

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS,  
EROS,  
SCARUS, } friends to An-  
DERCETAS, } tony.  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO,

MECÆNAS,  
ACRIPPA,  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS, } friends to Cæsar.  
THYREUS,  
GALLUS,  
MENAS,  
MENECRATES, } friends to Pompey.  
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.  
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.  
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.  
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from An-  
tony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS,  
MARDIAN, a Eunuch, } attendants on  
SELEUCUS, } Cleopatra.  
DIOMEDES,  
A Soothsayer.  
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.  
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to  
Antony.

CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.  
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other  
Attendants.

SCENE: In several parts of the Roman empire.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,  
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her  
Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come: 10  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how  
much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can  
be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new  
heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

*Ant.* Grates me: the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

*Ant.* How, my love!

*Cleo.* Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would  
say? both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of  
thine 30

Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays  
shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The mes-  
sengers!

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the  
wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life



*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend!  
*Alexas*,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O,  
 let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet  
*Isis*, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and  
 give him a worse! and let worse follow worse,  
 till the worst of all follow him laughing to  
 his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*,  
 hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a  
 matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech  
 thee!

*Iras.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that  
 prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-  
 breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived,  
 so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul  
 knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear *Isis*, keep  
 decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen. 79

*Alex.* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to  
 make me a cuckold, they would make them-  
 selves whores, but they 'ld do 't!

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he; the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was disposed to mirth; but on  
 the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobar-*  
*bus!*

*Eno.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither.  
 Where's *Alexas*?

*Alex.* Here, at your service. My lord ap-  
 proaches. 90

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with  
 us. [Exeunt.]

*Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and*  
*Attendants.*

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the  
 field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's  
 state

Made friends of them, jointing their force  
 against Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
 Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the  
 teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool or coward.

On:

100

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis  
 thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian  
 force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia;

Whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou wouldst say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the  
 general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 110

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my  
 faults

With such full license as both truth and malice  
 Have power to utter. O; then we bring forth  
 weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills  
 told us:

Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

*Ant.* From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak  
 there!

*First Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there  
 such an one?

*Sec. Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
 Or lose myself in dotage.

*Enter another Messenger.*

What are you?

*Sec. Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

*Sec. Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more  
 serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Gives a letter.]

*Ant.* Forbear me.

[Exit Sec. Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I de-  
 sire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  
 We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shoved  
 her on. 131

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I  
 know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now! *Eno-*  
*barbus!*

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone. 140

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence. 179

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the queen,

And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius 190  
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands  
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,  
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver  
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  
Pompey the Great and all his dignities  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger: much is  
breeding, 199  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but  
life,

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him,  
what he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit Alexas.]

*Char.* Madam, methinks; if you did love  
him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce  
The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross  
him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool; the way  
to lose him. 10

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far; I wish,  
forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.  
But here comes Antony.

*Enter ANTONY.*

*Cleo.* I am sick and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my  
purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian; I  
shall fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand farther from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's  
some good news. 19

What says the married woman? You may go:  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be mine  
and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned  
gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous  
madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,— 31

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for  
your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued  
staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so  
poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*Ant.* How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches; thou  
shouldst know 40  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen:  
The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown  
to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd  
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers  
threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: my more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe  
my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not  
give me freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:  
See when and where she died.

*Cleo.* O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall  
be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepared to  
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war 70  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love; which  
stands

An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

*Cleo.* You can do better yet; but this is  
meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-  
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,  
LEPIDUS, and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate.  
Our great competitor: from Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more  
manlike  
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,  
or  
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you  
shall find there  
A man who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are 10  
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchased; what he cannot  
change,  
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant,  
it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this  
becomes him,— 21  
As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must  
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks  
as loud

As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid 30  
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-  
ledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and  
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears he is beloved of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports

The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er  
worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common  
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and  
wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth  
revolt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes  
more

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st  
against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then  
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture  
sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the  
Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: and all this—  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70  
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall  
know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*  
*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and*  
*MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam?

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

*Char.* Why, madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap  
of time

My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch Mardian!

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing; I take  
no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou af-  
fections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed!

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do  
nothing.

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,  
or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou  
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old  
Nile?'

