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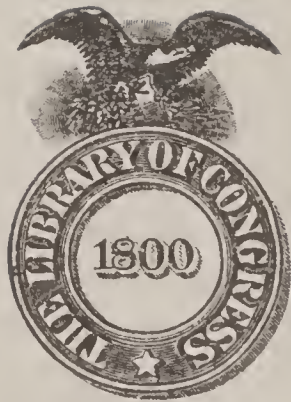
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**BEQUEST OF
ALBERT ADSIT CLEMONS
(Not available for exchange)**

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



IS NOT · THIS · BVCKLED ·
WELL? · · · ACT · IV · SCENE · IV

Antony and Cleopatra

ANTONY AND
CLEOPATRA

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



PHILADELPHIA

HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY.

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Bequest

Albert Adsit Clemons

Aug. 24, 1938

(Not available for exchange)

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INTRODUCTION.

All for Love; or, The World Well Lost, was Dryden's title to his version, written in 1678, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. This title implied an absolute reversal of Shakespeare's meaning in the play, a mistake which might have appeared reasonable to the apprehension of playgoers in the time of Charles the Second, but in which there would have been no reason to the mind in an Elizabethan. Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* might more truly have been called *All for Lust; or, The World Ill Lost*. It was intended to show how, as Plutarch said, "the last and extremest mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on Antony, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before." It is the old, old warning to avoid the house of the strange woman, "for her house in-

clineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead. None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life."

The play was, of course, written after *Julius Cæsar*, from which it carries on the sequence of historical events. In *Julius Cæsar* Antony first appears as "for the course," and his love of pleasure is indicated at the outset.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part.

—of that quick spirit that is in Antony." In *Julius Cæsar* the higher use of that quick spirit is chiefly dwelt upon, and the soul of the story is found in a truth of life that has no relation with that shown to be at the heart of the tale of Antony's final ruin, through the overgrowth of his desire towards what William Wordsworth has described in the young as "simple pleasure foraging for death." In the two plays there is a continuous tale in two parts, each part shaped for enforcement of that first principle which its problem of life especially illustrates. Each play therefore, as to its central thought, is entirely distinct from the

other; and in this respect the sequence in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* differs from the sequence of *King Richard II.*, the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, and *King Henry V.*, in which plays there is a continuation, not only of the setting forth of one series of historical events, but also of the setting forth of one poetical conception.

The writing of *Antony and Cleopatra* may possibly have followed some years after the writing of *Julius Cæsar*. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 20th May, 1608, to Edward Blunt, "for his copie vnder thandes of Sir George Buck, knight, and Master Warden Seton. A booke called 'The booke of Pericles prynce of Tyre.' Also to his copye by the lyke Authoritie. A booke called 'Anthony and Cleopatra.'" There were two quartos of *Pericles* in 1609, but of *Antony and Cleopatra* no quarto is known. It seems to have been first printed in the folio of 1623.

This play has a certain relation in its motive to the trilogy on Henry IV. and Henry V. In the trilogy we see a generous nature tempted by the pleasures of the world, through the same quick spirit that was in Antony—"most subject is the fattest soil to weeds"—but Prince Harry was not hopelessly entangled in the net. He rose again

and again at the call of duty, finally cast off Falstaff, the embodiment of pleasures of the flesh, and went to the battle of life—as King Henry V. to the Battle of Agincourt—“God before.” In Antony Shakespeare takes pains also to represent a nature large and liberal, a man capable of generous thought and high achievement, a ripe soldier, linked with the young Octavius, whose narrower way of thought banked in—like Hotspur’s—yields him no temptation to turn aside. But Antony is past fifty. Shakespeare has followed Plutarch very closely in construction of his play, and has conceived, according to his author, an Antony aged fifty-three or fifty-six, not yet emancipated from the fetters of the sense caught in the net of a Cleopatra of eight-and-thirty, who neglects no art for the preservation of her charms. In this respect there is to be observed a strong dramatic contrast between the boy and girl love of Romeo and Juliet, a passion of the fancy that transforms the real to the ideal, and the animal passion of Antony and Cleopatra, that quenches every pure aspiration, and draws the spirit with the body earth to earth.

But is this a fair way of regarding Shakespeare’s Cleopatra? Is she not such a Cleopatra as might

win an Antony? Of course she is. If Falstaff had not been shown to us good-humoured, sociable, and witty, but had been painted as some lean-witted tub-preacher might describe enticements of the flesh, he would have been shown as a man by whom Prince Hal would have been repelled, and not attracted. It was of the essence of Shakespeare's art—in every sense—to paint Falstaff as one who could surround with pleasant humours the plain fact that he was a thief, a coward, and a liar; to make him so kindly and amusing that we all are of one mind with the Prince in finding him good company. It needed a Falstaff to win comradeship with Prince Hal. In like manner, no Acrasia less enchanting than a Cleopatra could have dragged down an Antony.

In the first lines of the play spoken by Philo in the house of Cleopatra Shakespeare distinctly marks its theme, and associates comment on “the dotage of our general,” who is described as a “strumpet's fool,” when he first enters with Cleopatra by his side; Cleopatra, whose first words to him mock at his wife. When he hears of his wife's death, and of the troubles that call on him for action, Antony's spirit is roused to a struggle to possess himself—

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

And again,

“I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know
My idleness doth hatch.”

When Enobarbus speaks of Cleopatra as a business to set against the business in the state, Antony says, “No more light answers;” and when the roused sense of duty is met by the wishes of Cleopatra, it only half yields and leaves her with a woman’s admiration of a man who can be resolute. He leaves for Rome, and he leaves Cleopatra bound, in their own way, to him, as he to her. “Did I, Charmian, ever love Cæsar so?”

In the Second Act Antony’s more generous nature shows itself in the dialogue with Cæsar, and he accepts marriage with Cæsar’s sister in good faith ; but the picture of Cleopatra when she first charmed Antony upon the river of Cydnus, as shown by Enobarbus, is set in the middle of the story of his marriage to Octavia, and we are shown the light passion of Cleopatra when she hears that Antony is married to Octavia. In the third scene of the Third Act there is skilful suggestion of love built on the clay in Cleopatra’s

questioning of the messenger, for it looks only to the bodily features of Octavia, her stature, voice, face, forehead, and the colour of her hair, and draws much consolation from fleshly comparisons. In the same Act, in the decisive sea-fight, Antony is drawn from victory to follow Cleopatra, who had fled.

“ She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.”

In the later scenes, Antony is still shown as a noble ruin. His dealing with Enobarbus, when deserted even by that once honest friend, is one clear indication of the generosity of Antony’s large nature. He beats strong wings and lifts his head as if to soar, caught as an eagle in the toils. The strength of his desire towards Cleopatra is the weakness of Antony; the strength of her desire towards Antony is the whole strength of Cleopatra. Beyond that her care in life is artifice of her profession as a beauty, who, at the age of thirty-eight, cannot afford to trust too simply to Nature. She

has, in her own strength, pathetic traces at the last of that which might have been the glory of her womanhood, had not her thoughts been low.

H. M.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,	} <i>Trium-</i> <i>virs.</i>	TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General</i>	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		<i>to Cæsar.</i>	
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,		CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-General</i>	
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		<i>to Antony.</i>	
DOMITIUS ENO-	} <i>Friends of</i> <i>Antony.</i>	SILIUS, <i>an Officer under</i>	
BARBUS,		<i>Ventidius.</i>	
VENTIDIUS,		EUPHRONIUS, <i>an Ambassador</i>	
EROS,		<i>from Antony to Cæsar.</i>	
SCARUS,		ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS,	
DERCETAS,		<i>and DIOMEDES, Attendants</i>	
DEMETRIUS,		<i>on Cleopatra.</i>	
PHILO,		<i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>	
MECÆNAS,		} <i>Friends of</i> <i>Cæsar.</i>	CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt.</i>
AGRIPPA,			OCTAVIA, <i>Sister to Cæsar, and</i>
DOLABELLA,	<i>Wife to Antony.</i>		
PROCULEIUS,	CHARMIAN <i>and</i> IRAS, <i>Atten-</i>		
THYREUS,	<i>dants on Cleopatra.</i>		
GALLUS,	} <i>Friends of</i> <i>Pompey.</i>		<i>Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,</i>
MENAS,			<i>and other Attendants.</i>
MENECRATES,			
VARRIUS,			

SCENE—In several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war

Have glowed like plated Mars', now bend, now turn
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust. Look where they come. 10

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
 new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—the sum

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this ;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant.

How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ;
both ?—

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

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo.

Excellent falsehood ! 40

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

Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now :—what sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives 50
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired.
No messenger ; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

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

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. Another Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

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

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive. 20

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress. 30

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

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

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:—pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million. 40

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch

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

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

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

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

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 51

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 61

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

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I

beseech thee ; and let her die too, and give him a worse ; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

73

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

Char. Amen.

80

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

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char.

Not he ; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth ; but, on the sudden,

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam ?

91

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

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him : go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, *Soothsayer, and Attendants.*

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger and Attendants.*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius ?

Mess. Ay :

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

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, 100
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst ?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On :

Things, that are past, are done with me.—'Tis
thus :

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

I hear him as he flattered.

Mess.

Labienuſ—

This is ſtiff news—hath with his Parthian force

Extended Asia ; from Euphrates

His conquering banner ſhook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia : whiſt—

110

Ant. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay,—

Mess. O, my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue :

Name Cleopatra as ſhe is called in Rome ;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults

With ſuch full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds

When our quick minds lie ſtill ; and our illſ told
us

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

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Mess. At your noble pleaſure.

[*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news ! Speak there !

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon,—is there ſuch an
one ?

2 *Att.* He ſtays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear—

These ſtrong Egyptian fetters I muſt break,

Or loſe myſelf in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you ?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she ?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :

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

[Giving a letter.

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempts do often hurl from us, 131
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her
on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—Ho, Enobarbus !

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence. 140

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women : we see

how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our départure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly : I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think, there is mettle in death which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

153

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report : this cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

160

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work ; which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia !

Ant. Dead.

169

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth : comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crowned with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat ;—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

180

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

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

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too
191
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people—
 Whose love is never linked to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past—begin to throw
 Pompey the Great and all his dignities
 Upon his son, who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up 200
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
 breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Another Room in
 CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does :—

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

[*Exit* ALEXAS.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

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

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose
him. 10

Char. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish, for-
bear :

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I 'm sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I shall
fall :

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

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What 's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some
good news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go : 20

Would she had never given you leave to come !

Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here,—

I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed ! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the thronéd gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows 30
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : no going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst
 know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile ; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
 Equality of two domestic powers
 Breed scrupulous faction : the hated, grown to
 strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemned Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safe my
 going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness :—can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read 60

The garboils she awaked ; at the last, best,

See, when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love,
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace or war 70
As thou affect'st.

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

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt : good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

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Ant. You 'll heat my blood : no more.

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

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

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

90

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : your honour calls you hence ;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
 Sit laurel victory, and smooth success 100
 Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
 Our separation so abides and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away! [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and *Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
 know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural wise to hate
 Our great competitor. From Alexandria
 This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall
 find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness : 11
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchased ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet²⁰
With knaves that smell of sweat : say, this be-
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must

Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for 't ; but, to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as **loud**
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid 30

As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
 hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears, he is beloved of those
 That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
 It hath been taught us from the primal state, 41
 That he which is was wished, until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
 love,

Comes deared by being lacked. This common
 body,

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

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,

Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind : many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt :
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink 61
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on ; and all this—
It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
So much as lanked not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome : 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

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

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;
I know it for my bond. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A room in CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char.

Why, madam!

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time,

My Antony is away.

Char.

You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char.

Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar.

