



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT  
*Antony and Cleopatra*  
2016

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Antony and Cleopatra  
by William Shakespeare

directed by  
Charlene V. Smith

September 2016

*1.1 Enter [a Messenger] and [Ventidius].*

VENTIDIUS                      Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
   O'erflows the measure. His captain's heart,  
   Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
   The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper  
   And is become the bellows and the fan  
   To cool a gypsy's lust.

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

   Look where they come.

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

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

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

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

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

MESSENGER                      News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY                              Grates me, the sum.

CLEOPATRA                      Nay, hear them, Antony.  
   Fulvia perchance is angry. Or who knows

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you: "Do this, or this;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

ANTONY

How, my love?

CLEOPATRA

Perchance? Nay, and most like.  
You must not stay here longer; your dismissal  
Is come from Caesar. Therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say—both?  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messenger!

ANTONY

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire fall. Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay. The nobleness of life  
Is to do thus.

CLEOPATRA

Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony  
Will be himself.

ANTONY

But stirred by Cleopatra.

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

CLEOPATRA Hear the ambassador.

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

*1.3 Exeunt [Antony and Cleopatra] with the Train.*

MESSENGER Is Caesar with Antonius prized so slight?

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

MESSENGER I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds tomorrow. Rest you happy!

*Exeunt.*

*2.1: Enter Enobarbus, a Soothsayer, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.*

CHARMIAN                     Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything  
                                   Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the  
                                   soothsayer that you praised so to th' Queen?

ALEXAS                       Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER                Your will?

CHARMIAN                   Is this the man?—Is 't you, miss, that know  
                                  things?

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

ALEXAS   Show him your hand.

CHARMIAN                   Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER                I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN                   Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER                You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN                   He means in flesh.

IRAS                         No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN                   Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS Vex not his prescience. Be attentive.

CHARMIAN Hush.

SOOTHSAYER You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon and widow them all. Find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

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

CHARMIAN Nay, come. Tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS We'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

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

IRAS Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN Prithee tell her but a workaday fortune.

SOOTHSAYER Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER I have said.

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

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

IRAS Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN Our worser thoughts heavens mend. Alexas— come, his fortune, his fortune!

*2.2 Enter Cleopatra.*

ENOBARBUS Hush, here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN Not he. The Queen.

CLEOPATRA Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS No, lady.

CLEOPATRA Was he not here?

CHARMIAN No, madam.



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

ENOBARBUS                  Madam?

CLEOPATRA                  Seek him and bring him hither.

*[Enobarbus exits.]*

Where's Alexas?

ALEXAS                      Here at your service. My lord approaches.

*2.3 Enter Antony with the Messenger.*

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

*Exeunt [all but Antony and the Messenger].*

MESSENGER                 Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY                     Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER                 Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar.

ANTONY                     Well, what worst?

MESSENGER                 The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY                     When it concerns the fool or coward. On.

MESSENGER                 O, my lord!

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

MESSENGER                                At your noble pleasure.

*Exit messenger.*

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

*2.4 Enter another Messenger with a letter.*

What are you?

SECOND MESSENGER    Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY                                    Where died she?

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

ANTONY                                    Forbear me.

*2.5 [Second Messenger exits.]*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.  
What our contempts doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again. She's good, being gone.  
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off.  
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now, Enobarbus

*2.6 Enter Enobarbus.*

ENOBARBUS                   What's your pleasure, sir?

ANTONY                       I must with haste from hence.

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

ANTONY                       I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS                   Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It  
were pity to cast them away for nothing.  
Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this,  
dies instantly. I have seen her die twenty times  
upon far poorer moment.

ANTONY                       She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS                   Alack, sir, no, her passions are made of nothing

but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report.

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Sir?

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Fulvia?

ANTONY Dead.

ENOBARBUS 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 crowned with consolation; indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

ANTONY No more light answers. Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the Queen  
And get her leave to part. For not alone  
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too

Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius  
Hath given the dare to Caesar and commands  
The empire of the sea. Say our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS                    I shall do 't.

*[Exeunt.]*

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

CLEOPATRA                  Where is he?

CHARMIAN                    I did not see him since.

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

*3.2 [Alexas exits.]*

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

CLEOPATRA    What should I do I do not?

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

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

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

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*3.3 Enter Antony.*

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA                                       I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY                                       I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—

CLEOPATRA                               Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.

ANTONY                                       What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA                               What, says the married woman you may go?

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here.

I have no power upon you. Hers you are.

ANTONY                                       The gods best know—

CLEOPATRA                                       O, never was there queen

So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

ANTONY   Cleopatra—

CLEOPATRA                               Why should I think you can be mine, and true—

Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods—  
Who have been false to Fulvia?

ANTONY

Most sweet queen—

CLEOPATRA

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

ANTONY

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile, but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;  
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And that which most with you should safe my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY

She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read

The garboils she awaked; at the last, best,

See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA

O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

ANTONY

Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear, which are or cease

As you shall give th' advice. I go from hence

Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war

As thou affects.

CLEOPATRA

Cut my lace, Charmian, come!

But let it be; I am quickly ill and well;

So Antony loves.

ANTONY

My precious queen, forbear,

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honorable trial.

CLEOPATRA

So Fulvia told me.



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

ANTONY You'll heat my blood. No more!

