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SHAKESPEARE'S

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

With Introduction and Notes

BY

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~~Shakespeareiana~~

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INTRODUCTION

CHIEF FACTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.

The date of Shakespeare's birth is not known, but, according to tradition, he was born April 23, 1564, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England. Very little is known with certainty concerning his life, and he tells us less about himself in his work than almost any other writer.

His father was a well-to-do tradesman and his mother was Mary Arden, who had a small estate in land. Their son William was sent to the grammar school of Stratford, where he received a fair education, although hardly of such a kind as his plays would lead us to suppose. He may have learned a little law from his uncle, who was a lawyer in the town, but we know next to nothing about his youthful days.

Shortly after his marriage to Anne Hathaway he is said to have been reprimanded for poaching on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy, an episode which he afterward immortalized, and this fact, with his father's loss of fortune, induced him to set out for London to make his own way in life.

Possibly he may have seen some of the plays and pageants given at Kenilworth Castle during his boyhood, and cherished a secret liking for the stage. At all events, he soon found friends among the London actors and before long became an actor himself and the proprietor of a theatre in Blackfriars.

His fame as a playwright soon eclipsed his reputation as an actor, and he seemed equally great in tragedy,

comedy, or historical drama. During his life in London he produced about thirty-six plays, of which the following are the chief:

TRAGEDIES: Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello, Romeo and Juliet.

COMEDIES: Tempest, Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline.

HISTORICAL: Henry VI., Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VIII., Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra.

He also wrote two long poems and some of the most beautiful sonnets in the language.

In 1610 he returned to his native town, where he lived until his death six years later. His grave is in Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony and Cleopatra is the work of Shakespeare's maturer years, and by many critics is considered one of his greatest plays. Although, historically, it is closely connected with *Julius Cæsar* it bears little resemblance to that play in treatment or characterization. Like the *Iliad*, it is based on no great heroic motive, but, also like the *Iliad*, the characters are so transcendently portrayed, the style is so swift and brilliant, that the ordinary standards of criticism hardly apply.

The play was written in 1607 or 1608, not long after the writing of *Macbeth*, and it is based, as are the other Roman plays of Shakespeare, on North's familiar translation of *Plutarch*. Indeed, for his facts Shakespeare has followed *Plutarch* so closely that it is not necessary to give the story here, although it is well to recall what took place between the overthrow of Julius Cæsar and the situation of affairs as we find them here.

Julius Cæsar ends with the overthrow of Brutus and Cassius at the battle of Philippi. After that event,

Octavius Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus found themselves masters of the Roman Empire, which they portioned among themselves. Antony took as his share the provinces in the East and proceeded against the Parthians, who were then in revolt. On his way thither he summoned Cleopatra to a conference in Cilicia, for she had given aid to Brutus and Cassius and so won the enmity of Augustus. The result of this conference on the river Cydmsus is described in the play. Antony followed Cleopatra to Alexandria and abandoned himself to the pleasures of the Egyptian court. Here we find him when the play opens.

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

Of all Shakespeare's historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most powerful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much — perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic attractions. As a wonderful specimen of the way in which Shakespeare lives up to the very end of this play, read the last part of the concluding scene.

— Coleridge.

But independently of any other indications, it is certain that the ripe maturity of poetic mind pervades the whole tone of the tragedy, the diction, imagery, characters, thoughts. It exhibits itself everywhere, in a copious and varied magnificence; as from a mind and memory stored with the treasures acquired in its own past intellectual efforts, as well as with the knowledge of life and books, from all which the dramatic muse (to borrow

the Oriental imagery which Milton has himself drawn from this very tragedy), like

“The gorgeous East, with liberal hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.”

Its poetry has an autumnal richness, such as can succeed only to the vernal luxuriance of genius, or its fiercer midsummer glow. We need no other proof than that which its own abundance affords, that this tragedy is the rich product of a mind where, as in Mark Antony's own Egypt, his

“Nilus had swelled high,”

and

“When it ebb'd, the seedsmen
Upon its slime and ooze scatter'd his grain,
Which shortly came to harvest.”

— *Verplanck*.

It is marked beyond any other (play) by a superabundance of external workmanship, such as needs oft repeated and most careful perusal to bring out full upon the mind's eye. The great number and variety of events crowded together in it, the rapidity with which they pass before us, and, consequently, the frequent changes of scene, hold curiosity on the stretch, and somewhat overfill the mind with sensuous effect, so as for a long time to distract and divert the thoughts from those subtleties of characterization and delicacies of poetry which everywhere accompany them. . . .

As regards the hero and heroine, it is a noteworthy point how little we feel or think of any moral or immoral quality in their doings. In their intoxication of empire, of self-aggrandizement, and of mutual passion, they fairly overshoot the whole region of duty and obligation. To themselves and to each other, they are simply gods; as such, their freedom is absolute; they transcend all relative measures and know no centre or source of law

outside of their own personality: their own wills are their ultimate reason, their supreme law; the moral gravitation of the world having, as it were, no hold upon them, nor any right to control them. — *Hudson*.

Of all Shakespeare's female characters, Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me most wonderful: the first unequalled as a poetic conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity and complexity; and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two. . . .

I have not the slightest doubt that Shakespeare's Cleopatra is the real historical Cleopatra — the "rare Egyptian" — individualized and placed before us. Her mental accomplishments, her unequalled grace, her woman's wit and woman's wiles, her irresistible allurements, her starts of irregular grandeur, her bursts of ungovernable temper, her vivacity of imagination, her petulant caprice, her fickleness and her falsehood, her tenderness and her truth, her childish susceptibility to flattery, her magnificent spirit, her royal pride, the gorgeous Eastern coloring of her character: all these contradictory elements has Shakespeare seized, mingled them in their extremes, and focused them into one brilliant impersonation of classical elegance, Oriental voluptuousness, and gypsy sorcery. — *Mrs. Jameson*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY.	}	Triumvirs.	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.			
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS.			
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.			
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.	}	Friends to Antony.	
VENTIDIUS.			EROS.
SCARUS.			DERCETAS.
DEMETRIUS.			PHILO.
MECÆNAS.	}	Friends to Cæsar.	
DOLABELLA.			PROCULEIUS.
THYREUS.			GALLUS.
MENAS.			
MENEKRATES.	}	Friends to Pompey.	
VARRIUS.			
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.			
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.			
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.			
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.			
ALEXAS.	}	Attendants on Cleopatra.	
MARDIAN, a Eunuch.			
SELEUCUS.			
DIOMEDES.			
A Soothsayer.			
A Clown.			

CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN.	}	Attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS.		

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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 glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view 5
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.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies,
the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Look, where they come: 10
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

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

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd. 15

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: 25

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 30
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

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 35
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.

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will? 5

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.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink. 11

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. 16

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 20

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. 29

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. 34

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

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

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Nay, come, tell Iras hers. 41

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. 45

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

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

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune. 50

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?

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. Good Isis,
hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter
of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of
the people!

Char. Amen.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen. 65

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 70

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.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucias? 75

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,
Upon the first encounter, drave them. 80

Ant. Well, what worst? 80

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 flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus — 85
 This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,
 Extended Asia from Euphrates;
 His conquering banner shook from Syria
 To Lydia and to Ionia;
 Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say —

Mess. O, my lord! 90

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

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd 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 96

Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

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

First Att. The man from Sicyon — is there such
 an one? 100

Sec. 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?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon: 105

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
 Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.

[*Exit* Sec. Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
 What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
 We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, 110
 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, 115
 My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see
 how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
 our departure, death's the word. 121

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.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. 131

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.

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 blest withal would have discredited your travel. 141

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia! 145

Ant. Dead.

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. 156

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

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode. 161

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 165 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home; Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands 170 The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd 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, 175
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 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, 180
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

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. 5

[*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, forbear:
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall
fall: 15

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

Ant. Now, my dearest queen —

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther 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 'tis I that keep you here:

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods know best —

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first 25

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra —

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

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color 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, 35

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

Ant. How now, lady!

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

There was a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our service awhile; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius 45
 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 condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace 50
 Into the heart 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. 56

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. 65

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 thy 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 honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. 75
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

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, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe. 85

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, 90
And I am all forgotten.

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

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; 95
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honor calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! 105 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS,
and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike 5
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 10

Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
 Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses. 15

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 buffet 20
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes
 him —

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

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd 25
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state and ours — 'tis to be chid 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 35
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears he is beloved of those

That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less. 40
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, 45
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 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony, 55
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 60
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets, 65
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 —

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he? 10

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now, 15
Or murmuring "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With the 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 21
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! 25

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, 30
He kiss'd — the last of many doubled kisses —
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, 35
 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 neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? 41

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

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
 him: 45

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
 O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry, 50
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So does it no man else. Met'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 Alexas. 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! 60

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

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. Pompey's house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS, in war-like manner.

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, 5
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 hope 10
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 flatter'd; but he neither loves, 15
 Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.

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

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!

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; 25

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor

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 'tis 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 donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership

Is twice the other twain: but let us rear 35

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 trespass to Cæsar; 40
 His brother warr'd 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,
 'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
 selves; 45

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. The house of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

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

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: If Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head 5
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 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: 15
Hark, 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.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well. 25
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

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 laugh'd at, 30
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you

Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, 35
What was't to you?

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

Ant. How intend you, practiced? 40

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 45

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50
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 55
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which we fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
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! 66

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 70
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 75
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80
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 honor is sacred which he talks on now, 85
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;
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 poison'd hours had bound me up 90

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; 95
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon as befits mine honor
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100
 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. 106

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. 110

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
 O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar — 116

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

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

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa: 120
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, 125
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 130
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 tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both 135
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd 140
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 145
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother 150
 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 155
 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 us out.

Ant. Where lies he? 160

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

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

Ant. So is the fame.
 Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it: 165
 Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
 The business we have talk'd of.

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

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

Lep. Noble Antony, 170
 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 honorable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus! 175

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

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

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true? 181

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. 186

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. 190

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver, 195

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue — 200

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-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, 205
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle 210
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strang invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony, 215
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her, 220
 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 barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast, 225
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

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, 231
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 235
 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. 240

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

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.* CÆSAR'S house.

Enter ANTONY, CAESAR, 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: 5
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.]

Enter 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, 15
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, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: 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, 25
Thou art 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;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone: 30
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; 35
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius, 40

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

SCENE IV. *The same. 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. 5

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. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }

Lep. Farewell. *[Exeunt.]* 10

SCENE V. *Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S 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 the Eunuch.

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 play'd 5
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, 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-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say "Ah, ha! you're caught."

Char. 'Twas merry when 15
You wager'd 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 laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd 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 — 25

Cleo. Antonius 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 lipp'd, 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. 35

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 — so tart a favor
 To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd 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 45
 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 a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, 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. 56

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
 He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
 [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence, 61
 [*Strikes him again.*]

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 whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam, 65
 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;
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside 70
 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 your-
 self:

The man is innocent. 75

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.

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.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him. 80

[*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 85
 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,
 If thou again say "Yes."

Mess. He's married, madam. 90

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 95
 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
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia. 100

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. 105

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! 'tis no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him 110

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The color 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, 115

The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
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,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS,
with Soldiers marching.