For so he calls me: now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted  
Cæsar, 29

When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my  
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark  
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine  
hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my  
heart. 41

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* 'Good friend,' quoth he,  
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece'

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the  
east,

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,  
† And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have  
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad or merry? 50

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between  
the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition! Note  
him,

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but  
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his; he was not  
merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance  
lay

In Egypt with his joy; but between both:  
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry.  
The violence of either thee becomes, 60

So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several mes-  
sengers:

Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Char-  
mian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be choked with such another em-  
phasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My salad days

When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,  
To say as I said then! But, come, away;  
Get me ink and paper:  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS,  
in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,  
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money

where  
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in  
Rome together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of  
love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with  
both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his  
honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis

A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his  
helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Mene. I cannot hope  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I  
think,

Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between  
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your  
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10  
Lep. But small to greater matters must  
give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia  
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,  
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.



*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combined us was most great, and  
let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: when we debate 20  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble part-  
ners,  
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest  
terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.  
*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]  
*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.  
*Ant.* Thank you.  
*Cæs.* Sit.  
*Ant.* Sit, sir.  
*Cæs.* Nay, then.  
*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill which are  
not so,  
Or being, concern you not.  
*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at, 30  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I  
should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound  
your name  
It not concern'd me.  
*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was 't to you?  
*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at  
Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.  
*Ant.* How intend you, practised? 40  
*Cæs.* You may be pleased to catch at mine  
intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and  
brother  
Made wars upon me; and their contestation  
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.  
*Ant.* You do mistake your business; my  
brother never  
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not  
rather  
Discredit my authority with yours; 49  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a  
quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.  
*Cæs.* You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.  
*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he  
fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my  
wife, 61  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a  
snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.  
*Eno.* Would we had all such wives; that  
the men might go to wars with the women!  
*Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils,  
*Cæsar,*  
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must  
But say, I could not help it.  
*Cæs.* I wrote to you 71  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.  
*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did  
want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day  
I told him of myself; which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80  
Out of our question wipe him.  
*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall  
never  
Have tongue to charge me with.  
*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar!  
*Ant.* No,  
Lepidus, let him speak:  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.  
*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I  
required them;  
The which you both denied.  
*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me  
up 90  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I  
may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my  
power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need 101  
Speaks to atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love  
for the instant, you may, when you hear no  
more words of Pompey, return it again: you  
shall have time to wrangle in when you have  
nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost forgot. 110

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge  
to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, *Cæsar*.—

*Cæs.* Speak, *Agrippa*.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, 120

Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, *Agrippa*:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, *Cæsar*: let me hear  
*Agrippa* further speak.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your  
hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this  
marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to  
both

Would, each to other and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought. 140  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will *Cæsar* speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd

With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in *Agrippa*,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'

To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of *Cæsar*, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy  
hand:

Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and  
never

Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword  
'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 161  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What is his strength by land?

*Cæs.* Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for  
it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch  
we

The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, *Lepidus*,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. *Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,  
and Lepidus.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy  
*Mecænas*! My honourable friend, *Agrippa*!

*Agr.* Good *Enobarbus*!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad that mat-  
ters are so well digested. You stayed well  
by 't in Egypt. 180

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of

countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her. 190

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars  
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made 200

The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own  
person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did  
cool,

And what they undid did.

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony! 210

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft  
hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard  
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart 230

For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and  
panted,

That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between*  
*them, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* The world and my great office will  
sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir. My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,  
dear lady.

Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

*Enter* Soothsayer.

*Ant.* Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself  
in Egypt? 10

*Sooth.* Would I had never come from  
thence, nor you

Thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My motion; have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or  
mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy  
angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but  
when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural  
luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre  
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone: 30  
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap;  
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' the east my pleasure lies.

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

O, come Ventidius, 40  
You must to Parthia: your commission's  
ready;  
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further: pray  
you, hasten  
Your generals after.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's  
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about:  
You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec.* } Sir, good success!

*Agr.* }  
*Lep.* Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 10]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody  
food

Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,  
Charman.

*Char.* My arm is sore; best play with  
Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch  
play'd

As with a woman. Come, you'll play with  
me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good-will is show'd,  
though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray 11  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall  
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

*Char.* 'Twas merry when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time,—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan.

*Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antonius dead!—If thou say so,  
villain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

*Mess.* First, madam; he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if  
 Antony

Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour  
 To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd  
 with snakes, 40  
 Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou  
 speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
 Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than  
 ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay  
 The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'! 51  
 'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
 Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
 The good and bad together: he's friends with  
 Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st  
 free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such  
 report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon  
 thee! [Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,  
 [Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
 Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:  
 [She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd  
 in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,  
 I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give  
 thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou  
 hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside 71  
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[Draws a knife.

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no  
 fault. [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within  
 yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thun-  
 derbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures  
 Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again: 79  
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
 A meaner than myself; since I myself  
 Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
 To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
 An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
 Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90  
 If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou  
 hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,  
 So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
 A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee  
 hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not  
 offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do 100  
 Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a  
 knave of thee;

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee  
 hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought  
 from Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy  
 hand,

And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised  
 Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for 't now.  
Lead me from hence;  
I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Char-  
mian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
The other way 's a Mars. Bid you Alexas  
[*To Mardian.*]  
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me,  
Charmian,  
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my  
chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

*Flourish.* Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one  
side, with drum and trumpet: at another,  
CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS,  
MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you  
mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet  
That first we come to words; and therefore  
have we

Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* To you all three,  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What  
was 't

That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and  
what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous  
freedom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it 19  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I  
meant.

To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful  
Rome

Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with  
thy sails;

We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou  
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* At land, indeed,  
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

*Lep.* Be pleased to tell us—  
For this is from the present—how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but  
weigh

What it is worth embraced.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targes undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know, then, 40

I came before you here a man prepared  
To take this offer: but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand:  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

*Ant.* The beds i' the east are soft; and  
thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose  
hither;

For I have gain'd by 't.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune cast upon my face;  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are  
agreed:

I crave our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us:

*Cæs.* That's the next to do. 60

*Pom.* We 'll feast each other ere we part;  
and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot: but, first  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius  
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you? 70

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-  
tress.

*Pom.* I know thee now: how farest thou,  
soldier?

*Eno.* Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand;  
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised  
ye,

When you have well deserved ten times as  
much.

As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness, 80  
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*

*Men.* [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would  
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have  
known, sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land. 90

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise  
me; though it cannot be denied what I have  
done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for  
your own safety: you have been a great thief  
by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But  
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had  
authority, here they might take two thieves  
kissing. 101

*Men.* All men's faces are true, what-  
some'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has  
a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned

to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh  
away his fortune. 110

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back  
again.

*Men.* You've said, sir. We looked not for  
Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to  
Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius  
Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus  
Antonius.

*Men.* Pray ye, sir? 120

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit  
together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this  
unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think the policy of that purpose  
made more in the marriage than the love of  
the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find  
the band that seems to tie their friendship  
together will be the very strangler of their  
amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still  
conversation. 131

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he that himself is not so; which  
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian  
dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia  
blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said be-  
fore, that which is the strength of their amity  
shall prove the immediate author of their  
variance. Antony will use his affection where  
it is: he married but his occasion here. 140

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will  
you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our  
throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's galley, off  
Misenum.

*Music plays.* Enter two or three Servants  
with a banquet.

*First Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o'  
their plants are ill-rooted already; the least  
wind i' the world will blow them down.

*Sec. Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*First Serv.* They have made him drink  
alms-drink.

*Sec. Serv.* As they pinch one another by  
the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' recon-  
ciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the  
drink.

*First Serv.* But it raises the greater war  
between him and his discretion. 11

*Sec. Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

*First Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.*

*Ant.* [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir, they take the flow o' the Nile  
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seeds-  
man

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now  
of your mud by the operation of your sun:  
so is your crocodile. 31

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine! A health to  
Lepidus!

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but  
I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me  
you'll be in-till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard the  
Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things;  
without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

*Men.* [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* [Aside to Men.] Say in  
mine ear: what is 't?

*Men.* [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat,  
I do beseech thee, captain,  
And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till  
anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your croco-  
dile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is  
as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high  
as it is, and moves with it own organs: it  
lives by that which nourisheth it; and the ele-  
ments once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of it own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives  
him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [Aside to Men.] Go hang, sir, hang!  
Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd  
for?

*Men.* [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of  
merit thou wilt hear me, 61

Rise from thy stool.

*Pom.* [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad.  
The matter? [Rises, and walks aside.]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy  
fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast served me with much faith.  
What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole  
world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it,  
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well? 71

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from  
the cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these com-  
petitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;  
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must  
know, 81

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done un-  
known;

I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [Aside] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis  
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus! 90

*Ant.* Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for  
him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas!

