THE TRAGEDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatara.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
One flowers the measure: those his kindly eyes
That o'er the Filies and Muflers of the Warre,
Have glowed like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office of Devotion of their view.
Upon a Tawny Front: his Captaines heart,
Which in the fulfils of great Fights hath burst:
The Buckles on his breast, renages all tender,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsius Luft.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Train with Emnuch following her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Fool: Behold and see,
Cleo. It be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckond
Cleo. He sall a Strange how fatter to be beloved.
Ant. Then must thou undeke this out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messengers.
Mef. News! my good Lord from Rome.
Ant. Grazes me, the summe.
Cleo. Nay hear'st them Anthony.

Flute. perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the lacer-bearded Caesar have not sent
His pow'rfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damme thee.
Ant. How, my Lord?
Cleo. Perchance! Nay, and most like;
You must not stay here longer, your diuision
Is come from Caesar: therefore be in Anthony.
Where's Fulvia? Percebeste? (Caesar I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypt's Queen,
This blunted Aspart, and that bleed of shine
Is Caesar homager: else for thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongue'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rising Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdome are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Best at Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a martiall pair,
And such a warrsman can doe, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to wette
We stand up Peerctesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood: Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?
He seeme the Foolie: I am not. Anthony will be himselfe.
Ant. But firdt by Cleopatra.
Now for the loss of Loue, and her lost hoare,
Let's not confound the time with Conference hauish:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Eye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To wepe: who every passionfully flowes.
To make it falle (as Thee) faire, and admirable.
No Messinger but thare, and all alone, to night.
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did defire. Speake not to vs.

Exit with the Train.

Dow. Is Caesar with Anthony priz'd so lowe?
Philo. Sit for sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still shouold go with Anthony.
Dow. I am full sorry, that hee approches the common
Lay who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to morrow. Reft you happy. Exit.

Enter Eucherus, Lampadius, a Southsayer, Ramnius, Lucullum,
Charman, ruin, Mardianus the Eunuch, and Alexus.

Char. L Alexus, foret Alexus, mist any thing Alexus,
almost most abollute Alexus, where's the Southsayer
that you prai'd to do to Queene? Oh that I knew this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Galande.
Alex. Southsayer.
South. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?
South. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.
Emb. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleo.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.
South. I make not, but for thee.
Char. Pray then, forsee me one.
South. You shall be yet far, farer then you are.
Char. He means it flesh.
Iræs. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Writakes forbid.
Alex. Vex not his prehence, be attentive.
Char. Hush.
South. You shall be more belothing, then belothing.
Char. I had rather heaste my Liquers with drinking.
Alex. Nay, heare him.
Char. Good now some excellent Fortune; Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Childe as fitty, to whom Herode of Iriovry may do Homage. Find me to marrige now with Ollamun Caesar, and companion me with my Mifters.
South. You shall out-like the Lady whom you terrue.
Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.
South. You have feene and proued a fairey former fortune, then that which is to approach.
Char. Then belkke my Children still have no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenchens muft I haue.
South. Truerey of your wishes had a wome, & foretely with a Million.
Char. Our Quoole, I forgive thee for a Witch.
Alex. You think none but your streets are priuate to your wishers.
Char. Nay come, tell Iræs hers.
Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.
South. Mine, and moft of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunk to bed.
Iræs. There's a Palme presages Chatlity, if nothing els.
Char. Eue at the o'r-flowing Nylus presages Fa-
mine.
Iræs. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitful Prog-
nouncement, I cannot fetch mine ears. Prythee tell her but a workye day Fortune,
South. Your Fortunes are alike.
Iræs. But hoes, but how, give me particulars.
South. Thaua laied.
Iræs. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then thes?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I; where would you choose it.
Char. Not in my Husbands nose.
Char. Our worster thoughts Heatens mend.
Alcist. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isæ, I beleeech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isæ heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more weight: good Isæ I beleeech thee.
Iræs. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handfame man looie, Wilt'-thou, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knave uncuckolded: Therefore deere Isæ keep de-
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, Isæ try in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Char. Not be, the Queene.
Cles. Save you, my Lord.
Eoba. No Lady.
Cles. Was he not heare?
Char. No Madam.
Cles. He was dippos'd to mirth, but on the foddain:
A Romane thought hath strooke him.
Eoba. Madam.
Cles. Seeke him, and bring him hither: what's Alexies?
Alex. Heree at your seruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.
Cles. We will not looke upon him:
Go with vs.
Mess. Fulvia thy Wife,
First came into the Field.
Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?
Mess. I: but soone that Ware had end,
And the times atate.
Made friends of them, ioyning their force 'gainst Caesar,
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Upon the first encounter draue them.
Ant. Well, what would
Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On
Things that are past, are done with. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale iye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Lubinena (this is fife-newes)
Hath with his Parnish Force
Extended A six: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner frowke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whilst
Ant. Anthony thou would't lay,
Mess. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Spake to me none,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
R副or thou in Eudid's phrase, and taunt my faults
With fuch full Licentie, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to vitter. Oh then we bring forth weede,
When our quicke windees iye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earsing; fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your Noble pleasure,
Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.
Ant. From Seiscion how the newes? Speake there.
1. Mess. The man from Seiscion,
Is there fuch an one?
2. Mess. He sayes upon your will.
Ant. Let him appeare;
Thee strong Egyptian Fetteres I must break;
Or looke my selfe in doute.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.
What are you?
3. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dyed she.
Mess. In Seiscion,her length of sickness,
With what else more serious,
Importhee thee to know, this beares
Anths. Forsake me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I define it:
What our contempts doth of ten hriute from vs,
The Tragedy of

We with it ours againe. The present pleasure, By resolution lowing, does become The opposite of selfe: she's good being gon, The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on. I mist from this enchanting; Queens break off, Truthfull and honest, then the illes I know My idlenesse doth hatch. Enter Escobardus. How now Escobardus. Ena. What's your pleasure, Sir? Ant. I must with haste from hence. Ena. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an idlenesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word. Ant. I must be gone. Ena. Vnder a compelling occasion let women die, It were pitie to call them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I have seen her dye twenty times vpon faire poor's moments: I do think there is mettle in death, When Oromasdes's last looking sete vpon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. Ena. Alack Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Lune. We cannot cal her winds and waters, fighes and teares: They are greater storms and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showe of Rame as well as Lune. Ant. I would I had never seene her. Ena. Oh sir, you had then left vnsene a wonderfull pice of worke, which not to have beene blest withall, would have discredited your Tragacie. Ant. Fulvia is dead. Ena. Sir. Ant. Fulvia is dead. Ena. Fulvia? Ant. Dead. Ena. Why sir, give the Gods a shankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulvia, then had you indeede a cut, and the care to be lamented; This greefe is crowned with Consolation, your old Suckle brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares line an Onion, that should water his sorrow. Ant. The busynesse the hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence. Ena. And the busynesse you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especiately that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode. Ant. No more light Answeres: Let our Officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake The cause of our Expedition to the Queen, And get her lone to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches Do strongly breake to vs: but the Letters too Of many our concerning Friends in Rome, Petitions vs at home, Sextus Pompeius Have gien the dare to Caesar, and commands The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people, Whole Lune is never link'd to the defender, Till his deferts are past, begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his Dignities Upon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp For the maine Souliuer. Whole quality going on, The sides of the world may danger. Much is breeding, Which like the Countours here, hath yet but life, And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure, To such whose places vnder vs require Our quick remouer from hence. Ena. I shall don't. Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Alexis, and Irau. Cleo. Where is he? Char. I did not see him since. Cleo. See where he is, Whoe with him, what he does: I did not send you. If you finde him fast, Say I am dauncing; if in Myrthe, report That I am fadame fitke, Quickest and returne. Madam, do you not think if you did loue him deely, You do not holde the method, to enforce The like from him. Cleo. What should I do, I do not? Ch. In each thing give him way, croffe him in nothing. Cleo. Thou receaft like a toolethy way to lete him. Char. Tempt him not too farre. I with forbeare, In time we hate that which we often feare. Enter Antony. But here comes Antony. Cleo. I am fikke, and full of euill. Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose. Cleo. Help me away decree Charmian, I shall fall, It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature Will not sustaine it. Ant. Now my dearest Queene. Cleo. Pray you stand further from me. Ant. What's the matter? Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news. What fayes the married woman you may goe? Would she had never given you leaue to come, Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here, I have no power upon you: Here you are. Ant. The Gods be joyful. Cleo. Oh never was there Queene So mightily betrayed, yet at the last I saw the Treasons planted. Ant. Cleopatra. Cleo. Why should I think ye can be mine, & true, (Though you in swearinge flake the Tinanged Gods) Who have beene sale to Fulvia? Riouteous madneffe, To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes, Which brake the innocents in swearing. Ant. Molt sweet Queene. Cleo. Nay pray you take no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and goe: When you fixed staying, Then was the time for words: No going then, Ere my name was in our Lipoes, and Eyes, Bliss in our browes been: none our parts to poore, But was a race of Heauen. They are to till, Or thou the greatest Souliuer of the world, Art turn'd the greatest Lyre. Ant. How now Lady? Clee.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cloe. I would find thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hears me Queene?
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Servitio a-while: but my full heart
Remains in vie with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with civil Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domicitic powers,
Bred tempestuous faction: The bated grovne to strength
Are newly grovne to Loue: The condenn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps space
Into the hearts of such, as hate not thrist
Upon the preuent flate, whose Numbers threaten,
And quite enne grovne fiche of reft, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Falsian death.

