

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do

If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

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

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O! I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made

A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Taken no offence that I would not offend

you;

To punish me for what you make me do

Seems much unequal; he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave

of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee

hence;

The merchandise which thou hast brought from

Rome

Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand

And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony I have disprais'd

Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint. O Iras! Charmian! 'Tis no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Lethimforevergo:—Lethimnot—Charmian!—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. *[To MARDIAN.]* Bid

you Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Char-

man,

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side,

with drum and trumpet; at the other, CÆSAR,

ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with

Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you

mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have

we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three, 8

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods, I do not know

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, 13

There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-

dom, 17

To drench the Capitol, but that they would

Have one man but a man? And that is it

Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden 20

The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant

To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with

thy sails; 24

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou

know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;

But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, 28

Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—

For this is from the present—how you take

The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but

weigh 32

What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must

Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send 36

Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,

To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back

Our targets undinted.

Cæs.

Ant. That's our offer.

Lep.

Pom. Know, then.

I came before you here a man prepar'd 40

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 Cæsar and your brother were at blows, 44

Your mother came to Sicily and did find

Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;

And am well studied for a liberal thanks

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand: 48

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

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks

to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,

For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last, 52

There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not

What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face,

SCENE VI]

But in my bosom shall she never come

To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here. 56

Pom. I hopeso, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.

I crave our composition may be written

And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and

let's 60

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:

But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius

Cæsar 64

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard;

And I have heard Apollodorus carried— 68

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; how far'st thou,

soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive 72

Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye 76

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all: 80

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. }

Ant. Show us the way, sir.

Lep. }

Pom. Come.

[Exeunt all except MENAS and ENOBARBUS.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have

made this treaty. You and I have known, sir. 84

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise

me; though it cannot be denied what I have

done by land. 90

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your

own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land. 94

Eno. There I deny my land service. But

give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had

authority, here they might take two thieves

kissing.

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

their hands are. 100

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a

true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you. 104

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to

a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away

his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back

again. 109

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for

Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to

Cleopatra? 112

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

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

Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus

Antonius. 117

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit

together. 121

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,

I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose

made more in the marriage than the love of the

parties. 126

Eno. I think so too; but you shall find the

band that seems to tie their friendship together

will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia

is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 130

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is

Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish

again; then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the

fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that

which is the strength of their amity shall prove

the immediate author of their variance. Antony

will use his affection where it is; he married but

his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will

you aboard? I have a health for you. 141

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our

throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY'S Galley off Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a

banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o'

their plants are ill-rooted already; the least

wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured. 4

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-

drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the

disposition, he cries out, 'No more;' reconciles

them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war be-

tween him and his discretion. 11

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in

great men's fellowship; I had as lief have a reed

that will do me no service as a partisan I could

not heave. 15

First Serv. To be called into a huge

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MENCÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know By the 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, 25 And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

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

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

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

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

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

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear; what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile? *Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

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

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

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

Pom. Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

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

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter? *[Walks aside.]*

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

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What sayst thou?

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

Pom. How should that be?

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

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove; Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villany;

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

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour it. Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act; being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done, But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. *[Aside.]* For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

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

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

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

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

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

Here is to Cæsar!

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

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer;

But I had rather fast from all four days Than drink so much in one.

Eno. *[To ANTONY.]* Ha! my brave emperor; Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

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

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music; 116 The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing, The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!

In thy fats our cares be drown'd,

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:

Cup us, till the world go round,

Cup us, till the world go round!

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

Let me request you off; our graver business Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;

You see we have burnt our cheeks; strong Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath

almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony! You have my father's house,—But, what? we

are friends. Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. 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 hang'd! sound out!

[A flourish of trumpets with drums.]

Eno. Hoo! says a'. There's my cap.

Men. Hoo! noble captain! come. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, in triumph, with SILIUS and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body

Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, 4 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. 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.

Ven. O Silius, Silius!

I have done enough; a lower place, note well, 12 May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius, Better to leave undone than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won 16 More in their officer than person; Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his

favour.

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, 28 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

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

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia 33 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. 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.]*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What! are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O! how he loves Cæsar.

