

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

By William Shakespeare

Dramatis Personae.

Mark ANTONY, Triumvir of Rome.

Friends and Followers of Antony:

Domitius ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS,
SILIUS, EROS,
SCARUS, DECRETAS,
DEMETRIUS, PHILO,
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Caesar.

Octavius CAESAR, Triumvir of Rome,

Friends and Followers of Caesar:

MAECENAS, AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS,
THIDIAS, GALLUS,
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Caesar.
OCTAVIA, Sister to Caesar, and wife to Antony.

M.Aemilius LEPIDUS, Triumvir of Rome.

Sextus POMPEY.

MENAS, }
MENECRATES, } Followers of Pompey.
VARRIUS, }

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.

CHARMIAN, }
IRAS, } Female attendants on Cleopatra.

ALEXAS, }
MARDIAN, }
SELEUCUS, } Male attendants on Cleopatra.
DIOMEDES, }

1st, 2nd & 3rd MESSENGERS to Antony.

A MESSENGER to Cleopatra. Other MESSENGERS.

1st SERVANT, 2nd SERVANT, Other Servants.

A SOLDIER and other Soldiers of Antony.

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th SOLDIERS and other Soldiers of Caesar.

A CAPTAIN and other Captains of Antony.
SENTRY, 1st WATCH, 2nd WATCH, Other Watch.
1st GUARD, 2nd GUARD, 3rd GUARD, Other Guards.

A SOOTHSAYER. A CLOWN.
A BOY. AN EGYPTIAN.
Eunuchs. Maids to Cleopatra.

Scene: In several parts of the Roman Empire.

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ACT 1.

Scene 1. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her ladies CHARMIAN and IRAS, 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.

Antony There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

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

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.'

Antony How, my love?

Cleopatra Perchance? -nay, and most like.
You must not stay here longer. Your dismissal
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:

[Embraces her.

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; 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.

[To MESSENGER.] Speak not to us.
[Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA 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!
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 2. Another Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter, at one door, ENOBARBUS and a SOOTHSAYER, with three ROMANS; at another door, CHARMIAN, IRAS, MARDIAN the eunuch, and ALEXAS.

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

Alexas Soothsayer!

Soothsayer Your will?

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

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

Alexas Show him your hand.

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

Charmian Good sir, give me good fortune.

Soothsayer I make not, but foresee.

Charmian Pray then, foresee me one.

Soothsayer You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Charmian He means in flesh.

Iras No, you shall paint when you are old.

Charmian Wrinkles forbid!

Alexas Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Charmian Hush!

Soothsayer You shall be more loving than beloved.

Charmian I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alexas Nay, hear him.

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

Soothsayer You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

Soothsayer You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Charmian Then belike my children shall have no names. Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

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

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

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

Charmian Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alexas We'll know all our fortunes.

Enobarbus Mine, and most of our fortunes, tonight shall be drunk to bed.

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

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

Iras Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

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

Soothsayer Your fortunes are alike.

Iras But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Soothsayer I have said.

Iras Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

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

Iras Not in my husband's nose.

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

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

Charmian Amen.

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

Enobarbus Hush, here comes Antony.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Charmian Not he; the queen.

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.
[Exeunt all but ANTONY and MESSENGER.]

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 licence 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 earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Messenger At your noble pleasure.
[Going.]

Enter another MESSENGER.

Antony From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

Messenger The man from Sicyon? -is there such an one?

2nd Messenger He stays upon your will.

Antony Let him appear.

[Exit 1st MESSENGER.

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

Enter another MESSENGER, with a letter.

What are you?

3rd Messenger Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Antony Where died she?

3rd Messenger In Sicyon.

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

[Gives a letter.

Antony Forbear me.

[Exeunt MESSENGERS.

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. Ho now, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Enobarbus What's your pleasure, sir?

Antony I must with haste from hence.

Enobarbus Why, then we kill all our women. We see how mortal an 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 broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

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

Antony No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The empire of the sea. Our slippery people,
Whose love is never linked to the deserter
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Enobarbus I shall do't.
[Exeunt.

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Scene 3. Another Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, ALEXAS, and IRAS.

Cleopatra Where is he?

Charmian I did not see him since.

Cleopatra See where he is, who's with him, what he does.
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEXAS.

Charmian Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleopatra What should I do I do not?

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

Cleopatra Thou teachest like a fool: -the way to lose him.

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

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony

Cleopatra I am sick and sullen.

Antony I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose -

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

Antony Now, my dearest queen -

Cleopatra Pray you stand farther from me.

Antony What's the matter?

Cleopatra I know by that same eye there's some good news.
What says the married woman -you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you: hers you are.

Antony The gods best know -

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

Antony Cleopatra -

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

Antony Most sweet queen -

Cleopatra Nay, pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go. When you 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.