What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee, 10

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do no-
thing,

But what indeed is honest to be done;

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !

Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, ' Where's my serpent of old
Nile ?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch ; and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow ;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses— 40
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. ‘Good friend,’ quoth he,
‘Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.’ So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have
spoke
Was beastly dumb’d by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o’ the year between the
extremes 51

Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, ’t is the man; but note
him:

He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not
merry,—

Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes, 60
 So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

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

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

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
 Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again
 My man of men.

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

Cleo. My salad days,
 When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
 To say as I said then!—But come, away;
 Get me ink and paper:
 He shall have every day a several greeting,
 Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S
House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

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

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

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

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

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope¹⁰
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered ; but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip ! 21

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,

Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour

Even till a Lethe'd dulness !

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius !

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 't is 30

A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter

A better ear.—Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donned his
helm

For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ; 40
His brother warred upon him ; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves,

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't ! It only stands 50
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of
LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

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

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

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

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard ; when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

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

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit. 30

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

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

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
 If, or for nothing or a little, I
 Should say myself offended ; and with you
 Chiefly i' the world ; more laughed at that I should
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your
 name

It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
 What was't to you ? 40

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

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

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

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

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
 never
 Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it, 50
 And have my learning from some true reports,
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not
 rather

Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you 've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

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

Ant. Not so, not so ; 60
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might

Go to wars with the women ! 70

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must

But say, I could not help it.

Cæs.

I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria ; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts

Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant.

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted : then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want 80

Of what I was i' the morning ; but, next day,

I told him of myself ; which was as much

As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,

Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs.

You have broken

The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep.

Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :

The honour's sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar ; 90

The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them,

The which you both denied.

Ant.

Neglected, rather,

And then, when poisoned hours had bound me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do 100
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have
time to wrangle in when you have nothing else
to do. 111

Ant. Thou art a soldier only : speak no more.

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

Ant. You wrong this presence ; therefore, speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech ; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge 120
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, 130
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife ; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but
tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both, 141
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

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

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, 150
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

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

Lep. Happily, Amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great 160
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What 's his strength
By land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing ; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So 's the fame.
Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we 170
The business we have talked of.

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

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy
Mecænas!—

My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus! 179

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

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

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her. 190

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

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfuméd that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster, 201
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description : she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, 211
So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, 220
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard
speak,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary pays his heart 230
For what his eyes ate only.

Agr. Royal wench!

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

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things

Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blesséd lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S HOUSE.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them ;
and Attendants.*

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Ocia. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

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

Ant. Say to me, Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon—that's thy spirit which keeps thee—is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 21
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

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

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou 'rt sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him, 30
 But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :
 Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art or hap,
 He hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
 And in our sports my better cunning faints
 Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds ;
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt :
 And though I make this marriage for my peace, 40
 I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia : your commission 's ready ;
 Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter ;

My purposes do draw me much about :

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt*]

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

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

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

Attend. The music, ho !

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let's to billiards : come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore ; best play with Mardian.

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

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though 't
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river : there, 10
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, ' Ah, ha ! you 're caught ! '

Char. 'T was merry when
You wagered on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times !—
I laughed him out of patience ; and that night
I laughed him into patience : and next morn, 20
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy !—

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

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead !—if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress : but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

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

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
But there's no goodness in thy face : if Antony
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings ? if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with
snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st :

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

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay 50
The good precedence ; fie upon 'but yet !'
'But yet' is as a goaler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
'The good and bad together : he's friends with
Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mess. Free, madam ? no ; I made no such report :

He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?—

[*Strikes him again.*

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

Like balls before me ; I 'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in
brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

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

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ; 70

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He 's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run.—

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

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself :

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:—

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call. 80

Char. He is afeared to come.

Cleo.

I will not hurt him.—

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90

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 submerged, and made

A cistern for scaled snakes. Go, get thee hence :

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married ?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend
you :

To punish me for what you make me do, 100

Seems much unequal. He is 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 dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence ;

I faint :—O Iras ! Charmian !—'T is no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him 111

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

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

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him for ever go :—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

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

Alexas

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

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 another, CÆSAR,
LEPIDUS, ANTONY, 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 considered, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know 10
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honoured, honest Roman, Brutus,

With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden 20
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;

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,

Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,—

For this is from the present,—how you take 30

The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embraced.

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
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon
To part with unhacked edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared 41
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,
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:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither,—
For I have gained by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

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

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed,
 I crave, our composition may be written,
 And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and
 let's 61

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

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— 69

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,
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 loved you much ; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.— 80

Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

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. 92

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.

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. 101

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.

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 't back again.

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.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'T is 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.

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, lying near Misenum.

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

1 *Serv.* Here they 'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, 'No more; ' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 10

2 *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.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not

to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, 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, 21
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have 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. 30

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' pyramises are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that. 39

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear :
what is 't ?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] 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 its own organs ; it lives by that which nourisheth it ; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of ? 50

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is 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. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang !
Tell me of that ? away !

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
hear me, 59

Rise from thy stool.

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

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

Pom. Thou hast served 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 say'st 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: 71
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 then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
 And not have spoke on 't. In me, 't is villainy;
 In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,
 'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour; 81
 Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betrayed thine act: being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done,
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
 I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offered,
 Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
 Pompey. 90

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. 100

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 it.
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 us all take hands, 111
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music ;
 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 vats our cares be drowned, 120
 With thy grapes our hairs be crowned !
 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
 Anticked us all. What needs more words ? Good
 night.— 130
 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 hanged!
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Hoo, says 'a!—There's my cap. 139

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

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
 Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

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 10
 Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
 I've done enough: a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,—
 Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
 Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown 19
 Which he achieved 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 't would offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

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

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' 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. An Ante-chamber in CÆSAR'S
House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched 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. 'T is 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. 10

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

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

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

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.*] So,— 20

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

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 approval.—Most noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Betwixt us as the cément of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30

The fortress of it; for far better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherished.

Ant.

Make me not offended

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
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.

Octa. My noble brother !—

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

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

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at the 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 s
horse ; 51

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.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;

What willingly he did confound he wailed,
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 ; 60
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 !

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 afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
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
I looked her in the face ; and saw her led 10
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-tongued,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voiced.

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

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

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

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: 20

She shows a body rather than a life;

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.—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow—

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

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

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round? 30

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

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

Her hair, what colour?

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
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much, 40
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 't is no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

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 waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and
read it

To public ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O, my good lord, 10
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :

Sure, the good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

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 requested,
 Yourself shall go between 's: the meantime, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stay your brother. Make your soonest
 haste;
 So your desires are yours.

Octa.

Thanks to my lord,

The Jove of power make me, most weak, most
 weak, 29
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Athens. Another Room in ANTONY'S
House.

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.

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. 12

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 Antony ?

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

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

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
My lord desires you presently : my news 21
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught ;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

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 silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned : 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, 10
 Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
 exercise.

His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings ;
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assigned
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appeared ; and oft before gave audience,
 As 't is 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 received
 His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar ; and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
 His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
 Some shipping unrestored : lastly, he frets
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered. 30

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

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway ! 40

Octa. You have not called 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
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
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented 51
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unloved : we should have met you
 By sea and land, supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

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

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. 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 ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrongéd 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 assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king 70
 Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
 King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
 Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
 The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

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

Cæs. Welcome hither.
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceived both how you were wrong led, 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 determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome ;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make their ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort ;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr.

Welcome, lady. 90

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

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

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
Be ever known to patience : my dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

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

Eno. But why, why, why ?

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

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not denounced 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
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say ? 9

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity ; and 't is said in Rome
That Phótinus, an 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,

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

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

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium, .21
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne ?—You have heard on 't,
sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired

Than by the negligent.

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

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these
offers, 31

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

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

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land; 41
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted

Your own renownéd 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.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
 And with the rest, full-manned, from the head of
 Actium 50

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

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

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

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 't is impossible ;
 Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse :—we'll to our
 ship.

Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ; 60

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have 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

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? 70

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius;
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
Beguiled 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 79

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 the prescript of this scroll:

Our fortune lies upon this jump [*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

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, 10
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 kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt,—

Whom leprosy o'ertake !—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared, 20

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
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 loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame :
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before 30
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has 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.

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 40
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
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 ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither :
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I've a ship
Laden with gold ; take that ; divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
gone ;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :

My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 I followed that I blush to look upon :
 My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone : you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of 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.

[Sits down.]

Enter EROS, and 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 !

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

Eros. See you here, sir ?

30

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
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had 39
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

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.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen ap
proaches :

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

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

Eros. Sir, the queen. 50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on 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 followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
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 lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—

Know you him ?

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

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf 9
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,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,

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

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-disgracéd friend,
Or take his life there : this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*
[*To THYREUS.*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is
time ; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, 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 Cleopatra's
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 nicked his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meréd question. 'T was a shame no less 10
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

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.

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 prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it : follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough, high-battled
Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show
Against a sworder !—I see, men's judgments are 31
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
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 kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir. 40

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,
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 Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renowned : Cæsar entreats,
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 Antony
As you did love but as you feared him.

Cleo.

O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour therefore he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo.

He is a god, and knows 60

What is most right. Mine honour was not
yielded,

But conquered 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
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit.*]

Thyr.

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

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 his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is 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 mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place
As it rained 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 obeyed.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there.—Ay, you kite!—Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried,
'Ho!' 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, 'Your will?' Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and
whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'T is 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

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 whipped,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall

Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.*

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

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :— 110

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,—
 O misery on 't!—the wise gods seel our eyes ;
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; **make**
 us

Adore our errors ; laugh at 's, while we strut
 To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher ; nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously picked 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

My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan to outroar
 The hornéd herd! for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like 129
 A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipped?

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
 sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped 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 't is to do't,

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
Hipparchus, my enfranchéd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou :
Hence, with thy stripes, be gone ! [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack ! our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
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,
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

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land

Hath nobly held ; our severed navy too 170

Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sœalike.

Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle :

There 's hope in 't yet.

Cleo.

That 's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,

And fight maliciously : for when mine hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives

Of me for jests ; but now, I 'll set my teeth, 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 birthday

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

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen ; 190

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

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

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear ; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge : and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 199
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had
 power
 To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
 He hath whipped with rods ; dares me to personal
 combat,
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 ¹⁰
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;

And feast the army : we have store to do 't,
 And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
 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 Servants.

Give me thy hand, 10

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—
 And thou,—and thou,—and thou :—you 've served
 me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] 'T is 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 clapped up together in
 An Antony, that I might do you service
 So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
 Scant not my cups, and make as much of me, 21
 As when mine empire was your fellow too,
 And suffered my command.

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

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] 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 30
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-eyed : 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
you 40
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. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Before CLEOPATRA'S
Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the
day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour. Good night
to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

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

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 *Sold.* Here we : *[they take their posts]* and if
to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 9

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of hautboys underground.

4 *Sold.* Peace ! what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

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

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say !

What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let 's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?

Soldiers. *[Speaking together.]* How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

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

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ? 21

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

Let 's see how 't will give off.

Soldiers. Content. 'T is strange.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
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;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :
 He that unbuckles this, till we do please
 To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
 Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
 More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—O love,
 That thou could 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 warlike charge :
 To business that we love we rise betime, 20
 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. 'T is well blown, lads
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
 So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.

Fare thee well, dame : whate'er becomes of me,
 This is a soldier's kiss. [*Kisses her.*] Rebukable, 30
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanic compliment : I'll leave thee
 Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
 Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, *Officers, 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.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

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
 prevailed

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
Followed 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 say'st 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!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-
BARBUS, and others.

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

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier 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.

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

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
 And feel I am so most. O Antony !
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows my
 heart :
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought ; but thought will do t,
 I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the
 Camps.

