ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

by William Shakespeare

Edited by Barbara A. Mowat
and Paul Werstine

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare’s plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of “taking up Shakespeare,” finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theatre.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare’s works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
Textual Introduction
By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of The Folger Shakespeare (formerly Folger Digital Texts), readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare’s plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare’s plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of Hamlet, two of King Lear, Henry V, Romeo and Juliet, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare’s text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed “improper” and “indecent” for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See The Tempest, 1.2: “Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee…”). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from Othello: “[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from Henry V: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from
Hamlet: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Shakespeare texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.
**Synopsis**

*Antony and Cleopatra* tells the story of a romance between two powerful lovers: Cleopatra, the queen of Egypt, and Mark Antony, who rules the Roman Empire with Octavius Caesar and Lepidus.

Although he is needed in Rome, Antony lingers in Egypt with Cleopatra. He finally returns to Rome when Pompey, another military leader, tries to gain control of the empire. Once in Rome, Antony marries Caesar’s sister Octavia.

After Pompey is defeated, Caesar imprisons Lepidus and turns on Antony. Octavia attempts to reconcile them, but fails. Antony returns to Cleopatra. He challenges Caesar at sea, adding Cleopatra’s ships to his own. When she and her navy flee in mid-battle, Antony follows, abandoning his men.

Antony fails in a second battle at sea. At first, he blames Cleopatra and plans to kill her. He responds to false news of her death, however, by attempting suicide; fatally wounded, he reunites with her as he dies. Faced with Caesar’s plans to humiliate her in Rome, Cleopatra kills herself with poisonous snakes.
Characters in the Play

ANTONY, a triumvir of Rome
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, a triumvir of Rome
OCTAVIA, sister to Caesar, later wife to Antony
LEPIDUS, a triumvir of Rome

ENOBARBUS, also called DOMITIUS
VINDIDIUS
SILIUS
EROS
CANIDIUS
SCARUS
DERCETUS
DEMETRIUS
PHILO
A SCHOOLMASTER, Antony’s
AMBASSADOR to Caesar

CHARMIAN
IRAS
ALEXAS
MARDIAN, a Eunuch
SELEUCUS, Cleopatra’s treasurer
DIOMEDES

MAECENAS
AGRIPPAPA
TAURUS
THIDIAS
DOLABELLA
GALLUS
PROCULEIUS

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, also called POMPEY
MENAS
MENECRATES
VARRIUS
MESSENGERS
SOLDIERS
SENTRIES
GUARDSMEN
A SOOTHSAYER
SERVANTS

accompanying Antony in Egypt and elsewhere

serving in Cleopatra’s court

supporting and accompanying Caesar
A BOY
A CAPTAIN
AN EGYPTIAN
A COUNTRYMAN

Ladies, Eunuchs, Captains, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Servants
(Lamprius, Rannius, Lucillius: mute characters named in the
opening stage direction to 1.2)
ACT 1

Scene 1  
*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 glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
5

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 gypsy’s lust.

10

*Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look where they come.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet’s fool. Behold and see.

CLEOPATRA

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

15

ANTONY

There’s beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

CLEOPATRA

I’ll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

7
ANTONY

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

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER 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.”

How, my love?

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-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay. Our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus; 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 stirred 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 tonight?

CLEOPATRA

Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY       Fie, wrangling queen,  
Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; \( \text{whose} \) every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

No messenger but thine, and all alone
Tonight we’ll wander through the streets and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,  
Last night you did desire it.  
\( \text{To the Messenger.} \)  
Speak not to us.

\( \text{Antony and Cleopatra exit with the Train.} \)

DEMETRIUS

Is Caesar with Antonius prized 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 tomorrow. Rest you happy!

\( \text{They exit.} \)

\( \text{Scene 2} \)

\( \text{Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius,} \)
\( \text{Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, Alexas,} \)
\( \text{[and Servants.]} \)

CHARMIAN       Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything  
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where’s the
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, [to Charmian]  
Show him your hand.  
ENOBARBUS, [to Servants]  
Bring in the banquet quickly, wine enough  
Cleopatra’s health to drink.  
CHARMIAN, [giving her hand to the Soothsayer]  
Good sir,  
give me good fortune.  
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 beloving 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.
You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Then belike my children shall have no

names. Prithee, how many boys and wenches must

I have?

If every of your wishes had a womb,

And [fertile] every wish, a million.

Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

You think none but your sheets are privy to

your wishes.

Nay, come. Tell Iras hers.

We'll know all our fortunes.

Mine, and most of our fortunes tonight,

shall be—drunk to bed.

There's a palm

presages chastity, if nothing else.

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

Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,

I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee
tell her but a workaday fortune.

Your fortunes are alike.

But how, but how? Give me particulars.

I have said.

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune

better than I, where would you choose it?

Not in my husband’s nose.

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.

Hush, here comes Antony.

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 disposed 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.

Enter Antony with a Messenger.

CLEOPATRA We will not look upon him. Go with us.

“All but Antony and the Messenger” exit.
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 flattered.

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 called in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia’s phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still, and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER  At your noble pleasure.    Messenger exits.
Enter another Messenger.

ANTONY

From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

SECOND MESSENGER

The man from Sicyon—

ANTONY

Is there such an one?

SECOND MESSENGER

He stays upon your will.

ANTONY

Let him appear.

SECOND MESSENGER exits.

ANTONY

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

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

What are you?

THIRD MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY

Where died she?

THIRD MESSENGER

In Sicyon.

ANTONY

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

THIRD MESSENGER exits.

ANTONY

Forbear me.

THIRD MESSENGER exits.

