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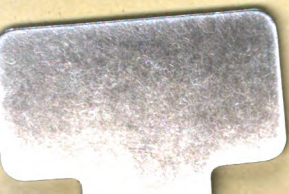
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# ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA;

*an historical Play, -*

*written by*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

*fitted for the Stage by abridging only;*

*and now acted, at the*

*Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane,*

*by his Majesty's Servants.*

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. p. 99.

L O N D O N :

*Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.*

MDCCLVIII.



**ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA,**

*an historical Play.*



*Persons represented.*

Octavius Cæsar,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>	Mr. Fleetwood.
Marcus Antonius,			Mr. Garrick.
M. Æmil. Lepidus ;			Mr. Blakes.
Sextus Pompeius :			Mr. Austin.
Menas, <i>his Follower.</i>			Mr. Burton.
Dolabella,	}	<i>Cæsarians.</i>	Mr. Mozeen.
Thyreüs,			Mr. Holland.
Mecænas,			Mr. Atkins.
Agrippa,			Mr. Packer.
Proculeius ;	}	<i>Antonians.</i>	Mr. Austin.
Enobarbus,			Mr. Berry.
Canidius,			Mr. Wilkinfon.
Diomede,			Mr. Bransby.
Eros, <i>and</i>	}		Mr. Davies.
Dercetas ;			Mr. Blakes.
<i>a Soothfayer.</i>			Mr. Burton.
Alexas ;			Mr. Ackman.
Mardian, <i>an Eunuch ;</i>	}	<i>Officers of</i>	Mr. Perry.
Seleucus ;		<i>Cleopatra's</i>	Mr. Burton.
		<i>Household.</i>	
<i>Attendants, Messengers, Officers, and Soldiers.</i>			
Cleopatra, <i>Queen of Egypt :</i>			Mrs. Yates.
Charmian, }	<i>her Women.</i>		Miss Hippisley.
and Iras, }			Miss Mills.
Octavia, Cæsar's Sister.			Mrs. Glen.

*Divers other Attendants, Soldiers, &c.*

*Scene, dispers'd ; in several Parts  
of the Roman Empire.*

# ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria.

*A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter* THYREUS, *and* DOLABELLA;  
*sent from Cæsar.*

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

*Flourish. Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and*  
*their Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

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

CLE. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

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## Antony and Cleopatra.

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

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

*ANT.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new  
*Enter an Attendant.* [earth.

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

*ANT.* —'T grates me:—The sum.

*CLE.* Nay, hear them, *Antony*:

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

*ANT.* —How, my love!

*CLE.* Perchance? nay, and most like:—  
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
 Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*.—  
 Where's *Fulvia's* process?—*Cæsar's*, I would say?—Both?  
 Call in the messengers.—As I am *Egypt's* Queen,  
 Thou blushest, *Antony*; and that blood of thine  
 Is *Cæsar's* homager: so thy cheek pays shame,  
 When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds.—The messengers.

*ANT.* Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt! and the wide arch  
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here † is my space;  
 Kingdoms are clay: Our dungy earth alike  
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
 Is, to do † thus; 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.

*CLE.* —Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?—  
 I seem the fool I am not; *Antony*

Will be himself.

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

*CLE.* Hear the embassadors.

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

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Trains.*]

*DOL.* Triumphant lady! —Fame, I see, is true.

*THR.* Too true: Since she first met *Mark Antony*  
Upon the river *Cydnus*, he has been hers.

*DOL.* There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter  
Devis'd well for her.

*THR.* —I will tell you, sir,  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lye  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)  
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see

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The fancy out-work nature ; on each side her  
 Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like smiling *Cupids*;  
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid, did.

*DOL.* —O, rare for *Antony* !

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

*DOL.* —Rare *Egyptian* !

*THY.* Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,  
 Invited her to supper : she reply'd,  
 It should be better, he became her guest ;  
 Which she intreated : Our courteous *Antony*,  
 (Whom never the word, no, woman heard speak)  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
 For what his eyes eat only.

*DOL.* —Royal wench !

She made great *Julius* lay his sword to bed ;  
 He plough'd her, and she crop'd. Now *Antony*  
 Must leave her utterly.

THY. —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.

DOL. —Well ; I am sorry,  
He too approves the common liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN,  
a Soothsayer, and Others.*

CHA. *Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost  
most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you  
prais'd so to the Queen ? O, that I knew this husband  
which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands !*

ALB. Soothsayer, —

Soo. Your will ?

CHA. Is this the man ? —Is't you, fir, that know things ?

Soo. In nature's infinite book of secresy  
A little I can read.

ALB. —Shew him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,  
*Cleopatra's health to drink.* [*to some within.*]

CHA. Good fir, give me good fortune.

Soo. I make not, but foresee

CHA. Pray then, foresee me one. Let me be marry'd  
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 with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my mistress.

*Soo.* You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

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

*Soo.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

*CHA.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names.—  
Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

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

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

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

*CHA.* E'en as the o'er-flowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

*IRA.* Go, you wild bed-fellow; you cannot soothsay.

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

*Soo.* Your fortunes are alike.

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

*Soo.* I have said.

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

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

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

*CHA.* 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, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!



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

**CHA.** Amen.

**ALE.** Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd

**ENO.** Hush ! here comes *Antony*. [do't.

**CHA.** —Not he, the Queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

**CLE.** Saw you my lord ?

**ENO.** —No, lady.

**CLE.** Was he not here ?

**CHA.** —No, madam.

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

**ENO.** Madam.

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

**ALE.** Here, lady, at your service. My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger ;*

*Attendants following.*

**CLE.** We will not look upon him ; Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,*

*IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and the rest.*

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

**ANT.** Against my brother *Lucius* ?

**Mes.** —Ay : but soon

That war had end ; and the time's state made friends  
Of them, jointing their forces against *Cæsar* ;

Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

ANT. —Well,  
What worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me: 'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. —*Labienus*,  
Hath with his *Parthian* force, through extended *Asia*,  
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,  
From *Syria*, to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;  
Whilst—

ANT. —*Antony*, thou would'st say,—

Mes. —O, my lord,—

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

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

ANT. From *Sicyon* how the news? Speak there.

1. A. The man from *Sicyon*,—Is there such a one?

2. A. He stays upon your will.

ANT. —Let him appear.—

These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

ANT. —Where dy'd she?

Mes. —In *Sicyon*:

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

ANT. —Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

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

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir?

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how  
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our de-  
parture, death's the word.

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:  
It were pity, to cast them away for nothing; though,  
between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd  
nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this,  
dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon  
far poorer moment.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought. *Fulvia* is dead.

ENO. Sir?

ANT. *Fulvia* is dead.

ENO. *Fulvia*?

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. If  
there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you

indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

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

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

*ANT.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her love 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 giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw *Pompey* the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main foldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

*ENO.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Alexas.

CLE. Where is he?

CHA. I did not see him since.

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

[*Exit Alexas.*]

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

CLE. —What should I do, I do not?

