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**Shakespear, William**

**Oxford, 1771**

Antony and Cleopatra.

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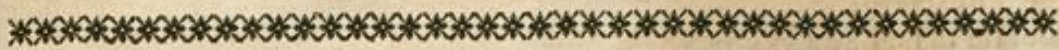


*F. Hayman inv.*

*H. Gravelot sculp.*

ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA. Act. 5. Sc. 5.





A N T O N Y

A N D

CLEOPATRA.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS.

SEX. POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ÆNOBARBUS,

VENTIDIUS,

CANIDIUS,

EROS,

SCARUS,

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

SILIUS,

MECÆNAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS,

THYREUS,

TAURUS,

GALLUS,

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS,

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN,

SELEUCUS,

DIOMEDES,

*A Soothsayer,*

*Clown.*

*Friends and Followers of ANTONY.*

*Friends to CÆSAR.*

*Friends to POMPEY.*

*Servants to CLEOPATRA.*

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to CÆSAR, and Wife to ANTONY.*

CHARMIAN, } *Ladies attending on CLEOPATRA.*

IRAS,

*Ambassadors from ANTONY to CÆSAR, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers,  
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.*

*Enter Demetrius and Philo.*

PHILO.

**N**AY, but this dotage of our general  
O'er-flows the measure; those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn  
The office and devotion of their view

Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gypsy's lust. — Look, where they come!

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the Train,  
Eunuchs fanning her.*

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

VOL. V.

N n

*Enter*





*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Ant.* It grates me. Tell the sum.

*Cleo.* Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

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

*Ant.* How, my love?

*Cleo.* Perchance, (nay, and most like,)  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.  
Where's *Fulvia's* process? *Cæsar's*? I would say; both?  
Call in the messengers. As I'm *Ægypt's* queen,  
Thou blushest, *Antony*; and that blood of thine  
Is *Cæsar's* homager: so thy cheeks pay shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The messengers.

*Ant.* Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch  
Of the rais'd empire fall! here is my space,  
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,  
And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

[*embracing.*]

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

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

*Cleo.*



*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.  
No messenger but thine; and all alone  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their train.*]

*Dem.* Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

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

*Dem.* I'm sorry,  
That he approves the common liar fame,  
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothfayer.*

*Char.* *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost  
most absolute *Alexas*, where's the soothfayer that you prais'd to  
the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
change for horns his garlands.

*Alex.* Soothfayer, —

*Sooth.* Your will?

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

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

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Æno.* Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,  
*Cleopatra's* health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me  
Good fortune.

N n 2

*Sooth.*





*Sooth.* Madam, I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet  
Far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with much drinking.

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

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

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

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

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

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

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

*Char.* Nay come, and tell *Iras* hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Æno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There is a palm prefaces chastity,  
If nothing else.

*Char.* E'en as th'o'er-flowing *Nile* prefageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.*



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

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

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

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

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

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

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

*Char.* Amen.

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

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Æno.* Hush! here comes *Antony*.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Æno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden  
A Roman thought had struck him, — *Ænobarbus!*

*Æno.*





*Æno.* Madam.

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

*Alex.* Here, at your service; see, my lord approaches.

*Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.*

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

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

*Ant.* Against my brother *Lucius*?

*Mes.* Ay; but soon

That war had end, and the time's state made friends  
Of them, jointing their forces against *Cæsar*,  
Whose better issue in the war, from *Italy*  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.* Well,

What worse?

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

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

Things that are past, are done, with me: 'tis thus —  
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,  
I hear as if he flatter'd.

*Mes.* *Labiens*

Hath, with his *Parthian* force, through extended *Asia*,  
His conqu'ring banner from *Euphrates* shook  
And *Syria*, to *Lydia* and *Ionia*;  
Whilst —

*Ant.* *Antony*, thou wouldst say, —

*Mes.* O my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;  
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*:  
Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick minds lie still; and our ill, told us,  
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

*Mes.* At your noble pleasure.

*Ant.* From *Sicyon* how the news? speak there.

*Mes.*



*Mef.* The man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one? [Exit.

*Attend.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear. —

These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

*Enter another Messenger with a letter.*

2 *Mef.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

2 *Mef.* In *Sicyon*.

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

*Ant.* Forbear me. —

[Exit Messenger.

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

*Enter Ænobarbus.*

*Æno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

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

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Æno.* 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 esteem'd 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 alacrity in dying.

*Ant.*



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

*Æno.* Alack, fir, 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 almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

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

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Æno.* Sir!

*Ant.* *Fulvia* is dead.

*Æno.* *Fulvia*?

*Ant.* Dead.

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

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

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

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

Hath



Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands  
 The empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people,  
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,  
 Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw  
*Pompey* the great and all his dignities  
 Upon his son; who, high in name and pow'r,  
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
 For the main soldier; whose quality going on  
 The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,  
 Which, like the<sup>a</sup> 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.

*Æno.* I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.*

*Cleo.* Where is he?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

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

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

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

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

*Cleo.* Thou teache'st like a fool: the way to lose him.

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

*Enter Antony.*

But here comes *Antony*.

*Cleo.* I'm sick, and fullen.

<sup>a</sup> Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse drop'd into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.





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

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature [seeming to faint.  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen, —

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

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know by that same eye there's some good news.  
What says the marry'd 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 pow'r upon you: hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know —

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

*Ant.* *Cleopatra*, —

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

*Ant.* Most sweet queen, —

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

*Ant.* How now, lady?

*Cleo.* I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

*Ant.* Hear me, queen;  
The strong necessity of time commands

Our



Our services awhile; but my full heart  
 Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*  
 Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*  
 Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.  
 Equality of two domestick pow'rs  
 Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,  
 Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,  
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n  
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
 By any desperate change. My more particular,  
 And that which most with you should salve my going,  
 Is *Fulvia's* death.

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

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

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

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
 With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,  
 In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

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

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

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

O o 2

*Cleo.*





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

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

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

*Ant.* Now, by my sword, —

*Cleo.* And target. Still he mends.  
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,  
How this *Herculean Roman* does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

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

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

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

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

*Ant.* Let us go: come,  
Our separation so abides and flies,

\* All forgotten, is an old way of speaking for, apt to forget every thing.

That



That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.  
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Cæsar's Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,  
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice, to hate  
A great competitor. From *Alexandria*  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revels; not more manly  
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the queen of *Ptolemy*  
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,  
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.  
You shall find there a man, who is the abstract  
Of all faults all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think,  
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;  
His faults in him seem as the spots of ermine,  
Or fires by night's blackness: hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not  
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,  
(As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Antony*  
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd

His





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, immature in knowledge,  
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
 And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mes.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
 Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report  
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea;  
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports  
 The discontents repair, and men's reports  
 Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:  
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
 That he which is, was wish'd until he were;  
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
 'Comes 'dear'd by being lack'd. The common body,  
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
 Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide  
 To rot itself with motion.