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 the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lepidus I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than 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 smell of sweat. Say this becomes him -
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish -yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he 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 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 know it for my bond.
[Exeunt.

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Scene 5. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleopatra Charmian!

Charmian Madam?

Cleopatra [Yawning.] 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 a 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.

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 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.

[Exeunt.

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ACT 2.

Scene 1. Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.

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

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

Enobarbus Not if the small come first.

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

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Enobarbus And yonder, Caesar.

Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

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

Caesar I do not know,
Maecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lepidus Noble friends,
That which 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.

[ANTONY embraces CAESAR.

[Flourish.

Caesar Welcome to Rome.

Antony Thank you.

Caesar Sit.

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 practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Antony How intend you "practised"?

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.

Antony Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Enobarbus That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Antony You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Enobarbus Go to, then; your considerate stone.

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

Agrippa

O, rare for Antony!

Enobarbus 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.

Agrippa

Rare Egyptian!

Enobarbus Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of `No' woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agrippa

Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed.
He ploughed her, and she 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, power breathe forth.

Maecenas Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Enobarbus Never; he will not.

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

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

Cleopatra Make thee a fortune from me.

Messenger But yet, madam -

Cleopatra I do not like "but yet"; it does allay
The good precedence. Fie upon "but yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. 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 sayst, and, thou sayst, free.

Messenger Free, madam? No; I made no such report.
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleopatra For what good turn?

Messenger For the best turn i'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.
[Draws a knife.]

Messenger Nay, then I'll run.

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

[Exit.

Charmian Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

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

Charmian He is afeard to come.

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.

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

Messenger I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleopatra He is married?

Messenger Take no offence that I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do

Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

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

Charmian Good your highness, patience.

Cleopatra In praising Antony I have 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 colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.
[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go -let him not, Charmian;
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
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.
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 6. Near Misenum.

Flourish.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one door, with SOLDIERS, DRUM and TRUMPET;
at
another, CAESAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, 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.

Menas Nor what I have done by water.

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

Menas And you by land.

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

Menas All men's faces are true, 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 look 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 ye, sir?

Enobarbus 'Tis true.

Menas Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

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

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

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

Menas Who would not have his wife so?

Enobarbus Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in

Caesar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

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

Enobarbus I shall take it, sir. We have used our throats in Egypt.

Menas Come, let's away.
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 7. On board Pompey's Galley off Misenum.

Music plays.

Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.

1st Servant Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2nd Servant Lepidus is high-coloured.

1st Servant They have made him drink alms-drink.

2nd Servant As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more"; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1st Servant But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2nd 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.

1st 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 and a BOY.

Antony [To CAESAR.]

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

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

Menas [Aside to POMPEY.] Pompey, a word.

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

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

Pompey [Aside to MENAS.] Forbear me till anon.
[Aloud.] This wine for Lepidus!

Lepidus What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

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

Lepidus What colour is it of?

Antony Of it own colour too.

Lepidus 'Tis a strange serpent.

Antony 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

Caesar Will this description satisfy him?

Antony With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.
[MENAS whispers to POMPEY.]

Pompey [Aside to MENAS.]
Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!
Do as I bid you. [Aloud.] Where's this cup I called for?

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

Pompey [Aside to MENAS.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[Rises and walks aside with MENAS.]

Menas I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pompey Thou hast served me with much faith; what's else to say?
[Calling.] Be jolly, lords.

Antony These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Menas 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 honour;
Mine honour, 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.

[Exeunt.

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ACT 3.

Scene 1. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS and other Roman OFFICERS and SOLDIERS; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

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 favour.
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 offence
Should my performance perish.

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

Ventidius I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;

Enobarbus They are his shards, and he their beetle. So -
[Trumpet within.

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 band
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Antony Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Caesar I have said.

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

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

Octavia My noble brother!

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

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

Caesar What,
Octavia?

Octavia I'll tell you in your ear.

Antony Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue -the swansdown feather

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

Enobarbus [Aside to AGRIPPA.] Will Caesar weep?

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

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

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

Enobarbus [Aside to AGRIPPA.]
That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wailed,
Believe't, till I wept too.

Caesar 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 [To OCTAVIA.] Adieu; be happy!

Lepidus [To OCTAVIA.] Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Caesar Farewell, farewell!
[Kisses OCTAVIA.]

Antony Farewell!
[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

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Scene 3. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleopatra Where is the fellow?

Alexas Half afeard to come.

Cleopatra Go to, go to.

Enter the MESSENGER as before.

Come hither, sir.

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!

Cleopatra Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Messenger Ay, dread queen.

Cleopatra 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!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

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

Cleopatra Is this certain?

Messenger Or I have no observance.

Charmian I warrant you, madam.
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 4. Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Antony Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that -
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import -but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them, most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

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 honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's. The meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

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

Antony When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 5. Another Room in Antony's House.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS.

