

**PAYNE'S TRAGEDY  
OF BRUTUS; OR, THE  
FALL OF TARQUIN**

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Payne's Tragedy of Brutus; Or, the Fall of Tarquin by John Howard Payne & William Winter

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**JOHN HOWARD PAYNE & WILLIAM WINTER**

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# The Prompt-Book.

*Edited by*

*William Winter.*



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&c. &c.

*As presented by*

*Edwin Booth.*



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Edited by William Winter.

Payne's Tragedy

of

— *Brutus*; —

Or,

*The Fall of Tarquin.*

As Presented by

*Edwin Booth.*

+

"The jest, the fool, the laughing-stock of the court."

"There are more fools, my son, in this wise world  
Than the gods ever made."

"The time may come when thou may'st want a fool."

"The storm rides on,  
And loudly screams the haggard witch of night.  
Strange hopes possess my soul! my thoughts are wild!"

"Did not the sibyl tell you  
A fool should set Rome free? I am that fool."

"Counsel—for Rome I live, not for myself."

"I will perform all that a Roman should;  
I cannot feel less than a father ought."

"Justice is satisfied and Rome is free."

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1878.

## Prologue to Brutus.



Written by Rev. George Croly. Spoken by H. Kemble, at  
Drury Lane, December 3, 1818.



Time rushes o'er us; thick as evening clouds,  
Ages roll back;—what calls them from their shrouds?  
What in full vision brings their good and great,  
The men whose virtues make the nation's fate,  
The far, forgotten stars of humankind?  
The STAGE—the mighty telescope of mind!  
If later, luckless arts that stage profane,  
The actor pleads—not guilty of the stain:  
He but the shadow flung on fashion's tide:  
Yours the high will that all its waves must guide:  
Your voice alone the great reform secures:  
His but the passing hour—the age is yours.

Our pledge is kept. Here yet no chargers wheel,  
No foreign slaves on ropes or scaffolds reel,  
No Gallick amazons, half naked, climb  
From pit to gallery—the low sublime!  
In Shakespeare's halls shall dogs and bears engage?  
Where brutes are actors be a booth the stage!  
And we shall triumph yet. The cloud has hung  
Darkly above—but day shall spring—has sprung:  
The tempest has but swept, not shook the shrine;  
No lamp that genius lit has ceased to shine!  
Still lives its sanctity. Around the spot  
Hover high spirits—shapes of burning thought—  
Viewless; but call them, on the dazzled eye  
Descends their pomp of immortality:

Here, at your voice, Rowe, Otway, Southern come  
 Flashing like meteors through the age's gloom.  
 Perpetual here—king of th' immortal band,  
 Sits SHAKESPEARE crowned. He lifts the golden wand,  
 And all obey;—the visions of the past  
 Rise as they lived—soft, splendid, regal, vast.  
 Then Ariel harps along the enchanted wave,  
 Then the weird sisters thunder in their cave;  
 The spell is wound. Then shows his mightier art  
 The Moor's lost soul; the hell of Richard's heart;  
 And stamps, in fiery warning to all time,  
 "The deep damnation" of a tyrant's crime.

To-night we take our lesson from the tomb:  
 'T is thy sad cenotaph, colossal Rome!

How is thy helmet cleft, thy banner low;  
 Ashes and dust are all thy glory now!  
 While o'er thy wreck a host of monks and slaves  
 Totter to "seek dishonourable graves."

The story is of Brutus: in that name  
 Towered to the sun her eagle's wing of flame!  
 When sank her liberty, that name of power  
 Poured hallowed splendours round its dying hour.  
 The lesson lived for man; that heavenward blaze  
 Fixed on the pile the world's eternal gaze.

Unrivalled England! to such memories thou  
 This hour dost owe the laurel on thy brow;  
 Those fixed, when earth was like a grave, thy tread,  
 Prophet and warrior, 'twixt the quick and dead:  
 Those bade thee war for man; those won the name  
 That crowns thee—famed above all Roman fame.

Now, to our scene—we feel no idle fear,  
 Sure of the hearts, the British justice here:  
 If we deserve it, sure of your applause—  
 Then, hear for Rome, for England, for "our cause."





## Persons Represented.



SEXTUS, }  
ARUNS, } *Sons to Tarquin The Proud, King of Rome.*  
CLAUDIUS, }  
COLLATINUS.  
LUCIUS JUNIUS, *surnamed BRUTUS.*  
TITUS, *Son to Lucius Junius.*  
VALERIUS, }  
LUCRETIUS, } *Roman Patricians.*  
HORATIUS, }  
CORUNNA, *a Roman General.*  
A CENTURION.  
A MESSENGER.  
FIRST ROMAN.  
SECOND ROMAN.  
THIRD ROMAN.  
TULLIA, *Wife to Tarquin, and Queen of Rome.*  
TARQUINIA, *Daughter to Tullia.*  
LUCRETIA, *Wife to Collatinus, and Daughter to Lucretius.*  
LAVINIA, *Maid to Lucretia.*  
PRIESTESS OF RHEA.  
A VESTAL.  
LICTORS, SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, ATTENDANTS, VESTALS,  
ETC.

## Place and Time.



SCENE.—*In Rome ; in Collatia ; and in the Camp before Ardea.*  
PERIOD.—*509 B. C.*  
TIME OF ACTION.—*About four days.*

BRUTUS ;  
OR, THE FALL OF TARQUIN.



Act first.

*Scene First.* { THE TENT OF SEXTUS, IN THE CAMP,  
BEFORE ARDEA. TABLE SPREAD FOR  
BANQUET. SEXTUS, ARUNS, CLAUDIUS,  
AND COLLATINUS DISCOVERED, FEAST-  
ING.

*Sex.*

Come, then, here 's to the fairest nymph in Italy,  
And she 's in Rome.

*Aruns.*

Here 's to the fairest nymph in Italy ;  
And she is not in Rome.

*Sex.*

Where is she, then ?

*Aruns.*

Ask Collatine ; he 'll swear she 's at Collatia.

*Sex.*

His wife !

*Aruns.*

Even so.

*Clau.*

Is it so, Collatine ?

Well, 't is praiseworthy, in this vicious age,  
To see a young man true to his own spouse.