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome!

*Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.



*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant, who carries off Lepidus.*]

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* A' bears the third part of the world,  
man; see'st not?

*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would  
it were all,  
That it might go on wheels!

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. Strike the ves-  
sels, ho!

Here is to Cæsar!

*Cæs.* I could well forbear 't.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* Possess it, I'll make answer:  
But I had rather fast from all four days  
Than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*]  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier. 111

*Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our  
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:  
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall  
sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them  
hand in hand.*]

#### THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120  
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!  
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:  
Cup us, till the world go round,  
Cup us, till the world go round!

*Cæs.* What would you more? Pompey,  
good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong  
Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own  
tongue  
Splits when it speaks: the wild disguise hath  
almost 131

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?  
Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O Antony,  
You have my father's house,—But, what? we  
are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!  
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell.

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd,  
sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

*Eno.* Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 141

*Hen.* Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT III.

##### SCENE I. A plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with  
SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and  
Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne  
before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou  
struck; and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is  
warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through  
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act: for learn this,  
Silius;

Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we  
serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his  
favour. 20

Who does i' the wars more than his captain  
can

Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of  
loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to  
Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid  
ranks,

The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither,  
with what haste  
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass  
along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in  
Cæsar's house.*

*Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS  
at another.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have dispatch'd with Pompey,  
he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and  
Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is  
troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves  
Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark  
Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of  
men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the  
nonpareil! 11

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say  
'Cæsar:' go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with ex-  
cellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves  
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,  
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love for Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their  
beetle. [Trumpets within.] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and  
farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and  
OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of  
myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my far-  
thest band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble An-  
tony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both  
parts

This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause.  
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep  
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your  
ends!

We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee  
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: it is love's  
spring.

And these the showers to bring it on. Be  
cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house;  
and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart,  
nor can

Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's  
down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines. 50

*Eno.* [Aside to *Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Agr.* [Aside to *Eno.*] He has a cloud  
in 's face.

*Eno.* [Aside to *Agr.*] He were the worse  
for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* [Aside to *Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed,  
he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,  
Believe 't, till I wept too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall  
not 60

Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give  
light

To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

*Ant.* Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's  
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,  
and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afeard to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

Come hither, sir.

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it? Come  
thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where? 10

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome;

I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-  
tongued or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is  
low-voiced.

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like  
her long.

*Char.* Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,  
and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;  
She shows a body rather than a life,  
A statue than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing;  
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:  
The fellow has good judgement.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow,—

*Cleo.* Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't  
long or round?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are fool-  
ish that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam: and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: go make thee ready; 40  
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by  
him,

This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty,  
and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else  
defend,

And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him  
yet, good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's  
house.*

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousand  
more

Of semblable import,—but he hath waged  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will,  
and read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could  
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:

When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

*Oct.* O my good lord, 10  
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia, 20  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks

Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;

So your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be 30

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men

Should solder up the rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal; that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

Choose your own company, and command what cost

Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Ero.* How now, friend Eros!

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Ero.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Ero.* This is old: what is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Ero.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threats the throat of that his officer 19  
That murder'd Pompey.

*Ero.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;  
My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Ero.* 'Twill be naught:  
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more;

In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:  
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye?

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise:

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,

As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence 20  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now received  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Who does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abused,  
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, -I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA with her train.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. 41

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way  
Should have borne men; and expectation  
fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come 50

A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,

Is often left unloved: we should have met you  
By sea and land; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted, 60  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;  
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led, 80

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives

O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;

Nothing more dear to me. You are abused  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods;

To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;

And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady. 90

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:

Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.**Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.**Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.*Eno.* But why, why, why?*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should not we

Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear

A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say? 10*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle

Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

What should not then be spared. He is already

Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome

That Photinus an eunuch and your maids

Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome, and their tongues rot That speak against us! A charge we bear i'

the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;

I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done. 20 Here comes the emperor.*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.**Ant.* Is it not strange, Canidius, That from Tarentum and Brundisium He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't, sweet?*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired Than by the negligent.*Ant.* A good rebuke, Which might have well becomeed the best of men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?*Can.* Why will my lord do so?*Ant.* For that he dares us to 't.*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight. 31*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd; Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 40 Being prepared for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land; Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely to chance and

hazard,

From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea. 49*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;

And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, We then can do 't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;

Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;

Strange that his power should be. Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,

And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:

Away, my Thetis!

