocoddile, Aspe, Viper, Basiliske,
Too holome, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,
For Neroes poyson, furie, enuy, wrath.

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

Aeni. First let the head of Nilus be reucauld,
Let Tiber Howe in Egipt, Nile in Rome,
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,
The Tragicall life and death

All to confusion, let heaven turne to hell,
And which is more and most Prodigious,
Let Nero thinke one thought of honestie,
If Agrippina yeeld to bannishment.
Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?
Did not the Parthian King admonish thee?
Thou wert a villaine, and thou sworst twas true,
Doth not each night with dreams of thy foule sins
Torment thy soule with gaffly Spectacles?
Cajus, Lucius, Augustus, Julia,
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,
Solicite Pluto for thy deeper reuenge?
They doe, they doe, and all the furies shake
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.
If there be heauen, be sure of Nemesis:
If there be hell be sure to be tormented,
With balefull tortors neuer yet inuented. (breath?)
Tibe. Not all this while, good Daughter out of
Well speake thy last, that Rome shall here thee prate.
Agr. My last fond Tyrant know that I will speake
In spite of Nero, in disdaine of Rome,
Nero the Butcher, bloody shambles Rome,
Who fells the fairest ware at meanest price.
Tibe. I, and because peevish wilfull grieue,
Hath made you somewhat leane, not fit for sale,
You shall to graffe to Pandaturia:
Prouide her hay and water store enough.
Agrip. No, no, what shall I call this hate of earth?
Ile call him Nero, that's the worst of all.
Nero, it shall not neede, I am provided
Offairer Cates without thy honest care,
The corne that makes my bread are yellow care,
Ripened by heat of anger, in my breast,
The barren field of nought but carefull seedes.
My meate the fodder sorrowes of my heart,
Which
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

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

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

_Agri._ Detested tyrant, I do scorne thy foode.

_Tib._ Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,
Cut her meate small, and feede her daintily.

_Agri._ Out villaine. He feedes her, and so putteth it
_Tib._ Sirra dispatch I say.

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

_He choaketh her and so she dies._

What haft thou strangl'd her? here take thy hyre.
Canst thou not feed a Daw no better yet? Stab him.

_Nero._ Ah, Nero, Nero,

_Tib._ What Nerua be content,
She chose of this rather then bannishment:
And better choake then starue our willful daughter,
Shee's gone, and if I live thou shalt goe after. Aside.

_Exeunt all but Macro and Caligula._

_Macro._ Barbarous, inhumane, worse then crueltie,
Which Gods and men, mine eyes, and soule do hate,
What Hypborbian Climate in the North?
What Lidian desart, Indian vaftacie?
What wildernesse in wilde Arabia,
So hatefull monster euer nourished,
To hinder willing death by villanick?
Caligula, Changeling Caligula,

Where
The Tragical life and death

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

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

Macro. Patient Caligula, I am a shamed,
I am impatient to heare that word,
That noble Title wrested from his fence,
Ah! did not Macro serue Germanicus
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field?
Did not a peale of Trumpets found thy birth?
And Drums make musick to allay hir paines?
Waft thou not train'd fore thou couldst speake,
Didst thou not were a Common Soldiers fute?
And therefore hadst thy name Caligula?
Where is thy Captiue foule imprisoned?
Thy Lyons heart? incag'd! no, thou art wise,
Thou deemeft that Nero hath suborn'd my tongue,
To make a glowing Theame of flatterie,
To sift thy secrets, and to tell thy life,
First let the earth open her curstede wombe,
and swallow vp this hellish mantion,
Let euery step treade on a Scorpion:
Let euerie object be a Bassaliske:
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Let heauen—what can I wish Caligula?
Here is my poynard: here, be sure strike home,
If thou canst have but least suspicion
That Macro seekes to undermine my Lord.
What? shall I now become a Sycophant?
Calig. Macro, Caligula doth not mistrust,
Nor hath he reason to misdoubt thy faith,
But Macro, thus much for Caligula:
Meet me at Fides Temple, there thou shalt know
More, then vnto my mother I durft shew,
Macro. Were it to Thale, I would the other poaste,
To hear the sentence of Caligula,
Till then my Lord adiew.
Calig. Farwel Macro.
Exis Macro.
My Father slaine or poysned in the East,
Livia become a foule adulteresse.
Nero and Drusus fast shut vp in ward,
and thou deere mother here lyest butchered.
Grow to the earth you feeble instruments. He kneels
Till I distill a liquid sacrifice
downe
From my harts forinance, & these Chrifal streames.
Ye dry'd vp wells, straine out a little more,
Tis Agripina that you must deplore.
Proud Spirit, bound thy swelling Timpanie,
Till I vnraught this Galley of laments.
Then clear thy passage, and burst out in fire,
and make an Earthquake in this little world.
What shall I vow? to whom shall I lament?
Vnto the Marbles? they doe wepe for sorrow.
Vnto the Walles? thyrie themselues with grieffe.
Vnto the Beasts? why they would starue themselues
To feede themselues vpon this fading how.
Marbles and Walles, and beasts more ruth then he,
That was the Author of this Tragedie.

