

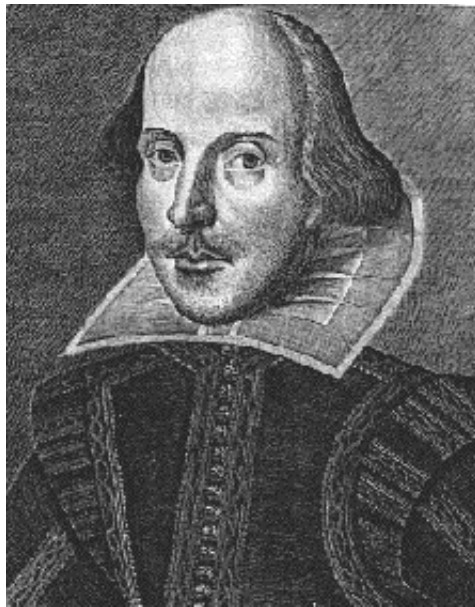
THE TRAGEDIE OF

Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Enter Demetrius and Philo.*
 3 *Philo.*
 4 Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
 5 Ore- flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
 6 That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
 7 Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
 8 Now bend, now turne
 9 The Office and Deuotion of their view
 10 Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
 11 Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
 12 The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
 13 And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
 14 To coole a Gypsies Lust.
 15 *Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the*
 16 *Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*
 17 Looke where they come:
 18 Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 19 (The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
 20 Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.
 21 *Cleo.* If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
 22 *Ant.* There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
 23 *Cleo.* Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.
 24 *Ant.* Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,
 25 new Earth.
 26 *Enter a Messenger.*
 27 *Mes.* Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
 28 *Ant.* Grates me, the summe.
 29 *Cleo.* Nay heare them *Anthony.*
 30 *Fuluia* perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
 31 If the scarse- bearded *Caesar* haue not sent
 32 His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
 33 Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
 34 Perform't, or else we damne thee.
 35 *Ant.* How, my Loue?
 36 *Cleo.* Perchance? Nay, and most like:
 37 You must not stay heere longer, your dismissal
 38 Is come from *Caesar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*,
 39 Where's *Fuluia*s Processe? (*Caesars* I would say) both?

40 Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
 41 Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
 42 Is *Caesars* homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
 43 When shrill- tongu'd *Fuluia* scolds. The Messengers.
 44 *Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
 45 Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
 46 Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
 47 Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
 48 Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
 49 And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
 50 One paine of punishment, the world to weete
 51 We stand vp Peerelesse.
 52 *Cleo.* Excellent falshood:
 53 Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
 54 Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.
 55 *Ant.* But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
 56 Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
 57 Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
 58 There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
 59 Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
 60 *Cleo.* Heare the Ambassadors.
 61 *Ant.* Fye wrangling Queene:
 62 Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 63 To weepe: who euery passion fully striues
 64 To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
 65 No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
 66 Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
 67 The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
 68 Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.
 69 *Exeunt with the Traine.*
 70 *Dem.* Is *Caesar* with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?
 71 *Philo.* Sir, sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
 72 He comes too short of that great Property
 73 Which still should go with *Anthony*.
 74 *Dem.* I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
 75 Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
 76 of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt*
 77 *Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucilli-us,*
 78 *Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,*
 79 *and Alexas.*
 80 *Char.* L[ord]. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
 81 almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer
 82 that you prais'd so to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this
 83 Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
 84 Garlands.
 85 *Alex.* Soothsayer.

86 *Sooth.* Your will?
87 *Char.* Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?
88 *Sooth.* In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
89 can read.
90 *Alex.* Shew him your hand.
91 *Enob.* Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough, [xx1
92 *Cleopatra's* health to drinke.
93 *Char.* Good sir, giue me good Fortune.
94 *Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.
95 *Char.* Pray then, foresee me one.
96 *Sooth.* You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.
97 *Char.* He meanes in flesh.
98 *Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.
99 *Char.* Wrinkles forbid.
100 *Alex.* Vex not his prescience, be attentiuē.
101 *Char.* Hush.
102 *Sooth.* You shall be more belouing, then beloued.
103 *Char.* I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.
104 *Alex.* Nay, heare him.
105 *Char.* Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
106 be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
107 them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode*
108 of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
109 *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my Mistris.
110 *Sooth.* You shall out- liue the Lady whom you serue.
111 *Char.* Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.
112 *Sooth.* You haue seene and proued a fairer former for-tune,
113 then that which is to approach.
114 *Char.* Then belike my Children shall haue no names:
115 Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.
116 *Sooth.* If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-tell
117 euery wish, a Million.
118 *Char.* Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.
119 *Alex.* You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
120 your wishes.
121 *Char.* Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.
122 *Alex.* Wee'l know all our Fortunes.
123 *Enob.* Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
124 be drunke to bed.
125 *Iras.* There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.
126 *Char.* E'ne as the o're- flowing Nylus presageth Fa-mine.
128 *Iras.* Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.
129 *Char.* Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-nostication,
130 I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her
131 but a worky day Fortune.
132 *Sooth.* Your Fortunes are alike.

133 *Iras.* But how, but how, giue me particulars.
 134 *Sooth.* I haue said.
 135 *Iras.* Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?
 136 *Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
 137 then I: where would you choose it.
 138 *Iras.* Not in my Husbands nose.
 139 *Char.* Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.
 140 *Alexas.* Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
 141 mary a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee,
 142 and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse
 143 follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
 144 his graue, fifty- fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this
 145 Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
 146 good *Isis* I beseech thee.
 147 *Iras.* Amen, deere Goddess, heare that prayer of the
 148 people. For, as it is a heart- breaking to see a handsome
 149 man loose- Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
 150 foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Isis* keep *de-corum*,
 151 and Fortune him accordingly.
 152 *Char.* Amen.
 153 *Alex.* Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
 154 Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
 155 they'ld doo't.
 156 *Enter Cleopatra.*
 157 *Enob.* Hush, heere comes *Anthony*.
 158 *Char.* Not he, the Queene.
 159 *Cleo.* Saue you, my Lord.
 160 *Enob.* No Lady.
 161 *Cleo.* Was he not heere?
 162 *Char.* No Madam.
 163 *Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
 164 A Romane thought hath strooke him.
 165 *Enobarbus?*
 166 *Enob.* Madam.
 167 *Cleo.* Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?
 168 *Alex.* Heere at your seruice.
 169 My Lord approaches.
 170 *Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.*
 171 *Cleo.* We will not looke vpon him:
 172 Go with vs. *Exeunt.*
 173 *Messen.* *Fuluia* thy Wife,
 174 First came into the Field.
 175 *Ant.* Against my Brother *Lucius*?
 176 *Messen.* I: but soone that Warre had end,
 177 And the times state
 178 Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst *Caesar*,

179 Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
 180 Vpon the first encounter draue them.
 181 *Ant.* Well, what worst.
 182 *Mess.* The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
 183 *Ant.* When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
 184 Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
 185 Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
 186 I heare him as he flatter'd.
 187 *Mes. Labienus* (this is stiffe- newes)
 188 Hath with his Parthian Force
 189 Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering
 190 Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
 191 And to Ionia, whil'st—
 192 *Ant.* *Anthony* thou would'st say.
 193 *Mes.* Oh my Lord.
 194 *Ant.* Speake to me home,
 195 Mince not the generall tongue, name
 196 *Cleopatra* as she is call'd in Rome:
 197 Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
 198 With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
 199 Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
 200 When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
 201 Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.
 202 *Mes.* At your Noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger*
 203 *Enter another Messenger.*
 204 *Ant.* From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.
 205 1.*Mes.* The man from *Scicion*,
 206 Is there such an one?
 207 2.*Mes.* He stayes vpon your will.
 208 *Ant.* Let him appeare:
 209 These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
 210 Or loose my selfe in dotage.
 211 *Enter another Messenger with a Letter.*
 212 What are you?
 213 3.*Mes.* *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.
 214 *Ant.* Where dyed she.
 215 *Mes.* In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse,
 216 With what else more serious,
 217 Importeth thee to know, this beares.
 218 *Antho.* Forbeare me
 219 There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
 220 What our contempts doth often hurle from vs, [xxlv
 221 We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
 222 By reuolution lowring, does become
 223 The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
 224 The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.

225 I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
226 Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
227 My idlenesse doth hatch.
228 *Enter Enobarbus.*
229 How now *Enobarbus*.
230 *Eno.* What's your pleasure, Sir?
231 *Anth.* I must with haste from hence.
232 *Eno.* Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
233 mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-parture
234 death's the word.
235 *Ant.* I must be gone.
236 *Eno.* Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
237 It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-tweene
238 them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
239 nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
240 dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon
241 farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
242 which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
243 a celerity in dying.
244 *Ant.* She is cunning past mans thought.
245 *Eno.* Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
246 but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
247 and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
248 and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
249 be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
250 as well as Ioue.
251 *Ant.* Would I had neuer seene her.
252 *Eno.* Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
253 peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall,
254 would haue discredited your Trauaile.
255 *Ant.* *Fuluia* is dead.
256 *Eno.* Sir.
257 *Ant.* *Fuluia* is dead.
258 *Eno.* *Fuluia*?
259 *Ant.* Dead.
260 *Eno.* Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
261 when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
262 from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-forting
263 therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
264 there are members to make new. If there were no more
265 Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the
266 case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-lation,
267 your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate,
268 and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water
269 this sorrow.
270 *Ant.* The businesse she hath broached in the State,

271 Cannot endure my absence.
 272 *Eno.* And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-not
 273 be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
 274 wholly depends on your abode.
 275 *Ant.* No more light Answers:
 276 Let our Officers
 277 Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
 278 The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
 279 And get her loue to part. For not alone
 280 The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
 281 Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
 282 Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
 283 Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 284 Haue giuen the dare to *Caesar*, and commands
 285 The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
 286 Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
 287 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
 288 *Pompey* the great, and all his Dignities
 289 Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
 290 Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
 291 For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
 292 The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
 293 Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
 294 And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
 295 To such whose places vnder vs, require
 296 Our quicke remoue from hence.
 297 *Enob.* I shall doo't.
 298 *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.*
 299 *Cleo.* Where is he?
 300 *Char.* I did not see him since.
 301 *Cleo.* See where he is,
 302 Whose with him, what he does:
 303 I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
 304 Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
 305 That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.
 306 *Char.* Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
 307 You do not hold the method, to enforce
 308 The like from him.
 309 *Cleo.* What should I do, I do not?
 310 *Ch.* In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.
 311 *Cleo.* Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.
 312 *Char.* Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbearre,
 313 In time we hate that which we often feare.
 314 *Enter Anthony.*
 315 But heere comes *Anthony*.
 316 *Cleo.* I am sicke, and sullen.

317 *Ant.* I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.
 318 *Cleo.* Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
 319 It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
 320 Will not sustaine it.
 321 *Ant.* Now my deerest Queene.
 322 *Cleo.* Pray you stand farther from mee.
 323 *Ant.* What's the matter?
 324 *Cleo.* I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
 325 What sayes the married woman you may goe?
 326 Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
 327 Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
 328 I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.
 329 *Ant.* The Gods best know.
 330 *Cleo.* Oh neuer was there Queene
 331 So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
 332 I saw the Treasons planted.
 333 *Ant. Cleopatra.*
 334 *Cleo.* Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
 335 (Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
 336 Who haue beene false to *Fuluia*?
 337 Riotous madnesse,
 338 To be entangled with those mouth- made vowes,
 339 Which breake themselues in swearing.
 340 *Ant.* Most sweet Queene.
 341 *Cleo.* Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
 342 But bid farewell, and goe:
 343 When you sued staying,
 344 Then was the time for words: No going then,
 345 Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
 346 Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
 347 But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
 348 Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
 349 Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.
 350 *Ant.* How now Lady? [xx2
 351 *Cleo.* I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
 352 There were a heart in Egypt.
 353 *Ant.* Heare me Queene:
 354 The strong necessity of Time, commands
 355 Our Seruices a- while: but my full heart
 356 Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,
 357 Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
 358 Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
 359 Equality of two Domesticke powers,
 360 Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
 361 Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
 362 Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace

363 Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued
 364 Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
 365 And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
 366 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 367 And that which most with you should safe my going,
 368 Is *Fuluia*s death.
 369 *Cleo.* Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
 370 It does from childishnesse. Can *Fuluia* dye?
 371 *Ant.* She's dead my Queene.
 372 Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
 373 The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
 374 See when, and where shee died.
 375 *Cleo.* O most false Loue!
 376 Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
 377 With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
 378 In *Fuluia*s death, how mine receiu'd shall be.
 379 *Ant.* Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
 380 The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
 381 As you shall giue th' aduice. By the fire
 382 That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
 383 Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
 384 As thou affects.
 385 *Cleo.* Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
 386 But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
 387 So *Anthony* loues.
 388 *Ant.* My precious Queene forbear,
 389 And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands
 390 An honourable Triall.
 391 *Cleo.* So *Fuluia* told me.
 392 I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
 393 Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
 394 Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
 395 Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
 396 Like perfect Honor.
 397 *Ant.* You'l heat my blood no more?
 398 *Cleo.* You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
 399 *Ant.* Now by Sword.
 400 *Cleo.* And Target. Still he mends.
 401 But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
 402 How this Herculean Roman do's become
 403 The carriage of his chafe.
 404 *Ant.* Ile leaue you Lady.
 405 *Cleo.* Courteous Lord, one word:
 406 Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
 407 Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
 408 That you know well, something it is I would:

409 Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,
 410 And I am all forgotten.
 411 *Ant.* But that your Royalty
 412 Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you
 413 For Idlenesse it selfe.
 414 *Cleo.* 'Tis sweating Labour,
 415 To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
 416 As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
 417 Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
 418 Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
 419 Therefore be deafe to my vn pittied Folly,
 420 And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
 421 Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
 422 Be strew'd before your feete.
 423 *Ant.* Let vs go.
 424 Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
 425 That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
 426 And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
 427 Away. *Exeunt.*
 428 *Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,*
 429 *and their Traine.*
 430 *Caes.* You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
 431 It is not *Caesars* Naturall vice, to hate
 432 One great Competitor. From Alexandria
 433 This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and wastes
 434 The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
 435 Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
 436 More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
 437 Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
 438 Shall finde there a man, who is th' abstracts of all faults,
 439 That all men follow.
 440 *Lep.* I must not thinke
 441 There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
 442 His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
 443 More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
 444 Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
 445 Then what he chooses.
 446 *Caes.* You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
 447 Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
 448 To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
 449 And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
 450 To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
 451 With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
 452 (As his composure must be rare indeed,
 453 Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
 454 No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare

455 So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
 456 His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
 457 Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
 458 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 459 That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
 460 As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 461 As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
 462 Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
 463 And so rebell to iudgement.
 464 *Enter a Messenger.*
 465 *Lep.* Heere's more newes.
 466 *Mes.* Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
 467 Most Noble *Caesar*, shalt thou haue report
 468 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 469 And it appeares, he is belou'd of those
 470 That only haue feard *Caesar*: to the Ports
 471 The discontents repaire, and mens reports
 472 Giue him much wrong'd.
 473 *Caes.* I should haue knowne no lesse,
 474 It hath bin taught vs from the primall state
 475 That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:
 476 And the ebb'd man,
 477 Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
 478 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
 479 Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
 480 Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde [xx2v
 481 To rot it selfe with motion.
 482 *Mes.* *Caesar* I bring thee word,
 483 *Menacrates* and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 484 Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
 485 With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
 486 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 487 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
 488 No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
 489 Taken as seene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
 490 Then could his Warre resisted
 491 *Caesar.* *Anthony*,
 492 Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once
 493 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
 494 *Hirsius*, and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heele
 495 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 496 (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
 497 Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
 498 The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
 499 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the[n] did daine
 500 The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.