Enobarbus How now, friend Eros?

Eros There's strange news come, sir.

Enobarbus What, man?

Eros Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Enobarbus This is old; what is the success?

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

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

Eros He's walking in the garden -thus, and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That 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.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 6. Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

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' market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Maecenas This in the public eye?

Caesar I'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, unreturned. 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,

Caesar No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'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 Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

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,
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 Is it so, sir?

Caesar Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!
[Exeunt.]

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Scene 7. Antony's Camp, near Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleopatra I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Enobarbus But why, why, why?

Cleopatra Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And sayst it is not fit.

Enobarbus Well, is it, is it?

Cleopatra Is't not denounced against us? Why should not we
Be there in person?

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

Cleopatra What is't you say?

Enobarbus Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traded 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 becomeed the best of men
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we

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

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, worthy soldier?

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

Antony Well, well. Away!
[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Soldier By Hercules, I think I am i'th' right.

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

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

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

Soldier While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as
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 with labour, and throws forth
Each minute some.

[Exeunt.

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Scene 8. A Plain near Actium.

Enter CAESAR with his ARMY, marching, and TAURUS.

Caesar Taurus!

Taurus My lord?

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

[Exeunt.

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Scene 9. The Same.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Antony Set 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.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 10. The Same.

CANIDIUS marcheth with his LAND ARMY one way over the stage, and TAURUS,
the
lieutenant of Caesar, with his ARMY the other way.
After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

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

Enter SCARUS.

Scarus Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 11. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

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 for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold: -take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

All Fly! Not we.

Antony I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you. Be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour, 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, be gone. You shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the 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.

[Sits down.

[Exeunt ATTENDANTS.

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!

Antony No, no, no, no, no.

Eros See you here, sir?

Antony O fie, fie, fie!

Charmian Madam!

Iras Madam, O good empress!

Eros Sir, sir!

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

Cleopatra Ah, stand by!

Eros The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras Go to him, madam, speak to him.
He's unqualified with very shame.

Cleopatra 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;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros Sir, the queen.

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

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;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is a' come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 12. Egypt. Caesar's Camp.

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, and THIDIAS, 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,
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
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
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

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

Ambassador Fortune pursue thee!

Caesar Bring him through the bands.
[Exit AMBASSADOR.]

[To THIDIAS.] To try thy eloquence now 'tis time. Dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
As 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.
[Exeunt.]

+ + + + +

Scene 13. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleopatra What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Enobarbus Think, and die.

Cleopatra Is Antony or we in fault for this?

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

Cleopatra 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 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 comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and AMBASSADOR.]

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.

[Exit SERVANT.]

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.

Cleopatra None but friends: say boldly.

Thidias 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 embraced not Antony
 As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleopatra O!

Thidias The scars upon your honour therefore he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
 Not as deserved.

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

Enter 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.

[Exeunt SERVANTS with THIDIAS.

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

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.

Cleopatra O, is't come to this?

Antony I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher. Nay, you were a fragment
Of Gnaeus 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,

Cleopatra I must stay his time.

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

Cleopatra Not know me yet?

Antony Cold-hearted toward me?

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

Antony I am satisfied.
Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood:
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
There's hope in't yet.

Cleopatra 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.

[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.

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

[Exit.

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ACT 4.

Scene 1. Before Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.

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!

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with OTHERS.

Antony He will not fight with me, Domitian?

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 honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

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

Antony Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants; let's tonight
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four SERVITORS.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest. So hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou. You have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleopatra [Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What means this?

Enobarbus [Aside to CLEOPATRA.]
'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

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

Servants The gods forbid!

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 [Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What does he mean?

3rd Soldier Soldiers, have careful watch.

1st Soldier And you. Good night, good night.
[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

2nd Soldier Here we. And if tomorrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1st Soldier 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

2nd Soldier Peace, what noise?

1st Soldier List, list!

2nd Soldier Hark!

1st Soldier Music i'th' air.

3rd Soldier Under the earth.

4th Soldier It signs well, does it not?

3rd Soldier No.

1st Soldier Peace, I say!
What should this mean?

2nd Soldier 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

1st Soldier Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2nd Soldier How now, masters!
[Speak together.

All How now,
How now! Do you hear this?

1st Soldier Ay; is't not strange?

3rd Soldier Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

1st Soldier Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

All Content. 'Tis strange.
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 4. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and OTHERS.

Antony Eros! Mine armour, Eros!

Cleopatra Sleep a little.

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

Enter EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.
If fortune be not ours 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 armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.

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

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

Eros Briefly, sir.

Cleopatra Is not this buckled well?

Antony Rarely, rarely!
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's 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.

Soldier 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.

Captain The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All Good morrow, general.

