

1607

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

William Shakespeare

Table Of Contents

ACT I	7
ACT II.	22
ACT III.	32
ACT IV.	43
ACT V.	46

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MARK ANTONY,	Triumvirs
OCTAVIUS CAESAR,	“
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,	“
SEXTUS POMPEIUS,	“
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	Friend to Antony
VENTIDIUS,	“ ” “
EROS,	“ ” “
SCARUS,	“ ” “
DERCETAS,	“ ” “
DEMETRIUS,	“ ” “
PHILO,	“ ” “
MAECENAS,	friend to Caesar
AGRIPPA,	“ ” “
DOLABELLA,	“ ” “
PROCULEIUS,	“ ” “
THYREUS,	“ ” “
GALLUS,	“ ” “
MENAS,	friend to Pompey
MENECRATES,	“ ” “
VARRIUS,	“ ” “
TAURUS,	Lieutenant-General to Caesar
CANIDIUS,	Lieutenant-General to Antony
SILIUS,	an Officer in Ventidius’s army
EUPHRONIUS,	an Ambassador from Antony to Caesar
ALEXAS,	attendant on Cleopatra
MARDIAN,	“ ” “
SELEUCUS,	“ ” “
DIOMEDES,	“ ” “
A SOOTHSAYER	
A CLOWN	
CLEOPATRA,	Queen of Egypt
OCTAVIA,	sister to Caesar and wife to Antony
CHARMIAN,	lady attending on Cleopatra

IRAS, “ ” “ ”

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants

SCENE:

The Roman Empire

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO PHILO Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, The office and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, And is become the bellows and the fan To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her LADIES, the train, with eunuchs fanning her Look where they come! Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

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

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

CLEOPATRA I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

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

Enter a MESSENGER MESSENGER News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANTONY Grates me the sum.

CLEOPATRA Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His pow'rful mandate to you: 'Do this or this; Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that; Perform't, or else we damn thee.' ANTONY How, my love? CLEOPATRA Perchance? Nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer; your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? Both? Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's Queen, Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager. Else so thy cheek pays shame When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers! ANTONY Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life Is to do thus [emhracing], when such a mutual pair And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony Will be himself.

ANTONY But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Love and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh; There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night? CLEOPATRA Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY *Fie, wrangling queen!*

Whom everything becomes- to chide, to laugh, To weep; whose every passion fully strives To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.

No messenger but thine, and all alone To-night we'll wander through the streets and note The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with the train

DEMETRIUS Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight? PHILO Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

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

SCENE II.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a SOOTHSAYER CHARMIAN Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen? O that I knew this husband, which you say must charge his horns with garlands! ALEXAS Soothsayer! SOOTHSAYER Your will? CHARMIAN Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things? SOOTHSAYER In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

ALEXAS Show him your hand.

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

CHARMIAN Good, sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN He means in flesh.

IRAS No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN Hush!

SOOTHSAYER You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS Nay, hear him.

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

SOOTHSAYER You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTHSAYER You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN Then belike my children shall have no names.

Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have? SOOTHSAYER If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

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

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

CHARMIAN Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS We'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall bedrunk to bed.

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

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

IRAS Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

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

SOOTHSAYER Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER I have said.

IRAS Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? CHARMIAN Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it? IRAS Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas- come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! And let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee! IRAS Amen.

Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For, as it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHARMIAN Amen.

ALEXAS Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't! Enter CLEOPATRA ENOBARBUS Hush! Here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN Not he; the Queen.

CLEOPATRA Saw you my lord? ENOBARBUS No, lady.

CLEOPATRA Was he not here? CHARMIAN No, madam.

CLEOPATRA He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus! ENOBARBUS Madam? CLEOPATRA Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas? ALEXAS Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER and attendants CLEOPATRA We will not look upon him. Go with us.

Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, and the rest MESSENGER Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY Against my brother Lucius? MESSENGER Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar, Whose better issue in the war from Italy Upon the first encounter drave them.

ANTONY Well, what worst? MESSENGER The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY *When it concerns the fool or coward. On!*

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus: Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESSENGER Labienus This is stiff news- hath with his Parthian force Extended Asia from Euphrates, His conquering banner shook from Syria To Lydia and to Ionia, Whilst ANTONY Antony, thou wouldst say.

MESSENGER *O, my lord!*

ANTONY Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue; Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome.

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults With such full licence as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER At your noble pleasure.

Exit

ANTONY From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there! FIRST ATTENDANT The man from Sicyon- is there such an one? SECOND ATTENDANT He stays upon your will.

ANTONY Let him appear.

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

Enter another MESSENGER with a letter What are you? SECOND MESSENGER Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY Where died she? SECOND MESSENGER In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. Gives the letter] ANTONY Forbear me.

Exit MESSENGER

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts doth often hurl from us We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By revolution low'ring, does become The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone; The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off.

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus! Re-enter ENOBARBUS ENOBARBUS What's your pleasure, sir? ANTONY I must with haste from hence.

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

ANTONY I must be gone.

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

ANTONY She is cunning past man's thought.

ENOBARBUS Alack, sir, no! Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as Jove.

ANTONY Would I had never seen her!

ENOBARBUS O Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal would have discredited

your travel.

ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Sir? ANTONY Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS Fulvia? ANTONY Dead.

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

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

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

ANTONY No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters to Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea; our slippery

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

ENOBARBUS I shall do't.

Exeunt SCENE III. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS CLEOPATRA Where is he? CHARMIAN I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA See where he is, who's with him, what he does. I did not send you. If you find him sad, Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Exit ALEXAS

CHARMIAN Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly, You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

CLEOPATRA What should I do I do not? CHARMIAN In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA Thou teachest like a fool- the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear; In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose CLEOPATRA Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.

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

ANTONY Now, my dearest queen CLEOPATRA Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANTONY What's the matter? CLEOPATRA I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go.

Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANTONY The gods best know CLEOPATRA O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet at the first I saw the treasons planted.

ANTONY Cleopatra CLEOPATRA Why should I think you can be mine and true, Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing! ANTONY Most sweet queen CLEOPATRA Nay, pray you seek no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying, Then was the time for words. No going then! Eternity was in our lips and eyes, Bliss in our

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

ANTONY *How now, lady*

CLEOPATRA *I would I had thy inches. Thou shouldst know There were a heart in Egypt.*

ANTONY Hear me, queen: The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome; Equality of two domestic powers Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength, Are newly grown to love. The condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not thrived Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten; And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change. My more particular, And that which most with you should safe my going, Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA Though age from folly could not give me freedom, It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die? ANTONY She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read The garboils she awak'd. At the last, best. See when and where she died.

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

ANTONY *Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know*

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give th' advice. By the fire That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war As thou affects.

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

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

CLEOPATRA So Fulvia told me.

I prithee turn aside and weep for her; Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling, and let it look Like perfect honour.

ANTONY You'll heat my blood; no more.

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

ANTONY Now, by my sword
CLEOPATRA And target. Still he mends; But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian, How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part- but that's not it.

Sir, you and I have lov'd- but there's not it.

That you know well. Something it is I would
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am
all forgotten! ANTONY But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take
you For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet! ANTONY Let us go. Come.

Our separation so abides and flies
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away! Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Rome. CAESAR'S house Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, reading a letter; LEPIDUS, and their train
CAESAR You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

LEPIDUS I must not think there are Evils
enow to darken all his goodness.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat. Say this becomes him
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish- yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't! But to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours- 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a MESSENGER

LEPIDUS Here's more news.

MESSENGER Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is belov'd

of those That only have fear'd Caesar. To the ports The discontents repair, and men's reports Give him much wrong'd.

CAESAR I should have known no less.

It hath been taught us from the primal state That he which is was wish'd until he were; And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love, Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body, Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide, To rot itself with motion.

MESSENGER Caesar, I bring thee word

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads They make in Italy; the borders maritime Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.

No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more Than could his war resisted.

CAESAR Antony, Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against, Though daintily brought up, with patience more Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink The stale of horses and the gilded puddle Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets, The barks of trees thou brows'd. On the Alps It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on. And all this It wounds thine honour that I speak it now Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek So much as lank'd not.

LEPIDUS 'Tis pity of him.

CAESAR Let his shames quickly Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain Did show ourselves i' th' field; and to that end Assemble we immediate council. Pompey Thrives in our idleness.

LEPIDUS To-morrow, Caesar, I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly Both what by sea and land I can be able To front this present time.

CAESAR Till which encounter It is my business too. Farewell.

