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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library
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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANTONY, a triumvir of Rome
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt

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

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

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

MAECENAS
AGrippa
TAURUS
THIDIAS
DOLABELLA
GALLUS
PROCULEIUS

SEXtUS POMPpEius, also called POMPEY
MENAS
MENECRATES
VARRIUS

MESSENGERS
SOLDIERS
SENTRIES
GUARDSMEN
A SOOTHSAYER
SERVANTS
A Boy
A Captain
An Egyptian
A Countryman

Ladies, Eunuchs, Captains, Officers, Soldiers, Attendants, Servants
(Lamprius, Rannius, Lucillius: mute characters named in the opening stage direction to 1.2)
Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our general’s
O’erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o’er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view
5
Upon a tawny front. His captain’s heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy’s lust.

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

Look where they come.

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

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER  News, my good lord, from Rome.
ANTONY  Grates me, the sum.
CLEOPATRA  Nay, hear them, Antony.

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

How, my love?

Perchance? Nay, and most like.

You must not stay here longer; your dismission
Is come from Caesar. Therefore hear it, Antony.
Where’s Fulvia’s process? Caesar’s, I would say—
both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt’s queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar’s homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay. Our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
And such a twain can do ’t, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA  Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marrying Fulvia, and not love her?
I’ll seem the fool I am not. Antony
Will be himself.
ANTONY: But stirred by Cleopatra. Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let’s not confound the time with conference harsh.
There’s not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?
ANTE can pata But
CLEOPATRA: Hear the ambassadors.
ANTONY: Fie, wrangling queen,
Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger but thine, and all alone
Tonight we’ll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen,
Last night you did desire it. [To the Messenger.]
Speak not to us.

[Antony and Cleopatra exit with the Train.]

DEMETRIUS: Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?
Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds tomorrow. Rest you happy!

They exit.

Scene 2

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius,
Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, Alexas,
[and Servants.]

CHARMIAN: Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where’s the
soothsayer that you praised so to th’ Queen? O, that
I knew this husband which you say must charge
his horns with garlands!
ALEXAS  Soothsayer!
ALEXAS  Soothsayer!
CHARMIAN
ALEXAS  Soothsayer!
CHARMIAN
SOOTHSAYER  Your will?
CHARMIAN
Is this the man?—Is ’t you, sir, that know things?
SOOTHSAYER
In nature’s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
ALEXAS, [to Charmian]  Show him your hand.
ENOBARBUS, [to Servants]
Bring in the banquet quickly, wine enough
Cleopatra’s health to drink.
CHARMIAN, [giving her hand to the Soothsayer]  Good sir,
SOOTHSAYER
give me good fortune.
CHARMIAN  Pray then, foresee me one.
CHARMIAN
You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
CHARMIAN  He means in flesh.
IRAS  No, you shall paint when you are old.
CHARMIAN  Wrinkles forbid!
CHARMIAN  Vex not his prescience. Be attentive.
CHARMIAN  Hush.
SOOTHSAYER
You shall be more beloving than beloved.
CHARMIAN  I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
ALEXAS  Nay, hear him.
CHARMIAN  Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me
be married to three kings in a forenoon and widow
them all. Let me have a child at fifty to whom Herod
of Jewry may do homage. Find me to marry me
with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my
mistress.
CHARMIAN

SOOTHSAYER

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN

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

SOOTHSAYER

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

CHARMIAN

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

SOOTHSAYER

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

CHARMIAN

Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS

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

SOOTHSAYER

Nay, come. Tell Iras hers. We'll know all our fortunes.

CHARMIAN

E'en as the overflowing Nilus presageth famine.

IRAS

You wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN

Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee tell her but a workaday fortune.

SOOTHSAYER

Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS

But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER

I have said.

IRAS

Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN

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

IRAS

Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN

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

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

Amen.

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

Hush, here comes Antony.

Enter Cleopatra.

[Saw] you my lord?

No, lady.

Was he not here?

No, madam.

He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus!

Madam?

Seek him and bring him hither.—Where’s Alexas?

Here at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger.

We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[All but Antony and the Messenger] exit.
MESSENGER

Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER Ay.

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

ANTONY Well, what worst?

MESSENGER

The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY When it concerns the fool or coward. On.

When things that are past are done, with me. ’Tis thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flattered.

MESSENGER Labienus—

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

ANTONY “Antony,” thou wouldst say?

MESSENGER O, my lord!

ANTONY Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue.

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

MESSENGER At your noble pleasure. 

Messenger exits.
Enter another Messenger.

ANTONY

FTLN 0195 From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
SECOND MESSENGER

FTLN 0196 The man from Sicyon—
FTLN 0197 ANTONY Is there such an one?
SECOND MESSENGER

FTLN 0198 He stays upon your will.
FTLN 0199 ANTONY Let him appear.

FTLN 0200 These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
FTLN 0201 Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

FTLN 0202 What are you?
THIRD MESSENGER

FTLN 0203 Fulvia thy wife is dead.
FTLN 0204 ANTONY Where died she?
THIRD MESSENGER In Sicyon.
FTLN 0206 Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
FTLN 0207 Importeth thee to know, this bears.

FTLN 0208 ANTONY Forbear me.

FTLN 0209 There’s a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.
FTLN 0210 What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
FTLN 0211 We wish it ours again. The present pleasure,
FTLN 0212 By revolution lowering, does become
FTLN 0213 The opposite of itself. She’s good, being gone.
FTLN 0214 The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
FTLN 0215 I must from this enchanting queen break off.
FTLN 0216 Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know
FTLN 0217 My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.
ENOBARBUS   What’s your pleasure, sir?
ANTONY     I must with haste from hence.
ENOBARBUS   Why then we kill all our women. We see
            how mortal an unkindness is to them. If they suffer
            our departure, death’s the word.
ANTONY     I must be gone.
ENOBARBUS   Under a compelling occasion, let women
die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing,
though between them and a great cause, they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly. I have seen
her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do
think there is mettle in death which commits some
loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in
dying.
ANTONY     She is cunning past man’s thought.
ENOBARBUS   Alack, sir, no, her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot
call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are
greater storms and tempests than almanacs can
report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she
makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
ANTONY     Would I had never seen her!
ENOBARBUS   O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful
piece of work, which not to have been blest
withal would have discredited your travel.
ANTONY     Fulvia is dead.
ENOBARBUS   Sir?
ANTONY     Fulvia is dead.
ENOBARBUS   Fulvia?
ANTONY     Dead.
ENOBARBUS   Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
            When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a
            man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the
ANTONY

Earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

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

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

No more light answers. Let our officers have notice what we purpose. I shall break the cause of our expedience to the Queen and get her leave to part. For not alone the death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, do strongly speak to us, but the letters too of many our contriving friends in Rome petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius hath given the dare to Caesar and commands the empire of the sea. Our slippery people, whose love is never linked to the deserver, till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities upon his son, who—high in name and power, higher than both in blood and life—stands up for the main soldier; whose quality, going on, the sides o’ th’ world may danger. Much is breeding which, like the courser’s hair, hath yet but life and not a serpent’s poison. Say our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS
I shall do ’t.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

CLEOPATRA
Where is he?
CHARMIAN
I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA, to Alexas
See where he is, who’s with him, what he does.

CHARMIAN
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Alexas exits.

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

CLEOPATRA
What should I do I do not?

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

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

CHARMIAN
Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear.

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA
I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY
I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—
Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.

It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Now, my dearest queen—
Pray you stand farther from me.
What’s the matter?

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

The gods best know—
O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

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

Most sweet
queen—

Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then!
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows’ bent; none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

ANTONY
How now, lady?

CLEOPATRA
I would I had thy inches. Thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

How now, lady?

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

Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o’er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated grown to
strength
Are newly grown to love; the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father’s honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia’s death.

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

She’s dead, my queen. 

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

O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia’s death, how mine received shall be.

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

Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well;
So Antony loves.
My precious queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.
So Fulvia told me.
I prithee turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.
You’ll heat my blood. No more!
You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Now by my sword—
And target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
I’ll leave you, lady.
Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that’s not it;
Sir, you and I have loved, but there’s not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

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

’Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet.

ANTONY

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

They exit.

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

CAESAR

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

LEPIDUS

I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven, More fiery by night’s blackness, hereditary Rather than purchased, what he cannot change Than what he chooses.

You are too indulgent. Let’s grant it is not Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy, To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit And keep the turn of tippling with a slave, To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffet With knaves that smells of sweat. Say this becomes him—

As his composure must be rare indeed Whom these things cannot blemish—yet must Antony No way excuse his foils when we do bear So great weight in his lightness. If he filled His vacancy with his voluptuousness, Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones Call on him for ’t. But to confound such time That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud As his own state and ours, ’tis to be chid As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge, Pawn their experience to their present pleasure And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Here’s more news.