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

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

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10
Wherefore my father should avengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted
There saw you laboring for him. What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what 15
Made the all-honor'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-
dom,
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 burthen 20
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st 25
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 mayst.

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 35
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then 40
 I came before you here a man prepared
 To take this offer: but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience: though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,
 When Cæsar and your brother were at blows, 45
 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 call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
 For I have gain'd 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; 55
 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 seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do. 60

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
 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 66

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 —

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? 70

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how farest 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, 75
 When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,
 I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
 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 all but MENAS and ENOBARBUS.*]

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

Eno. At sea, I think. 85

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.

Men. Nor what I have done by water. 91

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. 97

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

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face. 101

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came thither 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. 106

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

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

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia. 110

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. 'Tis true. 115

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

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

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties 120

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

Men. Who would not have his wife so? 125

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. 134

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

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *On board POMPEY'S galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. *Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

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

plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-colored.

First Serv. They made have drink alms-drink. 5

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

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

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First 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. 16

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

Ant. [To CÆSAR.] 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, 20
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus. 25

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

Ant. They are so.

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

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

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then. 34

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

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

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

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

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to MEN.*] Forbear me till anon. 40
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of? 47

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet. 50

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

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

Pom. [*Aside to MEN.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

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

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

Rise from thy stool. 55

Pom. [*Aside to MEN.*] I think thou'rt mad.
The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

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

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

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, 60

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 you think me poor, I am the man 65
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 darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way. 70

Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-
tors

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

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't! In me 'tis villainy; 75
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done; 80
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! 85

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

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*
LEPIDUS.

Men. Why? 90

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 might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come. 95

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

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

Ant. Be a child o' the time. 100

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

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

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier, 105

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

Eno. All take hands.
 Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
 The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing 110
 The holding every man shall bear as loud
 As his strong sides can volley.

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

THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumply Bacchus with pink eyne!
 In thy fats our cares be drown'd, 115
 With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
 Cup us, till the world go round,
 Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good
 night. Good brother,
 Let me request you off: our graver business 120
 Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
 night. 125

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 all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. 130

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound
out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

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

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACURUS 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, 5

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 have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed 14

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,
 Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor 20
 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, 25
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 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 35
 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 *at one door,* ENOBARBUS *at another.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

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

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled 5
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

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

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

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

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 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: 15

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CAESAR, 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 25
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
 Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

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 35
 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.

Oct. My noble brother!

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

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

Cæs. What. 45
 Octavia?

Oct. 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 full tide,
 And neither way inclines. 50

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to ENO.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to ENO.*] Why, Enobarbus, When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept 55
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia, You shall hear from me still; the time shall not 60
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come; 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 65
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria.* CLEOPATRA'S palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

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 5
Through whom I might command it? Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty —

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where? 10

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

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued
or low? 15

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! 'tis impossible.

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

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

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

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt 25
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 prithee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow —

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

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

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

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

Her hair, what color? 35

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

More fit for business: go make thee ready; 40

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know. 45

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 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

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 semblance import — but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear; 5
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, 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.

Oct. 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:
The good gods will mock me presently, 15
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 honor,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady, 25
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men 31
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 35
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success? 5

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 for-
merly 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 16
 The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
 And threatens the throat of that his officer
 That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius; 20
 My lord desires you presently: my news
 I might have told hereafter.

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

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this,
 and more,
 In Alexandria: here's the manner of 't:
 I' the market place, on a tribunal silver'd,
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
 Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat 5
 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 son he there proclaim'd the king of kings:
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd 15

Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
 That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
 As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
 Inform'd.

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

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
 His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him 25
 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 answer'd. 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 con-
 quer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, 35
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

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

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

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

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

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

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

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach 45
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 50

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
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.

Oct. Good my lord, 55
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

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

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

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

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra 65
Hath nodded him to her; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,

Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; 70
 King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of spectres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched, 75
 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,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart: 80
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused 85
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mer. Welcome, dear madam. 90
 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.

Oct. Is it so, sir? 95

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

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 now denounced against us, why should
not we 5

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply.

Cleo. What is't you say?

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 10
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus 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 15
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

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

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, 20
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 becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we 25
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,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; 31
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought: 35
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; 40
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, 45
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-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, 50
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? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius, 55
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;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt 60
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-
tians

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. 65

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?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Maricus Justeius, 70
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? 75

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 labor, and throes
forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

Enter CAESAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching

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 5
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

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.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain*

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

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, naught! I can hold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
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? 5

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

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight, 11
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies. 15

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard, 20
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, 25
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. 30

Can. Toward 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
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow 35
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Alexandria.* CLEOPATRA'S palace.

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more
upon't;

It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:
 I am so lated in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, 5
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. 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: 10
 My treasure's in the harbor, take it. O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall 15
 Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
 Nay, do so; for indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

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

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

Iras. Do, most dear queen. 26

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 35
His sword e'en like a dancer: while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by. 41

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! 45

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 what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought 55
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to my 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 play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know 65
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 XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.

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

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers 5
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from ANTONY.

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
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office. 10

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. 15
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-disgraced 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. 25

[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.]

[*To* THYREUS.] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
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-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
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 35

In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria.* 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 5
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meered question: 'twas a shame no less 10
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS, *the* Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she 15
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, 26

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, 30

Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will

Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued

His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my wo-
men!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit* Attendant.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to
square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make

Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord

Does conquer him that did his master conquer, 45
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 is, Cæsar.

Thyr. So.

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

Cleo. Go on: right royal. 55

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

Cleo. O!

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

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right: mine honor was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

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

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar 65
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, 70
 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 the great Cæsar this: in deputation
 I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt 75
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can, 80
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
 When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favors, by Jove that thunders! 85
 What art thou, fellow?

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

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there! Ah, 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? I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars! 95
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here — what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha! 105
Have I my pillow left unpress'd 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? 115

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
 Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
 Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, 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 125
 And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
 The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130
 For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

First Att. He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
 sorry 135

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
 forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar.
 Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say 140
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires 146
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech and what is done, tell him he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranched 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, begone! [*Exit* THYRUSE.]

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. 155

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 160
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
 Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm, 165
 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 sever'd navy too 170
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-
 like.

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

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle: 175
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

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

Cleo. It is my birth-day: 185
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 190

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

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

[*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious, 195

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 valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. CÆSAR'S camp.**Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with his Army; CÆSAR reading a letter.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
 power
 To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
 combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
 I have other ways to die; meantime 5
 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 stores to do't, 15
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace.**Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with 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, 5
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry "Take all."

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

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
Thou — and thou — and thou: — you have served
me well

And kings have been your fellows.

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

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] 'Tis one of those odd
tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. 15

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

All. 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 suffer'd 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: 25
 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, 35
 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
 To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts, 41
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life
 Than death and honor. Let's to supper, come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.* 45

SCÈNE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

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

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night
to you. 5

First Sold. Well sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

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

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

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.

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

[*Music of the hautboys* as under the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean? 15

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [*Speaking together.*] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is't not strange? 20

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

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

Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
others attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armor,
Eros!

Enter EROS with armor.

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. 5

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armorer 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 daff'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 15
 That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
 The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
 A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
 Thou look'st like him that knows a 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. 'Tis well blown, lads: 25
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.
 So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable [*Kisses her.* 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, Captains, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me. 35
 He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

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

SCENE V. *Alexandria.* ANTONY'S camp.

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

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

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

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still 5
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!

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

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
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 15
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Despatch. — Enobarbus!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

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

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

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.*

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 15
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

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. 25

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 35
 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.]

Alarums. *Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home 5
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

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

Ant. They do retire.

Enter EROS.

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

Scar. Let us score their backs, 10
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter* ANTONY, *in a march*; SCARUS, *with
others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one
before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought 5
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.
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 honor'd gashes whole. [*To* SCARUS.] Give me
thy hand; 11

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

SCENE IX. CÆSAR'S camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First 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.

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

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night — 5

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec Sold. Stand close, and list him.

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

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace' 10

Hark further.

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 15
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 thy revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

Sec. Sold. Let's speak

To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks 25

May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

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

Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums 30

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

Third Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*

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 5
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven — forward then,
Where their appointment we may best discover
And look on their endeavor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with their Army.*

Enter CÆSAR *and his Army.*

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

SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

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

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly, 5
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

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

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together

Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 15
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*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 spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave 21
Their wishes, so discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm — 25
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

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

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

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 plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 35
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts: and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEOPATRA,

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 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; 45
 And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria.* 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 emboss'd!

Char. To the monument!
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting 5
 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, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To the
 monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE XIV. *The same.* *Another room.*

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 vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory 5
 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 — 15
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
 Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
 A million more, now lost — she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph. 20

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

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

Mar. No, Antony;

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

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace! 25
 She hath betray'd 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 render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep. [*To MAR.*] That thou de-
 part'st hence safe, 36
 Does pay thy labor 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. For me awhile.

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now 45
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labor
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
 Eros! — I come, my queen: — Eros! — Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
 hand, 51
 And with our sprightly 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, 55
I have lived in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble 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 65
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put color 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 window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat 75
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! 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, swore'st thou
not then
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 counte-
nance, 85

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. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the
sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Kills himself.*]

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself! 95
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 learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make
an end 105
Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard. Not I.

Second Guard. Nor I.

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

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly. 111

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.* 115

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

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

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

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect
She had 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 125
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I
prithée.

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

Come, your lord calls!

130

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

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

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

135

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 XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her Maids aloft, with CHAR-
MIAN 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,

Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony —
 Help me, my women — we must draw thee up: 30
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

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

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, 35
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little —
 Wishers were ever fools — O, come, come, come;

[*They heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

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

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen: 45

Of Cæsar seek your honor, 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. 50

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, 55
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman — a Roman by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[ANTONY *dies*.

The crown o' earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls 65
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints*.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O, madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70

Empress!

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 75
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80
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, *Char-*
mian!

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, 86

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend 90
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

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

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria.* CAESAR'S camp.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council
 of war.*

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
 darest
 Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas: 5
 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 15
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice, 20
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd 25
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?

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

Agr. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors 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 touch'd.

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

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony! 35

I have follow'd 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 45
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle — that our stars,
 Unreconciliable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends —
 But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him; 50
 We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egypt. 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 55
 To the way she's forced to.

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

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

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 65

Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

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

Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still 75

In all my writings: go with me, and see
 What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will: and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds; 5
 Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, 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 15
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
 You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
 On all that need: let me report to him 25
 Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 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: 35
 [*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, 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 betray'd.

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

Pro. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death 45
Will never let come forth.

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

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

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

If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up 55

And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark-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, 65
And he hath sent 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 CLEO.*] 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. 75

Cleo. I dream'd 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
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature — 81

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

Crested the world: his voice was propertied
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, 85
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping: his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in: in his livery 90
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
 were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra!

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

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. 95
 But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100

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. 105

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 honorable —

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

Dol. Madam, he will; I know't. 110

[*Flourish and shout within.*

“Make way there: Cæsar!”