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

CAESAR Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

Exeunt

SCENE V.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN CLEOPATRA Charmian! CHARMIAN Madam? CLEOPATRA Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHARMIAN Why, madam? CLEOPATRA That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA O, 'tis treason! CHARMIAN Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEOPATRA Thou, eunuch Mardian! MARDIAN What's your Highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure In aught an eunuch has.
'Tis well for thee That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts May not fly forth of
Egypt. Hast thou affections? MARDIAN Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA Indeed? MARDIAN Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing But what
indeed is honest to be done.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA O Charmian, Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he? Or
does he walk? or is he on his horse? O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! Do
bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st? The demi-Atlas of this earth, the
arm And burgonet of men. He's speaking now, Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of
old Nile?' For so he calls me. Now I feed myself With most delicious poison. Think on
me, That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black, And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-
fronted Caesar, When thou wast here above the ground, I was A morsel for a monarch;
and great Pompey Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow; There would he
anchor his aspect and die With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

ALEXAS Sovereign of Egypt, hail! CLEOPATRA How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony! Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? ALEXAS Last thing he did, dear Queen, He
kiss'd- the last of many doubled kisses This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS 'Good friend,' quoth he 'Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This
treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, To mend the petty present, I will piece Her opulent
throne with kingdoms. All the East, Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, Who neigh'd so high that what I would
have spoke Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEOPATRA What, was he sad or merry? ALEXAS Like to the time o' th' year
between the extremes Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA O well-divided disposition! Note him, Note him, good Charmian; 'tis the
man; but note him! He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks
by his; he was not merry, Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay In Egypt
with his joy; but between both.

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So
does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts? ALEXAS Ay, madam, twenty several
messengers.

Why do you send so thick? CLEOPATRA Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian, Ever love Caesar so? CHARMIAN O that brave Caesar! CLEOPATRA Be chok'd with such another emphasis! Say 'the brave Antony.' CHARMIAN The valiant Caesar! CLEOPATRA By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth If thou with Caesar paragon again My man of men.

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

CLEOPATRA My salad days, When I was green in judgment, cold in blood, To say as I said then. But come, away!

Get me ink and paper.

He shall have every day a several greeting, Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Messina. POMPEY'S house Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner POMPEY If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.

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

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

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

POMPEY I shall do well.

The people love me, and the sea is mine; My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No wars without doors. Caesar gets money where He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, Nor either cares for him.

MENAS Caesar and Lepidus Are in the field. A mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY Where have you this? 'Tis false.

MENAS From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY He dreams. I know they are in Rome together, Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both; Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite, That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour Even till a Lethe'd dullnessEnter VARRIUS How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS This is most certain that I shall deliver: Mark Antony is every hour in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis A space for farther travel.

POMPEY I could have given less matter A better ear. Menas, I did not think This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm For such a petty war; his soldiership Is twice the other twain. But let us rear The higher our opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS I cannot hope Caesar and Antony shall well greet together.

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar; His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think, Not mov'd by Antony.

POMPEY I know not, Menas, How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them all, 'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves; For they have entertained cause enough To draw their swords. But how the fear of us May cement their divisions, and bind up The petty difference we yet not know.

Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands Our lives upon to use our strongest hands. Come, Menas.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Rome. The house of LEPIDUS Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS LEPIDUS Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to entreat your captain To soft and gentle speech.

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

LEPIDUS 'Tis not a time For private stomaching.

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

LEPIDUS But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS Your speech is passion; But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS ENOBARBUS And yonder, Caesar.

Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA ANTONY If we compose well here, to Parthia.

Hark, Ventidius.

CAESAR I do not know, Maecenas. Ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS Noble friends, That which combin'd us was most great, and let not A leaner action rend us. What's amiss, May it be gently heard. When we debate Our trivial difference loud, we do commit Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners, The rather for I earnestly beseech, Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms, Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

ANTONY 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight, I should do thus.

[Flourish]

CAESAR Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY Thank you.

CAESAR Sit.

ANTONY Sit, sir.

CAESAR Nay, then.

[They sit]

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

CAESAR I must be laugh'd at If, or for nothing or a little, Should say myself offended, and with you Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that I should Once name you derogately when to sound your name It not concern'd me.

ANTONY My being in Egypt, Caesar, What was't to you? CAESAR No more than my residing here at Rome Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt Might be my question.

ANTONY How intend you- practis'd? CAESAR You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother Made wars upon me, and their contestation Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

ANTONY You do mistake your business; my brother never Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it, And have my learning from some true reports That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours, And make the wars alike against my stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, As matter whole you have not to make it with, It must not be with this.

CAESAR You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me; but You patch'd up your excuses.

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

ENOBARBUS Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women! ANTONY So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar, Made out of her impatience- which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too- I grieving grant Did you too much disquiet. For that you must But say I could not help it.

CAESAR I wrote to you When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY Sir, He fell upon me ere admitted. Then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day I told him of myself, which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

CAESAR You have broken The article of your oath, which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS Soft, Caesar! ANTONY No; Lepidus, let him speak.

The honour is sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar: The article of my oath CAESAR To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them, The which you both denied.

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

LEPIDUS 'Tis noble spoken.

MAECENAS If it might please you to enforce no further The griefs between ye- to forget them quite Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone you.

LEPIDUS Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

ENOBARBUS Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again.

You shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

ANTONY Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.

ENOBARBUS That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS Go to, then- your considerate stone! CAESAR I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech; for't cannot be We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge O' th' world, I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA Give me leave, Caesar.

CAESAR Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

CAESAR Say not so, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANTONY I am not married, Caesar. Let me hear Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue and whose general graces speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales, Where now half tales be truths. Her love to both Would each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

ANTONY Will Caesar speak? CAESAR Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

ANTONY What power is in Agrippa, If I would say 'Agrippa, be it so,' To make this good? CAESAR The power of Caesar, and His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.

Further this act of grace; and from this hour The heart of brothers govern in our loves

And sway our great designs! CAESAR There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly. Let her live To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again! LEPIDUS Happily, amen!

ANTONY I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey; For he hath laid strange courtesies and great Of late upon me. I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS Time calls upon's.

Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY Where lies he? CAESAR About the Mount Misenum.

ANTONY What is his strength by land? CAESAR Great and increasing; but by sea He is an absolute master.

ANTONY So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it.

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we The business we have talk'd of.

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

ANTONY Let us, Lepidus, Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS Noble Antony, Not sickness should detain me. [Flourish]

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS MAECENAS Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa! AGRIPPA Good Enobarbus! MAECENAS We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

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

MAECENAS Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there. Is this true? ENOBARBUS This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

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

ENOBARBUS When she first met Mark Antony she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA There she appear'd indeed! Or my reporter devis'd well for her.

ENOBARBUS I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold; Purple the sails, and so perfumed that The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver, Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made The water which they beat to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person, It beggar'd all description. She did lie In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold, of tissue, O'erpicturing that Venus where we see The fancy out-work nature. On each side her Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool, And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA O, rare for Antony!

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

AGRIPPA Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS Upon her landing, Antony sent to her, Invited her to supper. She replied It should be better he became her guest; Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony, Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak, Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast, And for his ordinary pays his heart For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA Royal wench! She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed.

He ploughed her, and she cropp'd.

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

MAECENAS Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS Never! He will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety. Other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry Where most she satisfies; for vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy priests Bless her when she is riggish.

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

AGRIPPA Let us go.

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

ENOBARBUS Humbly, sir, I thank you.

Exeunt

SCENE III.

Rome. CAESAR'S house Enter ANTONY, CAESAR, OCTAVIA between them
ANTONY The world and my great office will sometimes Divide me from your bosom.

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

ANTONY Good night, sir. My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world's report. I have not kept my square; but that to come Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

OCTAVIA Good night, sir.

CAESAR Good night.

Exeunt CAESAR and OCTAVIA Enter SOOTHSAYER ANTONY Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt? SOOTHSAYER Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

ANTONY If you can- your reason.

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

ANTONY Say to me, Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.

Thy daemon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel Becomes a fear, as being o'erpow'r'd. Therefore Make space enough between you.

ANTONY Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER To none but thee; no more but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game, Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him; But, he away, 'tis noble.

ANTONY Get thee gone.

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.

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

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius, You must to Parthia. Your commission's ready; Follow me and receive't.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Rome. A street Enter LEPIDUS, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA LEPIDUS Trouble yourselves no further. Pray you hasten Your generals after.

AGRIPPA Sir, Mark Antony Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

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

MAECENAS We shall, As I conceive the journey, be at th' Mount Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS Your way is shorter; My purposes do draw me much about.

You'll win two days upon me.