CHA. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

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

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

*Enter* ANTONY.

But here comes *Antony*.

CLE. —I am sick, and fullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

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

ANT. —Now, my dearest Queen,—

CLE. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANT. —What's the matter?

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

ANT. The gods best know,—

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

ANT. —*Cleopatra*,—

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

ANT. —Most sweet Queen,—

CLE. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going ;  
But bid farewell, and go : when you shu'd staying,  
Then was the time for words : No going then ;  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;  
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. —How now, lady ?

CLE. I would, I had thy inches ; thou should'st know,  
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

ANT. —Hear me, Queen :

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while ; 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  
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd *Pompey*,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is *Fulvia's* death. [-dom,

*CLE.* Though age from folly could not give me free-  
Is does from childishness ; Can *Fulvia* die ?

*ANT.* She's dead, my Queen:  
Look † here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best:  
See, when, and where she dy'd.

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

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

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

*ANT.* —My precious Queen, forbear ;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*CLE.* —So *Fulvia* told me.  
I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to *Egypt* : Good now, play one scene



Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

ANT. —You'll heat my blood ; no more.

CLE. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

ANT. —Now, by my sword,—

CLE. —and target,—Still he mends ;

But this is not the best:—Look, prythee, *Charmian*,  
How this *Herculean Roman* does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLE. —Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;

That you know well: Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,

And I am all-forgotten.

ANT. —But that your royalty

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

CLE. —'Tis sweating labour,

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 honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,

And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword

Sit laurel'd victory ! and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet !

ANT. —Let us go. Come ;

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

*Enter Octavius CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and their Trains.*

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

LEP. —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 purchas'd ; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

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

B

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.*

*LEP.* —Here's more news.

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

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

*Enter another Messenger.*

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

Than could his war resisted.

CÆS. — *Antony,*

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

LEP. 'Tis pity of him.

CÆS. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to *Rome* : Time is it, that we twain  
Did shew ourselves i'the field ; and, to that end,  
Assemble we immediate council : *Pompey*  
Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. — To-morrow, *Cæsar*,

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

CÆS. — 'Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewel.

LEP. Farewel, my lord : What you shall know mean time  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

CÆS. —Doubt not, fir;  
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

*Enter CLEOPATRA, supporting herself on Iras;*

*CHARMIAN, and MARDIAN, following.*

CLE. *Charmian,*—

CHA. Madam.

CLE. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora.

CHA. —Why, madam?

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

CHA. —You think of him  
Too much.

CLE. —O! Treason!

CHA. —Madam, I trust, not so.

CLE. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian,*—

MAR. —What's your highness' pleasure?

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

MAR. Yes, gracious madam.

CLE. —Indeed! —O *Charmian*,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse? —  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!  
Do bravely, horse; For wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

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

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*ALE.* Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail !

*CLE.* How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony* !  
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony* ?

*ALE.* Last thing he did, dear Queen,  
He kiss'd, the last of many doubl'd kisses,  
This orient pearl ; His speech sticks in my heart.

*CLE.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

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

*CLE.* —What, was he sad, or merry ?

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

*CLE.* O well-divided disposition ! —Note him,

B 3

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man, but note him :  
 He was not sad ; for he would shine on those  
 That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;  
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
 In *Egypt* with his joy : but between both :  
 O heavenly mingle ! —Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
 The violence of either thee becomes ;  
 So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts ?

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

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

*CHA.* —O that brave *Cæsar* !

*CLE.* Be choak'd with such another emphasis !  
 Say, the brave *Antony*.

*CHA.* —The valiant *Cæsar* !

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

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

*CLE.* —My fallad days ;  
 When I was green in judgment, cold in blood ;  
 To say, as I said then ! But, come, away ;  
 Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
 A several greeting, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.



SCENE I. Rome. A Room in Lepidus' House.

Enter LEPIDUS, and ENOBARBUS.

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

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

LEP. —'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

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

LEP. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENO. Not if the small come first.

LEP. —Your speech is passion:  
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble *Antony*.

Enter ANTONY, and Canidius.

ENO. —And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

ANT. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*:—  
Hark you, *Canidius*,—

CÆS. —I do not know,  
*Mecænas*; ask *Agrippa*.

LEP. —Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

B 4

Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,  
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech)  
 Touch you the fourest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor curfiness grow to the matter.

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

CÆS. Welcome to *Rome*.

ANT. — Thank you.

CÆS. — Sit.

ANT. — Sit, fir.

CÆS. — Nay, then.

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

CÆS. — I must be laugh'd at,  
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
 Should say myself offended ; and with you  
 Chiefly i'the world : more laugh'd at, that I should  
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
 It not concern'd me.

ANT. — My being in *Egypt*, *Cæsar*,  
 What was't to you ?

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

ANT. — How intend you, practise'd ?

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

ANT. You do mistake your business ; my brother never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;  
And have my learning from some true reports,  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours ;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)  
It must not be with this.

CÆS.—You praise yourself,  
By laying to me defects of judgment : but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANT.—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 grateful eyes attend those wars  
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another :  
The third o'the world is yours ; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

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

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

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

*ANT.* —Sir,

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

*CÆS.* —You have broken  
The article of our oath ; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*LEP.* —Soft, *Cæsar*.

*ANT.* —No,

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

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

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

*LEP.* —'Tis nobly spoken.

*MEC.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,

Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

LEP. —Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

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

ANT. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

ENO. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

ANT. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

ENO. Go to then ; your confederate stone.

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

AGR. Give me leave, *Cæsar*,—

CÆS.—Speak, *Agrippa*.

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

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

ANT. I am not marry'd, *Cæsar* : let me hear  
*Agrippa* further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*  
*Octavia* to his wife : whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men ;

Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
 Would then be nothing : truths would then be tales,  
 Where now half tales be truths : her love to both  
 Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;  
 For 'tis a study'd not a present thought,  
 By duty ruminated.

ANT. — Will Cæsar speak ?

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

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

CÆS. — The power of Cæsar, and  
 His power unto Octavia.

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

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

LEP. — Happily ! Amen.

ANT. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;  
 For he hath lay'd strange courtesies, and great,

Of late upon me : I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;  
At heel of that, defy him.

LEP. —Time calls upon us :  
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

ANT. —Where lies he, *Cæsar* ?

CÆS. About the mount *Misenum*.

ANT. —What's his strength  
By land ?

CÆS. —Great, and encreasing : but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

ANT. —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 talk'd of.

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

ANT. —Let us, *Lepidus*,  
Not lack your company.

LEP. —Noble *Antony*,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Alexas.

CLE. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

att. —The musick, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

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



CHA. —My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

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

MAR. As well as I can, madam. [short,

CLE. And when good will is shew'd, though't come too  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-fin'd fishes : my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,  
And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

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

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

Mes. —Madam, madam,—

CLE. *Antony's* dead :—If thou say so,  
Villain, thou kill'st thy mistress : but well, and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is † gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kifs ; a hand, that Kings  
Have lip'd, and trembl'd kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well :

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

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

CLE. —Well, go to, I will ;  
But there's no goodness in thy face : If *Antony*  
Be free, and healthful, Why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

Mef. —Wilt please you hear me ?