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods 115

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, 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce: 125

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 130

Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

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

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord. 136

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam. 141

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, 145

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, 150

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back?
thou shalt 155

Go back, 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, 160
Doing the honor of thy lordliness

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, 165
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170
 With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
 me

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

Or I shall know the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. 175
 [*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 acknowledged,
 Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours, 181
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
 cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
 queen; 185

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. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt CAESAR and his train.*]

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

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.]

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

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided; 195
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 200
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant. 205
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 210

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*; saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians 216
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. 220

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

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

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer 225
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; 230
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs. 235

Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guardsman.
 What poor an instrument
 May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
 My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me: now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon 240
 No planet is of mine.

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

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.
 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. 248

Cleo. Rememberest 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 falli-
 ble, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm. 260
 [Setting down his 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. 270

Cleo. Will it eat me?

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 devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five. 277

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [Exit.]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: now no more 281

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 285

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, 295
 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 curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
 wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, 305
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
 Unpolicied.

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 — [Dies.]

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies 315
 A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not. 320

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*]

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

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

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;
call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is
this well done? 325

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming 330
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

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

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train marching.

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

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, 335
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs:

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First 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 dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep, 345
As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these
fig-leaves 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; 355

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 360

No less in pity than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral;

And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

ACT I.

SCENE I.

1. *Dotage*. Foolishness, like that of a childish old man.
2. *Measure*. Exceeds all limits.
2. *Goodly*. Fine.
3. *Musters*. The troops drawn up in battle array.
4. *Plated Mars*. The god of war arrayed in armor. Coats-of-mail were made of plates of steel.
5. *Office*. That is, bend their looks in devoted service.
6. *Tawny front*. Dark countenance. Cleopatra was a Greek, but she is usually represented as swarthy of visage.
8. *Reneges*. Disclaims, renounces.
8. *Temper*. Moderation, equanimity.
10. *Gipsy*. Used here contemptuously, not in a literal sense.
12. *Triple pillar*. Third. At this time Antony, Cæsar, and Lepidus formed the second triumvirate, or group of men to rule Rome.
15. *Beggary*. Her love small enough to be reckoned is but beggary.
16. *Bourne*. Limit.
17. *New heaven*. That is, the present heaven and earth are not wide enough to limit my love.
18. *Grates*. It annoys me; tell me briefly.
21. *Scarce-bearded*. A taunt at Antony by reminding him how young is the man he calls master.
23. *Take in*. Conquer, subdue.
23. *Enfranchise*. Set free.
24. *Damn*. Condemn.
28. *Process*. A legal summons calling a man into court.
31. *Homager*. Vassal, bond servant.
31. *Shame*. Pays the tribute of shame or fear.

32. *Shrill-tongued*. Plutarch says that Fulvia was "of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature."
34. *Ranged*. Well ordered.
34. *Space*. Place where I would be.
37. *Thus*. Love as we love.
37. *Mutual*. When two people in such complete sympathy.
39. *Weet*. To know; *weet* is a corruption of "wit."
40. *Falsehood*. That is, false man.
43. *Himself*. Show himself in his true character.
43. *Stirr'd*. Inspired, influenced by.
44. *Love*. The goddess of love, Venus.
44. *Soft*. Luxurious.
45. *Confound*. Waste, consume.
49. *Becomes*. Whose every act is becoming.
50. *Fully*. Some read "fitly" here.
54. *Qualities*. Characters. See quotation from Plutarch in Introduction.
55. *Speak*, etc. Addressed to the messenger from Rome.
57. *Not Antony*. That is, when he is not in his proper frame of mind, he lacks too much those great qualities which should always be his.
61. *Common liar*. Proves false report to be true report.
63. *Of*. For.

SCENE II.

2. *Absolute*. Complete, perfect.
19. *Prescience*. One who knows all things; used here jokingly as a title.
22. *Liver*. Heart. *Liver* was often used as the seat of love.
26. *Widow*. Outlive them.
27. *Herod of Jewry*. A reference to Herod's slaughter of the innocents. He is represented in the old mystery plays as a fierce tyrant.
27. *Find me*. Find out that it may be my destiny.
28. *Companion*. Make me an equal with.
35. *Belike*. It is likely I shall have no children to name.
38. *Every*. Every one.
40. *For a witch*. If this is the best you can do you will never be burned for a witch.
46. *E'en*. As little as, etc.
46. *Nilus*. Nile.

47. *Wild*. Extravagant.
48. *Prognostication*. A sign of fruitfulness.
50. *Worky-day*. Common, ordinary.
56. *Come*. Come, tell me his fortune.
57. *Isis*. The Egyptian goddess of the earth and of fertility.
69. *Roman*. A thought about Rome.
74. *Into the field*. Took up arms.
77. *Time's state*. The state of affairs made friendship necessary.
78. *Jointing*. Joining.
79. *Issue*. Fortune, success.
80. *Drave*. An old form not commonly used by Shakespeare.
85. *As*. As if.
86. *Stiff*. Hard to tell.
87. *Extended*. A legal term meaning to seize upon.
87. *Euphrates*. Here accented on the first syllable.
88. *Syria*, etc. Provinces of Asia Minor.
91. *Home*. Frankly, without reserve.
96. *Quick*. Active.
97. *Earing*. Ploughing. That is, the knowledge of our faults is like ploughing the mind for bringing forth a new and worthy crop instead of weeds.
99. *Sicyon*. One of the most ancient cities in southern Greece.
101. *Stays*. Awaits your pleasure.
107. *Importeth*. It is of importance for you to know.
107. *Forbear*. Have patience with me.
108. *Great Spirit*. A noble mind.
109. *Contempt*. What we fling away with careless contempt.
111. *Revolution*. What at the moment seems pleasure to us, by the changes of time and events, often becomes pain.
112. *Being gone*. Though I prized her little when alive, being gone, she seems of value.
113. *Could*. Could willingly, would.
121. *Word*. Will be the result.
128. *Moment*. For far less reason.
129. *Mettle*. Spirit.
135. *Almanacs*. The old almanacs used to predict changes in the weather.
137. *Jove*. The god of thunder.

141. *Discredited.* That is, made you seem but a poor traveler.
147. *Thankful.* Sacrifice of thanksgiving.
149. *Tailors.* It shows the deities as tailors of the earth who, when old robes are worn out, can make him new. So the gods can supply men with a new wife.
154. *Smock.* Coat.
156. *Onion.* Mock tears are all you need.
157. *Broached.* The affairs she has set on foot.
161. *Abode.* Abiding.
164. *Expedience.* Expedition.
165. *Part.* Depart.
166. *Touches.* Other matters which affect us more strongly.
168. *Contriving.* Our many friends who are contriving or plotting in our interests.
169. *Petition.* Petition us to come home.
170. *Dare.* Declared defiance.
171. *Slippery.* Fickle, changeable.
173. *Deserts are past.* The time has gone by for giving him his deserts.
174. *Pompey.* Invest the son with all the dignities of the father. Pompey was a famous Roman general.
176. *Blood.* Courage.
177. *Main.* Chief soldier of the world.
177. *Quality.* Disposition.
178. *Sides.* The whole empire of Rome.
179. *Coursers.* A reference to the old superstition that a horse hair, when put into water, will turn into a snake.
179. *But.* Only.
180. *Say.* Give our commands to our subordinates.

SCENE III.

1. *Since.* The use of *since* with the imperfect tense is not uncommon in Shakespeare.
3. *Did.* That is, you must appear as if I did not send you.
6. *Did love.* Implying that she does not.
8. *Do.* Supply "which."
10. *The way.* That is the way.
11. *I wish.* I wish you would forbear; I pray you, forbear.
12. *Often.* Are frequently obliged to fear.

13. *Sullen*. That is, I mean to pretend to be sick and melancholy.

14. *Breathing*. To put my purpose in words.

16. *Sides*. As illustrative of her meaning, Stevens quotes the lines:

“There is no woman’s sides
Can hide the beating of so strong a passion.”

19. *Eye*. By your very appearance.

20. *Married*. A scornful reference to Fulvia.

26. *Treasons*. The treachery you intended against me.

30. *Mouth-made*. Empty, false.

32. *Color*. Excuse, pretext.

33. *Sued*. Sued that you might stay.

35. *Eternity*. This is a mocking echo of what Antony has previously said.

36. *Bent*. The arch of our eyebrow.

36. *None*. None of our parts.

37. *Race*. Had a heavenly origin.

44. *In use*. In trust, a legal term.

45. *Civil swords*. Is torn by civil wars.

46. *Port*. Probably Ostia, which was the harbor of Rome.

48. *Breed*. Agrees with “powers,” rather than with its subject, “equality.”

48. *Scrupulous*. Factions that keep narrow watch on each other. By a confusion of ideas “breed” agrees with the nearest noun.

49. *Condemn’d*. It is necessary to accent this word on the first syllable.

53. *Purge*. Would be cured, changed.

54. *Particular*. More private reasons.

55. *Safe*. Make safe; render you secure regarding me.

58. *Childishness*. That is, from being so childish as to believe that Fulvia is really dead.

61. *Garboils*. Commotions, turmoils. The word is adopted from the French.

61. *Best*. This remark has been variously interpreted. Some take it to mean that the last part of the letter, telling the good news of Fulvia’s death, is the best part; some that nothing in Fulvia’s life so became her as her death. Cleopatra’s reply seems to favor the first interpretation.

63. *Sacred vials*. The Romans sometimes placed bottles of tears, or lachrymatory vials, in the urns of their friends.

67. *Bear.* My intentions.
 67. *Cease.* Which shall be carried out or not.
 68. *Fire.* That is, by the sun that brings verdure out of the Nile mud.
 71. *Affect'st.* As it may please thee.
 71. *Lace.* Stay lace, lest I faint.
 73. *So.* If.
 74. *Evidence.* Testimony.
 75. *Trial.* Test.
 78. *Egypt.* That is, Egypt's queen.
 78. *Good now.* A common vocative, my good lord.
 81. *Meetly.* Very well.
 82. *Target.* Shield.
 84. *Herculanean.* According to Plutarch, Antony claimed descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.
 85. *Chafe.* How well he maintains his pretended anger.
 90. *Oblivion.* My forgetfulness. That is, my memory plays me as false as does Antony himself, and I have forgotten all I would say.
 92. *Idleness.* But that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to your purposes, I should think you were the very spirit of idleness yourself.
 94. *Heart.* It is hard work to carry on such trifling when it covers such a sorry heart.
 96. *Becomings.* Graces and charms.
 97. *Eye.* Appear becoming in your eyes.
 100. *Laurel.* Laurel crowned victory. Laurel has always been the symbol of the victor.
 102. *Abide.* That is, we both remain with and yet fly from each other, since you, though remaining here, yet go with me, and I, though going hence, still in spirit am here with you.

SCENE IV.

3. *Competitor.* Partner, associate.
 3. *Alexandria.* The capital of Egypt.
 4. *Fishes.* Plutarch says that Antony when fishing with Cleopatra was vexed at his want of success and, on one occasion, hired divers to fasten a live fish on his hook. Cleopatra found out the trick, and next time she ordered her own divers to be quicker than Antony's and place a salt fish on the hook. When the latter drew it up in triumph, she and her attendants were vastly amused.

