

Cornelia.

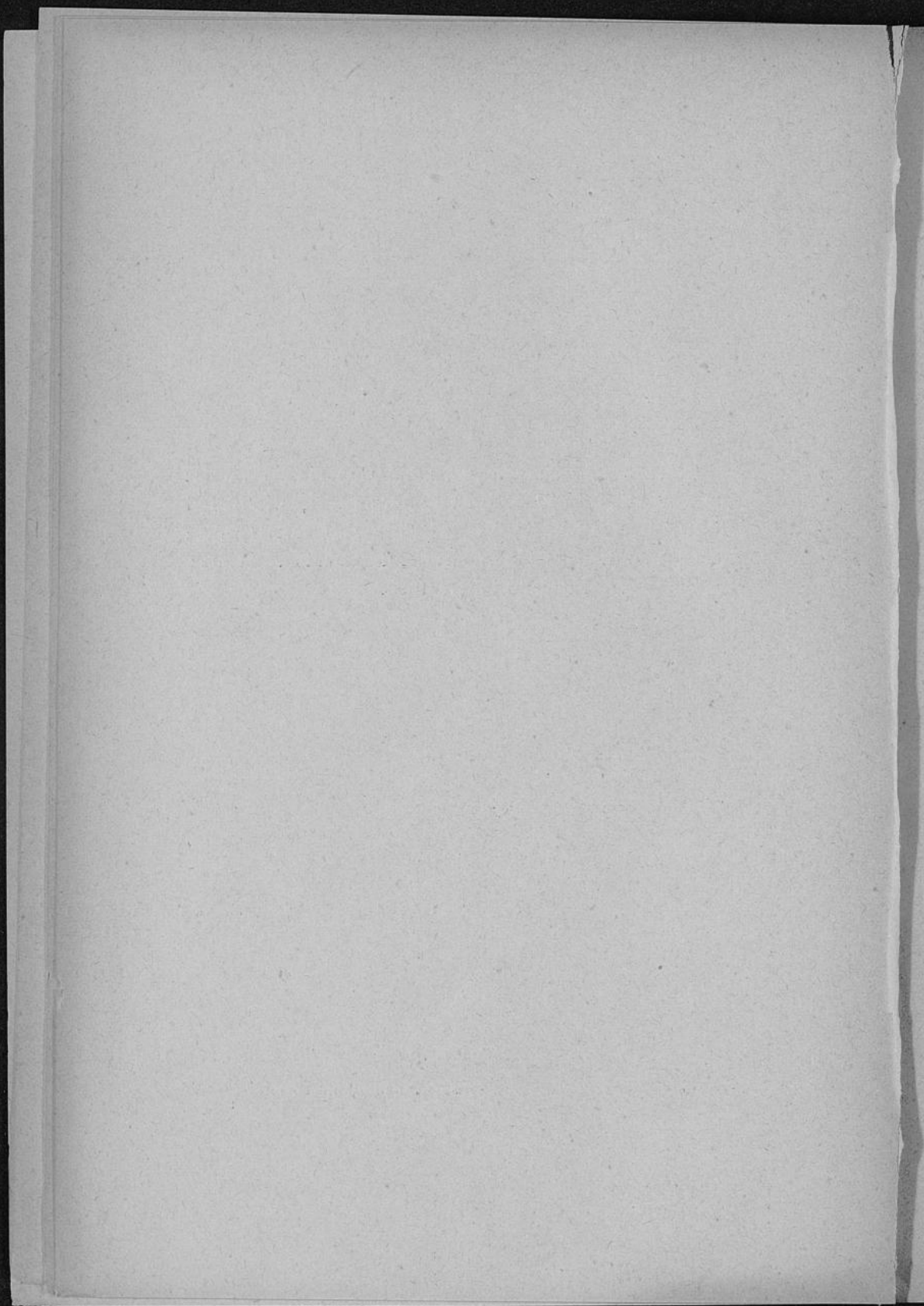
(Ausgabe v. 1595: Pompey the Great, his faire Corneliaes Tragedie:
Effectted by her Father and Husbandes downe-cast, death and
fortune. Written in French, by that excellent Poet Ro: Garnier;
and translated into English by Thomas Kid. London. Printed
for Nicholas Ling. 1595.)



At London.

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1594.



To the vertuously Noble, and rightly honoured Lady,
the Countesse of Sussex.

Having no leysure (most noble Lady) but such as euermore is
traueled with th' afflictions of the minde, then which the world affords
no greater misery, it may bee wondred at by some, how I durst under-
take a matter of this moment: which both requireth cunning, rest and
oportunity; but chiefly, that I would attempt the dedication of so
rough[,] unpollished a worke to the survey of your so worthy selfe.

But beeing well instructed in your noble and heroick dispositions,
and perfectly assur'd of your honourable fauours past (though neyther
making needles glozes of the one, nor spoyling paper with the others
Pharisaical embroderie,) I haue presun'd upon your true conceit and
entertainment of these small endeouours, that thus I purposed to make
known, my memory of you and them to be immortall.

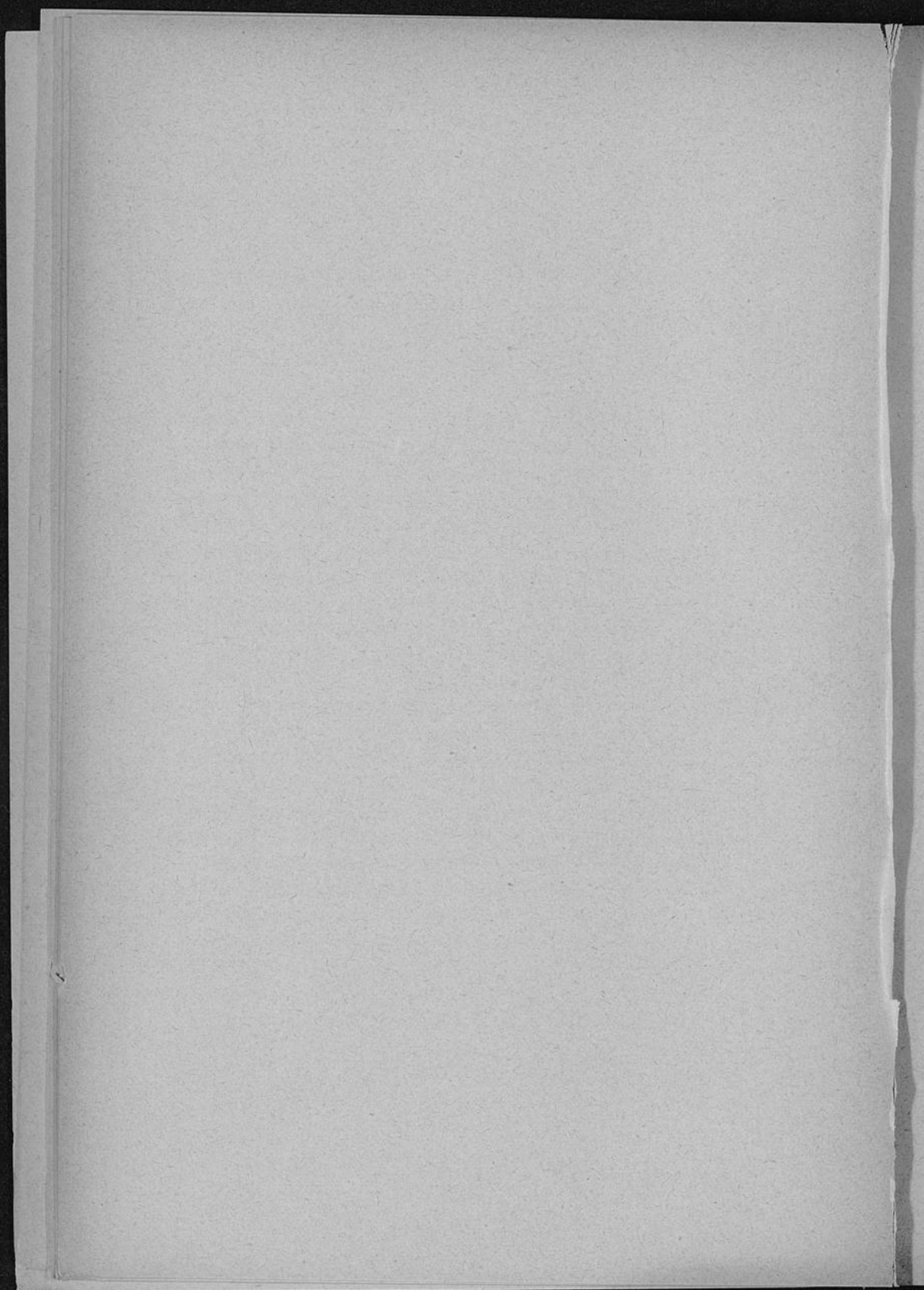
A fitter present for a Patronesse so well accomplished, I could not
finde, then this faire president of honour, magnanimitie, and loue. Wherein,
what grace that excellent Garnier hath lost by my defaulte, I shall
beseech your Honour to repaire with the regarde of those so bitter
times and priuie broken passions that I endured in the writing it.

And so vouchsafing but the passing of a Winters weeke with
desolate Cornelia, I will assure your Ladiship my next Sommers better
trauell with the Tragedy. of Portia. And ever spend one howre of
the day in some kind service to your Honour, and another of the night
in wishing you all happines. Perpetually thus devoting my poore selfe

Yours Honors in

all humblenes

T. K.



The Argument.

Cornelia, the Daughter of Metellus Scipio, a young Romaine Lady (as much accomplisht with the graces of the bodie, and the vertues of the minde as euer any was,) was first married to young Crassus, who died with his Father in the disconfiture of the Romains against the Parthians; Afterward she tooke to second husbande Pompey the great, who (three yeeres after)[.] upon the first fiers of the civill warres betwixt him and Caesar, sent her fro thence to Mitilen, there to attende the incertaine successe of those affaires. And when he sawe that hee was vanquisht at Pharsalia, returnd to find her out, and carrie her with him into Egipt, where his purpose was to have reenforc'd a newe Armie, and give a second assault to Caesar.

In this voyage, hee was mured by Achilles and Septimius the Romaine before her eyes, and in the presence of his young Sonne Sextus, and some other Senators his friends. After which, shee retyred herselfe to Rome. But Scipio her Father (beeing made Generall of those that survived after the battaile) assembled new forces, and occupied the greater part of Afrique, allying himselfe to Juba, King of Numidia. Against all whom Caesar (after he had ordred the affayres of Egipt and the state of Rome) in the end of Winter marched. And there (after many light encounters) was a fierce and furious battaile giuen amongst them, neere the walls of Tapsus. Where Scipio seeing himselfe subdued and his Armie scattered, he betooke himselfe with some small troope to certaine shippes which he had caused to stay for him. Thence he sailed towarde Spayne, where Pompeys Faction commaunded, and where a suddaine tempest tooke him on the Sea, that draue him backe to Hippon, a Towne in Affrique at the devotion of Caesar, where (lying at anchor) he was assailed, beaten and assaulted by the adverse Fleete; And for hee woulde not fall alive into the hands of his so

mightie Enemie, hee stabd himselfe, and suddainly leapt over boord into the Sea, and there dyed.

Caesar (having finished these warres, and quietly reduc'd the Townes and places there-about to his obedience) return'd to Rome in tryumph for his victories; Where this most faire and miserable Ladie, having over-mourn'd¹⁾ the death of her deere husband and understanding of these crosse events and haples newes of Affrique, together with the pitteous manner of her Fathers ende, shee tooke (as shee had cause) occasion to redouble both her teares and lamentations: wherewith she closeth the Catastrophe of this theyr Tragedie.

1) mour'd.

Interlocutores.

M. Cicero.

Phillip.

Deci. Brutus.

M. Anthony.

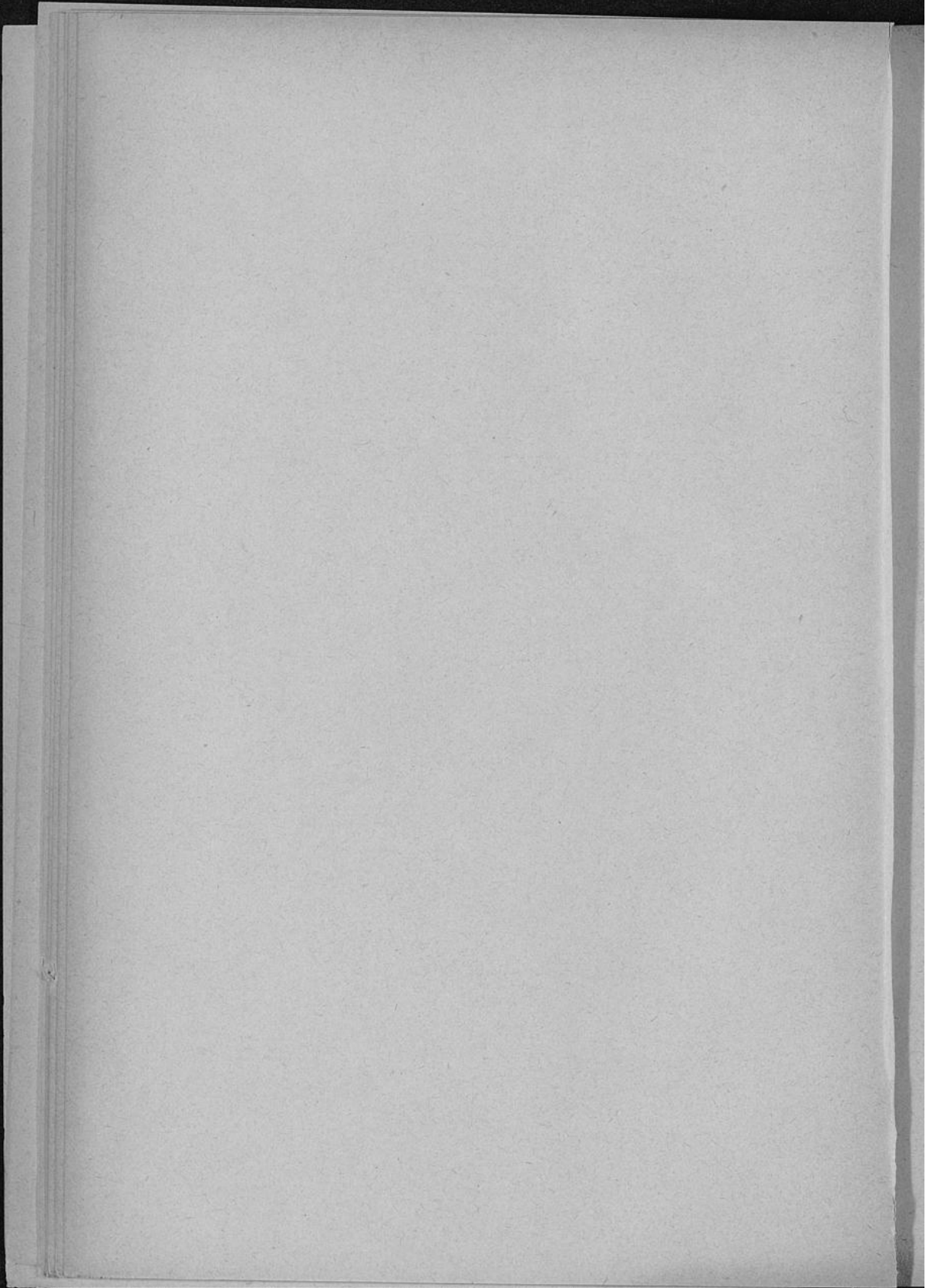
Cornelia.

C. Cassius.

Julius Caesar.

The Messenger.

Chorus.



Cornelia.

Actus primus.

Cicero.