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

Agr. Retire, we have engaged 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!

Had we done so at first, we had driven 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 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

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 advantage
serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'T is 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 guests.—To-
morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine : you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honoured gashes whole.—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 armed neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

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

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl !
 though grey

Do something mingle with our 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
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand :
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ; 30
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe
them.

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

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post.

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved 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.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

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

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!

Hark further. 11

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A murtherer and a fugitive.

O Antony ! O Antony ! [Dies.

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him ; for the things he speaks

May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him. 29

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake ! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir ?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

[*Drums afar off.*] Hark ! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour

Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then ;

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

Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us : order for sea is given ;

They have put forth the haven : forward, now,

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,

Which, as I take't, we shall ; for his best force 11

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,

And hold our best advantage ! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine
does stand,

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word

Straight, how't is like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the auguries

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 betrayéd me :
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turned whore 't is
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly ; be gone. 30

[*Exit* SCARUS.

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

That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is barked
 That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—

Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them
home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose, 41
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros ! Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians :
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let 50
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her preparéd nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*

'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live ; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;

And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest
club, 59

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die :
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall

Under this plot ; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*

SCENE XL.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S
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 embossed.

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

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

Cleo. To the monument !—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death. 10
To the monument ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forkéd 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.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
 thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, 10

As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body : here I am Antony ;

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt : and the queen,—

Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,

Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto 't

A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Packed cards with Cæsar, and false-played 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 robbed me of my sword.

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

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch : peace !
 She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst
 do,

Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
 Was, ' Antony ! most noble Antony ! ' 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros : the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly ; go. [*Exit 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

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture : since the torch is out,

Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour

Mars what it does : yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—

Eros !—I come, my queen.—Eros !—Stay for me :

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in

hand, 51

And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze ;

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 lived in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman ; less noble mind 60
 Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That when the exigent should come,—which now
 Is come, indeed,—when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that on my command
 Thou then wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come.
 Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

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

Eros. I would not see 't

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then S1

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

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

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[falls on his sword.

—thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros

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

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learned of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard, ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

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

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I. 109

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony.

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCEBAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me
Sufficient 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. Locked in her monument. She had a
propheying fear

120

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw--
Which never shall be found—you did suspect
She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;

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

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

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

Come; your lord calls.

130

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides:

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 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.

140

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, 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,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not 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, 10
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore 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 triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until 20
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-fortuned 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 29
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
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-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
 Wishers were ever fools.—O ! come, come, come ;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast
 lived :

Quicken with kissing : had my lips that power, 40
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

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,
 Provoked 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. 51

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 lived, 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 vanquished. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die? 60
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, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen : 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 !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !—

Iras. Madam !

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !
Empress ! 72

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras* !

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 stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does 80
 Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you,
 women ?

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

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take
 heart :

We'll bury him ; and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away :
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold. 90

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.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

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 called Dercetas
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master ; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead,

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack : the round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into 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, 20
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 robbed his wound of it : behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

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

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

Mec. His taints and honours 30
Waged 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 touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !

I have followed thee to this :—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine : we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament 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,
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 a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season :
The business of this man looks out of him ; 50
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress

Confined in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; Cæsar cannot learn
To be ungentle. 60

Mess. So the gods preserve thee. [Exit.

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

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit GALLUS.]

—Where's Dolabella, 70

To second Proculeius !

Agr., Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent : where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;

How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings. Go with me and see
 What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. The Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

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

Enter PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt:
 And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
 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 deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

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

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

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

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised.

[PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the monument by a ladder, and come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.

[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.

[Drawing a dagger.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
 Relieved, but not betrayed.

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
 His nobleness well acted, which your death
 Will never let come forth.

Clec. 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, 50
 I'll not sleep, neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinioned at your master's court,
 Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,⁶
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to 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 pyramides 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,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent me for thee: for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
 [To CLEOPATRA.] To Cæsar I will speak what you
 shall please,

If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say I would die. 70

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

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 dreamt, there was an emperor Antony :
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 reared arm
Crested the world ; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was,
 That grew the more by reaping : his delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they showed his back above
 The element they lived in : in his livery 90
 Walked crowns and crownets ; realms and islands
 were

As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

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

As this I dreamt of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, 99
 Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
 Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight : would I might never
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
 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,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

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

[*Within.*] Make way there!—Cæsar!

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

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt? 111

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*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:

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 shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents—
Which towards you are most gentle—you shall
find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children 130
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 't is
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. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possessed of: 't is 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 reserved

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

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,
How pomp is followed ! 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 hired !—What, goest thou back ?
thou shalt

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

O rarely base !

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 reserved,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler tokens I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred ? The gods ! it smites
 me 170

Beneath the fall I have. [To SELEUCUS.] Pr'ythee,
 go hence ;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 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,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
 ledged, 179

Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheered ;

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

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

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 190

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 200
 You with your children will he send before.
 Make your best use of this ; I have performed
 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, shalt 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, 210
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
 And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
 Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods! 220

Cleo. Nay, that is 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 despatch indeed;
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
 leave 230

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*

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 placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : now from head to foot
I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

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

Guard. This is the man. 240

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

Clown. 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 ?

Clown. 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. 260

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down the basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

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

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. 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.

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

Cleo. Will it eat me ? 270

Clown. 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 whore-son 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.

Clown. 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 280

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? 290
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 desired. 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 : 300
 If she first meet the curléd 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 intricate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpoliced !

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 ! 310

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— [Falls on a bed and dies.

Char. In this vile world ?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparalleled.—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.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly ; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*

O ! come ; apace ; despatch : I partly feel thee. 322

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All's not well :
Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :
call him.

1 *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 ?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming 330

To see performed 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 levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought
her figs :

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar !

This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem 341
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallowed poison, 't would 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.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail ; and these fig-
leaves 350

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 pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which 361
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*]

PASSAGES FROM THE
LIFE OF MARCUS ANTONIUS IN
NORTH'S "PLUTARCH."

WHEN Pompeys house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it: but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them, and writeth himselfe that he would not go with Cæsar into the warres of Africke, because he was not well recompenced for the seruice he had done him before. Yet Cæsar did somewhat bridle his madnesse and insolency, not suffering him to pass his faults so lightly away, making as though he saw them not. And therefore he left his dissolute maner of life, and married Fulvia that was Clodius widow, a woman not so basely minded to spend her time in spinning and housewivery, and was not contented to maister her husband at home, but would also rule him in his office abroad, and commaunded him, that commaunded legions and great armies: so that Cleopatra was to giue Fulvia thanks for that she had taught Antonius this obedience to women, that learned so well to be at their commaundement. [Afterwards in the time of the Triumvirate]. . . . Antonius being thus inclined. the last and extreamest mischiefe of all other (to wit, the loue of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir vp many vices yet hidden in him, and were neuer seene to any: and if any sparke of goodnesse or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse then before. The manner how he fell in loue with her was this. Antonius going to make war with the Parthians, sent to commaund Cleopatra to appeare personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer vnto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their warre against him. The messenger sent vnto Cleopatra to make this summons vnto her, was called Dellius: who when he had thoroughly considered her beautie, the excellent grace and sweetnesse of her toung, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a Lady. but rather assured

himself, that within few daies she should be in great fauour with him. Therupon he did her great honor, and perswaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible, and bad her not to be affraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous Lord then any that she had euer seene. Cleopatra on the other side beleeuing Dellius words, and guessing by the former accesse and credit she had with Iulius Cæsar, and C. Pompey (the Son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty: she began to haue good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a yong thing, & knew not then what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a womans beauty is at the prime, and she also of best iudgment. So she furnished her selfe with a world of gifts, store of gold and siluer, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realme as Ægypt was. But yet she caried nothing with her wherin she trusted more then in her selfe, and in the charmes and inchauntment of her passing beautie and grace. . . . So that in the end, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his Imperiall seate to giue audience: and there went a rumour in the peoples mouths, that the goddesse Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the generall good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to inuite her to supper to him. But she sent him word againe, he should do better rather to come and suppe with her. Antonius therefore to shew himselfe courteous vnto her at her arriual, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her: where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can expresse it. . . . Now Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill newes were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fuluia his wife, fell out first betweene themselues, and afterwards fell to open warre with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driuen to flie out of Italie. The second newes, as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the armie of the Parthians, from the riuier of Euphrates, and from Syria, vnto the countries of Lydia and Ionia. Then beganne Antonius with much ado, a litle to rouze himselfe, as if he had bene wakened out of a deepe sleepe, and as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkennesse. So, first of all he bent himselfe against the Parthians, and went as farre as the countrey of Phoenicia: but there he receiued lamētable letters

from his wife Fulvia. Wherupon he straight returned towardes Italie, with two hundred saile; and as he went, tooke vp his friends by the way that fled out of Italie to come to him. By them he was informed, that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war: who being of a peeish, crooked, & troublesome nature, had purposely raised this vprore in Italie, in hope therby to withdraw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune, his wife Fulvia going to meete with Antonius sickened by the way, and died in the citie of Sicyone: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easilier made friends together. For when Antonius landed in Italie, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia: the friends of both parties would not suffer them to vnrippe any old matters, and to proue or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse betweene them: but they made them friends together, and deuided the Empire of Rome betweene them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their diuision. For they gaue all the Prouinces Eastward vnto Antonius: and the countries Westward vnto Cæsar, and left Africke vnto Lepidus: and made a lawe, that they three one after another should make their friends Consuls, when they would not be themselues. This seemed to be a sound counsell, but yet it was to be confirmed with a straighter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himselfe afterwards of Accia. It is reported, that he dearely loued his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble Ladie, and left the widow of her first husband Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had bene widower euer since the death of his wife Fulvia. . . . So when Cæsar and he had made the match between them, they both went to Rome, about this mariage, although it was against the law, that a widowe should be married within ten months after her husbands death. Howbeit the Senate dispensed with the law, and so the mariage proceeded accordingly. Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inrode into Italie with a great number of pinnaces and other pyrates shippes, of the which were Captaines two notable pyrates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts, that none durst peepe out with a saile. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had curteously receiued his mother, when she fled out of Italie with Fulvia: and therefore they thought good to make peace

with him. So they met all three together by the mount of Misena, vpon a hill that runneth farre into the sea: Pompey hauing his shippes riding hard by at anker, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies vpon the shore side, directly ouer against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should haue Sicile and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should ridde the sea of all theeues and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withall, that he should send a certaine of wheate to Rome: one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius chaunce to inuite them first. Wherupon Antonius asked him: and where shall we sup? There, said Pompey, and showed him his Admirall gallie which had six banckes of oares: That (said he) is my fathers house they haue left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his fathers house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast ankers enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to conuey them to his galley, from the head of mount Misena: and there he welcommed them, and made them great cheare. Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra: Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, & make thee Lord not only of Sicile & Sardinia, but of the whole Empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed awhile vpon it, at length answered him: Thou shouldst haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content us with what we haue: as for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their campe, & then he returned into Sicile. Antonius after this agreement made, sent Ventidius before into Asia to stay the Parthians, & to keepe them they shold come no further: and he himselfe in the meane time, to gratifie Cæsar, was contented to be chosen Iulius Cæsars priest & sacrificer, and so they ioyntly together dispatched all great matters concerning the state of the Empire. But in all other maner of sports and exercises, wherein they passed the time away the one with the other: Antonius was euer inferior vnto Cæsar, and always lost, which grieved him much.