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier! 61

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;

Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt This sword and these my wounds? Let the

Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well; away![*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]*Sold.* By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, 70  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of  
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguiled all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. 80

*Can.* With news the time's with labour,  
and throes forth,  
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army,  
marching.*

*Cæs.* Taurus!

*Taur.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole:  
provoke not battle,  
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon side o'  
the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one  
way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieu-  
tenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After  
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-  
fight.

*Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can  
behold no longer:  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is  
lost

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pesti-  
lence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of  
Egypt,— 10

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the  
fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could  
not

Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting  
mallard, 20

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:

I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of  
breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own!

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts?  
Why, then, good night indeed. 30

*Can.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will at-  
tend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions and my horse: six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
reason

Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's  
palace.*

*Enter ANTONY with Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark! the land bids me tread no  
more upon 't;

It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come  
hither:

I am so hated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship

Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*All.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;

I have myself resolved upon a course  
Which has no need of you; be gone: 10

My treasure's in the harbour, take it: O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:

My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall

Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. 21  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS following.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam; to him, comfort him.

*Irás.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do! why: what else?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno!

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir? 30

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie!

*Char.* Madam!

*Irás.* Madam, O good empress!

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No  
matter. 40

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Irás.* Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualified with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then, sustain me: O!

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation,

A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen. 50

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?

See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must 61  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I  
pleased,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them  
rates

All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70  
Even this repays me. We sent our school-  
master;

Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.  
Some wine, within there, and our viands!  
Fortune knows.

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from  
Antony.

Know you him?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Euph.* Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so; declare thine office. 10



*Euph.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,  
and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and  
earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Euph.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.  
[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis  
time: dispatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
perjure 30  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning,  
Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thyr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria, Cleopatra's  
palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?

*Eno.* Think, and die.

*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his  
will

Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several  
ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The meered question: 'twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS, the  
Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Euph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy,  
so she  
Will yield us up.

*Euph.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the  
rose 20  
Of youth upon him; from which the world  
should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would  
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him  
therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-  
battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the  
show, 30

Against a sworder! I see men's judgements  
are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-  
dued

His judgement too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? See, my  
women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

*Eno.* [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin  
to square. 41

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has; Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserved.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows 60 What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* [Aside] To be sure of that, I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desired to give. It much would please him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, 70 † And put yourself under his shroud, The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger, Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, 80 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft, When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in, Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* [Aside] You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!' 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,

And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

I am

Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony!

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd, Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abused By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever: 110

But when we in our viciousness grow hard— O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is't come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, 120

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.

*Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.*

Is he whipp'd? 131

*First Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?

*First Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be  
thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:  
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to  
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't.  
When my good stars, that were my former  
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou: 151  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*]

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle  
eyes

With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so 161  
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170  
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most  
sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou  
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in 't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,  
breathed,

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me  
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:  
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since  
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-  
night I'll force 190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on,  
my queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To  
be furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: when valour preys on  
reason;

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200  
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with  
his army; CÆSAR reading a letter.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he  
had power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to  
personal combat.

Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath; but now  
Make boot of his distraction: never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads 10  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight: within our files there are,  
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:  
And feast the army; we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,  
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of  
better fortune;

He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight  
well?

*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on.  
Call forth my household servants: let's to-  
night

Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand, 10  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hath  
thou;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have  
served me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those  
odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

*Ant.* And thou art honest too.  
I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service  
So good as you have done.

*All.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me  
to-night: 20

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his follow-  
ers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night:

May be it is the period of your duty:

Haply you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest  
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master 30

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they  
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My  
hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort; did  
desire you 40

To burn this night with torches: know, my  
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper,  
come,

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow  
is the day.

*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way: fare  
you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Sec. Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good  
night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good  
night.

[*They place themselves in every corner  
of the stage.*]

*Fourth Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10

Our landmen will stand up.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*]

*Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?

*First Sold.* List, list!

*Sec. Sold.* Hark!

*First Sold.* Music i' the air.