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

*Cæs.* *Antony*,

Leave



Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
 From *Mutina* wert beaten, where thou slew'st  
*Hirtius* and *Pansa* consuls, at thy heel  
 Did famine follow, which thou fought'st against  
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more  
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the *Alps*,  
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
 Which some did die to look on: and all this,  
 (It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)  
 Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
 So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

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

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

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
 It is my business too.

*Lep.* Farewel, my lord;  
 What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,  
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE





## SCENE VI.

*The Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

Cleo. CHARMIAN, —

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, — give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, madam?

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

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, that is treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch, *Mardian*, —

Mar. What is your highness' pleasure?

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

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done:  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.Cleo. O *Charmian*,Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!  
Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of man. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For



For so he calls me; now I feed myself  
 With most delicious poison: think on me,  
 That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pinches black,  
 And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,  
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
 A morsel for a monarch: and great *Pompey*  
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
 With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail!

*Cleo.* How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?  
 Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath  
 With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it with  
 My brave *Mark Antony*?

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

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
 Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends  
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
 To mend the petty present, I will pace  
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,  
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
 And soberly did mount an arm-girt steed,  
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,  
 Was beast-like dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What, was he sad,  
 Or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'th' year, between  
 Th' extremes of hot and cold; he was not sad  
 Nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well divided disposition! —  
 Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,

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He





He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

O heav'nly mingle! — Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?

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

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

*Char.* O that brave *Cæsar*!

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

*Char.* The valiant *Cæsar*.

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

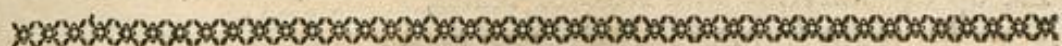
*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My fallad 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 *Ægypt*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT





## ACT II. SCENE I.

Sicily.

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

P O M P E Y.

**I**F the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

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

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

*Men.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*  
In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors: *Cæsar* gets money where  
He loses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

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

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Mene.* From *Silvius*, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams; they are in *Rome* together looking  
For *Antony*: but all the charms of love,  
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

P p 2

Tie





Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
 Keep his brain fuming; *Epicurean* cooks,  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;  
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
 Even to a *Lethe'd* dulness!

*Enter* Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

*Var.* This is most certain, that I shall deliver:  
*Mark Antony* is every hour in *Rome*  
 Expected: since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis  
 A space for farther travel.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*  
 SCENE



## SCENE II.

Rome.

*Enter Ænobarbus, and Lepidus.*

*Lep.* GOOD Ænobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, t'entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

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

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

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

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Æno.* Not if the small come first.

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

*Enter Antony, and Ventidius.*

*Æno.* And yonder *Cæsar*.

*Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.*

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

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

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May





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 fourest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

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

*Cæs.* Welcome to *Rome*.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir.

*Cæs.* Nay, then —

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

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
 Should say myself offended, and with you  
 Chiefly i' th' world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
 Once name you derogately; when to sound  
 Your name it not concern'd me

*Ant.* My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

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

*Ant.* How intend you, practise'd?

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

*Ant.* You do mistake the business; my brother never  
 Did urge me in this act: I did inquire it,  
 And have my learning from some true reporters  
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit



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've not to make it with)  
 It must not be with this.

*Cæs.* You praise yourself,  
 By laying defects of judgment to me: but  
 You patch up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so;  
 I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't.  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I  
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought  
 Could not with grateful 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.

*Æno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go  
 to wars with the women.

*Ant.* So much uncurbable her garboils, *Cæsar*,  
 Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
 Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,  
 Did you too much disquiet; for that, you must  
 But say, I could not help it.

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

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

*Cæs.*





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

*Lep.* Soft, *Cæsar*.

*Ant.* No,

*Lepidus*, let him speak;  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it: — but on, *Cæsar*,  
The article of my oath.

*Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,  
The which you both deny'd.

*Ant.* Neglected rather;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,  
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

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

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

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

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

*Æno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

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

*Æno.* Go to then: your considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but

The



The manner of his speech: for't cannot be  
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
 So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew  
 What hoop would hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
 O' th' world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

*Cæf.* Speak, *Agrippa*.

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

*Cæf.* Say not so, *Agrippa*;  
 If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reproof  
 Were well deserv'd for rashness.

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

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
 To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
 With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*  
*Octavia* to his wife: whose beauty claims  
 No worse a husband than the best of men;  
 Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak  
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,  
 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.

*Ant.* Will *Cæsar* speak?

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

*Ant.* What power is in *Agrippa*  
 (If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so,)  
 To make this good?

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Qq

*Cæf.*





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

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand;  
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

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

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

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

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

*Ant.* And where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the mount *Misenum*.

*Ant.* What's his strength?

*Cæs.* By land great and increasing, but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So's the fame.  
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;  
Yet ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

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

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

*Lep.*



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

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*Manent* *Ænobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

*Mec.* Welcome from *Ægypt*, sir.

*Æno.* Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*! — my  
honourable friend *Agrippa*!

*Agr.* Good *Ænobarbus*!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well  
digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

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

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

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

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

*Æno.* When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart  
upon the river of *Cydnus*.

*Agr.* There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well  
for her.

*Æno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were lovesick with 'em: the oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiffue,  
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,

Q q 2

With





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

*Agr.* O rare for *Antony*!

*Æno.* Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*, or  
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,  
And made their bends adorings: at the helm,  
A seeming mermaid steers; the filken tackles  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her: and *Antony*,  
Enthron'd i'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.

*Agr.* Rare *Ægyptian*!

*Æno.* Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entreated. Courteous *Antony*,  
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And for his ordinary pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed;  
He plough'd her, and she crop'd.

*Æno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now *Antony*

Must leave her utterly.

*Æno.* Never, he will not.

Age



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.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is  
A bless'd allot'ry to him.

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

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

*Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.*

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

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

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

*Oct.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, firrah! do you wish yourself in *Ægypt*?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, or you  
Thither.

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in  
My notion, have it not in my tongue; but yet  
Hie you to *Ægypt* again.

*Ant.*





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

*Sooth. Cæsar's.*

Therefore, o *Antony*, stay not by his side.  
Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where *Cæsar's* is not: but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being overpower'd:  
And therefore make thou space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou'rt sure to lose: he's of that natural luck  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.*  
He shall to *Parthia*. — Be it art, or hap,  
He hath spoke true: the very dice obey him;  
And in our sports my better cunning faints  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails\* ever  
Beat mine, in-coop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I' th' east my pleasure lies. — O come, *Ventidius*,

*Enter Ventidius.*

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:  
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

\* Lucian relates that at Athens quail-fighting was exhibited at shows: and many other ancient authors mention it as a sport much in use.