. . . By these conquests, the fame of Antonius power increased more and more, and grew dreadfull vnto all the barbarous nations. But Antonius notwithstanding, grew to be maruellously offended with Cæsar, vpon certaine reports that had bene brought vnto him: and so tooke sea to go towards Italy with three hundred saile. And because those of Brvndvsium would not receiue his armie into their hauen, he went farther

vnto Tarentvm. There his wife Octauiā that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her vnto her brother, the which he did. Octauiā at that time was great with child, and moreouer had a second daughter by him, and yet she put her selfe in iourney, and met with her brother Octauius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chiefe friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa with him. She tooke them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, intreated them they would not suffer her that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and vnfortunate creature of all other. . . . When Octauiā was returned to Rome from Athens, Cæsar commanded her to go out of Antonius house, and to dwell by her selfe, because he had abused her. Octauiā answered him againe, that she would not forsake her husbands house, and that if he had no other occasion to make warre with him, she prayed him then to take no thought for her : for sayd she, it were too shamefull a thing, that two so famous Captaines should bring in ciuill warres among the Romains, the one for the loue of a woman, and the other for the ielousie betwixt one another. Now as she spake the word, so did she also performe the deed : for she kept still in Antonius house, as if he had bene there, and very honestly, and honourably kept his children, not those onely she had by him, but the other which her husband had by Fuluiā. Furthermore, when Antonius sent any of his men to Rome, to sue for any office in the commonwealth : she receiued them very courteously, & so vsed her selfe vnto her brother, that she obtained the things she requested. Howbeit thereby, thinking no hurt, she did Antonius great hurt. For her honest loue and regard to her husband, made euery man hate him, when they saw he did so vnkindly vse so noble a Lady : but yet the greatest cause of their malice vnto him, was for the diuision of lands he made amongst his children in the city of Alexandria. . . . Afterwards he sent to Rome to put his wife Octauiā out of his house, who (as it is reported) went out of his house with all Antonius children, sauing the eldest of them he had by Fuluiā, who was with his father : bewailing and lamenting her cursed hap that had brought her to this, that she was accompted one of the chiefest causes of this ciuill war. . . . Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and Empire of Antonius, because he had before giuen it up vnto a woman. And Cæsar sayd furthermore, that Antonius was not maister of himselfe, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himselfe, by her charmes and amorous poysons : and that they that

should make warre with them, should be Mardian the Eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatraes bed-chamber, who frizeled her haire, and dressed her head) and Charmion, the which were those that ruled all the affaires of Antonius Empire. Before this warre, it is reported, many signes and wonders fell out. First of all, the citie of Pisavrvm which was made a Colonie to Rome, and replenished with people by Antonius, standing vpon the shoare side, of the sea Adriaticke, was by a terrible earthquake sunke into the ground. One of the images of stone which was set vp in the honour of Antonius, in the citie of Alba, did sweate many dayes together: and though some wiped it away, yet it left not sweating still. In the citie of Patras whilest Antonius were there, the temple of Hercules was burnt with lightning. . . . Cæsar wold not grant vnto Antonius requests: but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or driue him out of her country. . . . So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the citie, in the place where they runne and mannage their horses. . . . The next morning by breake of day, Antonius went to set those few footemen he had in order vpon the hills adioyning vnto the citie: and there he stood to behold his gallies which departed from the hauen, and rowed against the gallies of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come neare vnto them, they first saluted Cæsars men; and then Cæsars men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one: and then did altogether row toward the citie. When Antonius saw his men did forsake him, and yeilded vnto Cæsar, and that his footemen were broken and ouerthrowne: he then fled into the citie, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him vnto them, with whom he had made warre for her sake. Then she being affraid of his furie, fled into the tombe which she had caused to be made, and there she locked the doores vnto her, and shut all the springs of the lockes with great bolts, and in the meane time sent vnto Antonius to tell him, that she was dead. Antonius beleeuing it, said vnto himself: What doest thou looke for further, Antonius, sith spitefull fortune hath taken from thee the only ioy thou hadst, for whom thou yet reseruedst thy life. When he had said these words, he went into a chamber & vnarmed himself, & being naked, said thus: O Cleopatra, it griueth me not that I haue lost thy company, for I will not be long frō thee: but I am sorry, that hauing bene so great a Captaine and Emperor, I am indeed condemned to be iudged

of lesse courage and noble mind, then a woman. Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaund him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it vp as though he had meant to haue striken his master: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himselfe, and fell downe dead at his masters foote. Then said Antonius: ô noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not do for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell downe vpon a litle bed. The wound he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a litle when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to himselfe againe, he prayed them that were about him, to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting himselfe: vntill at last there came a Secretarie vnto him (called Diomedes) who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliue, he very earnestly prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his mens armes into the entry of the monument. Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windowes, and cast out certaine chaines and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed: and Cleopatra her owne selfe, with two women only, which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius vp. They that were present to behold it, said they neuer saw so pitifull a sight. For they plucked vp poore Antonius all bloudie as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death: who holding vp his hands to Cleopatra, raised vp himselfe as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him vp: but Cleopatra stooping downe with her head, putting too all her strength to her vttermost power, did lift him vp with much ado, and neuer let go her hold, with the helpe of the women beneath that bad her be of good courage, and were as sory to see her labour so, as she herselfe. So when she had gotten him in after this sort, and laid him on a bed: she rent her garments vpon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomacke. Then she dried vp his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her Lord, her husband, and Emperour, forgetting her own miserie and calamitie, for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was a thirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his

death. When he had drunke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded her, that she would seek to saue her life, if she could possible, without reproch and dishonour: and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius aboue any man else about Cæsar. And as for himselfe, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable chaunge of his fortune at the end of his dayes: but rather that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphes and honors he had receiued; considering that while he liued, he was the noblest & greatest Prince of the world, & that now he was ouercome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Romaine by another Romaine. As Antonius gaue the last gaspe, Proculeius came that was sent from Cæsar. For after Antonius had thrust his sword in himselfe, as they caried him into the tombes and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard (called Dercetæus) took his sword with the which he had stricken himselfe, and hid it: then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first newes of his death, & shewed him his sword that was bloudied. Cæsar hearing these newes, straight withdrew himselfe into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with teares, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had bene his friend and brother in law, his equall in the Empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battels. . . . Kings and Captaines did craue Antonius bodie of Octavius Cæsar, to giue him honourable buriall: but Cæsar would neuer take it from Cleopatra, who did sumptuously and royally burie him with her owne hands, whom Cæsar suffered to take as much as she would to bestow vpon his funerals. Now was she altogether ouercome with sorow and passion of mind, for she had knocked her brest so pitifully, that she had martyred it, and in diuers places had raised vlcers and inflammations, so that she fell into a feauer withall: whereof she was very glad, hoping thereby to haue good colour to abstaine from meat, and that so she might haue died easily without any trouble. She had a Phisitian called Olympus, whom she made priuy of her intent, to the end he should helpe to rid her out of her life: as Olympus writeth himselfe, who wrote a booke of all these things. But Cæsar mistrusted the matter, by many coniec- tures he had, and therefore did put her in feare, and threatned to put her children to shamefull death. With these threatnes, Cleopatra for feare yeilded straight, as she would haue yeilded vnto strokes: and afterwards suffered her selfe to be cured and dieted as they listed. . . . Now whilst Cleopatra was at dinner, there came a countriman and brought her a basket. The souldiers that warded at the gates, asked him straight

what he had in his basket. He opened his basket, and tooke out the leaues that couered the figs, and shewed them that they were figs he bought. They all of them maruelled to see so goodly figges. The countriman laughed to heare them, and bad them take some if they would. They beleueed he told him truly, and so bad him carie them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certaine table written and sealed vnto Cæsar, and commaunded them all to go out of the tombes where she was, but the two women, then she shut the doores to her. Cæsar when he receiued this table, and began to reade her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to haue gone thither himselfe: howbeit, he sent one before in all hast that might be, to see what it was. Her death was very sodaine: for those whom Cæsar sent vnto her, ran thither in all hast possible, and found the souldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor vnderstanding of her death. But when they had opened the doores, they found Cleopatra tarke dead, laid vpon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royall robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet: and her other woman (called Charmion) halfe dead, & trembling, trimming the Diademe which Cleopatra wore vpon her head. One of the soldiers seeing her, angrily said vnto her: Is that well done Charmion? Very well, said she againe, and meete for a Princesse descended from the race of so many noble Kings: she said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report, that this Aspicke was brought vnto her in the basket with figs; and that he had commaunded them to hide it vnder the fig leaues, that when she should thinke to take out the figs, the Aspicke should bite her before she should see her: howbeit, that when she wold haue taken away the leaues for the figs, she perceiued it, and said, Art thou here then? And so her arme being naked, she put it to the Aspicke to be bitten. Other say againe, she kept it in a boxe, and that she did pricke and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the Aspicke being angred withall, leapt out with great furie, and bit her in the arme. Howbeit few can tell the troth. For they report also, that she had hidden poyson in a hollow razor which she caried in the haire of her head; and yet was there no marke seene of her bodie, or any signe discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tombe: but it was reported onely, that there was seene certaine fresh steppes or trackes where it had gone, on the tombe side toward the sea, and specially by the doore side. Some say also, that they found two litle

pretie bitings in her arme, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himselfe gaue credit vnto, because in his triumph he caried Cleopatraes image, with an Aspicke biting of her arme. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was maruellous sorie for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondred at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commaunded she should be nobly buried, and layed by Antonius: and willed also that her two women should haue honourable buriall. Cleopatra died being eight and thirtie yeares old, after she had raigned two and twentie years, and gouerned aboue fourteene of them with Antonius. And for Antonius, some say that he liued three and fiftie yeares: and others say, six and fiftie.

Glossary.

- ABHORRING**, abomination; V. ii. 60.
ABODE, staying; I. ii. 185.
ABSTRACT; "the a. of all faults," "a microcosm of sinfulness"; I. iv. 9.
ABUSED, ill-used; III. vi. 86.
ABYSM, abyss; III. xi. 147.
ADMITTED, acknowledged; registered; (Theobald, "omitted"); V. ii. 139.
AFFEARED, afraid; II. v. 81.
AFFECT'ST, pleases; (F. 1, "affects"); I. iii. 71.
AID; "pray in a.", seek assistance, call in help from another; V. ii. 27.
ALCIDES, Hercules; IV. x. 57.
ALIKE; "having a. your cause," "being engaged in the same cause with you" (Malone); II. ii. 55.
ALL-OBEYING, obeyed by all; III. xi. 77.
ALMS-DRINK, "leavings"; (according to Warburton a phrase amongst good fellows to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him); II. vii. 5.
ANGLE, angling-line, fishing-line; II. v. 10.
ANSWER, render account; III. xi. 27.
ANTONIAD, the name of the flag-ship of Cleopatra; III. viii. 10.
APACE, fast; IV. vii. 6.
APPEAL, impeachment; III. v. 11.
APPROOF; "and as my furthest band shall pass on thy a.," *i.e.*, "such as when tried will prove to be beyond anything that I can promise" (Schmidt); III. ii. 27.
APPROVES, proves; I. i. 60.
ARABIAN BIRD, *i.e.*, the Phœnix; III. ii. 12.
ARGUMENT, proof; III. x. 3.
ARROGANT, (*vide* Note); I. v. 48.
ARMOURER, one who has care of the armour of his master; IV. iv. 7.
As, as if; I. ii. 106.
As LOW AS, lower than; III. iii. 35.
ASPIC, asp, a venomous snake; V. ii. 293.
ASPIC'S, (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "Aspects"); V. ii. 330.
As, as if; IV. viii. 6.
AT HEEL OF, on the heels of, immediately after; II. ii. 163.
ATONE, reconcile; II. ii. 106.
ATTEND, witness, take notice of; II. ii. 64; await, III. viii. 38.
AUGURER, diviner, fortune-teller; V. ii. 333.
AUGURING, prophesying; II. i. 10.
AVOID, begone, withdraw; V. ii. 241.
AWRY, not straight; (Pope's emendation of Ff. "away"); V. ii. 318.