- 1 Vouchsafe Immortals, and (above the rest)
Great Jupiter, our Citties sole Protector,
That if (prouok'd against us by our evils,)
You needs wil plague us with your ceasles wroth,
5 At least to chuse those forth that are in fault,
And save the rest in these tempestious broiles ¹⁾:
Els let the mischiefe that should them befall,
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath such sacrafice appeas'd your ires,
10 And oft yee have your heavie hands with-held
From this poore people, when (with one mans losse,)
Your pittie hath preserv'd the rest untucht:
But we disloiall to our owne defence,
Faint-harted do those liberties enthrall,
15 Which ((to preserve [(j)unto our after good)
Our fathers hazarded their derest blood.
Yet Brutus Manlius, hardie Scevola,
And stout Camillus, are returnd fro Stix,
Desiring Armes to ayde our Capitoll ²⁾.
20 Yea, come they are, and fiery as before,
Under a Tyrant see our bastard harts

1) G. Et le reste sauvant, les broyez de tempestes.

2) G. Reuienne encore Brute et le hardi Sceuole
Camille et Manle armez pour nostre Capitole;
Reuiennent.....

- Lye idely sighing, while our shamefull soules
 Endure a million of base controls.
 Poysoned Ambition (rooted in high mindes)[,]
- 25 T'is thou that train'st us into all these errors:
 Thy mortall covetize perverts our lawes,
 And teares our freedom from our franchiz'd harts.
 Our fathers found thee at their former walls;
 And humbled to theyr of-spring left thee dying.
- 30 Yet thou[,] reviving ¹⁾, soyl'dst ²⁾ our Infant Towne,
 With guiltles blood by brothers hands out-lanched.[,]
 And hongst (O Hell) upon a Forte[,] halfe finisht,
 Thy monstrous murder for a thing to marke.
 "But faith continues not where men command[,]
- 35 "Equals are ever bandying for the best:
 "A state devided cannot firmly stand.
 "Two kings within one realme could never rest.
 Thys day[,] we see, the father and the sonne(.)
 Have fought like foes Pharsalias miserie;
- 40 And with their blood made marsh the parched plaines,
 While th' earth that gron'd to beare theyr carkasses,
 Bewail'd th' insatiate humors of them both,
 That as much blood in wilfull follie spent,
 As were to tame the world sufficient.
- 45 Now Parthia feare no more, for Crassus death
 That we will come thy borders to besiege:
 Nor feare the darts of our couragious troopes.
 For those brave souldiers that were (sometime) wont
 To terrifie thee with their names, are dead[,]
- 50 And civill furie, fiercer then thine hosts,
 Hath in a manner this great Towne oreturn'd,
 That whilom was the terror of the world(.) [,]
 Of whom so many Nations stood in feare,
 To whom so many Nations prostrate stoopt,

1) Der Sinn dieser Stelle ist undeutlich, da Kyd mourant auf conuoitise statt auf peres bezogen hat

G. Nos peres t'ont trouuee au pied des premiers murs,
 Et mourant delaissee à leurs nepueux futurs.

Tu souillas nostre ville encor toute nouvelle
 2) foyl'dst.

- 55 Ore whom (save heaven) nought could signorize,
 And whom (save heaven) nothing could afright(.) [.]
 Impregnable, immortall, and whose power(,)
 Could never have beene curb'd, but by it selfe.
 For neither could the flaxen-haird high Dutch,
 60 (A martiall people madding after Armes,)
 Nor yet the fierce and fiery humor'd French,
 The More that travels to the Lybian sands,
 The Greek, Th' Arabian, Macedons or Medes,
 Once dare t'assault it ¹⁾, or attempt to lift
 65 Theyr humbled heads, in presence of proud Rome:
 But[,] by our Lawes from libertie restraynd,
 Like Captives lyv'd eternally enchaind.
 But Rome (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dst
 The former World to thee in vassalage?
 70 What helps thee now t'have tam'd both land and sea?
 What helps it thee that under thy controll,
 The North ²⁾ and Mid-day both by East and West,
 And that the golden Sunne[,] where ere he drive
 His glittering Chariot, findes our Ensignes spred?
 75 Sith it contents not thy posteritie,
 But as a bayte for pride (which spoiles us all,)
 Embarques us in so perilous a way,
 As menaceth our death, and thy decay.
 For Rome thou now resemblest a ship,
 80 At random wandring in a boistrous Sea,
 When foming billowes feele the Northern blasts:
 Thou toyl'st in perrill, and the windie storme[;]
 Doth topside-turveye tosse thee as thou flotest.
 Thy Mast is shyver'd, and thy maine-saile torne;
 85 Thy sides sore beaten, and thy hatches broke.
 Thou want'st thy tackling, and a Ship unrig'd
 Can make no shift to combat with the Sea.
 See how the Rocks do heave their heads at thee,
 Which if thou shouldst but touch, thou straight becomst
 90 A spoyle to Neptune, and a sportfull praie

1) G. N'ont peu iamais domter.

2) Morne. Garnier: Aquilon.

- To th' Glauc's and Trytons, pleasd with thy decay.
 Thou vaunt'st not ¹⁾ of thine Auncestors in vaine,
 But vainely count'st thine owne victorious deeds.
 What helpeth us the things that they did then,
 95 Now we are hated both of Gods and men?
 "Hatred accompanies prosperitie[,]
 "For one man grieveth at anothers good,
 "And so much more we thinke our miserie,
 "The more that Fortune hath with others stood:
 100 "So that we sild are seene[,] as wisdom would,
 "To brydle time with reason as we should.
 "For we are proude[,] when Fortune fauours us,
 "As if inconstant Chaunce were alwaies one,
 "Or[,] standing now, she would continue thus.
 105 "O fooles[,] looke back and see the roling stone,
 "Whereon she blindly lighting sets her foote,
 "And slightly sowes that sildom taketh roote ²⁾.
 Heaven heretofore (enclinde to do us good)
 Did favour us(,) with conquering our foes,
 110 When iealous Italie (exasperate(,))
 With our up-rising) sought our Citties fall.
 But we, soone tickled with such flattring hopes,
 Wag'd further warre with an insatiate hart,
 And tyerd our neighbour Countries so with charge,
 115 As with their losse(,) we did our bounds enlarge.
 Carthage and Sicily we have subdude,
 And almost yoked all the world beside:
 And soly through desire of publique rule,
 Rome and the earth are waxen all as one:
 120 Yet now we live despoild and robd by one(,;)
 Of th' ancient freedom wherein we were borne.
 And even that yoke that wont to tame all others,
 Is heavily return'd upon our selves.
 A note of Chaunce that may the proude controle,

1) G. Tu te vantes en vain.

2) G. Comme s'elle deuoit nous estre tousiours une,
 Tousiours ferme et durable, et qu'elle n'eust les piez,
 Comme elle a, sur le haut d'une boule pliez.

- 125 And shew Gods wrath against a cruell soule.
 "For heaven delights not in us, when we doe
 "That to another, which our selves dysdaine:
 "Iudge others[,] as thou wouldst be iudg'd againe,
 "And do but as thou wouldst be done unto.
- 130 "For[,] sooth to say[,] (in reason) we deserve
 "To have the selfe-same measure that we serve.
 What right had our ambitious auncestors,
 (Ignobly issued from the Carte and Plough,)
 To enter Asia? What, were they the heires
- 135 To Persia or the Medes, first Monarchies?
 What interest had they to Afferique?
 To Gaule or Spaine? Or what did Neptune owe us
 Within the bounds of further Brittanie?
 Are we not thieues and robbers of those Realmes
- 140 That ought us nothing [but revenge for wrongs]¹⁾
 What toucheth us the treasure or the hopes,
 The lyves or lyberties of all those Nations,
 Whom we by force have held in servitude?
 Whose mournfull cryes and shreekes to heaven ascend,
- 145 Importuning both vengeance and defence
 Against this Citty, ritch of violence.
 "'Tis not enough (alas) our power t'extend,
 "Or over-runne the world from East to West,
 "Or that our hands the Earth can comprehend,
- 150 "Or that we proudly doe, what lyke us best²⁾.
 "He lyves more quietly whose rest is made³⁾,
 "And can with reason chasten his desire,
 "Then he that blindly toyleth for a shade,
 "And is with others Empyre set on fire⁴⁾.
- 155 "Our blysse consists not in possessions,
 "But in commaunding our affections[,]

1) Von Kyd hinzugefügt.

2) G. Tenir toute la terre à nostre main sugette
 Et voir sous mesme ioug l'Ethiope et le Gete.

3) G. Celuy commande plus, qui vit du sien contant.

4) Qui bourreau de soy mesme apres l'or ne soupire,
 Qui ne conuoite point un outrageux Empire.

"In vertues choyse, and uices needfull chace
 "Farre from our harts, for stayning of our face.

C H O R U S.

Upon thy backe (where miserie doth sit)
 160 O Rome, the heavens with their wrathful hand,
 Revenge the crymes thy fathers did commit.
 But if (their further furie to withstand,
 Which ore thy walls thy wrack sets menacing)
 Thou dost not seeke to calme heavens ireful king,
 165 A further plague will pester all the land.

"The wrath of heaven (though urg'd), we see[,] is slow
 "In punishing the evils we have done:
 "For what the Father hath deserv'd, we know[,]
 "Is spar'd in him, and punisht in the sonne.
 170 "But to forgive the apter that they be,
 "They are thé more displeas'd[,] when they see
 "That we continue our offence begunne.

"Then from her lothsome Cave doth Plague repaire
 "That breaths her heavie poisons downe to hell:
 175 "Which with their noisome fall corrupt the ayre ¹⁾,
 "Or maigre famin, which the weake foretell ²⁾,
 "Or bloody warre, (of other woes the worst,)
 "Which[,] where it lights[,] doth show the Land accurst,
 And nere did good[,] where ever it befell.
 180 Warre[,] that hath sought Th' Ausonian fame to reare[,]
 In warlike Emony ³⁾, (now growne so great
 With Souldiers bodies that were buried there),

1) Sinn unklar. G. Lors ils tirent de sa cauerne
 La noire Peste, pour soufler
 Un venin puisé dans l'Auerne.

2) Sinn unklar. G. Ou la Famine chagrineuse
 Aux membres faibles de maigreur.

3) Kyd hat hier wohl die Stelle in Garnier nicht verstanden:
 La guerre, par qui l'Ausonie
 A tant engressé de guerets
 En la belliqueuse Emonie
 Grosse de soldats enterrez.

Which yet to sack us toyles in bloody sweat:
 T'enlarge the bounds of conquering Thessalie
 185 Through murder, discord, wrath, and enmitie,
 Even to the peacefull Indians pearled seate ¹⁾.

Whose entrails fyerd with rancor, wrath and rage
 The former petty combats did displace,
 And Campe to Campe did endlesse batailles wage:
 190 Which on the Mountaine tops of warlike Thrace(,
 Made thundring Mars (Dissentions common friend,)
 Amongst the forward Souldiers first descend,
 Arm'd with his blood-besmear'd keene Coutelace ²⁾.

Who first attempted to excite to Armes
 195 The troopes enraged with the Trumpets sound,
 Head-long to runne and reck no after harmes,
 Where in the flowred Meades dead men were found,
 Falling as thick (through warlike crueltie)
 As eares of Corne for want of husbandry,
 200 That (wastfull) shed their graine upon the ground ³⁾.

O warre ⁴⁾, if thou were subiect but to death,
 And by desert mightst ⁵⁾ fall to Phlegiton,
 The torment that Ixion suffereth,
 Or his whose soule the Vulter seazeth on,
 205 Were all too little to reward thy wrath:
 Nor all the plagues, that fierie Pluto hath
 The most outragious sinners layd upon.

1) Wie vorher. G. Qui (La guerre) pour nous saccager encore
 Va pousser des Thessales champs
 Le meurtre et les dicords mechans,
 Jusques dans la campagne More

2) Die ganze Strophe gibt keinen Sinn in Folge falscher Uebersetzung.
 G.: De celuy brusloyent les entrailles
 D'ire, de rage et de rancoeur,
 Qui fist des premieres batailles
 Herisser un camp belliqueur:
 Qui sur les montagnes de Thrace . . .

3) Sinn? G. Comme quand les bleds moissonnez
 Tombent en iauelles barbues.

4) G. A celuy in Beziehung auf den, der den Krieg erfunden hat.
 5) mighst.

- Accursed Catives, wretches that wee are,
 Perceive we not that for the fatall dombe,
 210 The Fates make hast enough(:)[?] but we (by warre)
 Must seeke in Hell to have a haples roome[!]
 Or fast enough doe foolish men not die,
 But they (by murther of themselves) must hie,
 Hopeles to hide them in a haples tombe(?) [!]
- 215 All sad and desolate our Citty lyes,
 And for faire Corne-ground are our fields surcloid
 With worthles Gorse, that yerely fruitles dyes;
 And choakes ¹⁾ the good which els we had enioy'd.
 Death dwels within us, and if gentle Peace
- 220 Discend not soone, our sorrowes to surcease,
 Latium (alreadie quaild) will be destroyd.

Actus secundus.

Cornelia. Cicero.

- And wil ye needs bedew my dead-grown ioyes,
 And nourish sorrow with eternall teares?
 O eyes, and will yee (cause I cannot dry
 225 Your ceaselesse springs) not suffer me to die?
 Then make the blood fro forth my branch-like vaines,
 Lyke weeping Rivers[,] trickle by your vaults;
 And sponge my bodies heate of moisture so,
 As my displeased soule may shunne my hart.
- 230 Heavens[,] let me dye, and let the Destinies(.)
 Admit me passage to th' infernall Lake;
 That my poore ghost(.) may rest where powerfull fate(.)
 In Deaths sad kingdom hath my husband lodg'd.
 Fayne would I die, but darksome ugly Death(.)
- 235 With-holds his darte, and in disdaine doth fly me,
 Malitiously knowing that hels horror(.)
 Is mylder then mine endles discontent,
 And that, if Death upon my life should seaze,

1) choake.

- The payne supposed would procure mine ease,
 240 But yee, sad Powers, that rule the silent deepes(,)

Of dead-sad Night, where sinnes doe maske unseene:¹⁾

You that amongst the darksome mansions

Of pyning ghosts, twixt sighes, and sobs, and teares,

Do exercise your mirthlesse Empory.
- 245 Yee gods (at whose arbitrament all stand)

Dislodge my soule, and keepe it with your selves,

For J am more then halfe your prysoner.

My noble husbands (more then noble soules)

Already wander under your commaunds,
- 250 O then shall wretched I, that am but one,

(Yet once both theys) survive[,] now they are gone?

Alas thou shouldst, thou shouldst[,] Cornelia,

Have broke the sacred thred that tyde thee heere,

When as thy husband Crassus (in his flowre)

255 Did first beare Armes²⁾, and bare away my love,

And not (as thou hast done) goe break the bands,

By calling Hymen once more back againe.

Lesse haples, and more worthily thou might'st(,)

Have made thine auncesters and thee renound:
- 260 If (like a royall Dame)[,] with faith fast kept,

Thou with thy former husbands death hadst slept.

But partiall Fortune, and the powerful Fates,

That at their pleasures wield our purposes,

Bewicht my life, and did beguile my love.
- 265 Pompey, the fame that ranne of thy frayle honors,

Made me thy wife, thy love, and (like a thiefe)

From my first husband stole my faithles grieve.

But if (as some believe)³⁾ in heaven or hell(,)

Be heavenly powers, or infernall spirits,
- 270 That care to be aveng'd of Lovers othes,

Oathes made in marriage(,) and after broke,

Those powers, those spirits (mov'd with my light faith)

1) Sinn? G. où les trespassez vont
 trépasser = mourir tresspass = to sin.

2) Sinn? G. emporté de Bellonne.

3) G. (comme certe il faut croire
 Qu'il y en a là haut, et sous la voûte noire).