Æneas but then never was so deare,
M 3

As
The Tragicall life and death

As this celestiall burthen which I beare.  Exit.

Nero and Drusus chained in prison.

Dru. Brother I faint, and now my starued soule, seekes for to feed vpon Ambrosia.

Dru. Dear Drusus, wold mine armes were but vn-chain'd
That thou mightst stanche thy hunger on my flesh:
My colder humors feed my gnawing heat,
That I can better yet endure the fall.
Seek brother I thinke thou maist reach mine armes,
I pray thee feed vpon this leaner repast.

Dru. No brother if it would prolong my life,
Till the great yeare when all things must be chang'd to the Idea of the formers will.
But if thy hungry woff doth vexe thy soule,
Feed on these cates, taste on this brawnie armes,
That will rejoyce to feede thy appetite.

Nero. Nay brother feed on mine! They esta each

Dru. Nay brother mine,

Enter Caligula againe.

Cal. Boast not Antigone of thy deare Ioue.
To Polinices thy affected brother,
Whom thou in sight of Creon didst entombe,
I have entomb'd a farremore precious Iewell,
I in dispit of Nero farre more cruel.

Dru. Ah, Nero, Nero, that dost vs enforce,
To be such loving Romane Canibals,
Cal. Who calles on Nero, waist my mothers ghost?
Nero. Ah cruel Cesar, brother forgive, forgive,
My food digesteth not, nor can I live.
Cal. Or am I blind, or doe mine eyes behold,
My starued brothers?tis so Caligula.

Nero. Brother farewell my glasse of life is run.
Dru. And Ile go with thee to Elizium. They both die

Cal. Is there a prouidcnt intelligence?
That rules the world by his eternall being?
Is there a Jovez and will he not be just?
Or is he just? and will he not revenge?
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?
Canst thou not move the heavens? then raise vp hell.

Enter Caligula.

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

Julius Celsus crieth out of prison.

Cel. Ah, Nero, Nero, Celsus begs thine ayde,
Tib. Julius Celsus what is thy petition?
Cel. An humble futor for your clemencie.
Tib. My clemencie Celsus, Marie and you shall,
I, and great reason for Seianus sake.
Cel. Not in his name I beg compassion,
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,
Ah gracious Nero let my Guiues be los'd.
Tib. And Celsus led to execution.
Cel. Ah, no Tiberius, I desire not death,
But better ease in my imprisonment,
For this I beg.

Tib. For whose sake Julius?
Cel. For mercies sake, and thy deare Genues.
Tib. For that word Iaile loose his Iron bands,
Or by my Genues thou shalt loose thy head,
Cel. O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.
Tib. Tis but for a while, know that Julius.

Cel. Now
The Tragical life and death

Cellus. Now monster, Tyger, earth's infection.
Plague of the world, scourge of our happy Rome,
Treason's first born, hell's out-spewed vomit,
Prodigious homicide, and murthers lawe,
That makes a sporting lawe to murthers men.