6. *Ptolomy*. Cleopatra belonged to the line of the Ptolomies, a famous dynasty of Egyptian rulers.
9. *Abstract*. The epitome, the very embodiment.
11. *Enow*. This is an old form of the plural of "enough."
14. *Purchased*. Inherited rather than acquired by himself.
18. *Mirth*. A revel, a feast.
19. *Turn*. To sit at table and drink with a slave.
20. *Reel*. That is, to go reeling along.
20. *Buffet*. Play the part of buffet.
22. *As*. Although.
22. *Composure*. Composition, nature.
24. *Soils*. Faults.
25. *Lightness*. When our burden is so much the greater for his levity.
26. *Vacancy*. Times of leisure.
27. *Surfeits*. Satiety and physical pains would be the natural punishments.
28. *Confound*. But to waste a time such as this, when his own interests and ours demand his attention, is a fault that ought to be reprimanded as we chide boys.
31. *Mature*. Old enough to know better.
32. *Pawn*. Sacrifice their better judgment.
33. *Rebel to*. Rebel against their judgment.
33. *News*. Shakespeare sometimes treats this word as singular.
39. *Discontents*. Malcontents, the dissatisfied ones.
40. *Give him*. Represent, speak of him as one who has been wronged.
42. *Is*. The man who has power was desired by the people only until he actually acquired power.
43. *Ebb'd*. One whose fortunes have declined.
44. *Dear'd*. Becomes dear.
46. *Lackeying*. Waiting upon, going back and forth with.
49. *Ear*. Plough.
52. *Lack blood*. Grow pale with fright.
52. *Flush youth*. Hot-blooded youth, or youth at its prime.
55. *War*. That is, his name strikes more terror than it would were his war resisted.
56. *Wassails*. Revels.
58. *Consuls*. The name of the ruling officers of Rome.
61. *Suffer*. With fortitude greater than that with which savages could suffer.

62. *Gilded.* Covered with scum.
 66. *Browsed'st.* Fed on
 71. *Lank'd.* Grew thin.
 71. *Of.* As regards.
 75. *Assemble.* Let us assemble a council at once.
 79. *Front.* Encounter.
 79. *Encounter.* Meeting.
 80. *It.* That is, to take account of my resources.
 82. *Stirs.* Outbreaks.
 84. *Bond.* I know that I am bound to do so.

SCENE V.

4. *Mandragora.* Mandrake, a plant inducing sleep.
 13. *Wot'st.* Knowest thou.
 14. *Demi-Atlas.* The Atlas who holds up half the world. Atlas was one of the Titans, or race of giants, who made war upon Zeus and, as a punishment, was condemned to bear up the heavens on his shoulders.
 15. *Burgonet.* A kind of helmet first worn by the Burgundians.
 19. *Phæbus.* God of the sun. That is, tanned by the sun.
 20. *In time.* By time.
 20. *Broad-fronted.* With a wide forehead.
 23. *Grow.* That is, fix them on my face.
 24. *Aspect.* Countenance.
 27. *Medicine.* The famous elixir of the old alchemists that was supposed to turn base metal into gold.
 32. *Orient.* Eastern; that is, bright, radiant.
 34. *Firm.* That is, constant.
 35. *Foot.* In addition to which.
 37. *Opulent.* Commanding many kingdoms.
 39. *Arrogant.* Some editions read "rampaunt." The word in the folio is "arm-gaunt," an obvious misprint.
 41. *Beastly.* A peculiar adverbial use of the word.
 50. *Mingle.* Mixture. The word is here a noun.
 52. *Post.* Messengers.
 53. *Several.* Separate.
 54. *Thick.* So many in succession.
 59. *Emphasis.* Emphatic praise.
 62. *Paragon.* Here a verb, meaning to compare favorably.
 64. *Salad.* Youthful, green.

65. *Cold.* That is, you are cold in blood.
 69. *Unpeople.* By sending everybody as a messenger.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

1. *Shall.* Will, can not but assist.
 3. *Not deny.* Do not necessarily deny.
 4. *Whiles.* While; that is, while we are praying, the thing for which we are praying is losing in value through delay.
 6. *Harms.* For things that would harm us.
 8. *Of.* We should say by "the losing of."
 10. *Crescent.* Waxing greater.
 10. *Auguring.* Prophetic.
 18. *Have.* Where did you learn this?
 21. *Salt.* Wanton.
 21. *Waned.* Faded in beauty.
 24. *Epicurean.* Accented on the antipenult. Epicurus was a philosopher who taught that the pursuit of pleasure was the highest good in life. He meant, however, mental rather than physical pleasures.
 25. *Cloyless.* That is, not cloying; that sharpen rather than satisfy the appetite.
 26. *Prorogue.* Keep his honor languishing, prevent it from asserting itself.
 27. *Lethe'd.* Lethe was a river of Hades whose waters brought forgetfulness to everyone who drank of them.
 31. *Space.* It is time enough even for a longer journey than that from Egypt to Rome.
 33. *Helm.* Helmet.
 37. *Widow.* Young Ptolemy, to whom Cæsar had married Cleopatra, had been drowned.
 38. *Hope.* Expect.
 39. *Well greet.* Greet on good terms.
 40. *Trespases.* Committed offenses.
 45. *Pregnant.* Likely, probable.
 45. *Square.* Quarrel.
 49. *Yet not.* Do not yet.
 51. *Our lives upon.* It is necessary if we value our lives.

SCENE II.

6. *Mars.* The god of war.
8. *Share't.* I would not show him even so small a mark of respect.
9. *Stomaching.* Resentment, quarreling.
15. *Compose.* Agree well together, come to terms.
15. *Parthia.* We will set out for Parthia.
16. *I do not know.* Said in answer to some question without the scenes.
18. *Combined.* United.
19. *Leaner.* Lesser, more trivial.
21. *Loud.* In angry words.
23. *Rather.* All the more because.
25. *Curstness.* Do not let anger make our differences greater.
26. *To fight.* About to fight.
34. *Derogately.* In disparaging terms.
35. *It.* Did.
39. *Practice.* Plotted against me.
40. *Question.* That is, a question that concerned me.
40. *Intend.* What do you mean by "practiced"?
43. *Contestation.* Quarrel.
44. *Theme.* Had you for its theme or cause.
44. *Word.* Watchword of the war.
45. *Business.* Misunderstood the matter.
46. *Urge me.* Urge my name as a pretext for making war.
46. *Inquire.* Make inquiries about it.
47. *Reports.* Reporters, people who supported you.
49. *Discredit.* Throw discredit over me as well as you.
50. *Stomach.* Desire.
51. *Alike.* Since I am engaged in the same cause with yourself.
52. *Patch.* If you insist upon patching up a quarrel with me out of mere trivialities, for you have no real cause, you must find some better ground than this.
56. *Patch'd.* You had just as little real ground for your excuses.
57. *Lack.* I know you could not help thinking.
60. *Graceful eyes.* Look favorably upon,
61. *Fronted.* Opposed.
63. *Snaffle.* Light rein.
64. *Pace.* Teach to go lightly.

64. *Wife*. That is, if you were married to a woman of such spirit you would find that, although you may easily govern a third of the world, you cannot govern her.
67. *Uncurbable*. Ungovernable as she was, her com-motions, etc.
70. *Did you*. Gave you too much reason for disquiet.
70. *For that*. As for all that.
74. *Gibe*. Drive out with gibes.
74. *Missive*. The bearer of my missive.
76. *Want*. Was not myself.
78. *Myself*. What my condition had been.
81. *Question*. Let us put him out of the question.
82. *Article*. The promise, that to which you swore.
85. *Sacred*. My honor, about which he is now speaking, is a sacred matter; let him say all that he has to say, therefore, that I may vindicate it.
90. *Poisoned*. Tainted with slothfulness and pleasure.
94. *It*. That is, my honesty.
98. *Noble*. Nobly.
99. *Enforce*. Lay stress upon, urge.
100. *Grieves*. Grievances.
102. *Atone*. Reconcile, make friends.
104. *Instant*. Time being.
110. *Stone*. That is, I will be as silent as a stone; I am discretion itself.
113. *Conditions*. Dispositions, temperaments.
115. *Hoop*. Bond would hold us in friendship.
122. *Rashness*. That is, your rashness would deserve reproof.
127. *Unslipping*. A slip knot is one that will come un-tied if one of its ends is pulled.
128. *To*. For.
130. *General*. All her various virtues.
133. *Import*. Carry with them dangers.
134. *Tales*. Only idle reports.
138. *Studied*. One that has been duly pondered.
138. *Present*. Uttered on the spur of the moment.
139. *Ruminatèd*. One which my sense of duty has made me carefully consider.
144. *Unto*. Over.
145. *Fairly*. Shows so fair, plausible.
147. *Further*. Help on.
153. *Fly off*. May our affections never become es-tranged again.

156. *Only*. I must just thank him, lest I seem forgetful of his courtesies.
158. *Calls*. Presses.
159. *Of*. By.
161. *Misenum*. A promontory in the province of Campania where there was an excellent harbor.
164. *Fame*. Report.
167. *Most*. The utmost.
168. *View*. To come to see my sister.
177. *Digested*. Settled.
177. *Well by't*. Had a capital time.
180. *Wild-boars*. Plutarch says: "When he (Philotus) was in the kitchen and saw . . . eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said: 'Sure you have a great number of guests to supper.' . . . 'No,' quoth he (the cook), 'not many guests, not above twelve in all.'"
182. *By*. In comparison with.
186. *Square*. Do her justice.
187. *Pursed*. Took it captive.
188. *Cydnus*. A river flowing through the city of Tarsus. "Upon" means "on the banks of."
189. *Reporter*. Informant made up the story.
192. *The barge*, etc. This follows Plutarch's description.
193. *Poop*. Stern.
200. *Of tissue*. Probably cloth of gold on a ground-work of tissue.
201. *O'er-picturing*. Outdoing that picture of Venus. According to Warburton, this was the Venus of Protogenes, a celebrated Greek painter, mentioned by the Latin poet, Pliny.
202. *Outwork*. Where the fancy of the artist exceeds the beauty of nature.
203. *Cupids*. Cupid was god of love.
206. *Undid did*. That is, made the cheeks glow whose warmth they were intended to cool.
207. *Nereides*. Mermaids, the fifty daughters of Nereus.
208. *I' the eyes*. Waited upon her, observant of her every look.
209. *Bends adornings*. Pages of commentary have been written on this passage, but the simplest explanation seems the best. Their very acts of observance in waiting upon her were so graceful as to add a fresh charm to their beauty.
210. *Tackle*. Ropes, sails, etc.
211. *Swell*, *Vibrate*.

212. *Yarely*. Deftly, nimbly.
 212. *Office*. Perform the duty.
 214. *Wharfs*. Banks.
 215. *Upon*. Rushed forth to greet her.
 217. *Vacancy*. An allusion to the doctrine then in vogue, that nature abhors a vacuum.
 222. *Should*. Would.
 225. *Barber'd*. A sign of great respect.
 226. *Ordinary*. Meal.
 228. *Wench*. Girl, not necessarily in a bad sense.
 231. *Defect perfection*. That is, her breathlessness only made her seem more lovely.
 235. *Stale*. Render stale, destroy the charm.
 239. *Becomes*. Seem becoming.
 239. *That*. So that.
 240. *Riggish*. Wanton. *Rig* means a frolic.
 241. *Settle*. Content.
 243. *Lottery*. Prize.