Cloe. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childlikefneffe. Can Falsia dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyfure read
The Garboyle the awak'd: at the last, I fea,
See when, and where shoo died.

Cloe. O moft falle Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violas thou shou'dst fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I fee, I see,
In Falsian death, how much mine receu'd shall purge.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpofes I bear: which are, or ceafe,
As you shall guie th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus flame, I goe from hence
Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As shou affected.

Cloe. Cut my Lace, Charnian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony lous.

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And guie true evidence to his Loue, which flands
An honourable Tiall.

Cloe. So Falsia reid mee,
I prittie turne aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diffubleing, and let is looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cloe. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cloe. And Target. Still be medias,
But this is not the beft. Looke prittie Charnian,
How this Herculean Roman doe's become
The carriage of his chape.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady,
Cloe. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loud, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it I would:
Oh, my Obligation is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Hold I deneffe your tablach, I should take you
For Idenfite it feife.

Cloe. This is twisting leasure,
To bear such Idenfite to reene the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive mee,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my unprited Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victorly, and smooth faceffe
Be thow'd before your feete.

Ant. Let us go.

Cloe. Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding here, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Away.

Enter Ottavians reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Trains.

Caf. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It's not Cesar Natural vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandris
This is the newes: He filies, drinker, and wafes
The Lamps of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: not the Queene of Pretomue.

More Womanly then he. Hardly guane audience
Or vouches to thinke he had Partners.
You shall finde there a man, who is th'abstract of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, ruin know to darken all his goodneffe;
His faults in him, feeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierce by nights Blackneffe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchase: what he cannot change,
Then what he choothes.

Caf. You are too indulgent. Let's grauus it is not
Amirt to tumble on the bed of Pretomue,
To guie a Kingdom for a Mirth, to sit
And keepes the turne of Tulping with a Slawe.
To recke the streets at noone, and rand the Buffet
With knewes that fuels of sweate: Say this become him
(As his compouer must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemi{f}fy) yet must Anthony
No way excite his foyles, when we do beare
So great weight in his lightneffe. If he fill'd
His vacanct with his Voluptuou{f}neffe,
Full turques, and the drinette of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as loud
As his owne State, and ours, 'ts is to be chide:
As we rate Boyes, who being master in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preuent pleasure,
And fo rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more newes.

Mea. Thy biddings have beene done, & courteouse
Most Noble Cesar, shalt thou haue report
How 'ts abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belou'd of thofe
That only have heard Cesar: to the Ports
The discontentes repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Caf. I should haue knowne no leffe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primmall flue
That he which is vs wisfull, will he be for
And the cobb'd man,
Ne're loud, till we're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common brodes,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Srame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde
To roit it lefe with motion.

Mef. Caesar I bring thee word,
Monos and Maros famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serve them, which they eat and wound
With knaves of every kind. Many lost innoces
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinkle out, and fluff youth revolt;
No Vefell can peep forth: but his as done
Taken as leene: for Pompex name strikes more
Then could his Warr refted.

Cafer. Anthony,
Leafe thy laconious Vaflalles. When thou once
Was beathon to Modena, where thou strew'dt
Huffun, and Fuga Cantals, as thy helo
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought't against,
(Though daintly brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The lafe of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cougah at. Thy pallat the did daire
The roughlee Berry, on the rudelle Hedge.
Yea, like the Slay when Snow the Paffure fletes,
The barkes of Tree thou broves'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou didst eate (frange felle,
Which fome did dyke to looke on: And all this
(If wounds thine Honor that I speak is now)
Was borne fo like a Solidour, that thy checke
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. This perty of him.

Cafer. Let his flames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we swaine
Did draw our felves to Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counfell, Pompex
Thrivers in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow Cafer,
I shall be furnish'd to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To from this present time.

Cafer. I'll which encounter, it is my business too. Farwell,
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you that know mean time
Of thires abroad, I shall befech you Sit
To let me be parakker.

Cafer. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. Event
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras & Mesmeridion.

Chrm. Charmian,
Iras. Charmian,
Mesmeridion.

Cafer. Has抗拒 me to drink Monagagrom,
Chrm. Why Madam?

Cafer. That I migh'teep out this great gap of time:

My Anthony is away.

Chrm. You think of him too much.

Cafer. O'tis treason.

Chrm. Madam, I trust not fo.

Chrm. Thou, Enaeh! and Masenard.

Mas. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cafer. Nor now to heare thee fing, I take no pleasure
In eauht an Esuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being with mine own, think not thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Halt thou Affairs?

Mas. Yes gracious Madam.

Cafer. I defy.

Mas. Nay, unless Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done
Yet have I fierce Affairs, and wincle.

While your comity with Maris.

Chrm. Oh Charmian,

Where think it thou he is now? Standste he, or sit he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Anthony!

Do bravely Horse, for we'th thou whom thou mont'st,
The derrny Aga of this Earth, the Arme
And Bugganet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of Old Nyle,
(For so he calls me) Now I speede my idle
With most delicious poetry. Thonne on me
That am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deeper in time. Broad-fronted Cafer,
When thou wast there about the ground, I was
A morrel for a Monarke; and great Pompex
Would hand and make his eyes grow in my brow
There would he anchor his Alpe, and dyne
With locking on his life.

Enter Alexus from Cafer.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, hail.

Chrm. How much, unlike art thou Mark Anthony?

Yet comming from him, that great Med'tine hath
With that Thistle stung thee twice.

How goes it with my brave Mark Anthony?

Alex. Left thing he did (decte Qu ene)
He left the half of many double kites.
This Orient Pestle. His speech tickes in my heart.

Chrm. Mine ear muft pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, enough he;
Say the Arme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyler, at whole foote
To mend the pestes present, I will peecce
Her opulent Throne, with Kingsdoome. All the East,
(Stay thou) shall call her Miftifes. So he nodded,
And fobely did mountan Arme-gaunt Secede,
Who neighed fo to hate, that what I would have spoke,
Was bralyly dumble by him.

Chrm. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o the year, between extremes
Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Chrm. Oh well diuided disposition. Note him,
Note him good Charmien, tis the man, but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their lookes by his. He was not merry,
Which seemd so to tell him, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his lay, but betweene both.
Oh heemously mangle! Heer thou sad, or merry,
The evience of either thee becomes,
So do's it on mans elfe. M'rt'st my Poits?

Alex. 1 Madam, twenty festill Messengers.

Why do you tend to thicker?

Chrm. Who's bone that day, when I forget to tend
To Anthony, shall dye a Beggar. Inke and paper Cham-
man. Welcome my good Alexus. Did I Charmian, e-
ter last Cafer in?

Chrm. Oh that brave Cafer! I say now.

Chrm. Be chock'd with such another Emphrasis,
Say the brave Anthony.

Chrm. The valor Cafer.

Chrm. By life, I will questioned bloody men.

If thou with Cafer Paragun'st again,
My man of men.

Chrm. By your most gracious ])nfant,
I sing by aye after she.

Chrm. My Sallad dayes.

When I was green in judgement, cold in blood
To say, as I finde shew. But come away,
Get me inke and Paper, my good Sir.

Hee
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, tis a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to interest your Captaine To lost and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall interest him to answer like himselfe: if Cæsar mouthe him, Let Anthony look out Cesars head, And spake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of Anthony's Beard, I would not have't to day.

Lep. This is not a time for private framaking.

Eno. Every time venes for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small so greater matters must gie way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you thirre No Embers vp. Here comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Penthisius.

Pent. And yeonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Act. If we compose well here, to Faustina:

Hearts and Persons.