CLEOPATRA You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

ANTONY I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;  
That you know well. Something it is I would—  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

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

CLEOPATRA 'Tis sweating labor  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,  
Since my becomings kill me when they do not

Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you.

ANTONY

Let us go. Come.

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

*Exeunt.*

*4.1 Enter Octavius [Caesar], reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.*

OCTAVIUS

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

LEPIDUS

I must not think there are

Evils enough to darken all his goodness.

His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness, hereditary  
Rather than purchased, what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

OCTAVIUS

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

*4.2 Enter a Messenger.*

LEPIDUS

Here's more news.

MESSENGER

Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,  
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,

And it appears he is beloved of those  
That only have feared Caesar. To the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wronged.

OCTAVIUS

I should have known no less.

This common body,  
Like to a vagabond reed upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide  
To rot itself with motion.

*4.3 [Enter a Second Messenger.]*

SECOND MESSENGER

Caesar, I bring thee word  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Makes the sea serve them. Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy, 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.

OCTAVIUS

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Was beaten from Modena, at thy heel  
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against.  
Thy palate then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh  
Which some did die to look on. And all this—  
It wounds thine honor that I speak it now—  
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek  
So much as lanked not.

LEPIDUS 'Tis pity of him.

OCTAVIUS Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' th' field, and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS Tomorrow, Caesar,  
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.

OCTAVIUS Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEPIDUS Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

OCTAVIUS

Doubt not, sir.

I knew it for my bond.

*Exeunt.*

*5.1 Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

CLEOPATRA Charmian!

CHARMIAN Madam?

CLEOPATRA Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHARMIAN Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN Madam, I trust not so.

CLEOPATRA Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN What's your Highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee  
That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA Indeed?

MARDIAN Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing  
But what indeed is honest to be done.  
Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA O, Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
The demi-Atlas of this Earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"  
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison.

*5.2 Enter Alexas from Antony.*

ALEXAS Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

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

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS

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

CLEOPATRA

Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS

“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.”

CLEOPATRA

What, was he sad, or merry?

ALEXAS

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

CLEOPATRA

O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man! But note him:  
He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,  
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.  
O, heavenly mingle!—Met’st thou my posts?



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

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

CHARMIAN O, that brave Caesar!

CLEOPATRA Be choked with such another emphasis!  
Say “the brave Antony.”

CHARMIAN The valiant Caesar!

CLEOPATRA By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth  
If thou with Caesar paragon again  
My man of men.

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

CLEOPATRA My salad days,  
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,  
To say as I said then. But come, away,  
Get me ink and paper.  
He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

*Exeunt.*

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6.1 *Enter Pompey and Menas, in warlike manner.*

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

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

POMPEY                      The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner. Caesar gets money where  
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

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

POMPEY                      I know they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wanned lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;  
Keep his brain fuming.

6.2 *Enter Varrius.*

How now, Varrius?

VARRIUS                      This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis  
A space for farther travel.

POMPEY                      I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm  
For such a petty war. His soldiership  
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS    I cannot hope  
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together.  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;  
His brother warred upon him, although I think  
Not moved by Antony.

POMPEY

I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords. But how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions and bind up  
The petty difference, we yet not know.  
Be 't as our gods will have 't. Come, Menas.

*Exeunt.*

*7.1 Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*

LEPIDUS

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

ENOBARBUS

I shall entreat him

To answer like himself. If Caesar move him,  
Let Antony look over Caesar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars.

LEPIDUS

'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

ENOBARBUS

Every time serves for the matter that is then  
born in't.

LEPIDUS But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS Your speech is passion; but pray you stir  
No embers up. Here comes the noble Antony.

ENOBARBUS And yonder Caesar.

*7.2 Enter Antony.*

*Enter Caesar, Proculeius, and Agrippa.*

LEPIDUS Noble friends,  
That which combined us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard. Then, noble partners,  
The rather for I earnestly beseech,  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

ANTONY 'Tis spoken well.

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

*Flourish.*

OCTAVIUS Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY Thank you.

OCTAVIUS Sit.

ANTONY Sit, sir.

OCTAVIUS Nay, then.

*[They sit.]*

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

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

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

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

ANTONY How intend you, practiced?

OCTAVIUS You may be pleased to catch at mine intent  
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

ANTONY

You do mistake your business. My brother never  
Did urge me in his act. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours,  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause? If you'll patch a quarrel,  
It must not be with this. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another.  
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.  
So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,  
Did you too much disquiet. For that you must  
But say I could not help it.

OCTAVIUS

I wrote to you

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

ANTONY

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted, then;  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' th' morning. But next day

I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife.

OCTAVIUS

You have broken

The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS

Soft, Caesar!

ANTONY

No, Lepidus, let him speak.

The honor is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lacked it.—But on, Caesar:  
The article of my oath?

OCTAVIUS

To lend me arms and aid when I required them,  
The which you both denied.

ANTONY

Neglected, rather;

And then when poisoned hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may  
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do



So far ask pardon as befits mine honor  
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS 'Tis noble spoken.

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

LEPIDUS Worthily spoken, Proculeius.

ENOBARBUS Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more words  
of Pompey, return it again.

ANTONY Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.

ENOBARBUS That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS Go to, then. Your considerate stone.

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

O' th' world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA Give me leave, Caesar.

OCTAVIUS Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

OCTAVIUS Say not so, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.

