

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Before Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.**Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MEENAS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

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

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

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.  
*Eno.* No.  
*Ant.* Why should he not?  
*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?  
*Eno.* I'll strike, and cry, 'Take all.'

*Ant.* Well said; come on.  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night  
Be bounteous at our meal.

*Enter three or four Servitors.*

Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou;  
Thou; and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

*Cleo.* What means this?  
*Eno.* [Aside to CLEOPATRA.] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

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

*Servants.* The gods forbid!  
*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night,  
20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

*Cleo.* [Aside to ENOBARBUS.] What does he mean?

*Eno.* [Aside to CLEOPATRA.] To make his followers weep.

*Ant.* Tend me to-night;  
May be it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death.  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

*Ant.* Ho, ho, ho!  
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense.

For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire  
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper,  
come,  
And drown consideration.

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Palace.**Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

*First Sold.* Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.

*Sec. Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?  
*First Sold.* Nothing. What news?

*Sec. Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

*First Sold.* Well, sir, good night.*Enter two other Soldiers.*

*Sec. Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

*Third Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.  
*Fourth Sold.* Here we:

[They take their posts.  
And if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

*Third Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purpose.

[Music of hautboys under the stage.  
*Fourth Sold.* Peace! what noise?

*First Sold.* List, list!  
*Sec. Sold.* Hark!

*First Sold.* Music! the air.

*Third Sold.* Under the earth.

*Fourth Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

*Third Sold.* No.

*First Sold.* Peace, I say!

What should this mean?  
*Sec. Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.  
*First Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.  
[They advance to another post.

*Sec. Sold.* How now, masters!

*Soldiers.* How now!—  
How now!—do you hear this?

*First Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

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

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

Let's see how't will give off.  
*Soldiers.* [Speaking together.] Content.—'Tis strange.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and Others, attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

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

*Enter EROS, with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:  
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her. Come.

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

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

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

*Ant.* Well, well; 8  
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* 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: dispatch. O love!

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

The royal occupation, thou shouldst see  
A workman in't.

*Enter an armed Soldier.*

Good morrow to thee; welcome;  
Thou look'st like him that knows a war-like charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to't with delight.

*Sold.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]

*Enter Captains and Soldiers.*

*Capt.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said. 28  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me;  
This is a soldier's kiss. [Kisses her.] Rebukeable

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight, 33  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Captains, and Soldiers.*

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.  
*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar  
might

Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony,—but now.—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. ANTONY'S Camp.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a  
Soldier meeting them.

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

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

To make me fight at land!

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

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?  
*Sold.* Who!

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

*Ant.* What sayst thou?  
*Sold.* Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?  
*Sold.* Most certain.

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

SCENE VI.—*Before Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

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

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.



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Our will is Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall.

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near: 5  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd  
world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go charge Agrippa 8  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. *[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.]*

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade 13  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment, but 17  
No honourable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony 20  
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.

*Eno.* I give it you. 24  
*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: best you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor 28  
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony!  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have 32  
paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my  
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't,  
I feel. 36  
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the  
Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA  
and Others.*

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

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought  
indeed! 4  
Had we done so at first, we had droven them  
home

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.  
*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire. 8  
*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have  
yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advan-  
tage serves  
For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs, 12  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.  
*Scar.* I'll halt after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,  
and Forces.*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp; run  
one before

And let the queen know of our gestic. To-  
morrow,  
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all; 4  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, 8  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful  
tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and  
kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole. *[To SCARUS.]* Give  
me thy hand:

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, 12  
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o' the  
world!  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and  
all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords! 16  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
though grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown,  
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day 24  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,

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An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand: 29  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
them:

Had our great palace the capacity 32  
To camp this host, we all would sup together  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear, 36  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together,  
Applauding our approach. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

*Sentinels on their post.*

*First Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this  
hour,

We must return to the court of guard: the night  
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

*Sec. Sold.* This last day was 4  
A shrewd one to's.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* O! bear me witness, night,—  
*Third Sold.* What man is this?

*Sec. Sold.* Stand close and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record 8  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!

*First Sold.* Enobarbus! Peace!  
*Third Sold.*

Hark further.  
*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispoison upon 13  
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, 16  
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; 20  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

*O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]*  
*Sec. Sold.* Let's speak to him.

*First Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he  
speaks

May concern Cæsar.  
*Third Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

*First Sold.* Swounds rather; for so bad a  
prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep. Go we to him. 28  
*Sec. Sold.*

*Third Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.  
*Sec. Sold.* Hear you, sir?

*First Sold.* The hand of death hath raught  
him. *[Drums afar off.]*  
Hark! the drums

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Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

*Third Sold.* Come on, then; 33  
He may recover yet. *[Exeunt with the body.]*

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

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

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

*Scar.* For both, my lord.  
*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the  
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot 4  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us; order for sea is given,  
They have put forth the haven, 7  
Where their appointment we may best discover  
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by  
land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, 12  
And hold our best advantage! *[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd. Where yond  
pine does stand  
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word  
Straight how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*

*Scar.* Swallows have built 16  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts, 20  
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear  
Of what he has and has not.