*Third Sold.* Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not?  
*Third Sold.* No.  
*First Sold.* Peace, I say!  
 What should this mean?  
*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom  
 Antony loved,  
 Now leaves him.  
*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watch-  
 men  
 Do hear what we do.  
*[They advance to another post.]*  
*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!  
*All.* *[Speaking together]* How now!  
 How now! do you hear this?  
*First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange? 20  
*Third Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you  
 hear?  
*First Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we  
 have quarter;  
 Let's see how it will give off.  
*All.* Content. 'Tis strange. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,  
 and others attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!  
*Cleo.* Sleep a little.  
*Ant.* No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine  
 armour, Eros!  
*Enter EROS with armour.*  
 Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:  
 If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
 Because we brave her: come.  
*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.  
 What's this for?  
*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
 The armourer of my heart: false, false; this,  
 this.  
*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.  
*Ant.* Well, well;  
 We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good  
 fellow?  
 Go put on thy defences.  
*Eros.* Briefly, sir. 10  
*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?  
*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
 He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
 To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.  
 Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire  
 More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O  
 love,  
 That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and  
 knew'st  
 The royal occupation! thou shouldst see  
 A workman in't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike  
 charge:  
 To business that we love we rise betime, 20  
 And go to't with delight.  
*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
 Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,  
 And at the port expect you.

*[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]*

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow,  
 general.  
*All.* Good morrow, general.  
*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads:  
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.  
 So, so; come, give me that: this way; well  
 said.  
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable

*[Kisses her.]*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
 On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
 Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,  
 Follow me close: I'll bring you to't. Adieu.  
*[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and  
 Soldiers.]*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.  
*Cleo.* Lead me.  
 He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar  
 might

Determine this great war in single fight!  
 Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;  
 a Soldier meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to  
 Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou and those thy scars had  
 once prevail'd  
 To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
 That has this morning left thee, would have  
 still

Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?  
*Sold.* Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
 He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
 Say 'I am none of thine.'

*Ant.* What say'st thou?  
*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure 10  
 He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—  
 I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;  
 Say that I wish he never find more cause  
 To change a master. O, my fortunes have  
 Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—*Enobarbus!*  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*  
*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with*  
*ENOBARBUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the  
 fight:  
 Our will is Antony be took alive;  
 Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.]*

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
 world  
 Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* *Antony*  
 Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa  
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10  
 Upon himself. *[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to  
 Jewry on  
 Affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
 And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest  
 That fell away have entertainment, but  
 No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
 That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* *Enobarbus, Antony* 20  
 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
 His bounty overplus: the messenger  
 Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now  
 Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
 I tell you true: best you safed the bringer  
 Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
 Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor  
 Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30  
 And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have  
 paid

My better service, when my turpitude  
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows  
 my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,  
 I feel.

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
 Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life. *[Exit. 39]*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the*  
*camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter*  
*AGRIPPA and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engaged ourselves  
 too far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression  
 Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

*Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS*  
*wounded.*

*Scar.* O, my brave emperor, this is fought  
 indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them  
 home

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
 But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I  
 have yet

Room for six scotches more. 10

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our ad-  
 vantage serves

For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind:  
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
 Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, in a march;*  
*SCARUS, with others.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp: run  
 one before,

And let the queen know of our gests. To-  
 morrow,

Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood  
 That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
 Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been  
 Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
 Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful  
 tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and  
kiss 10  
The honour'd gashes whole. [To Scarus]  
Give me thy hand;

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. [To Cleo.] O  
thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and  
all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and  
there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown,  
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phoebus' car. Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
them:

Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt. 39]

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp*

*Sentinels at their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not relieved within  
this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: the  
night

Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

*Sec. Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to's.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* O, bear me witness, night,—

*Third Sold.* What man is this?

*Sec. Sold.* Stand close, and list him.  
*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed  
moon,

When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*First Sold.* Enobarbus!

*Third Sold.* Peace! 10  
Hark further.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melan-  
choly,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon  
me,

That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]

*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak  
To him.

*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things  
he speaks

May concern Cæsar.

*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*First Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a  
prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

*Sec. Sold.* Go we to him.

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to  
us.

*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught  
him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums  
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they 'ld fight i' the fire or i'  
the air;

We 'ld fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

† They have put forth the haven. . .  
Where their appointment we may best dis-  
cover,

And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt. 9]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.**Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.*

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still  
by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond  
pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*  
Scar. Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look  
grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]**Re-enter ANTONY.*

Ant. All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!  
'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.  
*[Exit Scarus.]*  
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The  
hearts 20  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd  
them home;  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30  
Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his  
love?  
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy  
deserving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take  
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminuties, for doits; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. *[Exit Cleopatra.]*

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,  
If it be well to live: but better 'twere 40  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the  
moon;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heav-  
iest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall  
die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me,  
and I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! 49  
*[Exit.]*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's  
palace.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,  
and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is  
more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of  
Thessaly

Was never so emboss'd.  
Char. To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you  
are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mar-  
dian,  
And bring me how he takes my death. To  
the monument! *[Exeunt. 10]*

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.**Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dra-  
gonish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen  
these signs;



They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, 10  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I am Antony;  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;

Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter MARDIAN.*

O, thy vile lady!  
She has robb'd me of my sword.