Thy biddings have been done, and every hour, Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report How ’tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea, And it appears he is beloved of those That only have feared Caesar. To the ports The discontents repair, and men’s reports Give him much wronged.
CAESAR

I should have known no less.

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

[Enter a Second Messenger.]

SECOND MESSENGER

Caesar, I bring thee word

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Makes 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.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew’st
Hirsius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought’st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.

Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browséd. On the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on. And all this—
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.
'Tis pity of him.
Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i’ th’ field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Tomorrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.
Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Doubt not, sir. I knew it for my bond.

They exit.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Charmian!
Madam?
Ha, ha! Give me to drink mandragora.
Why, madam?
That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
You think of him too much.
CLEOPATRA
  O, 'tis treason!
CHARMIAN
  Madam, I trust not so.
CLEOPATRA
  Thou, eunuch Mardian!
MARDIAN
  What's your Highness' pleasure?
CLEOPATRA
  Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
  In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee
  That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts
  May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
MARDIAN
  Yes, gracious madam.
CLEOPATRA
  Indeed?
MARDIAN
  Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing
  But what indeed is honest to be done.
  Yet have I fierce affections, and think
  What Venus did with Mars.
CLEOPATRA
  O, Charmian,
  Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
  Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?
  O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
  Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou
  mov'st?
  The demi-Atlas of this Earth, the arm
  And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
  Or murmuring “Where's my serpent of old Nile?”
  For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
  With most delicious poison. Think on me
  That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
  And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
  When thou wast here above the ground, I was
  A morsel for a monarch. And great Pompey
  Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
  There would he anchor his aspect, and die
  With looking on his life.
Enter Alexas from "Antony."

ALEXAS    Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA  How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

ALEXAS    Yet coming from him, that great med’cine hath
          With his tinct gilded thee.

ALEXAS    How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS    Last thing he did, dear queen,
          He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
          This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA  Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS    “Good friend,” quoth
          he,

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

CLEOPATRA  What, was he sad, or merry?

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

CLEOPATRA  O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,

ALEXAS    Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man! But note
          him:

ALEXAS    He was not sad, for he would shine on those
          That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
          Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay
          In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O, heavenly mingle!—Be’st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man’s else.—Met’st thou my posts?

ALEXAS

Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA

Who’s born that day

When I forget to send to Antony

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Caesar so?

CHARMIAN

O, that brave Caesar!

CLEOPATRA

Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say “the brave Antony.”

CHARMIAN

The valiant Caesar!

CLEOPATRA

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth

If thou with Caesar paragon again

My man of men.

CHARMIAN

By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

CLEOPATRA

My salad days,

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,

To say as I said then. But come, away,

Get me ink and paper.

He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I’ll unpeople Egypt.

They exit.
Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

POMPEY
If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
MENAS
Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

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

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

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

Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field. A mighty strength they carry.
POMPEY

FTLN 0625 Where have you this? 'Tis false.
FTLN 0626 MENAS From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY

FTLN 0627 He dreams. I know they are in Rome together,
FTLN 0628 Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
FTLN 0629 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wanned lip!
FTLN 0630 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;
FTLN 0631 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
FTLN 0632 Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks
FTLN 0633 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
FTLN 0634 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor
FTLN 0635 Even till a Lethe’d dullness—

Enter Varrius.

FTLN 0636 How now, Varrius?

VARRIUS

FTLN 0637 This is most certain that I shall deliver:
FTLN 0638 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
FTLN 0639 Expected. Since he went from Egypt ’tis
FTLN 0640 A space for farther travel.
FTLN 0641 I could have given less matter
FTLN 0642 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
FTLN 0643 This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm
FTLN 0644 For such a petty war. His soldiership
FTLN 0645 Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
FTLN 0646 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
FTLN 0647 Can from the lap of Egypt’s widow pluck
FTLN 0648 The ne’er lust-wearied Antony.
FTLN 0649 I cannot hope
FTLN 0650 Caesar and Antony shall well greet together.
FTLN 0651 His wife that’s dead did trespasses to Caesar;
FTLN 0652 His brother warred upon him, although I think
FTLN 0653 Not moved by Antony.
FTLN 0654 POMPEY I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were ‘t not that we stand up against them all,
’Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertainèd cause enough
To draw their swords. But how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be ’t as our gods will have ’t. It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas.

They exit.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

LEPIDUS
Good Enobarbus, ’tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar’s head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio’s beard,
I would not shave ’t today.

’Tis not a time for private stomaching.
Every time serves for the matter that is
then born in ’t.

But small to greater matters must give way.
Not if the small come first.

Your speech is passion; but pray you stir
No embers up. Here comes the noble Antony.
Enter, at one door, Antony and Ventidius.

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

ANTONY, to Ventidius
If we compose well here, to Parthia.

Hark, Ventidius. [They talk aside.]

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

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

’Tis spoken well.

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

Welcome to Rome.

Thank you.

Sit.

Sit, sir.

Nay, then. [They sit.]

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

I must be laughed at
If or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i’ th’ world; more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

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

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

How intend you, practiced?

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

You do mistake your business. My brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you’ll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

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

Not so, not so.

I know you could not lack—I am certain on 't—
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another.

The third o’ th’ world is yours, which with a snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Would we had all such wives, that the men

might go to wars with the women!

So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,

Made out of her impatience— which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too—I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet. For that you must

But say I could not help it.

I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts

Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted, then;

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i’ th’ morning. But next day

I told him of myself, which was as much

As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,

Out of our question wipe him.

You have broken

The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Soft, Caesar!

No, Lepidus, let him speak.

The honor is sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lacked it.—But on, Caesar:

The article of my oath?

To lend me arms and aid when I required them,

The which you both denied.
ANTONY    Neglected, rather;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may
I’ll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.
'Tis noble spoken.
If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between you, to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Worthily spoken, Maecenas.
Or, if you borrow one another’s love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more words
of Pompey, return it again. You shall have time to
wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.
That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.
You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
Go to, then. Your considerate stone.
I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for ’t cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So diff’ring in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
O’ th’ world I would pursue it.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 2. SC. 2

FTLN 0805  AGRIPPA      Give me leave, Caesar.               140
FTLN 0806  CAESAR       Speak, Agrippa.                        
AGRIPPA

FTLN 0807  CAESAR       Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side,
FTLN 0808     Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony
FTLN 0809     Is now a widower.                          
FTLN 0810  AGRIPPA     Say not so, Agrippa.                   145
FTLN 0811  CAESAR       If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
FTLN 0812     Were well deserved of rashness.               
ANTONY

FTLN 0813  I am not married, Caesar. Let me hear
FTLN 0814  Agrippa further speak.                        
AGRIPPA

FTLN 0815  To hold you in perpetual amity,                150
FTLN 0816  To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
FTLN 0817  With an unslipping knot, take Antony
FTLN 0818  Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims
FTLN 0819  No worse a husband than the best of men;
FTLN 0820  Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
FTLN 0821  That which none else can utter. By this marriage
FTLN 0822  All little jealousies, which now seem great,
FTLN 0823  And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
FTLN 0824  Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
FTLN 0825  Where now half-tales be truths. Her love to both
FTLN 0826  Would each to other and all loves to both
FTLN 0827  Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
FTLN 0828  For ’tis a studied, not a present thought,
FTLN 0829  By duty ruminated. 
FTLN 0830  ANTONY     Will Caesar speak?                   165
CAESAR

FTLN 0831  Not till he hears how Antony is touched
FTLN 0832  With what is spoke already.
FTLN 0833  ANTONY     What power is in Agrippa,
FTLN 0834  If I would say “Agrippa, be it so,”
FTLN 0835  To make this good?                              170
They clasp hands.

ANTONY

CAESAR    The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment. Let me have thy hand.

Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs.

CAESAR    There’s my hand.

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.

Happily, amen!

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

Time calls upon ’s.

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Where lies he?

About the Mount Misena.

What is his strength by land?

Great and increasing;
But by sea he is an absolute master.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it.

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talked of.

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

ANTONY

Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

LEPIDUS

Noble Antony, not sickness should detain me.

Flourish. All but Enobarbus, Agrippa, and Maecenas exit.

MAECENAS  [to Enobarbus] Welcome from Egypt, sir.

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

AGrippa  Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS  We have cause to be glad that matters are so 
well digested. You stayed well by ’t in Egypt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENOBARBUS  I will tell you.

The barge she sat in like a burnished throne 
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold, 
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that 
The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were 
silver, 
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—  
O’erpicturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow  the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.

O, rare for Antony!

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

Rare Egyptian!

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

Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;
He ploughed her, and she cropped.
ENOBARBUS          I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street,
And having lost her breath, she spoke and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And breathless pour breath forth.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.
ENOBARBUS        Never. He will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessèd lottery to him.
AGrippa            Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.
ENOBARBUS        Humbly, sir, I thank you.
                    They exit.

Scene 3
Enter Antony, Caesar; Octavia between them.

ANTONY
The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
OCTAVIA          All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Caesar and Octavia exit. Goodnight, sir.—My Octavia, let the world's report.