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

Mef. —Madam, he's well.

CLE. —Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

CLE. —Thou'rt an honest man.

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

CLE. Mark thee a fortune from me.

Mef. —But yet, madam,—

CLE. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedence ; lie upon *but yet* :  
*But yet* is as a jailor, to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prythee, friend,  
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together : He's friends with *Cæsar* ;  
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam ? no ; I made no such report.

He's bound unto *Othavia*.

*CLE.* —I am pale, *Charmian*.

*Mef.* Madam, he's marry'd to *Othavia*.

*CLE.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*strikes him down.*]

*Mef.* Good madam, patience.

*CLE.* —What say you ? [*striking him again.*] Hence,  
Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head :

[*hales him up and down.*]

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

*Mef.* —Gracious madam,

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

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

*Mef.* —He's marry'd, madam.

*CLE.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*draws a Dagger.*]

*Mef.* —Nay, then I'll run :—

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

[*Exit Messenger.*]

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

*CLE.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—  
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.

*CHA.* He is afraid to come.

*CLE.* —I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have giv'n myself the cause.—Come hither, fir:

*Re-enter Messenger.*

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

*Mes.* I have but done my duty.

*CLE.* —Is he marry'd?

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

*Mes.* —He's marry'd, madam.

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

*Mes.* Should I lie, madam?

*CLE.* —O, I would thou did'st,  
So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;  
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is marry'd?

*Mes.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*CLE.* —He is marry'd?

*Mes.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal: He's marry'd to *Octavia*.

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

*CHA.* —Good your highness, patience.

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

C

CHA. Many times, madam.

CLE. —I am pay'd for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O *Iras*, *Charmian*,—"Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*; bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

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

[Exit *Alexas*.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not, *Charmian*;

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

The other way 's a *Mars*: —Bid you *Alexas* [to *Mar*.]

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

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

SCENE III. Aboard Pompey's Galley off Misenum.

Under a Pavilion upon Deck, a Banquet set out:

Musick: Servants attending. Enter MENAS,  
and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

MEN. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have known, fir.

ENO. *Menas*, I think.

MEN. The same, fir.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

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

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

MEN. You have said, fir. We look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; Pray you, is he marry'd to *Cleopatra*?

ENO. *Cæsar*'s sister is called *Octavia*.

MEN. True, fir; she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

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

*MEN.* Pray you, fir,—

*ENO.* 'Tis true.

*MEN.* Then is *Cæsar*; and he, for ever knit together.

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

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

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

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

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

*MEN.* And thus it may be. Come, fir, we have healths for you. [*Egypt.*

*ENO.* I shall take 'em, fir: we have us'd our throats in

*Musick.* Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
POMPEY, and Others.

Here they come: Some of their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

*MEN.* *Lepidus* is high-colour'd. [o'the Nile

*ANT.* Thus do they, fir, [*to Cæf.*] They take the flow By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or foizon, follow: The higher *Nilus* swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEP. You've strange serpents there.

ANT. Ay, *Lepidus*.

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

ANT. They are so.

POM. Sit,—and some wine :—A health to *Lepidus*.

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

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

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemies'* py-  
ramises are very goodly things ; without contradiction,  
I have heard that.

MEN. "*Pompey*, a word."

POM. —"Say in mine ear ; What is't ?"

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

POM. "Forbear me 'till anon."—This wine for *Lepidus*.

LEP. What manner o'thing is your crocodile ?

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

LEP. What colour is it of ?

ANT. Of it's own colour too.

LEP. 'Tis a strange serpent.

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

CÆS. "Will this description satisfy him ?"

ANT. "With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else "  
"he is a very epicure." [Away :

POM. Go, hang, fir, hang : [to Men.] Tell me of that !

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for.

*MEN.* "If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,"  
"Rise from thy stool." ["The matter?"

*POM.* —I think, thou'rt mad. [*rising, and stepping aside*]

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

*POM.* "Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's  
Be jolly, lords. [else to say?"—

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

*MEN.* "Wilt thou be lord of all the world?"

*POM.* —"What say'st thou?" [twice."

*MEN.* "Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's

*POM.* "How should that be?"

*MEN.* —"But entertain it,"

"And, though thou think me poor, I am the man"

"Will give thee all the world."

*POM.* —"Thou hast drunk well."

*MEN.* "No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup."

"Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:"

"Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,"

"Is thine, if thou wilt ha't."

*POM.* —"Shew me which way."

*MEN.* "These three world-sharers, these competitors,"

"Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;"

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

"All then is thine."

*POM.* —"Ah, this thou should'st have done,"

"And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villainy;"

"In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,"

"'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;"

"Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue"

"Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,"



"I should have found it afterwards well done ;"

"But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink."

MEN. "For this," [looking contemptibly after him.

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

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

"Shall never find it more." [joins the Company.

POM. This health to *Lepidus*.

ANT. —Bear him ashore.— [to an Attendant.

I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

ENO. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

MEN. —*Enobarbus*, welcome.

POM. Fill, 'till the cup be hid. [LEPIDUS born off.

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

MEN. —Why ?

ENO. —He bears

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

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

ENO. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

MEN. Come.

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

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

CÆS. —I could well forbear't ;  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

ANT. —Be a child o'the time. [now

ENO. Ha, my brave Emperor ! [to Ant.] Shall we dance  
Th' *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink ?

POM. Let's ha't, good foldier. [they rise.

ANT. —Come, let's all take hands ;  
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate lethe.

ENO. —All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—

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

The holding every man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the wine,  
plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:  
in thy vats our cares be drown'd;  
with thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
cup us, 'till the world go round,  
Bur. cup us, 'till the world go round.*

[Good brother,

CÆS. What would you more? —*Pompey*, good night.—

Let me request you, off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost

Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and Train.*

POM. I'll try you on the shore.

ANT. —And shall, sir.—“I will to *Egypt*:”

“For though I have made this marriage for my peace,”

“I the east my pleasure lies.”—Give us your hand.

POM. O, *Antony*, you have my father's house,—

But, what? we are friends again.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, and ANTONY.*

ENO. —Take heed you fall not.—

*Menas*, I'll not on shore.

C 4

MEN.—No, to my cabin.—

These drums, these trumpets, flutes,—let *Neptune* hear  
We bid aloud farewell to these great fellows:  
Sound, and be hang'd, found out.

[*Flourish of loud Musick.*]

ENO. Ho, says 'a! —There's my cap.

MEN.—Ho, noble captain! Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and ALEXAS.

CLE. Where is the fellow?

ALE.—Half afeard to come.

CLE. Go to, go to:—Come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

ALE.—Good majesty,

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

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

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

CLE.—Did'st thou behold

*Octavia*?

Mes.—Ay, dread Queen.

CLE.—Where?

Mes.—Madam, in *Rome*

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led  
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.

CLE. Is she as tall as me?

