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Antony and Cleopatra. William Shakespeare.



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About the author

William Shakespeare (born April 1564, baptised April 26, 1564, died April 23, 1616 Julian calendar, May 3, 1616 Gregorian calendar) is widely considered to have been the greatest writer the English language has ever known. As a playwright, he wrote not only some of the most powerful tragedies, but also many comedies.



He also wrote 154 sonnets and several major poems, some of which are considered to be the most brilliant pieces of English literature ever written, because of Shakespeare's ability to rise beyond the narrative and describe the innermost and the most profound aspects of human nature. He is believed to have written most of his works between 1585 and 1613, although the exact dates and chronology of the plays attributed to him are not accurately known. There was no standardized spelling in Elizabethan England, and Shakespeare's name is often rendered in contemporary documents as Shakespear, Shaksper or even Shaxberd.

William Shakespeare (National Portrait Gallery)

Shakespeare's influence on the English-speaking world is reflected in the ready recognition afforded many quotations from Shakespearean plays (<http://en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Shakespeare>), the titles of works based on Shakespearean phrases, and the many adaptations of his plays. Other indicators of contemporary influence are his inclusion in the top 10 of the "100 Greatest Britons" poll sponsored by the BBC, the frequent productions based on his work, such as the BBC Television Shakespeare, and the success of the fictional account of his life in the 1998 film *Shakespeare in Love*.



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Antony and Cleopatra.

Persons Represented.

M.ANTONY, Triumvir
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, Triumvir
M. AEMIL. LEPIDUS, Triumvir
SEXTUS POMPEIUS Triumvir
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, friend to Antony
VENTIDIUS, friend to Antony
EROS, friend to Antony
SCARUS, friend to Antony
DERCETAS, friend to Antony
DEMETRIUS, friend to Antony
PHILO, friend to Antony
MAECENAS, friend to Caesar
AGRIPPA, friend to Caesar
DOLABELLA, friend to Caesar
PROCULEIUS, friend to Caesar
THYREUS, friend to Caesar
GALLUS, friend to Caesar

MENAS, friend to Pompey
MENEKRATES, friend to Pompey
VARRIUS, friend to Pompey
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Caesar
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's army
EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from Antony to Caesar
ALEXAS, attendant on Cleopatra
MARDIAN, attendant on Cleopatra
SELEUCUS, attendant on Cleopatra
DIOMEDES, attendant on Cleopatra
A SOOTHSAYER
A CLOWN

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt
OCTAVIA, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony
CHARMIAN, Attendant on Cleopatra
IRAS, Attendant on Cleopatra

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants



Scene: Dispersed, in several parts of the Roman Empire.

Act 1.

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 all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust.

[Flourish within.]

Look where they come:
 Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd

Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

[Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.]

CLEOPATRA.

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANTONY.

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

[Enter an Attendant.]

ATTENDANT.

News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY.

Grates me:—the sum.

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

How, my love!

CLEOPATRA.

Perchance! Nay, and most like:—
 You must not stay here longer,—your dismission

Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony. —
 Where's Fulvia's process?—Caesar's I would say?—Both?—
 Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!

ANTONY.

Let Rome in Tiber 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 [Embracing]; when such a mutual pair
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA.

Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

ANTONY.

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?

CLEOPATRA.

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY.

Fie, wrangling queen!



Whom everything 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
 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 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Train.]

DEMETRIUS.

Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHILO.

Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

DEMETRIUS.

I am full sorry
 That he approves the common liar, who
 Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
 Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
 [Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Alexandria. Another Room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.

[Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.]

CHARMIAN.

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
 charge his horns with garlands!

ALEXAS.

Soothsayer,—

SOOTHSAYER.

Your will?

CHARMIAN.

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

*SOOTHSAYER.*In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.*ALEXAS.*

Show him your hand.

[Enter ENOBARBUS.]

*ENOBARBUS.*Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.*CHARMIAN.*

Good, sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER.

I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN.

Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER.

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN.

He means in flesh.

IRAS.

No, you shall paint when you are old.

*CHARMIAN.*

Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS.

Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN.

Hush!

SOOTHSAYER.

You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN.

I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS.

Nay, hear him.

*CHARMIAN.*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: find me to marry me
with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.*SOOTHSAYER.*

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN.

O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*SOOTHSAYER.*You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.*CHARMIAN.*Then belike my children shall have no names:—pr'ythee, how
many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER.

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

CHARMIAN.

Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS.

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

CHARMIAN.

Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS.

We'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS.

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

IRAS.

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

CHARMIAN.

E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS.

Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN.

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

SOOTHSAYER.

Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS.

But how, but how? give me particulars.

*SOOTHSAYER.*

I have said.

IRAS.

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN.

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

IRAS.

Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN.

Our worser thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—come, his
fortune!

his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet
Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse!
and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him
laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me
this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good
Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS.

Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is
a heartbreaking 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!

CHARMIAN.

Amen.

ALEXAS.

Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would
make themselves whores but they'd do't!

ENOBARBUS.

Hush! Here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN.

Not he; the queen.

[Enter CLEOPATRA.]

CLEOPATRA.

Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS.

No, lady.

CLEOPATRA.

Was he not here?

CHARMIAN.

No, madam.

*CLEOPATRA.*He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—*ENOBARBUS.*

Madam?

CLEOPATRA.

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

ALEXAS.

Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

CLEOPATRA.

We will not look upon him: go with us.

[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR., IRAS,
ALEX., and Soothsayer.]

[Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER and Attendants.]

*MESSENGER.*

Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY.

Against my brother Lucius.

MESSENGER.

Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter, drave them.*ANTONY.*

Well, what worst?

MESSENGER.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*ANTONY.*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.*MESSENGER.*

Labienus,—

This is stiff news,—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst,—*ANTONY.*

Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESSENGER.

O, my lord!

ANTONY.

Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
 Name Cleopatra as she is 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 minds lie still; and our ills told us
 Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER.

At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.]