- BAND, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.
- BANQUET, dessert; I. ii. 11.
- BARKED, peeled; IV. x. 36.
- BATTERY; "b. from my heart," *i.e.*, the battery proceeding from the beating of, my heart; IV. xii. 39.
- BATTLE, army; III. viii. 6.
- BECKED, beckoned; IV. x. 39.
- BEGUILED, cheated; V. ii. 323.
- BELIKE, I suppose; I. ii. 36.
- BENCH-HOLES, holes of a privy; IV. vii. 9.
- BEREAVE, deprive; V. ii. 129.
- BEST, it were best; IV. vi. 26.
- BESTRID, did stride over; V. ii. 82.
- BETIME, betimes, in good time; IV. iv. 20.
- BLOWN, swollen; V. ii. 348.
- BLOWS, swells; IV. vi. 34.
- BOAR; "the b. of Thessaly," *i.e.*, "the boar killed by Meleager"; IV. xi. 2.
- BOGGLER, inconstant woman; III. xi. 110.
- BOLTS UP, fetters; V. ii. 6.
- BOND, "bounden duty" (Mason); I. iv. 84.
- BOOT; "make b.", take advantage; IV. i. 9.
- BOOT THEE WITH, give thee to boot, give thee in addition; II. v. 71.
- BOY MY GREATNESS, alluding to the fact of boys or youths playing female parts on the stage in the time of Shakespeare; V. ii. 219.
- BRANDED, stigmatised; IV. xii. 76.
- BRAVE, defy; IV. iv. 5.
- BREAK, communicate; I. ii. 187.
- BREATHES, one who lives; III. iii. 22.
- BREATHING, utterance; I. iii. 14.
- BREESE, gadfly; III. viii. 22.
- BRIEF, summary; V. ii. 137.
- BRING, take; III. v. 23.
- BRING ME, *i.e.*, bring me word; IV. xi. 10.
- BROOCHED, adorned as with a brooch; (Wray conj. "brook'd"); IV. xiii. 26.
- BURGONET, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
- BUT, if not; V. ii. 103.
- BUT BEING, except, unless we are; IV. x. 10.
- BUT IT IS, except it be, if it be not; V. i. 27.
- BY, according to; III, iii. 41.
- CALL ON HIM, call him to account; (?) "visit," (Schmidt); I. iv. 28.
- CANTLE, piece; III. viii. 14.
- CARBUNCLED, set with carbuncles; IV. viii. 28.
- CARRIAGE; "the c. of his chafe," the bearing of his passion, *i.e.*, his angry bearing; I. iii. 85.
- CARRIES BEYOND, surpasses; III. vii. 74.
- CAST, cast up, calculate; III. ii. 17.
- CHANCE; fortune; V. ii. 173; "wounded ch.", broken fortunes; III. viii. 42.
- CHANCE, occur; III. iv. 13.
- CHARE, task; V. ii. 230.
- CHARES, drudgery; IV. xiii. 76.
- CHARM, charmer; IV. x. 29.
- CHECK, rebuke; IV. iv. 31.
- CHUCK, a term of endearment; IV. iv. 2.
- CIRCLE, crown; III. x. 18.
- CLIP, embrace, IV. viii. 8; surround, V. ii. 358.

- CLOSE, hidden; IV. ix. 6.
- CLOTH OF GOLD OF TISSUE, *i.e.*, "cloth of gold in tissue or texture"; (?) cloth of gold on a ground of tissue; II. ii. 204.
- CLOUTS, cloths; (?) blows, knocks; IV. vii. 6.
- CLOYLESS, preventing satiety; II. i. 25.
- COLOUR, excuse, pretext; I. iii. 32.
- COMES DEARED, becomes endeared; (Ff., "*comes fear'd*"); I. iv. 44.
- COMFORT; "best of c.", *i.e.*, "may the best of comfort be yours" (Steevens); (Rowe, "*Be of comfort*"); III. vi. 89.
- COMMAND, all power to command; III. ix. 23.
- COMMISSION, warrant; II. iii. 42.
- COMPARISONS, advantages, *i.e.*, "things in his favour, when compared to me"; (Pope, "*caparisons*"); III. xi. 26.
- COMPETITOR, associate; I. iv. 3.
- COMPOSE, come to a composition; II. ii. 15.
- COMPOSURE, composition; I. iv. 22.
- CONCLUSION; "still c.", *i.e.*, quiet inference; (Collier MS., "*still condition*"); IV. xiii. 29.
- CONCLUSIONS, experiments; V. ii. 354.
- CONFOUND; waste, I. i. 45; destroy, III. ii. 57.
- CONGEALMENT, congealed blood; IV. viii. 10.
- CONTENT, agreed; IV. iii. 23.
- CONTINENT; "thy c.", that which encloses thee; IV. xii. 40.
- CONTRIVING; "many our c. friends," *i.e.*, "many friends who are busy in our interest"; I. ii. 192.
- CONVERSATION, deportment; II. vi. 130.
- CORRIGIBLE, submissive to correction; IV. xii. 74.
- COUCH, lie; IV. xii. 51.
- COULD, would gladly; I. ii. 135.
- COURSE, pursue hotly; III. xi. 11.
- COURT OF GUARD, guard room; IV. ix. 2.
- CRACK, burst of sound; V. i. 15.
- CRESCENT, increasing; II. i. 10.
- CRESTED, formed the crest of; V. ii. 83.
- CROWNET, crown; IV. x. 40.
- CROWNETS, coronets; V. ii. 91.
- CUNNING, "dexterous and trickish in dissembling"; I. ii. 154.
- CUNNING, skill, art; II. iii. 35.
- CURIOUS, careful; III. ii. 35.
- CURSTNESS, ill-humour; II. ii. 25.
- DARE, defiance; I. ii. 195.
- DARKENS, obscures; III. i. 24.
- DARKLING, in the dark; IV. xiii. 11.
- DEALT ON LIEUTENANTRY, acted by proxy; III. ix. 39.
- DEATH AND HONOUR, honourable death; IV. ii. 44.
- DECLINED, decayed, fallen; III. xi. 27.
- DEFEAT'ST, dost destroy; IV. xii. 68.
- DEFEND, forbid; III. iii. 44.
- DEMON, attendant spirit; II. iii. 20.

- DEMURELY, solemnly, gravely; IV. ix. 32.
- DEMURING, looking with affected modesty; IV. xiii. 30.
- DEPUTATION; "in d.", by deputy; (Ff., "disputation"); III. xi. 74.
- DEROGATELY, disparagingly; II. ii. 38.
- DESIRES, "your d. are yours," your desires are granted; III. iv. 28.
- DETERMINE, decide, resolve; V. i. 59.
- DETERMINES, comes to an end; III. xi. 161.
- DIMINUTIVES, insignificant creatures; IV. x. 50.
- DISASTER, disfigure; II. vii. 17.
- DISCANDY, melt; IV. x. 35.
- DISCANDYING, melting, thawing; (Ff. "discandering"; Rowe, "discentering"); III. xi. 165.
- DISCONTENTS, malcontents; I. iv. 39.
- DISLIMNS, effaces, blots out; Ff., "dislimcs"); IV. xii. 10.
- DISMISSION, dismissal, discharge; I. i. 26.
- DISPONGE, pour down; IV. ix. 13.
- DISPOSE, dispose of; V. ii. 185.
- DISPOSED, settled matters; (Collier MS., "compops'd"); IV. xii. 123.
- DISPOSITION; "pinch one another by the d." "touch one another in a sore place" (Warburton); "try each other by banter" (Clarke); II. vii. 6.
- DISTRACTIONS, detachments; III. vii. 75.
- DIVINE, prophesy, predict; II. vi. 122.
- DOFF'T, doff it, take it off; (F. I., "daft"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "doft"; Rowe, "dof't"); IV. iv. 13.
- DOITS, the smallest sum of money; (Ff., "Dolts," i.e., fools; for which reading much is to be said); IV. x. 50.
- DOUGHTY-HANDED, stout of hands; IV. viii. 5.
- DREAD, fear; IV. xii. 127.
- DUMBED, silenced; (Ff., "dumb"; Warburton, "done"); I. v. 50.
- EAR, plough; I. iv. 49.
- EARING, tilling, ploughing; I. ii. 119.
- EBBED, declined, decayed; I. iv. 43.
- EDGES, blades, swords; II. vi. 38.
- EDICT, "make thine own e.," decree the reward you desire; III. x. 32.
- EFFECTS, realisation; V. ii. 330.
- EGYPT, i.e., the Queen of Egypt; I. iii. 78.
- EGYPT'S WIDOW, i.e., Cleopatra, who had been married to young Ptolemy, afterwards drowned; II. i. 37.
- ELDER, better, superior; III. viii. 21.
- EMBATTLE, be drawn up in battle array; IV. ix. 3.
- EMBOSSSED, foaming at the mouth; a hunting term; (Ff. "imbostr"); IV. xi. 3.
- ENFORCE, urge, II. ii. 103; lay much stress upon; V. ii. 124.
- ENFRANCHED, enfranchised; (Theobald, "enfranchis'd"); III. xi. 149.

- ENFRANCHISE, set free, deliver; I. i. 23.
- ENOW, enough; (used as plural of *enough*); I. iv. 11.
- ENSUED, followed; IV. xii. 77.
- ENTERTAINMENT, reception, III. xi. 140; service, IV. vi. 17.
- ENTER WITH, recommend to; IV. xii. 113.
- ENVY, malice; V. ii. 163.
- ESTRIDGE, ostrich; III. xi. 196.
- ETERNAL; "e. in our triumph," *i.e.*, "bc for ever recorded as the most glorious trophy of our triumph"; (Thirlby conj. "*eternaling*"); V. i. 67.
- EVERY OF, every one of; I. ii. 39.
- EVIDENCE, proof; I. iii. 74.
- EXIGENT, exigency, decisive moment; IV. xii. 63.
- EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. ii. 188.
- EXTENDED, seized upon; a law term; I. ii. 108.
- EYE, appear; I. iii. 97.
- FACTION, dissension; I. iii. 48.
- FAIRY, enchantress; IV. viii. 12.
- FALL, befall, fall upon, III. vii. 38; let fall, III. ix. 69.
- FALLIBLE, blunder for *infallible*; (F. I, "*fallible*"); V. ii. 257.
- FAME, rumour, report; II. ii. 168.
- FAST AND LOOSE, a cheating game of gipsies; IV. x. 41.
- FAVOUR, face, countenance, II. v. 38.
- FEAR, frighten; II. vi. 24.
- FEARFUL, full of fear; III. ix. 55.
- FEATURE, external appearance; II. v. 112.
- FEEDERS, parasites; III. xi. 109.
- FELLOWS, companions; IV. ii. 13.
- FERVENCY, eagerness; II. v. 18.
- FETCH IN, take, capture; IV. i. 14.
- FEVER, put in a fever; III. xi. 138.
- FIGS; "I love long life better than f.," a proverbial phrase; I. ii. 33.
- FILES, lines of soldiers; I. i. 3.
- FINISH, end, die; V. ii. 192.
- FLAW; "becomes his f.," *i.e.*, "accommodates himself to his misfortune"; III. x. 34.
- FLEET, float; (Rowe "*float*"); III. xi. 171.
- FLUSH YOUTH, youth ripened to manhood"; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*fleshy*"); I. iv. 52.
- FOISON, plenty; II. vii. 21.
- FOLLOWED, chased; V. i. 36.
- FOOTMEN, foot soldiers; III. vii. 43.
- FOR, as for, as regards; III. vi. 34; III. x. 19; V. ii. 66.
- FORBEAR, withdraw; V. ii. 174.
- FORBEAR ME, leave me alone; I. ii. 129.
- FORMAL, ordinary; II. v. 41.
- FORSPOKE, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
- FORTH, out of; IV. x. 7.
- FOR THAT, nevertheless, II. ii. 74; because, III. vii. 28.
- FRAME TO, conform; V. i. 55.
- FROM, away from; II. vi. 30.
- FRONT, oppose, face; I. iv. 79.