ANTONY

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 shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off.
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.
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 unkindness 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 crowned 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 broachèd 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 linked 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’ th’ 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.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

CLEOPATRA

Where is he?

CHARMIAN

I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA, to Alexas

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.

Alexas exits.

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.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA

I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—
Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Now, my dearest queen—

Pray you stand farther from me.

What’s the matter?

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.

The gods best know—

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

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

Most sweet
queen—

Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then!
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows’ bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned 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 condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father’s honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia’s death.

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY She’s dead, my queen. "He shows her papers."

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked; 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 received shall be.

ANTONY Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear, which are or cease
As you shall give th’ advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affects.

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 honorable trial.

CLEOPATRA
So Fulvia told me.
I prithee turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

ANTONY
You’ll heat my blood. No more!

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, prithee, 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 loved, 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.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 1. SC. 4

CLEOPATRA
'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor 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 strewed 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!

They exit.

Scene 4
Enter Octavius Caesar, reading a letter,
Lepidus, and their Train.

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
Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall
find there
A man who is th’ abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS
I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night’s blackness, hereditary
Rather than purchased, 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 smells 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 filled
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 beloved of those
That only have feared Caesar. To the ports
The discontents repair, and men’s reports
Give him much wronged.
CAESAR

I should have known no less.

It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which is was wished until he were,
And the ebbed man, ne’er loved till ne’er worth love,
Comes feared by being lacked. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, [lackeying] the varying tide
To rot itself with motion.

[Enter a Second Messenger.]
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.
LEPIDUS 'Tis pity of him.
CAESAR Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i’ th’ field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
LEPIDUS Tomorrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnished 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.

They exit.

[Scene 5]

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 unseminared, 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 wot'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 from Antony.

ALEXAS  Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
CLEOPATRA

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet coming from him, that great med’cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
ALEXAS  Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

“Good friend,” quoth he,
“Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.” So he nodded
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neighed so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumbed by him.

What, was he sad, or merry?

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

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 seemed 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’s else.—Met’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 choked 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.

They exit.


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[ACT 2]

[Scene 1]

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas,
in warlike manner:

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

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

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

MENAS
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 th’ 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 flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

MENAS
Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field. A mighty strength they carry.
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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 wanned 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 honor
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 farther travel.

POMPEY

I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned 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 warred upon him, although I think
Not moved 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 entertainèd 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.

They exit.

Scene 2

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,
To speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
I would not shave ’t today.

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, at one door, Antony and Ventidius.

ENOBARBUS  And yonder Caesar.

Enter, at another door, Caesar, Maecenas, and Agrippa.

ANTONY, to Ventidius
If we compose well here, to Parthia.
Hark, Ventidius.                  [They talk aside.]

CAESAR, to Maecenas
I do not know, Maecenas. Ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS, to Caesar and Antony
Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What’s amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
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 th’ matter.

ANTONY  'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.                   [Flourish.]

CAESAR  Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY  Thank you.

CAESAR  Sit.                          35

ANTONY  Sit, sir.

CAESAR  Nay, then.                   [They sit.]

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

CAESAR  I must be laughed at
If or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i’ th’ world; more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately when to sound your name
It not concerned 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 practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANTONY

How intend you, practiced?

CAESAR

You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

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 to make it with,
It must not be with this.

CAESAR

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patched 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’ th’ 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’ th’ morning. But next day I told him of myself, which was as much As to have asked 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 honor is sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lacked it.—But on, Caesar: The article of my oath?

CAESAR
To lend me arms and aid when I required them, The which you both denied.
Neglected, rather;
And then when poisoned 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 honor
To stoop in such a case.

'Tis noble spoken.

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

Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

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.

Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.

That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.

You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Go to, then. Your considerate stone.

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 diff'ming in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
ege
O' th' world I would pursue it.
AGrippa  Give me leave, Caesar.
CAEsar  Speak, Agrippa.

AGrippa  Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side,  
         Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony  
         Is now a widower.
CAEsar  Say not so, Agrippa.  
         If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
         Were well deserved 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 touched  
         With what is spoke already.

ANTony  What power is in Agrippa,  
         If I would say “Agrippa, be it so,”  
         To make this good?
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’s my hand.

They clasp hands.

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 Misena.

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, dispatch we

The business we have talked 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. All but Enobarbus, Agrippa, and
Maecenas exit.

MAECENAS, to Enobarbus Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS Half the heart of Caesar, worthy
Maecenas!—My honorable friend Agrippa!

AGrippa Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested. You stayed well by ’t 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 burnished throne
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick 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 beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—
O’erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To ‘glow’ the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

O, rare for Antony!

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

Rare Egyptian!

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 barbered ten times o’er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;  
He ploughed her, and she cropped.

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 pour breath 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 blessèd lottery to him.
AGrippa  Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
ENOBARBUS  Humbly, sir, I thank you.

They exit.

Scene 3
Enter Antony, Caesar; Octavia between them.

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, "to Caesar\nGoodnight, 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 th’ rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir.

CAESAR Goodnight. "Caesar and Octavia\nexit.

Enter Soothsayer.

ANTONY
Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.
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.

ANTONY Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side. Thy daemon—that thy spirit which keeps thee—is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar’s is not. But near him, thy angel

BECOMES ‘afeard,\n
As being o’erpowered. 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 luster thickens When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But he ‘away,\n’tis noble.
ANTONY

Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

Soothsayer exits.

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 naught, and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt.
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I’ th’ East my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius.
You must to Parthia; your commission’s ready.
Follow me and receive ’t.

They exit.

(Scene 4)

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 soldiers’ 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.

They exit.


Scene 5

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLEOPATRA    Give me some music—music, moody food  
            Of us that trade in love.