Mes.—She is not, madam.

CLE. Did'st hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

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

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

CHA. Like her? O *Isis*! 'tis impossible. [-ish!—

CLE. I think so, *Charmian*: Dull of tongue, and dwarf-  
What majesty is in her gate? Remember;  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

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

CLE. —Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

CHA. —Three in *Egypt*  
Cannot make better note.

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

CHA. —Excellent.

CLE. Guess at her years, I prythee.

Mef. —Her years, madam?  
She was a widow:

CLE. —Widow? —*Charmian*, hark.

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

CLE. —Bear'st thou her face  
In mind? is't long, or round?

Mef. —Round, even to faultiness.

CLE. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.—  
Her hair, what colour?

Mef. —Brown, madam: And her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

CLE. —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, while  
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

CHA. —A proper man.

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

CHA. —O, nothing, madam. [know.

CLE. The man hath seen some majesty, and should

CHA. Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend,  
And serving you so long! [-mian:—

CLE. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Char-*  
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

CHA. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

CÆS. Contemning *Rome*, he did all this: And once,  
In *Alexandria*,—here's † the manner of it,—  
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
*Cleopatra* and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat  
*Cæsarion*, whom they call my father's son;  
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the 'stablishment of *Egypt*; made her  
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,  
Absolute Queen.

MEC. —This in the publick eye?

CÆS. I'the common shew-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd, The Kings of Kings:  
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,

He gave to *Alexander* ; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd  
*Syria*, *Cilicia*, and *Pœnicia* : She  
 In the habiliments of the goddess *Isis*  
 That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,  
 As 'tis reported, so.

*MEC.* —Let *Rome* be thus  
 Inform'd.

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

*CÆS.* The people know it ; and have now receiv'd  
 His accusations.

*AGR.* —Whom does he accuse ?

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

*AGR.* —Sir, this should be answer'd.

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

*MEC.* —He'll never yield to that.

*CÆS.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, attended.*

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

*CÆS.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away.

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

CÆS. Why hast thou stoln upon us thus ? You come not  
Like *Cæsar's* sifter: The wife of *Antony*  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way  
Should have born men ; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
A market-maid to *Rome* ; and have prevented  
The ostent of our love, which, left unshewn,  
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

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

CÆS. —Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCT. Do not say so, my lord.

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

OCT. —My lord, in *Athens*.

CÆS. No, my most wronged sifter ; *Cleopatra*  
Hath nodded him to her: He hath giv'n his empire  
Up to a whore ; who now are levying  
The Kings o'the earth for war.

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

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

AGR. —Welcome, lady.

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

OCT. —Is it so, sir ?

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

### ACT III.

SCENE I. Near Actium. Antony's Camp.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*

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



ENO. But why, why, why?

CLE. Thou hast fore-spoke my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

ENO. —Well, is it, is it?

CLE. Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us? Why should not we  
Be there in person?

ENO. —Well, I could reply:—

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

CLE. —What is't you say?

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

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

ENO. —Nay, I have done.

Here comes the Emperor.

*Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.*

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

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

ANT. —A good rebuke,

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

CLE. —By sea ! What else ?

CAN. Why will my lord do so ?

ANT. —For that he dares us to't.

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

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

ENO. —Your ships are not well man'd :  
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress ; in *Cæsar*'s fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought :  
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : No disgrace  
Can fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. —By sea, by sea.

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

ANT. —I'll fight at sea.

CLE. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

ANT. —Come :

Our over-plus of shipping will we burn ;  
And, with the rest full-man'd, from the head of *Adrium*

Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,

*Enter an Attendant.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

*Att.* The news is true, my lord; he is descry'd;  
*Cæsar* has taken *Toryne*.

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

*Enter DIOMEDE.*

Away, my *Thetis*.—How now, worthy soldier?

*DIO.* O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the *Egyptians*,  
And the *Phœnicians*, go a ducking; we  
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*ANT.* —Well, well, away.

*[Exeunt ANT. CLE. ENO. and Attendant.]*

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

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

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

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

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

CAN. —Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

DIO. They say, one *Taurus*.

CAN. —Well I know the man.

*Re-enter Attendant.*

Att. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

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

SCENE II. *The same. Plain between both Camps.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.*

CÆS. *Taurus*,—

TAU. —My lord. [battle,

CÆS. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not  
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed  
The prescript of this † scrawl: Our fortune lies  
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

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

*Enter Canidius, marching with his Land-army,  
one Way; and Taurus, the Lieutenant of Cæsar,  
with his, the other Way. After their going in,  
is heard the Noise of a Sea-fight.*

*Alarums. Enter ENOBARBUS.* [longer:]

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

*Enter DIOMEDE.*

DIO. —Gods, and goddesses,

D

All the whole synod of them!

ENO. —What's thy passion?

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

ENO. —How appears the fight?

DIO. On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald nag of *Egypt*,  
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i'the midst o'the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

ENO. —That I beheld: mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight of it, and could not  
Endure a further view.

DIO. —She once being loofst,  
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in heighth, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

ENO. —Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

CAN. 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 giv'n example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

[night"]

ENO. "Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good-  
"Indeed."

CAN. —Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

DIO. 'Tis easy to't : and there I will attend  
What further comes. [Exit.

CAN. —To *Cæsar* will I render  
My legions, and my horse ; six Kings already  
Shew me the way of yielding. [Exit.

ENO. —I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [Exit.

SCENE III. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

ANT. Hark, the land bids me, tread no more upon't ;  
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither ;  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever : I have a ship  
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

att. —Fly ! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone :  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course  
Which has no need of you ; be gone, be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that, I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of lothness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left

Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straight away ;  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :  
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
 Therefore I pray you : I'll see you by and by.

[*Exeunt Attendants. Throws himself on a Couch.*]

*Enter EROS, with CLEOPATRA, led by*

*IRAS and CHARMIAN.*

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

*IRA.* Do, most dear Queen.

*CHA.* Do ! Why, what else ?

*CLE.* Let me sit † down.—O Juno !

*ANT.* No, no, no, no, no.

*ERO.* See you here, sir ?

*ANT.* O, fie, fie, fie.

*CHA.* Madam,—

*IRA.* Madam, good Empress,—

*ERO.* Sir, sir,—

*ANT.* Yes, my lord, yes ; — He, at *Philippi*, kept  
 His sword even like a dancer ; while I strook  
 The lean and wrinkl'd *Cassius* ; and 'twas I,  
 That the mad *Brutus* ended : he alone  
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practise had  
 In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

*CLE.* Ah me ! — Stand by. [*rising.*]

*ERO.* —The Queen, my lord, the Queen. [*-ty'd*]

*IRA.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ; he is unequal-  
 With very shame.

*CLE.* —Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

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

*ANT.* I have offended reputation;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*ERO.* —Sir, the Queen.

[See

*ANT.* O, whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? [*Starting up*]  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

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

*ANT.* —*Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,  
And thou should'st 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.

*CLE.* —O, my pardon.

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

*CLE.* —Pardon, pardon.