Cæsar. I do not know Mecenas, or Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combind was most great, and let not
A lesrer action rend vs. Whate qu'auille,
May it he gently heard. When we take
Our triniall difference loud, we doe commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for e'speciall bezech.

Touch you the lowest points with sweetest tears,
Nor curb not to grow to't matter.

Act. It is spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do this.

Caf. Welcome to Rome.

Act. Thank you.

Caf. Welcome.

Act. Sit.

Caf. Sit Sir.

Act. Nay then.

Caf. I learne, you take things ill, which are not:
Or being, concernce you not.

Caf. I must be taught at if for nothing, or a little, I should say my peace oft is wound, and with you
Chiefely out of world. More taught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to found your name
It not concern'd me.

Act. My being in Egypt Cæsar, what was't to you?

Caf. No more then my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did proceede on my State, our being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Act. How intend you, proceede'd?

Caf. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made wares upo me, and their contention
Was the same for you, you were the word of warse.

Caf. You do mitake your business, my Brother neuer
Did Vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it.
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their force with you, did he not rather
Difcred my authority with yours,
And make the wares alignt against my famacke,
Having alignt your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have't to make it with,
The Tragedy of

Ces. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgment in me: but you patch vp your excuses.

Aubh. Nor to, nor to: I know you could not lacke: I am certaine on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Partner in the cause gainst which you fought, Could not with graceful eyes attend those: Warres Which from the time of peace, as: As for my wife, I would you had her spirits, in such another, The third oth world is yours: which with a Snaffle, You may pace easy, but not with a horse.

Aubh. Would we had all such wises, that the men might goe to Warres with the women.

Aubh. So much vncurable, her Garboles (Cesar).

Cesar. Made out of her impiety: which not wanted Shroudenesse of police to: I greeting grant, Did you too much disquises, for that you must, But say I could not helpe it.

Cesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts Did give my Mihie out of audience.

Aubh. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then: Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want: Of what I was, I'm morning: but next day I told him of my fells, which as much As to have asked him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend: Out of our question wipe him.

Cesar. You have broken the Article of your oath, which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.


Aubh. No Languish, let him speake, The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lacke it: but on Cesar, The Article of my oath.

Cesar. To lend me Arms, and side when I requirt them, which you both denied.

Aubh. Neglected rather: And then when permitted hours had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as nearly as I may, He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Workes without it: Truth is, that Elinis, To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres here, For which my selfe, the ignomniou morte, do So fare sake pardon, as befits mine Honour To floope in such a cafe:  

Lep. 'Tis Noble spokne.

Aubh. How might please you, to enforce no further The griefes between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember: that the present needs, Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spokne Aemus.

Emur. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the instan, you may when you heare no more words of Pompey returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Aubh. Thou art a Souldier, only spake no more, Emb. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgott.

Aubh. You wrong this preference, therefore spake no more.

Embr. Go too then: your Conderate thone.

Cesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for he cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions So differing in their arts. Yet if I know, What Hoope should hold up against edge to edge Arth: would I would perfite it.

Agr. Give me leave Cesar.

Cesar. Speak Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a Sitter by the Mothers side, admitt'd Olymna: Great Mark Anthony is now a widdo. Cesar. Say not, say Agrippa if Cleopater heard you, your promise were well declar'd of rathneffe.

Aubh. I am not married Cesar: let me here Agrippa further speake.

Agr. To hold you in perpetuall smatte, To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts With an vn-flipping knot, take Anthony, Olymna to his wife: whole beauty claims No worse a husband then the best of men: whose Virtue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none elfe can vriete. By this marriage, All little Ioloues which now seene great, And all great fearces, which now import their danger, Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales, Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loute to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I hate spoke, For's a sudden, and a present thought,

By duty numinste.

Aubh. Will Cesar speake?

Cesar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht, With what is spoke already.

Aubh. What power is in Agrippa, If I would lay Agrippa be it fo, To make this good?

Cesar. The power of Cesar, And his power, unto Olymna.

Aubh. May I trade (To this good purpose, that so fairely flouer) Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy band Further this act of Grace: and from this hour, The hearts of Brothers gouerne in our Louses, And fray us great Dignesse.

Cesar. There's my hand: A Sitter I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer love to deceder. Let her lute To joyne our kindegome, and our hearts, and neuer Fly eft our Lovers again.


Aubh. I did not think to draw my Sword against Pompey, For he hath laid strange countreyes, and great Of art upon me. I must thank him only, Least my remembrance suffer ill report: As hee that of him, desire him.

Lep. Time calts vp's, Of vs must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seekes us vp.

Aubh. Where lies he?

Cesar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Aubh. With what his strength by land?

Cesar. Great, and encircling:

But by sea he is an absolute Master.

Aubh. So is the Fume, Would we had spoke together, Haft we for it, Yet ere we put our felues in Armes, dispatch we The businesse we haue to takke of.

Cesar. With most gladsness, And do insue you to my Sitters view.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and the crop.

Enter. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publick street,
And leaving loth her breath, she spoke, and panting,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless powre breath forth.

Mees. Now Anthony, must leave her wretely.

Eno. Never he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor cull some stable
Her infinite variety: other women close
The apprehensions, but, the makes hungry,
Where most the satiæcies. For wilt thou thing
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bleffe her, when she is Rigïtten.

Mees. If Beauty, Witcrome, Modeïty, can sette
The heart of Anthony: Othoïnna is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agripp. Let us go. Good Evandrus, make your selves
My guest, whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thank you.

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Othoïnna betwixt them.

Anthony. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuote me from your bodome.

Othoïnna. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
Hone my prayers to them for you.

Anthony. Goodnight Sir. My Othoïnna
Read not my blemens in the worlds report:
I have not kept my蕨, but that to come
Shall all be done bytht Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.

Cæsar. Goodnight.

Anthony. Enter Becfanderer.

Anthony. Now forthe: you do with your selfe in Egypt?

Soott. Would I had never come thence, nor you
therithere.

Anthony. If you can, your reason?

Soott. I feae it in my motion shaque it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Anthony. Say to me, whole Fortunes shall rise higher
Cæsars or mine?

Soott. Cæsar. Therefore (oh Anthony) stay not by his side
Thy Demon that thy spirit which keepes thee is
Noble, Courteous, high unmatchable,
Where Cæsar is not. But neere him, thy Angel
Becomes a feare  a being ove-power’d, therefore
Make space enough betwixt yeou.

Anthony. Spreake this no more.

Soott. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou do not play with him at any game,
Then arese to looke: And of that Natural lucke,
He bears the gaining of the odde. Thy Lutier thickens,
When he thines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alwayes Noble.

Anthony. Get thee gone.

Say to Fenigae I would speake with him.

Fennagh. Fennagh in the pitch, he is Art oc hop,
He hath spoken true. They very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning finit,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speaks,
His Coocks do winne the Battale, full of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quails ever
Beatemine (in hoop) at odd’s. I will to Egypt:

And
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th'Eaft my pleasure lieth. Oh come Pompilia,
Enter Pompilia.

You must to Parthia, your Communions ready:
Follow me, and recite 'em.

Enter Lepidus, Marcus and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no further: pray you hasten your Generals after.

Agri. Sir, Make Anthony, who e'the but kifte Ottiania, and were follow, and weel follow,

Lep. Tull I shall fay you in your Saddics daffe, Which will become you both: Farewell.

Chore. We shall as I conjuice the journey, be at Mount before you Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter, my purpofe do draw me much about, you'win two days upone you.

Bod. Sir good successe.

Lep. Farewel. 

Enter Clesphenier, Charmian, Iris, and Alexan.

Cleo. Gue me some Mullick; Mullick, moody foude of vs that trade in Love.

Owne. The Mullick, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Smech.

Cleo. Lut it alone, let's to Ballards: come Charmian.

Chor. My armes is fore, beat play with Mardian.

Chelpa. As well a woman with an Emmuch piede, as with a woman. Come you'ple play with me Sir?

Mard. As well as I can Madain.

Cleo. And when good will is flamed, Thought come to flourt.

The Actor may pleade pardon. Ie none now, Give me mine Angle, weele to th'Ritter there;
My Mullick playing farte off, I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hookle flint pieze
Their flamy woves and as I draw them vp, Ile think em every one an Anthony,
And say, ah ha! are caught.

Chor. Twas this way when you wagger'd on your Angling, when your dimer did hang a falt fith on his hookle which he with frencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times!
I taught him out of patience: and that night
I taught him into patience, and next mornne,
Ere th'noonall hour, I shunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mandles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Philippim. Oh from Italy,
Enter a Messenger.