SCENE III.

1. *Office*. Affairs of state.
 6. *Square*. That is, I have not squared or ordered my conduct well.
 10. *Sirrah*. Sir. This word is generally addressed to inferiors.
 14. *Motion*. Mind, mental vision.
 19. *Demon*. Familiar spirit, the spirit that watches over a man.
 22. *Fear*. Becomes the very personification of fear; is utterly afraid.
 27. *'Gainst the odds*. In spite of the odds being in your favor.
 27. *Thickens*. Grows dull.
 32. *Parthia*. A province in western Asia.
 32. *Hap*. Chance.
 33. *Dice*. Even when he throws dice, he turns up the lucky numbers.
 34. *Cunning*. Skill.
 35. *Chance*. Good luck.
 35. *Speeds*. Is successful.
 36. *Cocks*. Cock fights were popular sports in England.
 36. *Still*. Always.

37. *Nought*. Even when the odds are as much in my favor as everything to nothing.

37. *Quails*. These birds were often used in place of cocks as fighters.

38. *Inhoop'd*. The birds were confined within a hoop to keep them fighting.

38. *At odds*. Though the odds were in my favor.

SCENE IV.

3. *E'en but*. But just.

6. *Conceive*. Calculate the time the journey will take us.

6. *Mount*. Museum.

8. *About*. Draw me a roundabout route.

SCENE V.

1. *Moody*. Grave, melancholy.

3. *Billiards*. An English, not an Egyptian, game.

8. *Short*. Though the result is not a success.

10. *Angle*. Fishing rod.

12. *Tawny*. Yellow.

17. *Salt-fish*. See previous note.

18. *Fervency*. Eagerness.

21. *Ninth*. Nine o'clock.

22. *Tires*. Head-dresses.

23. *Philippan*. The sword was so named because Antony won the battle of Philippi, his greatest victory. It was an English, not a Roman custom, to name swords for a great victory.

28. *Yield*. Report.

32. *Use*. Are accustomed to say.

36. *Go to*. Here in the sense of "go on."

38. *Tart a favor*. So gloomy an expression.

41. *Formal*. Ordinary; not in the form of a man.

51. *Precedence*. What has gone before.

54. *Pack*. That is, the whole contents of your bundle of news.

63. *Unhair*. Tear out every hair.

65. *Lingering*. That is, you shall linger in pickle.

70. *Boot*. Give you to boot, give you in addition.

71. *Modesty*. Moderation.

73. *Made*. Committed.

74. *Within yourself.* Do you get beside yourself; control yourself.

78. *All.* That is, all kindly creatures.

81. *Nobility.* That is, it is beneath their dignity to strike a menial.

89. *Worser.* Shakespeare often uses this form of the comparative.

91. *Hold.* Stick to your word.

95. *Narcissus.* That is, the beauty of Narcissus, the son of Cephissus, a river god. He was so beautiful that the nymph Echo pined away and died for love of him.

96. *Ugly.* On account of your news.

100. *Unequal.* Very unfair.

102. *That art not what thou'rt sure of.* This is the reading of the folios and seems to mean, You are only the messenger, not the evil message itself of which you are so sure. Some editors change the line to read thus:

“That art not; what? thou'rt sure of it?” etc.

103. *Merchandise.* Goods. The word is treated here as plural.

104. *Hand.* That is, you must be responsible for them.

111. *Feature.* Personal appearance.

112. *Inclination.* Disposition.

115. *Gorgon.* Medusa, a fabulous monster, who turned everyone to stone who looked upon her. The meaning is that he resembles one of the “double” pictures formerly in vogue, which represented one subject on the front and another on the back. On one side he is as ugly as a Gorgon, on the other as splendid as Mars.

SCENE VI.

4. *Purposes.* What terms we are ready to make.

7. *Tall.* Sturdy, courageous.

9. *Senators.* You whose wisdom rules the world.

10. *Factors.* Agents.

13. *Ghosted.* Haunted.

14. *For him.* That is, to avenge him.

15. *Cassius.* One of the chief conspirators against Cæsar.

17. *Rest.* That is, with the rest who took up arms.

17. *Courtiers.* That is, lured on by their love of freedom.

19. *But a man.* Except that they would have Cæsar but an ordinary citizen, not a despot.

20. *Burthen.* Burden.

22. *Despiteful.* Ungrateful.

24. *Fear.* Frighten.

27. *O'er count me of.* Pompey evidently means that Antony not only outnumbered him, but has over-reached him in business. Plutarch tells us that Antony bought the elder Pompey's house when it was put up for public sale, but when he was asked for the money "he made it very strange, and was offended with them."

28. *Cuckoo.* The cuckoo builds no nest for itself, but takes possession of that built by some other bird. The meaning is, since, like the cuckoo, you have invaded the house of another, remain in it while you can.

30. *Present.* This has nothing to do with the matter on which we are at present engaged.

34. *Larger fortune.* By trying to gain more in opposition to us.

37. *Measures.* Supplies.

37. *Greed.* Agreed.

38. *Unhack'd edges.* That is, without hacking the edges of our shields; without fighting.

39. *Targes.* Shields.

43. *Impatience.* Has somewhat irritated me.

48. *Studied.* Am prepared, earnestly desire.

52. *Timelier.* Sooner than I intended coming.

55. *Counts.* Marks, lines, as one "casts accounts."

57. *Vassal.* Servant.

59. *Composition.* Agreement, treaty.

60. *Next.* Next thing.

65. *Fame.* Praise.

73. *Do.* That is, fare well.

74. *Toward.* In preparation.

81. *Galley.* A boat propelled by rowers sitting in tiers.

84. *Known.* That is, we have known each other.

98. *True.* Honest.

98. *Whatsome'er.* Whatsoever.

114. *Pray, etc.* Pray, is that true?

116. *Is.* Shakespeare sometimes uses a singular verb when it precedes two singular subjects.

117. *Divine.* Predict concerning.

119. *Purpose.* That is, the purpose to make Cæsar and Antony friends.

124. *Conversation.* Temperament, behavior.
 132. *Occasion.* Necessity, good policy.

SCENE VII.

- * *Banquet.* This word generally means the dessert.
 2. *Plants.* A play on words, as *plants* also means the soles of the feet.
 5. *Alms' drink.* The leavings, liquor that one drinks to accommodate a companion.
 6. *Disposition.* That is, banter one another.
 13. *Partisan.* A kind of halberd or battle axe.
 14. *Huge sphere.* The comparison is expressed elliptically. The meaning is, for a man such as Lepidus to be called to a high position, and remain a mere nonentity in it, is to be no better than are empty sockets where eyes should be, which only disfigure the face.
 * *Sennet.* A series of notes sounded on the trumpet or cornet.
 18. *Scales.* That is, they measure the rise of the Nile by marks made on the pyramid for that purpose.
 19. *Mean.* That is, the average height, neither very high nor very low.
 20. *Foison.* Plenty.
 23. *Shortly comes.* That is, is soon rewarded by a harvest without any further trouble on his part.
 26. *Your.* A colloquial use of the pronoun, not indicating, of course, actual possession.
 32. *Out.* Never refuse to drink a toast.
 34. *In.* That is, in a state of drunkenness; a play on the word "out."
 36. *Pyramises.* This form of the plural is of Shakespeare's own coining, although the singular, *pyramis* — the Greek form for *pyramid* — was in common use. Shakespeare probably uses it here to show that Lepidus was already fast getting "in."
 40. *Anon.* For a few moments.
 45. *It own.* *It* was an old provincial genitive, usually used with *own*.
 46. *Elements.* Principles of life.
 46. *Transmigrates.* The ancients believed that the spirit, on leaving the body, passed into some other body to live again.
 53. *Epicure.* A skillful judge of physical delights.

55. *Merit.* That is, out of regard for my merit.
58. *Cap off.* That is, I have ever been your faithful follower.
68. *Jove.* That is, ruler of the world, as Jove is ruler of the heavens.
69. *Pales.* Encloses, bounds.
69. *Inclips.* Embraces.
71. *Competitors.* Associates.
74. *There.* This has been variously explained; some change it to *then* or *theirs*, some think it means "by that act," and some simply, "All there is in the vessel is thine."
78. *Mine honor.* Mine honor leads it.
83. *Pall'd.* Waning, declining.
84. *Seeks.* Compare the proverb, "He who will not when he may, when he will, he shall have nay."
91. *A'.* He.
93. *Wheels.* "The World Goes Upon Wheels" was the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor, a poet of the period.
94. *Reels.* That is, help to make the world go round faster.
96. *Alexandrian.* It cannot compare with Cleopatra's feasts at Alexandria.
97. *Strike the vessels.* Open fresh casks of wine.
98. *Forbear't.* Desist.
101. *Possess.* That is, master the times rather than be guided by them.
102. *From.* That is, from drinking.
104. *Bacchanals.* Dances performed in honor of Bacchus, the god of wine; wild orgies.
111. *Holding.* The burden or refrain of a song.
111. *Bear.* Shout the refrain.
114. *Pink eyen.* *Eyen* is the old plural of "eye." *Pink* probably means small or half-closed eyes.
115. *Fats.* A dialect form of "vats."
120. *Off.* To be off, to leave the vessel.
122. *Burnt.* Flushed them with wine.
125. *Anticked.* This motley dress of drunkenness has made buffoons, or fools, of us.
126. *Try.* That is, test your friendship.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

1. *Darting Parthia.* The Parthian horsemen, as they fled, turned in their saddles discharging darts at the enemy.

2. *Marcus Crassus.* A Roman general who was defeated by the Parthians in 53 B.C., and treacherously put to death.

4. *Pacorus.* Son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

10. *Chariots.* The plural is used simply to amplify the picture.

14. *Too great.* Too great because it may excite the jealousy of his superior.

18. *In their officer.* By their generals than by their own deeds.

20. *By the minute.* Every minute.

24. *Darken.* Obscure his fame.

29. *Grants.* Affords. That is, you have that wisdom without which there is little difference between a soldier and his sword.

34. *Jaded.* Driven out like *jades*, a name given to worn-out horses.

35. *Purposeth to.* That is, purposes to make for Athens.

SCENE II.

2. *Despatched.* Come to an agreement.

3. *Sealing.* Putting their seals to the agreement.

6. *'Tis.* The use of "it" is contemptuous here.

11. *Nonpareil.* One that has no equal.

12. *Arabian.* The phoenix which, according to fable, after death rose again from its own ashes.

17. *Cast.* Compute in figures.

17. *Number.* That is, tell in numbers or verses.

20. *Shards.* The horny wing cases of the beetle. He means Cæsar and Antony are the wings which raise the dull and sluggish Lepidus.

27. *Approof.* And as I am ready to venture my strongest bond (band) as security for your conduct proving good.

28. *Piece.* Masterpiece.

29. *Cement.* Accent on the first syllable.

30. *Ram.* Battering rams were common implements of war before the days of firearms.