BOTH Sir, good success! LEPIDUS Farewell.
Exeunt

SCENE V.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS
CLEOPATRA Give me some music- music, moody food Of us that trade in love.

ALL The music, ho! Enter MARDIAN the eunuch CLEOPATRA Let it alone! Let's to billiards. Come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA As well a woman with an eunuch play'd As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir? MARDIAN As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA And when good will is show'd, though't come too short, The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle- we'll to th' river. There, My music playing far off, I will betray Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up I'll think them every one an Antony, And say 'Ah ha! Y'are caught.'

CHARMIAN 'Twas merry when You wager'd on your angling; when your diver Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA That time? O times I laughed him out of patience; and that night I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn, Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed, Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a MESSENGER

O! from Italy? Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have been barren.

MESSENGER Madam, madam CLEOPATRA Antony's dead! If thou say so, villain, Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss- a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

MESSENGER First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA Why, there's more gold.

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

MESSENGER Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA Well, go to, I will.

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony Be free and healthful- why so tart a favour To trumpet such good tidings? If not well, Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, Not like a formal man.

MESSENGER Will't please you hear me? CLEOPATRA I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st.

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

MESSENGER Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA Well said.

MESSENGER And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA Th'art an honest man.

MESSENGER Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER But yet, madam CLEOPATRA I do not like 'but yet.' It does allay The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet'!

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend, Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, The good and bad together. He's friends with Caesar; In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

MESSENGER Free, madam! No; I made no such report.

He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA For what good turn? MESSENGER For the best turn i' th' bed.

CLEOPATRA I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA The most infectious pestilence upon thee! [Strikes him down]

MESSENGER Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA What say you? Hence, [Strikes him] Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head; [She hauls him up and down]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire and stew'd in brine, Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

MESSENGER Gracious madam, I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee, And make thy fortunes proud. The blow thou hadst Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; And I will boot thee with what gift beside Thy modesty can beg.

MESSENGER He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[Draws a knife]

MESSENGER Nay, then I'll run.

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

Exit

CHARMIAN Good madam, keep yourself within yourself: The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again.

Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call! CHARMIAN He is afraid to come.

CLEOPATRA I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike A meaner than myself; since I myself Have given myself the cause.

Enter the MESSENGER again Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell Themselves when they be felt.

MESSENGER I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA Is he married? I cannot hate thee worsen than I do If thou again say 'Yes.'

MESSENGER He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still? MESSENGER Should I lie, madam? CLEOPATRA O, I would thou didst, So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence.

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married? MESSENGER I crave your Highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA He is married? MESSENGER Take no offence that I would not offend you; To punish me for what you make me do Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA O, that his fault should make a knave of thee That art not what th'art sure of! Get thee hence.

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand, And be undone by 'em! Exit MESSENGER CHARMIAN Good your Highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA In praising Antony I have disprais'd Caesar.

CHARMIAN Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence, I faint. O Iras, Charmian! 'Tis no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him Report the feature of Octavia, her years, Her inclination; let him not leave out The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

Exit ALEXAS

Let him for ever go- let him not, Charmian Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, The other way's a Mars.

[To MARDIAN]

Bid you Alexas Bring me word how tall she is.- Pity me, Charmian, But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one door, with drum and trumpet; at another, CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, AGRIPPA, with soldiers marching POMPEY Your hostages I have, so have you mine; And we shall talk before we fight.

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

POMPEY To you all three, The senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods: I do not know Wherefore my father should revengers want, Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar, Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted, There saw you labouring for him. What was't That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, To drench the Capitol, but that they would Have one man but a man? And that is it Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome Cast on my noble father.

CAESAR Take your time.

ANTONY Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails; We'll speak with thee at sea; at land thou know'st How much we do o'er-count thee.

POMPEY At land, indeed, Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house. But since the cuckoo builds not for himself, Remain in't as thou mayst.

LEPIDUS Be pleas'd to tell us For this is from the present- how you take The offers we have sent you.

CAESAR There's the point.

ANTONY Which do not be entreated to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

CAESAR And what may follow, To try a larger fortune.

POMPEY You have made me offer Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon, To part with unhack'd edges and bear back Our targes undinted.

ALL That's our offer.

POMPEY Know, then, I came before you here a man prepar'd To take this offer; but Mark Antony Put me to some impatience. Though I lose The praise of it by telling, you must know, When Caesar and your brother were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily and did find Her welcome friendly.

ANTONY I have heard it, Pompey, And am well studied for a liberal thanks Which I do owe you.

POMPEY Let me have your hand.

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

ANTONY The beds i' th' East are soft; and thanks to you, That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither; For I have gained by't.

CAESAR Since I saw you last There is a change upon you.

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

LEPIDUS Well met here.

POMPEY I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.

I crave our composition may be written, And seal'd between us.

CAESAR That's the next to do.

POMPEY We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's Draw lots who shall begin.

ANTONY That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY No, Antony, take the lot; But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar Grew fat with feasting there.

ANTONY You have heard much.

POMPEY I have fair meanings, sir.

ANTONY And fair words to them.

POMPEY Then so much have I heard; And I have heard Apollodorus carried

ENOBARBUS No more of that! He did so.

POMPEY What, I pray you? ENOBARBUS A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

POMPEY I know thee now. How far'st thou, soldier? ENOBARBUS Well; And well am like to do, for I perceive Four feasts are toward.

POMPEY Let me shake thy hand.

I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENOBARBUS Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.

POMPEY Enjoy thy plainness; It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all.

Will you lead, lords? ALL Show's the way, sir.

POMPEY Come.

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS MENAS [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.- You and I have known, sir.

ENOBARBUS At sea, I think.

MENAS We have, sir.

ENOBARBUS You have done well by water.

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS I Will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MENAS Nor what I have done by water.

ENOBARBUS Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

MENAS And you by land.

ENOBARBUS There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

MENAS All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

ENOBARBUS But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

MENAS No slander: they steal hearts.

ENOBARBUS We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking.

Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

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

MENAS Y'have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra? ENOBARBUS Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.

MENAS True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENOBARBUS But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS Pray ye, sir? ENOBARBUS 'Tis true.

MENAS Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

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

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

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

MENAS Who would not have his wife so?

ENOBARBUS Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

MENAS And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENOBARBUS I shall take it, sir. We have us'd our throats in Egypt.

MENAS Come, let's away.

Exeunt

SCENE VII.

On board POMPEY'S galley, off Misenum Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet
FIRST SERVANT Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' th' world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT Lepidus is high-colour'd.

FIRST SERVANT They have made him drink alms-drink.

SECOND SERVANT As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more!'; reconciles them to his entreaty and himself to th' drink.

FIRST SERVANT But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

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

FIRST SERVANT To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other CAPTAINS ANTONY [To CAESAR] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' th' Nile By certain scales i' th' pyramid; they know By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS Y'have strange serpents there.

ANTONY Ay, Lepidus.

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

ANTONY They are so.

POMPEY Sit- and some wine! A health to Lepidus! LEPIDUS I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

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

LEPIDUS Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things. Without contradiction I have heard that.

MENAS [Aside to POMPEY] Pompey, a word.

POMPEY [Aside to MENAS] Say in mine ear; what is't? MENAS [Aside to POMPEY] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY [Whispers in's ear] Forbear me till anon This wine for Lepidus!

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

LEPIDUS What colour is it of? ANTONY Of it own colour too.

LEPIDUS 'Tis a strange serpent.

ANTONY 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

CAESAR Will this description satisfy him? ANTONY With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY [Aside to MENAS] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that!

Away! Do as I bid you.- Where's this cup I call'd for? MENAS [Aside to POMPEY] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY [Aside to MENAS] I think th'art mad.

[Rises and walks aside]

The matter?

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

POMPEY Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say? Be jolly, lords.

ANTONY These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS Wilt thou be lord of all the world? POMPEY What say'st thou? MENAS Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POMPEY How should that be? MENAS But entertain it, And though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY Hast thou drunk well? MENAS No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

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

POMPEY Show me which way.

MENAS These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable; And when we are put off, fall to their throats.

All there is thine.

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

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

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

POMPEY This health to Lepidus! ANTONY Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENOBARBUS Here's to thee, Menas! MENAS Enobarbus, welcome! POMPEY Fill till the cup be hid.

ENOBARBUS There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the servant who carries off LEPIDUS]

MENAS Why? ENOBARBUS 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

MENAS The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

ENOBARBUS Drink thou; increase the reels.

MENAS Come.

POMPEY This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

ANTONY It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho! Here's to Caesar! CAESAR I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain And it grows fouler.

ANTONY Be a child o' th' time.

CAESAR Possess it, I'll make answer.