ANTONY.

From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

FIRST ATTENDANT.

The man from Sicyon—is there such an one?

SECOND ATTENDANT.

He stays upon your will.

ANTONY.

Let him appear.—
 These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
 Or lose myself in dotage.—

[Enter another MESSENGER.]

What are you?

SECOND MESSENGER.

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY.

Where died she?

SECOND MESSENGER.

In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
 Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.]

ANTONY.

Forbear me.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
 We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
 By revolution lowering, does become
 The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
 The hand could pluck her back that 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—ho, Enobarbus!

[Re-enter ENOBARBUS.]

ENOBARBUS.

What's your pleasure, sir?

ANTONY.

I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS.

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.

ANTONY.

Would I had never seen her!

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS.

Sir?

ANTONY.

Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS.

Fulvia?



ANTONY.

Dead.

ENOBARBUS.

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 crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

No more light answers. Let our officers
 Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
 The cause of our expedience to the queen,
 And get her leave to part. For not alone
 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
 The empire of the sea; our slippery people,—
 Whose love is never link'd to the deserver

Till his deserts are past,—begin to throw
 Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS.

I shall do't.
 [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S palace.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Where is he?

CHARMIAN.

I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA.

See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
 I did not send you:—if you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.
 [Exit ALEXAS.]

CHARMIAN.

Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,



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

CLEOPATRA.

What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN.

In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA.

Thou teachest like a fool,—the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN.

Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear;
 In time we hate that which we often fear.
 But here comes Antony.

[Enter ANTONY.]

CLEOPATRA.

I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY.

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

CLEOPATRA.

Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall;
 It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
 Will not sustain it.

ANTONY.

Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEOPATRA.

Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANTONY.

What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA.

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.

ANTONY.

The gods best know,—

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

Cleopatra,—

CLEOPATRA.

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!

ANTONY.

Most sweet queen,—

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
 But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd staying,
 Then was the time for words: no going then;—
 Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor
 But was a race of heaven: they are so still,



Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANTONY.

How now, lady!

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

Hear me, queen:
 The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 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,
 Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA.

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness:—can Fulvia die?

ANTONY.

She's dead, my queen.
 Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best.
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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



ANTONY.

You'll heat my blood: no more.

CLEOPATRA.

You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANTONY.

Now, by my sword,—

CLEOPATRA.

And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best:—look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY.

I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
 Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet!

ANTONY.

Let us go. Come;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away!
 [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Rome. An Apartment in CAESAR'S House.

[Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.]

CAESAR.

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

LEPIDUS.

I must not think there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness:



His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
 Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change
 Than what he chooses.

CAESAR.

You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
 As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
 No way excuse his foils when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
 Call on him for't: but to confound such time
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.
 [Enter a Messenger.]

LEPIDUS.

Here's more news.

MESSENGER.

Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Caesar, 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 Caesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CAESAR.

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

MESSENGER.

Caesar, I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

CAESAR.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more



Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this,—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis pity of him.

CAESAR.

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

LEPIDUS.

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

CAESAR.

Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEPIDUS.

Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

CAESAR.

Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.]

CLEOPATRA.

Charmian,—

CHARMIAN.

Madam?

CLEOPATRA.

Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.

CHARMIAN.

Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN.

You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA.

O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN.

Madam, I trust, not so.



CLEOPATRA.

Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN.

What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA.

Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN.

Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Indeed!

MARDIAN.

Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA.

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 wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me.—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,

That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
 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.]

ALEXAS.

Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.—
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS.

'Good friend,' quoth he
 'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,



Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEOPATRA.

What, was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS.

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA.

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.—Mett'st thou my posts?

ALEXAS.

Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
 Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA.

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 Caesar so?

CHARMIAN.

O that brave Caesar!

CLEOPATRA.

Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say 'the brave Antony.'

CHARMIAN.

The valiant Caesar!

CLEOPATRA.

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.

CHARMIAN.

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

CLEOPATRA.

My salad 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.
[Exeunt.]



Act 2.

Scene I.

Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S house.

[Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.]

POMPEY.

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

MENECRATES.

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

POMPEY.

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

MENECRATES.

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.

POMPEY.

I shall do well;

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
 My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors: Caesar gets money where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves
 Nor either cares for him.

MENAS.

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

POMPEY.

Where have you this? 'tis false.

MENAS.

From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY.

He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
 Even till a Lethe'd dullness.

[Enter VARRIUS.]

How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS.

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.

POMPEY.

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

MENAS.

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

POMPEY.

I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.

[Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.]

LEPIDUS.

Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS.

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

LEPIDUS.

'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

ENOBARBUS.

Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

LEPIDUS.

But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS.

Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS.

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



The noble Antony.

[Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.]

ENOBARBUS.

And yonder, Caesar.

[Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.]

ANTONY.

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

CAESAR.

I do not know,
Maecenas; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS.

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.

ANTONY.

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

CAESAR.

Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY.

Thank you.

CAESAR.

Sit.

ANTONY.

Sit, sir.

CAESAR.

Nay, then.

ANTONY.

I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

CAESAR.

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.

ANTONY.

My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?

CAESAR.

No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY.

How intend you practis'd?

CAESAR.



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.

ANTONY.

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

CAESAR.

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANTONY.

Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS.

Would we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women.

ANTONY.

So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
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.

CAESAR.

I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY.

Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

CAESAR.

You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS.

Soft, Caesar!

ANTONY.



No; Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.—But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

CAESAR.

To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

ANTONY.

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. 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.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis noble spoken.

MAECENAS.

If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

LEPIDUS.

Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

ENOBARBUS.

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.

ANTONY.

Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

ENOBARBUS.

That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY.

You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS.

Go to, then; your considerate stone!

CAESAR.

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

AGRIPPA.

Give me leave, Caesar,—

CAESAR.

Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

CAESAR.

Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof



Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANTONY.

I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA.

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 tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY.

Will Caesar speak?

CAESAR.

Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

ANTONY.