501 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
 502 The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
 503 It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
 504 Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
 505 (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
 506 Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
 507 So much as lank'd not.
 508 *Lep.* 'Tis pittie of him.
 509 *Caes.* Let his shames quickly
 510 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 511 Did shew our selues i'th' Field, and to that end
 512 Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 513 Thriues in our Idlenesse.
 514 *Lep.* To morrow *Caesar*,
 515 I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
 516 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 517 To front this present time.
 518 *Caes.* Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.
 519 *Lep.* Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
 520 Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
 521 To let me be partaker.
 522 *Caesar.* Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
 523 *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.*
 524 *Cleo.* *Charmian.*
 525 *Char.* Madam.
 526 *Cleo.* Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora.*
 527 *Char.* Why Madam?
 528 *Cleo.* That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
 529 My *Anthony* is away.
 530 *Char.* You thinke of him too much.
 531 *Cleo.* O 'tis Treason.
 532 *Char.* Madam, I trust not so.
 533 *Cleo.* Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
 534 *Mar.* What's your Highnesse pleasure?
 535 *Cleo.* Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
 536 In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
 537 That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
 538 May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?
 539 *Mar.* Yes gracious Madam.
 540 *Cleo.* Indeed?
 541 *Mar.* Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
 542 But what in deede is honest to be done:
 543 Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
 544 What Venus did with Mars.
 545 *Cleo.* Oh *Charmion*:
 546 Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

547 Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
 548 Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony!*
 549 Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,
 550 The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
 551 And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
 552 Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
 553 (For so he cal's me:) Now I feede my selfe
 554 With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
 555 That am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
 556 And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad- fronted *Caesar*,
 557 When thou was't heere about the ground, I was
 558 A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
 559 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 560 There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
 561 With looking on his life.
 562 *Enter Alexas from Caesar.*
 563 *Alex.* Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
 564 *Cleo.* How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony?*
 565 Yet comming from him, that great Med' cine hath
 566 With his Tinct gilded thee.
 567 How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie?*
 568 *Alex.* Last thing he did (deere Queene)
 569 He kist the last of many doubled kisses
 570 This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.
 571 *Cleo.* Mine eare must plucke it thence.
 572 *Alex.* Good Friend, quoth he:
 573 Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
 574 This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
 575 To mend the petty present, I will peece
 576 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 577 (Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
 578 And soberly did mount an Arme- gaunt Steede,
 579 Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
 580 Was beastly dumbe by him.
 581 *Cleo.* What was he sad, or merry?
 582 *Alex.* Like to the time o'th' yeare, between y extremes
 583 Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.
 584 *Cleo.* Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
 585 Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
 586 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 587 That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
 588 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 589 In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
 590 Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
 591 The violence of either thee becomes,
 592 So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

593 *Alex.* I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
 594 Why do you send so thicke?
 595 *Cleo.* Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
 596 to *Anthonie*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-mian*.
 597 Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-uer
 598 loue *Caesar* so?
 599 *Char.* Oh that braue *Caesar*!
 600 *Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
 601 Say the braue *Anthony*.
 602 *Char.* The valiant *Caesar*.
 603 *Cleo.* By *Isis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
 604 If thou with *Caesar* Paragon againe:
 605 My man of men.
 606 *Char.* By your most gracious pardon,
 607 I sing but after you.
 608 *Cleo.* My Sallad dayes,
 609 When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
 610 To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
 611 Get me Inke and Paper, [xx3
 612 he shall haue euey day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-ple
 613 Egypt. *Exeunt*
 614 *Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in*
 615 *warlike manner.*
 616 *Pom.* If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
 617 The deeds of iustest men.
 618 *Mene.* Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-lay,
 619 they not deny.
 620 *Pom.* Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes
 621 the thing we sue for.
 622 *Mene.* We ignorant of our selues,
 623 Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
 624 Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
 625 By loosing of our Prayers.
 626 *Pom.* I shall do well:
 627 The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
 628 My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
 629 Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*
 630 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 631 No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where
 632 He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
 633 Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
 634 Nor either cares for him.
 635 *Mene.* *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 636 A mighty strength they carry.
 637 *Pom.* Where haue you this? 'Tis false.
 638 *Mene.* From *Siluius*, Sir.

639 *Pom.* He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
 640 Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
 641 Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
 642 Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
 643 Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
 644 Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
 645 Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
 646 That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
 647 Euen till a Lethied dulnesse—
 648 *Enter Varrius.*
 649 How now *Varrius*?
 650 *Var.* This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
 651 *Marke Anthony* is euery houre in Rome
 652 Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 653 A space for farther Trauaile.
 654 *Pom.* I could haue giuen lesse matter
 655 A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
 656 This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
 657 For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
 658 Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
 659 The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
 660 Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
 661 The neere Lust- wearied *Anthony*.
 662 *Mene.* I cannot hope,
 663 *Caesar* and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
 664 His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar*,
 665 His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
 666 Not mou'd by *Anthony*.
 667 *Pom.* I know not *Menas*,
 668 How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
 669 Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
 670 'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,
 671 For they haue entertained cause enough
 672 To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
 673 May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
 674 The petty difference, we yet not know:
 675 Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
 676 Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands
 677 Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*
 678 *Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.*
 679 *Lep.* Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 680 And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
 681 To soft and gentle speech.
 682 *Enob.* I shall intreat him
 683 To answer like himselfe: if *Caesar* moue him,
 684 Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Caesars* head,

685 And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
 686 Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
 687 I would not shaue't to day.
 688 *Lep.* 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.
 689 *Eno.* Euery time serues for the matter that is then
 690 borne in't.
 691 *Lep.* But small to greater matters must giue way.
 692 *Eno.* Not if the small come first.
 693 *Lep.* Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
 694 No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.
 695 *Enter Anthony and Ventidius.*
 696 *Eno.* And yonder *Caesar*.
 697 *Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.*
 698 *Ant.* If we compose well heere, to Parthia:
 699 Hearke *Ventidius*.
 700 *Caesar.* I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.
 701 *Lep.* Noble Friends:
 702 That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
 703 A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,
 704 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 705 Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
 706 Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
 707 The rather for I earnestly beseech,
 708 Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
 709 Nor curstnesse grow to'th' matter.
 710 *Ant.* 'Tis spoken well:
 711 Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
 712 I should do thus. *Flourish.*
 713 *Caes.* Welcome to Rome.
 714 *Ant.* Thanke you.
 715 *Caes.* Sit.
 716 *Ant.* Sit sir.
 717 *Caes.* Nay then.
 718 *Ant.* I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
 719 Or being, concerne you not.
 720 *Caes.* I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
 721 Should say my selfe offended, and with you
 722 Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should
 723 Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
 724 It not concern'd me.
 725 *Ant.* My being in Egypt *Caesar*, what was't to you?
 726 *Caes.* No more then my reciding heere at Rome
 727 Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
 728 Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
 729 Might be my question.
 730 *Ant.* How intend you, practis'd?

731 *Caes.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 732 By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
 733 Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
 734 Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.
 735 *Ant.* You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
 736 Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it.
 737 And haue my Learning from some true reports
 738 That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
 739 Discredit my authority with yours,
 740 And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
 741 Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
 742 Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
 743 As matter whole you haue to make it with, [xx3v
 744 It must not be with this.
 745 *Caes.* You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudge-ment
 746 to me: but you patcht vp your excuses.
 747 *Anth.* Not so, not so:
 748 I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
 749 Very necessity of this thought, that I
 750 Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 751 Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
 752 Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
 753 I would you had her spirit, in such another,
 754 The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
 755 You may pace easie, but not such a wife.
 756 *Enobar.* Would we had all such wiues, that the men
 757 might go to Warres with the women.
 758 *Anth.* So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Caesar*)
 759 Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
 760 Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
 761 Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
 762 But say I could not helpe it.
 763 *Caesar.* I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
 764 Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
 765 Did gibe my Misiue out of audience.
 766 *Ant.* Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
 767 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 768 Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
 769 I told him of my selfe, which was as much
 770 As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
 771 Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
 772 Out of our question wipe him.
 773 *Caesar.* You haue broken the Article of your oath,
 774 which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.
 775 *Lep.* Soft *Caesar.*
 776 *Ant.* No *Lepidus*, let him speake,

777 The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
 778 Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Caesar*,
 779 The Article of my oath.
 780 *Caesar*. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
 781 them, the which you both denied.
 782 *Anth*. Neglected rather:
 783 And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp
 784 From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
 785 Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
 786 Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
 787 Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
 788 To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
 789 For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
 790 So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
 791 To stoope in such a case.
 792 *Lep*. 'Tis Noble spoken.
 793 *Mece*. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 794 The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
 795 Were to remember: that the present neede,
 796 Speakes to attone you.
 797 *Lep*. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.
 798 *Enobar*. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the
 799 instant, you may when you heare no more words of
 800 *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle
 801 in, when you haue nothing else to do.
 802 *Anth*. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.
 803 *Enob*. That trueth should be silent, I had almost for-got.
 805 *Anth*. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
 806 more.
 807 *Enob*. Go too then: your Considerate stone.
 808 *Caesar*. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 809 The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
 810 We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
 811 So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
 812 What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
 813 Ath' world: I would persue it.
 814 *Agri*. Giue me leaue *Caesar*.
 815 *Caesar*. Speake *Agrippa*.
 816 *Agri*. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
 817 *Octauiia*: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.
 818 *Caesar*. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your
 819 proofe were well deserued of rashnesse.
 820 *Anth*. I am not marryed *Caesar*: let me heere *Agrippa*
 821 further speake.
 822 *Agri*. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
 823 To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts

824 With an vn- slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
 825 *Octauia* to his wife: whose beauty claimes
 826 No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
 827 Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
 828 That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
 829 All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
 830 And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
 831 Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
 832 Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
 833 Would each to other, and all loues to both
 834 Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
 835 For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
 836 By duty ruminated.
 837 *Anth.* Will *Caesar* speake?
 838 *Caesar.* Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
 839 With what is spoke already.
 840 *Anth.* What power is in *Agrippa*,
 841 If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
 842 To make this good?
 843 *Caesar.* The power of *Caesar*,
 844 And his power, vnto *Octauia*.
 845 *Anth.* May I neuer
 846 (To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
 847 Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
 848 Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
 849 The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
 850 And sway our great Designes.
 851 *Caesar.* There's my hand:
 852 A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
 853 Did euer loue so deere. Let her liue
 854 To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
 855 Flie off our Loues againe.
 856 *Lepi.* Happily, Amen.
 857 *Ant.* I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
 858 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
 859 Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
 860 Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
 861 At heele of that, defie him.
 862 *Lepi.* Time cal's vpon's,
 863 Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought,
 864 Or else he seekes out vs.
 865 *Anth.* Where lies he?
 866 *Caesar.* About the Mount- Mesena.
 867 *Anth.* What is his strength by land?
 868 *Caesar.* Great, and encreasing:
 869 But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

870 *Anth.* So is the Fame.
 871 Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
 872 Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
 873 The businesse we haue talkt of.
 874 *Caesar.* With most gladnesse,
 875 And do inuite you to my Sisters view, [xx4
 876 Whether straight Ile lead you.
 877 *Anth.* Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.
 878 *Lep.* Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detaine
 879 me.
 880 *Flourish.* *Exit omnes.*
 881 *Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.*
 882 *Mec.* Welcome from Aegypt Sir.
 883 *Eno.* Halfe the heart of *Caesar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My
 884 honourable Friend *Agrippa*.
 885 *Agri.* Good *Enobarbus*.
 886 *Mece.* We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
 887 well disgested: you staid well by't in Egypt.
 888 *Enob.* I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance:
 889 and made the night light with drinking.
 890 *Mece.* Eight Wilde- Boares rosted whole at a break-fast:
 891 and but twelue persons there. Is this true?
 892 *Eno.* This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much
 893 more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deser-ued
 894 noting.
 895 *Mecenas.* She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be
 896 square to her.
 897 *Enob.* When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst
 898 vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.
 899 *Agri.* There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter de-uis'd
 900 well for her.
 901 *Eno.* I will tell you,
 902 The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
 903 Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
 904 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
 905 The Windes were Loue- sicke.
 906 With them the Owers were Siluer,
 907 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
 908 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 909 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
 910 It beggerd all discription, she did lye
 911 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
 912 O're- picturing that Venus, where we see
 913 The fancie out- worke Nature. On each side her,
 914 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
 915 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,

916 To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
917 And what they vndid did.
918 *Agrip.* Oh rare for *Anthony*.
919 *Eno.* Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
920 So many Mer- maides tended her i'th' eyes,
921 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,
922 A seeming Mer- maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
923 Swell with the touches of those Flower- soft hands,
924 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
925 A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
926 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
927 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
928 Enthron'd i'th' Market- place, did sit alone,
929 Whisling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
930 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
931 And made a gap in Nature.
932 *Agri.* Rare Egiptian.
933 *Eno.* Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
934 Inuited her to Supper: she replyed,
935 It should be better, he became her guest:
936 Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
937 Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
938 Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
939 And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
940 For what his eyes eate onely.
941 *Agri.* Royall Wench:
942 She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to bed,
943 He ploughed her, and she cropt.
944 *Eno.* I saw her once
945 Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
946 And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
947 That she did make defect, perfection,
948 And breathlesse powre breath forth.
949 *Mece.* Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vtterly.
950 *Eno.* Neuer he will not:
951 Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
952 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
953 The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
954 Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
955 Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
956 Blesse her, when she is Riggish.
957 *Mece.* If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
958 The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauiia* is
959 A blessed Lottery to him.
960 *Agrip.* Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
961 my guest, whilst you abide heere.