- Are now displeas'd with Pompey and my selfe,
 And doe with civill discord (furthering it)
- 275 Untye the bands, that sacred Hymen knyt.
 Els onely I(,) am cause of both theyr wraths,
 And of the sinne that ceeleth up thine eyes¹).
 Thyne eyes²) (O deplorable Pompey)[,] I am shee,
 I am that plague, that sacks thy house and thee.
- 280 For t'is not heaven, nor Crassus (cause hee sees
 That I am thine) in iealositie pursues us.
 No, t'is a secrete crosse, an unknowne thing,
 That I receiv'd(,) from heaven at my birth,
 That I should heape misfortunes on theyr head,
- 285 Whom once I had receiv'd in marriage bed,
 Then yee[,] the noble Romulists that rest,
 Hence-forth forbear to seeke my murdring love,
 And let theyr double losse that held me deere,
 Byd you beware for feare you be beguild.
- 290 Ye may be ritche and great in Fortunes grace,
 And all your hopes with hap may be effected,
 But if yee once be wedded to my love:
 Clowdes of adversitie will cover you.
 So (pestilently) fraught with change of plagues(,)
- 295 Is mine infected bosome from my youth[,]
 Like poyson that (once lighting in the body)
 No sooner tutcheth then it taints the blood:
 One while the hart, another while the liver,
 (According to th'encountring passages)
- 300 Nor spareth it what purely feeds the hart,
 More then the most infected filthiest part.
 Pompey what holpe it thee, (say[,] deerest life,)
 Tell mee what holpe thy warlike valiant minde
 T'encounter with the least of my mishaps?
- 305 What holpe it thee that under thy commaund
 Thou saw'st the trembling earth with horror mazed?

1) G. Et du trespas cruel qui te sille les yeux.

trespas wieder nicht = sin sondern = death.

Auch siller wurde von Kyd nicht verstanden = aushöhlen.

2) Diese Wiederholung ist wohl zu streichen, da sie den Vers sechsfüssig machen würde.

- Or, where the sunne forsakes the ¹⁾ Ocean sea,
 Or watereth his Coursers in the West,
 T'have made thy name be farre more fam'd and feard,
 310 Then Summers thunder to the silly Heard? ²⁾
 What holpe it, that thou saw'st[,] when thou wert young,
 Thy Helmet deckt with coronets of Bayes?
 So many enemies in battaile ranged
 Beate backe, like flyes before a storme of hayle? ³⁾
 315 T'have lookt a-skance ⁴⁾ and see so many Kings
 To lay their Crownes and Scepters at thy feete?
 T'embrace thy knees, and humbled by theyr fate
 T'attend thy mercy in this morneful state?
 Alas[,] and here-withall, what holpe it thee,
 320 That even in all the corners of the earth,
 Thy wandring glory(,) was so greatly knowne?
 And that Rome saw thee, while thou tryumph'dst thrice
 O're three parts of the world that thou hadst yok'd?
 That Neptune[,] weltring on the windie playnes,
 325 Escapt not free fro thy victorious hands?
 Since thy hard hap, since thy fierce destinie,
 (Envious of all thine honors) gave thee mee.
 By whom the former course of thy faire deeds(,)
 Might (with a byting brydle) bee restraind;
 330 By whom the glorie of thy conquests got(,)
 Might die disgrac'd with mine unhappines?
 O haples wife, thus ominous to all,
 Worse then Megera, worse then any plague[!]
 What foule infernall, or what stranger hell,
 335 Hence-forth wilt thou inhabite, where thy hap(,)
 None others hopes(,) with mischief may entrap?

C i c e r o.

What end (O race of Scipio) will the Fates
 Afford your teares? Will that day never come

1) th'

2) plus redouté

Que ne sont des paisans les tonnerres d'Esté?

3) . . . , comme espies de gresle saccagez:

4) Sinn? D'auoir veu les yeux bas tant de grands Rois barbares
 [les yeux bas von Kyd wohl falschlich auf Pompée bezogen].

That your desastrous griefes shall turne to ioy,
 340 And we have time to burie our annoy?

C o r n e l i a.

Ne're shall I see that day, for Heaven and Time
 Have faild in power to calme my passion.
 Nor can they (should they pittie my complaints)
 Once ease my life, but with the pangs of death.

C i c e r o.

345 "The wide worlds accidents are apt to change
 "And tickle Fortune staies not in a place,
 "But (like the Clowdes) continuallie doth range,
 "Or like the Sunne that hath the Night in chace.
 "Then, as the Heavens (by whom our hopes are guided)
 350 "Doe coast the Earth with an eternall course,
 "We must not thinke a miserie betided
 "Will never cease, but still grow worse and worse.
 "When Isie Winter's past, then comes the spring,
 "Whom Sommers pride (with sultrie heate) pursues,
 355 "To whom mylde Autumne doth earths treasure bring,
 "The sweetest season that the wise can chuse.¹⁾
 "Heavens influence was nere so constant yet,
 "In good or bad as to continue it.
 When I was young, I saw against poore Sylla
 360 Proud Cynna, Marius, and Carbo flesh'd
 So long, till they gan tiranize the Towne,
 And spilt such store of blood in every street,
 As there were none but dead-men to be seene.
 Within a while, I saw how Fortune plaid,
 365 And wound those Tyrants underneath her wheele,
 Who lost their lives(,) and power at once by one,
 That (to revenge himselfe) did (with his blade)
 Commit more murther then Rome²⁾ ever made.
 Yet Sylla, shaking tyrannie aside,

1) G. Apres l'Hyuer glacé le beau Printemps fleuronne
 L'Esté chaud vient apres, apres l'Esté l'Automme.

2) G. qu'aucun se. d'eux (Cynna, Marius, Carbo).

- 370 Return'd due honors to our Common-wealth,
Which peaceably retain'd her auncient state,
Growne great without the strife of Cittizens,
Till thys ambitious Tyrants time, that toyld
To stoope the world(,) and Rome to his desires.
- 375 But flattrng Chaunce that trayn'd his first designes[,]
May change her lookes, and give the Tyrant over,
Leaving ¹⁾ our Cittie, where so long agoe(,)
Heavens did theyr favors lavishly bestow.

C o r n e l i a.

- T'is true, the Heavens (at least-wise if they please)
380 May give poore Rome her former libertie.
But (though they would) I know they cannot give
A second life to Pompey, that is slaine,

C i c e r o.

- Mourne not for Pompey, Pompey could not die
A better death, then for his Countries weale.
- 385 For oft he search't amongst the fierce allarms,
But (wishing) could not find so faire an end,
Till, fraught with yeeres(,) and honor both at once,
Hee gave his bodie (as a Barricade)
For Romes defence, by Tyrants over-laide.
- 390 Bravely he died, and (haplie) takes it ill²⁾,
That (envious) we repine at heavens will.

C o r n e l i a.

- Alas, my sorrow would be so much lesse,
If he had died (his fauchin in his fist)
Had hee amidst huge troopes of Armed men
395 Beene wounded(,) by another any waie,
It would have calmed many of my sighes.
For why, t'have seene his noble Roman blood
Mixt with his enemies, had done him good.
But hee is dead, (O heavens) not dead in fight,

1) G. Delirant (leaving gibt keinen Sinn).

2) G. Il est mort bien-heureux, et pense qu'à grand tort, (pense Imperativ).

- 400 With pike in hand upon a Forte besieg'd,
 Defending of a breach, but basely slaine:
 Slaine trayterouslie, without assault in warre.
 Yea, slaine he is, and bitter chaunce decreed
 To have me there, to see this bloody deed.
- 405 I saw him, I was there, and in mine armes
 He almost felt the poygnard when he fell.
 Whereat(,) my blood stopt in my stragling vaines,
 Mine haire grew bristled, like a thornie grove:
 My voyce lay hid, halfe dead, within my throate.
- 410 My frightfull hart (stund in my stone-cold breast)
 Faintlie redoubled ev'ry feeble stroke.
 My spirite (chained with impatient rage)
 Did raving strive to breake the prison ope,
 (Enlarg'd) to drowne the payne it did abide,
- 415 In solitary Lethes sleepe tyde.
 Thrice (to absent me from thys hatefull light,)
 I would have plung'd ¹⁾ my body in the Sea.
 And thrice detaind(,) with dolefull shrieks and cryes,
 (With armes to heaven uprear'd) ²⁾ I gan exclaine
- 420 And bellow forth against the Gods themselves(,)
 A bedroll of outragious blasphemies.
 Till (griefe to heare, and hell for me to speake,)
 My woes waxt stronger, and my selfe grew weake ³⁾.
 Thus day and night I toyle in discontent,
- 425 And sleeping wake, when sleepe it selfe that rydes
 Upon the mysts ⁴⁾, scarce moysteneth mine eyes.
 Sorrow consumes mee, and in steed of rest,
 With folded armes I sadly sitte and weepe.
 And if I winck, it is for feare to see(,)
- 430 The fearefull dreames effects that trouble mee.
 O heavens, what shall I doe? alas[,] must I,
 Must I my selfe(,) be murderer of my selfe?

1) plund'd. 2) uprea'd.

3) G. Depuis, ô Ciceron, mon corps s'est affoibly,
 Mais non pas ma douleur, qui ne sent point d'oubly.

4) Sinn?, et le somme qui rampe,
 De son pauot mouillé mes paupieres ne trempe.

Must I my selfe be forc'd to ope the way
Whereat my soule in wounds may sally forth?

Cicero.

435 Madam, you must not thus transpose your selfe,
Wee see your sorrow, but who sorrowes not?
The grieffe is common. And I muse, besides
The servitude that causeth all our cares,
Besides the basenes wherein we are yoked,
440 Besides the losse of good men dead and gone,
What one he is that in this broile hath bin,
And mourneth not for some man of his kin?

Cornelia.

If all the world were in the like distresse,
My sorrow yet would never seeme the lesse.

Cicero.

445 "O, but men beare mis-fortunes with more ease,
"The more indifferently that they fall,
"And nothing more (in uprores) men can please,
"Then when they see their woes not worst of all.

Cornelia.

"Our friendes mis-fortune doth increase our owne.

Cicero.

450 "But ours of others will not be acknowne¹⁾.

Cornelia.

"Yet one mans sorrow will another tutch.

Cicero.

"I, when himselfe will entertaine noue such.

Cornelia.

"Anothers teares(,) draw teares fro forth our eyes.

1) G. Nostre propre malheur ne prend souci d'un autre.

Cicero.

"And choyce of streames the greatest River dryes ¹⁾.

Cornelia.

455 When sand within a Whirle-poole lyes unwet,
My teares shall dry, and I my grieffe forget ²⁾.

Cicero.

What boote your teares, or what availes your sorrow
Against th' inevitable dart of Death?
Thinke you to move with lamentable plaints
460 Persiphone(,) or Plutos gastlie spirits,
To make him live that's locked in his tombe,
And wandreth in the Center of the earth?
"No, no, Cornelia, Caron takes not paine(,)
"To ferry those that must be fetcht againe.

Cornelia.

465 Proserpina indeed neglects my plaints,
And hell it selfe is deafe to my laments;
Unprofitably should I waste my teares,
If over Pompey I should weepe to death,
With hope to have him be reviv'd by them.
470 Weeping availes not, therefore doe I weepe:
Great losses(,) greatly are to be deplor'd ³⁾,
The losse is great that cannot be restor'd.

Cicero.

"Nought is immortall underneath the Sunne,
"All things are subiect to Deaths tyranny:
475 "Both Clownes and Kings one self-same course must run,
And what-soever lives, is sure to die.
Then wherefore mourne you for your husbands death,
Sith[,] being a man, he was ordain'd to die?

1) G. Nos pleurs parmi les pleurs communément tarissent.

2) Sinn? Les miennes tariront, quand cendre en un **cercueil**

Je ne sentiray plus ny tristesse ny dueil (d. h. wenn sie be-

3) deplor'd.

[graben sein wird).

- Sith loves owne sonnes, retaining humane shape,
 480 No more then wretched we their death could scape.
 Brave Scipio, your famous auncestor,
 That Romes high worth to Affrique did extend,
 And those two Scipios (that in person fought,)
 Before the fearefull Carthagenian walls)
 485 Both brothers, and both warrs fierce lightning fiers[,]
 Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth)
 Hath hid them both embowel'd in the earth.
 And those great Citties, whose foundations reacht
 From deepest hell, and with their tops tucht heaven;
 490 Whose loftie Towers(,) (like thorny-pointed speares),
 Whose Temples, Pallaces, and walls embost,
 In power and force, and fiercenes, seem'd to threat ¹⁾
 The tyred world, that trembled with their waight,
 In one daies space (to our eternall mones) ²⁾
 495 Have we not seene them turn'd to heapes of stones?
 Carthage can witnes, and thou[,] heavens handwork[,]
 Faire Ilium, razed by the conquering Greekes,
 Whose auncient beantie, worth and weapons(,) seem'd
 Sufficent to ³⁾ have tam'd the Mermidons.
 500 "But whatsoe're hath been begun, must end.
 "Death (haply that our willingnes doth see) ⁴⁾
 "With brandisht dart(,) doth make the passage free;
 "And timeles doth our soules to Pluto send.

Cornelia.

- Would Death had steept his dart ⁵⁾ in Lernas blood,
 505 That I were drown'd in the Tartarean deepes.
 I am an offering fit for Acheron
 A match more equall never could be made,
 Then I(,) and Pompey(,) in th' Elisian shade.

1) Subjekt zu threat ist hier loftie Towers, Temples, Sinn?
 G. Dont la fierté, la force, et le pouuoir sembloit
 Menacer l'Uniuers qui sous elle trembloit
 (Beziehungswort zu dont ist ces grandes citez).
 2) Von Kyd hinzugefügt. Sinn?
 3) t.
 4) Sinn? Possible que la mort nous mire en deuisant.
 5) date.

Cicero.

"Death's alwaies ready ¹⁾, and our time is knowne
510 "To be at heavens dispose, and not our owne.

Cornelia.

Can wee be over-hastie to good hap?

Cicero.

What good expect wee in a fiery gap ²⁾?

Cornelia.

To scape the feares that followes ³⁾ Fortunes glaunces.

Cicero.

"A noble minde doth never feare mischaunces.

Cornelia.

515 "A noble minde disdaineth servitude.

Cicero.

"Can bondage true nobility exclude?

Cornelia.

How[,] if I doe(,) or suffer that I would not?

Cicero.

"True noblesse never doth the thing it should not.

Cornelia.

Then must I dye. Cicero. Yet dying thinke this ⁴⁾ stil:
520 "No feare of death should force us to doe ill.

Cornelia.

If death be such, why is your feare so rife?

1) G. La mort vient assez tost.

2) G. dans une fosse ombreuse.

3) Einzahl nachdem Subjekt feares. Siehe Erlanger Beiträge Heft XV.

4) Sinn der letzten 4 Zeilen? G. Cornélie.

S'il faut souffrir ou faire un acte desplaisant

Ciceron: Si c'est quelque mesfait, soyez-en refusant.

Cornélie: Il vous fera mourir.

Ciceron: La mort n'est tant à craindre.

Cornélie: Qu'elle doive personne à mal-faire contraindre.

Cicero.

My works will shew I never feard my life.

Cornelia.

And yet you will not that (in our distresse)
We aske Deaths ayde to end lifes wretchednes.

Cicero.

- 525 "We neither ought to urge nor aske a thing,
"Wherein we see so much assuraunce lyes ¹).
"But if perhaps some fierce[,] offended King(,)
"(To fright us) sette pale death before our eyes,
"To force us doe that goes against our hart,
530 "T'were more then base in us to dread his dart.
"But when[,] for feare of an ensuing ill,
"We seeke to shorten our appointed race,
"Then t'is for feare that we our selves doe kill,
"So fond we are to feare the worlds disgrace.

Cornelia.

- 535 T'is not for frailtie or faint cowardize,
That men (to shunne mischaunces) seeke for death.
But rather he that seeks it, showes himselfe
Of certaine courage(,) gainst incertaine chaunce.
"He that retyres not at the threats of death,
540 "Is not[,] as are the vulgar, slightly fraied ²).
"For heaven it selfe, nor hels infectious breath,
"The resolute at any time have stayed.
"And (sooth to say) why feare we when we see
"The thing we feare, lesse then the feare to be ³)?
545 Then let me die[,] my libertie to save,
For t'is a death to lyve a Tyrants slave.

1) Sinn? Il ne faut l'appeller ny recourir à elle:
Mais s'elle nous vient prendre et qu'un Roy furieux

2) faied.

3) Sinn? Que peut-il redouter, quand ce qui est la peur,
Quand la mort que l'on craint, lui assure le coeur?

Cicero.