*Enter*



*Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.*

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

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

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

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

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

*Both.* Good success!

*Lep.* Farewel!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* GIVE me some musick: musick, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*Omnes.* The musick, hoa!

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone, let us to billiards: — come,  
*Charmian.*

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

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

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

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now. —

Give





Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river; there  
 My musick playing far off, I will betray  
 Tawny-fin fish: my bended hook shall pierce  
 Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
 I'll think them every one an *Antony*,  
 And say, ah ha! you're caught.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

*Mes.* Madam! madam! —

*Cleo.* *Antony's* dead? If thou say so,  
 Villain, thou kill'st thy mistress: but well, and free,  
 If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
 My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
 Have lip'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mes.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark; we use  
 To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
 The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mes.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will:  
 But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*  
 Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour

To



To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*Mef.* Will't please you hear me?

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

*Mef.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mef.* And friends with *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mef.* *Cæsar* and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me!

*Mef.* But yet, madam, —

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedent; fie upon *but yet*:  
*But yet* is as a jailer to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,  
In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

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

\* It was a ceremony among the Eastern nations at coronations, triumphs, and great festivals, that their kings sitting in state had showers of gold and pearl and precious stones pour'd down upon them: to which custom Milton also alludes:

Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
Show'rs on her kings *Barbarick* pearl and gold. *B. 2. v. 3.*

This fact is verified by historians. In the life of *Timur-bee* or *Tamerlain* written by a Persian a contemporary author, are the following words as they are translated by *Mons. Pe'tis de la Croix* in the account there given of his coronation. *B. 2. chap. 1.*

Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or  
& de pierreries selon la coutume.

And at the bottom of the page is this note;

Cette coutume subsiste encore aujourd' hui non seulement au couronnement des princes  
mais encore aux mariages des particuliers.





*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mes.* For the best turn i' th' bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, *Charmian*.

*Mes.* Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*strikes him down.*]

*Mes.* Good madam, have but patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?

[*strikes him.*]

Hence, horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*she bales him up and down.*]

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

*Mes.* Gracious madam,

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

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*draws a dagger.*]

*Mes.* Nay then I'll run:

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

[*Exit.*]

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

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

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself: since I myself

Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, fir.

*Reenter*



*Reenter the Messenger.*

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

*Mes.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If you again say, yes.

*Mes.* He's married, madam.

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

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would thou didst;

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married?

*Mes.* Take no offence, for I would not offend you;  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: he's married to *OEtavia*.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That say'st but what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence,  
The merchandises thou hast brought from *Rome*  
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am pay'd for it 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 *OEtavia*, her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out





The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly; —  
 Let him for ever go: — let him not, *Charmian*; —  
 Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,  
 Th' other way he's a *Mars*. — Bid you *Alexas*  
 Bring word, how tall she is: — pity me, *Charmian*,  
 But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VI.

*The Coast of Italy near Misenum.*

*Enter Pompey and Menas at one door with drum and trumpet:  
 at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Ænobarbus, Mécænas,  
 Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* YOUR hostages I have, so have you mine;  
 And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* Most meet

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

*Pom.* To you all three,  
 The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the gods. — I do not know,  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son and friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,  
 Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,  
 There saw you labouring for *him*. What was it  
 That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what  
 Made the all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,  
 With the arm'd rest, courters of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the capitol, but that they would  
 Have one man but a man? and that is it

Hath



Hath made me rig my navy: at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful *Rome*  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* Take your time.

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

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

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present) how you take  
The offer we have sent you —

*Cæs.* There's the point.

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

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

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

*Omnes.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*  
Puts me to some impatience: though I lose  
The praise of it by telling; you must know  
When *Cæsar* and your brother were at blows,  
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, *Pompey*,

And





And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

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

*Ant.* The beds i' th' east are soft; and thanks to you,  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:  
For I've gain'd by it.

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

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face,  
But in my bosom she shall never come,  
To make my heart a vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here!

*Pom.* I hope so, *Lepidus*; thus we are agreed:  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

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

*Ant.* That will I, *Pompey*.

*Pom.* No, *Antony*, take the lot:  
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery  
Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæsar*  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meaning, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to it.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard.  
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried —

*Æno.* No more of that: he did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you?

*Æno.* A certain queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now, how far'st thou, soldier? [to *Ænob.*

*Æno.* Well,

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



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

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

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

*All.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.* Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Ænob. and Menas.*]

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

*Æno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Æno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

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

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

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

*Men.* And you by land.

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

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Æno.* But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

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

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

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

*Men.* You've said, sir: we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here;  
pray





pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

*Æno.* *Cæsar's* sister is call'd *Octavia*.

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

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

*Men.* Pray ye, sir, —

*Æno.* 'Tis true.

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

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

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

*Æno.* 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.

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

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

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

*Æno.* I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

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

S C E N E VII.

*Pompey's Galley.*

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

1 *Ser.* **H**ERE they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 *Ser.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 *Ser.*



1 *Ser.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

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

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

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

1 *Ser.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully difaster the checks.

*Trumpets.* Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Ænobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

*Ant.* Thus do they, fir: they take the flow o'th' Nile  
By certain scale, 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.

*Lep.* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

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

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

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

*Men.* Pompey, a word.

[*aside.*

*Pom.* Say in mine ear, what is't?

*Men.* Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
And hear me speak a word.

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*Pom.*





*Pom.* Forbear me till anon. — [whispers.]  
This wine for *Lepidus*.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shap'd, fir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

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

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

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

*Pom.* Go, hang, fir, hang! tell me of that? away!  
Do as I bid you. — Where's the cup I call'd for?

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

*Pom.* I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

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

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's else to say?—  
Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quicksands, *Lepidus*,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

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

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

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

*Pom.* How shall that be?

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

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,  
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

*Pom.*



*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,  
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All then is thine.

*Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst have done,  
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villany;  
In thee't had been good service: thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour it: repent that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this  
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more:  
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*.

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

*Æno.* Here's to thee, *Menas*.

*Men.* *Ænobarbus*, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Æno.* There's a strong fellow, *Menas*. [*pointing to Lepidus*.

*Men.* Why?

*Æno.* He bears the third part of the world, man! see'st not?