962 *Eno.* Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*
 963 *Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octauia betweene them.*
 964 *Anth.* The world, and my great office, will
 965 Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.
 966 *Octa.* All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
 967 bowe my prayers to them for you.
 968 *Anth.* Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
 969 Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
 970 I haue not kept my square, but that to come
 971 Shall all be done byth' Rule: good night deere Lady:
 972 Good night Sir.
 973 *Caesar.* Goodnight. *Exit.*
 974 *Enter Soothsaier.*
 975 *Anth.* Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?
 976 *Sooth.* Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
 977 thither.
 978 *Ant.* If you can, your reason?
 979 *Sooth.* I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
 980 But yet hie you to Egypt againe.
 981 *Antho.* Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
 982 *Caesars* or mine?
 983 *Sooth. Caesars.* Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
 984 Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
 985 Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
 986 Where *Caesars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
 987 Becomes a feare: as being o're- powr'd, therefore
 988 Make space enough betweene you.
 989 *Anth.* Speake this no more.
 990 *Sooth.* To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
 991 If thou dost play with him at any game,
 992 Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
 993 He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
 994 When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
 995 Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
 996 But he alway 'tis Noble.
 997 *Anth.* Get thee gone:
 998 Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him. *Exit.*
 999 He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
 1000 He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
 1001 And in our sports my better cunning faints,
 1002 Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
 1003 His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
 1004 When it is all to naught: and his Quailles euer
 1005 Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte: [xx4v
 1006 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 1007 I'th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

1008 *Enter Ventigius.*
 1009 You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
 1010 Follow me, and recieue't. *Exeunt*
 1011 *Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.*
 1012 *Lepidus.* Trouble your selues no further: pray you
 1013 hasten your Generals after.
 1014 *Agr.* Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kisse *Octauius*,
 1015 and weele follow.
 1016 *Lepi.* Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
 1017 Which will become you both: Farewell.
 1018 *Mece.* We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
 1019 Mount before you *Lepidus*.
 1020 *Lepi.* Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
 1021 much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.
 1022 *Both.* Sir good successe.
 1023 *Lepi.* Farewell. *Exeunt.*
 1024 *Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*
 1025 *Cleo.* Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
 1026 of vs that trade in Loue.
 1027 *Omnnes.* The Musicke, hoa.
 1028 *Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*
 1029 *Cleo.* Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.
 1030 *Char.* My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.
 1031 *Cleopa.* As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
 1032 with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?
 1033 *Mardi.* As well as I can Madam.
 1034 *Cleo.* And when good will is shewed,
 1035 Though't come to short
 1036 The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
 1037 Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th' Riuer there
 1038 My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
 1039 Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
 1040 Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
 1041 Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
 1042 And say, ah ha; y'are caught.
 1043 *Char.* 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-ling,
 1044 when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
 1045 which he with feruencie drew vp.
 1046 *Cleo.* That time? Oh times:
 1047 I laught him out of patience: and that night
 1048 I laught him into patience, and next morne,
 1049 Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
 1050 Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
 1051 I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,
 1052 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1053 Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,

1054 That long time haue bin barren.
 1055 *Mes.* Madam, Madam.
 1056 *Cleo.* *Anthony's* dead.
 1057 If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
 1058 But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
 1059 There is Gold, and heere
 1060 My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
 1061 Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.
 1062 *Mes.* First Madam, he is well.
 1063 *Cleo.* Why there's more Gold.
 1064 But sirrah marke, we vse
 1065 To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
 1066 The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
 1067 Downe thy ill vttering throate.
 1068 *Mes.* Good Madam heare me.
 1069 *Cleo.* Well, go too I will:
 1070 But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
 1071 Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour
 1072 To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
 1073 Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
 1074 Not like a formall man.
 1075 *Mes.* Wilt please you heare me?
 1076 *Cleo.* I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
 1077 Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
 1078 Or friends with *Caesar*, or not Captiue to him,
 1079 Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
 1080 Rich Pearles vpon thee.
 1081 *Mes.* Madam, he's well.
 1082 *Cleo.* Well said.
 1083 *Mes.* And Friends with *Caesar*.
 1084 *Cleo.* Th'art an honest man.
 1085 *Mes.* *Caesar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.
 1086 *Cleo.* Make thee a Fortune from me.
 1087 *Mes.* But yet Madam.
 1088 *Cleo.* I do not like but yet, it does alay
 1089 The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
 1090 But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
 1091 Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
 1092 Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
 1093 The good and bad together: he's friends with *Caesar*,
 1094 In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.
 1095 *Mes.* Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
 1096 He's bound vnto *Octauius*.
 1097 *Cleo.* For what good turne?
 1098 *Mes.* For the best turne i'th' bed.
 1099 *Cleo.* I am pale *Charmian*.

1100 *Mes.* Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.
 1101 *Cleo.* The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.
 1102 *Strikes him downe.*
 1103 *Mes.* Good Madam patience.
 1104 *Cleo.* What say you? *Strikes him.*
 1105 Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
 1106 Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,
 1107 *She hailes him vp and downe.*
 1108 Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
 1109 Smarting in lingring pickle.
 1110 *Mes.* Gracious Madam,
 1111 I that do bring the newes, made not the match.
 1112 *Cleo.* Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,
 1113 And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
 1114 Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
 1115 And I will boot thee with what guift beside
 1116 Thy modestie can begge.
 1117 *Mes.* He's married Madam.
 1118 *Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*
 1119 *Mes.* Nay then Ile runne:
 1120 What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*
 1121 *Char.* Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
 1122 The man is innocent.
 1123 *Cleo.* Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
 1124 Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
 1125 Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,
 1126 Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?
 1127 *Char.* He is afeard to come.
 1128 *Cleo.* I will not hurt him,
 1129 These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
 1130 A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
 1131 Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.
 1132 *Enter the Messenger againe.*
 1133 Though it be honest, it is neuer good
 1134 To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message [xx5
 1135 An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
 1136 Themselues, when they be felt.
 1137 *Mes.* I haue done my duty.
 1138 *Cleo.* Is he married?
 1139 I cannot hate thee worsen then I do,
 1140 If thou againe say yes.
 1141 *Mes.* He's married Madam.
 1142 *Cleo.* The Gods confound thee,
 1143 Dost thou hold there still?
 1144 *Mes.* Should I lye Madame?
 1145 *Cleo.* Oh, I would thou didst:

1146 So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
 1147 A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
 1148 Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
 1149 Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?
 1150 *Mes.* I craue your Highnesse pardon.
 1151 *Cleo.* He is married?
 1152 *Mes.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
 1153 To punnish me for what you make me do
 1154 Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia*.
 1155 *Cleo.* Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
 1156 That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
 1157 The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
 1158 Are all too deere for me:
 1159 Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.
 1160 *Char.* Good your Highnesse patience.
 1161 *Cleo.* In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Caesar*.
 1162 *Char.* Many times Madam.
 1163 *Cleo.* I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
 1164 I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
 1165 Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
 1166 Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
 1167 Her inclination, let him not leaue out
 1168 The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
 1169 Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
 1170 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 1171 The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
 1172 Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,
 1173 But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
 1174 *Exeunt.*
 1175 *Flourish.* Enter *Pompey*, at one doore with *Drum* and *Trum-pet*:
 1176 at another *Caesar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*, *Enobarbus*, *Me-cenas*,
 1177 *Agrippa*, *Menas* with *Souldiers* Marching.
 1178 *Pom.* Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
 1179 And we shall talke before we fight.
 1180 *Caesar.* Most meete that first we come to words,
 1181 And therefore haue we
 1182 Our written purposes before vs sent,
 1183 Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
 1184 If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
 1185 And carry backe to *Cicelie* much tall youth,
 1186 That else must perish heere.
 1187 *Pom.* To you all three,
 1188 The Senators alone of this great world,
 1189 Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
 1190 Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
 1191 Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Caesar*,

1192 Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
 1193 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 1194 That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
 1195 Made all- honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
 1196 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
 1197 To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
 1198 Haue one man but a man, and that his it
 1199 Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
 1200 The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
 1201 To scourge th' ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
 1202 Cast on my Noble Father.
 1203 *Caesar*. Take your time.
 1204 *Ant*. Thou can'st not feare vs *Pompey* with thy sailes.
 1205 Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
 1206 How much we do o're- count thee.
 1207 *Pom*. At Land indeed
 1208 Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:
 1209 But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
 1210 Remaine in't as thou maist.
 1211 *Lepi*. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
 1212 (For this is from the present how you take)
 1213 The offers we haue sent you.
 1214 *Caesar*. There's the point.
 1215 *Ant*. Which do not be entreated too,
 1216 But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd
 1217 *Caesar*. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
 1218 *Pom*. You haue made me offer
 1219 Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
 1220 Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
 1221 Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
 1222 To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
 1223 Our Targes vndinted.
 1224 *Omnes*. That's our offer.
 1225 *Pom*. Know then I came before you heere,
 1226 A man prepar'd
 1227 To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
 1228 Put me to some impatience: though I loose
 1229 The praise of it by telling. You must know
 1230 When *Caesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
 1231 Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
 1232 Her welcome Friendly.
 1233 *Ant*. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
 1234 And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
 1235 Which I do owe you.
 1236 *Pom*. Let me haue your hand:
 1237 I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

1238 *Ant.* The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
 1239 That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
 1240 For I haue gained by't.
 1241 *Caesar.* Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.
 1242 *Pom.* Well, I know not,
 1243 What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,
 1244 But in my bosome shall she neuer come,
 1245 To make my heart her vassaile.
 1246 *Lep.* Well met heere.
 1247 *Pom.* I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
 1248 I craue our composition may be written
 1249 And seal'd betweene vs,
 1250 *Caesar.* That's the next to do.
 1251 *Pom.* Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
 1252 Draw lots who shall begin.
 1253 *Ant.* That will I *Pompey*.
 1254 *Pompey.* No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
 1255 your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
 1256 heard that *Iulius Caesar*, grew fat with feasting there.
 1257 *Anth.* You haue heard much.
 1258 *Pom.* I haue faire meaning Sir.
 1259 *Ant.* And faire words to them.
 1260 *Pom.* Then so much haue I heard,
 1261 And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried—
 1262 *Eno.* No more that: he did so.
 1263 *Pom.* What I pray you?
 1264 *Eno.* A certaine Queene to *Caesar* in a Matris.
 1265 *Pom.* I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?
 1266 *Eno.* Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue [xx5v
 1267 Foure Feasts are toward.
 1268 *Pom.* Let me shake thy hand,
 1269 I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
 1270 When I haue enuied thy behaiour.
 1271 *Enob.* Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
 1272 When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
 1273 As I haue said you did.
 1274 *Pom.* Inioy thy plainnesse,
 1275 It nothing ill becomes thee:
 1276 Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
 1277 Will you leade Lords?
 1278 *All.* Shew's the way, sir.
 1279 *Pom.* Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas*
 1280 *Men.* Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this
 1281 Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.
 1282 *Enob.* At Sea, I thinke.
 1283 *Men.* We haue Sir.

1284 *Enob.* You haue done well by water.
 1285 *Men.* And you by Land.
 1286 *Enob.* I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh
 1287 it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.
 1288 *Men.* Nor what I haue done by water.
 1289 *Enob.* Yes some- thing you can deny for your owne
 1290 safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.
 1291 *Men.* And you by Land.
 1292 *Enob.* There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
 1293 your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they
 1294 might take two Theeues kissing.
 1295 *Men.* All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
 1296 are.
 1297 *Enob.* But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true
 1298 Face.
 1299 *Men.* No slander, they steale hearts.
 1300 *Enob.* We came hither to fight with you.
 1301 *Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-ing.
 1302 *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.
 1303 *Enob.* If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.
 1304 *Men.* Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke An-thony*
 1305 heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?
 1306 *Enob.* *Caesars* Sister is call'd *Octauia*.
 1307 *Men.* True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.
 1308 *Enob.* But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.
 1309 *Men.* Pray'ye sir.
 1310 *Enob.* 'Tis true.
 1311 *Men.* Then is *Caesar* and he, for euer knit together.
 1312 *Enob.* If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold
 1313 not Prophesie so.
 1314 *Men.* I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
 1315 in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.
 1316 *Enob.* I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
 1317 that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the
 1318 very strangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold,
 1319 and still conuersation.
 1320 *Men.* Who would not haue his wife so?
 1321 *Eno.* Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke*
 1322 *Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
 1323 the sighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Caesar*, and (as I
 1324 said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
 1325 shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *An-thony*
 1326 will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but
 1327 his occasion heere.
 1328 *Men.* And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
 1329 I haue a health for you.

1330 *Enob.* I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
 1331 Egypt.
 1332 *Men.* Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*
 1333 *Musicke playes.*
 1334 *Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.*
 1335 1 Heere they'l be man: some o' their Plants are ill
 1336 rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil blow them
 1337 downe.
 1338 2 *Lepidus* is high Coulord.
 1339 1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.
 1340 2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
 1341 cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
 1342 himselfe to'th' drinke.
 1343 1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
 1344 discretion.
 1345 2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-lowship:
 1346 I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
 1347 seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.
 1348 1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
 1349 to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
 1350 pittifully disaster the cheekes.
 1351 *A Sennet sounded.*
 1352 *Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecnas,*
 1353 *Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.*
 1354 *Ant.* Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nyle
 1355 By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know
 1356 By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
 1357 Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
 1358 The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
 1359 Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
 1360 And shortly comes to Haruest.
 1361 *Lep.* Y'haue strange Serpents there?
 1362 *Anth.* I *Lepidus.*
 1363 *Lep.* Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
 1364 by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.
 1365 *Ant.* They are so.
 1366 *Pom.* Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus.*
 1367 *Lep.* I am not so well as I should be:
 1368 But Ile ne're out.
 1369 *Enob.* Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
 1370 till then.
 1371 *Lep.* Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyra-misis
 1372 are very goodly things: without contradiction I
 1373 haue heard that.
 1374 *Menas.* *Pompey*, a word.
 1375 *Pomp.* Say in mine eare, what is't.