Daughter, beware how you provoke the heavens,
 Which in our bodies (as a tower of strength)
 Have plac'd our soules, and fortetide the same ;
 550 As discreet Princes sette theyr Garrisons(,)
 In strongest places of theyr Provinces.
 "Now, as it is not lawfull for a man,
 "At such a Kings departure or decease¹⁾,
 "To leave the place, and falsefie his faith,
 555 "So[,] in this case, we ought not to surrender
 "That deerer part, till heaven it selfe commaund it.
 "For as they lent us life to doe us pleasure,
 "So looke they for returne of such a treasure²⁾.

Chorus.

"What e're the massie Earth hath fraight,
 560 "Or on her nurse-like backe sustaines,
 "Upon the will of Heaven doth waite,
 "And doth no more then it ordaynes.
 "All fortunes, all felicities,
 "Upon their motion doe depend,
 565 "And from the starres doth still arise(,)
 "Both their beginning and their end.
 "The Monarchies that cover all
 "This earthly round with Maiestie,
 "Have both theyr rising and theyr fall(,)
 570 "From heaven and heavens varietie.
 "Fraile men, or mans more fraile defence,
 "Had never power(,) to practise stayes
 "Of this celestiall influence,
 "That governeth and guides our dayes.
 575 "No clowde but will be over-cast³⁾.
 "And what now florisheth, must fade(.) [.]

1) decease, da Kyd das frzs. Wort desceu falsch aufgefasst hat:
 Or comme il n'est loisible au descen de son Roy
 Abandonner la place

2) Sinn? G. On l'iroit offensant (le d. h. Dieu) luy qui veut bien qu'ainsi
 Qu'il nous preste la vie, il la retire aussi.

3) G. Rien de durable ne sejourne.

"And that that fades, revive at last,
 "To florish as it first was made.
 "The formes of things doe never die,
 580 "because the matter that remaines,
 "Reformes another thing thereby,
 "That still the former shape retaines.
 The roundnes of two boules cross-cast,
 (so they with equall pace be aim'd)
 585 Showes their beginning by their last,
 which by old nature is new-fram'd ¹⁾.
 So peopled citties that of yore(,)
 were desert fields[,] where none would byde,
 Become, forsaken as before,
 590 yet after are re-edified.
 Perceive we not a petty vaine,
 cut from a spring by chaunce or arte ²⁾,
 Engendreth fountaines, whence againe,
 those fountaines doe to floods convart?
 595 Those floods to waves, those waves to seas,
 that oft exceede their wonted bounds:
 And yet those seas (as heavens please)
 returne to springs by under-grounds.
 Even so our cittie (in her prime(,))
 600 prescribing Princes every thing ³⁾
 Is now subdu'de by conquering Time
 and liveth subiect to a king.

1) Sinn der letzten 4 Zeilen? G. spricht überhaupt von Kugeln, die sich in gleicher Richtung drehen, so dass, was verschwindet, bald wieder zum Vorschein kommt:

La rondeur des boules mouuantes
 Tournoyant d'un egal chemin,
 Couple des natures naissantes
 Le commencement à leur fin.

2) Sinn? G.: Ne voit-on pas comme les veines
 Des rochers dressez en coupeaux
 Enfantent les belles fontaines,
 Et les fontaines

3) Anders bei G.: Rom, das im Anfang unter Königen stand, wird nun wieder von solchen unterjocht werden:

Comme nostre ville maistresse
 Des Princes a senty les loix,
 La suite des temps vainqueresse
 L'assuiettira sous les Rois.

And yet perhaps the sun-bright crowne,
 that now the Tyrans head doth deck,
 605 May turne to Rome with true renoune,
 If fortune chaunce but once to check¹).
 The stately walls that once were rear'd,
 And by a shephards hands erect,
 (With haples brothers blood besmear'd)
 610 shall show by whom they were infect.
 And once more uniust Tarquins frowne,
 (with arrogance and rage enflam'd)
 Shall keepe the Romaine valure downe,
 and Rome it selfe a while be tam'd.
 615 And chastest Lucrece once againe,
 (because her name dishonored stood)
 Shall by herselfe be carelesse slaine,
 and make a river of her blood;
 Scorning her soule a seate should bulde
 620 within a body, basely seen(.)[,]
 By shameles rape to be defilde,
 that earst was cleere as heavens Queene.
 But, heavens[,] as tyrannie shall yoke
 our basterd harts(,) with servile thrall;
 625 So grant your plagues (which they provoke)
 may light upon them once for all.
 And let another Brutus rise,
 bravely to fight in Romes defence,
 To free our Towne from tyrannie,
 630 and tyrannous proud insolence.

Actus tertius.

Cornelia. Chorus.

The cheerefull Cock (the sad nights comforter)
 Wayting upon the rying of the Sunne,

1) Hier ist G. wieder falsch aufgefasst: die Krone der ersten Könige wird vielleicht wieder die Stirne eines Königs schmücken:

Et la couronne blondoyante
 Qui ceindoit des Tyrans le chef
 De mille gemmes rayonnante
 Le viendra ceindre de rechef.

- Doth sing to see how Cynthia shrinks her horne,
 While Clitie takes her progresse to the East,
 635 Where[,] wringing wet with drops of silver dew,
 Her wonted teares of love she doth renew.
 The wandring Swallow[,] with her broken song,
 The Country-wench unto her worke awakes;
 While Citherea sighing walks to seeke
 640 Her murdred love trans-form'd into a rose,
 Whom (though she see) to crop she kindly feares;
 But (kissing) sighes, and dewes hym with her teares,
 Sweet teares of love, remembrancers to tyme.
 Tyme past with me that am to teares converted,
 645 Whose mournfull passions(,) dull the mornings ioyes,
 Whose sweeter sleepes(,) are turnd to fearefull dreames(,) [,]
 And whose first fortunes(,) (fild with all distresse)
 Afford no hope of future happinesse¹).
 But what disastrous or hard accident(,)
 650 Hath bath'd your blubbred eyes in bitter teares?
 That thus consort me in my myserie?
 Why doe you beate your brests? why mourne you so?
 Say[,] gentle sisters, tell me, and believe,
 It grieves me that I know not why you grieve.

Chorus.

- 655 O poore Cornelia, have not wee good cause,
 For former wrongs to furnish us with teares?

Cornelia.

O[,] but I feare that Fortune seekes new flaws,
 And stil (unsatisfide) more hatred beares.

Chorus.

- Wherein can Fortune further iniure us,
 660 Now we have lost our conquered libertie,
 Our Common-wealth, our Empyre, and our honors,
 Under thys cruell Tarquins tyrannie?

1) Bis hierher von Kyd hinzugefügt.

Under his outrage now are all our goods ¹⁾,
 Where scattered they runne by Land and Sea
 665 (Lyke exil'd us from fertill Italy)
 To proudest Spayne, or poorest Getulie.

C o r n e l i a.

And will the heavens that have so oft defended
 Our Romaine walls(.) from fury of fierce kings,
 Not (once againe) returne our Senators,
 670 That from ²⁾ the Lybique playnes, and Spanish fields,
 With feareles harts do guard our Romaine hopes?
 Will they not once againe encourage them,
 To fill our ³⁾ fields with blood of enemies.(.)
 And bring from Affrique to our Capitoll,
 675 Upon theyr helmes the Empyre that is stole[?]
 Then[,] home-borne houshold gods, and ye good spirits,
 To whom in doubtfull things we seeke accesse,
 By whom our family(.) hath bene adorn'd,
 And graced with the name of Affrican,
 680 Doe ye vouchsafe that thys victorious title(.)
 Be not expired in Cornelias blood;
 And that my Father now (in th' Affrique wars)
 The selfe-same style by conquest may continue(?).[!]
 But wretched that I am, alas I feare.

C h o r u s.

685 What feare you, Madam?

C o r n e l i a.

That the frowning heavens(.)

Oppose themselves against us in theyr wrath.

C h o r u s.

Our losse (I hope) hath satis-fide theyr ire.

1) G. . . . et presque tous les bons (goods) (in Beziehung auf Personen).
 Sont torabez sous sa rage, ou courent vagabons.

2) Statt from sollte es heissen in: G. aux Libyques plaines

3) Statt our sollte es heissen Spayne's od. Affrique's; dort sollen sie
 siegreich sein und die römische Freiheit zurückbringen.

Cornelia.

O no, our losse lyfts Caesars fortunes hyer.

Chorus.

Fortune is fickle.

Cornelia.

But hath fayld him never.

Chorus.

690 The more unlike she should continue ever.

Cornelia.

My fearefull dreames doe my despairs redouble.

Chorus.

Why suffer you vayne dreames your heade to trouble?

Cornelia.

Who is not troubled with strange visions?

Chorus.

That of our spirit are but illusions.

Cornelia.

695 God graunt these dreames(.) to good effect bee brought.

Chorus.

We dreame by night what we by day have thought.

Cornelia.

The silent Night that long had sojurned,
Now gan to cast her sable mantle off,

700 And now the sleepe Waine-man softly drove(.)
His slow-pac'd Teeme, that long had traveled,

When (like a slumber, if you tearme it so)

A dulnes, that disposeth us to rest,

Gan close the windowes of my watchfull eyes,

Already tyerd and loaden with my teares.

705 And loe (me thought) came glyding by my bed(.)

The ghost of Pompey, with a ghastry looke,

All pale and brawne-falne, not in triumph borne(.)

- Amongst the conquering Romans, we us'de,
 When he (enthroniz'd) at his feete beheld
 710 Great Emperors, fast bound in chaynes of brasse,
 But all amaz'd, with fearefull hollow eyes,
 Hys hayre and beard deform'd with blood and sweat,
 Casting a thyn course lynsel ore hys shoulders,
 That (torne in peeces) trayl'd upon the ground
 715 And (gnashing of his te eth unlockt his iawes,
 (Which slyghtly cover'd with a scarce-seene skyn,)
 Thys solemne tale he sadly did begin.
 Sleep'st thou, Cornelia? sleepst thou[,] gentle wife,
 And seest thy Fathers misery and mine?
 720 Wake[,] deerest sweete, and ore our Sepulchers
 In pitty show thy latest love to us.
 Such hap (as ours) attendeth on my sonnes,
 The selfe-same foe and fortune following them.
 Send Sextus over to some forraine Nation,
 725 Farre from the common hazard of the warrs;
 That (being yet sav'd) he may attempt no more,
 To venge the valure that is tryde before.
 He sayd. And suddainly a trembling horror
 A chyl-cold shyvering (settled in my vaines)
 730 Brake up my slumber; when I opte my lyps
 Three times to cry, but could nor cry, nor speake.
 I mov'd mine head, and flonge abroade mine armes
 To entertaine him, but his airie spirit(,)
 Beguiled mine embrasements, and (unkind)
 735 Left me embracing nothing but the wind.
 O valiant soule, when shall this soule of mine(,)
 Come visite thee in the Elisian shades?
 O deerest life¹⁾, o²⁾ when shall sweetest death(,)
 Dissolve the fatall trouble of my daies,
 740 And blesse me with my Pompeys company?
 But may my father (O extreame mishap)
 And such a number of brave regiments,

1) G. Chere Ame gerichtet an Pompejus.

2) or.

Made of so many expert Souldiours,
 That lov'd our liberty and follow'd him,
 745 Be so discomfited? O would it were
 But an illusion.

C h o r u s. Madam, never feare.
 Nor let a senceles Idol of the nyght,
 Encrease a more then needfull feare in you.

C o r n e l i a.
 My feare proceeds not of an idle dreame,
 750 For t'is a trueth that hath astonisht me.
 I saw great Pompey, and I heard hym speake;
 And[,] thinking to embrace him, opte mine armes,
 When drousy sleep that wak'd mee at unwares,
 Dyd with hys flight unclose my feareful eyes
 755 So suddainly, that yet mee thinks I see him.
 Howbe-it I cannot tuch him, for he slides
 More swiftly from mee then the Ocean glydes.

C h o r u s.
 "These are vaine thoughts, or melancholie showes,
 "That wont to haunt and trace by cloistred tombes:
 760 "Which eath's appeare in sadde and strange disguises
 "To pensive mindes (deceived wyth theyr shadowes)
 "They counterfet the dead in voyce and figure,
 "Devining of our future miseries.
 "For when our soule the body hath disgaged,
 765 "It seeks the common passage of the dead,
 "Downe by the fearefull gates of Acheron,
 "Where[,] when it is by Aeacus adiudg'd,
 "It eyther turneth to the Stygian Lake,
 "Or staies for ever in th' Elisian fields,
 770 "And ne're returneth to the Corse interd
 "To walke by night, or make the wise afeard.
 "None but inevitable conquering Death(,) ¹⁾
 "Descends to hell, with hope to rise againe;
 "For ghosts of men are lockt in fiery gates,

1) Sinn? G. Personne, que la Mort incuitable domte.

775 "Fast-guarded by a fell remorceles Monster.
 "And therefore thinke not it was Pompeys spryte,
 "But some false Daemon that beguild your sight.

Cicero.

Then, O worlds Queene, O towne that didst extend
 Thy conquering armes beyond the Ocean,
 780 And throughtst thy conquests from the Lybian shores
 Downe to the Scithian swift-foote feareles Porters ¹⁾,
 Thou art embas'd; and at this instant yeeld'st
 Thy proud necke to a miserable yoke.
 Rome[,] thou art tam'd, and th'earth, dewd with thy bloode,
 785 Doth laugh to see how thou art signiorizd.
 The force of heaven exceeds thy former strength;
 For thou that wont'st to tame and conquer all,
 Art conquer'd now with an eternall fall.
 Now shalt thou march, thy hands fast bound behind thee,
 790 Thy head hung downe, thy cheeks with teares besprent,
 Before the victor; Whyle thy rebell sonne,
 With crowned front tryumphing followes thee,
 Thy bravest Captaines, whose coragious harts
 (Joyn'd with the right) did re-enforce our hopes,
 795 Now murdred lye for Foule to feede upon.
 Petreus, Cato, and Scipio are slaine,
 And Juba[,] that amongst the Mores did raigne.
 Nowe you whom both the gods and Fortunes grace(,)
 Hath sav'd from danger in these furious broyles,
 800 Forbeare to tempt the enemy againe,
 For feare you feele a third calamitie.
 Caesar is like a brightlie flaming blaze,
 That fiercely burnes a house already fired;
 And[,] ceaseles lanching out on everie side,
 805 Consumes the more, the more you seeke to quench it,
 Still darting sparcles, till it finde a trayne
 To seaze upon, and then it flames amaine ²⁾.

1) porte—trousses.

2) Anders in Garnier: Tant qu'il trouue où se prendre et puis il tombe mort (nachdem es alles, was es findet, verzehrt hat).

- The men, the Ships, where ¹⁾ -with poore Rome affronts him,
 All powreles(,) give proud Caesars wrath free passage.
- 810 Nought can resist him, all the powre we raise,
 Turnes but to our misfortune(,) and his prayse.
 T'is thou (O Rome) that nurc'd his insolence,
 T'is thou (O Rome) that gav'st him first the sword
 Which murderer-like against thy selfe he drawes:
- 815 And violates both God and Natures lawes.
 Lyke morall Esops mysled Country swaine,
 That fownd a Serpent pyning in the snowe,
 And full of foolish pittie tooke it up,
 And kindly layd it by his houshold fire,
- 820 Till (waxen warme) it nimbly gan to styr,
 And stung to death the foole that fostred her ²⁾:
 O gods[,] that once had care of these our walls,
 And feareles kept us from th'assault of foes;
 Great Jupiter, to whom our Capitol
- 825 So many Oxen yeerely sacrafiz'd;
 Minerva, Stator, and stoute Thracian Mars,
 Father to good Quirinus, our first founder,
 To what intent have ye preserv'd our Towne,
 This statelie Towne, so often hazarded(,)
- 830 Against the Samnites, Sabins, and fierce Latins?
 Why from once footing in our Fortresses(,)
 Have yee repeld the lustie warlike Gaules?
 Why from Molossus and false Hanibal(,)
 Have yee preserv'd ³⁾ the noble Romulists?
- 835 Or why from Catlins lewde conspiracies(,)
 Preserv'd yee Rome by my prevention,
 To cast so soone a state[,] so long defended,
 Into the bondage where (enthrald) we pine?
 To serve no stranger, but amongst us one
- 840 That with blind frenzie buildeth up his throne?
 But if in us be any vigor resting,

1) wher.

