

Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the best sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which looks us young, and beggars us when old.

Is not for nothing that we life pursue?
It pays our hopes with something still that's new:
Each day's a mistress unmov'd before;
Like travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

(*Exit, leaving etc.*)

Fear of Death.

Enter C. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity

Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate?

St. Catherine. The wisest and the best some fear may show,

And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

Id. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,

And then has run upon the father ground,
Death to wade through, and boister to go round;

Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing pulls it back:

Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again.

So I at once

Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;

And feel before me in an unknown way.

For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,

Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

(*From Tyrannic Love.*)

Scene from 'All for Love.'

This was the only play Dryden wrote for himself; he said: all the rest were given to the people; the scene is to be thought the entire and written in that kind. The play, composed in imitation of Seneca's, is founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and is a scene quoted, and taken from *Don Sebastian*, given below is a scene modeled on the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Caesar*. Ventidius was Antony's general.

Antony. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.

Why was I rais'd the netor of the world,

Hang in the skies, and blazing as I travel'd,

Till all my eyes were spent, and I then cast downward

To be trod out by Caesar?

Ventidius. [*Inde.*] On my soul

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Id. Count thy gains,

Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this?

Glutted of fortune, thy younging youth

Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Id. [*Inde.*] How sorrow shakes him!

So now the tempest tears him by the roots,

And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

(*Antony throws himself down.*)

Ant. Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou predest on thy mother-earth

Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;

Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'lt be contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(Or Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And beat thee in her widowed hand to Caesar.
Even will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad,
I'll soothe my melancholy till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy

I am now turned wild, a companion of nature;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,

I live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;

Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,

I lean my head upon the mossy bank,

And look just of a piece, as I grew from it.

My mumbled locks, matted like mistletoe,

Hang over my hoary face; a murmuring brook

Runs at my foot—

Id. Methinks I fancy

Myself there too.

Id. The herd come pumping by me,

Am I fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,

And take me for their fellow citizen.

More of this image; more: it lulls my thoughts.

Id. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.

(*Stand to see him.*)

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Id. Are you Antony?

I'm like what I was, than you to him.

I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Id. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Id. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learned that answer? Who am I?

Id. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

We are all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

Id. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,

And, if a foe, too much.

Id. Look, emperor; this is no common dew;

I have not wept this forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By heaven, he weeps; poor good old man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Id. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father.