

XXX.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
SEXTUS POMPEIUS. }
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, }
VENTIDIUS, }
EROS, }
SCARUS, } *Friends of Antony.*
DERCETAS, }
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, }
MECÆNAS, }
AGRIPPA, }
DOLABELLA, } *Friends to Cæsar.*
PROCULEIUS, }
THYREUS, }
GALLUS, }

MENAS, }
MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS, }
TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
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 — dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo.

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 ¹⁾ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar ²⁾ 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 ³⁾ how far to be belov'd.

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. ⁴⁾

Cleo. Nay, hear them, ⁵⁾ Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*

Take in that kingdom, ⁶⁾ 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? ⁷⁾ Cæsar's I would say? —
Both? —

Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet, ⁸⁾
We stand up peerless.

Cleo.

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —

I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony

Will be himself.

Ant.

But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, ⁹⁾
Let's not confound the time ¹⁰⁾ with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo.

Ant.

Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

To weep; whose every passion fully strives

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

No messenger; but thine and all alone, ¹¹⁾

To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it: — Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.*]
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry, That he approves the common liar, ¹²⁾ who Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands! ¹³⁾

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Ir. No, you shall paint, when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: ¹⁴⁾ find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs. ¹⁵⁾

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: ¹⁶⁾ 'Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million. ¹⁷⁾

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be — drunk to bed.

Ir. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Ir. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — 'Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Ir. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Ir. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Ir. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse 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!

Ir. 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.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd 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 dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam.

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

Alex. Here, madam, ¹⁸⁾ at your service. — My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, 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 'gainst Cæsar;

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:

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; ¹⁹⁾

His conquering banner shook, from Syria

To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst — —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

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

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults With such full licence, as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds, When our quick winds lie still; ²⁰⁾ and our ills told us, Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear, — These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *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 Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it: What our contempts do often hurl from us, We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By revolution lowering, does become The opposite of itself: ²¹⁾ she's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back, ²²⁾ that shov'd her on. I must from this enchanting queen break off; Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch. — How now! Enobarbus!

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.

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: ²³⁾ 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 blessed 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.

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 ²⁴⁾ to the queen, And get her love to part. ²⁵⁾ For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, ²⁶⁾ Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, 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, Which, like the courser's hair, ²⁷⁾ 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. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

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; — ²⁸⁾ If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [Exit ALEX.]

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.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear; In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes 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 further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

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

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, —
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; ²⁹⁾ none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: ³⁰⁾ 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 should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while: 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
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
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, ³¹⁾
Is Fulvia's death.

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

It does from childishness: — Can Fulvia die? ³²⁾
Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garbols she awak'd; ³³⁾ at the last, best:
See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? ³⁴⁾ Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come; —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves. ³⁵⁾

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

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: ³⁶⁾ Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
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, 'prythee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman ³⁷⁾ 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 lov'd — but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. ³⁸⁾

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself. ³⁹⁾

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, ⁴⁰⁾ 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'd victory! ⁴¹⁾ and smooth success
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. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: ⁴²⁾ 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
Vouchsaf'd 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
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; ⁴³⁾ what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis 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,
(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. ⁴⁴⁾ If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: ⁴⁵⁾ 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
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

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 belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, ⁴⁶⁾ 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 lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. 'This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide, ⁴⁷⁾
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear ⁴⁸⁾ and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, ⁴⁹⁾ and flush youth ⁵⁰⁾
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 wassels. ⁵¹⁾ 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 ⁵²⁾
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 brows'd'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
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is 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.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time

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

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; *[Exeunt.]*
I knew it for my bond. ⁵³⁾

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian, —

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha! —
Give me to drink mandragora. ⁵⁴⁾

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, treason! ⁵⁵⁾

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,
That, being unseminard, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet I have 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?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men. — ⁵⁶⁾ 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, ⁵⁷⁾
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. — ⁵⁸⁾
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.
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 a termagant steed, ⁵⁹⁾
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the ex-
tremes

Of heat 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;

So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick? ⁶⁰⁾

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. — Ink and paper, Charmian. —
Welcome, my good Alexas. — Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

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

Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment: — 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.⁽⁶¹⁾

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

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, decays
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 power's a 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.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to-
gether,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love¹⁾
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!²⁾
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 dullness. —³⁾ How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