ANTONY I am not married, Caesar. Let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife, whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
Would then be nothing. Her love to both  
Would each to other and all loves to both

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY Will Caesar speak?

OCTAVIUS Not till he hears how Antony is touched  
With what is spoke already.

ANTONY What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say "Agrippa, be it so,"  
To make this good?

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

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

OCTAVIUS There's my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never

Fly off our loves again.

LEPIDUS

Happily, amen!

Time calls upon 's.

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,

Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY

What is his strength by land?

OCTAVIUS

Great and increasing;

But by sea he is an absolute master.

ANTONY

So is the fame.

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we

The business we have talked of.

OCTAVIUS

With most gladness,

And do invite you to my sister's view,

Whither straight I'll lead you.

ANTONY

Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

LEPIDUS

Noble Antony, not sickness should detain me.

*7.3 Flourish. Exeunt all except Enobarbus, Agrippa, and Proculeius.*

PROCULEIUS

Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS

Half the heart of Caesar, worthy

Proculeius!—My honorable friend Agrippa!

AGRIPPA                                    Good Enobarbus!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENOBARBUS                                I will tell you.  
  
The barge she sat in like a burnished throne  
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—  
O'erpicturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature.

AGRIPPA

O, rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,  
And made their bends adornings. At the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i' th' market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to th' air, which but for vacancy  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
And made a gap in nature.

AGRIPPA

Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper. She replied  
It should be better he became her guest,

Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,  
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA

Royal wench!

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

ENOBARBUS

I saw her once

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

PROCULEIUS

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS

Never. He will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.

PROCULEIUS

If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessèd lottery to him.

AGRIPPA

Let us go.

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest

Whilst you abide here.

ENOBARBUS

Humbly then I thank you.

*Exeunt.*

*8.1 Enter Antony, Caesar; Octavia between them.*

ANTONY

The world and my great office will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA

All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers

To them for you.

ANTONY

Goodnight, sir.—My Octavia,

Read not my blemishes in the world's report.

I have not kept my square, but that to come

Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

Good night, sir.

OCTAVIUS

Goodnight.

*8.2 Exeunt [Caesar and Octavia]. Enter Soothsayer.*

ANTONY

Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?



SOOTHSAYER	Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.
ANTONY	If you can, your reason?
SOOTHSAYER	I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue. But yet hie you to Egypt again.
ANTONY	Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?
SOOTHSAYER	Caesar's.  Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.  Thy dæmon—that thy spirit which keeps thee—is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not. But near him, thy angel Becomes afeard, as being o'erpowered. Therefore Make space enough between you.
ANTONY	Speak this no more.
SOOTHSAYER	To none but thee; no more but when to thee.  If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy luster thickens When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But he away, 'tis noble.

ANTONY

Get thee gone.

Say to Ventidius I would speak with her.

*8.3 Exit [Soothsayer].*

She shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,

She hath spoken true. The very dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints

Under his chance. I will to Egypt.

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I' th' East my pleasure lies.

*Enter Ventidius.*

O, come, Ventidius.

You must to Parthia; your commission's ready.

Follow me and receive 't.

*Exeunt.*

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

CLEOPATRA

Give me some music—music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

ALL

The music, ho!

*Enter Mardian the eunuch.*

CLEOPATRA

Let it alone. Let's to billiards. Come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN                                 My arm is sore. Best play with Mardian.

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

MARDIAN                                    As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA                                And when good will is showed, though 't come too short,  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.  
Give me mine angle; we'll to th' river. There,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finned fishes. My bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up  
I'll think them every one an Antony  
And say "Aha! You're caught."

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

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

I wore his sword Philippan.

9.2 *Enter a Messenger.*

O, from Italy!

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

MESSENGER

Madam, madam—

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA

Why, there's more gold.

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

MESSENGER

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will.  
But there's no goodness in thy face—if Antony  
Be free and healthful, so tart a favor

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

MESSENGER

Will 't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA

Well said.

MESSENGER

And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA

Th' art an honest man.

MESSENGER

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER

But yet, madam—

CLEOPATRA

I do not like "But yet." It does allay  
The good precedence. Fie upon "But yet."  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,

In state of health, thou say'st, and, thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER

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

He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

For what good turn?

MESSENGER

For the best turn i' th' bed.

CLEOPATRA

I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

*Strikes him down.*

MESSENGER

Good madam, patience!

CLEOPATRA

What say you?

*Strikes him.*

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

Like balls before me! I'll unhair thy head!

*She hales him up and down.*

Thou shalt be whipped with wire and stewed in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESSENGER

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.



*9.4 Enter the Messenger again.*

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news.

MESSENGER

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA

Is he married?

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

MESSENGER

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA

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

MESSENGER

I crave your Highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA

He is married?

MESSENGER

Take no offense that I would not offend you.  
To punish me for what you make me do



Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA                   O, that his fault should make a knave of thee  
That art not what th' art sure of! Get thee hence.

*9.5 [Messenger exits.]*

IRAS                            Good your Highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA                   In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.

CHARMIAN                    Many times, madam.

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

*[Alexas exits.]*

Let him forever go—let him not, Charmian.  
Bid you Alexas  
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

*Exeunt.*

*10.1 Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas at one door with drum and trumpet; at another Caesar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Proculeius, and Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.*

POMPEY                                 Your hostages I have, so have you mine,  
And we shall talk before we fight.