2) Anders in Garnier, der den Hirten junge Wölfe finden lässt, die er mit Ausnahme eines einzigen tödtet; der eine aber, gross geworden, tödtet seine Heerde und entflieht.

3) reserved (G. preservé).

If yet our harts retaine one drop of blood,
 Caesar[,] thou shalt not vaunt thy conquest long,
 Nor longer hold us in this servitude.
 845 Nor shalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood.
 For I divine that thou must vomit it,
 Like to a Curre that Carrion hath devour'd,
 And cannot rest, untill his mawe be scour'd.
 Think'st thou to signiorize, or be the King
 850 Of such a number, nobler then thy selfe?
 Or think'st thou Romains beare such bastard harts,
 To let thy tyrannie be unreveng'd?
 No, for mee thinks, I see the shame, the griefe,
 The rage, the hatred that they have conceiv'd,
 855 And many a Romaine sword already drawne,
 T'enlarge the libertie that thou usurpst,
 And thy dismembred body (stab'd and torne,)
 Dragd through the streets, disdained to bee borne.

Phillip. Cornelia.

Amongst the rest of mine extreame mishaps,
 860 I finde my fortune not the least in this,
 That I have kept my Maister company,
 Both in his life and at hys latest houre.
 Pompey the great, whom I have honored(,)
 With true devotion, both alive and dead.
 865 One selfe-same shyp containd us[,] when I saw
 The murdring Egiptians bereave his lyfe;
 And when the man that had afright the earth,
 Did homage to it with his deerest blood.
 O're whom I shed full many a bitter teare,
 870 And did performe hys obsequies with sighes:
 And on the strond upon the River side,
 (Where to my sighes the waters seem'd to turne)
 I woave a Coffyn for his corse of Seggs,
 That with the winde dyd wave like bannerets,
 875 And layd his body to be burn'd thereon.
 Which[,] when it was consum'd[,] I kindly tooke,
 And sadly cloz'd within an earthen Urne

The ashie reliques of his haples bones.
 Which having scapt the rage of wind and Sea,
 880 I bring to faire Cornelia to interr
 Within his Elders Tombe that honoured her ¹⁾.

Cornelia.

Ayh-me, what see I?

Phl.

Pompeys tender bones
 Which (in extreames) an earthen Urne containeth.

Cornelia.

O sweet, [o] deere, [o] deplorable cynders[!]
 885 O myserable woman luing, dying[!]
 O poore Cornelia, borne to be distrest,
 Why liv'st thou toyl'd, that (dead) mightst lye at rest?
 O faithles hands that under cloake of love
 Did entertaine him, to torment him so.
 890 O barbarous, inhumaine, hatefull traytors[!](,)
 Thys your disloyall dealing hath defam'd
 Your King and his inhospitable seate
 Of the extreamest and most odious cryme,
 That gainst the heavens ²⁾ might bee imagined.
 895 For yee have basely broke the Law of Armes ³⁾,
 And out-rag'd over an afflicted soule,
 Murdred a man that did submit himselfe,
 And iniur'd him that ever us'd you kindly.
 For which misdeed(,) be Egipt pestered(,)
 900 With battaile, famine, and perpetuall plagues.
 Let Aspies, Serpents, Snakes, and Lybian Beares,
 Tygers and Lyons, breed with you for ever.
 And let fayre Nylus (wont to nurse your Corne)
 Cover your Land with Toades and Crocadils,
 905 That may infect, devoure and murder you.

1) Von Kyd hinzugefügt.

2) G. à la face de Dieux.

3) G. le devoir d'hostelage (Gastfreundschaft).

Els earth make way, and hell receive them quicke,
A hatefull race, mongst whom there doth abide
All treason, luxurie, and homicide.

Phillip.

Cease these laments.

Corn. I doe but what I ought,
910 To mourne his death.

Phil. Alas that profits nought.

Corn. Will heaven let treason be unpunished?

Phil. Heavens will performe what they have promised

Corn. I feare the heavens will not heare our prayer.

Phil. The plaints of men opprest(,) doe pierce the ayre.

915 Corn. Yet Caesar liveth still ¹⁾

Phil. "Due punishment

"Succeedes not alwaies after an offence.

"For oftentimes t'is for our chastisement

"That heaven doth with wicked men dispence.

"That[,] when they list, they may with usurie(,)

920 "For all misdeeds pay home the penaltie.

Corn. This is the hope that feeds my haples daies,

Els had my life beene long agoe expired.

I trust the gods that see our hourelly wrongs,

Will fire his shamefull bodie with their flames,

925 Except some man (resolved) shall conclude,

With Caesars death to end our servitude.

Els (god to fore) my selfe may live to see(,)

His tired corse lye toyling in his blood:

Gor'd with a thousand stabs; and round about(,)

930 The wronged people leape for inward ioy.

And then come[,] Murder, then come[,] uglye Death,

Then[,] Lethe[,] open thine infernall Lake[!]

He downe with ioy: because, before I died,

Mine eyes have seene what I in hart desir'd.

935 Pompey may not revive, and (Pompey dead)

Let me but see the murdrer murdered.

1) Hier fehlen 4 Zeilen des Garnier.

Phil. Caesar bewail'd his death.

Corn. His death hee mournd,
Whom, while hee lyv'd, to lyve lyke him hee scornd¹⁾.

Phil. Hee punished his murdrers.

Corn. Who murdred hym[.]

940 But hee that followd Pompey with the sword?
He murdred Pompey that pursu'd his death,
And cast the plot to catch him in the trap.
Hee that of his departure tooke the spoyle,
Whose fell ambition (founded first in blood)

945 By nought but Pompeys lyfe could be with-stood.

Phil. Photis and false Achilles he beheaded.

Corn. That was, because that[,] Pompey being theyr freend,
they had determin'd once of Caesars end.

Phil. What got he by his death?

Cor. Supremacie.

950 Phil. Yet Caesar speakes of Pompey honourable

Corn. Words are but winde, nor meant he what he spoke.

Phil. He will not let his statues be broke.

Cor. By which disguise (what ere he doth pretend)

His owne from being broke he doth defend.

955 And by the traynes where-with he us allures,

His owne estate more firmly he assures.

Phil. He tooke no pleasure in his death[,] you see²⁾.

Corn. Because hymselfe of life did not bereave him?

Phil. Nay, he was mov'd with former amitie.

960 Corn. He never trusted him, but to deceive him.

But, had he lov'd him with a love unfained,
Yet had it beene a vaine and trustlesse league;

"For there is nothing in the soule of man

"So firmly grounded, as can qualifie(,)

965 "Th'inextinguible thyrst of signiorie.

"Not heavens feare, nor Countries sacred love,

"Nor auncient lawes, nor nuptiall chast desire,

"Respect of blood, or (that which most should move)

1) scorne.

2) Garnier: Phil. Il n'eust voulu voir mort celuy qui fut son gendre.
Corn. Si eust, puis qu'il vouloit la liberté defendre.

"The inward zeale that Nature doth require ¹⁾:

970 "All these, nor anything we can devise,
"Can stoope the hart resolv'd to tyrannize.

Phil. I feare your griefes increase with thys discourse ²⁾.

Corn. My griefes are such, as hardly can be worse.

Phil. "Tyme calmeth all things.

Corn. No tyme quallifies

975 My dolefull spyrits endles myseries ³⁾.

My grieffe is lyke a Rock, whence (ceaseles) strayne
Fresh springs of water at my weeping eyes:
Still fed by thoughts, lyke floods with winters rayne.
For when[,] to ease th'oppression of my hart,
980 I breathe an Autumne ⁴⁾ forth of fiery sighes,
Yet herewithall my passion neither dyes,
Nor dryes the heate the moysture of mine eyes.

Phil. Can nothing then recure these endlesse teares?

Corn. Yes, newes of Caesars death that medcyn beares.

985 Phil. Madam, beware, for[,] should hee heare of thys,
His wrath against you t'will exasperate.

Corn. I neither stand in feare of him nor his.

Phil. T'is pollicie to feare a powrefull hate.

Corn. What can he doe?

Phil. Madam, what cannot men

990 That have the powre to doe what pleaseth them?

Corn. He can doe mee no mischiefe that I dread.

Phil. Yes, cause your death.

Corn. Thrise happy[,] were I dead.

Phil. With rigorous torments.

Corn. Let him torture mee,

Pull me in peeces, famish, fire mee up,

995 Fling mee alive into a Lyons denn:

There is no death so hard torments mee so,

1) Was unter inward zeale (required by Nature) zu verstehen ist, erklärt sich aus Garnier, wo wir statt der letzten 1¹/₂ Zeilen lesen:

. non l'amour ordinaire
Du pere à ses enfans, des enfans à leur pere.

2) Hier fehlen 2 Zeilen des Garnier.

3) Hier fehlen 4 Zeilen des Garnier.

4) Autumne durch falsche Auffassung von Auten bei Garnier, Auten (siehe später ce chaud venteux) = Autan = Altanus Südwind.

As his extreame tryumphing in our woe.
 But if he will torment me, let him then
 Deprive me wholly of the hope of death;
 1000 For I had died before the fall of Rome,
 And slept with Pompey in the peacefull deepes,
 Save that I lyve in hope to see[,] ere long,
 That Caesars death shall satisfie his wrong.

C h o r u s.

"Fortune in powre imperious(,) to tyrannize,
 1005 "Us'd ore the world and worldlings thus away shee flies.
 When shee hath heap't her gifts on us,
 Her feete[,] more swift then is the winde,
 Are more inconstant in their kinde then Autumne blasts,
 A womans shape, a womans minde, that sildom lasts ¹⁾.
 1010 "One while shee bends her angry browe,
 "And of no labour will allow[;]
Another while(,)
 "Shee feres againe, I know not how, still to beguile.
 "Fickle in our adversities,
 "And fickle when our fortunes rise, shee scoffs at us:
 1015 "That (blynd herselfe) can bleare our eyes, to trust her thus.
 "The Summe that lends the earth his light,
 "Behelde her never over night lye calmely downe,
 "But in the morrow following(,) might perceive her frowne.
 "Shee hath not onely power and will,

1) Die Strophe gibt nur ungefähr den Sinn derjenigen bei Garnier.
 (Autumne wie oben für des Autons G. que des Autons haleine).

- 1020 "T'abuse the vulgar wanting skill,
 "To kings and Clownes doth equall ill
 but when shee list,
 without resist.
- "Mischaunce that every man abhors,
 "And cares for crowned Emperors
 shee doth reserve,
 "As for the poorest labourers
 that worke or starve.
- 1025 "The Merchant that for private gaine(,)
 "Doth send his Ships to passe the maine,
 upon the shore,
 "In hope he shall his wish obtaine,
 doth thee adore.
- "Upon the sea, or on the Land,
 "Where health or wealth, or vines doe stand,
 thou canst doe much,
- 1030 "And often helpst the helples hande,
 thy power is such¹⁾.
- "And many times (dispos'd to iest)
 "Gainst one whose power and cause is best,
 (thy power to try,)
 "To him that ne're put speare in rest
 giv'st victory.
- "For so the Lybian Monarchy,
 1035 "That with Ausonian blood did die,
 our warlike field,
 "To one that ne're got victorie,
 was urg'd to yeelde.
- "So noble Marius, Arpins friend²⁾,
 "That dyd the Latin state defend
 from Cymbrian rage,
 "Did prove thy furie in the end
 which nought could swage.
- 1040 "And Pompey whose dayes haply led,

1) Hier ist eine Strophe ausgelassen.

2) G. l'honneur d'Arpin.

"So long thou seem'dst t'have favoured,
 in vaine, t'is sayd,
 "When the Pharsalian field he led,
 implor'd thine ayde.
 "Now Caesar swolne with honors heate,
 "Sits signiorizing in her seate,
 and will not see,
 1045 "That Fortune can her hopes ¹⁾ defeate
 what e're they be.
 "From chaunce is nothing franchized:
 "And till the time that they are dead,
 is no man blest.
 "He onely that no death doth dread ²⁾,
 doth live at rest.

Actus quartus.

Cassius. Decim. Brutus.

Accursed Rome, that arm'st against thy selfe
 1050 A Tyrants rage, and mak'st a wretch thy King.
 For one mans pleasure (O iniurious Rome)
 Thy chyltren gainst thy children thou hast arm'd;
 And thinkst not of the rivers of theyr bloode,
 That earst was shed to save thy libertie,
 1055 Because thou ever hatedst Monarchie.
 Now o're our bodies (tumbled up on heapes,
 Lyke cocks of Hay when July sheares the field)
 Thou buildst thy kingdom, and thou seat'st thy King.
 And to be servile, (which torments me most)
 1060 Employest our lives, and lavishest our blood.
 O Rome, (accursed Rome) thou murdrest us,

1) her hopes? statt her wäre wohl his zu setzen.

G. Ne prévoyant de son bonheur
 La constante inconstance.

2) Anders bei Garnier:

A celui seul qu'esteint la mort

Fortune ne peut nuire; die letzte Zeile bei Kyd passt nicht zur vorhergehenden.

- And massacrest thy selfe in yeelding thus.
 Yet are there Gods, yet is there heaven and earth,
 That seeme to feare a certaine Thunderer[!]
- 1065 No, no, there are no Gods, or[,] if there be,
 They leave to see into the worlds affaires;
 They care not for us, nor account of men,
 For what we see is done, is done by chaunce.
 T'is Fortune rules, for equitie and right(,)
- 1070 Have neither helpe nor grace in heavens sight.
 Scipio hath wrenched a sword into hys brest,
 And launc'd hys bleeding wound into the sea.
 Undaunted Cato(,) tore his entrails out.
 Afranius and Faustus murdered dyed.
- 1075 Juba and Petreus, fiercely combatting,
 Have each done other equall violence.
 Our Army's broken, and the Lybian Beares
 Devoure the bodies of our Cittizens.
 The conquering Tyrant, high in Fortunes grace,
- 1080 Doth ryde tryumphing o're our Common-wealth.
 And mournfull we behold him bravely mounted
 (With stearne lookes) in his Chariot, where he leades
 The conquered honor of the people yok't.
 So Rome to Caesar yeelds both powre and pelfe.
- 1085 And o're Rome Caesar raignes in Rome it selfe.
 But[,] Brutus[,] shall wee dissolutelie sitte,
 And see the tyrant live to tyranize?
 Or shall theyr ghosts that dide to doe us good,
 Plaine in their Tombes of our base cowardise?
- 1090 Shall lamed Souldiours(,) and grave gray-haired men(,)
 Poynt at us in theyr bitter teares, and say[:]
 See where they goe that have theyr race forgot,
 And rather chuse (unarm'd) to serve with shame,
 Then (arm'd) to save their freedom and their fame.

B r u t u s .

- 1095 I sweare by heaven, th' Immortals highest throne,
 Their temples, Altars, and theyr Images,
 To see (for one,) that Brutus suffer not

- His ancient liberty to be repress.
 I freely marcht with Caesar in hys warrs,
 1100 Not to be subiect, but to ayde his right.
 But if (envenom'd with ambitious thoughts)
 He lyft his hand imperiously o're us,
 If he determyn but to raigne in Rome,
 Or follow'd Pompey but to thys effect;
 1105 Or if (these civill discords now dissolv'd)
 He render not the Empyre back to Rome,
 Then shall he see, that Brutus thys day beares(
 The selfe-same Armes to be aveng'd on hym.
 And that thys hand (though Caesar blood abhor¹)
 1110 Shall toyle in his, which I am sorry for.
 I love, I love him deerely. "But the love
 "That men theyr Country and theyr birth-right beare,
 "Exceeds all loves, and deerer is by farre
 Our Countries love, then friends or chylidren are.

Cassius.

- 1115 If this brave care be nourisht in your blood,
 Or if so franck a will your soule possesse,
 Why hast we not[,] even while these words are uttred,
 To sheathe our new-ground swords in Caesars throate?
 Why spend we day-light, and why dies he not,
 1120 That by his death we wretches may revive?
 We stay too-long, I burne, till I be there
 To see this massacre, and send his ghost
 To theyrs, whom (subtilly) he for Monarchie,
 Made fight to death with show of liberty²).