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

ENOBARBUS [To ANTONY] Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals
And celebrate our drink? POMPEY Let's
ha't, good soldier.

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

ENOBARBUS All take hands.

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

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand]

THE SONG Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! In thy
fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.

Cup us till the world go round, Cup us till the world go round!

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

Good Antony, your hand.

POMPEY I'll try you on the shore.

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

POMPEY O Antony, You have my father's house-
but what? We are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

ENOBARBUS Take heed you fall not.

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS
Menas, I'll not on shore.

MENAS No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd,
sound out!

[Sound a flourish, with drums]

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

MENAS Hoo! Noble Captain, come.

Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A plain in Syria Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS and other Romans, OFFICERS and soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him VENTIDIUS Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly. So thy grand captain, Antony, Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS O Silius, Silius, I have done enough. A lower place, note well, May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius: Better to leave undone than by our deed Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.

Caesar and Antony have ever won More in their officer, than person. Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.

Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

SILIUS Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier and his sword Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony? VENTIDIUS I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o' th' field.

SILIUS Where is he now? VENTIDIUS He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste The weight we must convey with's will permit, We shall appear before him.- On, there; pass along.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Rome.

CAESAR'S house Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another AGRIPPA What, are the brothers parted? ENOBARBUS They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone; The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.

AGRIPPA 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENOBARBUS A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar! AGRIPPA Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony! ENOBARBUS Caesar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

ENOBARBUS Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil! AGRIPPA O, Antony! O thou Arabian bird! ENOBARBUS Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar'- go no further.

AGRIPPA Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

ENOBARBUS But he loves Caesar best. Yet he loves Antony.

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number- hoo! His love to Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA Both he loves.

ENOBARBUS They are his shards, and he their beetle. [Trumpets within] So This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA ANTONY No further, sir.

CAESAR You take from me a great part of myself; Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony, Let not the piece of virtue which is set Betwixt us as the cement of our love To keep it builded be the ram to batter The fortress of it; for better might we Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts This be not cherish'd.

ANTONY Make me not offended In your distrust.

CAESAR I have said.

ANTONY You shall not find, Though you be therein curious, the least cause For what you seem to fear. So the gods keep you, And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends! We will here part.

CAESAR Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.

The elements be kind to thee and make Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

OCTAVIA My noble brother!

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

OCTAVIA Sir, look well to my husband's house; and CAESAR What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA I'll tell you in your ear.

ANTONY Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart inform her tongue- the swan's down feather, That stands upon the swell at the full of tide, And neither way inclines.

ENOBARBUS [Aside to AGRIPPA] Will Caesar weep? AGRIPPA [Aside to ENOBARBUS] He has a cloud in's face.

ENOBARBUS [Aside to AGRIPPA] He were the worse for that, were he a horse; So is he, being a man.

AGRIPPA [Aside to ENOBARBUS] Why, Enobarbus, When Antony found Julius Caesar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

ENOBARBUS [Aside to AGRIPPA] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe't- till I weep too.

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

ANTONY Come, sir, come; I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go, And give you to the gods.

CAESAR Adieu; be happy!

LEPIDUS Let all the number of the stars give light To thy fair way! CAESAR Farewell, farewell! Kisses OCTAVIA] ANTONY Farewell! Trumpets sound. Exeunt

SCENE III .

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS CLEOPATRA Where is the fellow? ALEXAS Half afraid to come.

CLEOPATRA Go to, go to.

Enter the MESSENGER as before Come hither, sir.

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

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

MESSENGER Most gracious Majesty!

CLEOPATRA Didst thou behold Octavia? MESSENGER Ay, dread Queen.

CLEOPATRA Where? MESSENGER Madam, in Rome I look'd her in the face, and saw her led Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEOPATRA Is she as tall as me? MESSENGER She is not, madam.

CLEOPATRA Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or low?

MESSENGER Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.

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

CHARMIAN Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue and dwarfish!

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

MESSENGER She creeps.

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

CLEOPATRA Is this certain? MESSENGER Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN Three in Egypt Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA He's very knowing; I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

CHARMIAN Excellent.

CLEOPATRA Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER Madam, She was a widow.

CLEOPATRA Widow? Charmian, hark! MESSENGER And I do think she's thirty.

CLEOPATRA Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?

MESSENGER Round even to faultiness.

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

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

CLEOPATRA There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Exeunt MESSENGER

CHARMIAN A proper man.

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

CHARMIAN Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend, And serving you so long!

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

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write. All may be well
enough.

CHARMIAN I warrant you, madam.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Athens. ANTONY'S house Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA ANTONY Nay, nay,
Octavia, not only that That were excusable, that and thousands more Of semblable
import- but he hath wag'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it To
public ear; Spoke scandy of me; when perforce he could not But pay me terms of
honour, cold and sickly He vented them, most narrow measure lent me; When the best
hint was given him, he not took't, Or did it from his teeth.

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

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

ANTONY Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point which seeks Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour, I lose myself; better I were not yours Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between's. The meantime, lady, I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste; So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA Thanks to my lord.

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

ANTONY When it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults Can never be so equal that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to.

Exeunt

SCENE V.

Athens. ANTONY'S house Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting ENOBARBUS How now, friend Eros! EROS There's strange news come, sir.

ENOBARBUS What, man? EROS Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

ENOBARBUS *This is odd. What is the success?*

EROS Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him.

So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

ENOBARBUS Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps- no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony? EROS He's walking in the garden- thus, and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries 'Fool Lepidus!' And threats the throat of that his officer That murd' red Pompey.

ENOBARBUS Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius: My lord desires you presently; my news

I might have told hereafter.

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

EROS Come, sir.

Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Rome. CAESAR'S house Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS CAESAR Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't: I' th' market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat Caesarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

MAECENAS This in the public eye? CAESAR I' th' common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She In th' habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience, As 'tis reported, so.

MAECENAS Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

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

CAESAR The people knows it, and have now receiv'd His accusations.

AGRIPPA Who does he accuse? CAESAR Caesar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o' th' isle. Then does he say he lent me Some shipping, unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

AGRIPPA Sir, this should be answer'd.

CAESAR 'Tis done already, and messenger gone.

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel, That he his high authority abus'd, And did deserve his change. For what I have conquer'd I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, Demand the like.

MAECENAS He'll never yield to that.

CAESAR Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her train OCTAVIA Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar! CAESAR That ever I should call thee cast-away! OCTAVIA You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

CAESAR Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not Like Caesar's sister. The wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way Should have borne men, and

expectation fainted, Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented The ostentation of our love, which left unshown Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you By sea and land, supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

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

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

OCTAVIA Do not say so, my lord.

CAESAR I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now? OCTAVIA My lord, in Athens.

CAESAR No, my most wronged sister: Cleopatra Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore, who now are levying The kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; King Manchus of Arabia; King of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas, The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with More larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA Ay me most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends, That does afflict each other! CAESAR Welcome hither.

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

AGRIPPA Welcome, lady.

MAECENAS Welcome, dear madam.

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

OCTAVIA Is it so, sir? CAESAR Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! Exeunt

SCENE VII.

ANTONY'S camp near Actium Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS CLEOPATRA I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS But why, why, CLEOPATRA Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars, And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS Well, is it, is it? CLEOPATRA Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should not we Be there in person? ENOBARBUS [Aside] Well, I could reply: If we should serve with horse and mares together The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA What is't you say? ENOBARBUS Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time, What should not then be spar'd. He is already Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome That Photinus an eunuch and your maids Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA Sink Rome, and their tongues rot That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war, And, as the president of my kingdom, will Appear there for a man. Speak not against it; I will not stay behind.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS ENOBARBUS Nay, I have done. Here comes the Emperor.

ANTONY Is it not strange, Canidius, That from Tarentum and Brundisium He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, And take in Toryne?- You have heard on't, sweet? CLEOPATRA Celerity is never more admir'd Than by the negligent.

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

CLEOPATRA By sea! What else? CANIDIUS Why will my lord do so? ANTONY For that he dares us to't.

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

CANIDIUS Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers, Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

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

ANTONY By sea, by sea.

ENOBARBUS Most worthy sir, you therein throw away The absolute soldiership you have by land; Distract your army, which doth most consist Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo The way which promises assurance; and Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard From firm security.

ANTONY I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

ANTONY Our overplus of shipping will we burn, And, with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of Actium Beat th' approaching Caesar. But if we fail, We then can do't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER

Thy business? MESSENGER The news is true, my lord: he is descried; Caesar has taken Tornyne.

ANTONY Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible Strange that his power should be. Canidius, Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land, And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship.