*[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost!  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me;  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder 24  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!  
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 28  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly; be gone.  
*[Exit SCARUS.]*

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more;  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here 32  
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The  
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am. 37  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,  
Whose eyes beck'd forth my wars, and call'd  
them home,



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Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end, 40  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.  
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah! thou spell. Avaunt!  
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his  
love? 44  
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy de-  
serving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take  
thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 48  
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEOPATRA.]

'Tis well thou'rt gone, 52  
If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me, 56  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage;  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest  
club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and  
I fall 61  
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!

[Exit.

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the  
Palace.*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and  
MARDIAN.

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

Char. To the monument!  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are  
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting 4  
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:  
Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony', 8  
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence,  
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.  
To the monument! [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?  
Eros. Ay, noble lord.  
Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dra-  
gonish;  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock, 4  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world

And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen  
these signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord. 8  
Ant. 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.  
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain  
is 12

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, 15  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,  
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't  
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my  
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph. 20  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O! thy vile lady;  
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;  
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes min-  
gled 24  
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!  
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.  
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but  
once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst  
do 28

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake  
Was, 'Antony! most noble Antony!'  
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided 32  
Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.  
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is  
done,

And we must sleep. [To MARDIAN.] That thou  
depart'st hence safe, 36

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit MARDIAN.]  
Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O! cleave, my  
sides;

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40  
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.  
No more a soldier; bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and 44  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture; since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles 48  
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.  
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for  
me:

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Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in  
hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts  
gaze; 52  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?  
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods 56  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's  
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60  
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells  
'I am conqueror of myself'. Thou art sworn,  
Eros,

Than, when the exigent should come,—which  
now

Is come indeed,—when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of 65  
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is  
come.

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

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

Ant. Eros,  
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and  
see 72

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending  
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensu'd?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must  
be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me. 80  
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou  
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. 84

Eros. Turn from me then that noble coun-  
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once 88

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell. 92

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike  
now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then; thus do I escape the  
sorrow [Kills himself.]

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what 96  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and  
Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record; but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100  
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falls on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?  
The guard, ho! O! dispatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise? 104  
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O!  
make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fallen.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I. 108

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers  
fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this  
tidings, 112

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCETAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy  
sword, and give me 116

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a  
prophesying fear 120

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw—  
Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she  
was dead; 124

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard,

I prithee. 128

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The  
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides; 132

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.



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

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

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The Same. A Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian! I will never go from hence.  
*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not.  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*Enter, below, DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* How now! is he dead?  
Look out o' the other side your monument;  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.* O sun!  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; darkling  
stand

The varying star o' the world. O Antony,  
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,  
help;

Help, friends below! let's draw him hither.

*Ant.* Peace!  
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

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

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

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,—  
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,  
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, An-  
tony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O! quick, or I am gone.  
*Cleo.* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs  
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's  
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee  
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,  
Wishers were ever fools. O! come, come, come;

[*They heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA.*]  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast  
liv'd;

Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight! 40  
*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.  
*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so  
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

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

*Cleo.* They do not go together.  
*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:

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

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

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O! see my women,

[*ANTONY dies.*]  
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!

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

*Char.* O, quietness, lady! 68  
*Irás.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!  
*Irás.* Madam!

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!  
*Irás.* Royal Egypt!

*Empress!*

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras! 72  
*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman, and com-  
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares. It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you,  
women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,  
Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look! 84  
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 it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come,

away;

This case of that huge spirit now is cold;  
Ah! women, women. Come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

# ACT V

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. CÆSAR'S Camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

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

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]  
*Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou  
that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

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

*Cæs.* What is't thou sayst? 12  
*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should  
make

A greater crack; the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did  
lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

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

*Agr.* And strange it is, 28  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Wag'd equal with him.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set be-  
fore him,

He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance 36  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament, 40  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war, 44  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our  
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—

*Enter an Egyptian.*

But I will tell you at some meet season: 49  
The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

*Egypt.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my  
mistress, 52

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forc'd to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart; 56  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Egypt.* So the gods preserve thee! 60  
[*Exit.*]

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,  
We purpose her no shame; give her what com-  
forts

The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke 64  
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.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*]  
*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along. [*Exit GALLUS.*]  
Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*Agr.* Dolabella!

*Mec.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see 73  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see 76  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Monument.*

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

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will; and it is great 4  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,



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[ACT V

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, below, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

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

*Cleo.* What's thy name?  
*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.* Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell  
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer;  
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear no-  
thing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need; let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

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

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady: 32  
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd.  
[PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend  
the monument by a ladder, and come be-  
hind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard  
unbar and open the gates, discovering  
the lower room of the monument.]