I have not kept my square, but that to come shall be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Good night, sir.

Enter Soothsayer.

Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt? Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

If you can, your reason?

I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue. But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar’s or mine?

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side. Thy daemon—that thy spirit which keeps thee—is noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Caesar’s is not. But near him, thy angel becomes afeard, as being o’erpowered. Therefore make space enough between you.

Speak this no more.

To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck

He beats thee ’gainst the odds. Thy luster thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But he away, ’tis noble.
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 2. SC. 4

FTLN 0989 ANTONY Get thee gone.
FTLN 0990 Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
FTLN 0991 He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
FTLN 0992 He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him,
FTLN 0993 And in our sports my better cunning faints
FTLN 0994 Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
FTLN 0995 His cocks do win the battle still of mine
FTLN 0996 When it is all to naught, and his quails ever
FTLN 0997 Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt.
FTLN 0998 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
FTLN 0999 I’ th’ East my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

FTLN 1000 O, come, Ventidius.
FTLN 1001 You must to Parthia; your commission’s ready.
FTLN 1002 Follow me and receive ’t.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Lepidus, Maecenas, and Agrippa.

LEPIDUS Trouble yourselves no further. Pray you hasten
FTLN 1004 Your generals after.
FTLN 1005 AGRIPPA Sir, Mark Antony
FTLN 1006 Will e’en but kiss Octavia, and we’ll follow.
FTLN 1007 Till I shall see you in your soldiers’ dress,
FTLN 1008 Which will become you both, farewell.
FTLN 1009 MAECENAS We shall,
FTLN 1010 As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
FTLN 1011 Before you, Lepidus.
ACT 2. SC. 5

LEPIDUS
Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about.

You’ll win two days upon me.

BOTH
Sir, good success.

LEPIDUS
Farewell.

They exit.

[Scene 5]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

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

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the eunuch.

CLEOPATRA
Let it alone. Let’s to billiards. Come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN
My arm is sore. Best play with Mardian.

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

MARDIAN
As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA
And when good will is showed, though ’t come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I’ll none now.

Give me mine angle; we’ll to th’ river. There,
My music playing far off, I will betray
’Tawny-finned fishes. My bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up
I’ll think them every one an Antony
And say “Aha! You’re caught.”
CHARMIAN

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

CLEOPATRA

That time?—O, times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed,
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

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

MESSENGER

Madam, madam—

CLEOPATRA

Antonio’s dead! If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill’st thy mistress. But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that kings
Have lipped and trembled kissing.

MESSENGER

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA

Why, there’s more gold. But sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well. Bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESSENGER

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will.

MESSENGER

But there’s no goodness in thy face—if Antony
Be free and healthful, so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
MESSENGER Will 't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA Well said.

MESSENGER And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA Th' art an honest man.

MESSENGER Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER But yet, madam—

CLEOPATRA I do not like "But yet." It does allay
The good precedence. Fie upon "But yet."
"But yet" is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and, thou say'st, free.

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

CLEOPATRA He's bound unto Octavia.

MESSENGER For what good turn?

MESSENGER For the best turn i' th' bed.

CLEOPATRA I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER Madam, he's married to Octavia.
The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

Strikes him down.

Good madam, patience!

What say you?

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

She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in
brine,

Smarting in ling’ring pickle.

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

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.

He’s married, madam.

Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

Draw a knife.

Nay then, I’ll run.

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

He exits.

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself.

The man is innocent.

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

He is afeard to come.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT 2, SC. 5

CLEOPATRA

I will not hurt him.

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

Enter the Messenger again.

CLEOPATRA

Come hither, sir.

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

MESSENGER

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say “yes.”

MESSENGER

He’s married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER

I crave your Highness’ pardon.

CLEOPATRA

He is married?

MESSENGER

Take no offense that I would not offend you.
To punishing for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He’s married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

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

"Messenger exits."

CHARMIAN

Good your Highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.

CHARMIAN

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA

I am paid for ’t now. Lead me from hence;
I faint. O, Iras, Charmian! ’Tis no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas. Bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The color of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

"Alexas exits."

Let him forever go—let him not, Charmian.
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way ’s a Mars. ("To Mardian.") Bid you
Alexas
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me,
Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

They exit.

"Scene 6"

Flourish. Enter Pompey \( ^{\text{and}} \) Menas at one door, with Drum and Trumpet; at another Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Maecenas, \( ^{\text{and}} \) Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

POMPEY

Your hostages I have, so have you mine,
And we shall talk before we fight.
CAESAR     Most meet
          That first we come to words, and therefore have we
          Our written purposes before us sent,
          Which if thou hast considered, let us know
          If ’twill tie up thy discontented sword
          And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
          That else must perish here.

POMPEY     To you all three,
          The senators alone of this great world,
          Chief factors for the gods: I do not know
          Wherefore my father should revengers want,
          Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,
          Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
          There saw you laboring for him. What was ’t
          That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
          Made the all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
          With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous
          freedom,
          To drench the Capitol, but that they would
          Have one man but a man? And that is it
          Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
          The angered ocean foams, with which I meant
          To scourge th’ ingratitude that despiteful Rome
          Cast on my noble father.

CAESAR     Take your time.

ANTONY     Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails.
          We’l speak with thee at sea. At land thou know’st
          How much we do o’ercount thee.

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

LEPIDUS    Be pleased to tell us—
          For this is from the present—how you take
          The offers we have sent you.
CAESAR    There’s the point.

Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

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

That’s our offer.

Know then
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer. But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

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

Let me have your hand.

[They clasp hands.]

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

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

Since I saw you last,
There’s a change upon you.

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

Well met here.

I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.

I crave our composition may be written
And sealed between us.

That's the next to do.

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

That will I, Pompey.

No, Antony, take the lot. But, first or last,
Your fine Egyptian cookery shall have
The fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.

You have heard much.

I have fair meanings, sir.
And fair words to them.

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

No more of that. He did so.

What, I pray you?

A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

I know thee now. How far'st thou, soldier?

Well,

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

Let me shake thy hand.

I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight
When I have envied thy behavior.
ENOBARBUS    Sir,
I never loved you much, but I ha’ praised you
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.
POMPEY     Enjoy thy plainness;
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?
ALL       Show ’s the way, sir.
POMPEY     Come.

They exit, except for Enobarbus and Menas.

ENOBARBUS    Thy father, Pompey, would ne’er have
made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.
ENOBARBUS    At sea, I think.
MENAS      We have, sir.
ENOBARBUS    You have done well by water.
MENAS      And you by land.
ENOBARBUS    I will praise any man that will praise me,
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.
ENOBARBUS    Nor what I have done by water.
ENOBARBUS    Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
MENAS      And you by land.
ENOBARBUS    There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas. [They clasp hands.] If our eyes
had authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.
MENAS      All men’s faces are true, whatsome’er their
hands are.
ENOBARBUS    But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.
MENAS      No slander. They steal hearts.
ENOBARBUS    We came hither to fight with you.
MENAS      For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

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

MENAS You’ve said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENOBARBUS Caesar’s sister is called Octavia.

MENAS True, sir. She was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENOBARBUS But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS Pray you, sir?

ENOBARBUS ’Tis true.

MENAS Then is Caesar and he forever knit together.

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

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

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

MENAS Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion here. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you.

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

MENAS Come, let’s away.

They exit.
Scene 7

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

FIRST SERVANT Here they’ll be, man. Some o’ their plants are ill-rooted already. The least wind i’ th’ world will blow them down.
SECOND SERVANT Lepidus is high-colored.
FIRST SERVANT They have made him drink alms-drink.
SECOND SERVANT As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out “No more,” reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to th’ drink.
FIRST SERVANT But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.
SECOND SERVANT Why, this it is to have a name in great men’s fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in ’t, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Maecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains and a Boy.

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

LEPIDUS You’ve strange serpents there?
ANTONY Ay, Lepidus.
LEPIDUS Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun; so is your
crocodile.

ANTONY They are so.

POMPEY

Sit, and some wine. A health to Lepidus!

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

ENOBARBUS, [aside] Not till you have slept. I fear me
you’ll be in till then.

Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies’
pyramises are very goodly things. Without contradiction
I have heard that.

MENAS, [aside to Pompey]

Pompey, a word.

POMPEY, [aside to Menas] Say in mine ear what is ’t.

MENAS (whispers in ’s ear)

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

POMPEY, [aside to Menas]

Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus!

What manner o’ thing is your crocodile?

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

What color is it of?

Of its own color too.

’Tis a strange serpent.

’Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

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

ANTONY With the health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very epicure.
POMPEY,  [aside to Menas]

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!
Do as I bid you.—Where’s this cup I called for?

MENAS,  [aside to Pompey]

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

POMPEY  I think th’ art mad!

[He rises, and they walk aside.]

The matter?

MENAS

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY

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

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

MENAS,  [aside to Pompey]

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY  What sayst thou?

MENAS

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

POMPEY  How should that be?