ALL    The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the eunuch.

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 played  
            As with a woman.—Come, you’ll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN    As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA    And when good will is showed, though ’t come too  
            short,  
            The actor may plead pardon. I’ll none now.  
            Give me mine angle; we’ll to th’ river. There,  
            My music playing far off, I will betray  
            ’Tawny-finned 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 “Aha! You’re caught.”
CHARMIAN

'Twas merry when
You wagered 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 laughed 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

Antonio’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 lipped and trembled kissing.

MESSENGER

First, madam, he is 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, so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned 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, 'tis 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 jailer to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar, In state of health, thou say'st, and, thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER: Free, madam, no. I made no such report.

CLEOPATRA: For what good turn?

MESSENGER: For the best turn i' th' 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?  

Strikes him.

Hence, horrible villain, or I’ll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me! I’ll unhair thy head!

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in
brine,
Smarting 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 lived too long.  

Draw a knife.

MESSENGER  Nay then, I’ll run.

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

He exits.

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 afeard to come.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT 2. SC. 5

Cleopatra

I will not hurt him.

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

Enter the Messenger again.

Cleopatra

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 submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence.

Messenger

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 offense 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 th’ art 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! 

[Messenger exits.]  

CHARMIAN Good your Highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA In praising Antony, I have dispraised 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 color of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

[Alexas exits.]  

CLEOPATRA Let him forever go—let him not, Charmian.
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way ’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.

They exit.

[Scene 6]

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas at one door,
with Drum and Trumpet; at another Caesar, Lepidus,
Antony, Enobarbus, Maecenas, and Agrippa,
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 considered, 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 laboring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the armed 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 angered ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful 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'ercount thee.

POMPEY

At land indeed
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

LEPIDUS

Be pleased 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 embraced.

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 unhacked edges and bear back
Our targes undinted.

ALL

That’s our offer.

POMPEY

Know then

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer. But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know
When 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.

They clasp hands.

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

ANTONY

The beds i’ th’ East are soft; and thanks to you,
That called me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gained by ’t.

CAESAR

Since I saw you last,
There’s 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 sealed 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.

ANTONY  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,

POMPEY  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 behavior.
ENOBARBUS    Sir,
    I never loved you much, but I ha’ praised you
    When you have well deserved 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?
ALL       Show ’s the way, sir.
POMPEY    Come.

_They exit, except for 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. {They clasp hands.} If our eyes
    had authority, here they might take two thieves
    kissing.
MENAS    All men’s faces are true, whatsome’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 turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

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

MENAS You’ve said, sir. We looked 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 forever 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.  

_They exit._
Music plays. 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’ th’
world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT  Lepidus is high-colored.

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 th’ 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 partisan 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, Pompey,
Lepidus, Agrippa, Maecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with
other Captains \(\text{and a Boy.}\)

ANTONY

Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o’ th’ Nile
By certain scales i’ th’ Pyramid; they know
By th’ 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, [aside] 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 (whispers in ’s ear)

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

POMPEY, [aside to Menas] Forbear me till anon.—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 its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth
it, and the elements once out of it, it
transmigrates.

LEPIDUS What color is it of?

ANTONY Of its own color too.

LEPIDUS ’Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY ’Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

CAESAR, [aside to Antony] Will this description satisfy
him?

ANTONY With the health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very epicure.
POMPEY, \(\text{aside to Menas}\)

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!

Do as I bid you.—Where’s this cup I called for?

MENAS, \(\text{aside to Pompey}\)

If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY \(\text{aside to Menas}\)

I think th’ art mad!

\(\text{He rises, and they walk aside.}\) The matter?

MENAS

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY

Thou hast served me with much faith. What’s else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY

These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS, \(\text{aside to Pompey}\)

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY

What sayst thou?

MENAS

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That’s twice.

POMPEY

How should that be?

MENAS

But entertain it,

And though thou 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 ha ’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 there 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 honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed 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 palled fortunes more.
Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered
Shall never find it more.

**POMPEY** This health to Lepidus!
**ANTONY, to Servant** Be he ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

**ENOBARBUS**
**MENAS** Enobarbus, welcome.

**POMPEY** Fill till the cup be hid.

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

**MENAS** Why?
**ENOBARBUS** He bears
**MENAS** The third part of the world, man. Seest not?

**MENAS** The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,
**ENOBARBUS** 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!
**MENAS** Here's to Caesar.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 2. SC. 7

CAESAR I could well forbear ’t.
It’s monstrous labor when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

ANTONY Be a child o’ th’ time.

CAESAR Possess it, I’ll make answer.
But I had rather fast from all, four days,
Than drink so much in one.

ENOBARBUS,  
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 steeped 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 beat as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

BOY Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.
In thy vats our cares be drowned.
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.

ALL Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.

CAESAR What would you more?—Pompey, goodnight.—
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
Anticked us all. What needs more words?
    Goodnight.
    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.
        [All but Menas and Enobarbus exit.]
    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 hanged. Sound out!
            Sound a flourish, with drums.  
ENOBARBUS  Hoo, says ’a! There’s my cap!
            [He throws his cap in the air.]
Menas  Hoo! Noble captain, come.
        They exit.
ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him; with Silius and Soldiers.

VENTIDIUS

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now
Pleased Fortune does of Marcus Crassus’ death
Make me revenger. Bear the King’s son’s body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

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 achieved by th’ minute, lost his favor.

115
Who does i’ th’ 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 offense
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’ th’ 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!

They exit.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

AGRIPPA    What, are the brothers parted?

ENOBARBUS

They have dispatched 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 greensickness.
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.