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard.] Guard her till  
Cæsar come.

*Exit.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!  
*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.  
*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold!  
[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty by  
The undoing of yourself; let the world see 44  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a  
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.* O! temperance, lady.

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,  
sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,  
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I 52  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletry 56  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60  
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius, 64  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee; as for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best; be gentle to her. 68  
[To CLEOPATRA.] To Cæsar I will speak what  
you shall please,  
If you'll employ me to him.

*Cleo.* Say, I would die.

[Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.]  
*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of  
me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly you know me. 72  
*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or  
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their  
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd there was an Emperor An-  
tony: 76

O! such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man.

*Dol.* If it might please ye,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens, and therein  
stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and  
lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd  
arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; 84

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in't, an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping; his delights 88

Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in; in his livery

Walk'd crows and crownets, realms and islands  
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,— 92

## SCENE II]

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*Cleo.* Think you there was, or might be, such  
a man

As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were, one such, 96  
It's past the size of dreaming; nature wants  
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet to imagine  
An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam. 100  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might  
never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites 104  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you  
knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,— 108

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't.

[Within, 'Make way there!—Cæsar!]

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam. 112

[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts; 116  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well 120

To make it clear; but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce: 124

If you apply yourself to our intents,—

Which towards you are most gentle,—you shall  
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek 128

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. 132

*Cleo.* And may through all the world: 'tis  
yours; and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,  
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good  
lord.

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

*Cleo.* [Giving a Scroll.] This is the brief of  
money, plate, and jewels, 137

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

*Sel.* Here, madam. 140

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer; let him speak, my  
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam, 144

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

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?

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

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

*Cleo.* See! Cæsar! O, behold, 149

How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be  
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does 152

Even make me wild. O slave! of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd. What! goest thou back?

thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,  
dog! 156

O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is  
this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

Doing the honour of thy lordliness 160

To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy. Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, 164

Immortal toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart 168

For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded

With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites  
me

Beneath the fall I have. [To SELEUCUS.] Prithee,  
go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits 172

Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a  
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

*Cleo.* Be it known that we, the greatest, are  
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall, 176

We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-  
ledg'd,

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, 181

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be  
cheer'd;



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[ACT V]

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep: Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu. *[Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.]*

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian. *[Whispers CHARMIAN.]*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,

And we are for the dark. *Cleo.* Hie thee again: I have spoke already, and it is provided;

Go, put it to the haste. *Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Cleo.* Dolabella!

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria

Intends his journey; and within three days You with your children will he send before.

Make your best use of this; I have perform'd Your pleasure and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella, I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

*Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.*

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. *[Exit DOLABELLA.]*

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 forc'd to drink their vapour. *Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy

lectors Will catch at us, like strumpets, and scald rimers

Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

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

*Iras.* O, the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that's certain. *Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes. *Cleo.* Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer Their most absurd intents.

*Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Now, Charmian,

Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go. Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;

And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all. *[Exit IRAS. A noise heard.]*

Wherefore's this noise?

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow That will not be denied your highness' presence:

He brings you figs. *Cleo.* Let him come in. *[Exit Guard.]* What

poor an instrument May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me; now from head to foot

I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.]*

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

*Clo.* Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch

him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Clo.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday;

a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of

honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she makes a very good

report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that

they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell. *Clo.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. *Clo.* You must think this, look you, that the

worm will do his kind. *Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clo.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for

indeed there is no goodness in the worm. *Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

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

*Cleo.* Will it eat me? *Clo.* You must not think I am so simple

but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the

gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great

harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

SCENE II]

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## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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

*Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have

Immortal longings in me; now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So; have you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

*[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

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

The gods themselves do weep. *Cleo.* This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

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

*[To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]* With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate

Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool, Be angry, and dispatch. O! couldst thou

speak, That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass Unpolitic.

*Char.* O eastern star! *Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too. *[Applying another asp to her arm.]*

What should I stay— *[Dies.]*

*Char.* In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play. *Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*First Guard.* Where is the queen? *Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

*First Guard.* Cæsar hath sent— *Char.* Too slow a messenger.

*[Applies an asp.]*

O! come apace, dispatch; I partly feel thee. *First Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well;

Cæsar's beguil'd. *Sec. Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from

Cæsar; call him. *First Guard.* What work is here! Charmian,

is this well done? *Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings. Ah! soldier. *[Dies.]*

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here? *Sec. Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou So sought'st to hinder.

*[Within, 'A way there!—a way for Cæsar!']*

*Re-enter CÆSAR and all his Train.*

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

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last, She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them? *First Guard.* A simple countryman that

brought her figs: This was his basket.

*Cæs.* Poison'd then. *O Cæsar!*

*First Guard.* This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; trembling she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd. *Cæs.* O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood, and something blown;

The like is on her arm. *First Guard.* This is an aspic's trail; and these

fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile. *Cæs.* Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed; And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony: No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn show, attend this funeral, And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt.]*