Antony 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so. Come, give me that. This way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame. Whate'er becomes of me,
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.
[Exeunt all but CHARMIAN and CLEOPATRA.

Charmian Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleopatra Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony -but now -Well, on.
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 5. Alexandria. Antony's Camp.

Trumpets sound.
Enter ANTONY and EROS, a SOLDIER meeting them.

Soldier The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

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

Soldier Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Antony Who's gone this morning?

Soldier Who?

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.

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.

[Retreat sounded 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 valour. Come thee on.

Scarus I'll halt after.
[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 8. Under the walls of Alexandria.

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. 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;

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 the second hour i'th' morn.

1st Watch This last day was
A shrewd one to's.

Enobarbus O bear me witness, night -

2nd Watch What man is this?

1st Watch Stand close, and list him.

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

Sentry Enobarbus?

2nd Watch Peace!
Hark farther.

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

[Dies.

1st Watch Let's speak to him.

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

2nd Watch Let's do so. -But he sleeps.

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

1st Watch Go we to him.

2nd Watch Awake, sir, awake! Speak to us.

1st 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.

2nd Watch Come on then. He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.

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Scene 10. Between the two Camps.

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 endeavour.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 11. Between the two Camps.

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.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 12. Between the two Camps.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

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.

[Exit.

Scarus Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Antony All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-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, be gone!

[Exit SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more!
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spanieled 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 gipsy 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 doits, and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.
[Exit CLEOPATRA.

'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!
[Exit.

+ + + + +

Scene 13. Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

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 the monument.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 14. Another room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Antony Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros Ay, noble lord.

Antony Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,

Antony Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.

[To MARDIAN.] That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly. Go.

[Exit MARDIAN.

Off, pluck off!

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

[Exit EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out
Lie down and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal then, and all is done.
Eros! -I come, my queen -Eros! -Stay for me.
Where souls do couch on flowers we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros What would my lord?

Antony Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonour 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
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

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

Antony Eros,

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, below, ANTONY borne by the GUARD.

Cleopatra O sun,
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 valour 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 honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony -
Help me, my women -we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

Antony O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleopatra Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power
The strong-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,

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

Decretas I am called Decretas;
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 sayst?

Decretas I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Caesar The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

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

Caesar [Weeping.] Look you, sad friends,
The gods rebuke me; but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

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

Maecenas His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

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

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

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.

[Exeunt.

+ + + + +

Scene 2. Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

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 Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your 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.

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 propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn it was,
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, or 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
Overtake 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.

Dolabella Though he be honourable -

Cleopatra He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dolabella Madam, he will. I know't.

Flourish.

Enter PROCULEIUS, CAESAR, 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.

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.
[Giving 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,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy. Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have 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. [To SELEUCUS.] Prithee go hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th' ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Caesar Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

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

Caesar Cleopatra,
Not what you have 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.
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend. And so adieu.

Cleopatra My master, and my lord!

Caesar Not so. Adieu.
[Flourish.
[Exeunt CAESAR and his TRAIN.

Cleopatra He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself. But hark thee Charmian.
[Whispers to CHARMIAN.

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

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

Charmian Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dolabella Where's the queen?

Charmian Behold, sir.

[Exit.

Cleopatra Dolabella!

Dolabella Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days

You with your children will he send before.
Make you best use of this. I have performed
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleopatra Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

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

Cleopatra Farewell, and thanks.
[Exit DOLABELLA.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou an Egyptian puppet shall be shown
In Rome as well as I. Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras The gods forbid!

Cleopatra Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I'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 my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

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

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

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

Cleopatra Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleopatra Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

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

Cleopatra Will it eat me?

Clown You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleopatra Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o'th' worm.
[Exit.
Enter IRAS with a robe, crown, and other jewels.

Cleopatra Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick, methinks I hear
Antony call. I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come.
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If 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 curled Antony
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have.

[To an asp.] Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie.

[Putting the asp to her breast.

Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpoliced!

Charmian O eastern star!

Cleopatra Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Charmian O, break! O, break!

Cleopatra As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle -
O Antony! -Nay, I will take thee too.

[Applying an asp to her arm.

What should I stay -

[Dies.

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

Enter the GUARD, rustling in.

1st Guard Where's the queen?

Charmian Speak softly, wake her not.

1st Guard Caesar hath sent -

Charmian Too slow a messenger.

[Applying an asp to her arm.

O, come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

1st Guard Approach ho! All's not well; Caesar's beguiled.

2nd Guard There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.

1st 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!

[Dies.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dolabella How goes it here?

2nd 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.

All A way there! A way for Caesar!

Enter CAESAR and all his TRAIN, marching.

Dolabella O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Caesar Bravest at the last,
She levelled 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?

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

Caesar Poisoned, then.

1st Guard O Caesar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress. Tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden 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.

1st Guard This is an asp's trail, and these fig-leaves