Trumpet 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 farthest bond Shall pass on thy approof.—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 35 The fortress of it. For better might we Have loved without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherished.

ANTONY Make me not offended
In your distrust. 40

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. 45

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. [She weeps.] 50

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

Octavia, [to Caesar]

Sir, look well to my husband’s house, and—

CAESAR What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA I’ll tell you in your ear. [Caesar and Octavia walk aside.]

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, \textit{aside to Agrippa} Will Caesar weep?

AGrippa He has a cloud in ’s face.

ENOBARBUS He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

AGrippa Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring. And he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum.
What willingly he did confound he wailed,
Believe ’t, till I \textit{wept} too.

CAESAR, \textit{coming forward with Octavia} No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still. The time shall not
Outgo 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, \textit{to Antony} Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way.

CAESAR Farewell, farewell. \textit{Kisses Octavia.}

ANTONY Farewell.

\textit{Trumpets sound. They exit.}
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLEOPATRA
Where is the fellow?
ALEXAS    Half afeard to come.
CLEOPATRA
Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

ALEXAS    Good Majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
          But when you are well pleased.
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!
          Did’st thou behold Octavia?
CLEOPATRA  Ay, dread queen.
MESSENGER  Where?
MESSENGER  Madam, in Rome.
          I looked 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-tongued or low?
MESSENGER  Madam, I heard her speak. She is low-voiced.
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!— 25
    What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e’er thou looked’st on majesty.
MESSENGER
    She creeps.
Her motion and her station are as one.
She shows a body rather than a life, 30
A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA    Is this certain?
MESSENGER    Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN    Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note. 35

CLEOPATRA    He’s very knowing.
I do perceive ’t. There’s nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

CHARMIAN    Excellent.

CLEOPATRA, [to Messenger] 40
    Guess at her years, I prithee.

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? 45

MESSENGER    Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA
    For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair what color? 50

MESSENGER    Brown, madam, and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

CLEOPATRA, [giving money] 55
    There’s gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

MESSENGER    I will employ thee back again. I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready.
Our letters are prepared.  [Messenger exits.]
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.

They exit.

Scene 4
Enter Antony and Octavia.

ANTONY:
Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath waged
New wars ’gainst Pompey; made his will and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, 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.
The good gods will mock me presently
When I shall pray “O, bless my lord and husband!”
Undo that prayer by crying out as loud
“O, bless my brother!” Husband win, win brother
Prays and destroys the prayer; no midway
’Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY

Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
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.

They exit.
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 threatens the throat of that his officer
        That murdered Pompey.

ENOBARBUS  Our great navy’s rigged.

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.

They exit.
Enter Agrippa, Maecenas, and Caesar.

CAESAR

Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria. Here’s the manner of ‘t:
I’ th’ marketplace, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet sat
Cleopatra and herself in chairs of gold
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 establishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

MAECENAS This in the public eye?

CAESAR

I’ th’ common showplace where they exercise.
His sons [he there] proclaimed the [kings] of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She
In th’ habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared, and oft before gave audience,
As ’tis reported, so.

MAECENAS Let Rome be thus informed.

AGRIPPA

Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CAESAR

The people knows it and have now received
His accusations.

AGRIPPA Who does he accuse?

CAESAR

Caesar, and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o’ th’ isle. Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping, unrestored. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGRIPPA Sir, this should be answered.

CAESAR

’Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change. For what I have
conquered,
I grant him part; but then in his Armenia
And other of his conquered 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 called 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 th’ way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grievèd ear withal, whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

CAESAR Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract '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 wrongèd sister. Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The kings o’ th’ Earth 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 Comagen; Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

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

CAESAR Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 3. SC. 7

Till we perceived 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 determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his 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 th’ adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noises it against us.

OCTAVIA, to Caesar Is it so, sir?
CAESAR
Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear’st sister!

They exit.

Scene 7
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

```is 't\nnot denounced against us? Why should not we
Be there in person?
```

ENOBARBUS

```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 's time
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids
Manage this war.
```

CLEOPATRA

```Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it.
I will not stay behind.
```

Enter Antony and Canidius.

ENOBARBUS

```Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.
```

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

```Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
```