1376 *Men.* Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
 1377 And heare me speake a word.
 1378 *Pom.* Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*
 1379 This Wine for *Lepidus*.
 1380 *Lep.* What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?
 1381 *Ant.* It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
 1382 hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and moooues with it
 1383 owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
 1384 the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.
 1385 *Lep.* What colour is it of?
 1386 *Ant.* Of it owne colour too.
 1387 *Lep.* 'Tis a strange Serpent.
 1388 *Ant.* 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.
 1389 *Caes.* Will this description satisfie him?
 1390 *Ant.* With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he
 1391 is a very Epicure.
 1392 *Pomp.* Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
 1393 Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?
 1394 *Men.* If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee, [xx6
 1395 Rise from thy stoole.
 1396 *Pom.* I thinke th'art mad: the matter?
 1397 *Men.* I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
 1398 *Pom.* Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
 1399 else to say? Be iolly Lords.
 1400 *Anth.* These Quicke- sands *Lepidus*,
 1401 Keepe off, them for you sinke.
 1402 *Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
 1403 *Pom.* What saist thou?
 1404 *Men.* Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
 1405 That's twice.
 1406 *Pom.* How should that be?
 1407 *Men.* But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
 1408 poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.
 1409 *Pom.* Hast thou drunke well.
 1410 *Men.* No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
 1411 Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
 1412 What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
 1413 Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
 1414 *Pom.* Shew me which way?
 1415 *Men.* These three World- sharers, these Competitors
 1416 Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
 1417 And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
 1418 All there is thine.
 1419 *Pom.* Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
 1420 And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
 1421 In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,

1422 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
 1423 Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
 1424 Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
 1425 I should haue found it afterwards well done,
 1426 But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.
 1427 *Men.* For this, Ile neuer follow
 1428 Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
 1429 Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
 1430 Shall neuer finde it more.
 1431 *Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*.
 1432 *Ant.* Beare him ashore,
 1433 Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.
 1434 *Eno.* Heere's to thee *Menas*.
 1435 *Men.* *Enobarbus*, welcome.
 1436 *Pom.* Fill till the cup be hid.
 1437 *Eno.* There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.
 1438 *Men.* Why?
 1439 *Eno.* A beares the third part of the world man: seest
 1440 not?
 1441 *Men.* The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
 1442 all, that it might go on wheelles.
 1443 *Eno.* Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.
 1444 *Men.* Come.
 1445 *Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.
 1446 *Ant.* It ripen's, towards it: strike the Vessells ho.
 1447 Heere's to *Caesar*.
 1448 *Caesar.* I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
 1449 when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.
 1450 *Ant.* Be a Child o'th' time.
 1451 *Caesar.* Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather
 1452 fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.
 1453 *Enob.* Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
 1454 the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?
 1455 *Pom.* Let's ha't good Souldier.
 1456 *Ant.* Come, let's all take hands,
 1457 Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
 1458 In soft and delicate Lethe.
 1459 *Eno.* All take hands:
 1460 Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
 1461 The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
 1462 The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
 1463 As his strong sides can volly.
 1464 *Musicke Playes.* *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.
 1465 The Song.
 1466 *Come thou Monarch of the Vine,*
 1467 *Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:*

1468 *In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,*
 1469 *With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd.*
 1470 *Cup vs till the world go round,*
 1471 *Cup vs till the world go round.*
 1472 *Caesar.* What would you more?
 1473 *Pompey* goodnight. Good Brother
 1474 Let me request you of our grauer businesse
 1475 Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
 1476 You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
 1477 Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
 1478 Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost
 1479 Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
 1480 Good *Anthony* your hand.
 1481 *Pom.* Ile try you on the shore.
 1482 *Anth.* And shall Sir, giues your hand.
 1483 *Pom.* Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.
 1484 But what, we are Friends?
 1485 Come downe into the Boate.
 1486 *Eno.* Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on shore,
 1487 No to my Cabin: these Drummes,
 1488 These Trumpets, Flutes: what
 1489 Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
 1490 To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.
 1491 *Sound a Flourish with Drummes.*
 1492 *Enor.* Hoo saies a there's my Cap.
 1493 *Men.* Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*
 1494 *Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus*
 1495 *borne before him.*
 1496 *Ven.* Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now
 1497 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
 1498 Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
 1499 Before our Army, thy *Pacorus Orades*,
 1500 Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.
 1501 *Romaine.* Noble *Ventidius*,
 1502 Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
 1503 The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
 1504 Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whether
 1505 The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
 1506 Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
 1507 Put Garlands on thy head.
 1508 *Ven.* Oh *Sillius, Sillius*,
 1509 I haue done enough. A lower place note well
 1510 May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
 1511 Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
 1512 Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.
 1513 *Caesar* and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne

1514 More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*
 1515 One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
 1516 For quicke accumulation of renowne,
 1517 Which he atchiu'd by'th' minute, lost his fauour.
 1518 Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,
 1519 Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
 1520 (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
 1521 Then gaine, which darkens him.
 1522 I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
 1523 But 'twould offend him. And in his offence, [xx6v
 1524 Should my performance perish.
 1525 *Rom.* Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a
 1526 Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
 1527 wilt write to *Anthony*.
 1528 *Ven.* Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
 1529 That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
 1530 How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
 1531 The nere- yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
 1532 We haue iaded out o'th' Field.
 1533 *Rom.* Where is he now?
 1534 *Ven.* He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
 1535 The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
 1536 We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.
 1537 *Exeunt.*
 1538 *Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.*
 1539 *Agri.* What are the Brothers parted?
 1540 *Eno.* They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
 1541 The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
 1542 To part from Rome: *Caesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
 1543 Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
 1544 With the Greene- Sicknesse.
 1545 *Agri.* 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
 1546 *Eno.* A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Caesar*.
 1547 *Agri.* Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.
 1548 *Eno.* *Caesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.
 1549 *Ant.* What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?
 1550 *Eno.* Spake you of *Caesar*? How, the non- pareill?
 1551 *Agri.* Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!
 1552 *Eno.* Would you praise *Caesar*, say *Caesar* go no further.
 1553 *Agri.* Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.
 1554 *Eno.* But he loues *Caesar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:
 1555 Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
 1556 Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
 1557 Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,
 1558 His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Caesar*,
 1559 Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

1560 *Agri.* Both he loues.
 1561 *Eno.* They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:
 1562 This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
 1563 *Agri.* Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.
 1564 *Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauius.*
 1565 *Antho.* No further Sir.
 1566 *Caesar.* You take from me a great part of my selfe:
 1567 Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
 1568 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
 1569 Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,
 1570 Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
 1571 Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
 1572 To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
 1573 The Fortresse of it: for better might we
 1574 Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
 1575 This be not cherisht.
 1576 *Ant.* Make me not offended, in your distrust.
 1577 *Caesar.* I haue said.
 1578 *Ant.* You shall not finde,
 1579 Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
 1580 For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
 1581 And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:
 1582 We will heere part.
 1583 *Caesar.* Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,
 1584 The Elements be kind to thee, and make
 1585 Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
 1586 *Octa.* My Noble Brother.
 1587 *Anth.* The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
 1588 And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.
 1589 *Octa.* Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—
 1590 *Caesar.* What *Octauius*?
 1591 *Octa.* Ile tell you in your eare.
 1592 *Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 1593 Her heart informe her tongue.
 1594 The Swannes downe feather
 1595 That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
 1596 And neither way inclines.
 1597 *Eno.* Will *Caesar* weepe?
 1598 *Agr.* He ha's a cloud in's face.
 1599 *Eno.* He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
 1600 he being a man.
 1601 *Agri.* Why *Enobarbus*:
 1602 When *Anthony* found *Iulius Caesar* dead,
 1603 He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
 1604 When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.
 1605 *Eno.* That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,

1606 What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
 1607 Beleeu't till I weepe too.
 1608 *Caesar.* No sweet *Octauia*,
 1609 You shall heere from me still: the time shall not
 1610 Out- go my thinking on you.
 1611 *Ant.* Come Sir, come,
 1612 Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
 1613 Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
 1614 And giue you to the Gods.
 1615 *Caesar.* Adieu, be happy.
 1616 *Lep.* Let all the number of the Starres giue light
 1617 To thy faire way.
 1618 *Caesar.* Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octauia.*
 1619 *Ant.* Farewell. *Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*
 1620 *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*
 1621 *Cleo.* Where is the Fellow?
 1622 *Alex.* Halfe afeard to come.
 1623 *Cleo.* Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
 1624 *Enter the Messenger as before.*
 1625 *Alex.* Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke
 1626 vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
 1627 *Cleo.* That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When
 1628 *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it:
 1629 Come thou neere.
 1630 *Mes.* Most gracious Maiestie.
 1631 *Cleo.* Did'st thou behold *Octauia*?
 1632 *Mes.* I dread Queene.
 1633 *Cleo.* Where?
 1634 *Mes.* Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
 1635 saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.
 1636 *Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?
 1637 *Mes.* She is not Madam.
 1638 *Cleo.* Didst heere her speake?
 1639 Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
 1640 *Mes.* Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.
 1641 *Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
 1642 *Char.* Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.
 1643 *Cleo.* I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
 1644 What Maiestie is in her gate, remember
 1645 If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.
 1646 *Mes.* She creeps: her motion, & her station are as one.
 1647 She shewes a body, rather then a life,
 1648 A Statue, then a Breather.
 1649 *Cleo.* Is this certaine?
 1650 *Mes.* Or I haue no obseruance.
 1651 *Cha.* Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

1652 *Cleo.* He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
 1653 There's nothing in her yet. [yy1
 1654 The Fellow ha's good iudgement.
 1655 *Char.* Excellent.
 1656 *Cleo.* Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.
 1657 *Mess.* Madam, she was a widdow.
 1658 *Cleo.* Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.
 1659 *Mes.* And I do thinke she's thirtie.
 1660 *Cle.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
 1661 *Mess.* Round, euen to faultinesse.
 1662 *Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are
 1663 so. Her haire what colour?
 1664 *Mess.* Browne Madam: and her forehead
 1665 As low as she would wish it.
 1666 *Cleo.* There's Gold for thee,
 1667 Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
 1668 I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
 1669 Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
 1670 Our Letters are prepar'd.
 1671 *Char.* A proper man.
 1672 *Cleo.* Indeed he is so: I repent me much
 1673 That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
 1674 This Creature's no such thing.
 1675 *Char.* Nothing Madam.
 1676 *Cleo.* The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
 1677 know.
 1678 *Char.* Hath he seene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and
 1679 seruing you so long.
 1680 *Cleopa.* I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
 1681 *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
 1682 where I will write; all may be well enough.
 1683 *Char.* I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*
 1684 *Enter Anthony and Octauiia.*
 1685 *Ant.* Nay, nay *Octauiia*, not onely that,
 1686 That were excusable, that and thousands more
 1687 Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
 1688 New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
 1689 To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
 1690 When perforce he could not
 1691 But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
 1692 He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
 1693 When the best hint was giuen him: he not took't,
 1694 Or did it from his teeth.
 1695 *Octaui.* Oh my good Lord,
 1696 Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
 1697 Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,

1698 If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene
 1699 Praying for both parts:
 1700 The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
 1701 When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
 1702 Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 1703 Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
 1704 Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
 1705 'Twixt these extreames at all.
 1706 *Ant.* Gentle *Octauia*,
 1707 Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
 1708 Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,
 1709 I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
 1710 Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
 1711 Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
 1712 Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
 1713 Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
 1714 So your desires are yours.
 1715 *Oct.* Thanks to my Lord,
 1716 The loue of power make me most weake, most weake,
 1717 Your reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
 1718 As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
 1719 Should soalder vp the Rift.
 1720 *Anth.* When it appeeres to you where this begins,
 1721 Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
 1722 Can neuer be so equall, that your loue
 1723 Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
 1724 Choose your owne company, and command what cost
 1725 Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*
 1726 *Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.*
 1727 *Eno.* How now Friend *Eros*?
 1728 *Eros.* Ther's strange Newes come Sir.
 1729 *Eno.* What man?
 1730 *Ero.* *Caesar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.
 1731 *Eno.* This is old, what is the successe?
 1732 *Eros.* *Caesar* hauing made vse of him in the warres
 1733 'gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him riuality, would not
 1734 let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
 1735 here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
 1736 *Pompey*. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore
 1737 third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.
 1738 *Eno.* Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more,
 1739 and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le
 1740 grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?
 1741 *Eros.* He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
 1742 The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
 1743 And threats the throate of that his Officer,

1744 That murdred *Pompey*.
 1745 *Eno*. Our great Nauies rig'd.
 1746 *Eros*. For Italy and *Caesar*, more *Domitius*,
 1747 My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
 1748 I might haue told heereafter.
 1749 *Eno*. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
 1750 *Eros*. Come Sir, *Exeunt*.
 1751 Enter *Agrippa*, *Mecenas*, and *Caesar*.
 1752 *Caes*. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
 1753 In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
 1754 I'th' Market- place on a Tribunall siluer'd,
 1755 *Cleopatra* and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
 1756 Were publikely entron'd: at the feet, sat
 1757 *Caesarion* whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
 1758 And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust
 1759 Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
 1760 He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
 1761 Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.
 1762 *Mece*. This in the publike eye?
 1763 *Caesar*. I'th' common shew place, where they exercise,
 1764 His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
 1765 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
 1766 He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
 1767 Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia: she
 1768 In th' abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
 1769 That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
 1770 As 'tis reported so.
 1771 *Mece*. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
 1772 *Agri*. Who queazie with his insolence already,
 1773 Will their good thoughts call from him.
 1774 *Caesar*. The people knowes it,
 1775 And haue now receiu'd his accusations.
 1776 *Agri*. Who does he accuse?
 1777 *Caesar*. *Caesar*, and that hauing in Cicilie
 1778 *Sextus Pompeius* spoil'd, we had not rated him
 1779 His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
 1780 Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
 1781 That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
 1782 And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.
 1783 *Agri*. Sir, this should be answer'd.
 1784 *Caesar*. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
 1785 I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell, [yy]lv
 1786 That he his high Authority abus'd,
 1787 And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
 1788 I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
 1789 And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