Brutus.

- 1120 Yet haply he (as Sylla whylom dyd,)
 When he hath rooted civill warre from Rome,
 Will there-withall discharge the powre he hath.

1) Sinn? G. Il verra que ma dextre au sang haineur souillée (mit feindlichem Blute befleckt).

2) G. que pour la liberté
 Le mechant a privez de la douce clairté.

Cassius.

- Caesar and Sylla, Brutus, be not like.
 Sylla (assaulted by the enemie)
- 1130 Did arme himselfe (but in his owne defence)
 Against both Cynnas host and Marius.
 Whom when he had discomfited and chas'd,
 And of his safety throughly was assur'd[,]
 He layd apart the powre that he had got,
 1135 And gave up rule, for he desier'd it not.
 Where Caesar that in silence might have slept,
 Nor urg'd by ought but his ambition,
 Did breake into the hart of Italie.
 And lyke rude Brennus brought his men to field,
 1140 Travers'd the seas: And shortly after (backt
 With wintered souldiers us'd to conquering,)
 He aym'd at us, bent to exterminate,
 Who ever sought to intercept his state.
 Now, having got what he hath gaped for,
 1145 (Deere Brutus) thinke you Caesar such a chyld,
 Slightly to part with so great signiorie.
 Believe it not, he bought it deere[,] you know,
 And traveled too farre ¹⁾ to leave it so.
 Brut. But[,] Cassius, Caesar is not yet a King.
- 1150 Cas. No, but Dictator, in effect as much.
 He doth what pleaseth hym, (a princely thing[!])
 And wherein differ they whose powre is such?
 Brutus. Hee is not bloody.
 Cassius. But by bloody iarres
 He hath unpeopled most part of the earth.
- 1155 Both Gaule and Affrique perrisht by his warres,
 Egypt, Emathia, Italy and Spayne
 Are full of dead mens bones by Caesar slayne.
 Th'infectious plague, and Famins bitternes,
 Or th' Ocean (whom no pittie can asswage)
- 1160 Though they containe dead bodies numberles,
 Are yet inferior to Caesars rage.

1) G. Trop y a travaillé pour la vouloir lascher.

- Who (monster-like) wyth his ambition(,)

Hath left more Tombes then ground to lay them on¹⁾.

Brut. Souldiers with such reproch should not be blam'd.

1165 Cass. He with his souldiers hath himselfe defam'd.

Brut. Why[,] then you thinke there is no praise in war.

Cass. Yes, where the causes reasonable are.

Brut. He hath enricht the Empire with new states.

Cass. Which with ambition now he ruinate.

1170 Brut. He hath reveng'd the Gaules old iniurie,

And made them subiect to our Romaine Lawes.

Cass. The restfull Allmaynes with his crueltie

He rashly styrd against us without cause¹⁾(,)

And hazarded our Cittie and our selves

1175 Against a harmeles Nation, kindly given,

To whom we should do well (for some amends)

To render him, and reconcile old frends.²⁾

These Nations did he purposely provoke,

To make an Armie for his after-ayde(,)

1180 Against the Romains, whom in pollicie

He train'd in warre to steale theyr signiorie.

"Like them that (stryving at th'Olympian sports,

"To grace themselves with honor of the game)

"Annoynt theyr sinewes fit for wrestling,

1185 "And (ere they enter) use some exercise.

The Gaules were but a fore-game fecht about

For civill discord, wrought by Caesars sleights,

Whom (to be King himselfe) he soone remov'd³⁾,

Teaching a people hating servitude

1190 To fight for that[,] that did theyr deaths conclude⁴⁾.

Brut. The warrs once ended, whe shall quickly know,

1) Von Kyd hinzugefügt.

2) Für On le devoit liurer pour expier la ville.

3) Diese Zeile ist unverständlich; Kyd hat das frzs. esmeu falsch aufgefasst: G. Du discord Citoyen qu'il a depuis esmeu
Pour se faire monarque.

4) Auch hier wurde G. falsch aufgefasst:

..... apprenant à combattre

Un peuple qui ne veut au seruage s'abattre.

(Er selbst, Cäsar, lernte in dem Vorspiel zum Bürgerkrieg ein solches Volk bekämpfen.)

Whether he will restore the state or no.

Cass. No, Brutus, never looke to see that day,
For Caesar holdeth signorie too deere.

1195 But know, while Cassius hath one drop of blood(,)
To feede this worthles body that you see,
What reck I death to doe so many good(,)[?]
In spite of Caesar, Cassius will be free.

Brut. A generous or true enobled spirit(,)

1200 Detests to learne what tasts of servitude.

Cass. Brutus[,] I cannot serve nor see Rome yok'd.
No, let me rather dye a thousand deaths.

"The stiffneckt¹⁾ horses champe not on the bit,

"Nor meekely beare the rider but by force:

1205 "The sturdie Oxen toyle not at the Plough,
„Nor yeeld unto the yoke but by constraint.
Shall we then[,] that are men and Romains borne,
Submit us to unurged slaverie?

Shall Rome that hath so many over-throwne,

1210 Now make herselfe a subiect to her owne?

O base indignitie[!] A beardles youth,

Whom King Nicomedes, could over-reach²⁾,

Commaunds the world, and brideleth all the earth,

And like a Prince controls the Romulists,

1215 Brave Romaine Souldiers, sterne-borne sons of Mars,

And none, not one, that dares to undertake

The intercepting of his tyrannie.

O Brutus[,] speake, O say[,] Servilius,

Why cry you ayme, and see us used thus³⁾?

1220 But Brutus lives, and sees, and knowes, and feeles,
That there is one that curbs their Countries weale.

Yet (as he were the semblance, not the sonne,

Of noble Brutus, hys great Grandfather)

As if he wanted hands, sence, sight, or hart,

1225 He doth, deviseth, sees[,] nor dareth ought,
That may exstirpe or raze these tyrannies.

1) stiftneckt.

2) ? G. Que le Roy Nicomede a ieune butiné.

3) G. Qu'ores vous nous laissez une race auilie.

Nor ought doth Brutus that to Brute belongs,
 But still increaseth by his negligence(,)
 His owne disgrace, and Caesars violence.

1230 The wrong is great, and over-long endur'd:
 We should have practized, conspierd, coniu'r'd;
 A thousand waies, and weapons to repressse,
 Or kill out-right this cause of our distresse.

C h o r u s.

"Who prodigally spends his blood,
 1235 "Bravely to doe his country good,
 "And liveth to no other end,
 "But resolutely to attempt
 "What may the innocent defend,
 "And bloody Tyrants rage prevent;
 1240 "And he that in his soule assur'd
 "Hath waters force(,) and fire endur'd,
 "And past the pikes of thousand hostes,
 "To free the truth from tyrannie,
 "And fearles scowres in danger's coasts,¹⁾
 1245 "T'enlarge his countries liberty,
 "Were all the world his foes before,
 "Now shall they love him ever-more.²⁾
 "His glory spred abroad by Fame,
 "On wings of his posteritie
 1250 "From obscure death shall free his name,
 "To live in endles memorie.
 "All after ages shall adore,
 "And honor him with hymnes therefore.
 "Yeerely the youth for ioy shall bring
 1255 "The fairest flowers that grow in Rome,
 "And yeerely in the Sommer³⁾ sing,
 "O're his heroique kingly Tombe.

1) in danger coasts.

2) Die Zeilen bis hierher geben nur ungefähr den Sinn der entspr. Stelle in Garnier.

3) G. au beau jour retourné.

- "For so the two Athenians,
 "That from their fellow cittizens(,)
 1260 "Did freely chase vile servitude,
 "Shall live for valiant prowesse blest.
 "No Sepulcher shall ere exclude ¹⁾
 "Their glorie equall with the best.
 "But when the vulgar, mad and rude,
 1265 "Repay good with ingratitude,
 "Hardly then they them reward,²⁾
 "That to free them fro the hands
 "Of a Tyrant, nere regard
 "In what plight their person stands.
- 1270 "For high Jove that guideth all,
 "When he lets his iust wrath fall,
 "To revenge proud Diadems,
 "With huge cares doth crosse kings lives,
 "Raysing treasons in their Realmes,
 1275 "By their chyl dren, friends or wives.
 "Therefore he whom all men feare,
 "Feareth all men every where.
 "Feare that doth engender hate,
 "(Hate enforcing them thereto)
 1280 "Maketh many under-take(,)
 "Many things they would not doe.
 "O[,]how many mighty Kings
 "Live in feare of petty things.
 "For when Kings have sought by warrs,
 1285 "Stranger Townes to have o'rethrowne,
 "They have caught deserved skarrs,
 "Seeking that was not theyr owne.
 "For no Tyrant commonly,
 "Lyving ill, can kindly die.

1) G. Et iamais au sepulere creux
 Ne sera leur gloire cachee.

2) G. Le peuple, qui ne satisfait
 Que d'ingratitude au bien-faict,
 De ceux le merite guerdonne

1290 "But eyther trayterously surprizd,
 "Doth coward poison quaille their breath,
 "Or their people have devis'd,
 "Or their garde, to seeke their death.

„He onely lives most happilie
 1295 "That[,] free and farre from maiestie,
 "Can live content, although unknowne:
 "He fearing none, none fearing him.
 Medling with nothing but his owne,
 While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.¹⁾

Caesar. Mar. Anthonie.

Caesar.

1300 O Rome[,] that with thy pryde dost over-peare(,)
 The worthiest Citties of the conquered world,
 Whose honor got by famous victories,
 Hath fild heavens fierie vaults with fright-full horror,
 O lofty towres, O stately battlements,
 1305 O glorious temples, O proude Pallaces,
 And you brave walls, bright heavens masonrie,
 Grac'd with a thousand kingly diadems,
 Are yee not styrred with a strange delight,
 To see your Caesars matchles victories?
 1310 And how your Empire and your praise begins
 Through fame, which hee of stranger Nations wins?²⁾
 O beautious Tyber, with thine easie streames,
 That glide as smothly as a Parthian shaft³⁾,
 Turne not thy crispie tydes[,] like silver curle,
 1315 Backe to thy grass-greene bancks to welcom us?
 And with a gentle murmure hast to tell
 The foming Seas the honour of our fight?
 Trudge not thy streames to Trytons Mariners

1) G. Incogneu, n'a l'esprit atteint
 Des troubles sanglans du Royaume.

2) G. De voir vostre Cesar le vainqueur des vainqueurs
 Accroistre vostre Empire, auecques vos louanges,
 Par tant de gloire acquise aux nations estranges?

3) G. et tes flots de grand' aise ronflans.

- To bruite the prayes of our conquests past?
 1320 And make theyr vaunts to old Oceanus,
 That hence-forth Tyber shall salute the seas,
 More fam'd then Tyger or fayre Euphrates?
 Now all the world (wel-nye) doth stoope to Rome.
 The sea, the earth, and all is almost ours.
- 1325 Be'it where the bright Sun with his neyghbor beames(,)
 Doth early light the Pearled Indians.
 Or where his Chariot staies to stop the day,
 Tyll heaven unlock the darknes of the night.
 Be'it where the Sea is wrapt in Christall ise,
- 1330 Or where the Sommer doth but warme the earth.
 Or heere, or there, where is not Rome renownd?
 There lyves no King, (how great so e're he be)
 But trembleth if he once but heare of mee.
 Caesar is now earthes fame(,) and Fortunes terror,
- 1335 And Caesars worth hath staynd old souldiers prayes.
 Rome, speake no more of eyther Scipio,
 Nor of the Fabij, or Fabritians,
 Heere let the Decij and theyr glory die.
 Caesar hath tam'd more Nations, tane more Townes,
- 1340 And fought more battailes then the best of them.
 Caesar doth tryumph over all the world,
 And all they scarcely conquered a nooke.
 The Gauls that came to Tiber to carouse,
 Dyd live to see my souldiers drinke at Loyre;
- 1345 And those brave Germains, true borne Martialists,
 Beheld the swift Rheyne under-run mine Ensignes;
 The Brittaines (lockt within a watry Realme,
 And wald by Neptune) stoopt to mee at last.
 The faithles Moore, the fierce Numidian,
- 1350 Th'earth that the Euxine sea makes somtymes marsh,
 The stony-harted people that inhabite
 Where seav'nfold Nilus doth disgorge it selfe,
 Have all been urg'd to yeeld to my commaund.
 Yea, even this Cittie[,] that hath almost made
- 1355 An universall conquest of the world,
 And that brave warriar, my brother in law,

- That (ill advis'd) repined at my glory,
 Pompey, that second Mars, whose haught renoune
 And noble deeds were greater then his fortunes ¹⁾,
 1360 Proov'd to his losse, but even in one assault,
 My hand, my hap, my hart exceeded his;
 When the Thessalian fields were purpled ore
 Whith eyther Armies murdred souldiers gore ²⁾.
 When hee (to conquering accustomed)
 1365 Did (conquered) flie, his troopes discomfited ³⁾.
 Now Scipio, that long'd to shew himselfe
 Discent of Affrican (so fam'd for Armes),
 He durst affront me and my warlike bands(,)
 Upon the Coastes of Lybia, till he lost
 1370 His scattred Armie: and to shun the scorne
 Of being taken captive, kild himselfe.
 Now therefore let us triumph[,] Anthony.
 And rendring thanks to heaven as we goe,
 For brideling those that dyd maligne our glory,
 1375 Lets to the Capitoll.

Anth. Come on, brave Caesar,

- And crowne thy head, and mount thy Chariot.
 Th'impatient people runne along the streets,
 And in a route against thy gates they rushe,
 To see theyr Caesar after dangers past,
 1380 Made Conqueror and Emperor at last.
 Caes. I call to witnes heavens great Thunderer,
 That gainst my will I have maintaind this warre,
 Nor thirsted I for conquests bought with blood,
 I ioy not in the death of Cittizens.
 1385 But through my selfe-wild enemies despight
 And Romains wrong was I constraind to fight.
 Anth. They sought t'eclipse thy fame, but destinie
 Revers'd th'effect of theyr ambition.
 And Caesars prayse increas'd by theyr disgrace

1) G. de qui le beau renom
 Et les gestes estoyent ia plus grands que son nom.

2) goe.

3) discomforted.

- 1390 That reekt not of his vertuous deeds: But thus
We see it fareth with the envious.
- Caes. I never had the thought to iniure them,
Howbeit I never meant my greatnes should(,)
By any others greatnes be o're-ruld.
- 1395 For as I am inferior to none
So can I suffer no Superiors.
- Anth. Well[,] Caesar, now they are discomfited,
And Crowes are feasted with theyr carcases,
And yet i feare you have too kindly sav'd
- 1400 Those, that your kindnes hardly will requite.
- Caes. Why[,] Anthony, what would you wish mee doe?
Now shall you see that they will pack to Spaine,
And (ioyned with the Exiles there) encamp,
Untill th'ill spyrit that doth them defend,
- 1405 Doe bring their treasons to a bloody end.
- Anth. I feare not those that to theyr weapons flye,
And keepe theyr state in Spaine, in Spaine to die.
- Caes. Whom fear'st thou then[,] Mark Anthony?
- Anth. The hatefull crue,
That[,] wanting powre in fieldes to conquer you,
Have in theyr coward soules devised snares
- 1410 To murder thee, and take thee at unwares.
- Caes. Will those conspire my death that live by mee?
Anth. In conquered foes what credite can there be?
- Caes. Besides theyr lives, I did theyr goods restore.
- 1415 Anth. O but theyr Countries good concerns them more:
- Caes. What, thinke they mee to be their Countries foe?
- Anth. No, but that thou usurp'st the right they owe.
- Caes. To Rome have I submitted mighty things.
- Anth. Yet Rome endures not the commaund of kings.
- 1420 Caes. Who dares to contradict our Emporie?
- Anth. Those whom thy rule hath rob'd of liberty.
- Caes. I feare them not whose death is but deferd¹).
- Anth. I feare my foe[,] untill he be interd.
- Caes. A man may make his foe his friend, you know.

1) G. Je ne crains point ceux-là qui restent de la guerre.