ANTONY

```A good rebuke,
Which might have well became 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 dared 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 manned,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Engrossed 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 prepared 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-marked footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renownéd 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-manned, from th' head of
Actium
Beat th’ approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do ’t at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

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

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?

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea!
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let th’ Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a-ducking. We
Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot.

Well, well, away.

Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus exit.

By Hercules, I think I am i’ th’ right.

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.

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

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
Beguiled 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 in labor, and throws forth
Each minute some.

They exit.

Scene 8

Enter Caesar with his army, and Taurus, marching.

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. Hands him a scroll.
Our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

They exit.
Scene 9

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

ANTONY

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

They exit.

Scene 10

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way
over the stage, and Taurus the lieutenant of Caesar
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.
Th’ Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder.
To see ’t mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

SCARUS

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 kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

How appears the fight?

SCARUS

On our side, like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake, i’ th’ midst o’ th’ fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared
Both as the same—or, rather, ours the elder—
The breeze upon her like a cow in June,¹
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 loofed,
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, honor ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

CANIDIIUS
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, he¹ has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

ENOBARBUS
Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeed.

CANIDIIUS Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS ’Tis easy to ’t, and there I will attend
What further comes. ¹[He exits.]

CANIDIIUS To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse. Six kings already
Show me the way of yielding. ¹[He exits.]

ENOBARBUS I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. ¹[He exits.]
ACT 3. SC. 11

Enter Antony with Attendants.

ANTONY

Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't.
It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold. Take that, divide it. Fly,
And make your peace with Caesar. 5

Fly? Not we!

ANTONY

I have fled myself and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, begone.
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you. Begone.
My treasure's in the harbor; take it. O,
I followed 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, begone. 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 seaside 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.

"Attendants move aside. Antony" sits down.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian, "Iras," and Eros.

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!  
['She sits down.]

ANTONY    No, no, no, no, no.
EROS    See you here, sir?
ANTONY    Oh 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 lieutenancy, 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’s unqualitied with very shame.

FTLN 2070
CLEOPATRA, ['rising']    Well, then, sustain me. O!
EROS
               Most noble sir, arise. The Queen approaches.
               Her head’s declined, and death will seize her but
               Your comfort makes the rescue.

ANTONY    I have offended reputation,
FTLN 2075    A most unnoble swerving.
EROS    Sir, the Queen.
ANTONY, ['rising']
               O, whither hast them led me, Egypt? See
               How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
               By looking back what I have left behind
               ’Stroyed in dishonor.
CLEOPATRA O, my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.

ANTONY Egypt, thou knew’st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th’ 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’ th’ world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss.  

They kiss. 

Even this repays me.—

FTLN 2081
FTLN 2082
FTLN 2083
FTLN 2084
FTLN 2085
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FTLN 2100
FTLN 2101
FTLN 2102
FTLN 2103
FTLN 2104
FTLN 2105
FTLN 2106

They exit.

Scene 12

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Thidias, and Dolabella, with others.

CAESAR Let him appear that’s come from Antony.
Know you him?
DOLABELLA  Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster—
    An argument that he is plucked, when hither
    He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  5
    Which had superfluous kings for messengers
    Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

CAESAR  Approach, and speak.

AMBASSADOR  Such as I am, I come from Antony.
    I was of late as petty to his ends  10
    As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
    To his grand sea.

CAESAR  Be 't so. Declare thine office.

AMBASSADOR  Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
    Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted,
    He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  15
    To let him breathe between the heavens and Earth,
    A private man in Athens. This for him.

AMBASSADOR  Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
    Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  20
    The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
    Now hazarded to thy grace.

CAESAR  For Antony,  25
    I have no ears to his request. The Queen
    Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
    From Egypt drive her all-disgracèd friend,
    Or take his life there. This if she perform,
    She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

AMBASSADOR  Fortune pursue thee!

CAESAR  Bring him through the bands.  30
    [Ambassador exits, with Attendants.]

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

THIDIAS Caesar, I go.

CAESAR

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

THIDIAS Caesar, I shall.

They exit.

Scene 13

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 nicked his captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The merèd question. ’Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA Prithee, peace.
Enter the Ambassador with Antony.

ANTONY  Is that his answer?
AMBASSADOR  Ay, my lord.
ANTONY  The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
         Will yield us up?
AMBASSADOR  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 Ambassador]
         To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
         Of youth upon him, from which the world should
         note
         Something particular: his coin, ships, legions
         May be a coward’s, whose ministers would prevail
         Under the service of a child as soon
         As i’ th’ command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
         To lay his gay caparisons part
         And answer me declined, sword against sword,
         Ourselves alone. I’ll write it. Follow me.
         [Antony and Ambassador exit.]

ENOBARBUS, [aside]
         Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
         Unstate his happiness and be staged to th’ 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 subdued
         His judgment too.
Enter a Servant.

SERVANT  A messenger from Caesar.

CLEOPATRA

What, no more ceremony? See, my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

[Servant exits.]  

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 fall’n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i’ th’ story.

Enter Thidias.

CLEOPATRA  Caesar’s will?

THIDIAS

Hear it apart.

None but friends. Say boldly.

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.

THIDIAS  So.—

Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand’st
Further than he is [Caesar.]

CLEOPATRA  Go on; right royal.

THIDIAS

He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.
CLEOPATRA

O!

THIDIAS

The scars upon your honor therefore he
Does pity as constrainèd blemishes,
Not as deserved.

CLEOPATRA

He is a god and knows
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

ENOBARBUS, \( \text{aside} \)

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. \( \text{Enobarbus exits.} \)

THIDIAS

Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? For he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA

What’s your name?

THIDIAS

My name is Thidias.

CLEOPATRA

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this in \( \text{deputation:} \)
I kiss his conqu’ring 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.

THIDIAS

’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.

\( \text{She gives him her hand to kiss.} \)
CLEOPATRA  Your Caesar’s father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained kisses.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

ANTONY  Favors? By Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

THIDIAS  One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

ENOBARBUS  You will be whipped.

ANTONY, calling for Servants
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 Servants.

Take hence this jack and whip him.

ENOBARBUS, aside
’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.

THIDIAS  Mark Antony—
ANTONY

Tug him away. Being whipped,
Bring him again. This jack of Caesar’s shall
Bear us an errand to him.