1790 *Mec.* Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.
 1791 *Caes.* Nor must not then be yeilded to in this.
 1792 *Enter Octauia with her Traine.*
 1793 *Octa.* Haile *Caesar*, and my L[ord]. haile most deere *Caesar*.
 1794 *Caesar.* That euer I should call thee Cast- away.
 1795 *Octa.* You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.
 1796 *Caes.* Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
 1797 Like *Caesars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
 1798 Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
 1799 The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
 1800 Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th' way
 1801 Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
 1802 Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
 1803 Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
 1804 Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
 1805 A Market- maid to Rome, and haue preuented
 1806 The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
 1807 Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you
 1808 By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
 1809 With an augmented greeting.
 1810 *Octa.* Good my Lord,
 1811 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 1812 On my free- will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
 1813 Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
 1814 My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
 1815 His pardon for returne.
 1816 *Caes.* Which soone he granted,
 1817 Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him.
 1818 *Octa.* Do not say so, my Lord.
 1819 *Caes.* I haue eyes vpon him,
 1820 And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?
 1821 *Octa.* My Lord, in Athens.
 1822 *Caesar.* No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
 1823 Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
 1824 Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
 1825 The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
 1826 *Bochus* the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
 1827 Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
 1828 Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
 1829 King *Manchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
 1830 *Herod* of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
 1831 Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
 1832 The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
 1833 With a more larger List of Scepters.
 1834 *Octa.* Aye me most wretched,
 1835 That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,

1836 That does afflict each other.
 1837 *Caes.* Welcom hither: your Letters did with- holde our |(breaking forth
 1838 Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
 1839 And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
 1840 Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
 1841 O're your content, these strong necessities,
 1842 But let determin'd things to destinie
 1843 Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
 1844 Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
 1845 Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
 1846 To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
 1847 Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
 1848 And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
 1849 *Mec.* Welcome deere Madam,
 1850 Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
 1851 Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large
 1852 In his abhominations, turnes you off,
 1853 And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
 1854 That noyses it against vs.
 1855 *Octa.* Is it so sir?
 1856 *Caes.* Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
 1857 Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt*
 1858 *Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*
 1859 *Cleo.* I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
 1860 *Eno.* But why, why, why?
 1861 *Cleo.* Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
 1862 And say'st it is not fit.
 1863 *Eno.* Well: is it, is it.
 1864 *Cleo.* If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
 1865 we be there in person.
 1866 *Enob.* Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
 1867 Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost:
 1868 the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.
 1869 *Cleo.* What is't you say?
 1870 *Enob.* Your presence needs must puzle *Anthony*,
 1871 Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
 1872 What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 1873 Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
 1874 That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
 1875 Mannage this warre.
 1876 *Cleo.* Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
 1877 That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
 1878 And as the president of my Kingdome will
 1879 Appaere there for a man. Speake not against it,
 1880 I will not stay behinde.
 1881 *Enter Anthony and Camidias.*

1882 *Eno.* Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
 1883 *Ant.* Is it not strange *Camidius*,
 1884 That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
 1885 He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
 1886 And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
 1887 *Cleo.* Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
 1888 Then by the negligent.
 1889 *Ant.* A good rebuke,
 1890 Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
 1891 To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
 1892 Will fight with him by Sea.
 1893 *Cleo.* By Sea, what else?
 1894 *Cam.* Why will my Lord, do so?
 1895 *Ant.* For that he dares vs too't.
 1896 *Enob.* So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.
 1897 *Cam.* I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
 1898 Where *Caesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
 1899 Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
 1900 And so should you.
 1901 *Enob.* Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
 1902 Your Marriners are Militer, Reapers, people
 1903 Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Caesars* Fleete,
 1904 Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
 1905 Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
 1906 Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
 1907 Being prepar'd for Land.
 1908 *Ant.* By Sea, by Sea.
 1909 *Eno.* Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
 1910 The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
 1911 Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
 1912 Of Warre- markt- footmen, leaue vnexecuted
 1913 Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
 1914 The way which promises assurance, and
 1915 Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
 1916 From firme Securitie.
 1917 *Ant.* Ile fight at Sea. [yy2
 1918 *Cleo.* I haue sixty Sailes, *Caesar* none better.
 1919 *Ant.* Our ouer- plus of shipping will we burne,
 1920 And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Action
 1921 Beate th' approaching *Caesar*. But if we faile,
 1922 We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
 1923 Thy Businesse?
 1924 *Mes.* The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
 1925 *Caesar* ha's taken Toryne.
 1926 *Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
 1927 Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,

1928 Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
 1929 And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
 1930 Away my *Thetis*.
 1931 *Enter a Soldiour*.
 1932 How now worthy Souldier?
 1933 *Soul*. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
 1934 Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
 1935 This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
 1936 And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee
 1937 Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
 1938 And fighting foot to foot.
 1939 *Ant*. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob*.
 1940 *Soul*. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th' right.
 1941 *Cam*. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
 1942 Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
 1943 And we are Womens mens.
 1944 *Soul*. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
 1945 whole, do you not?
 1946 *Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iustus,*
 1947 *Publicola, and Celius, are for Sea:*
 1948 But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Caesars*
 1949 Carries beyond beleefe.
 1950 *Soul*. While he was yet in Rome,
 1951 His power went out in such distractions,
 1952 As beguilde all Spies.
 1953 *Cam*. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
 1954 *Soul*. They say, one *Towrus*.
 1955 *Cam*. Well, I know the man.
 1956 *Enter a Messenger*.
 1957 *Mes*. The Emperor cals *Camidius*.
 1958 *Cam*. With Newes the times with Labour,
 1959 And throwes forth each minute, some. *exeunt*
 1960 *Enter Caesar with his Army, marching*.
 1961 *Caes. Towrus?*
 1962 *Tow*. My Lord.
 1963 *Caes*. Strike not by Land,
 1964 Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
 1965 Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
 1966 The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
 1967 Vpon this iumpe. *exit*.
 1968 *Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus*.
 1969 *Ant*. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
 1970 In eye of *Caesars* battaile, from which place
 1971 We may the number of the Ships behold,
 1972 And so proceed accordingly. *exit*.
 1973 *Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the*

1974 *stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way:*
 1975 *After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.*
 1976 *Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*
 1977 *Eno.* Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
 1978 *Thantoniad,* the Egyptian Admirall,
 1979 With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
 1980 To see't, mine eyes are blasted.
 1981 *Enter Scarrus.*
 1982 *Scar.* Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!
 1983 *Eno.* What's thy passion.
 1984 *Scar.* The greater Cattle of the world, is lost
 1985 With very ignorance, we haue kist away
 1986 Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
 1987 *Eno.* How appeares the Fight?
 1988 *Scar.* On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
 1989 Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
 1990 (Whom Leprosie o're- take) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
 1991 When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
 1992 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
 1993 (The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Iune,
 1994 Hoists Sailes, and flyes.
 1995 *Eno.* That I beheld:
 1996 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 1997 Indure a further view.
 1998 *Scar.* She once being looft,
 1999 The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony,*
 2000 Claps on his Sea- wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
 2001 Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
 2002 I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
 2003 Experience, Man- hood, Honor, ne're before,
 2004 Did violate so it selfe.
 2005 *Enob.* Alacke, alacke.
 2006 *Enter Camidius.*
 2007 *Cam.* Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
 2008 And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
 2009 Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
 2010 Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
 2011 Most grossely by his owne.
 2012 *Enob.* I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
 2013 indeede.
 2014 *Cam.* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.
 2015 *Scar.* 'Tis easie toot,
 2016 And there I will attend what further comes.
 2017 *Camid.* To *Caesar* will I render
 2018 My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
 2019 Shew me the way of yeelding.

2020 *Eno.* Ile yet follow
 2021 The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
 2022 Sits in the winde against me.
 2023 *Enter Anthony with Attendants.*
 2024 *Ant.* Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
 2025 It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
 2026 I am so lated in the world, that I
 2027 Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
 2028 Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
 2029 And make your peace with *Caesar*.
 2030 *Omnnes.* Fly? Not wee.
 2031 *Ant.* I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
 2032 To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
 2033 I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
 2034 Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
 2035 My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
 2036 I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
 2037 My very haire do mutiny: for the white
 2038 Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
 2039 For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
 2040 Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
 2041 Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
 2042 Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
 2043 Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
 2044 Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea- side straight way;
 2045 I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure. [yy2v
 2046 Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
 2047 Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
 2048 Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*
 2049 *Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.*
 2050 *Eros.* Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
 2051 *Iras.* Do most deere Queene.
 2052 *Char.* Do, why, what else?
 2053 *Cleo.* Let me sit downe: Oh *Iuno*.
 2054 *Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.
 2055 *Eros.* See you heere, Sir?
 2056 *Ant.* Oh fie, fie, fie.
 2057 *Char.* Madam.
 2058 *Iras.* Madam, oh good Empresse.
 2059 *Eros.* Sir, sir.
 2060 *Ant.* Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
 2061 His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
 2062 The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
 2063 That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
 2064 Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
 2065 In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

2066 *Cleo.* Ah stand by.
 2067 *Eros.* The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
 2068 *Iras.* Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
 2069 Hee's vnqualitied with very shame.
 2070 *Cleo.* Well then, sustaine me: Oh.
 2071 *Eros.* Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
 2072 Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
 2073 Your comfort makes the rescue.
 2074 *Ant.* I haue offended Reputation,
 2075 A most vnnoble sweruing.
 2076 *Eros.* Sir, the Queene.
 2077 *Ant.* Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
 2078 How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
 2079 By looking backe what I haue left behinde
 2080 Stroy'd in dishonor.
 2081 *Cleo.* Oh my Lord, my Lord,
 2082 Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
 2083 You would haue followed.
 2084 *Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
 2085 My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th' strings,
 2086 And thou should'st towe me after. O're my spirit
 2087 The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
 2088 Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
 2089 Command mee.
 2090 *Cleo.* Oh my pardon.
 2091 *Ant.* Now I must
 2092 To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
 2093 And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
 2094 With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
 2095 Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
 2096 How much you were my Conqueror, and that
 2097 My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
 2098 Obey it on all cause.
 2099 *Cleo.* Pardon, pardon.
 2100 *Ant.* Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
 2101 All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
 2102 Euen this repayes me.
 2103 We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
 2104 Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
 2105 Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
 2106 We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*
 2107 *Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.*
 2108 *Caes.* Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
 2109 Know you him.
 2110 *Dolla.* *Caesar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
 2111 An argument that he is pluckt, when hither

2112 He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
 2113 Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
 2114 Not many Moones gone by.
 2115 *Enter Ambassador from Anthony.*
 2116 *Caesar.* Approach, and speake.
 2117 *Amb.* Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
 2118 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 2119 As is the Morne- dew on the Mertle leafe
 2120 To his grand Sea.
 2121 *Caes.* Bee't so, declare thine office.
 2122 *Amb.* Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
 2123 Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
 2124 He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
 2125 To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
 2126 A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
 2127 Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
 2128 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
 2129 The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
 2130 Now hazarded to thy Grace.
 2131 *Caes.* For *Anthony*,
 2132 I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
 2133 Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
 2134 From Egypt driue her all- disgraced Friend,
 2135 Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
 2136 She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.
 2137 *Amb.* Fortune pursue thee.
 2138 *Caes.* Bring him through the Bands:
 2139 To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
 2140 From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
 2141 And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
 2142 From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
 2143 In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
 2144 The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
 2145 Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
 2146 Will answer as a Law.
 2147 *Thid.* *Caesar.* I go.
 2148 *Caesar.* Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
 2149 And what thou think'st his very action speakes
 2150 In euery power that mooues.
 2151 *Thid.* *Caesar,* I shall. *exeunt.*
 2152 *Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.*
 2153 *Cleo.* What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?
 2154 *Eno.* Thinke, and dye.
 2155 *Cleo.* Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
 2156 *Eno.* *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
 2157 Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,

2158 From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges
 2159 Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
 2160 The itch of his Affection should not then
 2161 Haue nickt his Captain- ship, at such a point,
 2162 When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
 2163 The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
 2164 Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
 2165 And leaue his Nauy gazing.
 2166 *Cleo.* Prythee peace.
 2167 *Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.*
 2168 *Ant.* Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.
 2169 *Ant.* The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
 2170 So she will yeeld vs vp.
 2171 *Am.* He sayes so.
 2172 *Antho.* Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
 2173 grized head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
 2174 With Principalities.
 2175 *Cleo.* That head my Lord? [yy3
 2176 *Ant.* To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
 2177 Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
 2178 Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
 2179 May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
 2180 Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
 2181 As i'th' Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore
 2182 To lay his gay Comparisons a- part,
 2183 And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
 2184 Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.
 2185 *Eno.* Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Caesar* will
 2186 Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew
 2187 Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are
 2188 A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
 2189 Do draw the inward quality after them
 2190 To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
 2191 Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will
 2192 Answer his emptinesse; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'de
 2193 His iudgement too.
 2194 *Enter a Seruant.*
 2195 *Ser.* A Messenger from *Caesar*.
 2196 *Cleo.* What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
 2197 Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
 2198 That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.
 2199 *Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
 2200 The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
 2201 Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
 2202 To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
 2203 Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,

2204 And earnes a place i'th' Story.
 2205 *Enter Thidias.*
 2206 *Cleo.* *Caesars* will.
 2207 *Thid.* Heare it apart.
 2208 *Cleo.* None but Friends: say boldly.
 2209 *Thid.* So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.
 2210 *Enob.* He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,
 2211 Or needs not vs. If *Caesar* please, our Master
 2212 Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
 2213 Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesars*.
 2214 *Thid.* So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,
 2215 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
 2216 Further then he is *Caesars*.
 2217 *Cleo.* Go on, right Royall.
 2218 *Thid.* He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
 2219 As you did loue, but as you feared him.
 2220 *Cleo.* Oh.
 2221 *Thid.* The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
 2222 Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
 2223 Not as deserued.
 2224 *Cleo.* He is a God,
 2225 And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
 2226 Was not yeilded, but conquer'd meerely.
 2227 *Eno.* To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
 2228 Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
 2229 That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for
 2230 Thy deerest quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
 2231 *Thid.* Shall I say to *Caesar*,
 2232 What you require of him: for he partly begges
 2233 To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
 2234 That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
 2235 To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
 2236 To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
 2237 And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Land-|(lord.
 2238 *Cleo.* What's your name?
 2239 *Thid.* My name is *Thidias*.
 2240 *Cleo.* Most kinde Messenger,
 2241 Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,
 2242 I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
 2243 To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
 2244 Tell him, from his all- obeying breath, I heare
 2245 The doome of Egypt.
 2246 *Thid.* 'Tis your Noblest course:
 2247 Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,
 2248 If that the former dare but what it can,
 2249 No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay

2250 My dutie on your hand.
 2251 *Cleo.* Your *Caesars* Father oft,
 2252 (When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
 2253 Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
 2254 As it rain'd kisses.
 2255 *Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.*
 2256 *Ant.* Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou |(Fellow?
 2257 *Thid.* One that but performes
 2258 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 2259 To haue command obey'd.
 2260 *Eno.* You will be whipt.
 2261 *Ant.* Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
 2262 Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
 2263 Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,
 2264 And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
 2265 I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.
 2266 *Enter a Seruant.*
 2267 *Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
 2268 Then with an old one dying.
 2269 *Ant.* Moone and Starres,
 2270 Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
 2271 That do acknowledge *Caesar*, should I finde them
 2272 So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
 2273 Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
 2274 Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
 2275 And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
 2276 *Thid.* Marke *Anthony*.
 2277 *Ant.* Tugge him away: being whipt
 2278 Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Caesars* shall
 2279 Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidius.*
 2280 You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
 2281 Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
 2282 Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
 2283 And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
 2284 By one that lookes on Feeders?
 2285 *Cleo.* Good my Lord.
 2286 *Ant.* You haue beene a boggeler euer,
 2287 But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
 2288 (Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
 2289 In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
 2290 Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
 2291 To our confusion.
 2292 *Cleo.* Oh, is't come to this?
 2293 *Ant.* I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon
 2294 Dead *Caesars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
 2295 Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres

2296 Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
 2297 Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
 2298 Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
 2299 You know not what it is.
 2300 *Cleo.* Wherefore is this?
 2301 *Ant.* To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
 2302 And say, God quit you, be familiar with
 2303 My play- fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
 2304 And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
 2305 Vpon the hill of Basan, to out- roare
 2306 The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
 2307 And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like [yy3v
 2308 A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
 2309 For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
 2310 *Enter a Seruant with Thidias.*
 2311 *Ser.* Soundly, my Lord.
 2312 *Ant.* Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?
 2313 *Ser.* He did aske fauour.
 2314 *Ant.* If that thy Father liue, let him repent
 2315 Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
 2316 To follow *Caesar* in his Triumph, since
 2317 Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
 2318 The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
 2319 Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Caesar*,
 2320 Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
 2321 He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
 2322 Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
 2323 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 2324 And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
 2325 When my good Starres, that were my former guides
 2326 Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
 2327 Into th' Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
 2328 My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
 2329 *Hiparchus*, my enfranched Bondman, whom
 2330 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 2331 As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
 2332 Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*
 2333 *Cleo.* Haue you done yet?
 2334 *Ant.* Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
 2335 And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.
 2336 *Cleo.* I must stay his time?
 2337 *Ant.* To flatter *Caesar*, would you mingle eyes
 2338 With one that tyes his points.
 2339 *Cleo.* Not know me yet?
 2340 *Ant.* Cold- hearted toward me?
 2341 *Cleo.* Ah (Deere) if I be so,

2342 From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
 2343 And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
 2344 Drop in my necke: as it determines so
 2345 Dissolue my life, the next Caesarian smile,
 2346 Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
 2347 Together with my braue Egyptians all,
 2348 By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
 2349 Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
 2350 Haue buried them for prey.
 2351 *Ant.* I am satisfied:
 2352 *Caesar* sets downe in Alexandria, where
 2353 I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
 2354 Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
 2355 Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea- like.
 2356 Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
 2357 If from the Field I shall returne once more
 2358 To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
 2359 I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
 2360 There's hope in't yet.
 2361 *Cleo.* That's my braue Lord.
 2362 *Ant.* I will be trebble- sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
 2363 And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
 2364 Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
 2365 Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
 2366 And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
 2367 Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
 2368 All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
 2369 Let's mocke the midnight Bell.
 2370 *Cleo.* It is my Birth- day,
 2371 I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
 2372 Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.
 2373 *Ant.* We will yet do well.
 2374 *Cleo.* Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.
 2375 *Ant.* Do so, wee'l speake to them,
 2376 And to night Ile force
 2377 The Wine peepe through their scarres.
 2378 Come on (my Queene)
 2379 There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
 2380 Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
 2381 Euen with his pestilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*
 2382 *Eno.* Now hee'l out- stare the Lightning, to be furious
 2383 Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
 2384 The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
 2385 A diminution in our Captaines braine,
 2386 Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
 2387 It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke

2388 Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*
 2389 *Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecnas with his Army,*
 2390 *Caesar reading a Letter.*
 2391 *Caes.* He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
 2392 To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
 2393 He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
 2394 *Caesar to Anthony:* let the old Ruffian know,
 2395 I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
 2396 Laugh at his Challenge.
 2397 *Mece.* *Caesar* must thinke,
 2398 When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
 2399 Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
 2400 Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
 2401 Made good guard for it selfe.
 2402 *Caes.* Let our best heads know,
 2403 That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
 2404 We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
 2405 Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
 2406 Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
 2407 And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
 2408 And they haue earn'd the waste. *Poore Anthony. Exeunt*
 2409 *Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,*
 2410 *Iras, Alexas, with others.*
 2411 *Ant.* He will not fight with me, *Domitian?*
 2412 *Eno.* No?
 2413 *Ant.* Why should he not?
 2414 *Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
 2415 He is twenty men to one.
 2416 *Ant.* To morrow Soldier,
 2417 By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
 2418 Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
 2419 Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.
 2420 *Eno.* Ile strike, and cry, Take all.
 2421 *Ant.* Well said, come on:
 2422 Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night
 2423 *Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.*
 2424 Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
 2425 Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
 2426 Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
 2427 And Kings haue beene your fellowes.
 2428 *Cleo.* What meanes this?
 2429 *Eno.* 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
 2430 Out of the minde.
 2431 *Ant.* And thou art honest too:
 2432 I wish I could be made so many men,
 2433 And all of you clapt vp together, in

2434 An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
 2435 So good as you haue done. [yy4
 2436 *Omnes*. The Gods forbid.
 2437 *Ant*. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
 2438 Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,
 2439 As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
 2440 And suffer'd my command.
 2441 *Cleo*. What does he meane?
 2442 *Eno*. To make his Followers weepe.
 2443 *Ant*. Tend me to night;
 2444 May be, it is the period of your duty,
 2445 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
 2446 A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
 2447 You'l serue another Master. I looke on you,
 2448 As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
 2449 I turne you not away, but like a Master
 2450 Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
 2451 Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
 2452 And the Gods yeeld you for't.
 2453 *Eno*. What meane you (Sir)
 2454 To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
 2455 And I an Asse, am Onyon- ey'd; for shame,
 2456 Transforme vs not to women.
 2457 *Ant*. Ho, ho, ho:
 2458 Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
 2459 Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
 2460 You take me in too dolorous a sense,
 2461 For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
 2462 To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
 2463 I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
 2464 Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
 2465 Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
 2466 And drowne consideration. *Exeunt*.
 2467 *Enter a Company of Souldiours*.
 2468 1.*Sol*. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
 2469 2.*Sol*. It will determine one way: Fare you well.
 2470 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.
 2471 1 Nothing: what newes?
 2472 2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
 2473 1 Well sir, good night.
 2474 *They meete other Souldiers*.
 2475 2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
 2476 1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
 2477 *They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage*.
 2478 2 Heere we: and if to morrow
 2479 Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope

2480 Our Landmen will stand vp.
 2481 1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.
 2482 *Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.*
 2483 2 Peace, what noise?
 2484 1 List, list.
 2485 2 Hearke.
 2486 1 Musicke i'th' Ayre.
 2487 3 Vnder the earth.
 2488 4 It signes well, do's it not?
 2489 3 No.
 2490 1 Peace I say: What should this meane?
 2491 2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
 2492 Now leaues him.
 2493 1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
 2494 Do heare what we do?
 2495 2 How now Maisters? *Speak together.*
 2496 *Omnes.* How now? how now? do you heare this?
 2497 1 I, is't not strange?
 2498 3 Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?
 2499 1 Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.
 2500 Let's see how it will giue off.
 2501 *Omnes.* Content: 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*
 2502 *Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.*
 2503 *Ant. Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.
 2504 *Cleo.* Sleepe a little.
 2505 *Ant.* No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.
 2506 *Enter Eros.*
 2507 Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
 2508 If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
 2509 Because we braue her. Come.
 2510 *Cleo.* Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
 2511 What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
 2512 The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
 2513 Sooth- law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.
 2514 *Ant.* Well, well, we shall thriue now.
 2515 Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
 2516 *Eros.* Briefely Sir.
 2517 *Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?
 2518 *Ant.* Rarely, rarely:
 2519 He that vnuckles this, till we do please
 2520 To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
 2521 Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
 2522 More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
 2523 That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
 2524 The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
 2525 A Workeman in't.

2526 *Enter an Armed Soldier.*
 2527 Good morrow to thee, welcome,
 2528 Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
 2529 To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,
 2530 And go too't with delight.
 2531 *Soul.* A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
 2532 Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
 2533 *Trumpets Flourish.*
 2534 *Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.*
 2535 *Alex.* The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
 2536 *All.* Good morrow Generall.
 2537 *Ant.* 'Tis well blowne Lads.
 2538 This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
 2539 That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
 2540 So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well- sed.
 2541 Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
 2542 This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,
 2543 And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
 2544 On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
 2545 Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
 2546 Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
 2547 *Char.* Please you retyre to your Chamber?
 2548 *Cleo.* Lead me:
 2549 He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Caesar* might
 2550 Determine this great Warre in single fight;
 2551 Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*
 2552 *Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.*
 2553 *Eros.* The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.
 2554 *Ant.* Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild
 2555 To make me fight at Land.
 2556 *Eros.* Had'st thou done so,
 2557 The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
 2558 That has this morning left thee, would haue still
 2559 Followed thy heeles.
 2560 *Ant.* Whose gone this morning?
 2561 *Eros.* Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*, [yy4v
 2562 He shall not heare thee, or from *Caesars* Campe,
 2563 Say I am none of thine.
 2564 *Ant.* What sayest thou?
 2565 *Sold.* Sir he is with *Caesar*.
 2566 *Eros.* Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.
 2567 *Ant.* Is he gone?
 2568 *Sol.* Most certaine.
 2569 *Ant.* Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
 2570 Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
 2571 (I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;

2572 Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
 2573 To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
 2574 Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*
 2575 *Flourish*. Enter *Agrippa*, *Caesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
 2576 and *Dollabella*.
 2577 *Caes.* Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
 2578 Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alieu:
 2579 Make it so knowne.
 2580 *Agrip.* *Caesar*, I shall.
 2581 *Caesar.* The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
 2582 Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
 2583 Shall beare the Oliue freely.
 2584 Enter a Messenger.
 2585 *Mes.* *Anthony* is come into the Field.
 2586 *Caes.* Go charge *Agrippa*,
 2587 Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,
 2588 That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
 2589 Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt*.
 2590 *Enob.* *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
 2591 Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dissuade
 2592 Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Caesar*,
 2593 And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
 2594 *Caesar* hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the rest
 2595 That fell away, haue entertainment, but
 2596 No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
 2597 Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
 2598 That I will ioy no more.
 2599 Enter a Soldier of *Caesars*.
 2600 *Sol.* *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
 2601 Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
 2602 His Bounty ouer- plus. The Messenger
 2603 Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
 2604 Vnloading of his Mules.
 2605 *Eno.* I giue it you.
 2606 *Sol.* Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
 2607 I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer
 2608 Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
 2609 Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperour
 2610 Continues still a Ioue. *Exit*
 2611 *Enob.* I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
 2612 And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
 2613 Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
 2614 My better seruice, when my turpitude
 2615 Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
 2616 If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
 2617 Shall out- strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele

2618 I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
 2619 Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
 2620 My latter part of life. *Exit.*
 2621 *Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.*
 2622 *Enter Agrippa.*
 2623 *Agrip.* Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
 2624 *Caesar* himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
 2625 Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*
 2626 *Alarums.*
 2627 *Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.*
 2628 *Scar.* O my braue Emperour, this is fought indeed,
 2629 Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
 2630 With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*
 2631 *Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.
 2632 *Scar.* I had a wound heere that was like a T,
 2633 But now 'tis made an H.
 2634 *Ant.* They do retyre.
 2635 *Scar.* Wee'l beat 'em into Bench- holes, I haue yet
 2636 Roome for six scotches more.
 2637 *Enter Eros.*
 2638 *Eros.* They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
 2639 For a faire victory.
 2640 *Scar.* Let vs score their backes,
 2641 And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
 2642 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.
 2643 *Ant.* I will reward thee
 2644 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten- fold
 2645 For thy good valour. Come thee on.
 2646 *Scar.* Ile halt after. *Exeunt*
 2647 *Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.*
 2648 *Scarrus, with others.*
 2649 *Ant.* We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
 2650 Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
 2651 Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
 2652 That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
 2653 For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
 2654 Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
 2655 Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors.*
 2656 Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
 2657 Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
 2658 Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
 2659 The Honour'd- gashes whole.
 2660 *Enter Cleopatra.*
 2661 Giue me thy hand,
 2662 To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
 2663 Make her thankes blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,

2664 Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
 2665 Through prooffe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
 2666 Ride on the pants triumphing.
 2667 *Cleo.* Lord of Lords.
 2668 Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
 2669 The worlds great snare vncaught.
 2670 *Ant.* Mine Nightingale,
 2671 We haue beate them to their Beds.
 2672 What Gyrle, though gray
 2673 Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
 2674 A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
 2675 Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
 2676 Commend vnto his Lippes thy faououring hand,
 2677 Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
 2678 As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
 2679 Destroyed in such a shape.
 2680 *Cleo.* Ile giue thee Friend
 2681 An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
 2682 *Ant.* He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled
 2683 Like holy Phoebus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
 2684 Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
 2685 Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
 2686 Had our great Pallace the capacity
 2687 To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
 2688 And drinke Carowes to the next dayes Fate [yy5
 2689 Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters
 2690 With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
 2691 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
 2692 That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
 2693 Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*
 2694 *Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.*
 2695 *Cent.* If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
 2696 We must returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night
 2697 Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
 2698 By'th' second houre i'th' Morne.
 2699 1. *Watch.* This last day was a shrew'd one too's.
 2700 *Enob.* Oh beare me wnesse night.
 2701 2 What man is this?
 2702 1 Stand close, and list him.
 2703 *Enob.* Be wnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
 2704 When men reuolted shall vpon Record
 2705 Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
 2706 Before thy face repent.
 2707 *Cent.* *Enobarbus?*
 2708 2 Peace: Hearke further.
 2709 *Enob.* Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,

2710 The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
 2711 That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
 2712 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 2713 Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
 2714 Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
 2715 And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
 2716 Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
 2717 Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
 2718 But let the world ranke me in Register
 2719 A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
 2720 Oh *Anthony!* Oh *Anthony!*
 2721 1 Let's speake to him.
 2722 *Cent.* Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
 2723 May concerne *Caesar*.
 2724 2 Let's do so; but he sleepes.
 2725 *Cent.* Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
 2726 Was neuer yet for sleepe.
 2727 1 Go we to him.
 2728 2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.
 2729 1 Heare you sir?
 2730 *Cent.* The hand of death hath raught him.
 2731 *Drummes afarre off.*
 2732 Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
 2733 Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
 2734 Our houre is fully out.
 2735 2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*
 2736 *Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.*
 2737 *Ant.* Their preparation is to day by Sea,
 2738 We please them not by Land.
 2739 *Scar.* For both, my Lord.
 2740 *Ant.* I would they'ld fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
 2741 Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
 2742 Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
 2743 Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
 2744 They haue put forth the Hauen:
 2745 Where their appointment we may best discouer,
 2746 And looke on their endeuour. *exeunt*
 2747 *Enter Caesar, and his Army.*
 2748 *Caes.* But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
 2749 Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
 2750 Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
 2751 And hold our best aduantage. *exeunt.*
 2752 *Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.*
 2753 *Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.*
 2754 *Ant.* Yet they are not ioyn'd:
 2755 Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.