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

*Æno.* Drink thou, increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

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

*Ant.* It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ho.  
Here is to *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it:  
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

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





*Cæs.* Possess't, I'll answer; but I had rather fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Æno.* Ha, my brave emperor! shall we dance now  
Th' *Ægyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

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

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

*Æno.* All take hands. —

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick;  
The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing.  
The holding every man shall bear as loud,  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*musick plays.* *Æno*barbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

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

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

Let me request you, off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Æno*barbus  
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antickt us all. What needs more words? good night. —  
Good *Antony*, your hand.

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

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

*Pom.* O *Antony*, you have my father's house.  
But what? we're friends: come down into the boat.

*Æno.*







More in their officer, than person. *Sofius*,  
 One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,  
 For quick accumulation of renown,  
 Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.  
 Who does i'th' wars more than his captain can,  
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
 (The foldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,  
 Than gain which darkens him. I could do more  
 To do *Antonius* good, but 'twould offend him;  
 And in his offence should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which  
 A foldier and his sword grant scarce distinction.  
 Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
 (That magical word of war) we have effected;  
 How with his banners, and his well-pay'd ranks,  
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of *Parthia*  
 We've jaded out o'th' field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to *Athens*: with what haste  
 The weight we must convey with's will permit,  
 We shall appear before him. Pass along. [Exeunt.

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 S C E N E II.

Rome.

*Enter Agrippa at one door, Ænobarbus at another.*

*Agr.* WHAT, are the brothers parted?

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

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

*Æno.*



*Æno.* A very fine one: o, how he loves *Cæsar*!

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

*Æno.* *Cæsar*? why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

*Agr.* What's *Antony*, the god of *Jupiter*?

*Æno.* Speak you of *Cæsar*? o the nonpareil!

*Agr.* Of *Antony*? o the *Arabian* bird!

*Æno.* Would you praise *Cæsar*? say, *Cæsar*! go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

*Æno.* But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, hoo! his love to *Antony*.  
But as for *Cæsar*, kneel, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Æno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,  
This is to horse: — adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [trumpets.

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

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

*Ant.* No farther, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself:  
Use we well in't. — Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond  
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 fortrefs of it; for much better might we  
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

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

We





We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother, —

*Ant.* The *April's* in her eyes; it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerful.

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

*Cæs.* What,

*Octavia?*

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

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Æno.* Will *Cæsar* weep?

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Æno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agr.* Why, *Ænobarbus?*

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,  
He cry'd almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

*Æno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:  
Believ't, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet *Octavia*,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Outgo my thinking on you.

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

*Cæs.* Adieu, be happy!

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

*Cæs.*



*Cæs.* Farewel, farewel!

[*kisses Octavia.*

*Ant.* Farewel!

[*trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* WHERE is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to: come hither, fir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

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

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

*Mef.* Most gracious majesty!

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

*Mef.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mef.* Madam, in *Rome*, I look'd her in the face;  
And saw her led between her brother and  
*Mark Antony*.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mef.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

*Mef.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low voic'd.

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

*Char.* Like her? o *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, *Charmian*: dull of tongue and dwarfish.  
What majesty is in her gait? remember  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

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T t

*Mef.*





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

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mef.* Or I have no observance.\*

*Char.* Three in *Ægypt*  
Cannot make better note.

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

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

*Mef.* Madam, she was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

*Mef.* And I do think, she's thirty.

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

*Mef.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For th' most part too,  
They're foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?

*Mef.* Brown, madam; and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,  
Our letters are prepar'd.

[*Exit Mef.*

*Char.* A proper man.

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

*Char.* O, nothing, madam.

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

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend!  
And serving you so long.

\* *Observance is here used for Observation.*

*Cleo.*



*Cleo.* I've one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian* :  
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write : all may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Athens.

*Enter Antony, and Octavia.*

*Ant.* **N**AY, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,  
That were excusable, that and thousands more  
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd  
New wars 'gainst *Pompey* ; made his will, and read it  
To publick ear : spoke scantily of me ;  
And when at any time perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly  
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me ;  
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,  
Or did it from his teeth.

*Oct.* O, my good lord,  
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,  
When I shall pray, O, *blefs my lord and husband !*  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
O, *blefs my brother !* Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle *Octavia*,  
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it : if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself ; better I were not yours,  
Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,

T t 2

Your





Yourself shall go between's; the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall strain your brother: make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

*Ost.* Thanks to my lord:

The *Jove* of power make me, although most weak,  
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should folder up the rift.

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

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ænobarbus, and Eros.*

*Æno.* How now, friend *Eros*?

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

*Æno.* What, man?

*Eros.* *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war  
On *Pompey*.

*Æno.* This is old; what's the success?

*Eros.* *Cæsar*, having made use of him i'th' wars  
'Gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry;  
Would not let him partake of the glory of them:  
Not resting here, accuses him of letters  
Which he had formerly written to *Pompey*;  
Upon his own appeal he seizes him:  
So the poor third is up, till death enlarge  
His confine.

*Æno.* Then, world! thou hast a pair of chaps, no more:  
And throw between them all the food thou hast,  
They'll grind each other. Where is *Antony*?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns  
The rush that lies before him. Crys, *Fool* *Lepidus*!

And



And threatens the throat of that his officer  
That murder'd *Pompey*.

*Æno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

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

*Æno.* 'Twill be naught,  
But let it be: bring me to *Antony*.

*Eros.* Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*The Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.*

*Cæs.* CONTEMNING *Rome*, he has done all this, and more,  
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:  
I'th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,  
*Cleopatra* and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat  
*Cæsarion*, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her  
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,  
Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the publick eye?

*Cæs.* I'th' common show-place where they exercise.  
His sons were there proclaim'd the kings of kings:  
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,  
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* assign'd  
*Syria*, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she  
In the habiliments of the goddess *Isis*  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.*





*Mec.* Let *Rome* be thus  
Inform'd; who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it, and have now receiv'd  
His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* *Cæsar*; for that having in *Sicily*  
*Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him  
His part o'th' isle: then does he say, he lent me  
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets  
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate  
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

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

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone:  
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then in his *Armenia*,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

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

*Cæs.* Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

*Enter Octavia with Attendants.*

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

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee castaway!

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

*Cæs.* Why hast thou stol'n upon me thus? you come not  
Like *Cæsar's* sister; the wife of *Antony*  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear: the trees by th' way  
Should have born men; and expectation fainter,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,

Rais'd



Rais'd by your populous troops: but your are come  
 A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented  
 The ostent of our love; which left unshown,  
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
 By sea, and land, supplying every stage  
 With an augmented greeting.

*Oet.* Good my lord,  
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
 On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,  
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
 My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd  
 His pardon for return.

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

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

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

*Oet.* My lord, he is in *Athens*.

*Cæs.* No, my most wronged sifter; *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 *Malchus* of *Arabia*, king of *Pont*,  
*Herod* of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* king  
 Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,  
 The kings of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,  
 With a larger list of sceptres.