Ranne thoroughly trufelall tidings in mine ears,
That long time hau beene barren.

Cleo. Madam, Madain.

Cleo. Anthony's dead.

If thou say's to Villaine, thou kill'thly Mistris:
But well and free, if thou to yeild him.
Ther's Gold, and here,
My beelowe vaine to kill: a hand that Kings
Huge, lift, and trembled kising.

Mef. First Madam he is well.

Cleo. Where's more Gold?

But freer must we win.

To say, she's dead ad well: be ing to that
The Gold beside thee, will stick and powr
Downe. Wringing tears.

Mef. Good Madain heare mee.

Cleo. Well, go I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony
Be free and healthful; fo tare a favour.
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furrie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt pleafe you hear me?
Do you haue a mind to erike thee ere thou speakest?
Yet if thou say Anthony liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Captaine to him,
He feth thee in a flower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And Friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Tho art an honest man.

Mef. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then euers.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mef. But yet Madain.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fey upon but yet,
But yet is as a sailors to bring forth
Some montrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Poor out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: his friends with Caesar,
In state of hate thy falt, and thou faile, free.

Mef. Free Madam; no: I made no such report,
He's bound into Ottania.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mef. For the belt turne it's bed.

Cleo. I am pale Charmian.

Mef. Madain, he's married to Ottinia.

Cleo. The most infectious Affection upon thee.

Srike him downes.

Mef. Good Madain patience.

Cleo. What fay you?

Srike him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ie frunne thine eys
Like balls before mee: He whhaie thy head,
She hates him vp and downes.

Thou shalt be whipte with Wyer, and flewe'd in borne,
Smaring in lingering pickel.

Mef. Gracious Madain,
I that do bring the newses, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not, a Province I will gue 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 guilti beside
Thy modestie can begge.

Mef. He's married Madain.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haft liud too long.

Drew a knife.

Mef. Nay than ile runnes
What meane you Madain, I haue made no faults.

Chor. Good Madain keep ye your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolts:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the flame againe,
Though I am mad, I will not bytely him: Call?

Chor. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meane then my selfe: since I my selfe
Have gien my selfe the caufe. Come hither Sirs

Enter the Messengers againe.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes: give to a gracious Message.

Ad
Anthony and Cleopatra.

An host of conquerors, but ill lying'st tell
Them selves, when they be fete.

Ces. If he married?

I cannot hate thee worse if then I do,
If thou again say yes.

Ces. It's a married Madam.

Ces. The Gods confound thee,

Doth thou hold there still?

Ces. Should I live Madam?

Ces. Oh, I would thou didst

So half my Egypt were submorg'nd and made
A Cevenne for scarlet Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face to me,
Thou wouldst appear must yule it is married?

Ces. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Ces. He is married?

Ces. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do

Ces. Seems much ungrateful, he's married to Oktans.

Ces. On that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what that art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear to thee.

Ley they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

Ces. Good your Highness' patience.

Ces. In praying Anthony, I have disprased of Caesar.

Ces. Many times Madam.

Ces. I am paid for't now and lead me from hence,
I faint, oh, Ari Charman: it's no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good Alcides bid him
Report the feature of Octavias, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for ever go, let him not chambe,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other ways a Maja. Bid you Alcides
Bring me word, how call their's putty me Charman,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt. Flavio. Enter Pompey at one side with Brutus and Trumper; at another Caesar, Lupiscus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Menenio Arripa, Messala with Socii and Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, to have you mine:
And we shall take before we fight.

Caesar. Most mette that first we come to words,
And therefore have we

Our written purposes before rent,
Which if thou hast confounded, let's know,
It will rise up thy discontented Sword,
And carry back to Cleopatra much tall youth,
That oft no part heretofore.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators shew of this great work.

Caesar. Tell them the Gods, I do not know,
What counsel my Father should receive when,
Having a Sonne and Friend, since Titus Caesar,
Who at Phillippe the good Brutus shovi'd,
There saw you labouring for him.

Caesar. And what's the cause of Cleopatra to confine,
And what's the cause of Cleopatra to confine.

Caesar. That is the next to do.

Pom. Weeke fail each other, ere we part, and feets'
Draw lots who shall begin,

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No, but I would take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian coxcombs shall have the land, I have heard that Titus Caesar, great fat with fastin there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have faire meaning Sir,

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then most I have heard,

Ant. What is your signs to them?

Pom. What is your signs to them?

Ant. They are no signs that I did.

Pom. What is your signs to them?
The Tragedy of

قوم في السطور:

... Let me fashke thy hand, I neuer hated thee: I haue seen thee fight, When I haue enuied thy humour. Emo. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I haue prais'd you, When you haue well deferred ten times as much, As I haue said you did. Pom. In joy thy平原e, Nothing ill becomes thee: Aboard my Galley, I invite you all. Will you leade Lords? All. Show's the way, sir. Pom. Come. Except. Munet. Emb. & Muses. Mun. Thy Father Pompey would me haue made this Treaty, You and I haue knowne tir. Emb. At sea, I thinke. M. We haue Sir. Emb. You haue done well by water, Mun. And you by Land. Emb. I will praisse any man that will praisse me, though it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land, Mun. Nor what I haue done by water. Emb. Yes some thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theife by Sea, Mun. And you by Land. Emb. There I deny my land servise: but glue mee your hand Munet, if your eyes haue authority, here they might take two Theeues kissting. Mun. All mens faces are true, what commere their hands are. Emb. But there is neuer a Fayre Woman, ha's a true Face. Mun. No flander, they beaue hearts. Emb. We came bicher to fight with you. Mun. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune. Emb. If he do, sure he cannot weep backe againe. Mun. Y'hau said Sir, we look't not for Mark Anthony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra? Emb. Caesar Sifer is call'd Otho. Mun. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. Emb. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius. Mun. Praye ye Sir, Emb. 'Tis true. Mun. Then is Caesar and he, for ever knit together. Emb. If I were bound to Diuine of this unity, I wold not Prophesie fo. Mun. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the love of the parties. Emb. I thinke so too. But you shal finde the band that freemes to eyme their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: Otho is of a holy, cold, and dull conversation. Mun. Who would not haue his wife fo? Emo. Not he that himselfe is not fo: which is Mark Anthony: he will to his Egyptian diff againe: then shall the figures of Otho blowe the fire vp in Cesar, and (as I said before) that which is the strengther of their Amyse, shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will fife his affection where it is, hee married but his occasion here. Mun. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard? I haue a health fer you. Emb. I shall take it Sir: we haue v'd our Threats in Egypt. Mun. Come, let's away. Exeunt.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Rise from thy toil;
Pom: I think that's mad: the matter?
Mars: I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pom: Thou hast featur'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be loyal, Lords.

Anth. These Quicksands Lapidus,
Keep off, them for you shakie.
Mars: Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom: What sayst thou?
Mars: Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

That's twice.
Pom: How should that be?
Mars: But entertain it, and though thou think me poor, I am the man will give thee all the world.
Pom: Haft thou drunk well?
Mars: No Poinper, I have kept me from the cup,
That at thou shoult be, the earthly Some,
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclinps,
Is thine, if thou wilt he.
Pom: Show me which way?
Mars: These three World-rollers, these Competitors
Are in thy reach; let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom: Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke out. In me 'tis villainy,
In thee, 'tis bad good fortune: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ever thy tongue,
Dish so beside thine acts. Being done unknowne,
I should have found at afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now: despis'd and drink,
Mars: For this, I'll never follow
 Thy pauld Fortunes more,
Who seeketh and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom: This health to Lapidus.
Anth. Bear it high and there,
He pledge it for rich Pomp.
Eno: Here's to thee, Marcus,
Mars: Embarass'd, welcome.
Pom: Fill till the cup be hid,
Eno: There's a strong Fellow Marcus,
Mars: Why?
Eno: A bears the third part of the world man: seek not
Yet.
Mars: The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
call, that it might go on wheels.
Eno: Drink thou: encrease the Reefs.
Mars: Come,
Pom: This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast,
Anth. It ripen's towards it: think it Vilefells hos.

Here's to Caesar.

Cæsar: I could well forbear's, it's monstrous labour
When I wash my brain, and it grow fouler.
Anth. Be a child of time,
Cæsar: Poffeflet it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fall from all, four days, then drink to much in one.

Eob: It's my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drinks?
Lep: Let's be good Soulard.
Anth. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep'd our fene,
In sweet and delicate Leche,
Eno: All take his rids:
Make battery to our ears with the loud Mufickes,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing,
The holding every man shall bear as loud,
As his strong fides can volly.