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

Cellus. Such recompence had good Germanicus,
Such Agrippina, such had Julia;
Such Nero, Drusus, and their dearest Mother,
Poore Agrippina, wife Asinius:
Sabinus, Nerius, and thy other selfe,
Young Drusus, whose deare blood was once thine
Yet of thine owne hadst no compassion.

And lastly, (though not vndeserving it)
Yet heerein well defending at thy hands,
In that he was thy mischiefs instrument:
Haplese Sejanus too imprudent,
Of his intended fall, thy false intent.
And such a recompence remains for me,
The meanest subject of thy Tyrannie.

Tibe. Maric amen, sweare it, an Oracle:

Cellus. But tyrant, Cellus doth entenne thy furie
My minde was never feuer-fhooke with feare
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,
I haue alreadie armd my age to die,
Whose age decmnes death the end of miserie.
See therefore Tyger, heere thy mercies fruite,
The case I sought, the end of earnest sute,
For this I beg'd, for this I seem'd unwilling,
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing.

He puts the Chaine about his necke and strangles himself.
Tiber. Wondrous well gain'd, here is good spying,
Where it is the gainers interest to die:
But Oh for Charitie! Layler, Soldiers run,
Rescue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet
Yet let him goe.

Tib. What is your highnesse will?

T$b. Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,

For Charitie close vp his dying eyes.

Why this it is to have a policie,

Here's a poore plot to preuent crueltie.

And ten to one the villaine understands,

How this will vexe me that he escapes my hands.

But let that passe leave him to Acheron,

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

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple.

Cal. Thus have we interchang'd our mutuall othes

In presence of the Goddess of all truth:

Macro remember how thou art-inoy'd,

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

For to adore eternall secrecie.

Macro. And if my Lord misdoubt my secrecie,

Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,

'Vnoyn't my bodie, and pull out my heart,

That I may neither tell, nor make a signe,

Nor thinke one thought against your royaltie.

Cal. Pardon me Macro, if I somewhat feare,

That having all this while securely slept,

Vnder the Canopie of vanitie,

And never did impart my secrecie,

To father, mother, or my brethren,

Nerua, Sabinus, or Asinius:

Nero, Seianus, all I have deceived;

Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.

But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,

The suprême relique of Germanicus,

by Agripinac's loathed execution,

By my deare brothers starued carkasses,

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

And if that any number be, more then all.

N Ioyne
The Tragicall life and death

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

Macro. Like as a Grayhound in his hot pursuite,
Striveth to outstrip the fearfull flying Doe,
Or as Dianas gift to Cephalus,
yearned to ou-run the beast of Archadie,
Both striving, yet both swifter then the blastes,
Disdaine Boreas in his swelling pride,
Shot for the sifter of faire Dianire:
So doth the honour of your houering thoughts,
Grudge to be equal'd by my fluttering flight,
Yet good my Lord, give Macro leave to mount,
And cease upon the accosting stooping pray.

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

Macro. But I my Lord,

Cal. Do not intreat,

Do not prolong with idle breathing words,
The date of cold revenge: for euen this night,
Nero shall be inroll'd in Plutoes Court,
In Germanie farre on the Northen side,
Within the circuit of a defart wood,
A wilderness of deadly Basilisks,
Within this circuit is an hellish poole,
Cold in the tenth degree. Not Stix so cold,
Wherein the fearfull Thetis drencht her sonne.
In a Mules hoofe this water have I kept,
As fatale drinke to Philips worthie sonne,
And euen this night this water shall revenge,
The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,
Macro flye vnto the Legions, win their hearts,
Perfwade with all thy warlike eloquence,
Adwaunce our Eagles, and to morrow morn.
Approach with them vnto the Capitol,
Fai(e not good Macro, but make ha( away,

This
This night for Nero or Caligula.

Enter Liuia Sola.

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

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart
Evaporate the spirits of thy soule,
Weepe out thy braine the substantive of thy smart,
That knew thy shame, yet would not sin controule,
Anotamize this Sepulchre of shame,
Soules, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

Is Drusus dead? and yet can Liuia live?
Sejanus at Elizium, and I stay?
My father murdered, who me life can give?
My brothers staid? Liuia not made away?
Old Heccuba by death could ease her griefes,
And cannot Liuia find out like reliefe?