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

*Cæs.* Welcome hither:  
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,

Till





Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,  
 And we in negligent danger: cheer your heart;  
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
 O'er your content these strong necessities,  
 But let determin'd things to destiny  
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:  
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,  
 To do you justice, make their ministers  
 Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,  
 And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* 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 noses it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,  
 Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! [Exeunt.]

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S C E N E VI.

Actium.

*Enter Cleopatra, and Ænobarbus.*

*Cleo.* I Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Æno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;  
 And say'st, it is not fit.

*Æno.* Well; is it, is it?

*Cleo.* Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we  
 Be there in person?

*Æno.* Well I could reply;

If



If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Æno.* Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in *Rome*,  
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

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

*Enter Antony, and Canidius.*

*Æno.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the emperor.

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

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

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men  
To taunt at slackness. — Come, *Canidius*, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us.

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

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*,  
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;

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And





And so should you.

*Æno.* Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners muleteers and reapers, people  
Engross'd by swift impress: in *Cæsar's* fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought;  
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace  
Shall 'fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Æno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land,  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego  
The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* Why, I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,  
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*  
Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. If we fail,  
We then can do't at land.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thy business?

*Mes.* The news is true, my lord, he is descried;  
*Cæsar* has taken *Toryne*.

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

*Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

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

Trust



Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? let the *Ægyptians*  
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we  
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Ænob.*]

*Sold.* By *Hercules*, I think I am i' th' right.

*Can.* 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.

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

*Can.* *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Justeus*,  
*Publicola*, and *Celius*, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*  
Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While yet in *Rome*,  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguil'd all spies.

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

*Sold.* They say, one *Taurus*.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The emperor calls for *Canidius*.

*Can.* With news the time's in labour, and throws forth,  
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.*

*Cæs.* *Taurus*, —

*Taur.* My lord.

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

U u 2

*Enter*





*Enter Antony, and Ænobarbus.*

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Canidius marching with his land Army one way over the stage, and  
Taurus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going  
in, is heard the noise of a Seafight.*

*Alarum. Enter Ænobarbus.*

*Æno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer!  
\* *Th' Antonias* th' *Ægyptian* admiral,  
With all their fixty, flies and turns the rudder:  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesfes, all the whole fynod of them!

*Æno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle of the world is loft  
With very ignorance; we have kifs'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Æno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yond ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,  
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i' th' midst o' th' fight,  
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;)   
The brize upon her, like a cow in *June*,  
Hoifts fails, and flies.

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

\* *Th' Antonias, &c.* (which Plutarch says was the name of Cleopatra's ship.)

*Scar.*





*Scar.* She once being looft,  
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,  
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of fuch shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate fo itfelf.

*Æno.* Alack, alack!

*Enter Canidius.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the fea is out of breath,  
And finks moft lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himfelf, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Moft grofsly by his own.

*Æno.* Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night  
Indeed.

*Can.* Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis eafy to't: and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To *Cæfar* will I render  
My legions and my horfe; fix kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Æno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason  
Sits in the wind againft me. [*Exeunt feverally.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is afhamed to bear me. — Friends, come hither;  
I am fo lated in the world, that I  
Have loft my way for ever. I've a fhip  
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with *Cæfar*.

*Omnes.*





*Omnes.* Fly! not we.

*Ant.* I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone.  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you: be gone,  
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it — o,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon!  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims: let them be left  
Which leave themselves. 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've lost command,  
Therefore, I pray you — I'll see you by and by. [*sits down.*]

*Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.*

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

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Cleo.* Do! why, what else? let me  
Sit down. O *Juno!*

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

*Eros.* See you here, sir?

*Ant.* O fie, fie, fie.

*Char.* Madam!

*Iras.* Madam, o good emprefs!

*Eros.* Sir, sir, my lord!

*Ant.* Yes, yes; he at *Philippi* kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook  
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I  
That the sad *Brutus* ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had

In



In the brave squares of war; yet now — no matter —

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

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

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

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

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise, the queen approaches;  
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation;  
A most unnoble swerving —

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt*? see  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,  
By looking back on what I've left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

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

*Ant.* *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,  
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon!

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shift of lowness, who  
With half the bulk o'th' world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making and marring fortunes. You did know  
How much you were my conqueror, and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

*Cleo.* O! pardon, pardon!

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

All





All that is won and lost: give me a kifs;  
 Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster,  
 Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead: —  
 Some wine there, and our viands: — fortune knows,  
 We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IX.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.*

*Cæs.* LET him appear that's come from *Antony*.  
 Know you him?

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

*Enter Ambassador from Antony.*

*Cæs.* Approach and speak.

*Amb.* 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 the grand sea.

*Cæs.* Be't so; declare thine office.

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

*Cæs.*



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

*Amb.* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands. [Exit Ambassador.  
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time: despatch;  
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*: promise, [to Thyreüs.  
And in our name; when she requires, add more  
As thine invention offers. Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreüs*;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thyr.* *Cæsar*, I go.

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

*Thyr.* *Cæsar*, I shall.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E X.

Alexandria.

Enter *Cleopatra*, *Ænobarbus*, *Charmian*, and *Iras*.

*Cleo.* WHAT shall we do, *Ænobarbus*?

*Æno.* Drink, and die.\*

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

*Æno.* *Antony* only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What although you fled

\* This reply of *Ænobarbus* seems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra* which is related by *Plutarch*: that after their defeat at *Actium* they instituted a society of friends who enter'd into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of that luxury, excess, and riot, in which they had lived before.





From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
 Frighted each other? why should he follow you?  
 The itch of his affection should not then  
 Have nick'd his captainship at such a point,  
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
 The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less  
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
 And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Amb.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
 Us up.

*Amb.* My lord, he says so.

*Ant.* Let her know't. —

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

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

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

*Æno.* Yes, like enough: high-battled *Cæsar* will [aside.]  
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd 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



To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will  
Answer his emptiness! *Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* A messenger from *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony? — See, my women,  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, fir.

*Æno.* Mine honesty and I begin to square; [aside.  
Though 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 Thyreus.*

*Cleo.* *Cæsar's* will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None here but friends; say boldly.

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

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

*Thyr.* So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd; *Cæsar* entreats  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

*Cleo.* Go on; right royal.

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

*Cleo.* O! [aside.

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour therefore he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,





Not as deserv'd.

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

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

*Thyr.* Shall I say to *Cæsar*  
What you require of him? he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you would make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,  
And put yourself under his shroud, the great,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is *Thyræus*.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath  
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

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

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

SCENE







*Cleo.* Good my lord, —

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever.  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes  
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us  
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut  
To our confusion.