What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

CAESAR.

The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY.

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!

CAESAR.

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

LEPIDUS.

Happily, amen!

ANTONY.

I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS.

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

ANTONY.

Where lies he?

CAESAR.

About the Mount Misenum.

ANTONY.

What is his strength
By land?

CAESAR.

Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

ANTONY.

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.

CAESAR.

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

ANTONY.

Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS.

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. Exeunt CAESAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.]

MAECENAS.

Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS.

Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas!—my honourable friend,
Agrippa!—

AGRIPPA.

Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS.

We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You
stay'd well by it in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS.

Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night
light with drinking.

MAECENAS.

Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve
persons there. Is this true?

ENOBARBUS.

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

MAECENAS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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

AGRIPPA.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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 divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA.

O, rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA.

Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS.

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.

AGRIPPA.

Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He ploughed her, and she cropp'd.

ENOBARBUS.

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.

MAECENAS.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS.

Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

MAECENAS.



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

AGRIPPA.

Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

ENOBARBUS.

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

Scene III.

Rome. A Room in CAESAR'S House.

[Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, and
Attendants.]

ANTONY.

The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA.

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

ANTONY.

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.—

OCTAVIA.

Good night, sir.

CAESAR.

Good night.

[Exeunt CAESAR and OCTAVIA.]

[Enter SOOTHSAYER.]

ANTONY.

Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER.

Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

ANTONY.

If you can, your reason.

SOOTHSAYER.

I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

ANTONY.

Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER.

Caesar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

ANTONY.

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER.



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.

ANTONY.

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 ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the East my pleasure lies.

[Enter VENTIDIUS.]

O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me and receive it.
[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Rome. A street.

[Enter LEPIDUS, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.]

LEPIDUS.

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

AGRIPPA.

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

LEPIDUS.

Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

MAECENAS.

We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

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

BOTH.

Sir, good success!

LEPIDUS.

Farewell.
[Exeunt.]

*Scene V.**Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
Attendants.]

CLEOPATRA.

Give me some music,—music, moody food



Of us that trade in love.

ALL.

The music, ho!

[Enter MARDIAN.]

CLEOPATRA.

Let it alone; let's to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN.

My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA.

As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN.

As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river. There,
My music playing far off, I will betray
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.'

CHARMIAN.

'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.

CLEOPATRA.

That time?—O times!—

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

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

O! from Italy!—

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

MESSENGER.

Madam, madam,—

CLEOPATRA.

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.

MESSENGER.

First, madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

MESSENGER.

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA.

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 shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
 Not like a formal man.

MESSENGER.

Will't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA.

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

MESSENGER.

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA.

Well said.

MESSENGER.

And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Th'art an honest man.

MESSENGER.

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA.

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER.

But yet, madam,—

CLEOPATRA.

I do not like 'but yet', it does allay
The good precedence; fie 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 Caesar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER.

Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

For what good turn?

MESSENGER.

For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEOPATRA.

I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER.

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA.

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 hauls him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire and stew'd in brine,
Smarter in ling'ring pickle.

MESSENGER.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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.

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a dagger.]

MESSENGER.

Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[Exit.]

CHARMIAN.

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA.

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!

CHARMIAN.

He is afraid to come.

CLEOPATRA.

I will not hurt him.

[Exit CHARMIAN.]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

[Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.]

Come hither, sir.

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

MESSENGER.

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA.

Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say 'Yes.'

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still!



MESSENGER.

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

MESSENGER.

I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA.

He is married?

MESSENGER.

Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee
That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

[Exit Messenger.]

CHARMIAN.

Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA.

In praising Antony I have disprais'd Caesar.

CHARMIAN.

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

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, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:—let him not, Charmian—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars.—[To MARDIAN] Bid you Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VI.

Near Misenum.

[Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet; at the other, CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, with Soldiers marching.]

POMPEY.

Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

CAESAR.

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.

POMPEY.

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 Caesar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was't

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 ingratitude that spiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

CAESAR.

Take your time.

ANTONY.

Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;

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

How much we do o'er-count thee.

POMPEY.

At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,

Remain in't as thou mayst.

LEPIDUS.

Be pleas'd to tell us,—
For this is from the present,—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

CAESAR.

There's the point.

ANTONY.

Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CAESAR.

And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POMPEY.

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

CAESAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.

That's our offer.

POMPEY.

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 Caesar and your brother were at blows,



Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANTONY.

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

POMPEY.

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

ANTONY.

The beds i' the East are soft; and, thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gained by it.

CAESAR.

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

POMPEY.

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

LEPIDUS.

Well met here.

POMPEY.

I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

CAESAR.

That's the next to do.

POMPEY.

We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANTONY.

That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY.

No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.

ANTONY.

You have heard much.

POMPEY.

I have fair meanings, sir.

ANTONY.

And fair words to them.

POMPEY.

Then so much have I heard;
And I have heard Apollodorus carried,—

ENOBARBUS.

No more of that:—he did so.

POMPEY.

What, I pray you?

ENOBARBUS.

A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

POMPEY.



I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

ENOBARBUS.

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

POMPEY.

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

ENOBARBUS.

Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POMPEY.

Enjoy thy plainness;
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

CAESAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.

Show's the way, sir.

POMPEY.

Come.

[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS.]

MENAS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

At sea, I think.

MENAS.

We have, sir.

ENOBARBUS.

You have done well by water.

MENAS.

And you by land.

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Nor what I have done by water.

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

And you by land.

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

All men's faces are true, whosome'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

No slander; they steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS.



We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS.

For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENOBARBUS.

If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

MENAS.

You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray you,

is he married to Cleopatra?

ENOBARBUS.

Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS.

Pray you, sir?

ENOBARBUS.

'Tis true.

MENAS.

Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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.

MENAS.

Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS.

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 Caesar; 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.

MENAS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VII.

On board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.

[Music. Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.]

FIRST SERVANT.

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

SECOND SERVANT.



Lepidus is high-coloured.