MENAS  But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY  Hast thou drunk well?

MENAS

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

POMPEY  Show me which way.

MENAS

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

POMPEY
Ah, this thou shouldst have done
And not have spoke on ’t! In me ’tis villainy;
In thee ’t had been good service. Thou must know
’Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e’er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist and drink.

MENAS, "aside"
For this
I’ll never follow thy palled fortunes more.

Who seeks and will not take when once ’tis offered
Shall never find it more.

POMPEY
This health to Lepidus!

ANTONY, "to Servant"
Bear him ashore.—I’ll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENOBARBUS
Here’s to thee, Menas.

MENAS
Enobarus, welcome.

POMPEY
Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS, "pointing to the Servant carrying Lepidus"
There’s a strong fellow, Menas.

MENAS
Why?

ENOBARBUS
He bears

The third part of the world, man. Seest not?

MENAS
The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels.

ENOBARBUS
Drink thou. Increase the reels.

MENAS
Come.

POMPEY
This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

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

Here’s to Caesar.
CAESAR               I could well forbear 't.
FTLN 1446  It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain 115
FTLN 1447    And it grows fouler.
FTLN 1448  ANTONY                Be a child o' th' time.
FTLN 1449  CAESAR           Possess it, I'll make answer.
FTLN 1450    But I had rather fast from all, four days,
FTLN 1451    Than drink so much in one.  120
FTLN 1452  ENOBARBUS, [to Antony]    Ha, my brave emperor,
FTLN 1453    Shall we dance now the Egyptian bacchanals
FTLN 1454    And celebrate our drink?
FTLN 1455  POMPEY        Let's ha 't, good soldier.
FTLN 1456  ANTONY        Come, let's all take hands  125
FTLN 1457    Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our
FTLN 1458    sense
FTLN 1459    In soft and delicate Lethe.
FTLN 1460  ENOBARBUS              All take hands.
FTLN 1461    Make battery to our ears with the loud music,  130
FTLN 1462    The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing.
FTLN 1463    The holding every man shall beat as loud
FTLN 1464    As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.
FTLN 1465  [BOY]         Come, thou monarch of the vine,
FTLN 1466    Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.           135
FTLN 1467    In thy vats our cares be drowned.
FTLN 1468    With thy grapes our hairs be crowned.
FTLN 1469  [ALL]         Cup us till the world go round,
FTLN 1470           Cup us till the world go round.

CAESAR
FTLN 1471    What would you more?—Pompey, goodnight.—  140
FTLN 1472                Good brother,
FTLN 1473    Let me request you off. Our graver business
FTLN 1474    Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part.
FTLN 1475    You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
FTLN 1476    Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue  145
Splits what it speaks. The wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words?

Goodnight.

Good Antony, your hand.

I’ll try you on the shore.

And shall, sir. Give ’s your hand.

POMPEY

O, Antony, you have my father’s house.

But what? We are friends! Come down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS

Take heed you fall not.

Menas, I’ll not on shore.

No, to my cabin. These drums, these trumpets,
flutes! What!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hanged. Sound
out!

Hoo, says ’a! There’s my cap!

Hoo! Noble captain, come.

They exit.
ACT 3

Scene 1

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

VENTIDIUS

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

SILIUS

Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS

O, Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius:
Better to leave undone than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve ’s away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by th’ minute, lost his favor.

FTLN 1494  1495  1496  1497  1498  1499  1500  1501  1502  1503  1504  1505  1506  1507  1508  1509  1510  1511  1512  1513  1514  1515
Who does i’ th’ wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain’s captain; and ambition,
The soldier’s virtue, rather makes choice of loss
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But ’twould offend him. And in his offense
Should my performance perish.
Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?
I’ll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne’er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o’ th’ field.
Where is he now?
He purposeth to Athens, whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with ’s will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there, pass along!

They exit.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

What, are the brothers parted?
They have dispatched with Pompey; he is gone.
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome. Caesar is sad, and Lepidus,
Since Pompey’s feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the greensickness.
ENOBARBUS

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS

AGrippa

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

AGrippa

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS

What’s Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS

Spake you of Caesar? How, the nonpareil!

AGrippa

O Antony, O thou Arabian bird!

ENOBARBUS

Would you praise Caesar, say “Caesar.” Go no further.

AGrippa

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS

But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony.

ENOBARBUS

Hoo, hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

ENOBARBUS

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number—hoo!—

ENOBARBUS

His love to Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGrippa

Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS

They are his shards and he their beetle.

'Trumpet within.'

ENOBARBUS

So,

ENOBARBUS

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGrippa

Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

ANTONY

No further, sir.
CAESAR
   You take from me a great part of myself.  
   Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife  
   As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond  
   Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,  
   Let not the piece of virtue which is set  
   Betwixt us, as the cement of our love  
   To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
   The fortress of it. For better might we  
   Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
   This be not cherished.  
   Make me not offended  
   In your distrust.  
   I have said.  
   You shall not find,  
   Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
   For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you,  
   And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.  
   We will here part.  
   Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.  
   The elements be kind to thee and make  
   Thy spirits all of comfort. Fare thee well.  
   My noble brother.  
   The April’s in her eyes. It is love’s spring,  
   And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.  
   Sir, look well to my husband’s house, and—  
   What, Octavia?  
   I’ll tell you in your ear.  
   Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Antony and Cleopatra

Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 3. SC. 2

ENOBARBUS

Her heart inform her tongue—the swan’s-down
feather
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide
And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS, aside to Agrippa
Will Caesar weep?

AGrippa He has a cloud in ’s face.

ENOBARBUS

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

AGrippa Why, Enobarbus,

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

ENOBARBUS

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

CAESAR, coming forward with Octavia
No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still. The time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

ANTONY

Come, sir, come,
I’ll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

CAESAR

Adieu, be happy.

LEPIDUS, to Antony
Let all the number of the stars give light
to thy fair way.

CAESAR

Farewell, farewell. Kisses Octavia.

ANTONY

Farewell.

Trumpets sound. They exit.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLEOPATRA

Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS      Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA

Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

ALEXAS      Good Majesty, Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you 5
            But when you are well pleased.

CLEOPATRA  That Herod’s head

ALEXAS      I’ll have! But how, when Antony is gone,

CLEOPATRA  Through whom I might command it?—Come thou

         near.

MESSENGER

Most gracious Majesty!

CLEOPATRA  Did’st thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER

Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA  Where?

MESSENGER  Madam, in Rome. 15

MESSENGER  I looked her in the face and saw her led

         Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA

Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER  She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low? 20

MESSENGER

Madam, I heard her speak. She is low-voiced.

CLEOPATRA

That’s not so good. He cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN

Like her? O Isis, ’tis impossible!
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT 3. SC. 3

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER

She creeps.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e’er thou [looked’st] on majesty.

MESSENGER

Her motion and her station are as one.

She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA

Is this certain?

MESSENGER

Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA

He’s very knowing.

I do perceive ’t. There’s nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

CHARMIAN

Excellent.

CLEOPATRA, [to Messenger]

Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER

Madam, she was a widow.

CLEOPATRA

Widow? Charmian, hark.

MESSENGER

And I do think she’s thirty.

CLEOPATRA

Bear’st thou her face in mind? Is ’t long or round?

MESSENGER

Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA

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

Her hair what color?

MESSENGER

Brown, madam, and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

CLEOPATRA, [giving money]

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 prepared.

[‘Messenger exits.’]
ANONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT 3. SC. 4

CHARMIAN

A proper man.

CLEOPATRA

Indeed he is so. I repent me much

FTLN 1676

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

FTLN 1677

This creature’s no such thing.

CLEOPATRA

Nothing, madam.

CHARMIAN

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

FTLN 1680

Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

FTLN 1681

And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good

FTLN 1682

Charmian,

FTLN 1683

But ’tis no matter. Thou shalt bring him to me

FTLN 1684

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

FTLN 1685

CHARMIAN

I warrant you, madam.

FTLN 1686

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Antony and Octavia.

ANTONY

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—

FTLN 1690

That were excusable, that and thousands more

FTLN 1691

Of semblable import—but he hath waged

FTLN 1692

New wars ’gainst Pompey; made his will and read it

FTLN 1693

To public ear;

FTLN 1694

Spoke scantly of me; when perforce he could not

FTLN 1695

But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly

FTLN 1696

He vented them, most narrow measure lent me;

FTLN 1697

When the best hint was given him, he not took ’t,

FTLN 1698

Or did it from his teeth.

FTLN 1699

OCTAVIA

O, my good lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne’er stood between,
Praying for both parts. 15
The good gods will mock me presently
When I shall pray “O, bless my lord and husband!”
Undo that prayer by crying out as loud
“O, bless my brother!” Husband win, win brother
Prays and destroys the prayer; no midway
’Twixt these extremes at all.

Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between ’s. The meantime, lady,
I’ll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste,
So your desires are yours. 30

Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler. Wars ’twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift. 35

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. 40

They exit.
Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

ENOBARBUS  How now, friend Eros?