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

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird! 12

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, 'Cæsar,' go no further.

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

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot 16

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; hoo! His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
[Trumpets within.] So;
 This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa. 21
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. 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 furthest band
 Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set 28
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended 33
 In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep
 you, 36
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!

We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
 The elements be kind to thee, and make 40
 Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!
Ant. The April 'sin here eyes; it is love's spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful. 44

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

Cæs. What,
 Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can

Her heart obey her tongue; the swan's down-
 feather, 48

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

Eno. *[Aside to AGRIPPA.]* Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a
 horse; 52

So is he, being a man.
Agr. Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead
 He cried almost to roaring; and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. 56
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with

a rheum;
 What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
 Believe't, till I wept too.

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

Ant. Come, sir, come; 61

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
 Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
 And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy! 64
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
 To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!
[Kisses OCTAVIA.]

Ant. Farewell!
[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.
Enter a Messenger.

Cleo. Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,

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

Cleo. That Herod's head 4
 I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
 Through whom I might command it? Come
 thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty!
Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome; 8

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

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-
 tongu'd, or low? 12

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

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

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,
 and dwarfish! 16

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

Mess. She creeps;
 Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life, 20
 A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
 I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet. 24

The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,

She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty. 28

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

Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
 that are so.

Her hair, what colour? 32
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
 As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:
 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again; I find thee 36
 Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
 Our letters are prepar'd. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
 That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
 This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam. 41
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
 should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else de-
 fend,

And serving you so long! 44
Cleo. 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. 47

Char. I warrant you, madam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
 That were excusable, that, and thousands more
 Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
 New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and

read it 4
 To public ear:

Spoke scanty of me; when perforce he could
 not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
 He vented them; most narrow measure lent
 me; 8

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
 Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord!
 Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
 Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, 12

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, 'O! bless my lord and hus-
 band'; 16

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 'O! bless my brother!' Husband win, win
 brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20
 Let your best love draw to that point which
 seeks

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour
 I lose myself; better I were not yours
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
 quested, 24

Yourself shall go between's; the mean time,
 lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain your brother; make your soonest
 haste,

So your desires are yours. 28
Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
 weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
 be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift. 32

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-
 gins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your
 going; 36

Choose your own company, and command what
 cost

Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars
 upon Pompey. 5

Eno. This is old: what is the success?
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
 wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
 rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory
 of the action; and not resting here, accuses him
 of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey;
 upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor
 third is up, till death enlarge his confine. 13

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
 no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
 They'll grind the one the other. Where's An-
 tony? 16

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus: and
 spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool,
 Lepidus!'

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

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
 My lord desires you presently: my news
 I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
 But let it be. Bring me to Antony. 24

Eros. Come, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this
 and more

In Alexandria; here's the manner of't;
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

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[ACT III]

Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audi-
ence,

As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now
receiv'd

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily 24
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him

His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate 28
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; 32
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I 36
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.
Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-
away! 40
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus?
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and 44
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation
fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust 48
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are
come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
shown, 52
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it 56
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

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

Oct. My lord, in Athens. 64
Cæs. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assem-
bled 68

Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; 72
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched, 76
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong'd 80
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny 84
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought, and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers 88
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you; 92
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir? 96
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome; pray
you,
Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S Camp, near to the
Promontory of ACTIUM.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.
Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

SCENE VII]

Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these
wars,
And sayst it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it? 4
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should
not we

Be there in person?
Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would
bear 8

A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle An-
tony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's
time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in Rome 13
That Photinus a eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war, 16

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.
Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne? You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd 24
Than by the negligent.

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

Cleo. By sea! What else? 28
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

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

Can. Ay, and to wage his battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these
offers, 32
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet 36
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. 40
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted 44

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea. 48
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will be burn;
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, 52
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.
Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is de-
scried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-
sible; 56
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our
ship:

Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.
How now, worthy soldier! 60
Sold. O noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we 64
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!
[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*]
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows 68
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, 72
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in such distractions as 76
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throes forth 80
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near ACTIUM.
Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.
Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed 4
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]* Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place 8
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, 12
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away 17
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of 20
Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June, 24
Hoists sails and flies.