Away, my Thetis! Enter a SOLDIER
How now, worthy soldier?

SOLDIER O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea; Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt This sword and these my wounds? Let th' Egyptians And the Phoenicians go a-ducking; we Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth And fighting foot to foot.

ANTONY Well, well- away.

Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS SOLDIER By Hercules, I think I am i' th' right.

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

SOLDIER You keep by land The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

CANIDIUS Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicola, and Caelius are for sea; But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's Carries beyond belief.

SOLDIER While he was yet in Rome, His power went out in such distractions as Beguil'd all spies.

CANIDIUS Who's his lieutenant, hear you? SOLDIER They say one Taurus.

CANIDIUS Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER MESSENGER The Emperor calls Canidius.

CANIDIUS With news the time's with labour and throes forth Each minute some.
Exeunt

SCENE VIII.

A plain near Actium Enter CAESAR, with his army, marching CAESAR Taurus!
TAURUS My lord? CAESAR Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies Upon this jump.
Exeunt

SCENE IX.

Another part of the plain Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS ANTONY Set we our squadrons on yon side o' th' hill, In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place We may the number of the ships behold, And so proceed accordingly.

Exeunt

SCENE X.

Another part of the plain CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way over the stage, and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CAESAR, the other way. After their going in is heard the noise of a sea-fight Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS ENOBARBUS Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.

Th' Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder. To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS SCARUS Gods and goddesses, All the whole synod of them! ENOBARBUS What's thy passion? SCARUS The greater cantle of the world is lost With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away Kingdoms and provinces.

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

ENOBARBUS That I beheld; Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not Endure a further view.

SCARUS She once being loof'd, The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard, Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame; Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before Did violate so itself.

ENOBARBUS Alack, alack! Enter CANIDIUS CANIDIUS Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, And sinks most lamentably. Had our general Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.

O, he has given example for our flight Most grossly by his own! ENOBARBUS Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night indeed.

CANIDIUS Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend What further comes.

CANIDIUS To Caesar will I render My legions and my horse; six kings already Show me the way of yielding.

ENOBARBUS I'll yet follow The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason Sits in the wind against me.

Exeunt

SCENE XI. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter ANTONY With attendants
ANTONY Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't; It is asham'd to bear me.
Friends, come hither.

I am so lated in the world that I Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship Laden with
gold; take that; divide it. Fly, And make your peace with Caesar.

ALL Fly? Not we!

ANTONY I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards To run and show their
shoulders. Friends, be gone; I have myself resolv'd upon a course Which has no need of
you; be gone.

My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon.

My very hairs do mutiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall Have letters from me to some friends
that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad, Nor make replies of
loathness; take the hint Which my despair proclaims. Let that be left Which leaves
itself. To the sea-side straight way.

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now; Nay, do so, for indeed I have lost command;
Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. [Sits down] Enter CLEOPATRA, led by
CHARMIAN and IRAS, EROS following EROS Nay, gentle madam, to him! Comfort
him.

IRAS Do, most dear Queen.

CHARMIAN Do? Why, what else? CLEOPATRA Let me sit down. O Juno!

ANTONY No, no, no, no, no.

EROS See you here, sir? ANTONY O, fie, fie, fie!

CHARMIAN Madam!

IRAS Madam, O good Empress!

EROS Sir, sir!

ANTONY Yes, my lord, yes. He at Philippi kept His sword e'en like a dancer, while I
struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of war. Yet now- no
matter.

CLEOPATRA Ah, stand by!

EROS The Queen, my lord, the Queen!

IRAS Go to him, madam, speak to him.

He is unqualified with very shame.

CLEOPATRA Well then, sustain me. O!

EROS Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches.

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

ANTONY I have offended reputation A most unnoble swerving.

EROS Sir, the Queen.

ANTONY O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA O my lord, my lord, Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought You would have followed.

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

CLEOPATRA O, my pardon!

ANTONY Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness, who With half the bulk o' th' world play'd as I pleas'd, Making and marring fortunes. You did know How much you were my conqueror, and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

CLEOPATRA Pardon, pardon!

ANTONY Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; Even this repays me.

We sent our schoolmaster; is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead. Some wine, Within there, and our viands! Fortune knows We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

Exeunt

SCENE XII.

CAESAR'S camp in Egypt Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others CAESAR Let him appear that's come from Antony.

Know you him? DOLABELLA Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from ANTONY CAESAR Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS Such as I am, I come from Antony.

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

CAESAR Be't so. Declare thine office.

EUPHRONIUS Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted, He lessens his requests and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens. This for him.

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

CAESAR For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The Queen Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there. This if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS Fortune pursue thee! CAESAR Bring him through the bands.

Exit EUPHRONIUS [To THYREUS] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time. Dispatch; From Antony win Cleopatra. Promise, And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers. Women are not In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus; Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we Will answer as a law.

THYREUS Caesar, I go.

CAESAR Observe how Antony becomes his flaw, And what thou think'st his very action speaks In every power that moves.

THYREUS Caesar, I shall.

Exeunt

SCENE XIII.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS CLEOPATRA What shall we do, Enobarbus? ENOBARBUS Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA Is Antony or we in fault for this? ENOBARBUS Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several ranges Frighted each other? Why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA Prithce, peace.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador; with ANTONY ANTONY Is that his answer?

EUPHRONIUS Ay, my lord.

ANTONY The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she Will yield us up.

EUPHRONIUS He says so.

ANTONY Let her know't.

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

CLEOPATRA That head, my lord?

ANTONY To him again. Tell him he wears the rose Of youth upon him; from which the world should note Something particular. His coin, ships, legions, May be a coward's whose ministers would prevail Under the service of a child as soon As i' th'

command of Caesar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin'd, sword against sword, Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS

EUPHRONIUS [Aside] Yes, like enough high-battled Caesar will Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' show Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdu'd His judgment too.

Enter a SERVANT
SERVANT A messenger from Caesar.

CLEOPATRA What, no more ceremony? See, my women! Against the blown rose may they stop their nose That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Exit SERVANT

ENOBARBUS [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make Our faith mere folly. Yet he that can endure To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter THYREUS

CLEOPATRA Caesar's will?

THYREUS Hear it apart.

CLEOPATRA None but friends: say boldly.

THYREUS So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

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

THYREUS So.

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

CLEOPATRA Go on. Right royal!

THYREUS He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEOPATRA O!

THYREUS The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

CLEOPATRA He is a god, and knows What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded, But conquer'd merely.

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

Exit

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

CLEOPATRA What's your name? THYREUS My name is Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA Most kind messenger, Say to great Caesar this: in deputation I kiss his conquering hand. Tell him I am prompt To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.

Tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

THYREUS 'Tis your noblest course.

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

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

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS ANTONY Favours, by Jove that thunders! What art thou, fellow? THYREUS One that but performs The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

ENOBARBUS [Aside] You will be whipt.

ANTONY Approach there. - Ah, you kite!- Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried 'Ho!'

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

Enter servants Take hence this Jack and whip him.

ENOBARBUS 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp Than with an old one dying.

ANTONY Moon and stars!

Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of she here- what's her name Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows, Till like a boy you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

THYMUS Mark Antony ANTONY Tug him away. Being whipt, Bring him again: the Jack of Caesar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

Exeunt servants with THYREUS You were half blasted ere I knew you. Ha! Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abus'd By one that looks on feeders? CLEOPATRA Good my lord ANTONY You have been a boggler ever.

But when we in our viciousness grow hard
O misery on't!- the wise gods seal our eyes,
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while
we strut To our confusion.

CLEOPATRA O, is't come to this? ANTONY I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher. Nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's, besides what
hotter hours, Unregist'ed in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for I am
sure, Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

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

Re-enter a SERVANT with THYREUS

Is he whipt?

SERVANT Soundly, my lord.

ANTONY Cried he? and begg'd 'a pardon? SERVANT He did ask favour.

ANTONY If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and
be thou sorry To follow Caesar in his triumph,
since Thou hast been whipt for
following him. Henceforth The white hand of a lady
fever thee!

Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Caesar;
Tell him thy entertainment; look thou
say He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what
I am, Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to
do't, When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs and
shot their fires Into th' abysm of hell. If he
mislike My speech and what is done, tell
him he has Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman,
whom He may at pleasure whip or
hang or torture, As he shall like, to quit me.
Urge it thou.

Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit THYREUS CLEOPATRA Have you done yet? ANTONY Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

CLEOPATRA I must stay his time.

ANTONY To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA Not know me yet?

ANTONY Cold-hearted toward me? CLEOPATRA Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!

Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey.

ANTONY I am satisfied.

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

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady? If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood.

I and my sword will earn our chronicle.