2756 Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *exit.*
 2757 *Scar.* Swallowes haue built
 2758 In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
 2759 Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
 2760 And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,*
 2761 Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
 2762 His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
 2763 Of what he has, and has not.
 2764 *Enter Anthony.*
 2765 *Ant.* All is lost:
 2766 This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
 2767 My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
 2768 They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together
 2769 Like Friends long lost. Triple- turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
 2770 Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart
 2771 Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
 2772 For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
 2773 I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
 2774 Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,
 2775 Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
 2776 Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
 2777 That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
 2778 Their wishes, do dis- Candie, melt their sweets
 2779 On blossoming *Caesar:* And this Pine is barkt,
 2780 That ouer- top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
 2781 Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
 2782 Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
 2783 Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
 2784 Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
 2785 Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
 2786 What *Eros, Eros?*
 2787 *Enter Cleopatra.*
 2788 Ah, thou Spell! Auant.
 2789 *Cleo.* Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?
 2790 *Ant.* Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,
 2791 And blemish *Caesars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
 2792 And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
 2793 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
 2794 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster- like be shewne
 2795 For poor'st Diminitiuies, for Dolts, and let
 2796 Patient *Octauia,* plough thy visage vp
 2797 With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
 2798 'Tis well th'art gone,
 2799 If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
 2800 Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
 2801 Might haue preuented many. *Eros, hoa!*

2802 The shirt of *Nessus* is vpon me, teach me
 2803 *Alcides*, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
 2804 Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th' Moone,
 2805 And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,
 2806 Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
 2807 To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 2808 Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit*.
 2809 *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian*.
 2810 *Cleo*. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
 2811 Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
 2812 Was neuer so imbost.
 2813 *Char*. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
 2814 And send him word you are dead: [yy5v
 2815 The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
 2816 Then greatnesse going off.
 2817 *Cleo*. To'th' Monument:
 2818 *Mardian*, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
 2819 Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
 2820 And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian*,
 2821 And bring me how he takes my death to'th' Monument.
 2822 *Exeunt*.
 2823 *Enter Anthony, and Eros*.
 2824 *Ant*. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?
 2825 *Eros*. I Noble Lord.
 2826 *Ant*. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
 2827 A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
 2828 A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
 2829 A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
 2830 With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
 2831 And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
 2832 Thou hast seene these Signes,
 2833 They are blacke Vespers Pageants.
 2834 *Eros*. I my Lord.
 2835 *Ant*. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
 2836 the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
 2837 As water is in water.
 2838 *Eros*. It does my Lord.
 2839 *Ant*. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
 2840 Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
 2841 Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
 2842 I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
 2843 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
 2844 Which whil'st it was mine, had annex't vntoo't
 2845 A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
 2846 Packt Cards with *Caesars*, and false plaid my Glory
 2847 Vnto an Enemies triumph.

2848 Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
 2849 Our selues to end our selues.
 2850 *Enter Mardian.*
 2851 Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.
 2852 *Mar.* No *Anthony*,
 2853 My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
 2854 with thine intirely.
 2855 *Ant.* Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
 2856 And shall dye the death.
 2857 *Mar.* Death of one person, can be paide but once,
 2858 And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
 2859 Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
 2860 Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.
 2861 Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
 2862 The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
 2863 Betweene her heart, and lips: she tendred life
 2864 Thy name so buried in her.
 2865 *Ant.* Dead then?
 2866 *Mar.* Dead.
 2867 *Ant.* Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
 2868 And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
 2869 Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
 2870 Off, plucke off,
 2871 The seuen- fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
 2872 The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.
 2873 Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
 2874 Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace;
 2875 No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
 2876 You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
 2877 I will o're- take thee *Cleopatra*, and
 2878 Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 2879 All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
 2880 Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour
 2881 Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
 2882 It selfe with strength: Seale then and all is done.
 2883 *Eros*? I come my Queene. *Eros*? Stay for me,
 2884 Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
 2885 And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
 2886 *Dido*, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
 2887 And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.
 2888 *Enter Eros.*
 2889 *Eros.* What would my Lord?
 2890 *Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
 2891 I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
 2892 Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
 2893 Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe

2894 With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
 2895 The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
 2896 Then she which by her death, our *Caesar* telles
 2897 I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
 2898 That when the exigent should come, which now
 2899 Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
 2900 Th' ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
 2901 That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
 2902 Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
 2903 'Tis *Caesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
 2904 *Eros*. The Gods with- hold me,
 2905 Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
 2906 (Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.
 2907 *Ant. Eros*,
 2908 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 2909 Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
 2910 His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
 2911 To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
 2912 Of Fortunate *Caesar* drawne before him, branded
 2913 His Basenesse that ensued.
 2914 *Eros*. I would not see't.
 2915 *Ant*. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 2916 Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
 2917 Most vsefull for thy Country.
 2918 *Eros*. Oh sir, pardon me.
 2919 *Ant*. When I did make thee free, swor'st y not then
 2920 To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
 2921 Or thy precedent Seruices are all
 2922 But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
 2923 *Eros*. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
 2924 Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.
 2925 *Ant*. Loe thee.
 2926 *Eros*. My sword is drawne.
 2927 *Ant*. Then let it do at once
 2928 The thing why thou hast drawne it.
 2929 *Eros*. My deere Master,
 2930 My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
 2931 Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.
 2932 *Ant*. 'Tis said man, and farewell.
 2933 *Eros*. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?
 2934 *Ant*. Now *Eros*. Killes *himselfe*.
 2935 *Eros*. Why there then:
 2936 Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.
 2937 *Ant*. Thrice- Nobler then my selfe,
 2938 Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
 2939 I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*

2940 Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
 2941 A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
 2942 A Bride- grooms in my death, and run intoo't
 2943 As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
 2944 Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
 2945 I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
 2946 The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me. [yy6
 2947 *Enter a Guard.*
 2948 1.*Guard.* What's the noise?
 2949 *Ant.* I haue done my worke ill Friends:
 2950 Oh make an end of what I haue begun.
 2951 2 The Starre is falne.
 2952 1 And time is at his Period.
 2953 *All.* Alas, and woe.
 2954 *Ant.* Let him that loues me, strike me dead.
 2955 1 Not I.
 2956 2 Nor I.
 2957 3 Nor any one. *exeunt*
 2958 *Decretus.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
 2959 This sword but shewne to *Caesar* with this tydings,
 2960 Shall enter me with him.
 2961 *Enter Diomedes.*
 2962 *Dio.* Where's *Anthony*?
 2963 *Decre.* There *Diomed* there.
 2964 *Diom.* Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?
 2965 *Ant.* Art thou there *Diomed*?
 2966 Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
 2967 Suffising strokes for death.
 2968 *Diom.* Most absolute Lord:
 2969 My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.
 2970 *Ant.* When did shee send thee?
 2971 *Diom.* Now my Lord.
 2972 *Anth.* Where is she?
 2973 *Diom.* Lockt in her Monument: she had a Propheying |(feare
 2974 Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
 2975 (Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
 2976 She had dispos'd with *Caesar*, and that your rage
 2977 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
 2978 But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
 2979 Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
 2980 I dread, too late.
 2981 *Ant.* Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.
 2982 *Dio.* What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
 2983 The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.
 2984 *Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.*
 2985 *Ant.* Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,

2986 'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.
 2987 I Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare
 2988 All your true Followers out.
 2989 *All.* Most heauy day.
 2990 *Ant.* Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
 2991 To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
 2992 Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
 2993 Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
 2994 I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
 2995 And haue my thanks for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*
 2996 *Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with*
 2997 *Charmian & Iras.*
 2998 *Cleo.* Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.
 2999 *Char.* Be comforted deere Madam.
 3000 *Cleo.* No, I will not:
 3001 All strange and terrible euent are welcome,
 3002 But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
 3003 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
 3004 As that which makes it.
 3005 *Enter Diomed.*
 3006 How now? is he dead?
 3007 *Diom.* His death's vpon him, but not dead.
 3008 Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
 3009 His Guard haue brought him thither.
 3010 *Enter Anthony, and the Guard.*
 3011 *Cleo.* Oh Sunne,
 3012 Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
 3013 The varrying shore o'th' world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
 3014 Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
 3015 Below, let's draw him hither.
 3016 *Ant.* Peace,
 3017 Not *Caesars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
 3018 But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.
 3019 *Cleo.* So it should be,
 3020 That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
 3021 But woe 'tis so.
 3022 *Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
 3023 I heere importune death a- while, vntill
 3024 Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
 3025 I lay vpon thy lippes.
 3026 *Cleo.* I dare not Deere,
 3027 Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
 3028 Least I be taken: nor th' Imperious shew
 3029 Of the full- Fortun'd *Caesar*, euer shall
 3030 Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
 3031 Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:

3032 Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modest eyes,
 3033 And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
 3034 Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
 3035 Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:
 3036 Assist good Friends.
 3037 *Ant.* Oh quicke, or I am gone.
 3038 *Cleo.* Heere's sport indeede:
 3039 How heauy weighes my Lord?
 3040 Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
 3041 That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,
 3042 The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
 3043 And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
 3044 Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,
 3045 *They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.*
 3046 And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,
 3047 Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
 3048 Thus would I weare them out.
 3049 *All.* A heauy sight.
 3050 *Ant.* I am dying Egypt, dying.
 3051 Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.
 3052 *Cleo.* No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
 3053 That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
 3054 Prouok'd by my offence.
 3055 *Ant.* One word (sweet Queene)
 3056 Of *Caesar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.
 3057 *Cleo.* They do not go together.
 3058 *Ant.* Gentle heare me,
 3059 None about *Caesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.
 3060 *Cleo.* My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
 3061 None about *Caesar*.
 3062 *Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,
 3063 Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
 3064 In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
 3065 Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th' world,
 3066 The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
 3067 Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
 3068 My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
 3069 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
 3070 I can no more.
 3071 *Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't dye?
 3072 Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
 3073 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 3074 No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:
 3075 The Crowne o'th' earth doth melt. My Lord?
 3076 Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre, [yy6v
 3077 The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrls

3078 Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
 3079 And there is nothing left remarkeable
 3080 Beneath the visiting Moone.
 3081 *Char.* Oh quietnesse, Lady.
 3082 *Iras.* She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
 3083 *Char.* Lady.
 3084 *Iras.* Madam.
 3085 *Char.* Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
 3086 *Iras.* Royall Egypt: Empresse.
 3087 *Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*
 3088 *Cleo.* No more but in a Woman, and commanded
 3089 By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
 3090 And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
 3091 To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
 3092 To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
 3093 Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
 3094 Patience is sortish, and impatience does
 3095 Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
 3096 To rush into the secret house of death,
 3097 Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
 3098 What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
 3099 My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
 3100 Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
 3101 Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
 3102 Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
 3103 And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
 3104 This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
 3105 Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
 3106 But Resolution, and the breefest end.
 3107 *Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.*
 3108 *Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with*
 3109 *his Counsell of Warre.*
 3110 *Caesar.* Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
 3111 Being so frustrate, tell him,
 3112 He mockes the pawses that he makes.
 3113 *Dol.* *Caesar*, I shall.
 3114 *Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.*
 3115 *Caes.* Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
 3116 Appaere thus to vs?
 3117 *Dec.* I am call'd *Decretas*,
 3118 *Marke Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie
 3119 Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
 3120 He was my Master, and I wore my life
 3121 To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
 3122 To take me to thee, as I was to him,
 3123 Ile be to *Caesar*: if y pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

3124 *Caesar.* What is't thou say'st?
 3125 *Dec.* I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.
 3126 *Caesar.* The breaking of so great a thing, should make
 3127 A greater cracke. The round World
 3128 Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
 3129 And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
 3130 Is not a single doome, in the name lay
 3131 A moiety of the world.
 3132 *Dec.* He is dead *Caesar*,
 3133 Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
 3134 Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe- hand
 3135 Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
 3136 Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
 3137 Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
 3138 I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
 3139 With his most Noble blood.
 3140 *Caes.* Looke you sad Friends,
 3141 The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
 3142 To wash the eyes of Kings.
 3143 *Dol.* And strange it is,
 3144 That Nature must compell vs to lament
 3145 Our most persisted deeds.
 3146 *Mec.* His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
 3147 *Dola.* A Rarer spirit neuer
 3148 Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
 3149 Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd.
 3150 *Mec.* When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
 3151 He needes must see him selfe.
 3152 *Caesar.* Oh *Anthony*,
 3153 I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
 3154 Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
 3155 Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
 3156 Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
 3157 In the whole world. But yet let me lament
 3158 With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
 3159 That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
 3160 In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
 3161 Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
 3162 The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
 3163 Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
 3164 Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
 3165 Heare me good Friends,
 3166 But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
 3167 The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
 3168 Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
 3169 *Enter an Aegyptian.*

3170 Whence are you?
 3171 *Aegypt.* A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
 3172 Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
 3173 Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
 3174 That she preparedly may frame her selfe
 3175 To'th' way shee's forc'd too.
 3176 *Caesar.* Bid her haue good heart,
 3177 She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
 3178 How honourable, and how kindly Wee
 3179 Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
 3180 *Aegypt.* So the Gods preserue thee. *Exit.*
 3181 *Caes.* Come hither *Proculeius.* Go and say
 3182 We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
 3183 The quality of her passion shall require;
 3184 Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
 3185 She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
 3186 Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
 3187 And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
 3188 And how you finde of her.
 3189 *Pro. Caesar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
 3190 *Caes. Gallus,* go you along: where's *Dolabella,* to se-cond
 3191 *Proculeius?*
 3192 *All. Dolabella.*
 3193 *Caes.* Let him alone: for I remember now
 3194 How hee's employd: he shall in time be ready.
 3195 Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
 3196 How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
 3197 How calme and gentle I proceeded still
 3198 In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
 3199 What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*
 3200 *Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*
 3201 *Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make
 3202 A better life: Tis paltry to be *Caesar:*
 3203 Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
 3204 A minister of her will: and it is great [zz1
 3205 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
 3206 Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
 3207 Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
 3208 The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars.*
 3209 *Enter Proculeius.*
 3210 *Pro. Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
 3211 And bids thee study on what faire demands
 3212 Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.
 3213 *Cleo.* What's thy name?
 3214 *Pro.* My name is *Proculeius.*
 3215 *Cleo. Anthony*