- FRONTED, opposed; II. ii. 65.
 FRUSTRATE, frustrated; V. i. 2.
 FULLEST, most perfect; III. xi. 87.
- GARBOILS, disturbances, turmoils; I. iii. 61.
 GAUDY, festive; III. xi. 182.
 GUESTS; (Warburton's conj. adopted by Theobald, "*gests*"=deeds); IV. viii. 2.
 GET, win; IV. viii. 22.
 GIVE, give out, represent; I. iv. 40.
 GIVE OFF, go off, cease; IV. iii. 23.
 GOT, won; V. ii. 30.
 GOT UPON, won, gained; IV. xii. 98.
 GRACE, honour; III. xi. 81.
 GRACE; "to gr.", by gracing; IV. xii. 136.
 GRACEFUL, favourable; II. ii. 64.
 GRANTS, allows, admits; III. i. 29.
 GRATES ME, it vexes me; I. i. 18.
 'GREED, agreed; II. vi. 37.
 GREEN SICKNESS, a disease of women, characterised by a pale, lurid complexion; III. ii. 6.
 GRIEFS, grievances; II. ii. 104.
 GROW TO, be added to; II. ii. 25.
- H, formerly pronounced *ache*; here used with play upon the letter and the word; IV. vii. 8.
 HAP, accident, chance; II. iii. 33.
 HAPLY, perhaps; III. xi. 48.
 HARDLY, with difficulty; V. i. 75.
- HARRIED, vexed, put in fear; III. iii. 41.
 HEARTS; "my h.", a familiar appellation; IV. ii. 41.
 HEAVINESS, used with play upon the two senses of the word, (i.) weight, (ii.) sorrow; IV. xiii. 34.
 HEAVY, sad; IV. xiii. 41.
 HELD MY CAP OFF, acted as a faithful servant; II. vii. 61.
 HEROD, a common character in the old Mystery plays; typically, a fierce tyrant; I. ii. 28.
 HIE, hasten; II. iii. 15.
 HIE THEE, hasten; V. ii. 193.
 HIGH-BATTLED, commanding proud armies; III. xi. 29.
 HIS, its; III. x. 10.
 HOLDING, burden of the song; II. vii. 116.
 HOMAGER, vassal; I. i. 31.
 HOME, "without reserve, without ceremony"; I. ii. 113.
 HOPE, suppose; II. i. 38.
 HUMANITY, human nature; V. i. 32.
- IDLENESS, frivolousness; I. iii. 92.
 IF THAT, if; III. xi. 80.
 IMMOMENT, insignificant, of no moment; V. ii. 165.
 IMMORTAL, blunder for *mortal*, deadly; V. ii. 246.
 IMPERIOUS, imperial; IV. xiii. 24.
 IMPORT, carry with them; II. ii. 138.
 IMPRESS, press, impressment; III. vii. 37.
 IN, in for it; II. vii. 36.
 INCLIPS, encloses; II. vii. 72.
 INGROSSED, collected, got together, III. vii. 37.

- INHOOPED, enclosed in a hoop; II. iii. 39.
 INJURIOUS, hurtful, malignant; IV. xiii. 77.
 INTEND, "how i. you," what do you mean; II. ii. 44.
 INTRINSICATE, intricate; (Cappell's Errata, "*intrinsecate*"; Wray conj. "*intricate*"): V. ii. 304.
 ISIS, one of the chief Egyptian divinities; originally the goddess of the Earth, afterwards of the Moon; her worship was afterwards introduced into Rome; I. ii. 67.
 JACK, term of contempt; III. xi. 93.
 JADED, spurned; III. i. 34.
 JUMP, hazard, stake; III. viii. 4.
 KEEP; "k., yourself within yourself", keep within bounds, restrain yourself; II. v. 75.
 KIND; "do his k." *i.e.*, "act according to his nature"; V. ii. 262.
 KNAVE, boy; IV. xii. 12; servant; V. ii. 3.
 KNOWN, known each other; II. vi. 85.
 LACK BLOOD, turn pale; I. iv. 52.
 LANCE, cut; in order to cure; (Ff., "*launch*"; Pope, "*launce*"); V. i. 36.
 LANGUISH, lingering disease; (Johnson conj. "*anguish*"); V. ii. 42.
 LANKED, became thin; I. iv. 71.
 LATE, lately; IV. i. 13.
 LATED, belated; III. ix. 3.
 LEGIONS, bodies of infantry, each consisting of six thousand men; III. viii. 40.
 LENGTH, length of life; (Steevens conj. "*life*"); IV. xii. 46.
 LETHE'D, oblivious, unconscious; (Ff., "*Lethied*"); II. i. 27.
 LEVELLED AT, guessed at; V. ii. 335.
 LICHAS, the companion of Hercules; (Ff., "*Licas*"); IV. x. 58.
 LIFE; "her l. in Rome," *i.e.*, her being brought alive to Rome; V. i. 66.
 LIGHTNESS, used in double sense, with play upon, the two senses of the word; I. iv. 25.
 LIKE, same, I. iii. 8; III. vi. 37; likely, III. xi. 29.
 LIST, listen to; IV. ix. 6.
 LOATHNESS, unwillingness; III. ix. 18.
 LOOFED, luffed, brought close to the wind; III. viii. 25.
 LOTTERY, prize; II. ii. 248.
 LOUD, in high words; II. ii. 21.
 LUXURIOUSLY, lustfully; III. xi. 120.
 MAKE NOTE, notice, observe; III. iii. 24.
 MALLARD, drake; III. viii. 27.
 MANDRAGORA, mandrake; a plant, the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure and to cause madness, and even death when torn from the ground; I. v. 4.
 MARBLE-CONSTANT, firm as marble; V. ii. 239.
 MEAN, means; III. ii. 32.
 MECHANIC, vulgar, journeyman-like; IV. iv. 32.
 MEDICINE, elixir; (?) physician; I. v. 36.

- MEETER, more fitting; V. i. 49.
- MEETLY, well; I. iii. 81.
- MERED; "m question," *i.e.*, "the sole cause and subject of the war"; (Rowe, "*mcer*"; Johnson, "*moot-ed*"; Jackson, "*meted*"; Kinnear, "*merest*," *etc.*); III. xi. 10.
- MEREY V, absolutely; III. vii. 8; III. vii. 46.
- MERITS, deserts; V. ii. 177.
- MIND, "less noble m.," *i.e.*, being of less noble mind; (Rowe, Pope, *less noble-minded*); IV. xii. 60.
- MINGLE, union; I. v. 50.
- MISDOUBT, mistrust; III. vii. 61.
- MISLIKE, dislike; III. xi. 147.
- MISSIVE, messenger; II. ii. 78.
- MISTHOUGHT, misunderstood, misjudged; V. ii. 175.
- MODERN, ordinary; V. ii. 166.
- MOE, more; IV. xii. 18.
- MOMENT; "upon far poorer m.," with less cause; I. ii. 150.
- MOODY, sad; II. v. 1.
- MOONS, months; III. x. 6.
- MORN-DEW, morning-dew; III. x. 9.
- MORTAL, deadly; V. ii. 303.
- MOST, utmost; II. ii. 171.
- MOTION; "in my m.," "intuitively"; II. iii. 14.
- MOUNT, "at the M.," *i.e.*, M. Misenum; II. iv. 6.
- MULITERS, (so Ff. 2, 3, 4; Ff. 1, "Militer"); muleteers, mule-drivers; (F. 1, "*Militers*"); III. vii. 34.
- MUSED OF, thought of, dreamed of; III. xi. 83.
- MUSS, "a seramble, when any small objects are thrown down, to be taken by those who can seize them." (Nares); III. xi. 91.
- NAUGHT, worthless; IV. xiii. 79.
- NEGLIGENT; "in n. danger," *i.e.*, "in danger through being negligent"; III. vi. 81.
- NESSUS; "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hereules the most terrible agony when he unwittingly put it on; IV. x. 56.
- NICE, tender, dainty; III. xi. 179.
- NICKED, "set the mark of folly on"; III. xi. 8.
- NOISES IT, causes a disturbance; III. vi. 96.
- NUMBER, put into verse; III. ii. 17.
- O, eirele; V. ii. 81.
- OBLIVION, oblivious memory, forgetfulness; I. iii. 90.
- OBSERVANCE, powers of observation; III. iii. 23.
- OBSTRUCT, obstruction; (Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., "*abstract*"; Keightley, "*obstruction*"; Cartwright conj. "*obstacle*"); III. vi. 61.
- OCCASION, necessity; II. vi. 139.
- OF, by, I. iv. 37; II. ii. 164; about, concerning, II. vi. 124; from; IV. viii. 22; for, IV. xiii. 61; with, V. ii. 211.
- OFFICE, function, service; I. i. 5.
- ON, of; I. v. 27; II. ii. 89; III. ii. 60.
- OPPRESSION, difficulty; (Warburton conj. adopted by Hanmer, "*opposition*"); IV. vii. 2.

- ORBS, spheres; III. xi. 146.
 ORDINARY, meal; II. ii. 230.
 OSTENTATION, display; (Theobald, "*ostent*"; S. Walker conj. "*ostention*"); III. vi. 52.
 OUT-GO; "the time shall not o.," "life shall not last longer than"; III. ii. 61.
 OUTSTRIKE, strike faster than; IV. vi. 36.
 OWE, own; IV. viii. 31.
 PACE, break in; II. ii. 68.
 PACKED, sorted, shuffled in an unfair manner; IV. xii. 19.
 PACORUS, son of Orodes, King of Parthia; III. i. 4.
 PALES, impales, encloses; II. vii. 72.
 PALLED, decaying, waning; II. vii. 87.
 PALTER, equivocate; III. ix. 63.
 PANTS, pantings, palpitations; IV. viii. 16.
 PARAGON, compare; I. v. 71.
 PARCEL; "a p. of," *i.e.*, "of a piece with"; III. xi. 32.
 PARCEL, specify; V. ii. 162.
 PART, depart; I. ii. 189.
 PARTICULAR, private affairs, I. iii. 54; personal relation, IV. ix. 20.
 PARTISAN, a kind of halberd; II. vii. 13.
 PARTS, sides; III. iv. 14.
 PAST, beyond; I. ii. 154.
 PATCH A QUARREL, make a quarrel of pieces and shreds; II. ii. 56.
 PELLETED, formed into small balls; III. xi. 165.
 PENETRATIVE, penetrating; IV. xii. 75.
 PERFORCE, of necessity; III. iv. 6.
 PERIOD, end; IV. ii. 25.
 PERSISTED; "most p. deeds," deeds most persisted in; V. i. 30.
 PETITION; "p. us at home," request us to come home; I. ii. 193.
 PIECE, masterpiece, III. ii. 28; masterpiece (Warburton, adopted by Theobald, "*prise*"), V. ii. 99.
 PINIONED, bound; V. ii. 53.
 PINK EYNE, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 119.
 PLACED, fixed, firm; V. ii. 237.
 PLANT, place; IV. vi. 9.
 PLANTED, rise; (Warburton MS., "*planned*"); I. iii. 26.
 PLANTS, the soles of the feet (used quibblingly); II. vii. 2.
 PLATED, clothed in armour; I. i. 4.
 PLATES, pieces of money, silver coins; V. ii. 92.
 PLEACHED, folded; IV. xii. 73.
 POINTS, tagged laces, used for tying parts of the dress; III. xi. 157.
 POLE, lode-star; IV. xiii. 66.
 PORT, gate; IV. iv. 23; carriage, bearing; IV. xii. 52.
 POSSESS, give possession; III. ix. 21.
 POSSESS IT, *i.e.*, (?) "be master of it"; (Collier MS., "*Profess it*"; Kinnear conj. "*Pledge it*," etc.); II. vii. 106.
 POWER, armed force, III. vii. 56; vital organ, III. x. 36.
 PRACTISED, plotted; II. ii. 44.
 PRACTISE ON, plot against; II. ii. 43.
 PRAY YE, I pray you, are you in earnest or jesting?; II. vi. 118.
 PRECEDENCE, what has preceded; II. v. 51.