- 1425 Anth. A man may easier make his friend his foe.
 Caes. Good deeds the cruelst hart to kindnes bring.
 Anth. But resolution is a deadly thing ¹⁾.
 Caes. If Cittizens my kindnes have forgot,
 Whom shall I then not feare?
 Anth. Those that are not.
- 1430 Caes. What, shall I slay them all that I suspect?
 Anth. Els cannot Caesars Emporie endure.
 Caes. Rather I will my lyfe and all neglect.
 Nor labour I my vaine life to assure[,]
 But so to die, as dying I may live,
 1435 And leaving off this earthly Tombe of myne,
 Ascend to heaven upon my winged deeds.
 And shall I not have lived long enough
 That in so short a time am so much fam'd ²⁾?
 Can I too-soone goe taste Cocytus flood?
- 1440 No[,] Anthony, Death cannot iniure us,
 "For he lives long that dyes victorious.
 Anth. Thy prayses show thy life is long enough,
 But for thy friends and Country all too-short.
 Should Caesar lyve as long as Nestor dyd,
 1445 Yet Rome may wish his life eternized.
 Caes. Heaven sets our time, with heaven may nought dispence.
 Anth. But we may shorten time with negligence.
 Caes. But Fortune and the heavens have care of us.
 Anth. Fortune is fickle, Heaven imperious ³⁾.
- 1450 Caes. What shall I then doe?
 Anth. As befits your state,
 Maintaine a watchfull guard about your gate.
 Caes. What more assurance may our state defend
 Then love of those that doe on us attend?
 Anth. There is no hatred more[,] if it be mov'd,
 1455 Then theirs whom we offend, and once belov'd ⁴⁾.
 Caes. Better it is to die then be suspitious.

1) G. On ne scauroit flechir les resolut courages.

2) G. Puis n'ay-ie assez vescu pour mes iours, pour ma gloire?

3) G. Sur l'attente des Dieux ne se faut hasarder.

4) G. Il n'est telle rancueur qu'elle est de citoyens.

- Anth. T'is wisdom yet not to be credulous
 Caes. The quiet life that carelesly is ledd,
 Is not alonely happy in this world,
 1460 But Death it selfe doth sometime pleasure us.
 That death that comes unsent for or unseene,
 And suddainly doth take us at unware,
 Mee thinks is sweetest; And[,] if heaven were pleas'd,
 I could desire that I might die so well.
 1465 The feare of evill doth afflict us more,
 Then th'evill it selfe, though it be nere so sore.

A Chorus of Caesars friends

- O Faire Sunne[,] that gentlie smiles,
 From the Orient-pearled Iles,
 Guilding these our gladsome daies(,)
 1470 With the beautie of thy rayes :

Free fro rage of civill strife,
 Long preserve our Caesars life[,]
 That from sable Affrique brings(,)
 Conquests whereof Europe rings.

- 1475 And faire Venus[,] thou of whom
 The Eneades are come,
 Henceforth vary not thy grace(.)
 From Julius happy race.

- Rather cause thy deerest sonne,
 1480 By his tryumphs new begun,
 To expell fro forth the Land,
 Firce warrs quenches fire-brand.

- That of care acquitting us,
 (Who at last adore him thus)
 1485 He a peacefull starre appeare,
 From our walls all woes to cleere¹⁾.

1) Die entsprechende Strophe in Garnier wurde falsch aufgefasst:
 Que bien tard quittant le souci
 De nous qui l'adorons icy,
 Nouvel astre il eclaire
 os murs salutare.

A n

And so let his warlike browes
Still be deckt with Lawrel boughes,
And his statues new set

1490 With many a fresh-flowrd Coronet.

So, in every place let be,
Feasts(,) and Masks, and mirthfull glee,
Strewing Roses in the streete,
When their Emperor they meete.

1495 He his foes hath conquered,
Never leaving till they fled,
And (abhorring blood) at last,
Pardon'd all offences past.

"For high Iove the heavens among,
1500 "(Their support that suffer wrong,)
"Doth oppose himselfe agen
"Bloody minded cruell men.

"For he shortneth their dayes.
"Or prolongs them with dispraise 1):
1505 "Or (his greater wrath to show,)
"Gives them over to their foe.

Caesar, a Cittizen so wrong'd
Of the honor him belong'd,
To defend himselfe from harmes,
1510 Was enforc'd to take up Armes.

For he saw that Envies dart,
(Pricking still their poysoned hart,
For his suddaine glory got)
Made his envious foe so hote.

1515 Wicked Envie, feeding still,
Foolish those that doe thy will[!]
For thy poysons in them poure
Sundry passions every houre.

1) G. Jamais ils n'allongent leurs iours
Ains les accourcissent tousiours.

- And to choller doth conuert,
 1520 Purest blood about the heart.
 Which (ore-flowing of their brest)
 Suffreth nothing to digest ¹⁾.
 "Other mens prosperitie
 "Is their infelicitie.
 1525 "And their choller then is rais'd,
 "When they heare another prais'd.
 "Neither Phoebus fairest eye,
 "Feasts, nor friendly company,
 "Mirth, or what so-e're it be
 1530 "With their humor can agree.
 "Day or night they never rest,
 "Spightfull hate so pecks their brest,
 "Pinching their perplexed lunges,
 "With her fiery poysoned tongues.
 1535 "Fire-brands in their brests they beare,
 "As if Tesiphon were there.
 "And their soules are pierc'd as sore
 "As Prometheus ghost and more.
 "Wretches, they are woe ²⁾ — begone,
 1540 "For their wound is alwaies one.
 "Nor hath Chyron powre or skill,
 "To recure them of their ill.

Actus quintus.

The Messenger. Cornelia. Chorus.

- Mess. Unhappy man, amongst so many wracks
 As I have suffred both by Land and Sea,
 1545 That scorneful destinie denyes my death.
 Oft have I seene the ends of mightier men,
 Whose coates of steele base Death hath stolne into.

1) G. Qui par tuyaux chemine
 Le long de leur poitrine.
 2) In beiden Ausgaben undeutlich gedruckt.

And in thys direful warre before mine eyes(,)
 Beheld theyr corses scattred on the plaines,
 1550 And endles numbers falling by my side,
 Nor those ignoble, but the noblest Lords.
 Mongst whom above the rest that moves me most,
 Scipio (my deerest Maister) is deceas'd.
 And Death[,] that sees the Nobles blood so rife,
 1555 Full-gorged triumphes and disdaines my lyfe.

Corn. We are undone.

Chor. Scipio hath lost the day.

But hope the best, and harken to his newes.

Corn. O cruell fortune.

Mess. These mis-fortunes¹⁾ yet

Must I report to sad Cornelia
 1560 Whose ceaseles grieffe (which I am sorry for)
 Will agravate my former misery.

Corn. Wretch that I am, why leave I not the world?
 Or wherefore am I not already dead?
 O world, o wretch.

Chor. Is this th'undaunted hart

1565 That is required in extremities?
 Be more confirmd. And[,] Madam, let not grieffe
 Abuse your wisdom lyke a vulgar wit.
 Haply the newes is better then the noyse,
 Let's heare him speake.

Corn. O no, for all is lost.

1570 Farewell, deere Father.

Chor. Hee is sav'd perhaps.

Mess. Me thinks, I heare my Maisters daughter speake.

What sighes, what sobs, what plaints, what passions

Have we endurde, Cornelia, for your sake(?) (!)

Corn. Where is thine Emperor?

Mess. Where our Captaines are.

1575 Where are our Legions? Where our men at Armes?
 Or where so many of our Romaine soules?
 The earth, the sea, the vultures and the Crowes,
 Lyons and Beares are theyr best Sepulchers.

1) mis-fortues in beiden Ausgaben.

Corn. O miserable[!]

Chor. Now I see the heavens(,)

1580 Are heapt with rage and horror gainst this house.

Corn. O earth, why op'st thou not?

Chor. Why waile you so?

Assure your selfe that Scipio bravely dyed

And such a death excels a servile life.

Corn.¹⁾ Say, Messenger.

Chor. The manner of his end

1585 Will haply comfort this your discontent.

Corn. Discourse the manner of his hard mishap,

And what disastrous accident did breake

So many people, bent so much to fight.

Messenger.

Caesar, that wisely knewe his souldiers harts,

1590 And their desire to be approov'd in Armes,

Sought nothing more then to encounter us.

And therefore (faintly skyrmishing) in craft

Lamely they fought, to draw us further on.²⁾

Oft (to provoke our warie wel-taught troopes)

1595 He would attempt the entrance on our barrs,

Nay, even our Trenches, to our great disgrace,

And call our souldiers cowards to theyr face.

But when he saw his wiles, nor bitter words

Could draw our Captaines to endanger us,

1600 Coasting along and following by the foote,

He thought to tyre and wearie us fro thence.³⁾

And got hys willing hosts to march by night,

With heavy Armor on theyr hardned backs,

Downe to the Sea-side, where before faire Tapsus(,)

1605 He made his Pyoners (poore weary soules)

The selfe-same day to dig and cast new Trenches,

1) Corn. ist in beiden Ausgaben hier ausgelassen.

2) G. Tâchoit escarmouchant de nous tirer du fort.

3) Die folgenden beiden Zeilen des Garnier wurden hier von Kyd falsch aufgefasst: Ains que le costoyant et suivant nuit et iour

Le cuidoit à la longue ennuyer du seïour.

Subject zu costoyant, suivant und cuidoit ist Scipio, nicht Cäsar.

- And plant strong Barricades; where he (encampt)
 Resolv'd by force to hold us hard at work.
 Scipio(,) no sooner heard of his designes,
 1610 But[,] being afeard to loose so fit a place,
 Marcht on the suddaine to the selfe-same Cittie,
 Where few men might doe much ¹⁾, which made him see
 Of what importance such a Towne would be.
 The fields are spred, and as a household Campe
 1615 Of creeping Emmets, in a Countrey Farme,
 That come to forrage when the cold begins:
 Leaving theyr crannyes to goe search about,
 Cover the earth so thicke, as scarce we tread
 But we shall see a thousand of them dead.
 1620 Even so our battails[,] scattred on the sands,
 Dyd scoure the plaines in pursuite of the foe.
 One while at Tapsus ²⁾ we begin t'entrench,
 To ease our Army, if it should retyre.
 Another while we softly sally forth.
 1625 And wakefull Caesar that doth watch our being,
 (When he perceives us marching o're the plaine,)
 Doth leape for gladnes. And (to murder vow'd)
 Runnes to the tent, for feare we should be gone,
 And quickly claps his rustie Armour on.
 1630 For true it is, that Caesar brought at first(,)
 An hoste of men to Affrique meanely arm'd,
 But such as had brave spirits, and (combatting)
 Had powre and wit to make a wretch a King.
 Well, forth to field they marched all at once,
 1635 Except some fewe that stayd to guard the Trench.
 Them Caesar soone and subt'ly sets in ranke,
 And every Regiment warn'd with a worde
 Bravely to fight for honor of the day.
 He shoves that auncient souldiers need not feare,
 1640 Them that they had so oft disordered[.]

1) Siun? G. Cognoissant de combien importoit telle ville
 Et qu'avec peu de gens y commandoit Virgile.

2) G. Or de Tapse approchans.

- Them that already dream'd of death or flight[,]
 That tyer'd(,) would nere hold out, if once they see
 That they o're-layd them in the first assault.
 Meane-while our Emperor (at all poynts arm'd)
- 1645 Whose silver hayres and honorable front(,)
 Were (warlike) lockt within a plumed caske,
 In one hand held his Targe of steele embost,
 And in the other graspt his Coutelas:
 And with a cheerefull looke surveigh'd the Campe,
- 1650 Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men,
 And to endure what ere betyded them.
 For now (quoth he) is come that happie day,
 Wherein our Country shall approve our love.
 Brave Romains[,] know, this is the day and houre,
- 1655 That we must all live free, or friendly die.
 For my part, being an auncient Senator,
 An Emperor and Consul, I disdaine
 The world should see me to become a slave.
 Fle eyther conquer, or this sword you see
 (Which brightly shone) shall make an end of me.
 We fight not[,] we[,] like thieves, for others wealth[,]
 We fight not[,] we[,] t'enlarge our skant confines[.].
 To purchase fame to our posterities,
 By stuffing of our tropheies in their houses.
- 1665 But t'is for publique freedom that we fight,
 For Rome we fight, and those that fled for feare¹⁾.
 Nay more, we fight for safetie of our lyves,
 Our goods, our honors, and our auncient lawes[.]
 As for the Empire and the Romaine state
- 1670 (Due to the victor) thereon ruminat²⁾.
 Thinke how this day the honorable dames,
 With blubbred eyes and handes to heaven uprear'd,
 Sit invocating for us to the Gods,
 That they will blesse our holy purposes.
- 1675 Me thinks I see poore Rome in horror clad,

1) G. Pour le peuple Romain par la crainte escarté.

2) Sinn? G. Ores le bien, l'Empire, et l'estat des Romains,
 (Le vray prix du vainqueur) balance entre nos mains.

- And aged Senators in sad discourse,
 Mourne for our sorrowes and theyr servitude.
 Me thinks I see them (while lamenting thus)
 Theyr harts and eyes lye hovering over us.
- 1680 On then[,] brave men, my fellowes and Romes friends,
 To shew us worthy of our auncestors:
 And let us fight with courage and conceite,
 That we may rest the Maisters of the field:
 That this brave Tyrant, valiantly beset,
 1685 May perrish in the presse before our faces.
 And that his troopes (as tucht wyth lightning flames)
 May by our horse in heapes be over-throwne,
 And he (blood-thirsting) wallow in his owne.
 Thys sayd, his Army, crying all at once,
 1690 With ioyfull tokens did applaude his speeches,
 Whose swift shrill noyse did pierce into the clowdes,
 Lyke Northern windes that beate the horned Alpes.
 The clatring Armour[,] buskling as they paced,
 Ronge through the Forrests with a frightfull noyse,
 1695 And every Eccho tooke the Trompets clange:
 When (like a tempest rais'd with whirle-winds ¹⁾ rage,)
 They ranne at ever-each other hand and foote,
 Where-with the dust[,] as with a darksome clowde,
 Arose, and over-shadowed horse and man.
- 1700 The Darts and Arrowes on theyr Armour glaunced,
 And with theyr fall the trembling earth was shaken.
 The ayre (that thickned with theyr thundring cryes)
 With pale[,] wanne clowdes discoloured the Sunne.
 The fire in sparks fro forth theyr Armour flew,
 1705 And with a duskish yellow(,) chokt the heavens.
 The battels lockt, (with bristle-poynted speares)
 Doe at the halfe pyke freely charge each other,
 And dash together like two lustie Bulls,
 That (iealous of some Heyfar in the Heard)
 1710 Runne head to head, and (sullen) wil not yeeld,
 Till[,] dead or fled, the one forsake the field.

1) whire-winds.

- The shyvered Launces (ratling in the ayre)
 Fly forth as thicke as moates about the Sunne:
 When with theyr swords (flesht with the former fight)
 1715 They hewe their Armour, and they cleave their casks,
 Till streames of blood like Rivers fill the downes.
 That being infected with the stench thereof
 Surcloyes the ground, and of a Champant¹⁾ Land(,)
 Makes it a Quagmire, where (kneedeepe) they stand.
 1720 Blood-thirstie Discord, with her snakie hayre,
 A fearfull Hagge, with fier-darting eyes,
 Runnes crosse the Squadrons with a smokie brand:
 And with her murdring whip encourageth
 The over-forward hands to bloode and death.
 1725 Bellona[,] fiered with a quenchles rage,
 Runnes up and downe, and in the thickest throng(,)
 Cuts, casts the ground, and madding makes a poole,
 Which in her rage(,) free passage doth afford²⁾,
 That with our blood she may annoynt her sword.
 1730 Now we of our side(,) urge them to retreat,
 And nowe before them(,) we retyre as fast:
 As on the Alpes the sharpe Nor-North-east wind,
 Shaking a Pynetree with theyr greatest powre,
 One while the top doth almost touch the earth,
 1735 And then it riseth with a counterbuffe.
 So did the Armies presse and charge each other,
 With selfe-same courage, worth and weapons to;
 And prodigall of life for libertie,
 With burning hate let each at other flie.
 1740 Thryce did the Cornets of the souldiers (cleerd)
 Turne to the Standerd to be newe supplyde;
 And thrice the best of both was faine to breathe³⁾
 And thrice recomforted they bravely ranne,
 And fought as freshly as they first beganne.
 1745 Like two fierce Lyons fighting in a Desart,

1) Champant = Champaign eben, flach, hier: trocken.