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.⁴⁾

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. — Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm⁵⁾
For such a petty war: his soldiery
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow⁶⁾ pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,⁷⁾
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 square⁸⁾ 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 it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon,⁹⁾ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.¹⁰⁾

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in 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 shav't to day.¹¹⁾

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
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, MENEAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here,¹²⁾ to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

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

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.¹³⁾

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

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,
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,¹⁴⁾ your being in Egypt
Might be my question.¹⁵⁾

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd 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.¹⁶⁾

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,¹⁷⁾
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;

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 judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm 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 'fronted¹⁸⁾ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:¹⁹⁾
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 incurable, 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,
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;²⁰⁾ which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
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's sacred²¹⁾ 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 requir'd
them;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
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:²²⁾ 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 nobly spoken.²³⁾
Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs²⁴⁾ between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.²⁵⁾

Lep. Worthily spoke, 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.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.²⁶⁾

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, 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,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd 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
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 but tales,²⁷⁾
Where now half tales be truth: 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,
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,
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 her 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; ²⁸)
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us ²⁹) must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he? ³⁰)
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's 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, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

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

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

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, ANT., 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 matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

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 break-
fast, 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. ³¹)

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
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 out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did. ³²)

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes, ³³)
And made their bends adornings: ³⁴) at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. ³⁵) From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in 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,
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
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' 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. ³⁶)

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery ³⁷) to him.

Agr. Let us go. —

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

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

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

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. —

Octa. Good night, sir. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Cæs. Good night.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, ³⁸) have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

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 dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
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:
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 ³⁹) ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. ⁴⁰) I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I'the east my pleasure lies: — O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*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 mount ⁴¹)
Before you, Lepidus.

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

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food ⁴²)
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: ⁴³)
Come, Charmian.

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 it
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
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. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mess. Madam, madam, —
Cleo. Antony's 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.

Mess. First, madam, he's 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, — why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man. ⁴⁴)

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; ⁴⁵) fye upon *but yet*!
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. 'Pr'ythee, 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 hates him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring 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
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run: —
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent. [Exit.]

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: — Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him: —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; ⁴⁶⁾ since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

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 worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is 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 submerg'd, ⁴⁷⁾ and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st 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,
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not! — What? thou'rt sure of't? — ⁴⁸⁾
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 disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian, — 'Tis no matter: —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, ⁴⁹⁾ 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: — ⁵⁰⁾ Let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T'other way he'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.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum
and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, AN-
TONY, ENOBARBUS, MENCENAS, 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,
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 it,
That mov'd 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,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratifude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, ⁵¹⁾ 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; ⁵²⁾
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, ⁵³⁾
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) ⁵⁴⁾ 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 embrac'd.

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 unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
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 brothers 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.

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 it.

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

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face; ⁵⁵⁾
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.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part: and let us
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?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now; How far'st 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 lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
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 POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this treaty. — [Aside.] — You and I have known,
sir. ⁵⁶⁾

Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.

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.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'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.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.
Men. You have 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 you, sir?
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. ⁵⁷⁾

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 before, 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.

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, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a
Banquet. ⁵⁸⁾

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants ⁵⁹⁾
are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world
will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.
1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink. ⁶⁰⁾

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the dispo-
sition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to
his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

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

2 *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 partizan ⁶¹⁾ I could
not heave.

1 *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, POM-
PEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MENCENAS, ENOBARBUS,
MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [to CÆSAR] They take the
flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, ⁶²⁾ if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: ⁶³⁾ The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have 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.

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'
pyramises are very goodly things; ⁶⁴⁾ without con-
tradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [Aside.]
Pom. Say in mine ear: what is't?
Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
[Aside.]

And hear me speak a word.
Pom. Forbear me till anon. —
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

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 its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its 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. [To MENAS *aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

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

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. 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 serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, 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,

Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, '65) Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, '66)

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 should'st have done, And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know, '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 unknown,

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

Men. For this, [Aside.] I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes '67) more. — Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

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? He 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.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, '68) ho! Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

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.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped 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, '69) as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

Song.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye: '70)
In thy vats 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 Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good

night. — Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'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. — [Exit POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANT., and Attendants.]

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.

[A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.]