OCTAVIUS   Most meet  
That first we come to words, and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent,  
Which if thou hast considered, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth  
That else must perish here. There's the point.

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

OCTAVIUS   And what may follow  
To try a larger fortune.

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

ALL   That's our offer.

POMPEY   Know then

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

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

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

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

LEPIDUS Well met here.

POMPEY I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.  
We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's  
Draw lots who shall begin.

ANTONY That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY No, Antony, take the lot. But, first or last,



I never loved you much, but I ha' praised you  
When you have well deserved ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

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

ALL Show 's the way.

POMPEY Come.

*10.2 Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*

MENAS Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have  
made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

ENOBARBUS At sea, I think.

MENAS We have, sir.

ENOBARBUS You have done well by water.

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS I will praise any one that will praise me, though it  
cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS Nor what I have done by water.

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

MENAS                         And you by land.

ENOBARBUS                    There I deny my land service. But give me your  
hand, Menas. We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS                         For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.  
Pompey doth this day laugh away her fortune.

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

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

ENOBARBUS                    Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

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

ENOBARBUS                    But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS                         Pray you, sir?

ENOBARBUS                    'Tis true.

MENAS                         Then is Caesar and he forever knit together.

ENOBARBUS                    If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would  
not prophesy so. You shall find the band that  
seems to tie their friendship together will be the

very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

MENAS Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance.

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

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

MENAS Come, let's away.

*Exeunt.*

*II.I A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Proculeius, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.*

ANTONY Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile  
By certain scales i' th' Pyramid; they know  
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean if dearth  
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises. As it ebbs, the seedsman

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

LEPIDUS                    You've strange serpents there?

ANTONY                    Ay, Lepidus.

POMPEY                    Sit, and some wine. A health to Lepidus!

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

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

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

MENAS                     Pompey, a word.

POMPEY                                    Say in mine ear what is 't.

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

POMPEY                    Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS                    What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANTONY                    It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it  
hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves



with it own organs.

LEPIDUS                      What color is it of?

ANTONY                      Of it own color too.

LEPIDUS                      'Tis a strange serpent.

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

OCTAVIUS                    Will this description satisfy him?

ANTONY                      With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is  
a very epicure.

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

POMPEY                      I think th' art mad! The matter?

*[He rises, and they walk aside.]*

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

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

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

MENAS                      Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY                                  What sayst thou?

MENAS   Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

  That's twice.

POMPEY   How should that be?

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

POMPEY   Hast thou drunk well?

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

POMPEY   Show me which way.

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

POMPEY   Ah, this thou shouldst have done  
  And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villainy;  
  In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;  
 Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue  
 Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown,  
 I should have found it afterwards well done,  
 But must condemn it now. Desist and drink.

MENAS                                  For this  
 I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.  
 Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offered  
 Shall never find it more.

POMPEY    This health to Lepidus!

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

ENOBARBUS                                  Here's to thee, Menas.

MENAS    Enobarbus, welcome.

POMPEY                                  Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS                                  There's a strong fellow, Menas.

MENAS    Why?

ENOBARBUS                                  He bears the third part of the world, man. Seest  
 not?

MENAS    The third part, then, is drunk.

POMPEY                                 This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY                                 It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!  
Here's to Caesar.

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

ANTONY                                 Be a child o' th' time.

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

ENOBARBUS                                 Ha, my brave emperor,  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian bacchanals  
And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY                                 Let's ha 't, good soldier.

ANTONY                                 Come, let's all take hands  
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

ENOBARBUS                                 All take hands.  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music,.

*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand. The Song.*

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

POMPEY                        I'll try you on the shore.

ANTONY                        And shall. Give us your hand.

POMPEY                        Come down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS                    Take heed you fall not.

*II.2 [All but Menas and Enobarbus exit.]*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MENAS                        No, to my cabin. These drums, these trumpets, flutes! What!  
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows. Sound and be hanged. Sound out!

*Sound a flourish, with drums.*

ENOBARBUS                    Hoo, says 'a! There's my cap!

MENAS

Hoo! Noble captain, come.

*Exeunt.*

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*12: Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him; [with Scarus and Soldiers.]*

VENTIDIUS

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now  
I'm made revenger. Bear the King's son's body  
Before our army.

SCARUS

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

VENTIDIUS

O, Scarus, Scarus,  
I have done enough. For learn this, Scarus:  
Better to leave undone than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.  
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss

Than gain which darkens him.  
I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him. And in his offense  
Should my performance perish.

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

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

SCARUS                   Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS               He purposeth to Athens, whither, with what haste  
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On there, pass along!

*Exeunt.*

*13.1 Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.*

AGRIPPA                   What, are the brothers parted?

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

AGRIPPA

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS

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

AGRIPPA

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENOBARBUS

Spake you of Caesar? How, the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS

But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves Antony.

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

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

His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA

Both he loves.

*[Trumpet within.]*

ENOBARBUS

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA

Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

*13.2 Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.*

OCTAVIUS

You take from me a great part of myself.

Use me well in 't.—Sister, prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest bond

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set



Betwixt us, as the cement of our love  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it.

ANTONY Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

OCTAVIUS I have said.

ANTONY You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you.  
We will here part.

OCTAVIUS Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

OCTAVIA My noble brother.