There's hope in't yet.

CLEOPATRA That's my brave lord!

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

CLEOPATRA It is my birthday.

I had thought t'have held it poor; but since my lord Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANTONY We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANTONY Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen, There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight I'll make death love me; for I will contend Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS

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

Exit

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CAESAR'S camp before Alexandria Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS, with his army; CAESAR reading a letter CAESAR He calls me boy, and chides as he had power To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger He hath whipt with rods; dares me to personal combat, Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know I have many other ways to die, meantime Laugh at his challenge.

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

CAESAR Let our best heads

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

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, with others ANTONY He will not fight with me, Domitius? ENOBARBUS No.

ANTONY Why should he not? ENOBARBUS He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight. Or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well? ENOBARBUS I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.' ANTONY Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four servitors Give me thy hand, Thou has been rightly honest. So hast thou; Thou, and thou, and thou. You have serv'd me well, And kings have been your fellows.

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

ANTONY And thou art honest too.

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

SERVANT The gods forbid! ANTONY Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night. Scant not my cups, and make as much of me As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

CLEOPATRA[Aside to ENOBARBUS] What does he mean? ENOBARBUS[Aside to CLEOPATRA] To make his followers weep.

ANTONY Tend me to-night; May be it is the period of your duty.

Haply you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow You'll serve another master. I look on you As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for't!

ENOBARBUS What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep; And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame!

Transform us not to women.

ANTONY Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends, You take me in too dolorous a sense; For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you Where rather I'll expect victorious life Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come, And drown consideration.

Exeunt

SCENE III.

Alexandria. Before CLEOPATRA's palace Enter a company of soldiers FIRST SOLDIER Brother, good night. To-morrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER It will determine one way. Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets? FIRST SOLDIER Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER Well, sir, good night.

[They meet other soldiers]

SECOND SOLDIER Soldiers, have careful watch.

FIRST SOLDIER And you. Good night, good night.

[The two companies separate and place themselves in every corner of the stage]

SECOND SOLDIER Here we. And if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys is under the stage]

SECOND SOLDIER Peace, what noise? THIRD SOLDIER List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER Hark!

THIRD SOLDIER Music i' th' air.

FOURTH SOLDIER Under the earth.

THIRD SOLDIER It signs well, does it not? FOURTH SOLDIER No.

THIRD SOLDIER Peace, I say!

What should this mean? SECOND SOLDIER 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.

THIRD SOLDIER Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do.

SECOND SOLDIER How now, masters!

SOLDIERS [Speaking together] How now!

How now! Do you hear this? FIRST SOLDIER Ay; is't not strange? THIRD SOLDIER Do you hear, masters? Do you hear? FIRST SOLDIER Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how it will give off.

SOLDIERS Content. 'Tis strange.
Exeunt

SCENE IV.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA's palace Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, with others

ANTONY Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA Sleep a little.

ANTONY No, my chuck. Eros! Come, mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS with armour Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is Because we brave her. Come.

CLEOPATRA Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for? ANTONY Ah, let be, let be! Thou art The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

ANTONY Well, well; We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow? Go put on thy defences.

EROS Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA Is not this buckled well? ANTONY Rarely, rarely!

He that unbuckles this, till we do please To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O love, That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see A workman in't.

Enter an armed SOLDIER Good-morrow to thee. Welcome.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

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

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

[Shout. Flourish of trumpets within]

Enter CAPTAINS and soldiers CAPTAIN The morn is fair. Good morrow, General.

ALL Good morrow, General.

ANTONY 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so. Come, give me that. This way. Well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.

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

Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, CAPTAINS and soldiers

CHARMIAN Please you retire to your chamber? CLEOPATRA Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might Determine this great war in single
fight!
Then, Antony- but now. Well, on.
Exeunt

SCENE V.

Alexandria. ANTONY'S camp Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS, a
SOLDIER meeting them SOLDIER The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
ANTONY Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd To make me fight at
land! SOLDIER Hadst thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier That
has this morning left thee, would have still Followed thy heels.

ANTONY Who's gone this morning? SOLDIER Who? One ever near thee. Call for
Enobarbus, He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp Say 'I am none of thine.'
ANTONY What say'st thou? SOLDIER Sir, He is with Caesar.

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

ANTONY Is he gone? SOLDIER Most certain.

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

Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Alexandria. CAESAR'S camp Flourish. Enter AGRIPPA, CAESAR, With DOLABELLA
and ENOBARBUS CAESAR Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

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

AGRIPPA Caesar, I shall.

Exit

CAESAR The time of universal peace is near.

Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter A MESSENGER MESSENGER Antony Is come into the field.

CAESAR Go charge Agrippa Plant those that have revolted in the vant, That Antony
may seem to spend his fury Upon himself.

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS

ENOBARBUS Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did
dissuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar And leave his master Antony. For

this pains Casaer hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest That fell away have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill, Of which I do accuse myself so sorely That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of CAESAR'S

SOLDIER Enobarbus, Antony Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with His bounty overplus. The messenger Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now Unloading of his mules.

ENOBARBUS I give it you.

SOLDIER Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer Out of the host. I must attend mine office, Or would have done't myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove.

Exit

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

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.

I fight against thee? No! I will go seek Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits My latter part of life.

Exit

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the camps Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others AGRIPPA Retire. We have engag'd ourselves too far.

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected.

Exeunt

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded SCARUS O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed! Had we done so at first, we had droven them home With clouts about their heads.

ANTONY Thou bleed'st apace.

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

ANTONY They do retire.

SCARUS We'll beat'em into bench-holes. I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS

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

SCARUS Let us score their backs And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANTONY I will reward thee Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARUS I'll halt after.

Exeunt

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria Alarum. Enter ANTONY, again in a march; SCARUS with others ANTONY We have beat him to his camp. Run one before And let the Queen know of our gests. To-morrow, Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all; For doughty-handed are you, and have fought Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds and kiss The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended [To SCARUS]

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

CLEOPATRA *Lord of lords!*

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from The world's great snare uncaught? ANTONY Mine nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand Kiss it, my warrior- he hath fought to-day As if a god in hate of mankind had Destroyed in such a shape.

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

ANTONY He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phoebus' car. Give me thy hand.

Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.

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

Exeunt

SCENE IX.

CAESAR'S camp Enter a CENTURION and his company; ENOBARBUS follows
CENTURION If we be not reliev'd within this hour, We must return to th' court of
guard. The night Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle By th' second hour i' th'
morn.

FIRST WATCH This last day was A shrewd one to's.

ENOBARBUS O, bear me witness, night
SECOND WATCH What man is this? FIRST
WATCH Stand close and list him.

ENOBARBUS Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, When men revolted shall upon
record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent! CENTURION
Enobarbus? SECOND WATCH Peace! Hark further.

ENOBARBUS O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, The poisonous damp of night
disponge upon me, That life, a very rebel to my will, May hang no longer on me.
Throw my heart Against the flint and hardness of my fault, Which, being dried with
grief, will break to powder, And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, Nobler than my
revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular, But let the world rank me in
register A master-leaver and a fugitive! O Antony! O Antony! [Dies] FIRST WATCH
Let's speak to him.

CENTURION Let's hear him, for the things he speaks May concern Caesar.

SECOND WATCH Let's do so. But he sleeps.

CENTURION Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his Was never yet for sleep.

FIRST WATCH Go we to him.

SECOND WATCH Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

FIRST WATCH Hear you, sir? CENTURION The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off] Hark! the drums Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him To th'
court of guard; he is of note. Our hour Is fully out.

SECOND WATCH Come on, then; He may recover yet.

Exeunt with the body

SCENE X.

Between the two camps Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their army ANTONY
Their preparation is to-day by sea; We please them not by land.

SCARUS For both, my lord.

ANTONY I would they'd fight i' th' fire or i' th' air; We'd fight there too. But this it is,
our foot Upon the hills adjoining to the city Shall stay with us- Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven Where their appointment we may best discover And look
on their endeavour.

Exeunt

SCENE XI.

Between the camps Enter CAESAR and his army CAESAR But being charg'd, we will be still by land, Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales, And hold our best advantage.

Exeunt

SCENE XII.

A hill near Alexandria Enter ANTONY and SCARUS ANTONY Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word Straight how 'tis like to go.

Exit

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

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

Re-enter ANTONY ANTONY All is lost! This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder They cast their caps up and carouse together Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; For when I am reveng'd upon my charm, I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

Exit SCARUS O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more! Fortune and Antony part here; even here Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home, Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA Why is my lord enrag'd against his love? ANTONY Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians; Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot Of all thy

sex; most monster-like, be shown For poor'st diminutives, for doits, and let Patient Octavia plough thy visage up With her prepared nails.