FIRST SERVANT.

They have made him drink alms-drink.

SECOND SERVANT.

As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'no more'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERVANT.

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

SECOND SERVANT.

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 I could not heave.

FIRST SERVANT.

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 CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.]

ANTONY.

[To CAESAR.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS.

You've strange serpents there.

ANTONY.

Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

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

ANTONY.

They are so.

POMPEY.

Sit —and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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

LEPIDUS.

Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction I have heard that.

MENAS.

[Aside to POMPEY.] Pompey, a word.

POMPEY.

[Aside to MENAS.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

MENAS.

[Aside to POMPEY.]

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY.

[Aside to MENAS.] Forbear me till ano.n—



This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY.

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

LEPIDUS.

What colour is it of?

ANTONY.

Of its own colour too.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY.

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

CAESAR.

Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY.

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

POMPEY.

[Aside to MENAS.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that! away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

MENAS.

[Aside to POMPEY.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY.

[Aside to MENAS.] I think thou'rt mad.

[Rises and walks aside.]

The matter?

MENAS.

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY.

Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY.

These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY.

What say'st thou?

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

POMPEY.

How should that be?

MENAS.

But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY.

Hast thou drunk well?



MENAS.

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

Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

POMPEY.

Show me which way.

MENAS.

These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And when we are put off, fall to their throats:

All then is thine.

POMPEY.

Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy:

In thee't 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.

MENAS.

[Aside.] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

POMPEY.

This health to Lepidus!

ANTONY.

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

ENOBARBUS.

Here's to thee, Menas!

MENAS.

Enobarbus, welcome!

POMPEY.

Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS.

There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the servant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

MENAS.

Why?

ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

The third part, then, is drunk; would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

ENOBARBUS.

Drink thou; increase the reels.

MENAS.

Come.

POMPEY.

This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY.

It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!—

Here is to Caesar!

CAESAR.



I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler.

ANTONY.

Be a child o' the time.

CAESAR.

Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one.

ENOBARBUS.

[To ANTONY.] Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals

And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY.

Let's ha't, good soldier.

ANTONY.

Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENOBARBUS.

All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—

The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

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

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

In thy fairs 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!

CAESAR.

What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
 Let me request you off: our graver business
 Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words. Good night.—
 Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY.

I'll try you on the shore.

ANTONY.

And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POMPEY.

O Antony,
 You have my father's house,—but, what? we are friends.
 Come, down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS.

Take heed you fall not.
 [Exeunt POMPEY, CAESAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.]
 Menas, I'll not on shore.

MENAS.

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.]

ENOBARBUS.

Hoo! says 'a.—There's my cap.

MENAS.

Hoo!—noble captain, come.

[Exeunt.]



Act 3.

Scene I. A plain in Syria.

[Enter VENTIDIUS, in triumph, with SILIUS and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne in front.]

VENTIDIUS.

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,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS.

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.

VENTIDIUS.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,—
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
 Caesar 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.

SILIUS.

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

VENTIDIUS.

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.

SILIUS.

Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS.

He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along!
[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Rome. An Ante-chamber in CAESAR'S house.

[Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.]

AGRIPPA.

What, are the brothers parted?

ENOBARBUS.

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

AGRIPPA.

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS.

A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!

AGRIPPA.

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS.

Caesar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA.

What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS.

Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA.



O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

ENOBARBUS.

Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar'—go no further.

AGRIPPA.

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS.

But he loves Caesar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—hoo!—
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA.

Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS.

They are his shards, and he their beetle.

[Trumpets within.]

So,—

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

[Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.]

ANTONY.

No further, sir.

CAESAR.

You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
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 lov'd without this mean if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

ANTONY.

Make me not offended
In your distrust.

CAESAR.

I have said.

ANTONY.

You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

CAESAR.

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

OCTAVIA.

My noble brother!—

ANTONY.

The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA.

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



CAESAR.

What,
Octavia?

OCTAVIA.

I'll tell you in your ear.

ANTONY.

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 the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside to AGRIPPA.] Will Caesar weep?

AGRIPPA.

[Aside to ENOBARBUS.] He has a cloud in's face.

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside to AGRIPPA.]
He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA.

[Aside to ENOBARBUS.] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS.

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

CAESAR.

No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.

ANTONY.

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.

CAESAR.

Adieu; be happy!

LEPIDUS.

Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way!

CAESAR.

Farewell, farewell!
 [Kisses OCTAVIA.]

ANTONY.

Farewell!
 [Trumpets sound within. Exeunt.]

*Scene III.**Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS.

Half afraid to come.

*CLEOPATRA.*

Go to, go to.

[Enter a Messenger.]

*Come hither, sir.**ALEXAS.*

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

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Most gracious majesty,—

CLEOPATRA.

Didst thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER.

Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA.

Where?

MESSENGER.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER.

She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

MESSENGER.

Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.

CLEOPATRA.

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

CHARMIAN.

Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA.

I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESSENGER.

She creeps,—

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA.

Is this certain?

MESSENGER.

Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN.

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA.

He's very knowing;

I do perceive't:—there's nothing in her yet:—



The fellow has good judgment.

CHARMIAN.

Excellent.

CLEOPATRA.

Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

MESSENGER.

Madam,

She was a widow.

CLEOPATRA.

Widow!—Charmian, hark!

MESSENGER.

And I do think she's thirty.

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA.

For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

MESSENGER.

Brown, madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

CLEOPATRA.

There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business:—go make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd.

[Exit Messenger.]

CHARMIAN.

A proper man.

CLEOPATRA.

Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

CHARMIAN.

Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN.

Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA.

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.

CHARMIAN.

I warrant you, madam.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

[Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.]

ANTONY.

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that and thousands more



Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scandy 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.

OCTAVIA.

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:
Sure 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 mid-way
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY.

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's: the meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA.

Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

ANTONY.

When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene V.**Athens. Another Room in ANTONY'S House.*

[Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.]