Servants exit with Thidias.

To Cleopatra. You were half blasted ere I knew you.
Ha!

Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
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 seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at ’s while we strut
To our confusion.

O, is ’t come to this?

I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar’s trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Gneius Pompey’s, besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Wherefore is this?

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 hornèd herd! For I have savage cause,
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Is he whipped?

SERVANT Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY Cried he? And begged he pardon?

SERVANT He did ask favor.

ANTONY, to Thidias

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 whipped 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 th’ abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd 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, begone! Thidias exits.

CLEOPATRA Have you done yet?

ANTONY

Alack, our terrene moon is now eclipsed,
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      Coldhearted 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 
        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 severed navy too
        Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sealike.
        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.
        That’s my brave lord!
ANTONY
        I will be treble-sinewed, -hearted, -breathed,
        And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
        Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
        Of me for jests. But now I’ll set my teeth
        And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
        Let’s have one other gaudy night. Call to me
All my sad captains. Fill our bowls once more.
Let’s mock the midnight bell.

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 tonight 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.

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 valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

Enobarbus  exits.
ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Maecenas, with his army,
Caesar reading a letter.

CAESAR

He calls me “boy,” and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped 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 tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army; we have store to do ’t,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony.

They exit.
Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, with 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 Tomorrow, soldier,
By sea and land I’ll fight. Or I will live
Or bathe my dying honor 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.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Antony and Cleopatra

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, to another Servitor And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
ANTONY
Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight.
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffered my command.

CLEOPATRA, \textit{aside to Enobarbus} What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS, \textit{aside to Cleopatra} To make his followers weep.

ANTONY, \textit{to the Servitors} Tend me tonight;
May be it is the period of your duty.
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow
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 tonight 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-eyed. 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 tomorrow, and will lead you
Where rather I’ll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let’s to supper, come,
And drown consideration.

They exit.
Scene 3
Enter a company of Soldiers.

FIRST SOLDIER
Brother, goodnight. Tomorrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER
It will determine one way. Fare you well.

FIRST SOLDIER
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

SECOND SOLDIER
Nothing. What news?

FIRST SOLDIER
Belike 'tis but a rumor. Goodnight to you.

SECOND SOLDIER
Well, sir, goodnight.

They meet other Soldiers who are entering.

SECOND SOLDIER
Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER
And you. Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER
Here we; and if tomorrow our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

FIRST SOLDIER
Our landmen will stand up.

FIRST SOLDIER
'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER
Peace. What noise?

FIRST SOLDIER
List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER
Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER
Music i’ th’ 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 loved,

Now leaves him.
FIRST SOLDIER    Walk. Let’s see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
SECOND SOLDIER  How now, masters?    Speak together.  
ALL     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.
ALL     Content. ’Tis strange.
       They exit.

Scene 4
Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with
Charmian, and others.

ANTONY, calling
Eros! Mine armor, Eros!
CLEOPATRA    Sleep a little.
ANTONY
No, my chuck.—Eros, come, mine armor, Eros.

Enter Eros, carrying armor.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.
If fortune be not ours today, 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 armorer of my heart. False, false. This, this!
CLEOPATRA
Sooth, la, I’ll help. Thus it must be.
ANTONY      We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
          Go, put on thy defenses.
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 a squire

More tight at this than thou. Dispatch.—O love,

That thou couldst see my wars today, and knew’st

The royal occupation, thou shouldst see

A workman in ’t.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee. Welcome.

Thou look’st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love we rise betime

And go to ’t with delight.

A thousand, sir,

Early though ’t be, have on their riveted trim

And at the port expect you. Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

’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.

He kisses her.

Whate’er becomes of me,

This is a soldier’s kiss. Rebukable

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. 

Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers exit.

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.

They exit.

Scene 5

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros, and a Soldier who meets them.

The gods make this a happy day to Antony.

Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed 
To make me fight at land.

Had’st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted and the soldier 
That has this morning left thee would have still 
Followed thy heels.

Who’s gone this morning?

Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus, 
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar’s camp 
Say “I am none of thine.”

Who sayest thou?

Sir,

He is with Caesar.

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 adieu and greetings.
Say that I wish he never find more cause To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch.—Enobarbus! "They" exit.

Scene 6

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus and Dolabella.

CAESAR

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGRIPPA Caesar, I shall. "He exits."

CAESAR

The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp’rous day, the three-nooked 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 vant
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. "All but Enobarbus" exit.

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,
Caesar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment but
No honorable 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

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 safed the bringer
Out of the host. I must attend mine office
Or would have done ’t myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

He exits.

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.

He exits.
Scene 7

Alarum, Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa,
with other of Caesar’s soldiers.

AGrippa
Retire! We have engaged ourselves too far.
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [They exit.

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

SCARUS
O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven 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. [Sound of retreat] far off.

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 valor. Come thee on.

SCARUS
I’ll halt after.

[They exit.]
Scene 8

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march; Scarus, with others.

ANTONY

We have beat him to his camp. Run one before
And let the Queen know of our gests.

[A Soldier exits.]

Tomorrow

Before the sun shall see ’s, we’ll spill the blood
That has today escaped. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as ’t had been
Each man’s like mine. You have shown all Hectors.

Enter the city. Clip your wives, your friends.

Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honored gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

[To Scarus.]
Give me thy hand.

To this great fairy I’ll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o’ th’ world,

Chain mine armed 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 gray

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 favoring hand.—
Kiss it, my warrior. «Scarus kisses her hand»
He hath fought today
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.
CLEOPATRA, «to Scarus» I’ll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold. It was a king’s.

ANTONY
He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus’ car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march.
Bear our hacked 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,
Make brazen din blast you the city’s ear.
That heaven and Earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

They exit.

Enter a Sentry and his company. Enobarbus follows.

SENTRY
If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to th’ court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By th’ second hour i’ th’ morn.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 4. SC. 9