EROS There’s strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS  What, man?

EROS Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS  This is old. What is the success?

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

ENOBARBUS

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

EROS

He’s walking in the garden, thus, and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries “Fool Lepidus!” And threatens the throat of that his officer That murdered Pompey.

ENOBARBUS Our great navy’s rigged.

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

ENOBARBUS ’Twill be naught, But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS Come, sir.

They exit.
Enter Agrippa, Maecenas, and Caesar.

CAESAR

Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more
In Alexandria. Here’s the manner of ’t:
I’ th’ marketplace, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father’s son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

This in the public eye?

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

Let Rome be thus informed.

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

The people knows it and have now received
His accusations.

Who does he accuse?

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

Sir, this should be answered.

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

He’ll never yield to that.

Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

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

That ever I should call thee castaway!

You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Why have you stol’n upon us thus? You come not
Like Caesar’s sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th’ way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Good my lord,

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

Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Do not say so, my lord.

I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

My lord, in Athens.

No, my most wrongèd sister. Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levyng
The kings o' th' Earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlogonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Manchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagen; Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

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

Welcome hither.

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O’er your content these strong necessities,
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA Welcome, lady.
MAECENAS Welcome, dear madam.

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

OCTAVIA, \(\text{to Caesar}\) Is it so, sir?

CAESAR

Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear’st sister!

They exit.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

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

ENOBARBUS But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA

Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars
And say’st it \(\text{is}\) not fit.

ENOBARBUS Well, is it, is it?
CLEOPATRA

FTLN 1872
FTLN 1873
FTLN 1874
FTLN 1875
FTLN 1876
FTLN 1877
FTLN 1878
FTLN 1879
FTLN 1880
FTLN 1881
FTLN 1882
FTLN 1883
FTLN 1884
FTLN 1885
FTLN 1886
FTLN 1887
FTLN 1888
FTLN 1889

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

ENOBarBUS

Well, I could reply:

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

CLEOPATRA

What is 't you say?

ENOBarBUS

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

CLEOPATRA

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

Enter Antony and Canidius.

FTLN 1890
FTLN 1891
FTLN 1892
FTLN 1893
FTLN 1894
FTLN 1895
FTLN 1896
FTLN 1897
FTLN 1898
FTLN 1899
FTLN 1900
FTLN 1901

ENOBarBUS

Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

ANTONY

A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we will fight
With him by sea.
ANTONY and Cleopatra

ACT 3. SC. 7

By sea, what else?

Why will

My lord do so?

For that he dares us to 't.

So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Your ships are not well manned,

Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people

Engrossed by swift impress. In Caesar’s fleet

Are those that often have ’gainst Pompey fought.

Their ships are yare, yours heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,

Being prepared for land.

By sea, by sea.

Most worthy sir, you therein throw away

The absolute soldiership you have by land,

Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of war-marked footmen, leave unexecuted

Your own renownèd knowledge, quite forgo

The way which promises assurance, and

Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard

From firm security.

I’ll fight at sea.

I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

Our overplus of shipping will we burn,

And with the rest full-manned, from th’ head of

Actium
Beat th’ approaching Caesar. But if we fail,  
We then can do ’t at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

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

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

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

Well, well, away.

Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus exit.

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

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

You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?  
Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius are for sea,
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar’s
Carries beyond belief.

While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?

They say one Taurus.

Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

The Emperor calls Canidius.

With news the time’s in labor, and throws forth
Each minute some.

They exit.

Enter Caesar with his army, and Taurus, marching.

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.

They exit.
ACT 3. SC. 10

[Ancient Play]

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Antony and Cleopatra

Scene 9

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

ANTONY

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

They exit.

Scene 10

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way
over the stage, and Taurus the lieutenant of Caesar
the other way. After their going in
is heard the
noise of a sea fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

ENOBARBUS

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

Enter Scarus.

SCARUS

Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
What’s thy passion?
The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance. We have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.
How appears the fight?
On our side, like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake, i’ th’ midst o’ th’ fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared
Both as the same—or, rather, ours the elder—
The breeze upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

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

SCARUS  She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame.
Experience, manhood, honor ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS  Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
'Tis easy to ’t, and there I will attend
What further comes.

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

I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.
Scene 11

Enter Antony with Attendants.

ANTONY

FTLN 2025  Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon ’t.
FTLN 2026  It is ashamed to bear me. Friends, come hither.
FTLN 2027  I am so lated in the world that I
FTLN 2028  Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
FTLN 2029  Laden with gold. Take that, divide it. Fly,
FTLN 2030  And make your peace with Caesar.
FTLN 2031  Fly? Not we!

ANTONY

FTLN 2032  I have fled myself and have instructed cowards
FTLN 2033  To run and show their shoulders. Friends, begone.
FTLN 2034  I have myself resolved upon a course
FTLN 2035  Which has no need of you. Begone.
FTLN 2036  My treasure’s in the harbor; take it. O,
FTLN 2037  I followed that I blush to look upon!
FTLN 2038  My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
FTLN 2039  Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
FTLN 2040  For fear and doting. Friends, begone. You shall
FTLN 2041  Have letters from me to some friends that will
FTLN 2042  Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
FTLN 2043  Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
FTLN 2044  Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left
FTLN 2045  Which leaves itself. To the seaside straightway!
FTLN 2046  I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
FTLN 2047  Leave me, I pray, a little—pray you, now,
FTLN 2048  Nay, do so—for indeed I have lost command.
FTLN 2049  Therefore I pray you—I’ll see you by and by.

FTLN 2050  Attendants move aside. Antony sits down.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian, Iras, and Eros.

EROS

FTLN 2050  Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
FTLN 2051 IRAS   Do, most dear queen.
FTLN 2052 CHARMIAN  Do! Why, what else?
FTLN 2053 CLEOPATRA  Let me sit down. O Juno! ['He sits down.']
FTLN 2054 ANTONY  No, no, no, no, no.
FTLN 2055 EROS   See you here, sir?
FTLN 2056 ANTONY  Oh fie, fie, fie!
FTLN 2057 CHARMIAN  Madam.
FTLN 2058 IRAS   Madam, O good empress!
FTLN 2059 EROS   Sir, sir—
FTLN 2060 ANTONY  Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept
FTLN 2061   His sword e’en like a dancer, while I struck
FTLN 2062   The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and ’twas I
FTLN 2063   That the mad Brutus ended. He alone
FTLN 2064   Dealt on lieutenancy, and no practice had
FTLN 2065   In the brave squares of war, yet now—no matter.
FTLN 2066 CLEOPATRA
FTLN 2067 EROS   The Queen, my lord, the Queen.
FTLN 2068 IRAS   Go to him, madam; speak to him.
FTLN 2069   He’s unqualified with very shame.
FTLN 2070 CLEOPATRA, ['rising']  Well, then, sustain me. O!
FTLN 2071 EROS   Most noble sir, arise. The Queen approaches.
FTLN 2072   Her head’s declined, and death will seize her but
FTLN 2073   Your comfort makes the rescue.
FTLN 2074 ANTONY  I have offended reputation,
FTLN 2075   A most unnoble swerving.
FTLN 2076 EROS   Sir, the Queen.
FTLN 2077 ANTONY, ['rising']  O, whither hast them led me, Egypt? See
FTLN 2078   How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
FTLN 2079   By looking back what I have left behind
FTLN 2080   ’Stroyed in dishonor.
CLEOPATRA
O, my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.
ANTONY
Egypt, thou knew’st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by th’ strings,
And thou shouldst [ tow ] me after. O’er my spirit
[ Thy ] full supremacy thou knew’st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
CLEOPATRA
O, my pardon!
ANTONY
Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o’ th’ world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
CLEOPATRA
Pardon, pardon!
ANTONY
Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss. — [ They kiss. ]
Even this repays me.—
We sent our schoolmaster. Is he come back?—
Love, I am full of lead.—Some wine
Within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[ They exit. ]

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

CAESAR
Let him appear that’s come from Antony.
Know you him?
DOLABELLA

Caesar, ’tis his schoolmaster—

An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

CAESAR

Approach, and speak.

AMBASSADOR

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

CAESAR

Be ’t so. Declare thine office.

AMBASSADOR

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

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

CAESAR

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

AMBASSADOR

Fortune pursue thee!

CAESAR

Bring him through the bands.

To Thidias. To try thy eloquence now ’tis time.

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

Caesar, I go.

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

Caesar, I shall.

They exit.

[Scene 13]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Think, and die.

Is Antony or we in fault for this?

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

Prithee, peace.
Enter the Ambassador with Antony.

ANTONY    Is that his answer? 15
AMBASSADOR   Ay, my lord.
ANTONY

AMBASSADOR   The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up?

AMBASSADOR   He says so.

ANTONY    Let her know ’t.— 20

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

CLEOPATRA    That head, my lord?

ANTONY, [to Ambassador]
To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions
May be a coward’s, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i’ th’ command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay caparisons apart
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I’ll write it. Follow me.