- PRESCRIPT, direction; . III. viii. 3.
 PRECEDENT, former; IV. xii. 83.
 PREGNANT, in the highest degree probable; II. i. 45.
 PRESENT, present purpose, business; II. vi. 30.
 PRESENT, represent; V. ii. 216.
 PRESENTLY, immediately; II. ii. 164.
 PROCESS, mandate; I. i. 28.
 PROJECT, shape, form; (Hanmer, "*parget*"; Warburton, "*procter*"; Orger conj. "*perfect*"); V. ii. 120.
 PROOF OF HARNESS, armour of proof, tested and tried armour; IV. viii. 15.
 PROPER, fine, nice; III. iii. 39.
 PROPRTIED, endowed with qualities; V. ii. 83.
 PROROGUE, "linger out, keep in a languishing state"; II. i. 26.
 PROSECUTION, pursuit; IV. xii. 65.
 PTOLEMY, "the queen of Pt.," i.e., belonging to the line of the Ptolemies, the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt; I. iv. 6.
 PURCHASED, acquired; I. iv. 14.
 PURGE, be cured; I. iii. 53.
 PYRAMISES, pyramids; II. vii. 38.
 QUALITY, character; I. ii. 201.
 QUEASY, disgusted; III. vi. 20.
 QUICK, lively, sprightly; V. ii. 215.
 QUICKEN, receive life; IV. xiii. 40.
 QUIT, requite; III. xi. 124.
 RACE; "r. of heaven," "of heavenly origin" (Schmidt); "smack or flavour of heaven" (Warburton); (Hanmer, "*ray*"); I. iii. 37.
 RACK, floating vapour; IV. xii. 10.
 RAM, thrust; (Hanmer, "*Rain*"; Delius conj. "*Cram*"); II. v. 24.
 RANGED, disposed in order; I. i. 34.
 RANGES, ranks; III. xi. 5.
 RATES, is worth; III. ix. 69.
 RAUGHT, reached; IV. ix. 31.
 REEL, stagger as a drunkard; I. iv. 20.
 REGIMENT, sway; III. vi. 95.
 RELIGION, sacred, holy obligation; V. ii. 198.
 REMARKABLE, worthy of note, distinguished; IV. xiii. 68.
 REMOVE, removal, departure; I. ii. 206.
 RENDER, give up; III. viii. 39.
 RENDERED, gave up; (F. 1, "*rendred*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*tendred*"); IV. xii. 33.
 RENEGES, denies; I. i. 8.
 REPORTS, reporters; II. ii. 51.
 REQUIRES, begs, asks; III. x. 12.
 REVOLTED, who have revolted; IV. ix. 8.
 RIBAUDRED, lewd; (Stevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*Yon'ribald-rid nag*"; Tyrwhitt conj. Collier (ed. 2), "*Yon ribald, hag*," etc.); III. viii. 18.
 RIGGISH, wanton; II. ii. 245.
 RIGHT, very, true; IV. x. 41.
 RIVALITY, co-partnership; III. v. 8.
 RIVE, split, sever; IV. xi. 5.

- SAFE, make safe; I. iii. 55.
 SAFED, conducted safely; (Steevens conj.; Ff., "saf't"); IV. vi. 26.
 SALT, wanton; II. i. 21.
 SCALD, scabby, scurvy; V. ii. 214.
 SCANTLY, grudgingly; III. iv. 6.
 SCOTCHES, cuts; IV. vii. 10.
 SCRUPULOUS, "prying too nicely into the merits of either cause"; I. iii. 48.
 SEAL, make an end; (Hanmer, "sleep"; Johnson conj. "seel"); IV. xii. 49.
 SEEL, blind; a term of falconry; III. xi. 112.
 SELF, same; V. i. 21.
 SEMBLABLE, similar; III. iv. 3.
 SENNET, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. vii. 17-18.
 SEVERAL, separate; I. v. 62.
 SHALL, will; II. i. 1.
 SHARDS, wing-cases of beetles; III. ii. 20.
 SHOULD MAKE, ought to have made; V. i. 14.
 SHOWN, appeared, shown yourselves; IV. viii. 7.
 SHOWN, made a show of, exhibited; IV. x. 49.
 SHOWS, seems, appears; I. ii. 172.
 SHREWD, bad; IV. ix. 5.
 SHROWD, shelter, protection; (Hanmer, "shrowd, the great," Collier MS., "shrowd, who is"; Bulloch conj. "stewardship"; Gould conj. "shield"); III. xi. 71.
 SIGNS; "it s. well," it is a good omen; IV. iii. 13.
 SIRs, used with reference to the waiting-women; IV. xiii. 86.
 SNARE, trap; IV. viii. 18.
 So, if only (according to some,=thus), I. iii. 73; if, III. xi. 15.
 SOBER, modest, demure; V. ii. 54.
 SOILS, blemishes; (Ff., "foyles" and "foyls"; Collier conj. "foibles"); I. iv. 24.
 SOMETHING, somewhat; IV. viii. 20; V. ii. 352.
 SOONEST, quickest; III. iv. 27.
 SOOTHSAY, predict; I. ii. 52.
 SOTTISH, stupid; IV. xiii. 80.
 SPACE, space of time, time enough; II. i. 31.
 SPANIELED, followed like a spaniel, a dog; IV. x. 34.
 SPEEDS, succeeds, prospers; II. iii. 36.
 SPOT, disgrace; IV. x. 48.
 SPRIGHTLY, lively; IV. vii. 15.
 SQUARE, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xi. 41; "kept my square," i.e., kept my rule, proper position, "kept straight"; II. iii. 6.
 SQUARE, fair, just; II. ii. 190.
 SQUARES, squadrons; III. ix. 40.
 STABLISHMENT, settled inheritance; III. vi. 9.
 STAGED, exhibited publicly; III. xi. 30.
 STAY, eclipse; (Theobald, "strain"; Warburton MS., and Boswell conj., adopted by Collier (ed. 2), "stay"; Jackson conj. "stun," etc.); III. iv. 27.
 STALL, dwell; V. i. 39.
 STAND ON, be particular about; IV. iv. 31-32.
 STANDS UPON; "s. our lives u.," i.e., concerns us, as we value our lives; II. i. 50-51.
 STATION, mode of standing; III. iii. 20.

- STAYS UPON, awaits; I. ii. 123.
 STEER, direct, control; V. i. 32.
 STILL, continually, always; III. ii. 59.
 STIRRED, roused, incited; I. i. 43.
 STOMACH, inclination; II. ii. 54.
 STOMACH, resent; III. iv. 12.
 STOMACHING, giving way to resentment; II. ii. 9.
 STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; II. ii. 173; IV. x. 15.
 STRANGLER, destroyer; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*stranger*"; Rowe, "*estranger*"); II. vi. 129.
 'STROY'D, destroyed; III. ix. 54.
 STUDIED; "well s.," desire earnestly; II. vi. 48.
 SUBSCRIBE, sign; IV. v. 14.
 SUCCESS, result, issue; III. v. 5.
 SUCH, very great, very considerable; III. iii. 42.
 SUFFER, sustain loss or damage; III. xi. 34.
 SUM; "the s.," *i.e.*, tell me the whole in few words; I. i. 18.
 SWORDER, gladiator; III. xi. 31.
 SYNOD, the assembly of the gods; III. viii. 13.
 TABOURINES, drums; IV. viii. 37.
 TAKE IN, take, conquer; I. i. 23; III. vii. 23.
 TALL, sturdy; II. vi. 7.
 TARGES, targets, shields; II. vi. 39.
 TEETH; "from his t.," not from his heart; III. iv. 10.
 TELAMON, Ajax Telamon; IV. xi. 2.
 TEMPER, freedom from excess; I. i. 8.
 TEMPERANCE, chastity, III. xi. 121; moderation, calmness, V. ii. 48.
 TENDED; "t. her i' the eyes," watched her very look; II. ii. 212.
 TERRENE, terrestrial, earthly; III. xi. 153.
 THANKS, thanks for; (Capell conj. "*thanks for*"); V. ii. 21.
 THEME; "was th. for you," had you for its theme; II. ii. 48.
 THEREABOUTS, of that opinion; III. viii. 36.
 THETIS; "my Th.," *i.e.*, "my sea-goddess"; III. vii. 59.
 THICK; "so th.," "in such quick succession"; I. v. 63.
 THICKENS, grows dim; II. iii. 28.
 THINK; "th. and die," *i.e.*, "despond and die"; (Hammer, "*Drink*"; Tyrwhitt conj. "*Wink*"; Becket conj. "*Swink*"); III. xi. 1.
 THOUGHT, sorrow; IV. vi. 36.
 THROES, puts in agony; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*throwes*"; F. 4, "*throws*"; perhaps "*throws forth*"=brings forth); III. vii. 79.
 THROW UPON, bestow upon; I. ii. 197.
 TIGHT, able, adroit; IV. iv. 15.
 TIMELIER, earlier; II. vi. 52.
 TINCT, tincture; I. v. 37.
 TIRES, head-dresses, head-gear; II. v. 22.
 TOKENED; "the t. pestilence," spotted plague; "the death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these

- were called *God's tokens*" (Steevens); III. viii. 17.
- TOP, height of; V. i. 43.
- TO'T, to get to it; III. viii. 38.
- TOUCH, attain; V. ii. 330.
- TOUCHES, sensations, feelings; I. ii. 190.
- TOWARD, in preparation; II. vi. 74.
- TOYS, trifles; V. ii. 165.
- TREATIES, proposals for a treaty; III. ix. 62.
- TRIPLE, third; I. i. 12.
- TRIPLE-TURNED, three times faithless; (Jackson conj. "*triple-train'd*"); IV. x. 26.
- TRULL, worthless woman; III. vi. 95.
- TURPITUDE, extreme baseness; IV. vi. 33.
- UNDOING, destruction; V. ii. 44.
- UNEQUAL, unjust; II. v. 101.
- UNFOLDED, exposed; V. ii. 169.
- UNNOBLE, ignoble; III. ix. 50.
- UNPOLICIED, devoid of policy; V. ii. 308.
- UNPURPOSED, not intended; IV. xii. 84.
- UNQUALITIED, deprived of his character and faculties; III. ix. 44.
- UNSEMINAR'D, destitute of seed; I. v. 11.
- UNSTATE, divest of estate and dignity; III. xi. 30.
- UNTO, over; II. ii. 149.
- UPON THE RIVER, upon the shores of the river; II. ii. 192.
- URGE; "did u. me in his act," "made use of my name as a pretence for the war" (Warburton); II. ii. 50.
- URGENT, pressing; I. ii. 190.
- USE; "in u.," in usufruct; I. iii. 44.
- USE, are used, are accustomed; II. v. 32.
- USEFUL, usefully; IV. xii. 80.
- VACANCY, empty and idle time; I. iv. 26.
- VANTAGE, advantage; III. viii. 20.
- VARLETRY, rabble; (F. 1, "*Varlotarie*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Varlotry*"); V. ii. 56.
- VESSELS; "strike the v.," *i.e.*, "tap the casks"; (? "strike your cups together"); II. vii. 102.
- VIALS; "sacred v.," "alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend"; I. iii. 63.
- VIE, contend with, rival; "v. strange forms with fancy," *i.e.*, contend with, rival, fancy in producing strange forms"; V. ii. 98.
- VIEW; "to my sister's v.," to see my sister; II. ii. 172.
- VIRTUE, valour; IV. viii. 17.
- WAGED, were opposed to each other; (F. 2, "*way*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*may*"; Rowe, "*weigh'd*"; Ritson conj. "*Weigh*"); V. i. 31.
- WAILED, bewailed; III. ii. 57.
- WANED, faded; (Ff., "*wand*"; Johnson conj. "*fond*"); II. i. 21.
- WASSAILS, carousing; (Pope's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Vassailles*" and "*Vassails*"; F. 4, "*Vassals*"); I. iv. 56.
- WAY'S, way he is; (so F. 4;