ENOBARBUS.

How now, friend Eros!

EROS.

There's strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS.

What, man?

EROS.

Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS.

This is old: what is the success?

EROS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
 And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

EROS.

He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
 The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!
 And threats the throat of that his officer
 That murder'd Pompey.

ENOBARBUS.

Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS.

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

ENOBARBUS.

'Twill be naught;
 But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

EROS.

Come, sir.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene VI.**Rome. A Room in CAESAR'S House.*

[Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS.]

CAESAR.

Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Caesarion, 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.

MAECENAS.

This in the public eye?

CAESAR.

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 Phoenicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

MAECENAS.

Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

AGRIPPA.

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



CAESAR.

The people knows it: and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGRIPPA.

Who does he accuse?

CAESAR.

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.

AGRIPPA.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

CAESAR.

'Tis done already, and 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.

MAECENAS.

He'll never yield to that.

CAESAR.

Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

[Enter OCTAVIA, with her train.]

OCTAVIA.

Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!

CAESAR.

That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA.

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

CAESAR.

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 ostentation of our love, which left unshown
 Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
 By sea and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA.

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.

CAESAR.

Which soon he granted,



Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA.

Do not say so, my lord.

CAESAR.

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

OCTAVIA.

My lord, in Athens.

CAESAR.

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' theearth for war: he hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
 King Manchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with
 More larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA.

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

CAESAR.

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 their ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA.

Welcome, lady.

MAECENAS.

Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull
 That noises it against us.

OCTAVIA.

Is it so, sir?

CAESAR.

Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you
 Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!
 [Exeunt.]

Scene VII.

ANTONY'S Camp near the Promontory of Actium.

[Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.]



CLEOPATRA.

I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS.

But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA.

Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS.

Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA.

If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
 Be there in person?

ENOBARBUS.

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

CLEOPATRA.

What is't you say?

ENOBARBUS.

Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from'st 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.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

ENOBARBUS.

Nay, I have done.
 Here comes the emperor.

[Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.]

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

By sea! what else?

CANIDIUS.

Why will my lord do so?

ANTONY.

For that he dares us to't.

ENOBARBUS.



So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

CANIDIUS.

Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
 Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers,
 Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
 And so should you.

ENOBARBUS.

Your ships are not well mann'd:
 Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
 Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar'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.

ANTONY.

By sea, by sea.

ENOBARBUS.

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 forgo
 The way which promises assurance; and
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
 From firm security.

ANTONY.

I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA.

I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

ANTONY.

Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
 And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
 Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
 We then can do't at land.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Thy business?

MESSENGER.

The news is true, my lord: he is descried;
 Caesar has taken Toryne.

ANTONY.

Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible—
 Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship:
 Away, my Thetis!

[Enter a SOLDIER.]

How now, worthy soldier?

SOLDIER.

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 Phoenicians go a-ducking: we
 Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth
 And fighting foot to foot.

ANTONY.

Well, well:—away.

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

*SOLDIER.*

By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

CANIDIUS.

Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
 Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
 And we are women's men.

SOLDIER.

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

CANIDIUS.

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
 Publicola, and Caelius are for sea:
 But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
 Carries beyond belief.

SOLDIER.

While he was yet in Rome
 His power went out in such distractions as
 Beguil'd all spies.

CANIDIUS.

Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOLDIER.

They say one Taurus.

CANIDIUS.

Well I know the man.

[Enter a Messenger.]

MESSENGER.

The Emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS.

With news the time's with labour; and throes forth
Each minute some.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VIII.
A plain near Actium.

[Enter CAESAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.]

CAESAR.

Taurus,—

TAURUS.

My lord?

CAESAR.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene IX.
Another part of the Plain.

[Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.]

ANTONY.

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

[Exeunt.]



Scene X.

Another part of the Plain.

[Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way; and
TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CAESAR, with his Army, the other
way.

After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.]

[Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.]

ENOBARBUS.

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

[Enter SCARUS.]

SCARUS.

Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENOBARBUS.

What's thy passion?

SCARUS.

The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS.

How appears the fight?

SCARUS.

On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag 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 breese upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails and flies.

ENOBARBUS.

That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCARUS.

She once being loof'd,
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.

ENOBARBUS.

Alack, alack!
[Enter *CANIDIUS*.]

CANIDIUS.

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!

ENOBARBUS.

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

CANIDIUS.



Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS.

'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

CANIDIUS.

To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS.

I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.
[Exeunt.]

Scene XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter *ANTONY* and attendants.]

ANTONY.

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 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 Caesar.

ALL.

Fly! Not we.

ANTONY.

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,
 Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.
 [Sits down.]
 [Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS, EROS
 following.]

EROS.

Nay, gentle madam, to him!—comfort him.

IRAS.

Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN.

Do! why, what else?

CLEOPATRA.

Let me sit down. O Juno!

ANTONY.

No, no, no, no, no.



EROS.

See you here, sir?

ANTONY.

O, fie, fie, fie!

CHARMIAN.

Madam,—

IRAS.

Madam, O good empress,—

EROS.

Sir, sir,—

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, stand by.

EROS.

The queen, my lord, the queen!

IRAS.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Well then,—sustain me.—O!

EROS.

Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY.

I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

EROS.

Sir, the queen.

ANTONY.

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back, what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA.

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

ANTONY.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

CLEOPATRA.

O, my pardon!

ANTONY.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY.

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!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

Scene XII.

CAESAR'S camp in Egypt.

[Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.]

CAESAR.

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

DOLABELLA.

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

[Enter EUPHRONIUS.]

CAESAR.

Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS.

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.

CAESAR.

Be't so: declare thine office.

EUPHRONIUS.

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

CAESAR.

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,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS.

Fortune pursue thee!

CAESAR.

Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

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

THYREUS.

Caesar, I go.

CAESAR.

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

THYREUS.

Caesar, I shall.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene XIII.**Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

[Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS.

Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA.

Is Antony or we in fault for this?

ENOBARBUS.