[Antony and Ambassador exit.]

ENOBARBUS, [aside]
Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness and be staged to th’ show
Against a sworder! I see men’s judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.
Enter a Servant.

A messenger from Caesar.

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

[Servant exits.]

Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make our faith mere folly. Yet he that can endure to follow with allegiance a fall’n lord does conquer him that did his master conquer, and earns a place i’ th’ story.

Enter Thidias.

Caesar’s will?

Hear it apart.

None but friends. Say boldly.

So haply are they friends to Antony.

He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has, or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master will leap to be his friend. For us, you know whose he is we are, and that is Caesar’s.

Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats not to consider in what case thou stand’st further than he is Caesar.

Go on; right royal.

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

O!

THIDIAS

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

THIDIAS

He is a god and knows

CLEOPATRA

What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

ENOBARBUS, [aside]

To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky

THIDIAS

Shall I say to Caesar what you require of him? For he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him

THIDIAS

That of his fortunes you should make a staff

THIDIAS

To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits

THIDIAS

To hear from me you had left Antony

THIDIAS

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA

What’s your name?

THIDIAS

My name is Thidias.

CLEOPATRA

Most kind messenger,

THIDIAS

Say to great Caesar this in [deputation.]

THIDIAS

I kiss his conqu’ring hand. Tell him I am prompt

THIDIAS

To lay my crown at ’s feet, and there to kneel.

THIDIAS

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear

THIDIAS

The doom of Egypt.

THIDIAS

’Tis your noblest course.

THIDIAS

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

THIDIAS

My duty on your hand.

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

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

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

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

ENOBARBUS  You will be whipped.

ANTONY, [calling for Servants]
    Approach there!—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and
devils,
    Authority melts from me. Of late when I cried “Ho!”
    Like boys unto a muss kings would start forth
    And cry “Your will?” Have you no ears? I am
    Antony yet.

Enter [Servants.]

ENOBARBUS, [aside]
    ’Tis better playing with a lion’s whelp
    Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY  Moon and stars!
    Whip him! Were ’t twenty of the greatest tributaries
    That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
    So saucy with the hand of she here—what’s her
    name
    Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
    Till like a boy you see him cringe his face
    And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

THIDIAS

Mark Antony—
ANTONY        Tug him away. Being whipped,
Bring him again. This jack of Caesar’s shall
Bear us an errand to him.
Servants exit with Thidias.
To Cleopatra. You were half blasted ere I knew you.
Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?
CLEOPATRA       Good my lord—
ANTONY       You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O, misery on ’t!—the wise gods seel our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at ’s while we strut
To our confusion.
CLEOPATRA       O, is ’t come to this?
ANTONY
I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar’s trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Gneius Pompey’s, besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
CLEOPATRA       Wherefore is this?
ANTONY
To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say “God quit you!” be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The hornèd herd! For I have savage cause,
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

SERVANT  Is he whipped?

ANTONY  Cried he? And begged he pardon?

SERVANT  He did ask favor.

ANTONY  If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him.

Henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Caesar.
Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars that were my former guides
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into th' abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes, begone! Thidias exits.

FTLN 2338
Cleopatra  Have you done yet?

Antony

Alack, our terrene moon is now eclipsed,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

Cleopatra  I must stay his time.
ANTONY
    To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
    With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA
    Not know me yet?

ANTONY
    Coldhearted toward me?

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

ANTONY
    I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
    I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
    Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
    Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sealike.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
    If from the field I shall return once more
    To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood.
    I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
    There’s hope in ’t yet.

THAT’S my brave lord!

ANTONY
    I will be treble-sinewed, -hearted, -breathed,
    And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
    Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
    Of me for jests. But now I’ll set my teeth
    And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
    Let’s have one other gaudy night. Call to me
All my sad captains. Fill our bowls once more.
Let’s mock the midnight bell.

CLEOPATRA It is my birthday. 225
ANTONY We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY Do so; we’ll speak to them, and tonight I’ll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen,
There’s sap in ’t yet. The next time I do fight
I’ll make Death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

“All but Enobarbus” exit.

ENOBARBUS 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; and I see still
A diminution in our captain’s brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

“He” exits.
ACT 4

Scene 1

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

CAESAR

He calls me “boy,” and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

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

CAESAR  Let our best heads
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army; we have store to do ’t,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony.

They exit.
Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, with others.

ANTONY

He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENOBARBUS

No.

ANTONY

Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS

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

Tomorrow, soldier,
By sea and land I’ll fight. Or I will live
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo’t thou fight well?

ENOBARBUS

I’ll strike and cry “Take all.”

ANTONY

Well said. Come on.
Call forth my household servants.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Let’s tonight
Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand;
Thou hast been rightly honest.—So hast thou,—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou. You have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA, [aside to Enobarbus]

What means this?

ENOBARBUS, [aside to Cleopatra]

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

ANTONY, [to another Servitor]

And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
ALL [THE SERVITORS] The gods forbid!

ANTONY

Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight.
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too
And suffered my command.

CLEOPATRA, [aside to Enobarbus] What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS, [aside to Cleopatra]

To make his followers weep.

ANTONY, [to the Servitors] Tend me tonight;

May be it is the period of your duty.
Hapy you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow
You’ll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me tonight two hours— I ask no more—
And the gods yield you for ’t!

ENOBARBUS What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you
Where rather I’ll expect victorious life
Than death and honor. Let’s to supper, come,
And drown consideration.

They exit.
Enter a company of Soldiers.

FIRST SOLDIER
Brother, goodnight. Tomorrow is the day.

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

FIRST SOLDIER
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

SECOND SOLDIER
Nothing. What news?

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

SECOND SOLDIER
Well, sir, goodnight.

They meet other Soldiers who are entering.

SECOND SOLDIER
Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER
And you. Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER
Here we; and if tomorrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

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

Music of the hautboys is under the stage.

SECOND SOLDIER
Peace. What noise?

FIRST SOLDIER
List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER
Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER
Music i’ th’ air.

THIRD SOLDIER
Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER
It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER
No.

FIRST SOLDIER
Peace, I say. What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER
’Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

Now leaves him.
ANTONY, calling

Eros! Mine armor, Eros!

CLEOPATRA

Sleep a little.

ANTONY

No, my chuck.—Eros, come, mine armor, Eros.

Enter Eros, carrying armor.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.

If fortune be not ours today, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, I’ll help too.

What’s this for?

‘ANTONY’

Ah, let be, let be! Thou art

The armorer of my heart. False, false. This, this!

‘CLEOPATRA’

Sooth, la, I’ll help. Thus it must be.

ANTONY

Well, well,

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defenses.
ANTONY and Cleopatra

ANTONY

Cleopatra

Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee. Welcome.

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

To business that we love we rise betime

And go to ’t with delight.

A thousand, sir,

Early though ’t be, have on their riveted trim

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

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

’Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so.—Come, give me that. This way.—Well said.—

Fare thee well, dame.

Whate’er becomes of me,

This is a soldier’s kiss. Rebukable

And worthy shameful check it were to stand

On more mechanic compliment. I’ll leave thee
Now like a man of steel.—You that will fight,
Follow me close. I’ll bring you to ’t.—Adieu.

[Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers’ exit.

CHARMIAN
Please you retire to your chamber?

CLEOPATRA
Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight,
Then Antony—but now—. Well, on.

They exit.

Scene 5

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

SOLDIER
The gods make this a happy day to Antony.

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

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

ANTONY
Who’s gone this morning?

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

ANTONY
What sayest thou?

SOLDIER
Sir,
He is with Caesar.

EROS
Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
ANTONY                     Is he gone?
SOLDIER          Most certain.
ANTONY

Go, Eros, send his treasure after. Do it.  
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings.
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

"They" exit.

Scene 6

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

CAESAR

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

AGrippa  Caesar, I shall.

CAESAR

The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp’rous day, the three-nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER  Antony
Is come into the field.

CAESAR  Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the vant
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

Enobarbus  "All but Enobarbus" exit.

Enobarbus  Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony, there did dissuade 
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar 
And leave his master Antony. For this pains, 
Caesar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest 
That fell away have entertainment but 
No honorable trust. I have done ill, 
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely 
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

SOLDIER
   Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
   His bounty overplus. The messenger
   Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
   Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS
   I give it you.

SOLDIER
   Mock not, Enobarbus.
   I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
   Out of the host. I must attend mine office
   Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
   Continues still a Jove. 

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

He exits.
Scene 7

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

AGrippa

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

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

SCARUS

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

ANTONY                        Thou bleed’st apace.

SCARUS

I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now ’tis made an H.                       [Sound of retreat far off.

SCARUS

They do retire.

We’ll beat ’em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

SCARUS

They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

SCARUS

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

ANTONY                        I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

SCARUS                        I’ll halt after.