*ANT.* Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;  
Even this † repays me.—We sent our soothsayer,  
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—  
Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE IV. *A Camp in Egypt. Cæsar's Tent.**Enter CÆSAR, THYREUS, DOLABELLA, and Others.*

CÆS. Let him appear, that's come from *Antony* : —  
Know you him ?

DOL. — *Cæsar*, 'tis his soothfayer :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter Soothfayer.*

CÆS. — Approach, and speak.

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

CÆS. — Be it so ; Declare thine office.

Soo. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in *Egypt* : which not granted,  
He lessens his request ; and of thee sues  
To let him breath 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.

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

*Soo.* Fortune pursue thee!

*CÆs.* —Bring him through the bands.—

[*Exit Soothsayer, attended.*]

To try thy eloquence, now's the 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-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, *Thyreus* ;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we

Will answer as a law.

*THY.* —*Cæsar*, I go.

*CÆs.* Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw ;

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In every power that moves.

*THY.* —*Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, Charmian, and Iras.*

*CLE.* What shall we do, *Enobarbus* ?

*ENO.* —Drink, and die.

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

*ENO.* *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 you ?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

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CLE. —Prythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, and Soothfayer.*

ANT. Is that his answer?

SOO. —Ay, my lord.

ANT. —The Queen

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

SOO. —My lord, he says so.

ANT. —Let her know't.—

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

CLE. —That head, my lord?

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

*[Exeunt ANTONY, and Soothfayer.]*

ENO. "Yes, like enough; high-battl'd *Cæsar* will"  
"Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew"  
"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 *Cæsar* will"  
"Answer his emptiness! *Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd"  
"His judgment too."

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* —A messenger from *Cæsar*.

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

*[Exit Attendant.]*

*ENO.* “Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.”  
“The loyalty, well held to fools, does make”  
“Our faith meer 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'the story.”

*Enter THYREUS.*

*CLE.* —*Cæsar*'s will?

*THY.* Hear it apart.

*CLE.* —None but friends; say on boldly.

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

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

*THY.* —So.—

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

*CLE.* —Go on: Right royal.

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

*CLE.* —O!

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

CLE. —He is a god, and knows  
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd meerly.

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

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

CLE. —What's your name?

THR. My name is *Thyreus*.

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

THR. —'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combatting together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

CLE. —Your *Cæsar's* father oft, [giving her Hand.  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS, with ANTONY.*

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

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

*ENO.* —“You will be whip'd.” [and devils!

*ANT.* Approach, there; —Ah, you kite! —Now, gods  
Authority melts from me of late: when I cry'd, *ho!*  
Like boys unto a mufs, Kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* —Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

*Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

*ENO.* “’Tis better playing with a lion’s whelp,”  
“Than with an old one dying.”

*ANT.* —Moon and stars!

Whip him: —Wer’t twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them  
So faucy 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.

*THY.* Mark *Antony*, —

*ANT.* —Tug him away: being whip’d,  
Bring him again: —This *Jack* of *Cæsar*’s shall  
Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: —Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,  
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a jem of women, to be abus’d  
By one that looks on feeders?

CLE. —Good my lord,—

ANT. You have been a bogler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes  
In our own filth; drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

CLE. —O, is't come to this?

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

CLE. —Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with  
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,  
*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*  
And plighter of high hearts! —O, is he whip'd?

1. A. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. —Cry'd he? and beg'd he pardon?

1. A. He did ask favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whip'd for following him: henceforth,  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him: for he seems

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

CLE. Have you done yet ?

ANT. —Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone  
 The fall of *Antony* !

CLE. —I must stay his time. [to her Women.

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

CLE. —Not know me yet ?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me ?

CLE. —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 *Cæsarion* 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 bury'd them for prey !

ANT. —I am satisfy'd.

*Cæsar* sits down in *Alexandria* ; where



I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too  
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.—  
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear, lady?  
 If from the field I shall return once more  
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;  
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;  
 There is hope in it yet.

CLE. —That's my brave lord !

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

CLE. —It is my birth-day :

I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my lord  
 Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

ANT. We'll yet do well.

CLE. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

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

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, Cha. Ira. and Att.*]

ENO. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,  
 Is, to be frightened out of fear : in that mood,  
 The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,  
 A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN,  
Iras, and Others, attending.

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLE. —Sleep a little.

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

*Enter EROS, with Armour.*

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

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

[Eros arms him.]

CLE. —Nay, I'll help too.

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

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

ANT. —Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

ERO. —Briefly, sir.

CLE. Is not this buckl'd well?

ANT. —O, rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumb'l'st, Eros; and my Queen's a 'squire

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

That thou could'st see my wars to day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, arm'd.*

A workman in't.—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.

1. O. —A thousand, fir,  
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,  
And at the port expect you. [*Shout within. Trumpets.*]

*Enter other Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

2. O. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

all. Good morrow, general.

ANT. —'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.  
Fare 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 mechanick compliment ; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight,  
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* EROS, ANTONY, Officers, and Soldiers.]

CHA. Please you, retire into your chamber.

CLE. —Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæsar* might  
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, *Antony*,—But now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Under the Walls of Alexandria. Antony's Camp.*

*Trumpets. Enter* ANTONY, and EROS ; DIOMEDE  
*meeting them.*

DIO. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony* !

ANT. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once pre-  
To make me fight at land! [-vail'd

DIO. —Had'st thou done so,  
The Kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. —Who's gone this morning?

DIO. —Who?

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

ANT. —What say'st thou?

DIO. —Sir,

He is with *Cæsar*.

ERO. —Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

ANT. —Is he gone?

DIO. —Most certain.

ANT. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after; do it,  
Detain no jot of it, 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.—O *Enobarbus*!

SCENE III. Before Alexandria. *Cæsar's Camp*.

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA,  
ENOBARBUS, and Others.*

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

AGR. —*Cæsar*, I shall.

[Exit AGRIPPA.

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

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* — *Antony*  
Is come into the field.

*CÆs.* — Go, charge *Agrippa*  
Plant those that have revolted in the van ;  
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆsar, and Train.*]

*ENO.* *Alexas* did revolt: he went to *Jewry*, on  
Affairs of *Antony* ; there did persuade  
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,  
And leave his master *Antony* : for this pains,  
*Cæsar* hath hang'd him. *Canidius*, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier.*

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

*ENO.* I give it you.

*Sol.* — I mock not, *Enobarbus*,  
I tell you true: Best you see safe the bringer  
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor  
Continues still a *Jove*. [*Exit Soldier.*]

*ENO.* I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O *Antony*,  
 Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have pay'd  
 My better service, when my turpitude  
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart:  
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
 Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.  
 I fight against thee! no: I will go seek  
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Between the Camps. Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter AGRIPPA, and Forces.*

*AGR.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
*Cæsar* himself has work, and our oppression  
 Exceeds what we expected. [Retreat. Exeunt.]

*Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and Forces;  
 with DIOMEDE, wounded.*

*DIO.* O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed!  
 Had we done so at first, we had driv'n them home  
 With clouts about their heads.