- Ff. 1, 2, 3, "wayes"; Hammer, "way he's"); II. v. 117.
 WEET, wit, know; I. i. 39.
 WELL SAID, well done; IV. iv. 28.
 WHARFS, banks; II. ii. 218.
 WHAT, why; (Collier MS., "Why"); V. ii. 313.
 WHICH, who; I. ii. 4.
 WHOLE, well again; IV. viii. 11.
 WINDOWED, placed in a window; IV. xii. 72.
 WITH, by; I. i. 56; III. viii. 15; V. ii. 170.
 WITH'S, with us; III. i. 36.
 WOO'T, wouldst; (Capell, "Wou't"); IV. ii. 7.
 WORDS, flatters with words, cajoles; V. ii. 190.
 WORRY-DAY, ordinary; I. ii. 56.
 WORM, snake; V. ii. 242.
 WOTT'ST, knowest; I. v. 22.
 WRONG LED, misled; (Capell, "wrong'd"); III. vi. 80.
 YARE, light, active, III. vii. 37; ready, III. xi. 131.
 YARE, be quick; V. ii. 283.
 YARELY, readily; II. ii. 216.
 YIELD, reward, requite; IV. ii. 33.

Notes.

I. i. 18. 'Grates me:—the sum'; F. 1, 'Grates me, the summe'; Ff. 2, 3, 'Rate me, the summe'; Rowe, 'Rate me the sum'; Pope, 'It grates me. Tell the sum'; Capell, 'T grates me:—The sum'; Steevens (1793), 'Grates me:—The sum.'

I. i. 60-61. 'liar, who Thus speaks of him'; Pope reads 'liar Fame, Who speaks him thus.'

I. ii. 5. 'charge'; Warburton and Southern MS. conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., 'change'; Jackson conj. 'chain'; Williams conj. 'hang.'

I. ii. 40. 'fertile'; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald; Ff., 'foretell,' and 'foretel'; Pope, 'foretold'; Collier MS., 'fruitful.'

I. ii. 66. 'Alexas,—come'; Theobald's reading of the Folio text, where *Alexas* is erroneously printed as though the name of the speaker.

I. ii. 85. 'Saw you my lord?'; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads 'Sawe you, my lord.'

I. ii. 118. 'minds'; Warburton conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff. 1, 2, 'windes'; Collier conj. 'wints.'

I. ii. 136. 'enchanting'; so F. 1; omitted in Ff. 2, 3, 4; Rowe reads 'Ægyptian.'

I. ii. 145. 'a compelling occasion'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'a compelling an occasion'; Nicholson conj. 'so compelling an occasion'; &c.

I. ii. 203-204. 'like the courser's hair,' &c., alluding to the popular notion that horsehair put into water will turn into a snake or worm.

I. iv. 3. 'Our'; Heath and Johnson conj., adopted by Singer; Ff., 'One'; Hanmer, 'A.'

I. iv. 22. 'As'; Johnson conj. 'and.'

I. iv. 46. 'lackeying'; 'lacquying,' Theobald's correc-

tion, from Anon MS.; Ff., 'lacking'; Pope, 'lashing'; Southern MS., 'backing.'

I. v. 48. 'an arrogant'; Boaden conj.; Ff., 'an Arme-gaunt'; Hanmer, 'an arm-girt'; Mason conj., adopted by Steevens, 1793, 'a termagant'; Jackson conj. 'a war-gaunt'; Lettsom conj. 'a rampaunt'; the latter ingenious emendation certainly commends itself; unless 'arm-gaunt' = 'having lean fore-limbs.'

I. v. 50. 'beastly'; Hanmer, 'beast-like'; Collier MS., 'boastfully'; Becket conj. 'basely.'

II. i. 10. 'powers are crescent'; Theobald reads 'pow'r's a crescent'; Becket conj. 'power is crescent'; Anon. conj. 'Power's a-crescent.'

II. ii. 48. 'Was theme for you,' i.e., 'had you for its theme'; Johnson conj. 'Had theme from you'; Collier (ed. 2), 'For theme was you'; Staunton conj. 'Had you for theme'; Orson conj. 'Was known for yours,' &c.

II. ii. 115. 'your considerate stone,' i.e., 'I am silent as a stone'; Heath conj. 'your confederates love'; Johnson, 'your considerate ones'; Blackstone conj. 'your consideratest one,' &c., &c.

II. ii. 213. 'And made their bends adornings'; i.e., "and made their very act of obeisance an improvement on their beauty" (Steevens); the passage has been variously interpreted, but this seems the simplest solution.

II. iii. 3. 'my prayers'; Rowe reads 'in prayers'; Collier MS., 'with prayers.'

II. iii. 23. 'a fear'; Collier (ed. 2), Thirlby conj., 'afear'd'; S. Walker conj. 'afear.'

II. iii. 31. 'he away, 'tis'; Pope's emendation of F. 1, 'he alway 'tis'; Ff. 2, 3, 4, 'he always is.'

II. iii. 39. 'inwhooped,' i.e., enclosed in a hoop; Hanmer, 'in-coop'd'; Seward conj., adopted by Capell, 'in whoop'd-at.'

II. v. 12. *'Tawny-finned'*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *'Tawny-fine'*; Rowe reads *'Tawny-fin.'*

II. v. 103. *'That are not what thou'rt sure of!'*; Hanmer, *'That say'st but what thou'rt sure of'*; Johnson conj. *'That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't,'* &c.; perhaps the words of the text mean 'that art not the evil thing of which thou art so certain'; other interpretations have been advanced.

II. v. 116. *'Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,'* alluding to the old 'perspective' pictures showing one picture from one point of view, another from another standpoint.

II. vii. 77. *'then'*; Pope; Steevens conj. *'theirs.'*

II. vii. 99. *'increase the reels'*; Steevens conj. *'and grease the wheels'*; Douce conj. *'increase the revels.'*

II. vii. 116. *'bear'*; Theobald's emendation; Ff., *'beat.'*

III. v. 13. *'Then, world, thou hast'*; Hanmer's emendation; Ff.; *'Then would thou hadst'*; Warburton MS., *'Then would thou hast': 'chaps, no,'* Theobald's reading of Ff., *'chaps no.'*

III. vi. 53. *'left unloved'*; Collier Ms., *'held unloved'*; Singer conj., adopted by Hudson, *'felt unloved'*; Seymour conj. *'left unvalued'*; Staunton conj. *'left unpriz'd.'*

III. vii. 5. *'If not denounced against us'*; Hanmer reads, *'Is't not denounc'd 'gainst us?'*; Jackson conj. *'Is't not? Denounce against us!'*; &c.

III. vii. 67-68. *'his whole action grows Not in the power on't,'* i.e., "his whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, namely, his land force, but on the caprice of a woman," &c. (Malone).

III. x. 28-29. *'And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers'*; Grant White conj. *'What she requires; and in our name add more*

Offers from thine invention; Walker, *'and more... From thine invention offer.'*

III. xi. 162. *'Caesarion smite'*; Hanmer's emendation; Ff., *'Caesarian smile.'*

IV. iv. 3. *'mine'*; Ff., *'thine.'*

IV. iv. 5-8. The text follows Malone's arrangement and reading (*vide* Cambridge Edition, Note VI.).

IV. v. 17. *'Despatch. Enobarbus!'*; Steevens (1773) reading; F. 1, *'Dispatch Enobarbus'*; F. 2, *'Dispatch Eros'*; Ff. 3, 4, *'Dispatch, Eros'*; Pope, *'dispatch my Eros'*; Johnson conj. *'Dispatch! To Enobarbus!'*; Capell, *'Dispatch.—O Enobarbus!'*; Rann, *'Eros! Dispatch'*; Ritson conj., adopted by Steevens 1793, *'Eros, despach'*; Anon. conj. *'Domitius Enorbarbus!'*

IV. vi. 13. *'persuade'*; Rowe's correction of Ff., *'disswade.'*

IV. viii. 23. *'favouring'*; Theobald's emendation of Ff., *'savouring.'*

IV. x. 38. *'soul'*; Capell, *'soil'*; Singer (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'spell'*; S. Walker conj. *'snake'*; *'grave'*; Pope reads *'gay'*; Collier (ed. 2) from Collier MS., *'great'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'grand.'*

IV. xii. 87. *'Lo thee'*; Grant White conj. *'Lo there.'*

IV. xiii. 11. *'Burn the great sphere'*; Hanmer, *'Turn from the sphere'*; Warburton, *'Turn from th' great sphere.'*

IV. xiii. 12. *'shore'*; Staunton conj. adopted by Hudson, *'star.'*

IV. xiii. 22. *'I dare not'*; Malone conj. *'I dare not descend'*; Ritson conj., adopted by Wordsworth, *'I dare not come down'*; Anon. conj., from Plutarch, *'I dare not ope the gates'*; &c.

IV. xiii. 74. *'No more, but e'en a woman'*; Capell's version; Ff. read *'No more but in a woman'*; Rowe, *'No more but a meer woman'*; Johnson conj., adopted

by Steevens, 1773, 1778, 'No more—but e'en a woman.'

V. i. 15. 'crack: the round world'; Steevens conj. 'crack than this: the ruin'd world'; Singer conj. 'crack: the round world convulsive'; Nicholson conj. 'crack: the round world in rending'; Daniel conj. 'crack in the round world'; &c., &c.

V. i. 24. 'Splitted the heart'; Collier MS., 'Split that self noble heart'; Elze conj. 'Splitted that very heart.'

V. i. 59-60. 'learn To be ungentle'; Tyrwhitt conj.; Rowe (ed. 2) and Southern MS., 'live To be ungentle'; Ff. read 'leaue to be ungentle'; Capell, 'Leave to be gentle'; Gould conj. 'bear to be ungentle.'

V. ii. 7. 'dung'; so the Ff.; Warburton conj., adopted by Theobald, 'dugg'; Nicholson conj. 'tongue'; Cartwright conj. 'wrong'; Bailey conj. 'doom.'

V. ii. 50. 'necessary'; Hanmer. 'accessary'; Malone conj. 'necessary, I'll not so much as syllable a word'; Ritson conj. 'necessary, I will not speak; if sleep be necessary.'

V. ii. 87. 'an autumn 'twas'; Theobald and Thirlby conj.; Ff. read 'an Anthony it was'; &c.

V. ii. 104. 'smites'; Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 'suites'; Ff. 3, 4, 'suits'; Pope, 'shoots.'

V. ii. 173. 'my chance,' i.e., my changed fortune, lot; Hanmer reads 'mischance'; S. Walker conj. 'my change'; Ingleby conj., adopted by Hudson, 'my glance.'

V. ii. 177-178. 'We answer others' merits in our name, Are'; Malone's reading; Ff., 'We answer others merits, in our name Are'; &c.

V. ii. 352. 'caves'; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, 'caues'; Barry conj. 'canes'; Anon conj. 'eaves'; Perring conj. 'course.'

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