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — noble captain! Come. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, 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

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body Before our army: — Thy Pacorus, Orodes, '1) 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 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 leave undone, '2) 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 achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour. 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 which a soldier, and his sword,

Grants scarce distinction, '3) 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 us will permit, We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass along.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'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!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! '4)

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; — go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent 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 To Antony. But as for Cæsar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. '5) So, — [Trumpets.]

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 it. — Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band '6) Shall pass on thy approval. — Most noble Antony,

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 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, '7) 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, '8) and make Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. 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.

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

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. 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.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; '9) So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus? When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept, When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, '10) he wail'd: Believe it, till I weep too.

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

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. Exit.]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: — Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

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 thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he had wag'd
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.¹⁶⁾

Oct. O my good lord,
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:
¹⁷⁾ And 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,
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 us: 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 be¹⁸⁾
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. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eros. What, man?
Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eros. This is old; What is the success?
Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;¹⁹⁾
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,²⁰⁾
seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death en-
large his confine.

Eros. 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 and lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eros. Our great navy's rigged.
Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;²¹⁾

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

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?
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?¹¹⁾
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
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,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station¹²⁾ 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 perceiv't: — There's nothing in her yet: —
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? — Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so. — Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; And her forehead is as
low¹³⁾

As she would wish it.
Cleo. There is 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;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him.¹⁴⁾ Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing,¹⁵⁾ 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. [Exit.]

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My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eros. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Caesar's House.*

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECENAS.

Caes. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And
more;

In Alexandria, — here's the manner of it,
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Caesarian, 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,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?
Caes. 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
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Caes. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Caes. Caesar: 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 unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Caes. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
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.
Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!
Caes. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Caes. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Caesar'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,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love,²²⁾ which, left unshown

Is often left unlov'd: 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 prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

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

Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Caes. 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
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchas of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

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

Caes. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
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 determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
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.
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 regiment²³⁾ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?
Caes. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!
[Exit.]

SCENE VII.

*Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of
Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eros. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being²⁴⁾ in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eros. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us,²⁵⁾ why should
not we
Be there in person?

Eros. [Aside.] Well, I could reply: —
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost;²⁶⁾ the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

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Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd 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:
 Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
 That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
 And take in 'Toryne? — ²⁷⁾ You have heard on't,
 sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
 Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
 Which might have well becom'd 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 he dares us ²⁸⁾ to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

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 muleteers, ²⁹⁾ 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,
 Being prepar'd 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.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will be burn;
 And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
 Actium
 Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land. — 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. — ³⁰⁾ Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse: — We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis! — ³¹⁾ How now, worthy soldier?
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.
[Exit 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: ³²⁾ So our leader's led,
 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. ³³⁾

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
 His power went out in such distractions, ³⁴⁾ as
 Beguil'd 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 for ³⁵⁾ Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes
 forth, ³⁶⁾
 Each minute, some. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

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. ³⁷⁾ *[Exit.]*

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. *[Exit.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching 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. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
 longer:
 The Antoniad, ³⁸⁾ 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 ³⁹⁾ 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 ⁴⁰⁾ pestilence,
 Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag ⁴¹⁾ of
 Egypt,

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 brize upon her, ⁴²⁾ like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
 Did sicken at the sight on't, ⁴³⁾ and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd, ⁴⁴⁾
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
 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. *[Aside.]*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
 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, ⁴⁵⁾ though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
 It is asham'd to bear me! — Friends, come hither,
 I am so lated in the world, ⁴⁶⁾ 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.

Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
 To run, and show their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
 I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
 Which has no need of you; be gone:
 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.

Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now: —
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, ⁴⁷⁾
 Therefore I pray you: — I'll see you by and by.
[Sits down.]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
 and IRAS.*

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?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.
Char. Madam, —

Irás. Madam; O good empress! —

Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; — He, at Philippi, kept
 His sword even like a dancer; ⁴⁸⁾ while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, ⁴⁹⁾ and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: Yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
 He is unqualitied ⁵⁰⁾ 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 ⁵¹⁾
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
 A most un noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
 How I convey my shame ⁵²⁾ out of thine eyes
 By looking back on 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, ⁵³⁾
 And thou should'st 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

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 pleas'd,
 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. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
 All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
 Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster,
 Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead: —
 Some wine, within there, and our viands: — For-
 tune knows,
 We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
[Exit.]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
 Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster: ⁵⁴⁾
 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.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. 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. ⁵⁵⁾