*Mar.* No, Antony;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead, then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go.

[*Exit Mardian.*]

Off, pluck off:  
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40  
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture: since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal them, and all is done.  
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me: 50

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand  
in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros,  
Eros!

*Re-enter EROS.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to  
lack

The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60  
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn,  
Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, which  
now

Is come indeed, when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is  
come;

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.* Eros, 71  
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and  
see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending  
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him,  
branded

His baseness that ensued?

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come, then; for with a wound I must  
be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80  
 Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then  
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.  
 Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,  
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.  
 Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.  
 Eros. My sword is drawn.  
 Ant. Then let it do at once  
 The thing why thou hast drawn it.  
 Eros. My dear master,  
 My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90  
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.  
 Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.  
 Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?  
 Ant. Now, Eros.  
 Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape  
 the sorrow  
 Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.  
 Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!  
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
 I should, and thou couldst not. My queen  
 and Eros  
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
 A nobleness in record: but I will be  
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus  
 [Falling on his sword.  
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not  
 dead?  
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!  
 Enter DERCETAS and Guard.  
 First Guard. What's the noise?  
 Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,  
 make an end  
 Of what I have begun.  
 Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.  
 First Guard. And time is at his period.  
 All. Alas, and woe!  
 Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.  
 First Guard. Not I.  
 Sec. Guard. Nor I.  
 Third Guard. Nor any one. 110  
 [Exeunt Guard.  
 Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy fol-  
 lowers fly.  
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this  
 tidings,  
 Shall enter me with him.  
 Enter DIOMEDES.  
 Dio. Where's Antony?  
 Der. There, Diomed, there.  
 Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.  
 Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy  
 sword, and give me  
 Sufficing strokes for death.  
 Dio. Most absolute lord,  
 My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.  
 Ant. When did she send thee?  
 Dio. Now, my lord.  
 Ant. Where is she?  
 Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a  
 prophesying fear 120  
 Of what hath come to pass: for when she  
 saw—  
 Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
 She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your  
 rage  
 Would not be purged, she sent you word she  
 was dead;  
 But, fearing since how it might work, hath  
 sent  
 Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
 I dread, too late.  
 Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my  
 guard, I prithee.  
 Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The  
 guard, what, ho!  
 Come, your lord calls! 130  
 Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.  
 Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleo-  
 patra bides;  
 'Tis the last service that I shall command you.  
 First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you  
 may not live to wear  
 All your true followers out.  
 All. Most heavy day!  
 Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please  
 sharp fate  
 To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel-  
 come  
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
 I have led you oft: carry me now, good  
 friends,  
 And have my thanks for all. 140  
 [Exeunt, bearing Antony.  
 SCENE XV. The same. A monument.  
 Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft,  
 with CHARMIAN and IRAS.  
 Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from  
 hence.  
 Char. Be comforted, dear madam.  
 Cleo. No, I will not:  
 All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
 But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
 As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* How now! is he dead?  
His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o' the other side of your monument;  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! dark-  
ling stand 10  
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,  
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help,  
Irás, help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.  
*Ant.* Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but An-  
tony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!  
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until 20  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—  
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ser-  
pents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, An-  
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up:  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone. 31

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy  
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's  
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee  
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a  
little,—

Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come,  
come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast  
lived:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight! 40

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail  
so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,

Provoked by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.

O!  
*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar. trust but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar. 50

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your  
thoughts

In feeding them with those my former for-  
tunes

Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the  
world,

The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to

My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is go-  
ing;

I can no more.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60

In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and  
girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable.

Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Irás.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Irás.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Irás.* Royal Egypt, 70

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, Irás!