G. toute la campagne,

Qui volloit en poussière

2) Sinn? G. faisait sourdre un estang

Où passoit son espee ointe de nostre sang.

3) G. Pour reprendre l'haleine.

- To winne the love of some faire Lyonesse,
 When they have vomited theyr long-growne rage,
 And proof'd each others force sufficient,
 Passant regardant softly they retyre,
 1750 Theyr iawbones dy'd with foming froth and blood,
 Their lungs[,] like sponges, ramm'd within their sides ¹⁾,
 Theyr tongues discoverd, and theyr tailles long trailing:
 Till iealous rage (engendered with rest)
 Returnes them sharper set then at the first;
 1755 And makes them couple[,] when they see theyr prize,
 With bristled backs, and fire-sparkling eyes,
 Tyll, tyer'd or conquer'd, one submits or flies ²⁾.
 Caesar, whose kinglike lookes, like day-bright starrs,
 Both comfort and encourage his to fight,
 1760 Marcht through the battaile (raging ³⁾) still about him)
 And subtly markt whose hand was happiest:
 Who nicely did but dyp his speare in blood,
 And who more roughly smear'd it to his fiste:
 Who (staggering) fell with every feeble wound,
 1765 And who (more strongly) pac'd it through the ⁴⁾ thickest,
 Him he enflam'd, and spur'd, and fild with horror:
 As when Alecto[,] in the lowest hell,
 Doth breathe new heate within Orestes brest,
 Till out-ward rage with inward griefe begins(,)
 1770 A fresh remembrance of our former sins ⁵⁾.
 For then (as if provokt with pricking goades,)
 Theyr warlike Armies, (fast lockt foote to foote,)
 Stooping their heads low bent to tosse theyr staves,
 They fiercely open both Battalions,
 1775 Cleave, breake, and raging tempest-like o're turne(,)
 What e're makes head to meet them in this humor.
 Our men at Armes (in briefe) begin to flye,
 And neither prayers, intreatie, nor example

1) G. Les poulmons espongeux leur battant dans le flanc.

2) tant que l'un des deux meure.

3) laying.

4) paced it through in Folge falscher Auffassung des frzs. trespassoyent.

G.: Et ceux qui trespassoyent estendus dans la presse.

5) our? G. et qu'une torche ardante

Luy rallume au dedans sa coulpe renaissante.

- Of any of theyr leaders left alive(,)
- 1780 Had powre to stay them in this strange carrier.
Stragling, as in the faire Calabrian fields,
When Wolves[,] for hunger ranging fro the wood,
Make forth amongst the flock, that scattered flyes
Before the Shepheard, that resistles lyes¹⁾.
- 1785 Corn. O cruell fortune.
- Mess. None resisting now,
- The field was fild with all confusion
Of murder, death, and direfull massacres.
The teeble bands that yet were left entyre,
Had more desire to sleepe then seeke for spoyle²⁾.
- 1790 No place was free from sorrow, every where
Lay Armed men, ore-troden with theyr horses,
Dismembred bodies drowning in theyr blood,
And wretched heapes lie mourning of theyr maimes,
Whose blood, as from a sponge, or bunche of Grapes
- 1795 Crusht in a Wine-presse, gusheth out so fast,
As with the sight doth make the sound agast³⁾.
Some should you see that had theyr heads halfe cloven,
And on the earth theyr braines lye trembling.
Here one new wounded⁴⁾(,) helps another dying⁵⁾.
- 1800 Here lay an arme, and there a leg lay shiver'd.
Here horse and man (o're-turnd) for mercy cryde,
With hands extended⁶⁾ to the merciles,
That stopt theyr eares, and would not heare a word,
But put them all (remorceles) to the sword.
- 1805 He that had hap to scape, doth helpe a fresh,
To re-enforce the side wheron he serv'd⁷⁾.

1) G. leurs bergers qui hardis les defendent.

2) Sinn dieser Zeilen? G. et les bandes entieres

Trebuchoyent plus espois que iauelles blatieres (trechuchoyent =
[fielen getödtet]).

3) Diese Zeile von Kyd hinzugefügt.

4) G. percéz à iour durch und durch gestochen.

5) G. les autres soustenoyent

De leurs mourantes mains leurs boyaux qui trainoyent.

6) exstended.

7) Letzte Zeile unverständlich, da ja das Heer Scipios in Unordnung floh.

G. Ce qui peut eschaper en fuyant, print parti

De regagner le camp dont il estoit parti.

But seeing that there the murdring Enemie(,)
 Pesle-mesle pursued them, like a storme of hayle,
 They gan retyre[,] where Juba was eucampt;
 1810 But there had Caesar eftsoones tyranniz'd,
 So that[,] dispayring to defend themselves,
 They layd aside theyr Armour, and at last(,)
 Offred to yeeld unto the enemy,
 Whose stony hart, that nere dyd Romaine good,
 1815 Would melt with nothing but theyr deerest blood.
 Corn.¹⁾ And Scipio, my Father?

Mess.

When he beheld

His people so discomfited and scorn'd,
 When he perceiv'd the labour profitles,
 To seeke by new encouraging his men
 1820 To come upon them with a fresh alarme,
 And when he saw the enemies pursuite,
 To beate them downe as fierce as thundring flints,
 And lay them leuell with the charged earth,
 Lyke eares of Corne with rage of windie showres²⁾,
 1825 Their battailes scattred, and their Ensignes taken,
 And (to conclude) his men dismayd to see
 The passage choakt with bodies of the dead;
 (Incessantly lamenting th'extreame losse,
 And souspirable death of so brave souldiers)
 1830 He spurrs his horse, and (breaking through the presse)
 Trots to the Haven, where his ships he finds,
 And hopeles trusteth to the trustles windes.
 Now had he thought to have ariv'd in Spayne,
 To raise newe forces, and retourne to field:
 1835 But as one mischiefe drawes another on,
 A suddaine tempest takes him by the way,
 And casts him up neere to the Coasts of Hyppon,
 Where th' adverse Navie[,] sent to scoure the seas,
 Did hourelly keepe their ordinary course;

1) In beiden Ausgaben fehlt Corn. u. Mess. Dodsley setzte für my: thy
und machte eine Zeile. S. Garnier: Corn. Et Scipion mon père?
Le Messager. Apres qu'il veit l'esclandre.

2) Diese Zeile ist von Kyd hinzugefügt.

- 1840 Where seeing¹⁾ himselfe at anchor slightly shipt,
Besieg'd, betraide by winde, by land, by sea,
(All raging mad to rig his better Vessels²⁾,
The little while this naval conflict lasted)
Beheld³⁾ his owne was fiercely set upon.
- 1845 Which being sore beaten, till it brake agen
Ended the lives of his best fighting men.
There did the remnant of our Romaine nobles,
Before the foe and in theyr Captaines presence,
Dye bravely, with their fauchins in their fists.
- 1850 Then Scipio (that saw his ships through-galled,
And by the foe fulfild with fire and blood,
His people put to sword, Sea, Earth, and Hell,
And Heaven it selfe conjur'd to iniure him)
Steps⁴⁾ to the Poope, and with a princely visage
- 1855 Looking upon his weapon, dide with blood,
Sighing he sets it to his brest and said:
Since all our hopes are by the Gods beguill'd,
What refuge now remaines for my distresse(.)
But thee[,] my deerest nere-deceiving sword?
- 1860 Yea, thee[,] my latest fortunes firmest hope[,]
By whom I am assurde this hap to have,
That[,] being free borne, I shall not die a slave.
Scarce had he said, but[,] cruelly resolv'd,
He wrencht it to the pommel through his sides,
- 1865 That fro the wound the smoky blood ran bubling,
Where-with he staggred; and I stept to him
To have embrac'd him. But he (beeing afraid
T'attend the mercy of his murdring foe,
That stil pursued him and opprest his ships,)
- 1870 Crawld to the Deck, and[,] lyfe with death to ease,
Headlong he threw himselfe into the seas.

1) G. voyant, das. Subjekt hiez zu aber ist la flotte aduersaire, nicht wie hier Scipio.

2) Sinn unklar in Folge obiger Subjektsvertauschung:
G. L'investit de furie, enfonçant en peu d'heures
Que dura le combat, ses nauires meilleures.

3) Behold.

4) steps.

Cornelia.

- O cruell Gods, O heaven, O direfull Fates,
 O radiant Sunne that slightly guildst our dayes,
 O night starrs, full of infelicities,
 1875 O triple titled Heccat, Queene and Goddesse,
 Bereave my lyfe, or lyving strangle me.
 Confound me quick, or let me sinck to hell.
 Thrust me fro forth the world, that mongst the spirits
 Th' infernall Lakes may ring with my laments.
 1880 O miserable, desolate, distresful wretch,
 Worne with mishaps, yet in mishaps abounding.
 What shall I doe, or whether shall I flye
 To venge this outrage, or revenge my wrongs?
 Come[,] wrathfull Furies, with your Ebon locks,
 1885 And feede your selves with mine enflamed blood.
 Ixions torment, Sysiph's roling stone,
 And th' Eagle tyering on Prometheus,
 Be my eternall tasks, that th' extreame fire,
 Within my hart, may from my hart retyre.
 1890 I suffer more, more sorrowes I endure,
 Then all the Captives in th' infernall Court.
 O troubled Fate, O fatall misery,
 That unprovoked(,) deal'st so partiallie.
 Say, freatfull heavens, what fault have I committed,
 1895 Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
 When (being but young) I lost my first love Crassus?
 O wherein did I merrite so much wrong
 To see my second husband Pompey slayne?
 But mongst the rest, what horrible offence,
 1900 What hatefull thing (unthought of) have I done,
 That[,] in the midst of this my mournfull state,
 Nought but my Fathers death could expiate[?]
 Thy death[,] deere Scipio, Romes eternall losse,
 Whose hopefull life preserv'd our happines,
 1905 Whose silver haire encouraged the weake.
 Whose resolutions did confirme the rest[!]
 Whose ende sith it hath ended all my ioyes¹⁾.

1) Die letzten 5 Zeilen von Kyd hinzugefügt.

- O heavens[,] at least permit, of all these plagues
 That I may finish the Catastrophe.
- 1910 Sith in this widdow-hood of all my hopes
 I cannot looke for further happines.
 For[,] both my husbands and my Father gone,
 What have I els to wreak your wrath upon?
 Now as for happy thee, to whom sweet Death
- 1915 Hath given blessed rest for lifes bereaving,
 O envious Julia, in thy iealous hart
 Venge not thy wrong upon Cornelia.
 But, sacred ghost, appease thine ire and see
 My hard mishap in marrying after thee.
- 1920 O see mine anguish[!] Haplie seeing it,
 T' will move compassion in thee of my paines:
 And urge thee (if thy hart be not of flynt,
 Or drunck with rigor) to repent thy selfe,
 That thou enflam'dst so cruell a revenge
- 1925 In Caesars hart upon so slight a cause,
 And mad'st him raise so many mournfull Tombes,
 Because thy husband did revive the lights
 Of thy forsaken bed; Unworthely
 Opposing of thy freatfull ielosie(,)
- 1930 Gainst his mishap, as it my helpe had bin,
 Or as if second marriage were a sin¹⁾.
 Chorus²⁾. Was never Citty[,] where calamitie(,
 Hath sojourn'd³⁾ with such sorrow as in this.
 Was never state wherein the people stood
- 1935 So careles of their conquered libertie,
 And careful of anothers tyranny. —
 Corn.²⁾ O Gods, that earst of Carthage tooke some care,
 Which by our Fathers (pittiles) was spoyl'd,
 When thwarting Destinie at Affrique walls
- 1940 Did topside turuey turne their Common-wealth,
 When forcefull weapons fiercely tooke away

1) Die letzten 3 Zeilen für G.: endignement ialous
 Contre l'heur usurpé d'une seconde épouse.

2) In beiden Ausgaben ausgelassen, s. G.

3) sojourn'd.

- Their souldiers (sent to nourish up those warrs¹.)
 When (fierd) their golden Pallaces fell downe,
 When through the slaughter th' Afrique seas were dide,
 1945 And sacred Temples quenchlesly enflam'd:
 Now is our haples time of hopes expired,
 Then sa'isfie yourselves with this revenge,
 Content to count²) the ghosts of those great Captains,
 Which (conquered) perisht by the Romaine swords,
 1950 The Hannons, the Amilcars, Asdrubals,
 Especially that proudest Hanniball,
 That made the fayre Thrasymene so dezart.
 For even those fields that mourn'd³) to beare their bodies,
 Now (loaden) groane to feele the Romaine corses.
 1955 Theyr earth we purple ore, and on theyr Tombes
 We heape our bodies, equalling theyr ruine.
 And as a Scipio did reverse theyr powre,
 They have a Scipio to revenge them on.
- Chorus⁴). Weepe therefore, Roman Dames, and from henceforth
 1960 Valing your Christall eyes to your faire bosoms,
 Raine showres of greefe upon your Rose-like cheeks,
 And dewe your selves with springtides of your teares.
 Weepe, Ladies, weepe, and with your reeking sighes
 Thicken the passage of the purest clowdes,
 1965 And presse the ayre with your continuall plaints.
 Beate at your Ivorie breasts, and let your robes
 (Defac'd and rent) be witnes of your sorrowes.
 And let your haire that wont be wreath'd in tresses,
 Now hang neglectly, dangling downe your sholders,
 1970 Careles of Arte, or rich accoustrements.
 That with the gold and pearle we us'd before,
 Our mournfull habits may be deckt no more.

1) Sinn unklar. G. Ses guerriers nourriçons enuoyez au trespas
 (nourriçons Ernährer).

2) G. Que de nous reuenger deuez estre contans,
 Et contans les esprits de ces vieux Capitaines.

Dieses 2. contans bedeutet auch zufrieden, nicht to count, welches keinen Sinn gibt.

3) In beiden Ausgaben mour'd. G. qui sous leurs corps gemirent.

4) Fehlt in beiden Ausgaben, s. G.

- Corn.¹⁾ Alas[!] what shall I doe? O deere companions,
 Shall I, O shall I live in these laments,
 1975 Widdowed of all my hopes, my haps, my husbands,
 And last, not least, bereft of my best Father,
 And of the ioyes mine auncestors enioy'd,
 When they enioy'd their lives and libertie?
 And must I live to see great Pompeys house(,)
 1980 (A house of honour and antiquitie)
 Usurpt in wrong by lawlesse Anthony?
 Shall I behold the sumptuous ornaments(,)
 (Which both the world and Fortune heapt on him,)
 Adorne and grace his graceles Enemy?
 1985 Or see the wealth that Pompey gain'd in warre,
 Sold at a pike and borne away by strangers?
 Dye, rather die[.] Cornelia: And (to spare
 Thy worthles life that yet must one day perish.)
 Let not those Captains vainlie lie inter'd,
 1990 Or Caesar triumph in thine infamie,
 That wert the wife to th'one, and th'others daughter.
 But if I die, before I have entomb'd(,)
 My drowned Father in some Sepulcher,
 Who will performe that care in kindnes for me?
 1995 Shall his poore wandring lymbs lie stil tormented.
 Tost with the salte waves of the wasteful Seas?
 No, lovely Father and my deerest husband,
 Cornelia must live (though life she hateth)
 To make your Tombes, and mourne upon your hearse,
 2000 Where (languishing) my fumous ²⁾ faithful teares
 May trickling bathe your generous sweet cynders.
 And afterward (both wanting strength and moysture,
 Fulfilling with my latest sighes and gasps(,)
 The happie vessels that enclose your bones)
 2005 I will surrender my surcharged life[,]
 And (when my soule Earths pryson shall forgoe.)
 Encrease the number of the ghosts be-low.
 Non prosunt Domino quae prosunt omnibus: Artes.
 Tho. Kyd.

1) Fehlt in beiden Ausgaben, s. G.

2) famous. G. fumeuses.