Antony only, that would make his will
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question; 'twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
 And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA.

Pr'ythee, peace.

[Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.]

ANTONY.

Is that his answer?

EUPHRONIUS.

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY.

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

EUPHRONIUS.

He says so.

ANTONY.

Let her know't.—
 To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim



With principalities.

CLEOPATRA.

That head, my lord?

ANTONY.

To him again: tell him he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
 Something particular: his coins, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child as soon
 As i' the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

EUPHRONIUS.

Yes, like enough high-battled Caesar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
 Against a sworder.—I see men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Caesar, thou hast subdu'd
 His judgment too.

[Enter an Attendant.]

ATTENDANT.

A messenger from Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

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

[Exit Attendant.]

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside.] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
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.]

CLEOPATRA.

Caesar's will?

THYREUS.

Hear it apart.

CLEOPATRA.

None but friends: say boldly.

THYREUS.

So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENOBARBUS.

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

THYREUS.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st



Further than he is Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Go on: right royal.

THYREUS.

He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEOPATRA.

O!

THYREUS.

The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

CLEOPATRA.

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

ENOBARBUS.

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

[Exit.]

THYREUS.

Shall I say to Caesar
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 shroud, who is
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA.

What's your name?

THYREUS.

My name is Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this:—in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

THYREUS.

'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 grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA.

Your Caesar'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.]

ANTONY.

Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

THYREUS.



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

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside.] You will be whipp'd.

ANTONY.

Approach there.—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

[Enter Attendants.]

Take hence this Jack and whip him.

ENOBARBUS.

'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY.

Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, 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.

THYMUS.

Mark Antony,—

ANTONY.

Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Caesar's shall

Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.]

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

CLEOPATRA.

Good my lord,—

ANTONY.

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's while we strut
To our confusion.

CLEOPATRA.

O, is't come to this?

ANTONY.

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregist' red in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—for I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

CLEOPATRA.

Wherefore is this?

ANTONY.



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

[Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.]

Is he whipp'd?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY.

Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

He did ask favour.

ANTONY.

If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Caesar 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 Caesar;
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,

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

[Exit THYREUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Have you done yet?

ANTONY.

Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

CLEOPATRA.

I must stay his time.

ANTONY.

To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA.

Not know me yet?

ANTONY.

Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!



Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

ANTONY.

I am satisfied.
 Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy to
 Have knit again, and fleet, 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:
 There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA.

That's my brave lord!

ANTONY.

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

CLEOPATRA.

It is my birthday.
 I had thought t'have held it poor; but since my lord

Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA.

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY.

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 all but ENOBARBUS.]

ENOBARBUS.

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]



Act 4.

Scene I.

CAESAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

[Enter CAESAR reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MAECENAS,
and others.]

CAESAR.

He calls me boy; and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whip'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony:—let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

MAECENAS.

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

CAESAR.

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 done:
 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.]

ANTONY.

He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENOBARBUS.

No.

ANTONY.

Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS.

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
 He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY.

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?

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.—

[Enter Servants.]

Give me thy hand,

Thou has been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA.

[Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What means this?

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside to CLEOPATRA.]

'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
 Out of the mind.

ANTONY.

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.

SERVANT.

The gods forbid!

ANTONY.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

[Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS.

[Aside to CLEOPATRA.] To make his followers weep.

ANTONY.

Tend me to-night;
 May be it is the period of your duty:
 Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
 A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master
 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!

ENOBARBUS.

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

ANTONY.

Ho, ho, ho!
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire you
 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.**Alexandria. Before the Palace.*

[Enter two Soldiers to their guard.]

FIRST SOLDIER.

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

SECOND SOLDIER.

It will determine one way: fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Well, sir, good night.

[Enter two other Soldiers.]

SECOND SOLDIER.

Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER.

And you. Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Here we: [The third and fourth take their posts.] and if
 to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER.

'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music as of hautboys under the stage.]

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Peace, what noise?

FIRST SOLDIER.

List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER.

Music i' the air.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER.

No.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER.

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.]

SECOND SOLDIER.



How now, masters!

SOLDIERS.

[Speaking together.] How now!

How now! Do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Ay; is't not strange?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

SOLDIERS.

[Speaking together.] Content. 'Tis strange.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

[Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
 and others
 attending.]

ANTONY.

Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA.

Sleep a little.

ANTONY.

No, my chuck.—Eros! Come, mine armour, Eros!

[Enter EROS with armour.]

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?

ANTONY.

Ah, let be, let be! Thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA.

Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

ANTONY.

Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

EROS.

Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA.

Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY.

Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's squire
More tight at this than thou: despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see
A workman in't.—
[Enter an Officer, armed.]



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't with delight.

OFFICER.

A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Flourish of trumpets within.]

[Enter other Officers and Soldiers.]

SECOND OFFICER.

The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

ALL.

Good morrow, general.

ANTONY.

'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:
[Kisses her.]
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
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.]

CHARMIAN.

Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEOPATRA.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene V.**ANTONY'S camp near Alexandria.*

[Trumpets sound within. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a SOLDIER meeting them.]

SOLDIER.

The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

ANTONY.

Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER.

Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

ANTONY.

Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER.

Who.

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp

Say 'I am none of thine.'

ANTONY.

What say'st thou?

SOLDIER.

Sir,

He is with Caesar.

EROS.

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

ANTONY.

Is he gone?

SOLDIER.

Most certain.

ANTONY.

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.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene VI.**Alexandria. CAESAR'S camp.*

[Flourish. Enter AGRIPPA, CAESAR, with DOLABELLA and ENOBARBUS.]

CAESAR.

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

AGRIPPA.

Caesar, I shall.

[Exit.]

CAESAR.

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.]

MESSENGER.

Antony
Is come into the field.

CAESAR.

Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[Exeunt CAESAR and his Train.]

ENOBARBUS.

Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Casaer 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 CAESAR'S.]

SOLDIER.

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.