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

Before the sun shall see 's, we’ll spill the blood
That has today escaped. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as ’t had been
Each man’s like mine. You have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city. Clip your wives, your friends.
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss
The honored gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Give me thy hand.
To this great fairy I’ll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o’ th’
world,
Chain mine armed neck. Leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com’st thou smiling from
The world’s great snare uncaught?

Mine nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl, though
gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha’ we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man.
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand.—
Kiss it, my warrior. "Scarus kisses her hand."
He hath fought today
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.
CLEOPATRA, to Scarus "I’ll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold. It was a king’s.
ANTONY
He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus’ car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march.
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe
them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day’s fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city’s ear.
Make mingle with our rattling taborins,
That heaven and Earth may strike their sounds
  together,
  Applauding our approach.

They exit.

"Scene 9"

Enter a Sentry and his company. Enobarbus follows.

SENTRY
If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to th’ court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle
By th’ second hour i’ th’ morn.
ENOBARBUS  SECOND WATCH  First watch.  Stand close, and list him.

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

SENTRY  Enobarbus?

SECOND WATCH  Peace! Hark further.

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

O Antony! O Antony!  [He dies.]

FIRST WATCH  Let’s speak to him.

SENTRY  Let’s hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Caesar.

SECOND WATCH  Let’s do so. But he sleeps.

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

FIRST WATCH  Go we to him.

SECOND WATCH  Awake, sir, awake! Speak to us.

FIRST WATCH  Hear you, sir?

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

SECOND WATCH Come on then. He may recover yet. 
_They exit._ [carrying Enobarbus’ body.]

`Scene 10`

_Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army._

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

SCARUS For both, my lord.

ANTONY I would they’d fight i’ th’ fire or i’ th’ air; 
We’d fight there too. But this it is: our foot 
Upon the hills adjoining to the city 
Shall stay with us—order for sea is given; 
They have put forth the haven— 
Where their appointment we may best discover 
And look on their endeavor. 
_They exit._

`Scene 11`

_Enter Caesar and his army._

CAESAR But being charged, we will be still by land— 
Which, as I take ’t, we shall, for his best force 
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, 
And hold our best advantage. 
_They exit._
ACT 4. SC. 12

ANTONY

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

ALARUM AFAR OFF, AS AT A SEA FIGHT.

SCARUS

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

ENTER ANTONY.

ANTONY

All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath 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-turned whore! ’Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly—
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Begone!

”Scaros exits.”

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

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar’s triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians!
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like be shown
For poor’st diminutives, for dolts, and let
Patient Octavia plow thy visage up
With her preparèd nails.

’Tis well th’ art gone,
If it be well to live. But better ’twere
Thou fell’st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o’ th’ moon,
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dies for ’t.—Eros, ho!

He exits.
ACT 4. SC. 14

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

CHARMIAN
To th’ monument!
There lock yourself and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting Than greatness going off.

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

They exit.

ANTONY
Eros, thou yet behold’st me?

EROS
Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY
Sometime we see a cloud that’s dragonish,
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forkèd mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon ’t that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs.
They are black vesper’s pageants.

EROS
Ay, my lord.
ANTONY

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

EROS

It does, my lord.

ANTONY

My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine—
Which whilst it was mine had annexed unto 't
A million more, now lost—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Caesar and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy’s triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros. There is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.

MARDIAN

No, Antony,
My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

ANTONY

Hence, saucy eunuch! Peace!
She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN

Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake
Was “Antony, most noble Antony.”
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered life
Thy name so buried in her.
ANTONY

Dead, then?

MARDIAN

Dead.

ANTONY

Unarm, Eros. The long day’s task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart’st hence safe
Does pay thy labor richly. Go. Mardian exits.

Off, pluck off!

[Eros begins to remove Antony’s armor.]

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

Eros exits.

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

Enter Eros.

EROS

What would my lord?

ANTONY

Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world and o’er green Neptune’s back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman—less noble mind
Than she which, by her death, our Caesar tells
“I am conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th’ inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do ’t. The time is come.
Thou strik’st not me; ’tis Caesar thou defeat’st.
Put color in thy cheek.

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

ANTONY  Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

EROS  I would not see ’t.

ANTONY  Come, then, for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS  O, sir, pardon me!

ANTONY  When I did make thee free, swor’st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

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

ANTONY  Lo thee!  "He turns away."
ANTONY

EROS

My sword is drawn.

ANTONY

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS

My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANTONY

'Tis said, man, and farewell.

EROS

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY

Now, Eros.

EROS

Why, there, then. "Stabs" himself.

ANTONY

Thrice nobler than myself,

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record. But I will be

A bridegroom in my death and run into 't

As to a lover's bed. Come then, and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar. To do thus

I learned of thee. "He stabs himself." How, not dead?

Not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

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

FIRST GUARD

What's the noise?

ANTONY

I have done my work ill, friends. O, make an end

Of what I have begun!

SECOND GUARD

The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD

And time is at his period.
Act 4, Scene 14

Antony and Cleopatra

All but Antony and Dercetus exit.

Dercetus

He takes Antony's sword.

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

Enter Diomedes.

Diomedes

Where's Antony?

Dercetus

There, Diomed, there.

Diomedes

Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

Dercetus exits.

Antony

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me sufficing strokes for death.

Diomedes

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Antony

When did she send thee?

Diomedes

Now, my lord.

Antony

Where is she?

Diomedes

Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Diomedes

Of what hath come to pass. For when she saw—

Diomedes

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

Diomedes

She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

Diomedes

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

ANTONY

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

DIOMEDES

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

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

ANTONY

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides.  
’Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD

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

ALL

Most heavy day!

ANTONY

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

"They" exit bearing Antony "and the body of Eros."

"Scene 15"

Enter Cleopatra and her maids aloft, with  
Charmian and Iras.

CLEOPATRA

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA

No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise. Our size of sorrow, proportioned to our cause, must be as great as that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes [below.]

How now? Is he dead?

DIOMEDES

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

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

CLEOPATRA

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

ANTONY

Peace!

Not Caesar’s valor hath o’erthrown Antony, but Antony’s hath triumphed on itself.

CLEOPATRA

So it should be that none but Antony should conquer Antony, but woe ’tis so!

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt, dying. Only I here importune death awhile until of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA

I dare not, dear, dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,

ANTONY

Lest I be taken. Not th’ imperious show of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall

CLEOPATRA

Be broached with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.

ANTONY

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony.—
Help me, my women!—We must draw thee up.—
Assist, good friends. They begin lifting him.

ANTONY
O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA
Here’s sport indeed. How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno’s power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little.
Wishers were ever fools. O, come, come, come!

They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.

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

A heavy sight!

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA
No, let me speak, and let me rail so high
That the false huswife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offense.

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

CLEOPATRA
They do not go together.

ANTONY
Gentle, hear me.

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

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

ANTONY
The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT 4. SC. 15

In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o’ th’ world,
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

CLEOPATRA Noblest of men, woo’t die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O see, my women,
The crown o’ th’ Earth doth melt.—My lord!

[Antony dies.]

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

CHARMIAN O, quietness, lady!

[Antony swoons.]

IRAS She’s dead, too, our sovereign.
CHARMIAN Lady!
IRAS Madam!
CHARMIAN O madam, madam, madam!
IRAS Royal Egypt! Empress!

[Antony stirs.]

CLEOPATRA No more but e’en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All’s but naught.
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that’s mad. Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what, good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent; it’s out. Good sirs, take heart.
We’ll bury him; and then, what’s brave, what’s
noble,
Let’s do ’t after the high Roman fashion
And make death proud to take us. Come, away.
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

They exit, bearing off Antony’s body.
Enter Caesar with Agrippa, Dolabella, Maecenas, Gallus, and Proculeius, his council of war.

CAESAR, aside to Dolabella

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

DOLABELLA

Caesar, I shall.

(Dolabella exits.)

Enter Dercetus with the sword of Antony.

CAESAR

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

DERCETUS

I am called Dercetus.

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

CAESAR

What is ’t thou say’st?

DERCETUS

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

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

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

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

His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.
A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touched.

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

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

Enter an Egyptian.

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

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

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

So the gods preserve thee.  

Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say
We purpose her no shame. Give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us, for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says
And how you find of her.

Caesar, I shall.
ACT 5. SC. 2

Antony and Cleopatra

CAESAR

Gallus, go you along.  
[Gallus exits.]

Where’s Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

ALL

Dolabella!

CAESAR

Let him alone, for I remember now

How he’s employed. He shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent, where you shall see

How hardly I was drawn into this war,

How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings. Go with me and see

What I can show in this.

They exit.

[Scene 2]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

CLEOPATRA

My desolation does begin to make

A better life. ’Tis paltry to be Caesar;

Not being Fortune, he’s but Fortune’s knave,

A minister of her will. And it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,

Which shackles accidents and bolts up change,

Which sleeps and never palates more the dung,

The beggar’s nurse, and Caesar’s.

Enter Proculeius.

PROCULEIUS

Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,

And bids thee study on what fair demands

Thou mean’st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA

What’s thy name?