32. *Mean.* Means; that is, this alliance.
 34. *In.* By your distrust of me.
 35. *Curious.* Careful, anxious.
 40. *Elements.* That is, on her voyage to Egypt.
 48. *Inform.* Give it utterance.
 51. *Cloud.* If a horse has a dark spot between his eyes he is said to have a cloud in his face, which is regarded as a blemish, as it is supposed to indicate bad temper.
 57. *Rheum.* Was addicted to weeping.
 58. *Confound.* Destroy.
 58. *Wail'd.* Bewailed.
 60. *Still.* Constantly, continually.
 61. *Out-go.* That is, I will think of you as long as I live.

SCENE III.

14. *As.* This word had somewhat the force of a preposition; hence the objective case following.
 15. *Shrill.* Sprightly, lively of speech.
 22. *Station.* Manner of standing still.
 24. *Breather.* A living being.
 25. *Observance.* Powers of observation.
 26. *Note.* Observation. That is, there are not three persons in Egypt who are better qualified to observe.
 27. *Yet.* So far as he has described her.
 29. *Prithee.* Pray thee.
 37. *As low as.* Slang for "as low as it could be."
 41. *Proper.* A fine fellow.
 43. *Harried.* Scolded, used roughly.
 44. *No such thing.* Nothing very remarkable.
 46. *Defend.* Forbid.

SCENE IV.

3. *Semblable.* Similar, the same.
 6. *Scantly.* Slightly, grudgingly.
 9. *Took't.* Refused to take it.
 10. *From his teeth.* That is, took it only in a half-hearted way, for form's sake, not with sincerity.
 12. *Stomach.* Receive with anger, resent.
 15. *Presently.* At once, immediately.
 22. *Best.* That is, is best able to preserve it — his honor.
 25. *Between's.* Act as mediator between us.
 26. *Preparation.* That is, a force prepared for war.

27. *Stain*. Throw into the shade, outshine.
 27. *Soonest*. Utmost.
 28. *Desires are yours*. In this way you have what you desire.
 32. *Solder*. That is, the rift could only be closed by an appalling amount of bloodshed.

SCENE V.

5. *Success*. Result.
 7. *Rivalry*. Partnership. The primary meaning of *rivals* is "associates."
 10. *Wrote*. An unusual form of the past participle which was more commonly "writ" or "written."
 10. *Appeal*. A criminal charge, impeachment.
 11. *Up*. Shut up.
 12. *Pair of chaps*. That is, the world is now divided between Cæsar and Antony, and they will fight it out between them.
 17. *Rush*. That is, every little thing that comes in his way.
 20. *For*. That is, it is hired for Italy against Cæsar.
 20. *More*. There is more to tell, namely, that Antony desires you instantly.
 22. *Naught*. Of no importance.

SCENE VI.

1. *Contemning*. To show his contempt of Rome.
 3. *Market place*. Public square.
 3. *Tribunal*. A raised platform, so called because in the days of the Roman republic, the tribunes used to sit on such a platform when transacting public business.
 9. *Stablishment*. Established her queen of Egypt, gave her Egypt as an inheritance.
 12. *Exercise*. That is, in the area where the athletic exercises were held.
 18. *Gave audience*. Received complaints and petitions.
 20. *Who*. That is, the Roman people.
 20. *Queasy*. Disgusted, sick of his insolence.
 21. *Call*. Recall their good opinion.
 25. *Spoil'd*. Despoiled.
 25. *Rated*. Assigned him a just share.
 27. *Unrestored*. Which has not been restored to him.

28. *Of*. From.
29. *Being*. That is, being deposed.
34. *Change*. That is, changed position.
34. *For*. As regards what.
40. *Castaway*. That is, cast off by her husband.
47. *Borne men*. That is, been crowded with spectators.
47. *Expectation fainted*. That is, the spectators should have fainted with expectation.
50. *Populous*. Numerous.
51. *Market-maid*. That is, like a maid on her way to market.
52. *Ostentation*. Display, manifestation.
53. *Unloved*. That is, love which is denied opportunity for showing itself often ceases to be felt.
54. *Stage*. In your journey.
55. *Augmented*. That is, a greeting by increasing numbers of persons.
61. *Obstruct*. Obstruction.
66. *Nodded*. Hath summoned him with a mere nod.
66. *Who*. That is, both Antony and Cleopatra.
68. *Bocchus*, etc. This list of kings Shakespeare gets from Plutarch.
75. *More larger*. A double comparative.
77. *Afflict*. Injure.
78. *Withhold*. Prevent.
79. *Wrong led*. Wrongly led, misled.
80. *Negligent*. That is, in danger from being negligent.
82. *Content*. That is, spoils your peace by the necessity for strong measures.
83. *Determined*. That is, determined by fate.
88. *Best of comfort*. This may either mean, "May the best of comfort be yours," or, "You are my greatest comfort."
94. *Potent regiment*. Powerful sway.
94. *Trull*. Infamous woman.
95. *Noises it*. Uses it for making a disturbance.

SCENE VII.

3. *Forspoke*. Spoken against, opposed.
5. *Denounced*. Pronounced; if the war is declared against us why, etc.
11. *Traduced*. Accused of.

12. *Eunuch.* Mardian.
14. *Charge.* Have a part in the expenses and supplies.
16. *For.* As if I were a man.
21. *Take in.* Capture.
24. *Becomed.* This form of the participle occurs several times in Shakespeare.
27. *For that.* For the reason that, because.
31. *Vantage.* Advantage.
33. *Muleters.* Muleteers, mule-drivers.
34. *Ingross'd,* etc. Levied or "impressed" into service hurriedly.
36. *Yare.* Light and easily managed.
37. *Fall.* Fall upon you.
44. *Assurance.* That is, assurance of success.
45. *Merely.* Altogether.
46. *From.* Away from.
48. *Overplus.* Superfluous ships.
49. *Head of Actium.* The promontory of Actium.
52. *Descried.* His approach is observed.
55. *Power.* His army.
56. *Legions.* The Roman army consisted of legions, each containing five thousand men.
56. *Hold.* Command.
58. *Thetis.* My sea nymph. Thetis was one of the Nereides or nymphs.
60. *Misdoubt.* Have you lost confidence in.
62. *Phœnicians.* In ancient times the Phœnicians were noted sailors.
62. *Go-a-ducking.* Take to the water as ducks do.
63. *Used.* Have been accustomed to.
67. *Power on't.* That is, his whole plan of action is based not upon his greatest strength — *i.e.*, his land force — but upon the whims of a woman.
73. *Carries.* Goes.
74. *Distractions.* That is, his forces marched in so many different divisions.
75. *Beguiled.* Deceived.

SCENE VIII.

5. *Prescript.* Instructions.
6. *Jump.* Risk, hazard.

SCENE IX.

7. *Squadrons*. Fleet.
 7. *Yond*. Yonder. The word is really an adverb formed on the old adjective *yon*.
 8. *Battle*. Battle array, army.

SCENE X.

2. *Antoniad*. Cleopatra's own ship, named for Antony.
 3. *Sixty*. That is, sixty vessels.
 5. *Synod*. Assembly. The word was formerly applied chiefly to the gods, but later it was used largely of ecclesiastical assemblies.
 6. *Cantle*. Portion; the word originally meant "corner."
 9. *Token'd*. Spotted. The marks of the plague were popularly called "God's tokens."
 10. *Ribaudred*. Profligate woman.
 12. *Vantage*. Advantage.
 14. *Breeze*. As if stung by a gadfly.
 18. *Loof'd*. Luffed, having turned her vessel toward the wind.
 19. *Magic*. Charms, fascinations.
 20. *Sea-wing*. Raises his sails.
 20. *Mallard*. Drake, the male wild duck.
 27. *Knew himself*. Displayed the courage he knows he possesses.
 29. *Thereabouts*. Is that what you think?
 31. *Peloponnesus*. The southern peninsula of Greece.
 32. *Easy to't*. Easy to reach it.
 32. *Attend*. Await.
 36. *Wounded chance*. "Broken fortunes."
 37. *Sits in the wind*. Opposes such a course.

SCENE XI.

3. *Lated*. Belated.
 17. *Sweep your way*. Make your reconciliation with Cæsar easy.
 18. *Loathness*. Unwillingness to leave me.
 21. *Possess you*. Put you in possession of them.
 23. *Command*. That is, I have lost the power to command you.
 36. *Dancer*. Cæsar, at the Battle of Philippi, did not draw his sword, but wore it as if he were at a dance.

38. *Ended*. That is, it was I that ended the mad Brutus.
39. *Lieutenantry*. Acted by means of his lieutenants instead of fighting himself.
40. *Squares*. Squadrons.
44. *Unqualified*. Has lost his natural qualities, is not himself.
47. *But*. Except, unless.
49. *Offended*. Sinned against my reputation.
50. *Unnoble*. Ignoble.
53. *Looking back*. Some editors explain this passage by "See, how by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight." Others give it a wider meaning: "See how I am trying to hide my shame from you by holding myself aloof and bitterly meditating on the ruin of my power and reputation."
54. *Stroyed*. Destroyed.
57. *Strings*. That is, by the heart strings.
62. *Treaties*. Entreaties, proposals of peace.
63. *Palter*. Equivocate, use tricks.
69. *Fall*. Do not let fall.
69. *Rates*. Equals in value.
71. *Schoolmaster*. One Euphronius, the teacher of Antony and Cleopatra's children.
72. *Lead*. Heavy of heart.

SCENE XII.

3. *Argument*. A proof that he is hard hit.
5. *Which*. Who.
10. *His*. Its.
10. *Sea*. The ocean.
10. *Office*. The duty you have come to perform.
12. *Requires*. Requests that he be allowed.
15. *Private*. That is, as a private citizen.
18. *Circle*. That is, the crown of Egypt.
25. *Bands*. Troops.
28. *Add more*, etc. And in addition, make her more offers as they may suggest themselves to you.
30. *Perjure*. Cause to be false to themselves.
31. *Vestal*. Vestals were priestesses of the goddess Vesta who were vowed to a life of celibacy.
32. *Edict*. That is, name your own reward.

34. *Becomes his flaw.* How he bears himself under his fallen fortunes.

36. *Power.* That is, in every one of his faculties.

SCENE XIII.

1. *Think, and die.* Take thought, despair and die.

5. *Ranges.* Ranks.

8. *Nick'd.* Disfigure, mark with folly.

10. *Meered.* The whole question, the only cause of dispute. The etymology of this word is somewhat doubtful.

11. *Course.* Follow as a hunter courses after game.

12. *Gazing.* That is, gazing after him in consternation.

19. *Principalities.* Kingdoms.

26. *Comparisons.* Some editors think this means his advantages as compared with mine; others take it as a misprint for "caparisons."

27. *Declined.* Fallen in estate.

29. *High-battled.* The commander of proud and victorious armies.

30. *Unstate.* Divest himself of his advantages.

30. *Staged.* Exhibit himself on a stage.

31. *Sworder.* A gladiator, a slave who fought in the arena at public shows.

32. *Parcel.* Of a piece with, correspond with.

34. *Suffer.* To suffer the same ruin.

35. *Measures.* So well able to gauge men's measures or capacities.

39. *Blown.* Full blown.

41. *Square.* Quarrel.

42. *Loyalty.* Loyalty to a fool becomes mere folly.

46. *I' the story.* Wins renown when the story is told.

48. *Haply.* Perhaps.

51. *Leap.* Is eager to be friends.

52. *He is.* We acknowledge Antony's master, that is, Cæsar.

55. *Right royal.* Gracious sir.

