

In the defence of her, and of her ryght
 Thys noble quene, eke loued to this knyght
 Throughe hys deserte, and for hys chualtye
 As cerryntely, but if that booke lye
 He was of person, and of gentylnesse
 And of discrecion, and of hardynesse
 Worthy to any wyght that lyuen may
 And the was fayre, as is the rose in May
 And for to maken thozte is the belle
 She wore hys wyfe, & had hym as her leste
 The weddyng and the feste to deuryse
 To me that haue yrake suche empyrse
 And to many a flozpe for to make
 It were to longe, lesse that I shulde stake
 Of thynge that beareth moze effecte & charge
 For men may ouer lade a thyppe or barge
 And for thy, to effecte than wol I skyppe
 And al the remnaunt, I wol let it slyppe
 Detraian, that woode was of this dede
 Shope hym an hooste of Antony to lede
 Al brerely, for hys distruction
 With stoute Romaynes, cruel as Lyon
 To thyp they went, & thus I let hem sayle
 Antonius was ware, and wol nat fayle
 To meten with these Romaynes, if he may
 To ke eke hys rede, and bothe vpon a day
 Hys wyfe and he, and al his host forth went
 To thyp anon, no lenger they ne stent
 And in the see it happed hem to mete
 Up gothe the trumpe, & for to thoute & herte
 And paynen hem to set on with the sonne
 With grylly sowne out goth the great gonne
 And hertely they hurden in al at ones
 And fro þ top, downe cometh þ great stones
 In goth the grapnel to ful of crokes
 Amonge the ropes ran the sheryng hokes
 In with the polaxe pteaseth he and he
 Behynde the masse, begynneth he to flye
 And out agayne, and dzyueth him ouer bozde
 He sticketh hym vpon hys speares ozde
 He rent the sayle with hokes lyke a tyche
 He bziget the cuppe, & biddeth hem be blith
 He pouereth peesen vpon the hatches syder
 With portes ful of lyme, they gone to gyder
 And thus the longe day in fight they spende
 Tyll at the laste, as euery thynge hath ende
 Antony is thent, and put him to the syghte
 And al his folke to go, that best go might
 Fleeth eke þ quene, with al her purple sayle
 For stokes, which þ wet as thicke as hayle
 No wonder was, he myght it nat endure
 And whan that Antony sawe that auenture
 Was (qd he) the day that I was bozne

My wurthyp in this day thus haue I lozne
 And for dispayre, out of his wytte he sterte
 And rote hym selfe anon througheout þ herte
 Er that he ferther went out of the place
 His wife, that coude of Cesar haue ne grace
 To Egypt is fled, for dzebe and for distresse
 But herkeneth ye that speken of kyndenesse
 Ye men that falsely swearen many an othe
 That ye wol dye, if that your loue be wothe
 Here may ye sene of women such a trouth
 This woeful cleopatre hath made such routh
 That there nis tonge none that may it tel
 But on the moztowe, she wol no lenger dwel
 But made her subtel werkmen make a thzine
 Of al the rubyes and the stones fyne
 In al Egypt, that she coude espye
 And put ful the thzine of spicerye
 And lette the cozse enbaume, & forth she fette
 This deed cozse, and in the thzine it herte
 And next the thzine a pit than doth she graue
 And al the serpenes that she myght haue
 She put hem in that graue, & thus she seyde
 Now loue, to who my sorowful hert obeyde
 So ferforthly, that fro that blifful hout
 That I you swoze, to ben al frely your
 I meane you, Antonius my knyght
 That neuer wakyng in the day or nyght
 Ye nere out of myn hertes remembraunce
 For wele or wo, for carole, or for daunce
 And in my selfe, this couenaüt made I tho
 That right suche as ye felten wele or wo
 As ferforth as it in my powet laye
 Unreppouable vnto my wyfe hode aye
 The same wolde I selen, lyfe or derthe
 And thilke couenaüt, while me lasterh bzethe
 I wol fulfyl, and that thal wel be true
 Was neuer vnto her loue a trewet quene
 And with þ word, naked with ful good hert
 Amonge the serpenes in the pitte she stert
 And there she chese to haue her buryeng
 Anone the neders gonne her for to stryng
 And she her deth receyueth with good chere
 For loue of Antony that was her to dere
 And this is stozial, sothe it is no fable
 Now er I fynde a man thus etwe a stable
 And wol for loue his derthe so frely take
 I pray god let our heedes neuer ake.

Here endeth the legende of Cleopatras,
 and here foloweth the legende of
 Tytbe of Babylone.

This playe was playd at oxford town
 in the year of our lord 1562

Chaucer ff I may none by your leane
 a little for sake my mynde
 It is most true and cher was
 as for as of can fde

In such a case as I have before
 already you know by exmple
 but by your leane I was I can sell
 but I could not save for life
 My the broken & be it alone

Chaucer, Geoffrey, d. 1400.
 The workes of Geffray Chaucer newly printed, with dyuers workes whiche were
 neuer in print before: as in the table more playnly dothe appere. Cum priuilegio.
 [London: Nicholas Hill, [1550?]].
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