PROCULEIUS

My name is Proculeius.
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CLEOPATRA  Antony
  Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but 15
  I do not greatly care to be deceived
  That have no use for trusting. If your master
  Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
  That majesty, to keep decorum, must
  No less beg than a kingdom. If he please 20
  To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
  He gives me so much of mine own as I
  Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS  Be of good cheer.
  You’re fall’n into a princely hand; fear nothing. 25
  Make your full reference freely to my lord,
  Who is so full of grace that it flows over
  On all that need. Let me report to him
  Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
  A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
  Where he for grace is kneeled to.

CLEOPATRA  Pray you tell him
  I am his fortune’s vassal and I send him 30
  The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
  A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
  Look him i’ th’ face.

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

  «Gallus and Soldiers enter and seize Cleopatra.»

«GALLUS»  You see how easily she may be surprised. 40
  Guard her till Caesar come.

IRAS  Royal queen!

CHARMIAN

O, Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA, «drawing a dagger»

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

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

PROCULEIUS Cleopatra, Do not abuse my master’s bounty by Th’ undoing of yourself. Let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death Will never let come forth.

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

PROCULEIUS O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA Sir, I will eat no meat; I’ll not drink, sir. If idle talk will once be necessary— I’ll not sleep neither. This mortal house I’ll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinioned at your master’s court, Nor once be chastised with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up And show me to the shouting varletry Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gentle grave unto me; rather on Nilus’ mud Lay me stark naked, and let the waterflies Blow me into abhorring; rather make My country’s high pyramides my gibbet And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS You do extend These thoughts of horror further than you shall Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

DOLABELLA Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the Queen, I’ll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS

So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best. Be gentle to her.

[To Cleopatra.] To Caesar I will speak what you shall please, If you’ll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA

Say I would die.

Dolabella, Gallus, and Soldiers exit.

FTLN 3260
FTLN 3261
FTLN 3262
FTLN 3263
FTLN 3264
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FTLN 3280
FTLN 3281
FTLN 3282
FTLN 3283
FTLN 3284
FTLN 3285
FTLN 3286
FTLN 3287
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in ’t; an autumn ’twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

DOLABELLA

CLEOPATRA

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

Gentle madam, no.

You lie up to the hearing of the gods!
But if there be nor ever were one such,
It’s past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy, yet t’ imagine
An Antony were nature’s piece ’gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O’ertake pursued success but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?
I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Nay, pray you, sir.

Though he be honorable—
He’ll lead me, then, in triumph.

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

ALL Make way there! Caesar!

CAESAR Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA It is the Emperor, madam.

Cleopatra kneels.


CLEOPATRA Sir, the gods
Will have it thus. My master and my lord
I must obey. "She stands."

CAESAR Take to you no hard thoughts. The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA Sole sir o' th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

CAESAR Cleopatra, know
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA And may through all the world. 'Tis yours, and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

"She holds out a paper."
CAESAR
  You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
CLEOPATRA
  This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
  I am possessed of. ’Tis exactly valued,
  Not petty things admitted.—Where’s Seleucus?

[Enter Seleucus.]

SELEUCUS  Here, madam.
CLEOPATRA
  This is my treasurer. Let him speak, my lord,
  Upon his peril, that I have reserved
  To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.
SELEUCUS
  Madam, I had rather seel my lips
  Than to my peril speak that which is not.
CLEOPATRA
  What have I kept back?
SELEUCUS
  Enough to purchase what you have made known.
CAESAR
  Nay, blush not, Cleopatra. I approve
  Your wisdom in the deed.
CLEOPATRA
  See, Caesar, O, behold
  How pomp is followed! Mine will now be yours,
  And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
  The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
  Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
  Than love that’s hired! What, goest thou back? Thou
  shalt
  Go back, I warrant thee! But I’ll catch thine eyes
  Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
  O rarely base!
CAESAR
  Good queen, let us entreat you—
CLEOPATRA
  O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
  That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Imment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal, and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. "To Seleucus." Prithee, go
hence,
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through th’ ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

CAESAR

Forbear, Seleucus.

"Seleucus exits."

CLEOPATRA

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

CAESAR

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved nor what acknowledged
Put we i’ th’ roll of conquest. Still be ’t yours!
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Caesar’s no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheered.

Make not your thoughts your prisons. No, dear
queen,
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend. And so adieu.
CLEOPATRA

My master and my lord!

CAESAR

Not so. Adieu.

*Flourish. Caesar and his train exit.*

CLEOPATRA

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

Be noble to myself. But hark thee, Charmian.

『She whispers to Charmian.』

IRAS

Finish, good lady. The bright day is done,

And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA,『to Charmian』 Hie thee again.

CHARMIAN I have spoke already, and it is provided.

Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN Madam, I will.

*Enter Dolabella.*

DOLABELLA

Where’s the Queen?

CHARMIAN Behold, sir. 『She exits.』

CLEOPATRA Dolabella. 240

DOLABELLA

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this: Caesar through Syria

Intends his journey, and within three days

You with your children will he send before. 245

Make your best use of this. I have performed

Your pleasure and my promise.

DOLABELLA Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA I your servant. 250

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

CLEOPATRA Farewell, and thanks. 『He exits.』

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

IRAS

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA

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

IRAS

O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA

Nay, that's certain.

IRAS

I'll never see 't! For I am sure mine nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA

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

Enter Charmian.

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

'Iras exits.' A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?
Enter a Guardsman.

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

CLEOPATRA
Let him come in.

GUARDSMAN exits.

Enter Guardsman and Countryman, with a basket.

GUARDSMAN
This is the man.

CLEOPATRA
Avoid, and leave him.

GUARDSMAN exits.

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

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

CLEOPATRA
Remember’st thou any that have died on ’t?

COUNTRYMAN
Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday—a
very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a
woman should not do but in the way of honesty—
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.
Truly, she makes a very good report o’ th’ worm.
But he that will believe all that they say shall never
be saved by half that they do. But this is most
falliable, the worm’s an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA
Get thee hence. Farewell.

COUNTRYMAN
I wish you all joy of the worm.

[He sets down the basket.]
COUNTRYMAN
You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA
Ay, ay, farewell.

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

CLEOPATRA
Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

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

CLEOPATRA
Will it eat me?

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

COUNTRYMAN
Well, get thee gone. Farewell.

COUNTRYMAN
Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o’ th’ worm. He exits.

Enter Iras bearing Cleopatra’s royal regalia.

CLEOPATRA
Give me my robe. Put on my crown. I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt’s grape shall moist this lip.

Charmian and Iras begin to dress her.

Yare, yare, good Iras, quick. Methinks I hear Antony call. I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act. I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath.—Husband, I come! Now to that name my courage prove my title. I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian.—Iras, long farewell.

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She kisses them. Iras falls and dies.
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Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell’st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

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

CLEOPATRA
This proves me base.
If she first meet the curlèd Antony,
He’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
wretch,

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She places an asp on her breast.
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With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!

CHARMIAN
O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA
Peace, peace!

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She places an asp on her arm.
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Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN
O, break! O, break!

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

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She places an asp on her arm.
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Dies.

What should I stay—

CHARMIAN
In this wild world? So, fare thee well.

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She closes Cleopatra’s eyes.
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Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled. Downy windows, close,
And golden Phoebus, never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal. Your crown’s awry.
I’ll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard rustling in.

FIRST GUARD
  Where’s the Queen?

CHARMIAN
  Speak softly. Wake her not.

FIRST GUARD
  Caesar hath sent—

CHARMIAN
  Too slow a messenger.

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

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

SECOND GUARD
  There’s Dolabella sent from Caesar. Call him.

FIRST GUARD
  What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?

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

CHARMIAN dies.

Enter Dolabella.

DOLABELLA
  How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD
  All dead.

DOLABELLA
  Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act which thou
So sought’st to hinder.

Enter Caesar and all his train, marching.

ALL
  A way there, a way for Caesar!
DOLABELLA
  O sir, you are too sure an augurer:
  That you did fear is done.

CAESAR   Bravest at the last,
               She leveled at our purposes and, being royal,
               Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
               I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA   Who was last with them?
FIRST GUARD
  A simple countryman that brought her figs.
  This was his basket.

CAESAR   Poisoned, then.
FIRST GUARD   O Caesar,
  This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake.
  I found her trimming up the diadem
  On her dead mistress; tremulously she stood,
  And on the sudden dropped.

CAESAR   O, noble weakness!
  If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
  By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
  As she would catch another Antony
  In her strong toil of grace.

DOLABELLA   Here on her breast
  There is a vent of blood, and something blown.
  The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD
  This is an aspic’s trail, and these fig leaves
  Have slime upon them, such as th’ aspic leaves
  Upon the caves of Nile.

CAESAR   Most probable
               That so she died, for her physician tells me
               She hath pursued conclusions infinite
               Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
               And bear her women from the monument.
               She shall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

They all exit, [the Guards
bearing the dead bodies.]