59. *Constrained.* Faults forced upon you.

63. *Leaky.* So like a leaky ship.

71. *Shrowd.* Protection. The word originally means any kind of garment or covering.

74. *Deputation.* By deputy or proxy.

77. *All-obeying.* Whose commands are obeyed by all men.

81. *Grace*. Allow men the favor of kissing your hand.
82. *Cæsar's father*. The great general, Julius Cæsar, who had adopted Octavius, his grandnephew.
83. *Kingdoms in*. Conquering kingdoms.
85. *As*. As if.
87. *Fullest*. Most complete or perfect, fullest of good qualities.
91. *Muss*. A scramble after some object that had been thrown down.
93. *Jack*. Impudent fellow.
98. *She here*. Used contemptuously. Of this woman here who was once Cleopatra.
100. *Cringe*. Distort his face in pain or fear.
109. *Feeders*. Parasites, those who live on the bounty of others. Some think it means merely servants.
110. *Boggler*. Bungler, blunderer.
112. *Seel*. Blind.
117. *Trencher*. A large plate.
118. *Cneius Pompey*. The present Pompey's father, a great Roman general.
120. *Luxuriously*. Wantonly.
121. *Temperance*. Here, chastity.
124. *Quit*. Requite. A common phrase of beggars.
127. *Basan*. We find in the *Psalms*, "As the hill of Basan, so is God's hill; even an high hill, as the hill of Basan." And again, "Many oxen have come about me: fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side."
131. *Yare*. Prompt and skillful.
132. *A'*. Our.
138. *Fever*. Give you a fever.
146. *Orbs*. Spheres.
147. *Abysm*. Abyss.
147. *Mislike*. Dislike, is angry at.
149. *Enfranched*. Enfranchised; a slave who has been set free.
151. *Quit*. Requite, get even with me.
152. *Stripes*. Lashings.
153. *Terrene*. Earthly moon; that is, Cleopatra.
154. *Portends*. Foretells, indicates.
157. *Ties his points*. One who does the duty of a servant; literally, fastens the tagged lacings of his garments, or his *points*, as they were called.
161. *Determines*. As the stone dissolves.
162. *Cæsarion*. Her son by Julius Cæsar.

165. *Discandying*. Melting.
 165. *Pelleted*. Storm of pellets or hail stones.
 171. *Fleet*. Float, in sea trim.
 175. *Chronicle*. Will perform acts that deserve to be chronicled.
 178. *Breathed*. Endowed with treble breath.
 179. *Maliciously*. Without mercy.
 180. *Nice*. Dainty, luxurious.
 183. *Gaudy*. Joyous, festive.
 192. *Sap*. Life.
 197. *Estridge*. Ostrich.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

5. *I have many other*. Said ironically.
 9. *Make boot*. Take advantage.
 14. *Fetch him*. Take him captive.
 15. *Store*. Abundance of means.
 16. *Waste*. Lavishness.

SCENE II.

7. *Woo't*. Would thou. A provincial form.
 8. *Take all*. That is, I would give no quarter.
 17. *Clapp'd*. That is, I wish I could be made into many persons while you all became Antony.
 21. *Scant*. Do not stint the wine.
 22. *Fellow*. That is, when I had an empire at my command as well as you.
 25. *Period*. End.
 26. *Haply*. Perhaps.
 26. *If*. That is, if you do see me, it may be as a mangled corpse.
 33. *Yield*. Give you reward.
 35. *Onion-eyed*. Have tears in my eyes.
 36. *Ho*, etc. Said in mockery and perhaps rebuke.
 39. *Dolorous*. Doleful, melancholy.
 41. *Burn this night*. That is, burn out; feast all night long.

44. *Death and honor.* An honorable death.
 45. *Consideration.* Serious thoughts.

SCENE III.

5. *Belike.* Very likely.
 10. *Absolute.* Certain.
 * *Hautboys.* A wind instrument made of wood.
 14. *Signs.* It is a good omen.
 16. *Hercules.* A legendary Greek hero who was in later times regarded as a god.
 22. *Quarter.* As far as the limits of our beat.
 23. *Give off.* Cease.
 23. *Content.* Very good, all right.

SCENE IV.

2. *Chuck.* Chick; a term of endearment.
 5. *Brave.* Defy.
 7. *Armourer.* Armor bearer.
 10. *Briefly.* Immediately.
 13. *Daff't.* Doff it, remove it.
 14. *Squire.* In feudal times, the attendant of a knight.
 15. *Tight.* Skillful, handy.
 23. *Port.* Gate.
 23. *Expect.* Await.
 25. *Blown.* Some editors take this word to refer to the trumpets, and others to the morning. The former interpretation seems rather more in keeping with Antony's mood.
 28. *Well said.* Rather, well done.
 31. *Check.* Rebuke.
 32. *Mechanic.* Vulgar, like what a mechanic would use.

SCENE V.

14. *Subscribe.* Sign the letter.
 17. *Enobarbus.* That he of all men should desert me.

SCENE VI.

2. *Took.* Taken.
 6. *Three-nook'd.* That is, one divided between Cæsar, Antony and Lepidus.
 9. *Plant.* That is, to plant or place.

11. *Jewry*. That is, Judea.
 15. *Pains*. That is, for the pains or trouble he took.
 17. *Entertainment*. Are allowed to serve him but are not trusted.
 22. *Overplus*. That is, with presents added to it.
 23. *On my guard*. That is, where I was on guard.
 26. *Safed*. Give him safe conduct out of the army.
 33. *Turpitude*. Baseness.
 34. *Blows*. Breaks. The figure seems to be that this act of Antony fills his heart with remorse almost to bursting.
 35. *Thought*. Bitter reflections.

SCENE VII.

2. *Oppression*. That is, we have ventured too far and met more opposition than we expected.
 5. *Droven*. An old form of "driven."
 6. *Clouts*. That is, with their heads tied up in bandages.
 7. *T*. Shaped like a T.
 8. *H*. A pun is intended here on the word "ache," which was formerly pronounced like the letter H.
 11. *Snatch*. Catch them by the neck as dogs catch hares.
 13. *Spritely*. Spirited, encouraging.

SCENE VIII.

2. *Gests*. Valorous acts, exploits.
 5. *Doughty-handed*. Stout-handed, brave soldiers.
 7. *Hectors*. You have all shown yourselves as brave as Hector—the great hero of the Trojans during their ten years' war with the Greeks.
 8. *Clip*. Embrace.
 11. *Whole*. Until they are whole again.
 12. *Fairy*. Mistress of the fairies, enchantress.
 15. *Proof of harness*. Armor of proof, or metal that had been "proved" by being subjected to a severe test.
 17. *Virtue*. Here, valor, which was the original meaning of the word.
 20. *Something*. Somewhat.
 22. *Goal for goal*. That is, for every goal youth wins of us we can win one from them.
 28. *Carbuncled*. Set with carbuncle stones like the wheels of Phœbus Apollo's car, as described by Ovid.
 31. *Targets*. Shields.

31. *Owe*. That is, bear our hack'd targets as becomes those who own them. The expression may very possibly mean, however, "targets hack'd like the men that own them."

37. *Tambourines*. Here, drums.

SCENE IX.

2. *Court of guard*. The guard room where the sentinels muster.

3. *Shiny*. Clear.

3. *Embattle*. Muster for battle.

5. *Shrewd*. Bad, unfortunate.

6. *List*. Listen to him.

8. *Revolted*. Who have revolted, been traitors.

12. *Melancholy*. The influence of the moon was supposed to produce madness.

13. *Disponge*. Shed like a sponge.

15. *Throw my heart*. Johnson regards this line as a conceit unworthy of Shakespeare.

20. *Particular*. That is, as far as you yourself are concerned, but let the world call me a traitor.

30. *Raught*. Reached him.

31. *Demurely*. That is, gravely, with measured beat of drums, as befits so serious a day as the one before us.

32. *Note*. Importance, rank.

SCENE X.

7. *The Haven*. They have sailed out of the harbor. The rest of the line is mere conjecture.

8. *Appointment*. Preparation and equipment.

SCENE XI.

10. *Charged*. That is, but for the fact that we may be, unless we are charged.

11. *Shall*. That is, shall be allowed to be.

12. *Vales*. Valleys.

13. *Best advantage*. And secure the best positions.

SCENE XII.

1. *Yet*. As yet.

3. *Swallows*. This anecdote is related by Plutarch.

8. *Fretted*. Mingled of success and failure.

13. *Triple-turned*. Three times faithless, to Cæsar, to Pompey, and now to me.
14. *Novice*. Innocent youth.
16. *Charm*. Charmer.
21. *Spaniel'd*. Followed and fawned on me like spaniels.
22. *Discandy*. Melt away, as above.
25. *Grave*. Deadly, poisonous charm.
26. *Beck'd*. Beckoned, called forth wars by a mere gesture.
27. *Crownet*. Crown.
28. *Right*. True, one who deserves the name.
28. *Fast and loose*. An old game used to cheat the trusting out of pennies.
30. *Avaunt*. Out of my sight.
34. *Plebeians*. The common people. Accented on the first syllable here.
36. *Monster*. Monstrosity, something unnatural.
36. *Be shown*, etc. That is, be made a show for the sport of the commonest and meanest rabble. Some editors change "dolt" to "doit," and read, "Be exhibited for the smallest fee, like some strange monster at a show."
39. *Prepared*. Which have grown long for the purpose.
43. *Nessus*. A centaur whom Hercules had slain with a poisoned arrow. He sent to his wife for a garment in which to offer sacrifice and she, being angry with him at the time, sent him a robe dipped in the poisonous blood of Nessus. The garment caused him such intense agony that he seized his faithful attendant, Lichas, and threw him into the sea.
44. *Alcides*. Another name for Hercules, who was the son of Alceus.
47. *Worthiest*. That is, my very worthy self — worthy in the sense of being your descendant.

SCENE XIII.

2. *Telamon*. Thetis, the mother of Achilles, had promised a suit of armor to the bravest of the Greeks who were besieging Troy. In the contest for it, Ajax, son of Telamon, was defeated by Ulysses, and slew himself in a fit of madness caused by his disappointment.

2. *Thessaly*. A reference to the story of Meleager, a Greek hero who slew a savage boar, sent by Artemis to ravage the kingdom of Calydon.

3. *Emboss'd*. Foaming at the mouth.

5. *Rive*. The severing (rive) of soul and body is not more dreadful than the departure of greatness from the proud man.

9. *Piteously*. That is, full of pathos.

SCENE XIV.

2. *Dragonish*. That is, shaped like a dragon.

8. *Vesper's*. Evening's.

8. *Pageants*. Spectacles common at public festivals in which events were represented by animals and other scenery of wood.

10. *Rack dislimns*. The vapor dissolves and floats away.

14. *Knave*. Boy, fellow; not necessarily in a bad sense.

19. *Pack'd cards*. To pack cards is to shuffle them unfairly so that the best cards come to the dealer or to his partner.

26. *Die the death*. That is, the death deserved by traitors. The same expression is used in the New Testament.

33. *Render'd*. Rendered up, offered up.

39. *Battery from my heart*. The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot confine the beatings of my heart.

40. *Continent*. What contains thee.

46. *Length*. That is, all lengthening of life.