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

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of *Cneus Pompey*; besides what hotter hours  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out. For, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

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

*Enter a Servant with Thyreüs.*

*Ser.* Soundly, my lord.

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

*Ser.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake to look on't. Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,

Tell



Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,  
 He makes me angry with him: for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike  
 My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has  
*Hipparchus* my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:  
 Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [Exit Thy.

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,  
 And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

*Cleo.* I muſt ſtay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* If I be ſo,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poiſon't in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone  
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo  
 Diſſolve my life: the next *Cæſarion* ſmite!  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,  
 By the diſcandyng of this pelleted ſtorm,  
 Lie graveleſs; till the flies and gnats of *Nile*  
 Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I'm ſatiſfied:

*Cæſar* ſets down 'fore *Alexandria*, where  
 I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and float, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.

Where





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 my chronicle:  
 There is hope in it yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord.

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

*Cleo.* It is my birthday;  
 I had thought t'have held it poor: but, since my lord is  
*Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

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

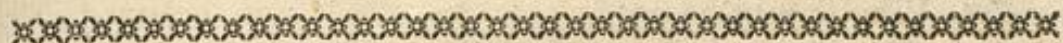
*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to 'em; and to-night I'll force  
 The wine peep through their scars. — Come on, my queen;  
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
 I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
 Even with his pestilent fithe. [*Exeunt.*

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

ACT







## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, with Agrippa, Mecænas, and his Army.  
Cæsar reading a letter.*

CÆSAR.

**H**E calls me boy; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of *Ægypt*: my messenger  
He hath whip'd with rods, dares me to personal combat,  
*Cæsar to Antony*. Let the old ruffian know,  
He hath many other ways to die: mean time,  
I at this challenge laugh.

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

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

## SCENE II.

*The Palace in Alexandria.*

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Ænobarbus, Charmian, Iras,  
Alexas, with others.*

*Ant.* **H**E will not fight with me, *Domitius?*

*Æno.* No.

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*Ant.*



*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Æno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He's twenty men to one.

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

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

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

*Enter Servants.*

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

*Cleo.* What means this? [*aside.*

*Æno.* 'Tis one of those odd freaks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

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

*Omnes.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* What does he mean?

*Æno.* To make his followers weep. [*aside.*

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;  
May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: it may chance to-morrow,  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As



As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death:  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

*Æno.* What mean you, fir,  
To give them this discomfort? look, they weep.  
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sence;  
I spake t'you for your comfort, did desire you  
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E III.

*A Court of Guard before the Palace.*

*Enter a Company of Soldiers.*

*1 Sold.* BROTHER, good night: to-morrow is the day.  
*2 Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

*1 Sold.* Nothing: what news?

*2 Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: good night to you.

*1 Sold.* Well, fir, good night. [*they meet with other Soldiers.*

*2 Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*1 Sold.* And you: good night, good night.

[*they place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

*2 Sold.* Here we: and if to-morrow

Y y 2

Our





Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose:

[*musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' th' air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

It signs well, does it not?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say: what should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,

Now leaves him.

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

Do hear what we do.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

*Omnes.* How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange?

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

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

Let's see how 'twill give off.

*Omnes.* Content: 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with others.*

*Ant.* **E**ROS! mine armour, *Eros*!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck. — *Eros*, come; mine armour, *Eros*!

*Enter Eros.*

Come, my good fellow, put mine iron on: —

If



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

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

*Ant.* What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

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

*Ant.* Well, well;

We shall thrive now. — See'st thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* O, rarely, rarely:

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

*Enter an 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.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you. *[shout. trumpets flourish.]*

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Cap.* The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads!

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes. —  
So, so: come, give me that: — this way; — well said.

Fare:





Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable,  
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
 On more mechanick 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.

*Char.* Please you retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might  
 Determine this great war in single fight!  
 Then *Antony* — but now — well, on. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E V.

*A Camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros: an old Soldier  
 meeting them.*

*Sold.* THE gods make this a happy day to *Antony*!

*Ant.* 'Would thou and those thy scars had once  
 prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Eros.* Hadst thou done so,  
 The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
 That has this morning left thee, would have still  
 Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Eros.* Who?

One ever near thee. Call for *Ænobarbus*,  
 He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* camp  
 Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,

He is with *Cæsar*.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure

He



He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after; do it,  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,  
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! — Despatch, my *Eros*. [Exeunt.

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S C E N E VI.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Ænobarbus, and Dolabella.*

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

*Agr.* *Cæsar*, I shall.

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

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

*Æno.* *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on  
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade  
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,  
And leave his master *Antony*: for his pains  
*Cæsar* hath hang'd him. *Canidius* and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but

No





No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so forely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar.*

*Sold. Ænobarbus, Antony*  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty over-plus. The messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Æno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock me not, *Ænobarbus,*  
I tell you true: best you see safe the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a *Jove.*

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit.*

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S C E N E VII.

*Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.*

*Agr.* **R**ETIRE, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
*Cæsar* himself has work, our opposition  
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exit.*  
*Alarum.*



*Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

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

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H. [*retreat afar off.*]

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* They're beaten, sir; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

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

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

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.*

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





*Enter Cleopatra.*

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

*Cleo.* Lord of lords,  
O infinite virtue, com'ft thou smiling from  
The world's great snare, uncaught?

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

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

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy *Phæbus*' car. — Give me thy hand;  
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,  
Bear our hack'd targets, like the men that owe them.  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink caroufes to the next day's fate  
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,  
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,  
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> The word *Faery* here is to be understood in the sense of enchantress which it often carries in the old romances. [It comprises the idea of power and beauty. Upton.]

SCENE





## SCENE VIII.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter a Sentry, and his company. Ænobarbus follows.*

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

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

*Æno.* O bear me witness, night!

*2 Watch.* What man is this?

*1 Watch.* Stand close, and listen to him.

*Æno.* Be witness to me, o thou blessed moon,  
 When men revolted shall upon record  
 Bear hateful memory; poor Ænobarbus did  
 Before thy face repent.

*Sent.* Ænobarbus?

*3 Watch.* Peace;  
 Hark further.

*Æno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
 The poisonous damp of night disperse 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!

*1 Watch.* Let's speak to him.

[*dies.*

Z z z

*Sent.*



*Sent.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern *Cæsar*.

*2 Watch.* Let's do so: but he sleeps.

*Sent.* Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleep.

*1 Watch.* Go we to him.

*2 Watch.* Awake, fir, awake; speak to us.

*1 Watch.* Hear, you fir!

*Sent.* The hand of death hath caught him. [*drums afar off.*  
Hark, how the drum's din early wakes the sleepers:  
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is  
Of note. Our hour is fully out.