FIRST WATCH   This last day was a shrewd one to 's.
ENOBARBUS   O, bear me witness, night—
SECOND WATCH   What man is this?
FIRST WATCH   Stand close, and list him.
ENOBARBUS

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

SENTRY   Enobarbus?
SECOND WATCH   Peace! Hark further.
ENOBARBUS

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge 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!  [He dies.]

FIRST WATCH   Let's speak to him.
SENTRY   Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Caesar.
SECOND WATCH   Let's do so. But he sleeps.
SENTRY

Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
FIRST WATCH   Go we to him.
SECOND WATCH   Awake, sir, awake! Speak to us.
FIRST WATCH   Hear you, sir?
SENTRY

The hand of death hath raught him.  Drums afar off.
Hark, the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To th’ court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

SECOND WATCH  Come on then. He may recover yet.

They exit, carrying Enobarbus’ body.

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.

ANTONY
Their preparation is today by sea;
    We please them not by land.

SCARUS  For both, my lord.

ANTONY
I would they’d fight i’ th’ fire or i’ th’ 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—
    Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavor.

They exit.

Enter Caesar and his army.

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

They exit.
ANTONY

Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all. I’ll bring thee word
Straight how ’tis like to go. He exits.

ALARUM afar off, as at a sea fight.

SCARUS

Swallows have built
In Cleopatra’s sails their nests. The augurs
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.

Enter Antony.

ANTONY

All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! ’Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly—
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Begone!

Scarus exits.

Enter Antony.

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 spanielèd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar, and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O, this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them home, Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleopatra

Why is my lord enraged 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 dolts, and let Patient Octavia plow thy visage up With her preparèd nails.

’Tis well th’ art 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’ th’ moon, And with those hands that grasped 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!

He exits.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

CLEOPATRA
Help me, my women! O, he’s more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.

CHARMIAN
To th’ 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 th’ monument!—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself.
Say that the last I spoke was “Antony,”
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—To th’
monument!

They exit.

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 vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd 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 annexed unto 't
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Caesar and false-played 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 robbed me of my sword.

MARDIAN

No, Antony,

My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Hence, saucy eunuch! Peace!

She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake
Was "Antony, most noble Antony."

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered 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 labor richly. Go.  

Mardian exits.

Off, pluck off!

[Eros begins to remove Antony’s armor.]

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. Bruisèd pieces, go.
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.

[Enter Eros.]

Eros exits.

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther. Now all labor
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!

Enter Eros.

EROS

What would my lord?

ANTONY

Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered 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
Th’ 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 color in thy cheek.
The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim and could not?
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
I would not see ’t.
Come, then, for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
O, sir, pardon me!
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 unpurposed. Draw, and come.
Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Lo thee! [He turns away.]
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.  Stabs himself.
    Thus I do 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
        I learned of thee. He stabs himself. How, not dead?
        Not dead?
        The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter a company of the Guard, one of them named Dercetus.

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 fall’n.
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 anyone.

   [All but Antony and Dercetus exit.]

DERCETUS
   Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
   [He takes Antony’s sword.]

DIOMEDES
   This sword but shown to Caesar with this tidings
   Shall enter me with him.

   Enter Diomedes.

DIOMEDES   Where’s Antony?
DERCETUS   There, Diomed, there.
DIOMEDES   Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

   [Dercetus exits.]

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
   Locked 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 disposed with Caesar, and that your rage
   Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;
   But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
ANTONY

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

What ho! The Emperor’s guard! The guard, what ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

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.

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.

[They] exit bearing Antony [and the body of Eros.]

Enter Cleopatra and her maids aloft, with 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,  
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes [below.]

How now? Is he dead?

DIOMEDES  
His death's upon him, but not dead.  
Look out o' th' other side your monument.  
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony [below,] and the Guard [bearing him.]

CLEOPATRA  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in. Darkling stand  
The varying shore o' th' world! O Antony, Antony,  
Antony! Help, Charmian! Help, Iras, help!  
Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

ANTONY  
Peace!

Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumphed 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 th' imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned 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 honor
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-winged Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little.
Wishers were ever fools. O, come, come, come!

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! Die when thou hast lived;
Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

A heavy sight!

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,
Provoked by my offense.

ANTONY  
One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honor with your safety—O!

They do not go together.

Gentle, hear me.

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

My resolution and my hands I’ll trust,
None about Caesar.

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 lived the greatest prince o’ th’ world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. 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,
The crown o’ th’ Earth doth melt.—My lord!

†*Antony dies.*†

O, withered is the garland of the war;
The soldier’s pole is fall’n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men. The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

CHARMIAN    *O, quietness, lady!*
†*Cleopatra swoons.*†

IRAS    She’s dead, too, our sovereign.
CHARMIAN    *Lady!*
IRAS    Madam!
CHARMIAN    O madam, madam, madam!
IRAS    Royal Egypt! Empress!
†*Cleopatra stirs.*†
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 scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All’s but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that’s mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent; it’s out. Good sirs, take heart.
We’ll bury him; and then, what’s brave, what’s
noble,
Let’s do ’t 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.

They exit, bearing off Antony’s body.
[ACT 5]

Scene 1

Enter Caesar with Agrippa, Dolabella, Maecenas, Gallus, and Proculeius, his council of war.

CAESAR, aside to Dolabella

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

DOLABELLA Caesar, I shall.

Dolabella exits.

Enter Dercetus with the sword of Antony.

CAESAR

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

DERCETUS I am called Dercetus.

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served. Whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I’ll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

CAESAR What is ’t thou say’st?

DERCETUS I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

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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.

DERCETUS

He is dead, Caesar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hirèd knife, but that self hand
Which writ his honor in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword.
I robbed his wound of it. Behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

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

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

His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

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

O Antony,
I have followed 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
Unreconciliable should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends—

Enter an Egyptian.

But I will tell you at some meeter season.
The business of this man looks out of him.
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

A poor Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forced to.