*ANT.* —Thou bleed'st apace.

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

*ANT.* —They do retire.

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

*Enter EROS.*

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

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

E 2

*ANT.* —I will reward thee  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*DIO.* —I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE V. Gates of Alexandria.*

*Enter ANTONY, marching; Diomedes, and Forces.*

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

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

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

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

*ANT.* —My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey  
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this † man,

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

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

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

SCENE VI. *Out-skirts of Cæsar's Camp.*

*Sentinels upon their Posts. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

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

1. S. —This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

ENO. O, bear me witness, night,—

2. S. —“What man is this ?”

1. S. “Stand close, and lift him.”

ENO. Be witness to me, o thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record

E 3



Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did  
Before thy face repent.

3. S. —“*Enobarbus!*”

2. S. —“Peace ; hark further.”

*ENO.* 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 dry'd with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular ;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O *Antony!* o *Antony!*

[*dies.*

1. S. —“Let's speak to him.”

3. S. “Let's hear him further, for the things he speaks”  
“May concern *Cæsar*.”

2. S. —“Let's do so. But he sleeps.”

3. S. “Swoons, rather ; for so bad a prayer as his”  
“Was never yet for sleep.”

1. S. —Go we to him.

2. S. —Awake, sir, [to *Eno.*  
Awake ; speak to us.

1. S. —Hear you, sir?

[*shaking him.*

3. S. —The hand

Of death hath raught him.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers :

Let's bear him to the court of guard ; he is

Of note: our hour is fully out.

2. S. —Come on then ;

He may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the Body.*]

SCENE VII. *Hills without the City.*

*Enter ANTONY, and DIOMEDE, with Forces, marching.*

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

*DIO.* —For both, my lord.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

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

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter ANTONY, and DIOMEDE.* [stand,

*ANT.* Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Shouts afar off.*]

*Re-enter ANTONY, hastily.*

*ANT.* —All is lost;

This foul *Egyptian* hath betrayed me:  
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
 They cast their caps up, and carowse together  
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou  
 Hast fold me to this novice; and my heart  
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
 I have done all; Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

O sun, thy up-rise shall I see no more:  
 Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here  
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming *Cæsar*; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
 (O this false soil of *Egypt*!) This grave charm,—  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;  
 Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,—  
 Like a true gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—

Enter CLEOPATRA.

What, *Eros*! *Eros*!—Ah, thou spell! Avant.

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

ANT. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish *Cæsar's* triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians:  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up [gone,—  
 With her prepared nails. [Exit CLE.] 'Tis well thou'rt

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

SCENE VIII. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Mardian.

CLE. Help me, my women: O, he is more mad  
 Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Thessaly*  
 Was never so imboast.

CHA. —To the monument;  
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
 Than greatness going off.

CLE. —To the monument:—  
*Mardian*, go tell him I have slain myself;  
 Say, that the last I spoke was, *Antony*,  
 And word it, prythee, piteously: Hence, *Mardian*;  
 And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monument.

SCENE IX. The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

ANT. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?

ERO. —Ay, noble lord.

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

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the wind,  
 And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;  
 They are black vesper's pageants?

*ERO.* —Ay, my lord.

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

*ERO.* —It does, my lord.

*ANT.* My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body: here I am *Antony*;  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for *Egypt*: and the Queen,—  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't  
 A million more, now lost,—she, *Eros*, has  
 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar*, and false-play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us  
 Ourselves, to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

She has rob'd me of my sword.

*MAR.* —No, *Antony*;  
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingl'd  
 With thine entirely.

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

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

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

*ANT.*—Dead then?

*MAR.*—Dead.

*ANT.* Unarm me, *Eros*; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—[*Exit MAR.*] Pluck off;—  
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, *Eros*, apace.—  
No more a soldier: Bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly born.—From me a while.

[*Exit EROS.*]

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

*Re-enter EROS.*

*ERO.* What would my lord?

*ANT.*—Since *Cleopatra* dy'd,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble-minded  
 Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, *Eros*,  
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
 Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me  
 The inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then would'st kill me : do't, the time is come :  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

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

*ANT.* —*Eros*,  
 Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see  
 Thy master thus † with pleach'd arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
 To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd feat  
 Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded  
 His baseness that ensu'd ?

*ERO.* —I would not see't.

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

*ERO.* —O, sir, pardon me.

*ANT.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
 To do this when I bad thee ? Do it at once ;  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents un purpos'd. Draw, and come.

*ERO.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee. [turning away his Face.]

ERO. My sword is drawn.

ANT. —Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

ERO. —My dear master,  
My captain, and my Emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'Tis said, man ; and farewell.

ERO. —Farewel, great chief.

Shall I strike now ?

ANT. —Now, Eros. [do escape the sorrow]

ERO. Why, there then : [falling on his Sword] Thus I  
Of Antony's death. [dies.]

ANT. —Thrice nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, o valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My Queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record : But I will be

A bride-groom in my death, and run into't [Eros,  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; [taking Eros's Sword] and,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus [running on it.  
I learnt of thee. How ! not yet dead ? not dead ?

Enter Guard, and DERCEAS.

The guard ? how ! —O, dispatch me.

1. G. —What's the noise ? [end]

ANT. I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make an  
Of what I have begun.

2. G. —The star is fallen.

1. G. And time is at his period.

all. —Alas, and woe !

ANT. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.



1. G. —Not I.

2. G. Nor I.

3. G. —Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This † sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDE.

DIO. —Where's *Antony*?

DER. There, *Diomede*, there.

DIO. —Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit DERCEAS, with the Sword.

ANT. Art thou there, *Diomede*? Draw thy sword, and  
Sufficing strokes for death. [give me

DIO. —Most absolute lord,

The Empress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send thee?

DIO. —Now, my lord.

ANT. —Where is she?

[fear

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

ANT. Too late, good *Diomede*: Call my guard, I pry-

DIO. What ho, the Emperor's guard! The guard, what

Enter some of the Guard.

[ho!

Come, your lord calls.

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

1. G. Woe are we, fir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*all.* —Most heavy day!

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

SCENE X. *The same. A Monument.*

*Enter, at a Window, above, CLEOPATRA,  
CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

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

*CHA.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*CLE.* —No, I will not:

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

*Enter DIOMEDE.*

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

*DIO.* His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out  
O'the other side your monument,—But see,  
His guard have brought him hither.

*Enter ANTONY, born by the Guard.*

*CLE.* —O fun, fun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand  
The varying shore o'the world!—O *Antony*,  
*Antony, Antony!*—*Charmian*, help; help, *Irás*;  
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

*ANT.* —Peace:

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,

But *Antony's* hath triumph'd on itself.

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

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

*CLE.* —I dare not,  
(Dear, dear my lord, your pardon that I dare not)  
Lest I be taken : Not the imperious shew  
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall  
Be broocht with me ; if knives, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :  
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ; —  
Assist, good friends. [*Cleopatra, and her Women,*  
*throw out certain Tackle ; into which the People*  
*below put Antony, and he is drawn up.*

*ANT.* —O, quick, or I am gone.