*2 Watch.* Come on;  
He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.*

*Ant.* **T**HEIR preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven: further on,  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cæsar, and his Army.*

*Cæs.* Not being charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall not; for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,

And



And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.  
[alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.  
*Reenter Antony, and Scarus.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd:  
 Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all.  
 I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

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

## S C E N E X.

Alexandria.

*Enter Antony.*

*Ant.* ALL is lost!  
 This foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me:  
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
 Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou  
 Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly:  
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
 I have done all: bid them all fly, be gone.  
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
 Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here  
 Do we shake hands. All come to this! The hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd  
 That overtop'd them all. Betray'd I am.

O this





O this false soul of *Ægypt*! this gay charm,  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,  
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss. —  
 What, *Eros*, *Eros*!

*Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou spell! avant.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

*Ant.* Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish *Cæsar's* triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex: monster-like be the show  
 For poor't diminutives, for dolts; and let  
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone, [*Exit Cleopatra.*  
 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  
 Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'th' moon,  
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue thy worthiest self. The witch shall die;  
 To th' *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under her plot: she dies for't. — *Eros*, ho! [*Exit.*

*Reenter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

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

*Char.* To th' monument,  
 There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead:  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,

Than



Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To th' monument: —

*Mardian*, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,  
And bring me, how he takes my death, to th' monument. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XI.

*Enter Antony, and Eros.*

*Ant.* *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me.

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapour sometime like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these signs,  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

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

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*Ant.* My good knave, *Æros*, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: here I'm *Antony*,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
I made these wars for *Ægypt*: and the queen,  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
Which whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost! she, *Eros*, has  
Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory  
Unto an enemy's triumph.  
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter*





*Enter Mardian.*

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

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

*Ant.* Hence, saucy eunuch, peace,  
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person can be pay'd but once,  
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
Was, *Antony!* most noble *Antony!*

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of *Antony*; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Unarm me, *Eros*; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep: — that thou depart'st hence safe [*to Mardian.*  
Does pay thy labour richly; go. — Pluck off; [*Exit Mardian.*  
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; [*unarming himself.*

You have been nobly born. — From me a while. — [*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and

Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now

All length is torture; since thy torch is out,

Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength: sleep 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



And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;  
*Dido* and her *Sichæus*\* shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours. — Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my lord?

*Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* died,  
 I live in such dishonour, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman; less noble-minded  
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,  
*I'm conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, *Eros*,  
 That when the exigent should come, which now  
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me  
 Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
 And horror; that on my command thou then  
 Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come:  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

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

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

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn

\* ----- Coniux ubi pristinus illi  
 Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem. *Virg. Æn. lib. 6. v. 473.*





Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.* O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

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

*Ant.* Lo thee.

[turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.* Then let it do

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.* My dear master,  
My captain, and my emp'ror, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, *Farewel!*

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man, and farewel!

*Eros.* Farewel, great chief! Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now, *Eros.*

*Eros.* Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow  
Of *Antony's* death.

[*Eros kills himself.*]

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, o valiant *Eros*, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*  
Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record: but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, *Eros*,  
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [falling on his sword.  
I learn'd of thee. — How! not yet dead? not dead? —  
The guard — how! — o, despatch me!

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Dercetas, and Guard.*

*Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I've done my work ill, friends: O make an end

Of



Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard*. The star is fall'n.

1 *Guard*. And time is at his period.

*All*. Alas, and wo!

*Ant*. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard*. Not I.

2 *Guard*. Not I.

3 *Guard*. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt*.

*Der*. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to *Cæsar*, with these tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter* Diomedes.

*Dio*. Where's *Antony*?

*Der*. There, *Diomed*, there.

*Dio*. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer?

*Ant*. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio*. Most absolute lord,

My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

*Ant*. When did she send thee?

*Dio*. Now, my lord.

*Ant*. Where is she?

*Dio*. Lock'd in her monument.

She had, alas! a prophesying fear  
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead:  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant*. Too late, good *Diomed*: call my guard, I pr'ythee.

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

A a a 2

*Enter*





*Enter the Guard.*

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

*Guard.* Wo are we, fir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out!

*All.* Most heavy day!

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

## S C E N E XIII.

*A magnificent Monument.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.*

*Cleo.* O *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

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

*Enter Diomedes.*

How now? is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out  
O'th' other side; his guard have brought him hither.

*Enter Antony born by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O thou sun,  
Turn from the sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand  
The varying shore o'th' world! — O *Antony!*  
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help; help, friends,

Below



Below there, let us draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace;

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'erthrown *Antony*,  
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.

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

*Ant.* I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet  
I here importune death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips. — Come down.

*Cleo.* I dare not,  
Dear, dear my lord, your pardon that I dare not,  
Left I be taken: not th' imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have  
Edge, operation, or sting, 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.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! how heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,  
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little, —  
Wishers were ever fools; — o, come, come, come;

[they draw Antony up to Cleopatra.

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

*All.* O heavy fight!

*Ant.* I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,

That





That the false huswife fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen.  
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety.

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me;  
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* My resolution and my hands I'll trust,  
None about *Cæsar*.

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

*Cleo.* Noblest of men! wou't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women!  
The crown o'th'earth doth melt: — my lord! —  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable,  
Beneath the visiting moon. [*she faints.*

*Char.* O, quietness, lady.

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!

*Iras.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal *Ægypt!* empress!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

No more but a mere woman, and commanded

By



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

[*Exeunt bearing off Antony's body.*]

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Proculeius,  
 Gallus, and Train.*

CÆSAR.

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

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Dolabella.*]

*Enter Decretas with the sword of Antony.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st  
 Appear thus to us?

*Der.*





*Der.* I am call'd *Dercetas*;  
*Mark Antony* I serv'd, who best was worthy  
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,  
 He was my master, and I wore my life  
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
 To take me to thee, as I was to him  
 I'll be to *Cæsar*: if thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, o *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
 A greater crack in nature: 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 that name lay  
 A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, *Cæsar*,  
 Not by a publick 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 itself. This is his sword,  
 I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd  
 With his most noble blood.

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

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

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
 Weigh'd equal in him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
 Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,

He



He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O *Antony!*

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

*Enter an Ægyptian.*

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

*Ægypt.* A poor *Ægyptian* yet: the queen my mistress  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To th' way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourably and how kindly we  
Determine for her: for *Cæsar* cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Ægypt.* May the gods preserve thee!

[*Exit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*

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Would





Would be eternaling our triumph. Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro. Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exit* Proculeius.

*Cæf. Gallus*, go you along. Where's *Dolabella*, [*Exit* Gallus.  
To second *Proculeius*?