Mufickes Playes. Embark'd at places them hand in hand,
The Song.
Come thou Monarch of the West,
Plumpus Barcaus, whith pike eye:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our crosses be Crown'd.
Cap to till the world go round,
Cap us till the world go round.

Cæsar. What would you more?
Pompes goodnight, Good Brother
Let me request you of our grazer businesse.
Frownes at this little. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we hauce burnt our checkes. Strong, Enobbe,
Is weakest then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleen's what it speakes: the wilde disquise hath almost
Antickes all. What needs more words! goodnight.
Cæsar. Good Anthony, your hand.
Pom: I'll try you on the shore,
Anth. And shall Sir, guise your hand.
Pom: Oh Anthony, you have my Father honire,
But what are Friends?

Come downe into the Barent.
Eno. Take heed you fall not Marcus: I lie not on shore,
No to my Cabin: these Drummers,
These Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, and out.
Sound a Flourish with Drummers.

Eno: Hoe follows there's my Cap,
Mars: Hoa, Noble Captain come, extenu.

Enter Centurions as it were to triumph, the dead body of Pocasrus borne before him.

Vex. Now darling Parthia are thou stroke, and now.
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus a Creiffin death
Make me reuenges. Bear the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army they Pocasrus Orades,
Pates this for Marcus Creiffin,
Romaine. Noble Centurions,
While it yet war Parthian blood thy sword is warne,
The Pugnuire Parthians follow. Spur out through Media,
Mepopotamia, and the sildiers, whether
The routed fie. So thy grand Captain Anthony
Shall fet thee on thronphant Charis, and
Put Garlands on thy head,
Vex. Oh Silius Silius,
I have done enough. Allowe place note well
May make too great an act. For learn this Silius,
Better to leasure vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when they we enter away,
Cæsar and Anthony, have ever womne
More in their officer, then person
Silius
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quike accumulation of renowne,
Which he sech'd by th'mitute, loll his favour.
Who does it? Where more then his Captaine can
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Soultiers vertue) rather makes chytice off losso
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I couli do more to do Anthony good,
But I would offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perils,
Rom. Thou hast Fentius that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction: thou
wilt write to Anthony;
Ven. He humbly signifie what in his name,
That magically word of Warre we have effecte,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beate Horse of Parthia,
We hate iaded o’th Field,
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The weight we must conuen with’s, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one desire, Endimachus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?
End. They haue dispatch with Pumpe, he is gone,
The other three are Sealling. Othello weepes
To part from Rome: Cesar is fad, and Lepidus
Since Pumpe’s feast, as Mensa fates, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneffe.

Agri. ’Tis a Noble Lepidus.
End. He is a very fine one: oh, how he loves Cesar.
Agri. Nay but how dearly he adores Mark Anthony.
End. Cesar? why he’s the Jupiter of men.
Ant. What’s Anthony, the God of Jupiter?
End. Spake you of Cesar? How, the non-parell?
Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!
End. Would you praise Cesar, say Cæsaro no further.
Agri. Indeed he pleased them both with excellent prais.
End. But he loves Cesar best, yet he loves Anthony:
Heart, Tongues, Figures, Scriber, Bard, Poets, cannot
Think he spake, eft, write, sing, number: hoo,
His loue to Anthony. But as for Cesar,
Kneele downe, kneel downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loves.
End. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for
This is to horie: Adieu, Noble Agrippa.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Othello.

Ant. No further Sir.

Cesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Ie me well in’t. Siffer, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make the, and as my farthest Band
Shall pulse on thy approeve: most Noble Anthony,
Let not the peace of Vertue which is fet
Retwixt vs, as the Cymment of our louse
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortrefle of such better might we
Have loue without this meane, if on both parts
This be not chesire.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your distress.
Cesar. I haue said.
Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the least caufe
For what you feeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romanies ferue your ends:
We will heere part.

Cesar. Farewell my deereft Siffer, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirit all of comfort: fare thee well.
Oth. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The Aprils in her eyes, it is Louses springes
And thefe the flowers to bring it on: be cheerefull.

Oth. Sirs, looke well to my Husbandes house: and—

Cesar. What Othello?

Oth. Ite tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

End. Will Cesar wepe?

Ant. He’s a cloud in his face.

End. He was the worst for were he a Horse, so is he
being asman.

Agri. Why Endimachus?
When Anthony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almoft to roaring; And he wept,
When at Philippus he found Brutus flaine.
End. That yeare, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum:
What willingly he did confound, he wall’d,
Beleu’t till he wept too.

Cesar. No sweats, Othello.
You shall haue from me full: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
He would bee with you in my strength of lone,
Lookie here I haue you thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cesar. Adieu, be happy.

Lei. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy faire way.

Cesar. Farewell, farewell, Kefy. Othello.
Ant. Farewell, Trumpets sound.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afraid to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too, Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meffenger at before.

Alex. Good Maieifie: Herod of Iury daure you looke
upon, but when you are well pleas’d.

Cleo. That Herods head, he haue, but how? When
Anthony is come, through whom I might command it;
Come thou neere.

Alex. Mofl gratious Maieifie.

Cleo. Didst thou behold Othello?

Alex. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Alex. Madam in Rome, I look: her in the face:
and saw her led between her Brother, and Mark Anthony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Alex. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she the thrill tong’d or low’d?

Alex. Madam, I heare she spake, she is low voised.

Cleo. That’s not so good: she cannot like her long.

Alex. Like her? Oh Sirs: ’tis impossible.

Cleo. I thynke to Charmia: dull of tongue, & dwarfish.

What Maieifie in her gate, remember
If e’re thou look’st on Madam.

Cleo. She creepeher motion, & her station are as one.
She shews a body, rather then a life.

A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Alex. Or haue so obseruance.

Cleo. Three in Egypt cannot make better race.

Cleo. He’s very knowing, I do perceive’t,
There’s nothing in her yet.

The
The Fellow's good judgement.

Cher. Excellent.

Cleo. Guelf at her years, I pray thee,

Mefis. Madam, she was a wild dove.

Cleo. Widower! 

Cher. This is her own.

Mefis. And I do think she's thistle.

Cleo. Beat thou her face in mind; is't long or round?

Mefis. Round, even to faultless.

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

Cher. Her hair what colour?

Mefis. Browne Madam; and her forehead

As high as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee;

 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,

I will employ their back again; I find thee

Moffit's house, Sir. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

Cher. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed beis so; I repent me much

That so I hurried him. Why think me this,

What creature this is, and that this thing.

Cher. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath scene some Maitely, and should

Know.

Cher. Hath he scene Maiteely? I'st elfe defend: and

sharpen you long.

Cleo. I have one thing more to make him yet good

Groom: but his no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write, all may be well enough.

Cher. I warrant you Madam.

Cleo. Enter Anthony and Ottavia.

Ant. Nay, say Ottavia, not only that,

That were executable, and a thousand more

Of tellable import, but he hath wag'd,

New Wares against Pompey.

Made his will, and read it,

To publick care, spoke lantly of me,

When perforce he could not,

But pay me reverence of Honour: cold and sickly

He went then most narrow measurement,

When the bell hint was given him: he not look't,

Or did it from his teeth

Ottavia. Oh my good Lord,

Believe not all, or if you must believe,

Smile not at all. A cry is a phippie Lady,

If this decision chance, we're blood between

Praying for both parts:

The good Gods will mocke me presently,

When I shall pray: Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband,

Windo that prayer, by crying out as loud.

Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband wanne, wanne Brothe,

Prayes, and destroyes the prayer no midway

Twice these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Ottavia,

Let your bell lone draw to that point which feeks

Bell to preferre it: if I loose mine Honour,

I loose my selfe; better I were not yours

Then your so brancheffe. But as you requested,

Your soul shall go between, the meane time Lady,

He rais'd the preparation of a Warr

Shall frame your Brother, make your sooneest halt,

So your desire is yours.

Ott. Thanks to my Lord,

The ioute of power make me most weake, most weake,

You reconcile: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,

As if the world should cleasne, and that thaine men

Should soare vp the Riff.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ant. When it appeares to you where this begins,

Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal, that your louse

Can equally move with them. Farewell your going,

Cher. Doth not your owne company, and command what cost

Your heart he's mind too.

Enter Eubulbus and Eros.

Eros. How now Friend Eros?

Eros. Thier's strange Newer come Sir.

Eros. What man?

Eros. Caesar & Lepidus have made warres vp on Pompey.

Eros. This is old, what is the faceelle?