Bid her have good heart.
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honorable and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot
live
To be ungentle.
So the gods preserve thee. 

Caesar, I shall.

Proculeius exits.
CAESAR

Gallus, go you along. 

Where’s Dolabella, 

To second Proculeius?

ALL

Dolabella!

CAESAR

Let him alone, for I remember now

How he’s employed. He shall in time be ready. 
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see

How hardly I was drawn into this war, 
How calm and gentle I proceeded still 
In all my writings. Go with me and see

What I can show in this.

They exit.

Scene 2

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 dung, 
The beggar’s nurse, and Caesar’s.

Enter Proculeius.

PROCULEIUS

Caesar sends greeting 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

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but 
I do not greatly care to be deceived 
That have no use for trusting. If your 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 conquered 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’re fall’n into a princely hand; fear nothing. 
Make your full reference freely to my lord, 
Who is so full of grace that it flows over 
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 kneeled to.

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’ th’ face.

PROCULEIUS

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

Gallus and Soldiers enter and seize Cleopatra.

You see how easily she may be surprised.

Guard her till Caesar come.

ROYAL QUEEN!

O, Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!

Quick, quick, good hands!
PROCULEIUS, seizing the dagger Hold, worthy lady, hold!  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Relieved, but not betrayed.

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

PROCULEIUS  
Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master’s bounty by  
Th’ 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 necessary—  
I’ll not sleep neither. This mortal house I’ll ruin,  
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinioned at your master’s court,  
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me; rather on Nilus’ mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the waterflies  
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. 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.  


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.  

DOLABELLA     You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;  
Is ’t not your trick?

CLEOPATRA  
I understand not, madam.

DOLABELLA     I dreamt there was an emperor Antony.  

CLEOPATRA  
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 reared arm  
Crested the world. His voice was propertied  
As all the tunèd 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 showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

DOLABELLA                  Cleopatra—

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA                  Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA
You lie up to the hearing of the gods!
But if there be not ever were one such,
It’s past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
to vie strange forms with fancy, yet t’ 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 pursued 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.

Though he be honorable—

DOLABELLA                  He’ll lead me, then, in triumph.

DOLABELLA                  Madam, he will. I know ’t.
Flourish. Enter Caesar, Proculeius, Gallus, Maecenas, and others of his train.

ALL Make way there! Caesar!

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.  

[She stands.]

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’ th’ 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 shamed 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.

[She holds out a paper.]
CAESAR
You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA
This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possessed of. 'Tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

[Enter Seleucus.]

SELEUCUS
Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA
This is my treasurer. Let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS
Madam, I had rather seel 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 followed! Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? Thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee! But I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless 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,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT 5. SC. 2

CAESAR

Seleucus

CLEOPATRA

Forbear, Seleucus.

CALEUS EXITS

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Doing the honor 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 reserved,
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.

CAESAR

Forbear, Seleucus.

Seleucus exits.

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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.

CLEOPATRA

Not what you have reserved nor what acknowledged
Put we i’th’ 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
cheered.
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.

CAESAR

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Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend. And so adieu.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 5. SC. 2

CLEOPATRA
My master and my lord!

CAESAR
Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Caesar and his train exit.

CLEOPATRA
He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself. But hark thee, Charmian.

She whispers to Charmian.

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

CLEOPATRA, to Charmian
Hie thee again.

CHARMIAN
I have spoke already, and it is provided.
Go put it to the haste.

DOLABELLA
Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

DOLABELLA
Where's the Queen?

CHARMIAN
Behold, sir.

She exits.

CHARMIAN
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 performed
Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEOPATRA
I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA
I your servant.

DOLABELLA
Adieu, good queen. I must attend on Caesar.

CLEOPATRA
Farewell, and thanks.

He exits.

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 forced to drink their vapor.

IRAS       The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA
Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
'Tballad' 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' th' 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 dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave
To play till Doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

'Iras exits.' A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?
Enter a Guardsman.

GUARDSMAN Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your Highness’ presence.
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA

Let him come in. Guardsman exits.

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution’s placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant. Now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Countryman, with a basket.

GUARDSMAN This is the man. Guardsman exits.

CLEOPATRA Avoid, and leave him. Guardsman exits.

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

COUNTRYMAN 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.

COUNTRYMAN 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’ th’ 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.

COUNTRYMAN I wish you all joy of the worm.

He sets down the basket.
CLEOPATRA   Farewell.

COUNTRYMAN\1   You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA   Ay, ay, farewell.

COUNTRYMAN\1   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.

COUNTRYMAN\1   Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA   Will it eat me?

COUNTRYMAN\1   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.

COUNTRYMAN\1   Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o’ th’ worm.  

       [Enter Iras bearing Cleopatra’s royal regalia.]

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.  

       [Charmian and Iras begin to dress her.]  

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?
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 5. SC. 2

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian.—Iras, long farewell.

‘She kisses them. Iras falls and dies.’

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,

Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell’st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

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 curlèd Antony,

He’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal

wretch,

‘She places an asp on her breast.’

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,

Be angry and dispatch. 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.

‘She places an asp on her arm.’

What should I stay—

Dies.

CHARMIAN

In this wild world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close,

‘She closes Cleopatra’s eyes.’
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 5. SC. 2

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 rustling in.

FIRST GUARD
Where’s the Queen?

CHARMIAN
Speak softly. Wake her not.

FIRST GUARD
Caesar hath sent—

CHARMIAN
Too slow a messenger.

FIRST GUARD
O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD
Approach, ho! All’s not well. Caesar’s beguiled.

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.

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 performed the dreaded act which thou
So sought’st to hinder.

Enter Caesar and all his train, marching.

ALL
A way there, a way for Caesar!
DOLABELLA
O sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done.
CAESAR Bravest at the last,
She leveled 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 Poisoned, then.
FIRST GUARD O Caesar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremulously she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.
CAESAR O, noble weakness!
If they had swallowed 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 th’ aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
CAESAR Most probable
That so she died, for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony.
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.

They all exit, the Guards bearing the dead bodies.