Exit CLEOPATRA

'Tis well th'art gone, If it be well to live; but better 'twere Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, ho! The shirt of Nessus is upon me; teach me, Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage; Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon, And with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest club Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall Under this plot. She dies for't. Eros, ho!

Exit

SCENE XIII.

Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN CLEOPATRA Help me, my women. O, he is more mad Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss'd.

CHARMIAN To th'monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

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

CLEOPATRA To th' monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony' And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian, And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monument!

Exeunt

SCENE XIV.

CLEOPATRA'S palace Enter ANTONY and EROS ANTONY Eros, thou yet behold'st me? EROS Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish; A vapour sometime like a bear or lion, A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock, A forked mountain, or blue promontory With trees upon't that nod unto the world And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs; They are black vesper's pageants.

EROS Ay, my lord.

ANTONY That which is now a horse, even with a thought The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, As water is in water.

EROS It does, my lord.

ANTONY My good knave Eros, now thy captain is Even such a body. Here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen-

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine, Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't A million moe, now lost- she, Eros, has Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory Unto an enemy's triumph.

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

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

MARDIAN No, Antony; My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled With thine entirely.

ANTONY Hence, saucy eunuch; peace! She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MARDIAN Death of one person can be paid but once, And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do Is done unto thy hand. The last she spake Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' Then in the midst a tearing groan did break The name of Antony; it was divided Between her heart and lips. She rend' red life, Thy name so buried in her.

ANTONY Dead then? MARDIAN Dead.

ANTONY Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done, And we must sleep. That thou depart'st hence safe Does pay thy labour richly. Go.

Exit MARDIAN

Off, pluck off!

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, Crack thy frail case. Apace, Eros, apace.-

No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go; You have been nobly borne.- From me awhile.

Exit EROS

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is torture. Since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles Itself with strength. Seal then, and all is done.

Eros!- I come, my queen.- Eros!- Stay for me; Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand, And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.

Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours.- Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS

EROS What would my lord? ANTONY Since Cleopatra died, I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword Quarter'd the

world, and o'er green Neptune's back With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros, That, when the exigent should come-
which now Is come indeed- when I should see behind me Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command, Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time
is come.

Thou strik'st not me; 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS The gods withhold me! Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, Though
enemy, lost aim and could not? ANTONY Eros, Wouldst thou be window'd in great
Rome and see Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat Of
fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded His baseness that ensued? EROS I would
not see't.

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

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

EROS O, sir, pardon me!

ANTONY When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then To do this when I bade
thee? Do it at once, Or thy precedent services are all But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw,
and come.

EROS Turn from me then that noble countenance, Wherein the worship of the whole
world lies.

ANTONY Lo thee! [Turning from him] EROS My sword is drawn.

ANTONY Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawn it.

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

ANTONY 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

EROS Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now? ANTONY Now, Eros.

EROS Why, there then! Thus do I escape the sorrow Of Antony's death.

[Kills himself ANTONY Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar. To do thus [Falling on his sword] I learn'd of thee. How?
not dead? not dead?The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and a guard

FIRST GUARD What's the noise? ANTONY I have done my work ill, friends. O, make
an end Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD And time is at his period.

ALL Alas, and woe!

ANTONY Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD Not I.

SECOND GUARD Nor I.

THIRD GUARD. Nor any one.

Exeunt guard DERCETAS Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

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

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES Where's Antony? DERCETAS There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

Exit DERCETAS

ANTONY Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword and give me Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES Most absolute lord, My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANTONY When did she send thee? DIOMEDES Now, my lord.

ANTONY Where is she? DIOMEDES Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw Which never shall be found- you did suspect She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead; But fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late.

ANTONY Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES What, ho! the Emperor's guard! The guard, what ho!

Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the guard of ANTONY

ANTONY Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides; 'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear All your true followers out.

ALL Most heavy day!

ANTONY Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it, Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all.

Exeunt, hearing ANTONY

SCENE XV.

Alexandria. A monument Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with CHARMIAN and IRAS CLEOPATRA O Charmian, I will never go from hence! CHARMIAN Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter DIOMEDES, below

How now! Is he dead? DIOMEDES His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' th' other side your monument; His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the guard

CLEOPATRA O sun, Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! Darkling stand The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; Help, friends below! Let's draw him hither.

ANTONY Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

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

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

CLEOPATRA I dare not, dear.

Dear my lord, pardon! I dare not, Lest I be taken. Not th' imperious show Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall Be brooch'd with me. If knife, drugs, serpents, have Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony Help me, my women- we must draw thee up; Assist, good friends.

ANTONY O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness; That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power, The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up, And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little.

Wishers were ever fools. O come, come, [They heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA]

And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd.

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

ALL A heavy sight!

ANTONY I am dying, Egypt, dying.

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

CLEOPATRA No, let me speak; and let me rail so high That the false huswife Fortune
break her wheel, Provok'd by my offence.

ANTONY One word, sweet queen:

Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

CLEOPATRA They do not go together.

ANTONY Gentle, hear me: None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA My resolution and my hands I'll trust; None about Caesar ANTONY The
miserable change now at my end Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' th'
world, The noblest; and do now not basely die, Not cowardly put off my helmet to My
countryman- a Roman by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going I can
no more.

CLEOPATRA Noblest of men, woo't die? Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better than a sty? O, see, my women, [Antony
dies] The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord! O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls Are level now with men. The odds is
gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon.

[Swoons]

CHARMIAN O, quietness, lady!

IRAS She's dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN Lady!

IRAS Madam!

CHARMIAN O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS Royal Egypt, Empress!

CHARMIAN Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA No more but e'en a woman, and commanded By such poor passion as
the maid that milks And does the meanest chares. It were for me To throw my sceptre
at the injurious gods; To tell them that this world did equal theirs Till they had stol'n
our jewel. All's but nought; Patience is sottish, and impatience does Become a dog
that's mad. Then is it sin To rush into the secret house of death Ere death dare come to
us? How do you, women? What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian! My
noble girls! Ah, women, women, look, Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart.

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble, Let's do it after the high Roman
fashion, And make death proud to take us. Come, away; This case of that huge spirit
now is cold.

Ah, women, women! Come; we have no friend But resolution and the briefest end.

Exeunt; those above hearing off ANTONY'S body

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. The palace of LEONTES Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and OTHERS CLEOMENES Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass. At the last, Do as the heavens have done: forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

LEONTES Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

PAULINA True, too true, my lord.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

LEONTES I think so. Kill'd!

She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

CLEOMENES Not at all, good lady.

You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindness better.

PAULINA You are one of those Would have him wed again.

DION If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than, for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to't? PAULINA There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenour of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? Which that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.

[To LEONTES]

Care not for issue; The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander Left his to th' worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

LEONTES Good Paulina, Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour, O that ever I Had squar'd me to thy counsel! Then, even now, I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes, Have taken treasure from her lips PAULINA And left them More rich for what they yielded.

LEONTES Thou speak'st truth.

No more such wives; therefore, no wife. One worse, And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse, and on this stage, Where we offend her now, appear soul-vex'd, And begin 'Why to me' -

PAULINA Had she such power, She had just cause.

LEONTES She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

PAULINA I should so.

Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd Should be 'Remember mine.' LEONTES Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

PAULINA Will you swear Never to marry but by my free leave?

LEONTES Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit! PAULINA Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

CLEOMENES You tempt him over-much.

PAULINA Unless another, As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye.

CLEOMENES Good madam PAULINA I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry- if you will, sir, No remedy but you will- give me the office To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young As was your former; but she shall be such As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy To see her in your arms.

LEONTES My true Paulina, We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

PAULINA That Shall be when your first queen's again in breath; Never till then. Enter a GENTLEMAN GENTLEMAN One that gives out himself Prince Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess- she The fairest I have yet beheld- desires access To your high presence.

LEONTES What with him? He comes not Like to his father's greatness. His approach, So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need and accident. What train?

GENTLEMAN But few, And those but mean.

LEONTES His princess, say you, with him? GENTLEMAN Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think, That e'er the sun shone bright on.

PAULINA O Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself Above a better gone, so must thy grave Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself Have said and writ so,

but your writing now Is colder than that theme: 'She had not been, Nor was not to be equall'd.' Thus your verse Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd, To say you have seen a better.

GENTLEMAN Pardon, madam.

The one I have almost forgot- your pardon; The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal Of all professors else, make proselytes Of who she but bid follow.

PAULINA How! not women? GENTLEMAN Women will love her that she is a woman More worth than any man; men, that she is The rarest of all women.