Eros. Caesar having made vse of him in the warres

'gainst Pompey; presently denied him rusticity, would not

let him partake in the glory of the action, and not refiging

here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote

to Pompey. Upon his owne appeale feizes him, so the poor

third is vp, till death enlarge his Confin.

Eros. Then would he shoo out a part of chapson more,

and throw between them all the food thou half, they lie

grinche the other. Where's Anthony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and Juprnes

The rith that lies before him.

Cries Afole Lepidus,

And threat the throate of that his Officer,

That murtherd Pompey.

Eros. Our great Naules rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and Caesar, more Domestini,

My Lord dores you presently: my Newes

I might have told her hereafter.

Eros. Twillbe naught, yet let it be: bring me to Anthony.

Eros. Come Sir,

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Caesar.

Cef. Contemning Rome he's done all this & more

In Alexander: here's the manner of it:

I'll Market place on a Tribunall sluster'd,

Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold

Were publickely enthron'd: at the feet, sat

Cesarian whom they call my Father Somne,

And all the vulwfull Iffes, that their Luft

Since them hath made betweene them, Vatto her,

He gave the stablishmen of Egypt, made her

Of lower Syrie, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mec. This in the publicke eye?

Ces. I'll come to some place, where they exercise.

His Somne hither proclaimed the King of Kings,

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

He gave to Alexander.

To Ptolomy he affign'd,

Syria, Stilicia, and Phenecia: the

In the stablishments of the Goddesse Isis

That day appeare, and o't of before gane audience,

As his reported.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who quezicke with his inflence already,

Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cefar. The people knowes it,

And have now receu'd his accustations.

Agri. Who does he accuce?

Cesar. Cesar, and that hauing in Cicelle

Sexua Pompeius spol'd, we had not rated him

His part of Cefar. Then does he say, he lent me

Some sipping vnto's heart. Lately, he fees

That Lepidus of the Triumphate, should be depo'd,

And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this shou'd be answer'd.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messinger gone:

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
The Tragedie of

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did distrust his change; for what I have conquest'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armien,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.
Meth. He's never yeild to that.
Caf. Not must not then be yeelded to in this.

Cleo. Enter Otho with his Trine.
Oth. Haile Cafar, and my L. haile moxt deere Cafar.
Cafar. That euer I should call thee Caf-a-way.
Oth. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cau'd.
Caf. Why have you flein vpon vs thus? if you come not
Like Cafari Sifer, The wife of Anthony,
Should have an Arny for an Viper, and
The heigtles of Horie on tell of her approach,
Long ere the did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should have bume men, and expetation fainted.
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heaven,
Ris'd by your populou Troopes: But you are come
A Market, mai'd to Rome, and have prevent'd
The oftentation of our house; which left vnheue,
Is ofte left vnheue; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeing.
Oth. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constraine'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord & Mark Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greesed ear withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Caf. Which sooner he granted,
Being an aduise to concehe his Luft, and him
Oth. Do not say so my Lord.
Caf. I have eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: where is he now?
Oth. My Lord, in Athens.
Cafar. No my most wronged Sifer, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are lyning.
The Kings of E'threan Warre. He hath assembled,
Both the the King of Lybia, Arctobus.
Of Cappadocia, Philibadus King.
Of Paphos: the Thracian King Attalus,
King Mætaleus of Arabia, King of Pont, Pot.
Heird of the Iuory, Maistros King.
Of Comagare, Pemelion and Amyntus,
The Kings of Mede and Licorasia.
With a more larger Luft of Sceptres.
Oth. Aye me moth-wretched,
That haue pne heart parted bewteen two Friends,
That does affult each other. (breacking forth)
Caf. Welcom bitter: your Letters did with holde our
Till we preced'd both how you were wrong fed,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O're you in care, theire strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to deincte.
Hold vvewbawd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you justice, makes his Ministers
Of vs; and doe that love you: Beft of comfort,
And ever welcom to vs.
Meth. Welcome Lady, and
Cafar. Welcome dear Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you,
Onely thy adulterous Anthony, moxt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull.
That noyseth it against vs.
Oth. Is it so fit?
Caf. Most certaine: Sifer welcome; pray you
Be not eneuy to patience. My deere it Sifer. Exceptus
Enter Cleopatra, and Aemilius.
Cleo. To tell you that I have with thee, doubt it not.
Eng. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these waters,
And say'd it is not fit.
Eng. Well: is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, denouc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person.
Eng. Well, if could reply: if we should serve with
Horie and Mares together, the Horie were mighty left;
The Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horie.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eng. Your presence needs must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be for'd. He is already
Trauced for Lenity, and 'is said in Rome,
The Plouer on an Eunuch, and your Maitres
Manage the state.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beware'd Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camillus.
Eng. Nay I have done, here cometh the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not strange Camillus,
That from Tartarum, and Branduinum,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Trione. You have heard on't (Sweet's)
Cleo. Ceiling is nearer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at Blacknesse. Camillus, were
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares vs not.
Eng. So hath my Lord, da'd him to finge eight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharalia,
Where Cafar fought with Pompey. But these others,
Which were not in the vantage, he makes off,
And do fo shoold you.
Eng. Your Shippes are the well mannd,
Your Marriers are Militia, Steppers, people
Inrograf by Swift Impreffe. In Cafar Fleece,
Are choate, that often haue 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepared at Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eng. Moit worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abolute SoldierHup you hauce by Land,
Disfraed your Armine, which doth molt confit
Of Warrs-market-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgot
The way which promises aflurance, and
Give vs your self meery to chance and hazard,
From all this Despair.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.
Cleo.
Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our over-pluss of shipping will we burne, And with the rest full marr'd, from thy head of Action Beare the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail, We then can do as Land. Enter a Messenger. They suprême?
Mef. The News is true, my Lord, he is destroy'd, Cæsar's taken Tyrene.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible, Strange, that his power should be. Cænas. Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land, And our twoe thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship, Away my best. Enter a Solius.
How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. My Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea, True not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt This Sword, and these my Wounds; let the Egyptians And the Phenicians go a duelling: wee Have ye'd to conquering standing on the earth, And fighting foot to foot. Ant. Well, well away, exit Ant. Closely Eeb. Solis. By Hercules I think I am right. Cænas. Souldier thou art: but his whole action grooves Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade, And we are Worlds men. Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse who, do you not? Ven. Marcus Odonis, Marcus Iustns, Publcus, and Celina, are for Sea: But we keep the whole by Land. This speed of Cæsar Carries beyond our life. Soul. While he doth last in Rome. His power went out in such dilatations, As begunde all spie. Cænas. Who's this Lieutenant, bear ye? Soul. They say, one Towns. Cænas. Well, I know the man. Enter a Messenger. Mef. The Emperor call Mēnas. Cænas. With Newes the times witt Labour, And throwes forth each minute, tome. ex euntes
Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.
Cæs. To Rome? Ton. My Lord. Cæs. Strike not by Land. Keep whoe, prostrate not Battale. Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed the Precept of this Scourte: Our fortunate iues Upon this jumpe. Enter Antony, and Eoscharus. Ant. Set we our Squadrions on yon side of th'Hill, In eye of Cæsar's bastale, from which place We may the number of the Ships behold, And so proceed accordingly. exit
Mēnas Marcheth with his Land Army one way upon the flage, and Towns the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way. After these going on, to hear the noise of a Sea fight. Alamara. Enter Eoscharus and Scarus.
Eno. Naught, naught, naught, I cannot, I can behold no longer. Tho' they seem'd, the Egyptian Admiral, With all their fifty iues, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blante. Enter Scarus.
Sear. Gods, and Goddes, all the whole synod of them. Eno. What's thy passion.
Sear. The greater Cattle of the world, is lost With very ignorance, we have kill away Kingdomes, and Provinces.
Enos. How appeareth the Fight? Sear. On our side, like to the Token'd Peifillet, Where death is sure. Yon Ribend a Adage of Egypt (Whom Leprotte to take) I'm midst of this fight. When vantage like a pruede of Tumines appeare do Both as the same, or rather ours the elder: (The Breeze upon her), like a Cow in Trance, Hoists Sailes, and Flyes.
Enos. That I beheld: Mine eyes did rick in the fight, and could not Induce a further view.
Sear. She once being lost, The Noble ruin of a Magick, Antony, Clips on his Sea-wind, and (like a dazing Mardor) Leaving the Fight in the height, flyes heve after her: I never saw an Action of such frame; Experience, Manhood, Honor, ne're before, Did violate it to felle.
Eos. Alack! Alack, Alack.
Enos. Enter Cænas.
Cænas. Our Fortune on the Sea is one of breath, And shall moit lamentably. Had our General Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well: Oh his has's given example for our flight, Most grossly by his owne. Enos. I am sure they absents? Why then goodnight indeed.
Cænas. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled. Sear. This easy toe, And there I will attend what further comes. Cænas. To Cæsar will I render My Legions and my Horse, fixe Kings already Show the way of yeelding. Enos. He yet follow. The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason Stis in the wind against me, Enter Antony with Aduantors.
Ant. Hearke the Land bids me read no more ypon't, It is shamed to bear me. Friends, come hither, I am so laced in the world, that I Have left my way for ever. I have a slippe, Laden with Gold, take that, dividest it, And make your peace with Cæsar. Owners. Fly! Not wee.
Ant. I have fled my selfe, and have instrued cowards To runne, and theye their shoulders. Friends be gone, I have my felle relou'd upon a coune, Which has no neede of you. Be gone, My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh, I follow'd that I blushed to looke upon, My very baires do mourn: for the white Reprouse the brownes for raffleth esse, and they them For fear, and dotting. Friends be gone. You shall Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad, Nor make replyes of toathesse, take the hint Where my dispair proclameth. Let them be left Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side Frightfull way, I will poiffe you of that ship and Treasure.
Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now, 
Nay do so: for indeed I have loft command, 
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. Set downe
Enter Cleopatra led by Chairman and Eras.
Eras. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him. 
Eras. Do moff deere Queen.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Ino.
Ant. No no no no no no.
Eras. See you here, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie fie fie.
Char. Madam.
Eras. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eras. Sir Sir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes he at Philippes kept
His swords edge like a dancer, while I brooke
The stoned and wrinkelainted Coffins, and twas I
That the mad Brutoe ended: he alone
Deale on Lieutenantry, and no prattice had
In the brute fowers of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah stand by.
Eras. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Ant. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
He's unqualified with very flame.
Cleo. Well then, sutaine me: Oh.
Eras. Most Noble Sir sire, the Queene approarches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the refuge.
Ant. I have offended Reparuation,
A most vnable frowning.
Cleo. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whither halfe thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my flame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have leis behinde
Stray'd in dishonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive me our fallibleaspers, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou know'st it well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by thy strings,
And thou shoul'dst show me after. O're my spirit
The full suprenacie thou know'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Tresties, dodge
And palar in the shits of lowtes, who
With halfe the bulk of this world plaid as I please'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My sword, made weake by my afflication, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Give me a knife,
Even I enrapes me.
We sent our Schoolemater, is a come backe?
Loose I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Vioands: Fortune knowes,
We scourne her moff, when more the offers blows. Exeunt
Enter Cesar Agrippa, and Dolabella with others.
Cau. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him.
Ant. To him again, tell him he hears the voice Of youth upon him from which, the world should note, Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions, May be a Coward, whose Ministers would prudence Vender the tenure of a Child's life, as long As their Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay companions a part, And answer we decline'd, Sword against Sword, Our felons alone; Ille write it, follow me.