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

OCTAVIA Sir, look well to my husband's house, and—

OCTAVIUS What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA I'll tell you in your ear.

CAESAR No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still. The time shall not  
Outgo my thinking on you. Adieu, be happy.

LEPIDUS                     Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way.

OCTAVIUS                             Farewell, farewell.

*Kisses Octavia.*

ANTONY                                 Farewell.

*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

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

CLEOPATRA                     Where is the fellow?

ALEXAS                                 Half afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA                     Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

*Enter the Messenger as before.*

MESSENGER                     Most gracious Majesty!

CLEOPATRA                     Did'st thou behold Octavia?

MESSENGER                     Ay, dread queen.

CLEOPATRA                             Where?

MESSENGER                             Madam, in Rome.

I looked her in the face and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA                     Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER She is not, madam.

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

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

CLEOPATRA That's not so good. He cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN Like her? O Isis, 'tis impossible!

CLEOPATRA I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!  
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou looked'st on majesty.

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

CLEOPATRA Is this certain?

MESSENGER Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

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

CHARMIAN Excellent.

CLEOPATRA                   Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER                 Madam, she was a widow.

CLEOPATRA                   Widow? Charmian, hark.

MESSENGER                 And I do think she's thirty.

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

MESSENGER                 Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA                   There's gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.  
I will employ thee back again. I find thee  
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready.  
Our letters are prepared.

14.2 [*Messenger exits.*]

CHARMIAN                   A proper man.

CLEOPATRA                 Indeed he is so. I repent me much  
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

IRAS                         Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA                 The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN                 Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian,  
But 'tis no matter. Thou shalt bring him to me  
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHARMIAN

I warrant you, madam.

*Exeunt.*

*15 Enter Antony and Octavia.*

ANTONY

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—  
That were excusable—but he hath waged  
New wars 'gainst Pompey;  
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not  
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly  
He vented them.

OCTAVIA

O, my good lord,  
Believe not all, or if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts. Husband win, win brother  
Prays and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

ANTONY

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks  
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,  
I lose myself; better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between 's.

OCTAVIA

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler.

ANTONY

When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults  
Can never be so equal that your love  
Can equally move with them. The meantime, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stain your brother. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.

*Exeunt.*

*16: Enter Enobarbus and Eros.*

ENOBARBUS

How now, friend Eros?

EROS

There's strange news come, sir. Caesar and  
Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS                      This is old. What is the success?

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

ENOBARBUS                      Bring me to Antony.

EROS                              Come, sir.

*Exeunt.*

*17.1: Enter Agrippa, Proculeius, and Caesar.*

OCTAVIUS                      Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more  
   In Alexandria. Here's the manner of 't:  
   I' th' marketplace, on a tribunal silvered,  
   Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
   Were publicly enthroned. Unto her  
   He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her  
   Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
   Absolute queen.

PROCULEIUS                      This in the public eye?

OCTAVIUS I' th' common showplace where they exercise.

PROCULEIUS Let Rome be thus informed.

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

OCTAVIUS The people knows it and have now received  
His accusations.

AGRIPPA Who does he accuse?

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

PROCULEIUS Sir, this should be answered.

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







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

OCTAVIA   Is it so, sir?

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

*Exeunt.*

*18.1 Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.*

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

ENOBARBUS                                 But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA                                 Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars  
  
And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS                                 Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,  
  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time  
  
What should not then be spared.

CLEOPATRA   Speak not against it.  
  
I will not stay behind.

*18.2 Enter Antony and Ventidius.*

ENOBARBUS Nay, I have done.

Here comes the Emperor.

ANTONY Ventidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA By sea, what else?

VENTIDIUS Why will my lord do so?

ANTONY For that he dares us to 't.

ENOBARBUS Your ships are not well manned,  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Engrossed by swift impress. In Caesar's fleet  
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.  
Their ships are light, yours heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepared for land.

ANTONY I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

*18.3 Enter a Messenger.*

ANTONY Thy business?

MESSENGER Caesar has taken Toryne.

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

*18.4 Enter a Soldier.*

How now, worthy soldier?

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

ANTONY   Well, well, away.

*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

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

VENTIDIUS                                 Soldier, thou art.

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

*20.1 Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

ENOBARBUS                                 Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.

Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder.  
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter Scarus.*

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

ENOBARBUS What's thy passion?

SCARUS The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance. We have kissed away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENOBARBUS How appears the fight?

SCARUS On our side, like the tokened pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake, i' th' midst o' th' fight,  
Hoists sails and flies.

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

SCARUS She once being loofed,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing and, like a doting mallard,

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame.

Experience, manhood, honor ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS

Alack, alack.

*20.2 Enter Ventidius.*

VENTIDIUS

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath.

O, he has given example for our flight

Most grossly by his own.

ENOBARBUS

Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

VENTIDIUS

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS

'Tis easy to 't, and there I will attend

What further comes.

VENTIDIUS

To Caesar will I render

My legions and my horse. Six kings already

Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS

I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason

Sits in the wind against me.

*[They exit.]*





CLEOPATRA

Well, then, sustain me. O!

EROS

Sir, the Queen.

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

O, my lord, my lord,

Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have followed.

ANTONY

Egypt, thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after.

CLEOPATRA

O, my pardon!