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Eup. 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 Ptolemies⁵⁶) for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,⁵⁷)
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To THYREUS.*
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
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;⁵⁸)
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the 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 although⁵⁹) 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;⁶⁰) at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question:⁶¹) 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it. —
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
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 declin'd,⁶²) sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,⁶³)
Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes;⁶⁴) 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 subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? — See, my wo-
men! —

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.⁶⁵)

[*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: — Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen 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's, 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 deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

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

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd 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,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath⁶⁶) 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,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace⁶⁷) to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd 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,⁶⁸) and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there: — Ay, you kite! — Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,⁶⁹) kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will!* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. '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,⁷⁰) to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?⁷¹)

Cleo. Good my lord, —
Ant. You have been a boggler ever: —

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it 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: —⁷²) For, I am sure,
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 outdoar
The horned herd!⁷³) 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. — Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry'd he, and begg'd he pardon?
1 *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 abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me:⁷⁴) Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYREUS.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; 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?⁷⁵)

Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart may heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,⁷⁶) so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite;⁷⁷)
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
Have knit again, and fleet,⁷⁸) threat'ning 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;⁷⁹)
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky,⁸⁰) 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:⁸¹) 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'll 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

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 ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.*
Eno. Now he'll out-stare 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
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MENCÆNAS, and others.

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; mean time,
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 ¹⁾ his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: — Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done; ²⁾
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and 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.* ³⁾

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

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
And thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you have
serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots

Out of the mind. [Aside.]

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.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,

As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers 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: ⁴⁾ 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
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! ⁵⁾

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; ⁶⁾ for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho! ⁷⁾

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:

⁸⁾ I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
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.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 Sold. Here we: [they take their posts] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the stage.]

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i'the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well, ⁹⁾

Does't not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do. [They advance to another post.]

2 Sold. How now, masters?

1 Sold. How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.]

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

1 Sold. [Several speaking.] 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, my ¹⁰⁾ good fellow, put thine 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. ¹¹⁾

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't ¹²⁾ for our repose, shall hear a storm. —

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: ¹³⁾ Despatch. — O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't. — Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. 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: rebukable, [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, Officers, 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.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

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. Had'st 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

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: — Eros, despatch. ¹⁴⁾

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is, Antony be took alive; ¹⁵⁾

Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit AGRIPPA.]

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

Upon himself. [Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.]

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

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 me not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: Best that ¹⁶⁾ you saf'd the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

Or would have done't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. ¹⁷⁾ O Antony,

Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows my

heart: ¹⁸⁾

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.¹⁹⁾
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.]

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression²⁰⁾
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven 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.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
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, marching; SCARUS, and
Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests. — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's,
Enter the city, clip your wives,²¹⁾ your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand;
[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy²²⁾ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o'the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness²³⁾ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare²⁴⁾ uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey

Do something mingle with our brown;²⁵⁾ yet have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.²⁶⁾ 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 deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car. — Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:²⁷⁾

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;²⁸⁾
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard:²⁹⁾ The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —
3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.³⁰⁾
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! —

1 Sold. Enobarbus!
3 Sold. Peace:

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;³¹⁾
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart³²⁾
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;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]

2 Sold. Let's speak
To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.
1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.³³⁾

2 Sold. Go we to him.
3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?
1 Sold. The hand of death hath rought him.³⁴⁾

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.]
Demurely³⁵⁾ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Body.]

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;
We'd 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: Further on,³⁶⁾
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.³⁷⁾ [Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall;³⁸⁾ for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder 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:
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!³⁹⁾
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all: — Bid them all fly, be gone.
[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
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,⁴⁰⁾
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home,

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,⁴¹⁾
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me⁴²⁾ to the very heart of loss.⁴³⁾
What, Eros, Eros! —

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd 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 diminutives, to dolts;⁴⁴⁾ and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEO.] 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
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;⁴⁵⁾
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. — Eros, ho! [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield;⁴⁶⁾ the boar of Tessaly
Was never so emboss'd.⁴⁷⁾

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, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death. —
To the monument. [Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

SCENE XII.