LEONTES Go, Cleomenes; Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, Bring them to our embracement.

Exeunt

Still, 'tis strange He thus should steal upon us.

PAULINA Had our prince, Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd Well with this lord; there was not full a month Between their births.

LEONTES Prithee no more; cease. Thou know'st He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure, When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that which may Unfurnish me of reason. Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and ATTENDANTS They are come.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince; For she did print your royal father off, Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one, Your father's image is so hit in you His very air, that I should call you brother, As I did him, and speak of something wildly By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!

And your fair princess- goddess! O, alas!

I lost a couple that 'twixt heaven and earth Might thus have stood begetting wonder as You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost All mine own folly- the society, Amity too, of your brave father, whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look on him.

FLORIZEL By his command Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him Give you all greetings that a king, at friend, Can send his brother; and, but infirmity, Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd His wish'd ability, he had himself The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves, He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres And those that bear them living.

LEONTES O my brother Good gentleman!- the wrongs I have done thee stir Afresh within me; and these thy offices, So rarely kind, are as interpreters Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither, As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage, At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune, To greet a man not worth her pains, much less Th' adventure of her person? FLORIZEL Good, my lord, She came from Libya.

LEONTES Where the warlike Smalus, That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
FLORIZEL Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her; thence, A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd, To execute the charge my father gave me For visiting your Highness. My best train I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd; Who for Bohemia bend, to signify Not only my success in Libya, sir, But my arrival and my wife's in safety Here where we are.

LEONTES The blessed gods Purge all infection from our air whilst you Do climate here! You have a holy father, A graceful gentleman, against whose person, So sacred as it is, I have done sin, For which the heavens, taking angry note, Have left me issueless; and your father's blest, As he from heaven merits it, with you, Worthy his goodness. What might I have been, Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you! Enter a LORD - LORD Most noble sir, That which I shall report will bear no credit, Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, Bohemia greets you from himself by me; Desires you to attach his son, who has His dignity and duty both cast off fled from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.

LEONTES Where's Bohemia? Speak.

LORD Here in your city; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvel and my message. To your court Whiles he was hast'ning- in the chase, it seems, Of this fair couple- meets he on the way The father of this seeming lady and Her brother, having both their country quitted With this young prince.

FLORIZEL Camillo has betray'd me; Whose honour and whose honesty till now Endur'd all weathers.

LORD Lay't so to his charge; He's with the King your father.

LEONTES Who? Camillo? LORD Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the earth; Forswear themselves as often as they speak.

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

PERDITA O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have Our contract celebrated.

LEONTES You are married? FLORIZEL We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

The odds for high and low's alike.

LEONTES My lord, Is this the daughter of a king? FLORIZEL She is, When once she is my wife.

LEONTES That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed, Will come on very slowly. I am sorry, Most sorry, you have broken from his liking Where you were tied in duty;

and as sorry Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty, That you might well enjoy her.

FLORIZEL Dear, look up.

Though Fortune, visible an enemy, Should chase us with my father, pow'r no jot Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir, Remember since you ow'd no more to time Than I do now. With thought of such affections, Step forth mine advocate; at your request My father will grant precious things as trifles.

LEONTES Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress, Which he counts but a trifle.

PAULINA Sir, my liege, Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a month Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes Than what you look on now.

LEONTES I thought of her Even in these looks I made.

[To FLORIZEL]

But your petition Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.

Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, I am friend to them and you. Upon which errand I now go toward him; therefore, follow me, And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

Exeunt

SCENE II.

Sicilia. Before the palace of LEONTES Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN
AUTOLYCUS Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation? FIRST GENTLEMAN
I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.

AUTOLYCUS I would most gladly know the issue of it.

FIRST GENTLEMAN I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow- but in the extremity of the one it must needs be. Enter another GENTLEMAN Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more. The news, Rogero?
SECOND GENTLEMAN Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd: the King's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. - Enter another GENTLEMAN Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.

How goes it now, sir? This news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir? THIRD GENTLEMAN

Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? SECOND GENTLEMAN No.

THIRD GENTLEMAN Then you have lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.

Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child? THIRD GENTLEMAN Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open: he was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

FIRST GENTLEMAN What became of his bark and his followers? THIRD GENTLEMAN Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

FIRST GENTLEMAN The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

THIRD GENTLEMAN One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes- caught the water, though not the fish- was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an 'Alas!'- I would fain say bleed tears; for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Are they returned to the court? THIRD GENTLEMAN No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina- a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer-thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

SECOND GENTLEMAN I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing? FIRST GENTLEMAN Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

Exeunt GENTLEMEN AUTOLYCUS Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time over-fond of the shepherd's daughter- so he then took her to be- who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN - Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

SHEPHERD Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

CLOWN You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

AUTOLYCUS I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

CLOWN Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

SHEPHERD And so have I, boy.

CLOWN So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father father.

And so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

SHEPHERD We may live, son, to shed many more.

CLOWN Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

AUTOLYCUS I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

SHEPHERD Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

CLOWN Thou wilt amend thy life? AUTOLYCUS Ay, an it like your good worship.

CLOWN Give me thy hand. I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

SHEPHERD You may say it, but not swear it.

CLOWN Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it: I'll swear it.

SHEPHERD How if it be false, son? CLOWN If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend. And I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk. But I'll swear it; and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

AUTOLYCUS I will prove so, sir, to my power.

CLOWN Ay, by any means, prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

Exeunt

SCENE III.

Sicilia. A chapel in PAULINA's house Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LORDS and ATTENDANTS LEONTES O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

PAULINA What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

LEONTES O Paulina, We honour you with trouble; but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

PAULINA As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death. Behold; and say 'tis well.

[PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue]

I like your silence; it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my liege.

Comes it not something near? LEONTES Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this seems.

POLIXENES O, not by much!

PAULINA So much the more our carver's excellence, Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her As she liv'd now.

LEONTES As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty- warm life, As now it coldly stands- when first I woo'd her!

I am asham'd. Does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it? O royal piece, There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

PERDITA And give me leave, And do not say 'tis superstition that I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAULINA O, patience!

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

CAMILLO My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry. Scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow But kill'd itself much sooner.

POLIXENES Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this have pow'r To take off so much grief from you as he Will piece up in himself.

PAULINA Indeed, my lord, If I had thought the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you- for the stone is mine I'd not have show'd it.

LEONTES Do not draw the curtain.

PAULINA No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy May think anon it moves.

LEONTES Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that methinks already What was he that did make it? See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins Did verily bear blood?

POLIXENES Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

LEONTES The fixture of her eye has motion in't, As we are mock'd with art.

PAULINA I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported that He'll think anon it lives.

LEONTES O sweet Paulina, Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

PAULINA I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you farther.

LEONTES Do, Paulina; For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

PAULINA Good my lord, forbear.

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; You'll mar it if you kiss it; stain your own With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain? LEONTES No, not these twenty years.

PERDITA So long could I Stand by, a looker-on.

PAULINA Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement. If you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed, descend, And take you by the hand, but then you'll think Which I protest against- I am assisted By wicked powers.

LEONTES What you can make her do I am content to look on; what to speak I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy To make her speak as move.

PAULINA It is requir'd You do awake your faith. Then all stand still; Or those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

LEONTES Proceed.

No foot shall stir.

PAULINA Music, awake her: strike.

[Music]

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach; Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; I'll fill your grave up. Stir; nay, come away.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

[HERMIONE comes down from the pedestal]

Start not; her actions shall be holy as You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her Until you see her die again; for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.

When she was young you woo'd her; now in age Is she become the suitor?

LEONTES O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

POLIXENES She embraces him.

CAMILLO She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POLIXENES Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd, Or how stol'n from the dead.

PAULINA That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old tale; but it appears she lives Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam. Kneel, And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; Our Perdita is found.

HERMIONE You gods, look down, And from your sacred vials pour your graces Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own, Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found Thy father's court? For thou shalt hear that I, Knowing by Paulina that the oracle Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd Myself to see the issue.

PAULINA There's time enough for that, Lest they desire upon this push to trouble Your joys with like relation. Go together, You precious winners all; your exultation Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there My mate, that's never to be found again, Lament till I am lost.

LEONTES O peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent, As I by thine a wife. This is a match, And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine; But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far For him, I partly know his mind- to find thee An honourable husband. Come, Camillo, And take her by the hand whose worth and honesty Is richly noted, and here justified By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.

What! look upon my brother. Both your pardons, That e'er I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law, And son unto the King, whom heavens directing, Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, Lead us from hence where we may leisurely Each one demand and answer to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. Exeunt - -

THE END