ANTONY

Now I must

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

CLEOPATRA

Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY

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

*Exeunt.*

*22.1 Enter Caesar, Agrippa, [and Thidias], with others.*

OCTAVIUS

Let him appear that's come from Antony.  
Know you him?

AGRIPPA

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

*22.2 Enter Ambassador from Antony.*

OCTAVIUS

Approach, and speak.

SCHOOLMASTER

Such as I am, I come from Antony.  
Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted,  
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and Earth,  
A private man in Athens. This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,  
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

OCTAVIUS

For Antony,

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

SCHOOLMASTER

Fortune pursue thee!

OCTAVIUS

Bring him through the bands.

*22.3 [Ambassador exits, with Attendants.]*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time. Dispatch.  
From Antony win Cleopatra. Promise,  
And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
From thine invention, offers. Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure

The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thidias.  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

THIDIAS

Caesar, I go.

*Exeunt.*

*23.1 Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.*

CLEOPATRA

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS

Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA

Is Antony or we in fault for this?

ENOBARBUS

Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

*23.2 Enter the Schoolmaster with Antony.*

ANTONY

Is that his answer?

SCHOOLMASTER

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY

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

SCHOOLMASTER

He says so.

ANTONY

Let her know 't.—

To him again. Tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions  
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' th' command of Caesar. I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay caparisons apart  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

*23.3 [Antony and Ambassador exit.]*

ENOBARBUS

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

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT

A messenger from Caesar.





THIDIAS                      My name is Thidias.

CLEOPATRA                                      Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Caesar this in deputation:  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him I am prompt  
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

THIDIAS                                      'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA                                      Your Caesar's father oft,  
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place  
As it rained kisses.

*23.6 Enter Antony and Enobarbus.*

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

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

ENOBARBUS                                      You will be whipped.



ANTONY

Approach there!—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils,  
Authority melts from me. Of late when I cried “Ho!”  
Like boys unto a muss kings would start forth  
And cry “Your will?”

*Enter Servants.*

Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet. Take hence this jack and whip him.

ENOBARBUS

’Tis better playing with a lion’s whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY

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

*23.7 Exeunt with Thidias.*

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

CLEOPATRA

Good my lord—

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

Wherefore is this?

ANTONY

To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts!

*23.8 Enter a Servant with Thidias.*

Is he whipped?

SERVANT

Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY

Cried he? And begged he pardon?

SERVANT

He did ask favor.

ANTONY

Get thee back to Caesar.

Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say



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

CLEOPATRA

That's my brave lord!

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

It is my birthday.

I had thought t' have held it poor. But since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY

We will yet do well.

23.10 *Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].*

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

*Exit.*

---

24 *Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Proculeius, with his army, Caesar reading a letter.*

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

PROCULEIUS                    Caesar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction.

OCTAVIUS    Let our best heads



25.2 *Enter three or four Servitors.*

Let's tonight

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hands;

Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight.

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too

And suffered my command.

CLEOPATRA

What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS

To make his followers weep.

ANTONY

Tend me tonight;

May be it is the period of your duty.

Haply you shall not see me more, or if,

A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave.

ENOBARBUS

What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed.

ANTONY

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you  
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life  
Than death and honor. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration.

*Exeunt.*

*26 Enter [a company of Soldiers.]*

FIRST SOLDIER            Brother, goodnight. Tomorrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER        It will determine one way. Fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER        Nothing. What news?

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

FIRST SOLDIER        Well, sir, goodnight.

*[They meet other Soldiers who are entering.]*

SECOND SOLDIER        Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER        And you. Goodnight, goodnight.

*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*

SECOND SOLDIER        Here we; and if tomorrow



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

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

*Music of the hautboys is under the stage.*

SECOND SOLDIER Peace. What noise?

FIRST SOLDIER List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER Music i' th' air.

THIRD SOLDIER Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER No.

FIRST SOLDIER Walk. Let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

ALL How now? How now? Do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER Ay. Is 't not strange?

SECOND SOLDIER Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.  
Let's see how it will give off.

ALL Content. 'Tis strange.

*Exeunt.*

27.1 *Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with [Charmian, and] others.*

ANTONY                               Eros! Mine armor, Eros!

CLEOPATRA                           Sleep a little.

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

*Enter Eros, [carrying armor.]*

  Come, good soldier, put thine iron on.

  If fortune be not ours today, it is

  Because we brave her. Come.

CLEOPATRA   Nay, I'll help too.

  What's this for?

ANTONY   Ah, let be, let be! Thou art

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

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

ANTONY   Well, well,

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

  Go, put on thy defenses.

EROS   Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA                               Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY

Rarely, rarely.

He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—  
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou.

*27.2 Shout. Trumpets flourish. Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

CAPTAIN

The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ALL

Good morrow, general.

ANTONY

'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.  
So, so.—Come, give me that. This way.—Well said.—  
Fare thee well, dame. Whate'er becomes of me,  
This is a soldier's kiss.—You that will fight,  
Follow me close. I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

*Exeunt [all but Cleopatra and Charmian].*

CHARMIAN

Please you retire to your chamber?

CLEOPATRA

Lead me.

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

*Exeunt.*

*28 Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros, [and a Soldier who meets them].*

SOLDIER                               The gods make this a happy day to Antony.

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

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

ANTONY                               Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER                               Who?  
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp  
Say "I am none of thine."

ANTONY                               What sayest thou?