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

She kneels downe by the Wells side.

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

N.2. The.
The Tragicall life and death

The best devotion I can dedicate:
Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer:
Many more great, none more sincere can offer.

Not Dido to Sicheus sacrifice,
Not Cleopatra vnto Anthonie:
Not giuent Olymias could this truce dispise,
Not Sophonisbaes loyal miserie:
Zenobia Palmicaes noble Queene,
This fatall end of Liuia might be seeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamous,
Cold streams, congeale the rumour of my death;
Thou onely Philomelasing my Tragedie,
Carroll a Dirge for my exhaled breath;
Faire streams, I come, let no man heare my cries;
Let no man shed one teare that Liuia dies.

Enter Caligula solus,

Cal. By this, the cruel Tarquine should be sped,
Banidit from Rome and Roman Emperie,
But much I feare, preferuatives doe stay
The furie of his waterie receipt,
And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole
Was I for to impart my secretie?
O what a villain was Caligula?
Horror confounds me in this Agonie:
But Ile Catastrophize this Tragedie.
Did not the villain swears, and vow, and weep,
Offer his breast, that I might make a window
To see the cankers of his defiled soule,
And thou wouldst not take him at his word?
Enter Macro.

Macro. My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,
For to salute your grace the Emperour.

Cal. Thanks
of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Calig. Thankes Macro, royall friend commaund them stay,
Till I returne from Nero back agayne. Exit Macro.

Calig. Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth sick, and puleth aside the Arras.

Calig. Caligula. All happinesse vnto your Majestie.

Tiber. Curt be all happinesse, for I have none.

I have a fire, a fire within my bowells,
That burnes, and scalds, and mads me with the pain:
If I must die, yet would I had my wish,
Oh that even all the people in the world,
Had but one necke that a one deadly blowe,
I might vnpeople all the world and die.
Give me my handes that I may rent my flesh,
And tearre this raging from out my burning intrails,
Where is Esculapius? who goes for him?
Ile hate the leach from hell to cure my paine,
And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,
Ile burne even all the Temples of the Gods,
That cannot help the Romaine Emperour.

Calig. Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour,
And be reveng'd on thee Tiberius.

Thou monster Tyrant, thou ile help thee thus:
He stopps his breath with the sheete, and stabbs him.

This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,
This for Nero, this for Drusus, this for Caligula.

So,—Re-enter upon the Stage.

There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,
He raign'd noe day, but frome were murdered,
Asking his Master Zeno a Greecke word,
What Dialect he answered Dorice,
And therefore kild him, for because he thought,
He mockt him for his Rhodian bannishment.
He leath'd wine now, because he swilled gore:
More quickly then he did wrent before.
He dote a Poet for this little cause, Because
The Tragicall life and death

Because that in a dolefull Tragedie,
Hee taile'd on Agamemmons crueltie.
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,
No vestall Virgin should be strangeld,
He for to invent a crueltie,
Made first the hang-man to deflower the Maides.
And then commanded for to strangle them.
When one had almost kild himselfe for feare,
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.
The tyrant would deny no Witnesse,
If any did accuse twas present death.
When first the Tyrant did possesse the Crowne,
He sent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,
Who cherrisht Nero in his banishment.
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,
But in an angrie, fullen, discontent:
Who in a rage made him be tortured.
And whe the villain saw he had wrong'd his friend.
He murthered him, that it might be conceal'd,
He crucified one Peter call'd a Saint,
Of holy Jewes, that did adore one Christ,
Which they entitle Saviour of the world.
He kil'd one Pryam (therein happy most,
In that he lived and all his Children lost.)
These and so many more as should I tell,
I should employ a world to number them,
And still be further with Simonides,
To signifie the certayne multitude.
By these his acts he justifie his death,
That I may get Romes royall Empire,
And to eternall glorie of renowne,
I was afoole, but all to get the Crowne.

FINIS.