*CLE.* Here's sport, indeed ! How heavy weighs my lord !  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight : Had I great *Juno's* power,  
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools ; —o, come, come, come ;  
And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast liv'd :  
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,  
Thus † would I wear them out.

*all.* A heavy fight !

*ANT.* —I am dying, *Egypt*, dying :

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

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

ANT. —One word, sweet Queen:  
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety. O !

CLE. They do not go together.

ANT. —Gentle, hear me:  
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

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

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

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

CHA. —O, quietness, lady. [Cleopatra swoons.]

IRA. She is dead too, our sovereign.

F

CHA. —Lady,—

IRA. —Madam,—

CHA. O madam, madam, madam !

IRA. —Royal *Egypt* !

Emperefs !

CHA. —Peace, peace, *Iras*. [seeing her recover.

CLE. 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 stoln 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 firs, take heart :—  
We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away :  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off the Body.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, with DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA,  
MECÆNAS, Gallus, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

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

DOL. — *Cæsar*, I shall. [Exit DOLABELLA.

Enter DERCEAS, with Antony's Sword.

CÆS. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou, that dar'st  
Appear thus to us ?

DER. — I am call'd *Dercetas* ;  
*Mark Antony* I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master ; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters : If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to *Cæsar* ; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

CÆS. — What is't thou say'st ?

DER. I say, o *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

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

DER. — He is dead, *Cæsar* ;  
Not by a publick minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart itself. This † is his sword,  
I rob'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

CÆS. — Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of Kings.

AGR. —And strange it is,  
That nature must compell us to lament  
Our most perfisted deeds.

MEC. —His taints and honours  
Weigh'd equal with him.

AGR. —A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to mark us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

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

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

*Enter MARDIAN.*

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, sir?

MAR. A poor *Egyptian*: The Queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forc'd to.

CÆS. — Bid her have good heart ;  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourably and how kindly we  
Determin'd have for her ; for Cæsar cannot  
Leave to be gentle.

MAR. — So the gods preserve thee ! [Exit.

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

PRO. — Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

CÆS. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gal.] Where's *Dola-*  
To second *Proculeius* ? [bella,

all. — *Dolabella* !

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

SCENE II. Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

CLE. My desolation does begin to make



A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar* ;  
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
 A minister of her will ; And it is great  
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;  
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;  
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
 The beggar's nurse and *Cæsar*'s.

*Enter PROCULEIUS, and Gallus, with Soldiers,  
 to the Door of the Monument, without.*

*PRO.* *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Egypt* ;  
 And bids thee study on what fair demands  
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*CLE.* —What's thy name ?

*PRO.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*CLE.* —*Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you ; but  
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
 That have no use for trusting. If your master  
 Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please  
 To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my son,  
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

*PRO.* —Be of good cheer ;  
 You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
 On all that need : Let me report to him  
 Your sweet dependancy ; and you shall find  
 A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

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

PRO. —This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd  
Of him that caus'd it. Fare you well. —“Hark, *Callus!*”  
“You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;”  
“Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come.” [Exit PROCULEIUS.

*Gallus maintains Converse with Cleopatra.*

*Re-enter, into the Monument, from behind,*

*PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers, hastily.*

IRA. —O royal Queen!

CHA. O *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, Queen!

CLE. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a Dagger.*

PRO. —Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*slaying her.*  
Do not yourself such wrong; who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

CLE. —What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

PRO. —*Cleopatra,*  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

CLE. —Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a Queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. —O, temperance, lady.

CLE. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not speak neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,  
 Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, sir, that I  
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
 Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,  
 And shew 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 water-flies  
 Blow me into abhorring; rather make  
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
 And hang me up in chains.

*PRO.* —You do extend  
 These thoughts of horror farther than you shall  
 Find cause for it in *Cæsar*.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*DOL.* —*Proculeius*,  
 What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar* knows,  
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,  
 I'll take her to my guard.

*PRO.* —So, *Dolabella*,  
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
 To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,  
 If you'll employ me to him.

*CLE.* —Say, I would die.

*[Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.]*

*DOL.* Most noble Empress, you have heard of me?

*CLE.* I cannot tell.

*DOL.* —Assuredly, you have.

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

*DOL.* —I understand not, madam.

*CLE.* I dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony* ; —  
O, such another sleep ! that I might see  
But such another man.

*DOL.* —If it might please you,—

*CLE.* His face was as the heavens : and therein stuck  
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted  
The little *o* o'the earth.

*DOL.* —Most sovereign creature,—

*CLE.* His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arm  
Crested the world : his voice was property'd  
As all the tuned spheres, when that to friends ;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as ratling 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 shew'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in : In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were  
As plates dropt from his pocket.

*DOL.* —*Cleopatra*,—

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

*DOL.* —Gentle madam, no.

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

*DOL.* —Hear me, good madam :  
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it

As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never  
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

CLE. —I thank you, sir.

Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

DOL. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

CLE. Nay, pray you, sir:

DOL. —Though he be honourable,—

CLE. He'll lead me in triumph:

DOL. —Madam, he will; I know it.

*within* Make way there,—*Cæsar*.

*Enter CÆSAR, and Train of Romans,  
and SELEUCUS.*

CÆS. Which is the Queen of *Egypt*?

DOL. It is the Emperor, madam.

CÆS. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, *Egypt*. [to Cle. raising her.]

CLE. —Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

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

CLE. —Sole sir o'the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess, I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

CÆS. —*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. [we,

*CLE.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and  
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, † my good lord.

*CÆS.* You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

*CLE.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valu'd ;  
Not petty things omitted.—Where's *Seleucus* ?

*SEL.* Here, madam.

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

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

*CLE.* —What have I kept back ?

*SEL.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

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

*CLE.* —See, *Cæsar* ! o, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does  
E'en make me wild :—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd ! What, go'st thou back ? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave ! foul-lefs villain ! dog !  
O rarely base ! [ *flying at him.* ]

CÆS. —Good Queen, let us intreat you. [ *interposing.* ]

CLE. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this ;  
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so mean, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy ! Say, good *Cæsar*,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart,  
For *Livia*, and *Octavia*, to induce  
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded  
Of one that I have bred ?—The gods ! it smites me  
Beneath the fall I have.—Wert thou a man,  
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

CÆS. —Forbear, *Seleucus*. [ *Exit SELEUCUS.* ]

CLE. 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 pity'd.

CÆS. —*Cleopatra*,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i'the roll of conquest : still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,  
*Cæsar's* no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;  
Make not your thoughts your 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.

CLE. My master, and my lord,—

CÆS. —Not so: Adieu. [*Exeunt CÆS. DOL. and Train.*]

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

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

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

CHA. —Madam, I will.

[*going.*]

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

DOL. Where is the Queen ?

CHA. —Behold, sir.

[*Exit.*]

CLE. —*Dolabella ?*

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

CLE. —*Dolabella,*  
I shall remain your debtor.