SOLDIER                               Sir,  
He is with Caesar. Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

ANTONY                               Is he gone?

SOLDIER                               Most certain.

ANTONY

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

*Exeunt.*

*29.1 Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus.*

OCTAVIUS

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

AGRIPPA

Caesar, I shall.

*[She exits.]*

OCTAVIUS

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

*29.2 Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

Antony

Is come into the field.

OCTAVIUS

Go charge Agrippa

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

Upon himself.

*29.3 Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].*

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

*29.4 Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.*

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

ENOBARBUS    I give it you.

SOLDIER                    Mock not, Enobarbus.  
                                 I tell you true.

*29.5 Exit.*

ENOBARBUS

I am alone the villain of the Earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.  
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.*

*30 Alarum, Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, [with other of Caesar's soldiers.]*

AGRIPPA

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

*Exeunt.*

*31.1 Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.*

SCARUS

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

ANTONY

Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS

I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*[Sound of retreat] far off.*

ANTONY

They do retire.

*31.2 Enter Eros.*

EROS

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

ANTONY

Run one before

And let the Queen know of our gests. Tomorrow  
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood  
That has today escaped. I thank you all,  
Enter the city. Clip your wives, your friends.  
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss  
The honored gashes whole.

*31.3 Enter Cleopatra.*

CLEOPATRA

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY

Mine nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. Give me thy hand.  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march.  
With brazen din blast you now city's ear.  
Make mingle with our rattling taborins,



That heaven and Earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach.

*Exeunt.*

*32 Enter a Sentry and his company. Enobarbus follows.*

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

FIRST WATCH            This last day was a shrewd one to 's.

ENOBARBUS              O, bear me witness, night—

SECOND WATCH         What man is this?

FIRST WATCH           Stand close, and list him.

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

SENTRY                    Enobarbus?

SECOND WATCH         Peace! Hark further.

ENOBARBUS              O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,

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

*[He dies.]*

FIRST WATCH

Let's speak to him.

SENTRY

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

SECOND WATCH

Let's do so. But he sleeps. Awake, sir, awake!  
Speak to us.

FIRST WATCH

Hear you, sir?

SENTRY

The hand of death hath rought him.

*Drums afar off.*

Hark, the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To th' court of guard; he is of note. Our hour  
Is fully out.

SECOND WATCH                      Come on then. He may recover yet.

*Exeunt [with the body].*

*33 Enter Antony and Scarus, with their army.*

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

SCARUS    For both, my lord.

ANTONY                              I would they'd fight i' th' fire or i' th' air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us—order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven.

*Exeunt.*

*34 Enter Caesar and his army.*

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

*Exeunt.*

*35.1 Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight. Enter Antony and Scarus.*

ANTONY

All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder

They cast their caps up and carouse together

Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'Tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart

Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly—

For when I am revenged upon my charm,

I have done all. Bid them all fly. Begone!

35.2 [*Scarus exits.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.

Fortune and Antony part here; even here

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts

That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On blossoming Caesar, and this pine is barked

That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.

O, this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,

Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,

Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose

Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—

What Eros, Eros!

*35.3 Enter Cleopatra.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA                   Why is my lord enraged against his love?

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

*35.4 Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well th' art gone,  
If it be well to live. But better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot. She dies for 't.—Eros, ho!

*He exits.*

*36 Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

CLEOPATRA                   Help me, my women! O, he's more mad

Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so embossed.

CHARMIAN

To th' monument!

There lock yourself and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA

To th' monument!—

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

*Exeunt.*

*37.1 Enter Antony and Eros.*

ANTONY

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS

Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,  
That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water.

EROS

It does, my lord.

ANTONY

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

*37.2 Enter Mardian.*

O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.

MARDIAN

No, Antony,

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

ANTONY

Hence, saucy eunuch! Peace!

She hath betrayed me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN

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





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

*37.5 Enter Eros.*

EROS

What would my lord?

ANTONY

Since Cleopatra died

I have lived in such dishonor that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quartered the world and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman—less noble mind  
Than she which, by her death, our Caesar tells  
“I am conqueror of myself.” Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That when the exigent should come, which now  
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me  
Th' inevitable prosecution of







*[He takes Antony's sword.] Enter Mardian.*

MARDIAN                               Where's Antony?

SCARUS                                 There, Mardian, there.

MARDIAN                               Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

*37.8 [Scarus exits.]*

ANTONY                                 Art thou there, Mardian? Find a sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

MARDIAN   Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY                                 When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES   Now, my lord.

ANTONY   Where is she?

MARDIAN                               Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear  
Of what hath come to pass. For when she saw—  
Which never shall be found—you did suspect  
She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage  
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;  
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am returned,  
I dread, too late.



CLEOPATRA

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

ANTONY

Peace!

Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

CLEOPATRA

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

ANTONY

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

CLEOPATRA

I dare not, dear,

Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not,  
Lest I be taken. —We must draw thee up.—  
Assist, good friends.

*[They begin lifting him.]*

ANTONY

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA

Here's sport indeed. How heavy weighs my lord!

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

*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*

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

ALL A heavy sight!

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

CLEOPATRA They do not go together.

ANTONY Gentle, hear me.

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

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

ANTONY The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' th' world,



The noblest, and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquished. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

CLEOPATRA

Noblest of men, wilt die?

Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O see, my women,  
The crown o' th' Earth doth melt.—My lord!