Euno. Yes like enough; by his battle I Caesar will Visit his happiness, and be Stag'd to the stew Against a Swordier. I fear my Judgments are A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them To suffer all alike, that he should dreame, Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will Answer his emptiness; Caesar, thou hast sol'd his. His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women, Against the blooming Rose may they stop their nostrils, This knave don't the Buds. Admit him sir.

Euno. Mine honestly, and I, beginne to square, The Loyalty well held to Poolees, do make Our Faith meerly holy: yet be he can endure To follow with Allience a false Lord. Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place in Scorn.

Enter Thidias.


Cleo. None but friends: say boldly, Thid. So happy are they friends to Anthony. Euno. He needs as many (Sir) as Caesar has's.

Or needs not vs. If Caesar please, our Master Will lease to be his Friend: For vs you know, Whole he is, we are, and that is Caesar. Thid. Sir, I thus then thou most renown'd Caesar intends, Not to consider in what case thou flound'rest Further then he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on right Royall. Thid. He knows that you embrace not Anthony As you did lone, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh Thid. The earnest upon your Honor, therefore he Does pitty, as constrained bleemishes, Not as defered.

Cleo. He is a God, And knows what is most right. Mine Honour Was not yeeded, but conquer'd merely.

Euno. To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony, Sir, these are to leskie.

That we must leave thee to thy looking, for Thy decrept quite thee. Euno. 

Thid. Shall I say to Caesar, What you require of him: for he partly begges To be defied to goe. It much would please him, That of his Fortunes you should make a faulce To leave upon it; it would warme his spirits To heare from me you had left Anthony, And put your selfe under his throw'd, the winterful Land.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Cleo. Most kind and Meaffenger, Say to great Caesar this in supputation, I kisse his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompte To lay my Crown on hisire, and there to kneel. Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear The doome of Egypt. Thid. Tell your Noblest cousin: Wisdome and Fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's Father off, (When heeth hath us'd of taking kindomes in) Before his lips on that unworthy place, As it can't disease, Enter Anthony and Eburnus.

Ant. Favourite, by these thunders, What art thou? Thid. One that but performs (Fellow) The bidding of the fairest man, and worthiest To have command they'd.

Euno. You will be whippt.

Ant. Approach there: ah you kite, Now Gods and dice's An honest media from me offlate. When I cried hoa, Like Boyes into a muffle, Kings would forth forth, And cry, your will. Have you no care? I am Anthony yet. Take hence this lack, and whip him, Enter a Servant.

Euno. To better playing with a Lion who play, Then with an old dying.

Ant. Moorone and Socrates, Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributaries That do acknowledge Caesar, should I finde them: So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowes, Till ake a Boy you see him crindge his face, And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Meredith Anthony.

Ant. Touch him away: being whippt, Bring him againe, the lacke of Caesar shall Beare vs an answer to him. - Exeunt with Thidias. You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha? Have I my pillow left vnprest in Rome, Forsorne the getting of a lawful Race, And by a las of women, to be absurd By one that looks on Feckles? Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have became a boggeler ever, But when we in our vicious helpe go hard (Oh myrify on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us Adore our errors, laugh a't while we frue To our confusion. Cleo. Oh it's come to this? Ant. I found you at Mortell, cold upon Dead Caesar Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment Of Gensius Pompeys, besides what hotter houses Varegusted in vulgar Fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out. For I am sure, Though you can puelle what temperance should be, You know not what it is. Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards, And say, God quit you, be familiar with My play fellow, your hand; this Kingly Swell, And pligther of high hearts. Othea I wote Upon the hill of Bafan, to our roare The horded Heard, for a home saugge cause, And to proclame it civilly, were like.
A halter'd neck, which do's the Hangman thank,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Tidings.

Srv. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged a Pardon?

Srv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wost not made his daughter, and be thou forsworn
To follow Caesar in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feuer thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainments; looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most cafe'tis to do't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guards
Have empty left their Orbis, and thot their Fires
Into th'Abeins of hell. If thee mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vige it thou:
Hence with thy aprons, be gone.
Exeunt. Close. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony.

Close. I mult thy time his time?

Ant. To halter Caesar, would you mangle eyes
With one that eyes his points;

Close. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Close. Ah (Decte) if I be fo,
From my cold heart let Helen ingender haile,
And porson in in the fourfe, and the first false
Drop in my neck: as it determines to
Difficult my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my braue Egyptian all,
By the discarding of this pellterd flame,
Lye grauelle, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:
Caesar lets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seater'd Nautic too
Haue knit againe, and Plicate, threatening most Sea-like,
Where halfe thou bin my heat? Doft thou hearse Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse theire Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will carve our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Close. That's my brane Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finewd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight macliscously; for when mine houses
Were nice and lucky, men did ranke lines
Of one for jellis: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And fend to darknesth all that fltop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowles once more;
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Close. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought I should hold it poor. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yes do well.
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armourer Eros.

Cle. Sleep a little.


Enter Eros.

Come good fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brace her, Come.

Cle. Nay, I helpe too, Anthony.

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falle, fall: This, this,
Sooth-law I helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

Seest thou my good Fellow? Go, put on thy defences,
Eros. Briefly Sir.

Cle. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall hear a florne.
Thou mayst not fare ill, and my Queeness a Squire
More right at this, then thou: Dispatch, O Loose,
That thou couldst see my Wares to day, and knew it
The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst love a
A Workeman is't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou lookest like him that knows a warlike Charge;
To businesse that we love, we rise betimes,
And go too' with delight.