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 dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant 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.⁴⁸⁾
Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dislimns;⁴⁹⁾ and makes it indistinct,
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. —
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd 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 discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
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. Eros, unarm; ⁵⁰) the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep: — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go. — Off, pluck off; —
[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent. ⁵¹)
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me awhile.
[*Exit EOS.*]

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 further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done. — ⁵²)
Eros! — I come, my queen: — Eros! — Stay for me:
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 liv'd 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
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 would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheeks.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, ⁵³) bending down
His corrigible neck, ⁵⁴) his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued? ⁵⁵)

Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world ⁵⁶) lies.

Ant. Lo thee!
Eros. My sword is drawn.
[*Turning from him.*]

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,
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: — [*Falls on his sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st 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
I learn'd of thee. How? not yet dead? ⁵⁷) not
dead? —

The guard! — ho! — O, despatch me.
Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O make
an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.
1 Guard. And Time is at his period.
All. Alas! and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.
2 Guard. Nor I.
3 Guard. Nor any one. [*Exit Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers 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 pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, ⁵⁸) and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, 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
pr'y thee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.
Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, ⁵⁹) sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

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,
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: — [*Falls on his sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st 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
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Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

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Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
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Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
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Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
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Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.
Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, ⁵⁹) 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 welcome
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.
[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, 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

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now? is he dead?
Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun, ⁶⁰)
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling ⁶¹)
stand

The varying shore o'the world! — ⁶²) O Antony!
Antony, Antony! — Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
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-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; ⁶³) if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, ⁶⁴) shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! — ⁶⁵) How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness, ⁶⁶)
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 draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; ⁶⁷) had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!
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,
Provok'd 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.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
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 ⁶⁸) is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady, —
Iras. Madam, —
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. ⁶⁹) It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
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: —
[*To the Guard below.*]

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.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, ¹) tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st
Appear thus to us? ²)

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: 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
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,
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 a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings. ³⁾

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
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: ⁴⁾ 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,
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 ⁵⁾ did kindle, — that our
stars

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — ⁶⁾ Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd 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.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit.]*
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 PROCULEIUS.]*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? *[Exit GALLUS.]*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; 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, ⁷⁾
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 dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's. ⁸⁾

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
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [Within.] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [Within.] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
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
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy: and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, ⁹⁾
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [Within.] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. ¹⁰⁾ I hourly learn
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 caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
*[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the
Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window,
and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA,
Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.]*
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.]
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
Reliev'd, 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, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars! ¹¹⁾

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, ¹²⁾

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 chástis'd 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 to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
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: as for the queen, ¹³⁾
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[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 you, —
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: ¹⁴⁾ his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a 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 liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates ¹⁵⁾ 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 ¹⁶⁾ with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite. ¹⁷⁾

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
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 it.

Within. Make way, there, — Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis 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 remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project ¹⁸⁾ mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd 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 Cleopatra.

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.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel ¹⁹⁾ 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 approve
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 hir'd! — What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base! ²⁰⁾

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by ²¹⁾
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends ²²⁾ withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one ²³⁾ that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. 'Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.]
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: — ²⁴⁾ Wert thou
a man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits ²⁵⁾ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it 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.
[Exit CÆSAR, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, 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 CHARMIAN.]
Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will be 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 Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.] 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 forc'd to drink their vapour.

Irás. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Irás: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers ²⁶⁾
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians ²⁷⁾
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 ²⁸⁾
I' the posture of a whore.

Irás. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Irás. I'll never see it; 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. — Now, Charmian? —

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen; — Go fetch
My best attires: — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: — Sirrah, Irás, go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave

To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit IRÁS. A noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor ²⁹⁾ an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon ³⁰⁾
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a
Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus ³¹⁾ 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. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: 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.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the basket.]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind. ³²⁾

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.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, 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.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.
[Exit.]

Re-enter IRÁS, 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, ³³⁾ good Irás; 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; — Irás, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRÁS falls and dies.]
Have I the aspick in my lips? ³⁴⁾ Dost fall? ³⁵⁾

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

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; ³⁶⁾ and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch, ³⁷⁾
[To the 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 despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied! ³⁸⁾

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

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 — [Falls on a bed, and dies.]

Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well. —
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close; ³⁹⁾
And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play. ⁴⁰⁾

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[Applies the Asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.
1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; —
call him.

1 Guard. What work is here? — Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 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!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

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?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 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
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown; ⁴¹⁾
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite ⁴²⁾

Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument: —

She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip ⁴³⁾ 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, ⁴⁴⁾ 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.

[Exit.]