ENOBARBUS.

I give it you.

SOLDIER.

Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best 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.]

ENOBARBUS.

I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.]

Scene VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

[Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.]

AGRIPPA.

Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.]

[Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.]

SCARUS.

O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANTONY.

Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS.

I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

ANTONY.

They do retire.

SCARUS.

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.

SCARUS.

Let us score their backs
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANTONY.



I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARUS.

I'll halt after.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

[Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS and Forces.]

ANTONY.

We have beat him to his camp. Run one before
And let the queen know of our gests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 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't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—[To SCARUS.] Give me thy hand;

[Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.]

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all;
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEOPATRA.

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY.

Mine nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA.

I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANTONY.

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:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

[Exeunt.]



Scene IX.
CAESAR'S camp.

[Sentinels at their Post.]

FIRST SOLDIER.

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

SECOND SOLDIER.

This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

[Enter ENOBARBUS.]

ENOBARBUS.

O, bear me witness, night.—

THIRD SOLDIER.

What man is this?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Stand close and list him.

ENOBARBUS.

Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

FIRST SOLDIER.

Enobarbus!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Peace!
Hark further.

ENOBARBUS.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony!
 [Dies.]

SECOND SOLDIER.

Let's speak to him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Caesar.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet fore sleep.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Go we to him.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hear you, sir?

FIRST SOLDIER.

The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off.]

Hark! the drums

Do merrily wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Come on, then;
 He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.]

*Scene X.**Ground between the two Camps.*

[Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.]

ANTONY.

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

SCARUS.

For both, my lord.

ANTONY.

I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' 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:—forward now,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

*Scene XI.
Another part of the Ground.*

[Enter CAESAR with his Forces, marching.]

CAESAR.

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

[Exeunt.]

*Scene XII.
Another part of the Ground.*

[Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.]

ANTONY.

Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go.

[Exit.]

SCARUS.

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.]

ANTONY.

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! '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; begone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

[Enter CLEOPATRA.]

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA.

Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

ANTONY.

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Caesar'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, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails.
 [Exit CLEOPATRA.]
 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
 If it be well to live; but better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot:—she dies for't.—Eros, ho!
 [Exit.]

*Scene XIII.**Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.]

CLEOPATRA.

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

CHARMIAN.



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.

CLEOPATRA.

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.]

*Scene XIV.**Alexandria. Another Room.*

[Enter ANTONY and EROS.]

ANTONY.

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS.

Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY.

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.

EROS.

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

EROS.

It does, my lord.

ANTONY.

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 moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

[Enter MARDIAN.]

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

MARDIAN.

No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

ANTONY.

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.



MARDIAN.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou wouldst 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.

ANTONY.

Dead then?

MARDIAN.

Dead.

ANTONY.

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly; go.

[Exit MARDIAN.]

Off, pluck off;—

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—

[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture.—Since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no further:—now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—
 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 Aeneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

[Re-enter EROS.]

EROS.

What would my lord?

ANTONY.

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 Caesar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come,—which now
 Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS.

The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,



Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

ANTONY.

Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

EROS.

I would not see't.

ANTONY.

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!

ANTONY.

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 lies.

ANTONY.

Lo thee!

[Turning from him.]

EROS.

My sword is drawn.

ANTONY.

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.

ANTONY.

'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

EROS.

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY.

Now, Eros.

EROS.

Why, there then [falls on his sword]!—thus do I escape the
sorrow
Of Antony's death.
[Dies.]

ANTONY.

Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus



[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How? not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

[Enter DER CETAS and a guard.]

FIRST GUARD.

What's the noise?

ANTONY.

I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD.

The star is fallen.

FIRST GUARD.

And time is at his period.

ALL.

Alas, and woe!

ANTONY.

Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD.

Not I.

SECOND GUARD.

Nor I.

THIRD GUARD.

Nor any one.

[Exeunt guard.]

DER CETAS.

Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

[Enter DIOMEDES.]

DIOMEDES.

Where's Antony?

DERCETAS.

There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES.

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit DERCETAS.]

ANTONY.

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES.

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY.

When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES.

Now, my lord.

ANTONY.

Where is she?

DIOMEDES.

Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw,—
Which never shall be found,—you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Caesar, 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.

ANTONY.

Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

DIOMEDES.

What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what ho!
Come, your lord calls!

[Enter some of the Guard.]

ANTONY.

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD.

Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

ALL.

Most heavy day!

ANTONY.

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 XV.

Alexandria. A monument.

[Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

O Charmian, I will never go from hence!

CHARMIAN.

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA.

No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—

[Enter, below, DIOMEDES.]

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES.

His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;

His guard have brought him thither.

[Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.]

CLEOPATRA.

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world.—O Antony,

Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help,—

Help, friends below;—let's draw him hither.

ANTONY.

Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEOPATRA.



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

ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA.

I dare not, dear,—

Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,

Lest I be taken: not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;

Assist, good friends.

ANTONY.

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA.

Here's sport indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;

That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools,—O come, come;

[They draw ANTONY up.]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL.

A heavy sight!

ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA.

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANTONY.

One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

CLEOPATRA.

They do not go together.

ANTONY.

Gentle, hear me:
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Caesar.

ANTONY.

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,



Not 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.

CLEOPATRA.

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,
[Antony dies.]

The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole 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.

[Faints.]

CHARMIAN.

O, quietness, lady!

IRAS.

She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN.

Lady!—

IRAS.

Madam!—

CHARMIAN.

O madam, madam, madam!—

IRAS.

Royal Egypt, Empress,—

CHARMIAN.

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA.

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
 To rush into the secret house of death
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs, take heart:—
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women!—Come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.]



Act 5.

Scene I.

CAESAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

[Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MAECENAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS,
 and Others.]

CAESAR.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
 The pauses that he makes.

DOLABELLA.

Caesar, I shall.

[Exit.]

[Enter DERCETAS with the sword of ANTONY.]

CAESAR.

Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
 Appear thus to us?

DERCETAS.

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 Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

CAESAR.

What is't thou say'st?

DERCETAS.

I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

CAESAR.

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.

DERCETAS.

He is dead, Caesar;
 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.

CAESAR.

Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.



AGRIPPA.

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

MAECENAS.

His taints and honours
 Weigh'd equal with him.

AGRIPPA.

A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity. But you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

MAECENAS.

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

CAESAR.

O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this!—But we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season.

[Enter a Messenger.]

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

MESSENGER.

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 forc'd to.

CAESAR.

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 Caesar cannot learn
To be ungentle.

MESSENGER.

So the gods preserve thee!

[Exit.]

CAESAR.

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 her.

PROCULEIUS.

Caesar, I shall.



[Exit.]

CAESAR.

Gallus, go you along.—

[Exit GALLUS.]

Where's Dolabella, to second Proculeius?

ALL.

Dolabella!

CAESAR.

Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

[Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.]

PROCULEIUS.

Caesar sends greetings to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA.

What's thy name?

PROCULEIUS.

My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

PROCULEIUS.

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 dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.



CLEOPATRA.

Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

PROCULEIUS.

This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

GALLUS.

You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
[Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having ascended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]
[To PROCULEIUS. and the Guear.]
Guard her till Caesar come.
[Exit.]

IRAS.

Royal queen!

CHARMIAN.

O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA.

Quick, quick, good hands.
[Drawing a dagger.]

PROCULEIUS.

Hold, worthy lady, hold;

[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

PROCULEIUS.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

PROCULEIUS.

O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be accessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'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 unto me! rather on Nilus' mud



Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS.

You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.
[Enter DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS.

So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
[To CLEOPATRA.] To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA.

Say I would die.
[Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.]

DOLABELLA.

Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA.

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA.

Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA.

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
 You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
 Is't not your trick?

DOLABELLA.

I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:—
 O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man!

DOLABELLA.

If it might please you,—

CLEOPATRA.

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

DOLABELLA.

Most sovereign creature,—

CLEOPATRA.

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
 Crested the world: 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 as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping: his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in: in his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were



As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

DOLABELLA.

Cleopatra,—

CLEOPATRA.

Think you there was or might be such a man
 As this I dream'd of?

DOLABELLA.

Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA.

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy: yet to imagine
 An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

DOLABELLA.

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 smites
 My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA.

I thank you, sir.
 Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA.

I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, pray you, sir,—

DOLABELLA.

Though he be honourable,—

CLEOPATRA.

He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, he will;

I know it.

[Flourish within.]

[Within.] Make way there,—Caesar!

[Enter CAESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MAECENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.]

CAESAR.

Which is the queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA.

It is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

CAESAR.

Arise, you shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

CAESAR.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project 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.

CAESAR.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

CAESAR.

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS.

Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS.

Madam,
I had rather seal my lips than to my peril
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA.

What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS.

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

CAESAR.

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA.

See, Caesar! 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, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

CAESAR.

Good queen, let us entreat you.



CLEOPATRA.

O Caesar, 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
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation;—must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have.
[To SELEUCUS.] Pr'ythee go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through theashes of my chance.—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CAESAR.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and when we fall
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

CAESAR.

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe
 Caesar'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.

CLEOPATRA.

My master and my lord!

CAESAR.

Not so. Adieu.

[Flourish. Exeunt CAESAR and his Train.]

CLEOPATRA.

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian!

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

IRAS.

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA.

Hie thee again:
 I have spoke already, and it is provided;
 Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN.

Madam, I will.

[Re-enter DOLABELLA.]



DOLABELLA.

Where's the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Behold, sir.

[Exit.]

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella!

DOLABELLA.

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
 Which my love makes religion to obey,
 I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
 Intends his journey; and within three days
 You with your children will he send before:
 Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
 Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella,
 I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA.

I your servant.
 Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell, and thanks.

[Exit DOLABELLA.]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall 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.

IRAS.

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS.

O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, that's certain.

IRAS.

I'll never see't; for I am sure mine nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

[Enter CHARMIAN.]

Now, Charmian!—
Show me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah, Iras, go.—



Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[Exit IRAS. A noise within.]

Wherefore's this noise?

[Enter one of the Guard.]

GUARD.

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

CLEOPATRA.

Let him come in.

[Exit Guard.]

What poor an instrument
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
No planet is of mine.
[Re-enter Guard, with Clown bringing a basket.]

GUARD.

This is the man.

CLEOPATRA.

Avoid, and leave him.

[Exit Guard.]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN.

Truly, I have him. But I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA.

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 falliable, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA.

Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN.

I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Sets down the basket.]

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell.

CLOWN.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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.

CLEOPATRA.



Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN.

Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA.

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.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN.

Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' the worm.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.]

CLEOPATRA.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me: now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thus 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 thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN.

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

CLEOPATRA.

This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and despatch. O couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!

CHARMIAN.

O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA.

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast



That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN.

O, break! O, break!

CLEOPATRA.

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.]

CHARMIAN.

In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it and then play.

[Enter the guard, rushing in.]

FIRST GUARD.

Where's the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD.

Caesar hath sent,—

CHARMIAN.

Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD.

Approach, ho! all's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

SECOND GUARD.

There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.

FIRST GUARD.

What work is here!—Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN.

It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[CHARMIAN dies.]

[Re-enter DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD.

All dead.

DOLABELLA.

Caesar, 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 Caesar!

[Re-enter CAESAR and his Train.]

DOLABELLA.

O sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear is done.

CAESAR.

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.

DOLABELLA.

Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD.

A simple countryman that brought her figs.

This was his basket.

CAESAR.

Poison'd then.

FIRST GUARD.

O Caesar,

This Charmian liv'd 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.

CAESAR.

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.

DOLABELLA.

Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD.

This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves



Upon the caves of Nile.

CAESAR.

Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,

And bear her women from the monument:—

She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt.]

























