DOL. —I your servant.  
Adieu, good Queen ; I must attend on *Cæsar*.

CLE. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, *Iras*, what  
Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn [*think'st thou?*]  
In *Rome*, as well as I : mechanick slaves,  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall



Up-lift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*IRA.* —The gods forbid !

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

*IRA.* —O the good gods !

*CLE.* Nay, this is certain.

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

*CLE.* —Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most assur'd intents.—Now, *Charmian* ?—

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Shew 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 dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit IRAS.* *Charmian falls to adjusting Cleopatra's Drefs.* *Noise within.*

Wherefore's this noise ?

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*I. G.* —Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;

He brings you figs. [instrument

CLE. Let him come in. [Exeunt Guard.] How poor an  
May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with the Clown.*

1. G. —This is the man.

CLE. Avoid, and leave him.— [Exit Guard.  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not ?

Clo. 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.

CLE. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

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

CLE. Get thee hence ; farewell. [Basket.

Clo. I wish you all joy of the worm. [setting down his

CLE. Farewel.

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

CLE. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clo. 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.

CLE. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clo. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLE. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clo. Yes, forsooth : I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS, with Robe &c.*

CLE. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more

The juice of *Egypt's* grape shall moist this lip :—

Yare, yare, good *Irás* ; quick.—Methinks, I hear

*Antony* call ; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock

The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :

*[Goes to a Bed, or Sopha, which she ascends ; her*

*Women compose her on it : Iras sets the Basket, which*

*she has been holding upon her own Arm, by her.*

Now to that name my courage prove my title !

I am fire, and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life.—So, have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewel, kind *Charmian* ; —*Irás*, long farewell.

*[kissing them. Iras falls.*

Have I the aspick 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 desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

CHA. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

CLE. —This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kifs,

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

[to the Asp ; applying it to her Breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinicate

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, [stirring it.

Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak !

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, afs,

Unpolicy'd !

CHA. —O eastern star !

CLE. —Peace, peace:

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

CHA. —O, break ! o, break !

CLE. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle —

O Antony ! — Nay, I will take thee too:—

[applying another Asp to her Arm.

What should I stay —

[dies.

CHA. —in this vile world ? — So, fare thee well. —

Now boast thee, death ; in thy possession lies

A las unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close ;

And golden Phæbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter some of the Guard.

1. G. Where is the Queen ?

CHA. —Speak softly, wake her not.

1. G. Cæsar hath sent —

CHA. —too slow a messenger. — [applying the Asp.

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

G

1. G. Approach, ho ! All's not well : *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2. G. There's *Dolabella*, sent from *Cæsar* ; call him.

1. G. What work is here ! — *Charmian*, is this well done ?

*CHA.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldier !

[*dies.*

*Enter* *DOLABELLA.*

*DOL.* How goes it here ?

2. G. — All dead.

*DOL.* — *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So fought'st to hinder.

*within.* A way there, way for *Cæsar* !

*Enter* *CÆSAR, and Train.*

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

*CÆS.* — Brav'st at the last :

She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

*DOL.* — Who was last with them ?

1. G. A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;  
This † was his basket.

*CÆS.* — Poison'd then.

1. G. — O *Cæsar*,

This *Charmian* liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden drop'd.

*CÆS.* — O noble weakness ! —

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another *Antony*  
In her strong toil of grace.

*DOL.* —Here, on her breast,  
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:  
The like is on her arm.

*I. G.* —This is an aspick's trail; [*pointing to the Floor.*  
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such  
As the aspick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.]

*CÆS.* Most probable,  
That so she dy'd: for her phyfician tells me,  
She hath purfu'd conclufions infinite  
Of eafy ways to die. —Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She fhall be bury'd by her *Antony*:  
No grave upon the earth fhall clip in it  
A pair fo famous. High events as thefe  
Strike thofe that make them: and their ftory is  
No lefs in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army fhall,  
In folemn fhew, attend this funeral;  
And then to *Rome*. Come, *Dolabella*, fee  
High order in this great folemnity. [*Exeunt.*

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*From the Prefß of DRYDEN LEACH,  
in Crane Court, Fleet-ftreet. Oct. 23, 1758.*

*Conjectural Readings.*

- p. 1.  
 4, 23. the rais'd empire  
 6, 9. adorings.  
 12, 13. her leave to  
 14, 17. a ray of  
 15, 5. should salve my  
 17, 7. A great  
 25, 2. reporters  
 45, 23. noses  
 49, 28. *Antonias*,  
 50, 13. sail,  
 52, 22. the man *Brutus*  
 53, 7. Strew'd (or, Strow'd) in  
 56, 20. caparisons  
 57, 27. embrac'd  
 61, 8. enfranchis'd  
 62, 3. and float,  
 64, 18. cheek  
 67, 14. work, our opposition  
 70, 6. disperse  
 D<sup>o</sup>. 29. drum's din early wakes  
 75, 26. her *Sichæus*  
 78, 5. these tidings,  
 D<sup>e</sup>. 19. *dele*, prophesying  
 82, 8. passions,  
 84, 17. look'd on  
 86, 24. thanks for.  
 89, 29. was nature's  
 99, 1. By some external swelling: but she looks  
 Like sleep, as she *Εἶ*.

*To the right honourable, and worthy of  
all Titles, the Countess of \* \*.*

Why, from the throne where BEAUTY fits SUPREME  
and countless emanations deals below,  
infus'd and fix'd in Woman's shining frame,  
doth so large portion of his wonder flow ?  
why, but to rule the tread of human woe,  
and point our erring feet where joys abide :  
But (ah, the pity ! ) to a traitor flame,  
weak, wavering, wild, the heav'n-born ray is ty'd,  
and man, confiding man, from bliss estranged wide.

Daughters of *Britain*, scorn the garish fire,  
exile the meteor to it's *Pharian* grave ;  
sincerer flames from Virtue's heights aspire,  
that brighten beauty, and from sorrow save :  
High o'er the rest, see, what fair hand doth wave  
a deathless torch ; and calls you to the shrine,  
where only beauty only bliss entire !  
follow the branch of much-lov'd \* \*'s line,  
and from those altars mend, with her, the ray divine.

Oct. 3<sup>d</sup> 1757.

IGNOTO.



The SONG at p. 39. being thought too short, an Addition was made to it while the Play was in Rehearfal, and it is perform'd as follows :

1.

*Come, thou monarch of the wine,  
plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne ;  
thine it is to cheer the soul,  
made, by thy enlarging bowl,  
free from wisdom's fond controul,  
Bur. free from wisdom's fond controul.*

2.

*Monarch, come ; and with thee bring  
tipsy dance, and revelling :  
in thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
with thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
cup us, 'till the world go round,  
Bur. cup us, 'till the world go round.*

#### CORRIGENDA.

*p. 26, l. 7. r. of our      D°. l. 10. r. of your  
p. 30, l. 32. r. well.      p. 31, l. 32. r. report :*