49. *Seal*. Complete the work. Sealing a legal document was the final act that completed it.

52. *Port*. Demeanor.

53. *Dido*. The Queen of Carthage, who fell in love with Æneas, a fugitive from Troy, when he landed in her kingdom, and who put an end to her life when he took his departure. Virgil represents her as avoiding Æneas in Hades.

53. *Troops*. That is, troops of attendants.

58. *Neptune*. God of the sea.

60. *Less noble mind*. That is, I, possessing a less noble mind, etc.

63. *Exigent*. The moment for immediate action.

65. *Prosecution*. Used in its literal meaning of "pursuit."

68. *Defeat'st*. Disappointed of his prey.

72. *Window'd*. Stand at a window.

73. *Pleach'd*. Folded.

74. *Corrigible*. Submissive.

75. *Penetrative*. To pain which had penetrated deeply.

77. *Ensued*. Branded more deeply with disgrace the one who followed.
80. *Useful*. Here, an adverb.
83. *Precedent*. Former.
89. *Why*. For which.
98. *Got upon me*. Literally, got ahead of me in making a noble record, forestalled me in making a noble ending.
107. *Period*. End.
113. *Enter me*. Recommend me to his favor.
117. *Sufficing*. That is, strokes sufficient to cause death.
122. *Found*. That is, found to be true.
123. *Disposed*. Made terms with.
136. *To grace*. By gracing it.

SCENE XV.

10. *Great sphere*. The sun would then fall from his place and the earth become dark.
10. *Darkling*. In the dark.
19. *Importunate*. Beg him to delay.
21. *Dare not*. That is, dare not come down from the monument.
23. *Imperious*. Triumphal entry into Rome.
25. *Brooch'd*. Adorned as with a brooch or large pin.
28. *Still conclusion*. Her quietly disdainful way of observing and drawing conclusions.
29. *Demuring*. Looking demurely.
32. *Sport*. Said, of course, with pathetic and bitter irony.
33. *Heaviness*. A play upon the word, both literally and in the figurative sense of "sorrow."
35. *Mercury*. The messenger of the gods.
39. *Quicken*. Revive, make alive.
43. *High*. Violently.
44. *Housewife*. *Housewife* was often used as a term of contempt.
59. *Woo't*. Wouldest thou.
64. *Garland*. He who was the glory of war.
65. *Pole*. The one about whom they rally. Shakespeare was probably thinking of the pole decked with garlands about which village festivities were held.
66. *Odds*. The favor of fortune.
67. *Remarkable*. In Shakespeare's day this word was

stronger than it is now, and meant something singular and impressive.

75. *Chares*. Drudgery. Compare the modern word "chores."

76. *Injurious*. Working injury, malignant.

78. *Naught*. Worthless, of no use.

79. *Sottish*. Stupid.

85. *Sirs*. We find this word applied to women in Beaumont and Fletcher also.

91. *Briefest*. Quickest.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

2. *Frustrate*. Frustrated, worsted.

3. *Pauses*. His hesitation is a mere farce.

5. *Thus*. With Antony's drawn and bloody sword.

16. *Civil*. That is, so great a shock should have rent the world and shaken lions out of their dens into the streets of the town.

18. *Single*. Not the doom of Antony only.

19. *Moiety*. Half.

21. *Self*. That is, self same.

27. *But it is*. That is, if this news be not.

30. *Persisted*. Those deeds which we have persisted most to do.

31. *Waged*. That is, his good and bad qualities were equally balanced, like the stakes in a wager.

32. *Steer*. Control a human being.

37. *Perforce*. Necessarily.

39. *Stall*. Dwell side by side.

43. *In top of all design*. That is, my rival in loftiness of purpose and endeavor.

46. *His*. Its. That is, Cæsar's heart.

48. *Equalness*. That is, should cause us, who started out equal in fortune, to come to such different ends.

49. *Meeter*. More fitting.

50. *Looks out of him*. That is, shows in his looks.

52. *Yet*. The force of this word is a matter of conjecture. Probably the meaning is "Still an Egyptian, even though conquered by Rome."

59. *Live*. That is, however long he lives, he cannot be ungentle.

66. *Eternal*. That is, to have her alive in Rome would be an eternal triumph.

74. *Hardly*. Reluctantly, only on the greatest provocation.

76. *Writings*. That is, letters.

SCENE II.

3. *Knave*. Servant.

5. *That thing*. That is, commit suicide.

6. *Shackles*. Prevents accidents and changes of fortune from touching us.

7. *Which sleeps*. Which causes sleep.

7. *Palates*. Makes it unnecessary to taste.

8. *Beggar's nurse*. That is, life, the nourisher of rich and poor alike.

10. *Study*. Carefully consider.

17. *Decorum*. To do what is becoming for it.

20. *As I*, etc. For which I will kneel to him with thanks.

26. *Dependency*. That you acknowledge yourself dependent on him.

27. *Pray in aid*. That is, will be glad to add kindness to clemency. *Pray in aid* is a law term signifying a petition made in court for calling in help from another who has an interest in the case.

29. *Vassal*. Slave.

29. *Send him*. That is, send him the submission he has conquered.

31. *Doctrine*. Lesson.

42. *Languish*. Disease, suffering.

45. *Acted*. Displayed.

48. *Worth*, etc. That is, who is worth more than the babes and beggars you are so ready to take.

48. *Temperance*. Control yourself.

50. *If idle talk*. The meaning is not quite clear. Perhaps it is "Even if idle talk be necessary to keep me awake, I'll not sleep neither."

56. *Varletry*. Rabble.

59. *Nak'd*. Pronounced as one syllable.

61. *Pyramides*. The Latin form of the plural is sometimes used, as here, for the sake of the metre.

67. *To my guard.* I will take charge of her.
70. *Employ.* Use me as your messenger.
81. *O.* A common term for a sphere.
83. *Crested.* Made a crest for the world. A raised arm was often used as a family crest or coat-of-arms.
83. *Propertied.* Endowed with the qualities, etc.
84. *Tuned.* According to the philosopher, Pythagoras, the spheres made music as they moved through space.
85. *Quail.* That is, causes the world to quail.
88. *Grew.* Yielded more the more it was reaped.
89. *Dolphin-like.* That is, in his delights he was like the dolphin, that leap out of the water in their gambols.
91. *Crownets.* Coronets, the insignia of noblemen. That is, he had kings and nobles for his servants.
92. *Plates.* Silver coins, so called because they were flat.
95. *Hearing.* That is, your lie is so great it reaches the ears of the gods.
98. *Vie.* Rival. That is, nature cannot produce forms so strange as those of fancy.
99. *Piece.* Masterpiece. Yet, were nature to conceive an Antony, it would be a masterpiece with which imagination could not vie.
102. *Weight.* With a fortitude as great as is the burden.
103. *Pursued.* Coveted.
103. *But I do feel.* If I do not feel.
120. *Sole sir.* Sole master.
121. *Project.* Shape my case, plead it.
122. *To make.* As to make.
123. *Like, etc.* *Like* followed by "which" is equivalent to our "such" followed by "as."
125. *Enforce.* Lay stress upon, exaggerate.
126. *Apply.* Adapt yourself to our purposes.
135. *Scutcheons.* Symbols of conquest. Literally, a shield on which was painted the coat-of-arms of a family.
138. *Brief.* Brief account, list.
140. *Not petty things, etc.* That is, a few trifling things excepted.
154. *Wild.* Mad.
155. *Goest thou back.* This phrase is used in a double sense to signify that Seleucus retreats before her as she is about to strike him, and also that he has deserted her.
161. *Lordliness.* Honoring by their lordly presence.
162. *Meek.* Humbled by misfortune.
163. *Parcel.* Item. That is, add the item of his malice (envy) to the sum of my disgraces.


166. *Immoment.* Of no moment, unimportant.
167. *Modern.* Ordinary.
169. *Livia.* Cæsar's wife.
170. *Unfolded.* Exposed by.
172. *Cinders.* The smouldering embers.
173. *Chance.* Fortune.
176. *Misthought.* Misjudged.
178. *Merits.* That is, we pay the penalties which are the deserts of others.
185. *Make not your thoughts.* That is, do not make yourself a prisoner in imagination when really you are free.
186. *Dispose you.* Dispose of you.
191. *Words me.* Cajoles or flatters me with words.
193. *Finish.* Make haste to die.
196. *Put it to the haste.* Make utmost haste.
199. *Makes religion.* Makes as binding as a religious obligation.
209. *Mechanic slave.* Artisans.
212. *Rank of.* Rank with.
213. *Vapor.* Breath.
214. *Lictors.* Officers, something like police who attended on magistrates, to clear the road, inflict punishment on criminals, etc.
215. *Scald.* Literally, scurvy, afflicted with an eruption of the skin.
216. *Ballad.* Sing ballads in mockery of us.
216. *Quick.* Quick-witted.
217. *Extemporally.* Extemporaneously.
217. *Present.* Represent.
220. *Boy.* The female parts in a play were taken by boys in the time of Shakespeare.
225. *Conquer.* Upset, bring to nothing.
227. *Show.* Attire me like a queen.
228. *Cydnus.* I will imagine that I am again going to set sail for Cydnus.
229. *Sirrah.* See former note on this form of address.
230. *Despatch.* Make haste.
231. *Chare.* Task.
236. *What poor an instrument.* The article in Shakespeare is not infrequently placed after instead of before the adjective.
238. *Placed.* Fixed, determined.
240. *Marble-constant.* That is, as firm and hard as marble.
242. *Avoid.* Depart.

243. *Worm*. Shakespeare often uses this word for "snake."
247. *Imortal*. Causes death.
257. *Fallible*. Infallible, sure.
263. *Do his kind*. That is, act as nature impels it.
281. *Immortal*. Longings for death.
283. *Yare*. Quick.
289. *Fire and air*. The old belief was that man was composed of the four elements, fire and air, earth and water, the latter being the baser.
293. *Aspic*. The poison of the asp. Iras has already secretly applied the snake to herself.
294. *Nature*. Life.
301. *Curled*. That is, nobly attired.
302. *Make demand*. Inquire concerning me.
303. *Mortal*. Deadly, giving death.
304. *Intrinsicate*. Intricate, hard to loose.
308. *Unpolicied*. Without policy, stupid.
314. *Vile*. The folios have "wild," which many editors retain.
316. *Lass*. Used as a term of endearment for a young girl, generally.
316. *Windows*. Eyelids soft as down.
318. *Of*. By.
319. *Mend*. Set it right.
319. *Play*. Compare Cleopatra's words above, "I'll give thee leave to play till doomsday."
323. *Beguiled*. Deceived.
330. *Touch their effects*. Your thoughts, or anticipations, are realized.
333. *Augurer*. You foresee too truly.
335. *Level'd*. Guessed.
346. *As she*. As if she.
347. *Toil*. In the fascinations of her graces.
348. *Vent*. A slight flow.
348. *Blown*. Somewhat swollen.
350. *Aspic's trail*. The mark left by an asp.
352. *Caves*. Some editors think this word should be "canes" or "reeds."
354. *Conclusions*. Experiments without number.
358. *Clip*. Hold, enclose.
359. *High events*. Such high events have their effect on those who bring them to pass.
365. *High order*. Fitting ceremony.

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