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

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, 28
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, honour, ne'er before 32
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well: 36
O! he has given example for our flight
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled. 40
Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already

Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow 44
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship 4
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be
gone; 8

I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O!
I follow'd that I blush to look upon: 12

My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you
shall 15

Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway;

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. 21
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:

Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. 24
[Sits down.]

*Enter EROS following CLEOPATRA, led by
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

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

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno! 28

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

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam; O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir!

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes. He, at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck 36
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenant, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No
matter. 40

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame. 44

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-
proaches:

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue. 48

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes 52
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well 56
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
Command me.

Cleo. O! my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowliness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd, 64

Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon! 68

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. 72
Some wine, within there, and our viands! For-
tune knows,

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—*Egypt. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from An-
tony.

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, 4

Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends 8
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so. Declare thine office.
Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
and

Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted, 12
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, 16

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

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. 24

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]
[To THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
time; dispatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add
more, 28

From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will
perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we 32
Will answer as a law.

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

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

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

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges

Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, 8

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace. 12

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
so she
Will yield us up?

Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't. 16

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

Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the
 rose 20
 Of youth upon him, from which the world
 should note
 Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's, whose ministers would pre-
 vail
 Under the service of a child as soon 24
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him there-
 fore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me. 28
[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]
Eno. *[Aside.]* Yes, like enough, high-battled
 Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show
 Against a sword! I see men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them, 33
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-
 du'd 36
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.
Cleo. What! no more ceremony? See! my
 women;
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40
[Exit Attendant.]
Eno. *[Aside.]* Mine honesty and I begin to
 square.
 The loyalty well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord, 44
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to An-
 tony, 48
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
 Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
 Whose he is we are, and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So. 52
 Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar en-
 treats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Cæsar.
Cleo. Go on; right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not An-
 tony 56
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour there-
 fore he
 Does pity, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
 What is most right. Mine honour was not
 yielded,
 But conquer'd merely.
Eno. *[Aside.]* To be sure of that,
 I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
 That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for 64
 Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit.]*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
 What you require of him? for he partly begs
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please
 him,
 That of his fortunes you should make a staff 68
 To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits
 To hear from me you had left Antony,
 And put yourself under his shroud,
 The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name? 72
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar 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; 76
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can, 80
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, 84
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
 What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.
Eno. *[Aside.]* You will be whipp'd. 88
Ant. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now,
 gods and devils!
 Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried
 'Ho!
 Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
 And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
 Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack and whip him. 93
Eno. *[Aside.]* 'Tis better playing with a lion's
 whelp
 Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
 Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
 taries 96
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's
 her name,
 Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face 100
 And whine aloud for mercy; take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
 Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall
 Bear us an errand to him. 104
[Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.]
 You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
 Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
 Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
 And by a gem of women, to be abus'd 108
 By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
 But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
 O misery on't!—the wise gods seal our eyes; 112
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make
 us
 Adore our errors; laugh at's while we strut
 To our confusion.
Cleo. O! is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon 116
 Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a frag-
 ment
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure, 120
 Though you can guess what temperance should
 be,
 You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
 And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with 124
 My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
 And plighter of high hearts. O! that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
 The horned herd; for I have savage cause; 128
 And to proclaim it civilly were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?
First Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?
First Att. He did ask favour. 133
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
 sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since 136
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him:
 henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to
 Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say 140
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am.
 Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't, 144
 When my good stars, that were my former
 guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has 148
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:

Hence with thy stripes; be gone! 152
[Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony.
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
 eyes 156
 With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah! dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, so 161
 Dissolve my life. The next Cæsarion smite,
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all, 164
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where 168
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most
 sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou
 hear, lady? 172
 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.

Cleo. That's my brave lord! 176
Ant. I will betreble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, 180
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day: 184
 I had thought to have held it poor; but, since
 my lord
 Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
 I'll force 189
 The wine peep through their scars. Come on,
 my queen;
 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
 I'll make death love me, for I will contend 192
 Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.]
Eno. 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, 196
 A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart. When valour preys on
 reason
 It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
 Some way to leave him. *[Exit.]*