3216 Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
 3217 I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
 3218 That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master
 3219 Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
 3220 That Maiesty to keepe *decorum*, must
 3221 No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
 3222 To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
 3223 He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
 3224 Will kneele to him with thankses.
 3225 *Pro.* Be of good cheere:
 3226 Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
 3227 Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
 3228 Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
 3229 On all that neede. Let me report to him
 3230 Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
 3231 A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
 3232 Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
 3233 *Cleo.* Pray you tell him,
 3234 I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
 3235 The Greatnesse he has got. I hourelly learne
 3236 A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
 3237 Looke him i'th' Face.
 3238 *Pro.* This Ile report (deere Lady)
 3239 Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
 3240 Of him that caus'd it.
 3241 *Pro.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
 3242 Guard her till *Caesar* come.
 3243 *Iras.* Royall Queene.
 3244 *Char.* Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.
 3245 *Cleo.* Quicke, quicke, good hands.
 3246 *Pro.* Hold worthy Lady, hold:
 3247 Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
 3248 Releeu'd, but not betraid.
 3249 *Cleo.* What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
 3250 *Pro.* *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
 3251 Th' vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
 3252 His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
 3253 Will neuer let come forth.
 3254 *Cleo.* Where art thou Death?
 3255 Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
 3256 Worth many Babes and Beggars.
 3257 *Pro.* Oh temperance Lady.
 3258 *Cleo.* Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
 3259 If idle talke will once be necessary
 3260 Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
 3261 Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I

3262 Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
 3263 Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
 3264 Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyst me vp,
 3265 And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
 3266 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
 3267 Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
 3268 Lay me starke- nak'd, and let the water- Flies
 3269 Blow me into abhorring; rather make
 3270 My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
 3271 And hang me vp in Chaines.
 3272 *Pro.* You do extend
 3273 These thoughts of horror further then you shall
 3274 Finde cause in *Caesar*.
 3275 *Enter Dolabella.*
 3276 *Dol. Proculeius,*
 3277 What thou hast done, thy Master *Caesar* knowes,
 3278 And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
 3279 Ile take her to my Guard.
 3280 *Pro. So Dolabella,*
 3281 It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
 3282 To *Caesar* I will speake, what you shall please,
 3283 If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*
 3284 *Cleo.* Say, I would dye.
 3285 *Dol.* Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.
 3286 *Cleo.* I cannot tell.
 3287 *Dol.* Assuredly you know me.
 3288 *Cleo.* No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:
 3289 You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
 3290 Is't not your tricke?
 3291 *Dol.* I vnderstand not, Madam.
 3292 *Cleo.* I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.
 3293 Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
 3294 But such another man.
 3295 *Dol.* If it might please ye.
 3296 *Cleo.* His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
 3297 A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
 3298 The little o'th' earth.
 3299 *Dol.* Most Soueraigne Creature.
 3300 *Cleo.* His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
 3301 Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
 3302 As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
 3303 But when he meant to quaile, and shake the Orbe,
 3304 He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
 3305 There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
 3306 That grew the more by reaping: His delights
 3307 Were Dolphin- like, they shew'd his backe aboue

3308 The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery
 3309 Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
 3310 As plates dropt from his pocket.
 3311 *Dol. Cleopatra.*
 3312 *Cleo.* Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
 3313 As this I dreamt of?
 3314 *Dol.* Gentle Madam, no.
 3315 *Cleo.* You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
 3316 But if there be, not euer were one such
 3317 It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stufte
 3318 To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
 3319 An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
 3320 Condemning shadowes quite.
 3321 *Dol.* Heare me, good Madam:
 3322 Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
 3323 As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
 3324 Ore- take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
 3325 By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
 3326 My very heart at roote.
 3327 *Cleo.* I thanke you sir:
 3328 Know you what *Caesar* meanes to do with me?
 3329 *Dol.* I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
 3330 *Cleo.* Nay pray you sir.
 3331 *Dol.* Though he be Honourable.
 3332 *Cleo.* Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.
 3333 *Dol.* Madam he will, I know't. *Flourish.*
 3334 *Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Mecenas,*
 3335 *and others of his Traine.*
 3336 *All.* Make way there *Caesar.* [zz]v
 3337 *Caes.* Which is the Queene of Egypt.
 3338 *Dol.* It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
 3339 *Caesar.* Arise, you shall not kneele:
 3340 I pray you rise, rise Egypt.
 3341 *Cleo.* Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
 3342 My Master and my Lord I must obey,
 3343 *Caesar.* Take to you no hard thoughts,
 3344 The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
 3345 Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
 3346 As things but done by chance.
 3347 *Cleo.* Sole Sir o'th' World,
 3348 I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well
 3349 To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
 3350 Bene laden with like frailties, which before
 3351 Haue often sham'd our Sex.
 3352 *Caesar.* *Cleopatra* know,
 3353 We will extenuate rather then inforce:

3354 If you apply your selfe to our intents,
 3355 Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
 3356 A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
 3357 To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
 3358 *Anthonies* course, you shall bereaue your selfe
 3359 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 3360 To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
 3361 If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
 3362 *Cleo.* And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
 3363 your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
 3364 Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
 3365 *Caesar.* You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra.*
 3366 *Cleo.* This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
 3367 I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed,
 3368 Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?
 3369 *Seleu.* Heere Madam.
 3370 *Cleo.* This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
 3371 Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd
 3372 To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
 3373 *Seleu.* Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
 3374 Then to my perill speake that which is not.
 3375 *Cleo.* What haue I kept backe.
 3376 *Sel.* Enough to purchase what you haue made known
 3377 *Caesar.* Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue
 3378 Your Wisedome in the deede.
 3379 *Cleo.* See *Caesar*: Oh behold,
 3380 How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
 3381 And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 3382 The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
 3383 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
 3384 Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y shalt
 3385 Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
 3386 Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule- lesse, Villain, Dog.
 3387 O rarely base!
 3388 *Caesar.* Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
 3389 *Cleo.* O *Caesar*, what a wounding shame is this,
 3390 That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
 3391 Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
 3392 To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
 3393 Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
 3394 Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Caesar*)
 3395 That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd,
 3396 Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
 3397 As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
 3398 Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
 3399 For *Liulia* and *Octauiia*, to induce

3400 Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
 3401 With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me
 3402 Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
 3403 Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
 3404 Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
 3405 Thou would'st haue mercy on me.
 3406 *Caesar.* Forbeare *Seleucus.*
 3407 *Cleo.* Be it known, that we the greatest are mis- thought
 3408 For things that others do: and when we fall,
 3409 We answer others merits, in our name
 3410 Are therefore to be pittied.
 3411 *Caesar.* *Cleopatra,*
 3412 Not what you haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 3413 Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
 3414 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleuee
 3415 *Caesars* no Merchant, to make prize with you
 3416 Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
 3417 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
 3418 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 3419 Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
 3420 Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,
 3421 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.
 3422 *Cleo.* My Master, and my Lord.
 3423 *Caesar.* Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.*
 3424 *Exeunt Caesar, and his Traine.*
 3425 *Cleo.* He words me Gyrles, he words me,
 3426 That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
 3427 But hearke thee *Charmian.*
 3428 *Iras.* Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
 3429 And we are for the darke.
 3430 *Cleo.* Hye thee againe,
 3431 I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
 3432 Go put it to the haste.
 3433 *Char.* Madam, I will.
 3434 *Enter Dolabella.*
 3435 *Dol.* Where's the Queene?
 3436 *Char.* Behold sir.
 3437 *Cleo.* *Dolabella.*
 3438 *Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
 3439 (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
 3440 I tell you this: *Caesar* through Syria
 3441 Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
 3442 You with your Children will he send before,
 3443 Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
 3444 Your pleasure, and my promise.
 3445 *Cleo.* *Dolabella,* I shall remaine your debter.

3446 *Dol.* I your Seruant:
 3447 Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Caesar.* *Exit*
 3448 *Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks.
 3449 Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?
 3450 Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
 3451 In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
 3452 With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
 3453 Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
 3454 Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
 3455 And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
 3456 *Iras.* The Gods forbid.
 3457 *Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Lictors
 3458 Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
 3459 Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
 3460 Extemporally will stage vs, and present
 3461 Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
 3462 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 3463 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
 3464 I'th' posture of a Whore.
 3465 *Iras.* O the good Gods!
 3466 *Cleo.* Nay that's certaine.
 3467 *Iras.* Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes
 3468 Are stronger then mine eyes. [zz2
 3469 *Cleo.* Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
 3470 And to conquer their most absurd intents.
 3471 *Enter Charmian.*
 3472 Now *Charmian.*
 3473 Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
 3474 My best Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
 3475 To meete *Marke Anthony.* Sirra *Iras*, go
 3476 (Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,)
 3477 And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
 3478 To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.
 3479 *A noise within.*
 3480 Wherefore's this noise?
 3481 *Enter a Guardsman.*
 3482 *Gards.* Heere is a rurall Fellow,
 3483 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
 3484 He brings you Figges.
 3485 *Cleo.* Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*
 3486 What poore an Instrument
 3487 May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
 3488 My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
 3489 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
 3490 I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
 3491 No Planet is of mine.

3492 *Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.*
 3493 *Guards.* This is the man.
 3494 *Cleo.* Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardsman.*
 3495 Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
 3496 That killes and paines not?
 3497 *Clow.* Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-tie
 3498 that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
 3499 immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-uer
 3500 recouer.
 3501 *Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?
 3502 *Clow.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of
 3503 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-man,
 3504 but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
 3505 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-ting
 3506 of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie
 3507 good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleeeue all that
 3508 they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but
 3509 this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.
 3510 *Cleo.* Get thee hence, farewell.
 3511 *Clow.* I wish you all ioy of the Worme.
 3512 *Cleo.* Farewell.
 3513 *Clow.* You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
 3514 Worme will do his kinde.
 3515 *Cleo.* I, I, farewell.
 3516 *Clow.* Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
 3517 but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
 3518 no goodnesse in the Worme.
 3519 *Cleo.* Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.
 3520 *Clow.* Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
 3521 is not worth the feeding.
 3522 *Cleo.* Will it eate me?
 3523 *Clow.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know
 3524 the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
 3525 a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
 3526 not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
 3527 great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
 3528 make, the diuels marre fiue.
 3529 *Cleo.* Well, get thee gone, farewell.
 3530 *Clow.* Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*
 3531 *Cleo.* Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
 3532 Immortall longings in me. Now no more
 3533 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
 3534 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
 3535 *Anthony* call: I see him rowse himselfe
 3536 To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
 3537 The lucke of *Caesar*, which the Gods giue men

3538 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 3539 Now to that name, my Courage proues my Title.
 3540 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
 3541 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
 3542 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
 3543 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
 3544 Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?
 3545 If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
 3546 The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
 3547 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
 3548 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
 3549 It is not worth leaue- taking.
 3550 *Char.* Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
 3551 The Gods themselues do weepe.
 3552 *Cleo.* This proues me base:
 3553 If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,
 3554 Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
 3555 Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
 3556 With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,
 3557 Of life at once vnty: Poore venomous Foole,
 3558 Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
 3559 That I might heare thee call great *Caesar*ASSE, vnpoliced.
 3560 *Char.* Oh Easterne Starre.
 3561 *Cleo.* Peace, peace:
 3562 Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
 3563 That suckes the Nurse asleepe.
 3564 *Char.* O breake! O breake!
 3565 *Cleo.* As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
 3566 O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
 3567 What should I stay— *Dyes.*
 3568 *Char.* In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
 3569 Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
 3570 A Lasse vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
 3571 And golden Phoebus, neuer be beheld
 3572 Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
 3573 Ile mend it, and then play—
 3574 *Enter the Guard rustling in; and Dolabella.*
 3575 1. *Guard.* Where's the Queene?
 3576 *Char.* Speake softly, wake her not.
 3577 1 *Caesar* hath sent
 3578 *Char.* Too slow a Messenger.
 3579 Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.
 3580 1 Approach hoa,
 3581 All's not well: *Caesar*'s beguild.
 3582 2 There's *Dolabella* sent from *Caesar*: call him.
 3583 1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?

3584 Is this well done?
 3585 *Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse
 3586 Descended of so many Royall Kings.
 3587 Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*
 3588 *Enter Dolabella.*
 3589 *Dol.* How goes it heere?
 3590 *2.Guard.* All dead.
 3591 *Dol.* *Caesar*, thy thoughts
 3592 Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
 3593 To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
 3594 So sought'st to hinder.
 3595 *Enter Caesar and all his Traine, marching.*
 3596 *All.* A way there, a way for *Caesar.* [zz2v
 3597 *Dol.* Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
 3598 That you did feare, is done.
 3599 *Caesar.* Brauest at the last,
 3600 She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
 3601 Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
 3602 I do not see them bleede.
 3603 *Dol.* Who was last with them?
 3604 *1.Guard.* A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
 3605 This was his Basket.
 3606 *Caesar.* Poyson'd then.
 3607 *1.Guard.* Oh *Caesar*:
 3608 This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
 3609 I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
 3610 On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
 3611 And on the sodaine dropt.
 3612 *Caesar.* Oh Noble weakenesse:
 3613 If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
 3614 By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
 3615 As she would catch another *Anthony*
 3616 In her strong toyle of Grace.
 3617 *Dol.* Heere on her brest,
 3618 There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
 3619 The like is on her Arme.
 3620 *1.Guard.* This is an Aspicket traile,
 3621 And these Figge- leaues haue slime vpon them, such
 3622 As th' Aspicket leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
 3623 *Caesar.* Most probable
 3624 That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
 3625 She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite
 3626 Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
 3627 And beare her Women from the Monument,
 3628 She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
 3629 No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it

3630 A payre so famous: high euent as these
3631 Strike those that make them: and their Story is
3632 No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
3633 Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
3634 In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
3635 And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
3636 High Order, in this great Solemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

3638 **THE TRAGEDIE OF**
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.