*[Antony dies.]*

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

CHARMIAN

O, quietness, lady!

IRAS

She's dead, too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN

Lady!

IRAS

Madam!

CHARMIAN

O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS

Royal Egypt! Empress!

CHARMIAN

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA

No more but e'en a woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chores. It were for me  
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods,  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught.  
My noble girls! Ah, women, women! Look,  
Our lamp is spent; it's out. Good sirs, take heart.  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do 't after the high Roman fashion  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away.  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend  
But resolution and the briefest end.

*Exit, bearing off Antony's body.*

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39.1 *Enter Caesar with Agrippa, and Proculeius, his council of war.*

CAESAR

Agrippa go to him and bid him yield.  
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

AGRIPPA

Caesar, I shall.

39.2 [*Agrippa starts to exit.*] *Enter Scarus with the sword of Antony.*

OCTAVIUS

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

SCARUS

I am called Scarus.

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

OCTAVIUS

What is 't thou say'st?

SCARUS

I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

OCTAVIUS

The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

SCARUS

He is dead, Caesar,  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand



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

PROCULEIUS

Caesar, I shall.

*Exeunt.*

*40.1 Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.*

CLEOPATRA

My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will. And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change,

Which sleeps and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse, and Caesar's.

40.2 *Enter Proculeius.*

PROCULEIUS Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt,  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA What's thy name?

PROCULEIUS My name is Proculeius.

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

PROCULEIUS Be of good cheer.  
You're fall'n into a princely hand; fear nothing.  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,

Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness  
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

*40.3 [Soldiers enter and seize Cleopatra.]*

CHARMIAN                    O, Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA                Quick, quick, good hands!

PROCULEIUS                                    Hold, worthy lady, hold!  
  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Relieved, but not betrayed.

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

PROCULEIUS                                    O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA                Sir, I will eat no meat; I'll not drink, sir.  
  
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Caesar what he can. Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me; rather on Nilus' mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the waterflies  
Blow me into abhorring; rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet  
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Caesar.

*40.4 Enter Agrippa.*

AGRIPPA

Proculeius,

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

PROCULEIUS

Be gentle to her.

To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA

Say I would die.

*40.5 Exit Proculeius.*

AGRIPPA

Most noble empress, you have heard of me.

CLEOPATRA

I cannot tell.

AGRIPPA

Assuredly you know me.



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

AGRIPPA   I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA                               I dreamt there was an emperor Antony.  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man.

AGRIPPA   If it might please you—

CLEOPATRA                               His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted  
The little O, the Earth.

AGRIPPA   Most sovereign creature—

CLEOPATRA                               His legs bestrid the ocean, his reared arm  
Crested the world. His voice was propertied  
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.

AGRIPPA   Cleopatra—





To that destruction which I'll guard them from  
If thereon you rely. Therefore be cheered.  
Make not your thoughts your prisons. Feed and sleep.  
Our care and pity is so much upon you  
That we remain your friend. And so adieu.

CLEOPATRA                      My master and my lord!

OCTAVIUS    Not so. Adieu.

*40.7 Flourish. Caesar and his train exit.*

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

*[She whispers to Charmian.]*

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

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

CHARMIAN    Madam, I will.

*40.8 [She exits.] Enter Agrippa.*

AGRIPPA                                      Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this: Caesar through Syria  
Intends his journey, and within three days  
You with your children will he send before.  
Make your best use of this.

CLEOPATRA I shall remain your debtor.

AGRIPPA I your servant.

Adieu, good queen. I must attend on Caesar.

CLEOPATRA Farewell, and thanks.

*40.9 Exit [Agrippa].*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

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

IRAS The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras.. The quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us and present  
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' th' posture of a whore.

IRAS O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA Nay, that's certain.

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

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

40.10 *Enter Charmian.*

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

*[Iras exits.] A noise within.*

Wherefore's this noise?

40.11 *Enter a Guardsman.*

GUARDSMAN

Here is a rural fellow

That will not be denied your Highness' presence.

He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA

Let him come in.

*Exit Guardsman.*

What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.

My resolution's placed, and I have nothing

Of woman in me. Now from head to foot

I am marble-constant. Now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.

*40.12 Enter Countryman, [with a basket.]*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there

That kills and pains not?

COUNTRYMAN

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

CLEOPATRA

Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

COUNTRYMAN

Very many, men and women too. I heard of one  
of them no longer than yesterday—a very honest

woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty— how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm.

CLEOPATRA                   Get thee hence. Farewell.

COUNTRYMAN                I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEOPATRA                   Farewell.

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

CLEOPATRA                   Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

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

CLEOPATRA                   Will it eat me?

COUNTRYMAN                You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress her not.

CLEOPATRA                   Well, get thee gone. Farewell.

COUNTRYMAN                Yes, forsooth. I wish you joy o' th' worm.







FIRST GUARD Caesar hath sent—

CHARMIAN Too slow a messenger.

*[She takes out an asp.]*

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

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

SECOND GUARD Agrippa here is sent from Caesar. Call her.

*[A Guardsman exits.]*

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

CHARMIAN It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

*40.15 Charmian dies. Enter Agrippa.*

AGRIPPA How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD All dead.

AGRIPPA Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming

To see performed the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

*Enter Caesar and all his train, marching.*

ALL A way there, a way for Caesar!