*All. Dolabella!*

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

[*Exeunt.*

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S C E N E II.

The Monument.

*Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.

*Cleo.* **M**Y desolation does begin to make  
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will; and it is great,  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,  
Which makes us sleep, nor palate more the dug  
O' th' beggar's nurse and *Cæsar's*.

*Enter* Proculeius, and Gallus, below.

*Pro. Cæsar* sends greeting to the queen of *Ægypt*,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.*



*Cleo. Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep *decorum*, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel for to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer:

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;  
Make your full ref'ence freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqu'ror that will pray in aid\* for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* Pray you, tell him,

I am his fortune's vassal, and I bend to  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i'th' face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gall.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd. [*aside to Proc.*  
[*they enter the Monument by a ladder.*

*Pro.* Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

*Iras.* O royal queen, —

*Char.* O *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, queen.

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold:

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

\* Praying in aid is a law-term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.





Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

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

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir:  
If idle talk will once be accessary,  
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, fir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of cens'ring *Rome*? Rather a ditch in *Ægypt*  
Be gentle grave to me! rather on *Nilus'* mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's highest *Pyramid* my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horroure further than you shall  
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

*Enter Dolabella.*

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

*Pro.* So, *Dolabella,*  
It shall content me best; be gentle to her. —  
To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please, [to Cleopatra.  
If



If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die. [*Exeunt Proculeius and Gallus.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

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

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an emp'ror *Antony*; —  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please ye —

*Cleo.* His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little orb o'th' earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature, —

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd their back above  
The element they liv'd in: in his livery  
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and islands were  
As plates drop'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* *Cleopatra*, —

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

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods;  
But if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vye strange forms with fancy; yet to form

An





An *Antony*, were nature's prize 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

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

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me ?

*Dol.* I'm loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir.

*Dol.* Though he be honourable, —

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph ?

*Dol.* Madam, he will,  
I know't.

*All.* Make way there — *Cæsar*.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of *Ægypt* ?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, *Ægypt*.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts :  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' th' world,  
I cannot parget mine own cause so well  
To make it clear, but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties which before

Have



Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* *Cleopatra*, know,  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which tow'rd's you are most gentle) you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
*Antony's* course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,  
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things omitted. — Where's *Seleucus*?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

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

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

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

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

*Cleo.* *Cæsar*! behold  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does  
Ev'n make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd! What, goest thou back? thou shalt  
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes  
Though they had wings. Slave, foul-les's villain, dog,  
O rarely base!

*Cæs.*





*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,  
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so weak, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce  
Their mediation, must I be unfolded  
By one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through th' ashes of mischance: wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, *Seleucus*.

*Cleo.* Be't known, that we the greatest are misthought  
For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We pander others' merits with our names,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* *Cleopatra*,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i'th' roll of conquest; still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe  
*Cæsar's* no merchant to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your poison: no, dear queen,  
For we intend so to dispose you, as  
Yourself shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend, and so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so: adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.*

SCENE



## SCENE IV.

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself. But hark thee, *Charmian*. [whispers.]

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

*Cleo.* Hie thee again.  
I've spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will. [Exit Charmian.]

Enter Dolabella.

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Iras.* Behold, sir.

*Cleo.* Dolabella!

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

*Cleo.* Dolabella,  
I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on *Cæsar*. [Exit.]

*Cleo.* Farewel, and thanks. — Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?  
Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shown  
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: saucy lictors  
Will catch at us like strumpets, and stall'd rhymers





Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
 Extemp'rally 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!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails  
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
 Their most assur'd intents. — Now, *Charmian*:

*Enter Charmian.*

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch  
 My best attires. — I am again for *Cydnus*  
 To meet *Mark Antony*. — Sirrah *Iras*, go. —  
 Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll despatch indeed:  
 And, when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
 To play till doomsday. — Bring our crown, and all. [*a noise within.*  
 Wherefore this noise?

*Enter a Guardsman.*

*Guards.* Here is a rural fellow,  
 That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;  
 He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instrument

[*Exit Guardsman.*

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

\* Heretofore the parts of women were acted upon the stage by boys.

*Enter*



*Reenter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.*

*Guards.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*

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

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

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! Truly, she makes a very good report o'th' worm: but he that will believe half that they say, shall never be saved by all that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewel.

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

*Cleo.* Ay, ay, farewell.

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

*Cleo.* Take no care; it shall be heeded.

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

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs 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.

C c c 2

*Cleo.*





*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o'th' worm. [Exit.

## S C E N E V.

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me. Now no more  
The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip. —  
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick. — Methinks, I hear  
*Antony* call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men,  
T'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.  
Farewel, kind *Charmian*: — *Iras*, long farewell. [kissing them.  
Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall? [to *Iras*, who falls down.  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.

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

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss  
Which is my heav'n to have. — Come, mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
[to the *Serpent*, applying it to her breast.  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* as,  
Unpolicied!

*Char.*



*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.

O *Antony!* — Nay, I will take thee too.

[*applying another Asp to her arm.*

What should I stay —

[*dies.*

*Char.* In this wild world? — So, fare thee well:

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A last unparallel'd. — Downy windows close,  
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.

*Enter the Guard rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent — [Charmian applies the *Asp.*

*Char.* Too slow a messenger. —

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

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well: *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

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

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

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldiers!

[Charmian dies.

*Enter Dolabella.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

*Dol.* *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou  
So fought'st to hinder.

*Enter*





*Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.*

*All.* Make way there, way for *Cæsar*.

*Dol.* O, fir, you are too fure an augurer;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæf.* Braveft at laft:  
She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,  
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?  
I do not fee them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was laft with them?

*1 Guard.* A fimple countryman, that brought her figs:  
This was his basket.

*Cæf.* Poifon'd then!

*1 Guard.* O *Cæfar*!  
This *Charmian* liv'd but now! ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,  
And on the fudden drop'd.

*Cæf.* O noble weakneſs! —  
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear  
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep;  
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*  
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here on her breaſt  
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*1 Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail;  
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch  
As th' aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

*Cæf.* Moſt probable  
That ſo ſhe died: for her phyſician tells me  
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite  
Of eaſy ways to die. — Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:  
She ſhall be buried by her *Antony*.

No



No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral,  
And then to *Rome*: — come, *Dolabella*, see  
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





ANTONY AND GREAT RABBI

No give up the cutt half in it  
A part to famous. If it were in date  
Stake those that make them, and then  
No let in pay, than the first, which  
Thought them to be famous. On any fall  
In former show, attend the former  
And then to look, — come, — what  
High order in the great solemnity