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman, and  
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs

Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but  
naught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80

To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you,

women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,  
Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take  
heart:  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,  
what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come,  
away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no  
friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end. 91

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off  
Antony's body.*]

### ACT V.

#### SCENE I. *Alexandria. Caesar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆ-  
NAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his  
council of war.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art  
thou that darest  
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and  
spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing  
should make

A greater crack: †the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens: the death of  
Antony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice, 20  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did  
lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours 30  
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give  
us

Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set  
before him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce

Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our  
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

*Enter an Egyptian.*

The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are  
you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen  
my mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,

That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we

Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.* 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and  
say,

We purpose her no shame: give her what  
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke

She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,

And with your speediest bring us what she  
says,

And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]

Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius?

*All.* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. A room in the  
monument.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of  
Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but,  
I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting. If your mas-  
ter

Would have a queen his beggar, you must  
tell him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear  
nothing:

Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
Of all that need: let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kind-  
ness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30

A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be sur-  
prised:

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard  
ascend the monument by a ladder placed  
against a window, and, having descend-  
ed, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the  
Guard unbar and open the gates.*]

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her  
till Cæsar come. [*Exit.*]

*Irás.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:  
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Relieved, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a  
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not  
drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary, 50  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll  
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in  
Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you  
shall

Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.*

*Proculeius,*

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows.

And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.  
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you  
shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. 70  
[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard  
of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or  
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their  
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an Emperor  
Antony:

O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and  
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and  
lighted. 80

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his  
rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was property'd  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the  
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back  
above

The element they lived in: in his livery. 90  
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and  
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra!

*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be,  
such a man

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the  
gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants  
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to  
imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam. 100  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear  
it

As answering to the weight: would I might  
never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would  
you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't. 110

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way  
there: Cæsar!'*]

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆ-  
NAS, SELEUCUS, and others of his train.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remem-  
ber

As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well 121  
To make it clear; but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties which before  
Have often shamed our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall  
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them  
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world: 'tis  
yours; and we,  
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest,  
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my  
good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleo-  
patra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate,  
and jewels,

I am possess'd of: tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things admitted. Where 's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam. 141

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak,  
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved  
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Se-  
leucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have  
made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I ap-  
prove  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be  
yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be  
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more  
trust

Than love that's hired! What, goest thou  
back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine  
eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless vil-  
lain, dog!

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is  
this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition to his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserved,

Immement toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and

say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170  
With one that I have bred? The gods! it

smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [To Seleucus] Prithee,  
go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou  
a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus.]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest,  
are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what ac-  
knowledgeed, 180

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear  
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and  
sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.

[Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me,  
that I should not 191

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers Charmian.]

*Irás.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is  
done,

And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [Exit.]

*Cleo.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your  
command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey; and within three days

You with your children will he send before:

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.

[Exit Dolabella.]

Now, Irás, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,

And forced to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: saucy  
lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald  
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods! 221

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my  
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch  
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah *Iras*, go.  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll  
give thee leave 231

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and  
all.

Wherefore's this noise?

*[Exit Iras. A noise within.]*

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' pres-  
ence:

He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. *[Exit Guardsman.]*

What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in  
a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man. 241

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him.

*[Exit Guardsman.]*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly, I have him: but I would  
not be the party that should desire you to  
touch him, for his biting is immortal; those  
that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Rememberest thou any that have  
died on 't? 249

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too.  
I heard of one of them no longer than yes-  
terday: a very honest woman, but something  
given to lie; as a woman should not do, but  
in the way of honesty: how she died of the  
biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she  
makes a very good report o' the worm; but  
he that will believe all that they say, shall  
never be saved by half that they do: but  
this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell. 260

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*[Setting down his basket.]*

*Cleo.* Farewell.

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that  
the worm will do his kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be  
trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for,  
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I  
pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so sim-  
ple but I know the devil himself will not eat  
a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for  
the gods, if the devil dress her not. But,  
truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods  
great harm in their women; for in every ten  
that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o'  
the worm. *[Exit.]*

*Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick! Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my  
lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; *Iras*, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie  
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking. 301



Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that  
I may say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou  
mortal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace! 311  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[Applying another asp to her arm.  
What should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.  
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.  
[Applies an asp.

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not  
well: Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from  
Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Char-  
mian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a  
princess

Descended of so many royal kings. 330

Ah, soldier! [Dies.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

[Within 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;  
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way. The manner of their  
deaths? 340

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that  
brought her figs:

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and  
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep.  
As she would catch another Antony 350  
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail: and  
these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable  
That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:  
She shall be buried by her Antony: 361

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.