Saul. A thousand Sir, early thought be, have on their
Rusticed trim, and the Portt expect you.

Showt. Trumptes Flouery.

Enter Captains, and Soldiery.

Alas, the Morn is faire: Good morrow General.
All. Good morrow General.

Ant. Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirt of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come give me that, this way, well-fed,
Here thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kifs: reseueable,
And worthy flamefull check it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Complement, I leue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me clesse, Ie bring you too: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char. Please you reture to your Chamber?

Cle. Lead me;

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then Anthony, but now. Well on.

Exeunt.

Trumpetes sound.

Enter Anthony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony.

Ant. Would thou, & thine thy tears had once preuald
To make me light at Land.

Eros. Had 't thou done so,
The Kinsmen that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Whole gone this morning?

Eros. Who! one ever need thee, call for Enobarbus.
The Tragedy of

He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Am. What sayest thou?
Sadd. Sir he is with Caesar.
Err. Sir, his Chefs and Treasure he has not with him.
Am. Is he gone?
Sadd. Most certain.
Am. Go Caesar, tend his Treasure after, do it,
Deceive nor let I charge thee write to him,
(If I will fabricate) gentle aduan's, And greetings;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Matter. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Enobarbus, Exit.

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar with Enobarbus,
and Dollabella.

Caes. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be tooke alive:
Make it to knowne,
Agrip. Caesar, I shall.
Caesar. The time of victorious fall is neere:
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oline freely.
Enter a Messengers.
Stef. Antony is come into the Field.
Caes. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the Vant,
That Antony may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe.
Sadd. Alexas did revolt, and went to beyon in
Affaires of Antony, those did dillwade
Great Heros to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And leave his Master Antony. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him: Caiusindus and the rest
That felled away, have entertainement, but
No honourable truth I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe to sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar.
Sadd. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee from all thy Treasure, with
His Bountie over-pluss. The Messengers
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.
Sadd. I give it you.
Sadd. Mocke not Enobarbus,
Sadd. I told you true: Bell you take the bringer
Out of the hassel, I could attend unto Office,
Or would have done my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Joue.

Sadd. I am alone the Villain of the earth,
And feele I am forsooth. Oh Antony,
Thou Minde of Bountie, how wouldst thou have paid
My better fortune, when my turpitude
Thou didst to Cramwe with Gold. This blows my hart,
If thou thoughtst break it; nor a twitter meanes
Shall out, strike thought, but thought will not.
I feele I fight against thee: No I will go seek
Some Ditch, wherein to dye; the soul it belittles
My latter part of life.

Enter Antony, Drums and Trumpets.

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our feluces too farre;
Caesar himselfe's worse, and our apprehension
Exceeds what we expected.

Enter Antony and Scarrus wounded.

Sear. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drouden them home
With crowds about their heads.

Ant. Thou blest it space.
Sear. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now it's made an H.
Ant. They do retour.
Sear. We'll bear 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Roones for six foostches more.

Enter Enobarbus.

Enob. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage losses
For a faire victory.

Sear. Let us score their backes,
And snatch them vp, as we take Hares behind.
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spightfull comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Sear. I'll half after.

Enter Scarrus. Enter Antony again in a March.

Am. We have beate him to his Caime: Runne on before,
& let the Queen know of our guesst to morrow
Before the Sun shall rise, we'll spill the blood
That's to day elcip'd. I thank thee all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you fend the Caue, but asst had beene
Each mans like mine: you have shewn me all Heels.
Enter the City, clip your Victores, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, who'th they with toylfull roare
With the congealment from your wounds, and knife
The Honour dothes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Gibe me thy hand,
To this glaour Fairies, I commend thy selfs,
Make her thankes bleffe thee. Oh thou day of this world,
Return mine armes to thee, lace thou, Antony and all
Through proof of Harnefer to my hart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, commant thou smiling from?
The worlds great inre uncouth.

Am. Mine Nightingsale,
We have beate them to their Beds,
What Grie, though gray
Do somthing mingle with our younger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gote for gote of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy favourable hand,
Kisse it my Warrour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, bad
Defeated in such a shape.

Cleo. Ie gueve thee friend
An Armour all of Gold it was a Kings.

Am. He has defend'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phrebus Carre. Gibe me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a Sally March,
Bear our backs! Targets, like the men that owe them,
Hid our great Pallace the capacity
To Came to this host, we all would sup together,
And drink Carowies to the next days Fate

Which
Antony and Cleopatra.

Which promises Royall petill. Trumpeters
With branden dinne blaff you the Citizens eac,
Make minge with our rattling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their forces together,
Applauding our approach.

Enter a Ceneter, and his Company, Enter Antony follows.

Cen. If we be not releav'd within this hour,
We must returne to th'o'th Count of Guard: the night
Is thinny, and they say, we shall embassade
By thy seconnd howse Pth'Morne.

Ant. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Cen. Oh breate me witnessse night.

Ant. What man is this?

1. Stand close, and lift him.

Cen. Be witnessse to me (O thou blest Mone).

When men rebulsed shall upon Record
Bear hateful memory more Eundanous did
Before thy face respect.

Cen. Enteranious.

2. Peace: Heaske further.

Cen. Oh Soueraine Milits of true Melancholly,
The posyous dampe of night dispunyng vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Ishrow my heart
Against the flint and hardheffe of my fault,
Which being dryed with greffe, will breake to powder,
And sowe all soule thoughts. Oh, Enteranious,
Nebeler then my retolte is infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the world range me in Regicide
A Mallester leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Enteranious! Oh Enteranious!

1. Let's speake to him.

Cen. Let's breate him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cesar.

2. Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Cen. Swoothes rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.

1. Goe to him.

2. Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1. Hears you sir?

2. The hand of death hath rauished him.

Drummes saffare off.

Herske the Drummes demurely wake the sleepeers:
Let vs breate him to th'o Count of Guard; he is of note:
Our house is fully out.

Come on then, he may recouer yet.

Enter Anthony and Scourer with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaze them not by Land.

Scour. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight it'th Fire, or it'h Ayre,
We'd fight there too. But this is it, our Foote
Upon the hills adjoyning to the City
Shall play vs with. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven,
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeavours.

Enter Cesar, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be full by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is for to Man his Gallies, To the Valois,
The Tragedie of

Marres what it does: yes, very force entangles
It selle with strength: Scale then and all is done.
Eres! I come my Queene, Eres! Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze.
Dido, and her Eres shall want Troopes,
And all the bane be ours. Come Eres, Eres.
Enter Eres.

Eres. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I have live'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my banes. 1, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're green Neptune's backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my life, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lefe Noble minde
Then the which by her death, our Caesar reliés
I am Conqueror of my felle. Thou art fawne Eres,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behind me
Thine extinguish of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then wouldst kil me,
Don't, the time is come. Thou thinkst not me,
'Tis Caesar thou destroyst. Put colour in thy Cheeks.
Eres. The Gods with hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Dares,
(Though Enemy) jot syne, and could not.

Ant. Eres,
Would'lt thou be window'd in great Rome, and fly
Thy Matter thus with pleas'nt Arms, bending downe
His compellable necke, his face fabul'de
To penetrative flame; whil'st the wheel'd feste
Of Fortune Caesar drawne before him, branded
His Baniefes that enfused.
Eres. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy hone'f Sword, which thou hast wore
Most wel'sell for thy Country.

Enter Marde. 

Ant. When I did make thee free, swore'lt not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents venipous'. Draw, and come.

Eres. Tune from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Let thee,
Eres. My Sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do stonce
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eres. My dear Mater,
My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eres. Farewell great Chiefes, Shall I strike now?

Ant. New Eres. 

Eres. Kill me selfes.

Ant. Why were there then?

Thys I do cespetic the sorrow of Antonies death,

Eres. Thrice-Nobles then my felle,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eres, what
I should, and thou couldst not, my Queene and Eres
Have by their braze instigation got upon me
Noble life in Record. But I will bee
A Bridee, grave in my death, and run moost
Asto a Lowes bed. Come then, and Eres.

Thys Mater dies thy Schoeller; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Enter a Guard.

Guard. What’s the noise here?

Ant. I have done my work, will friends.

Oh make an end of what I have begun,

1. Then Scare is false.

2. And time is at this period.

3. Alas, and woe.

4. Let him that lever see strike me dead.

5. Not so.

6. Nor any one.

7. Doth any one.

8. Thy death and fortune bid thy followers fly

This sword but shewen to Caesar with this saying,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Dido's.

Dido. Whence is Anthony?

Derc. There Dido there.

Dido. What is he, will thou not answer me?

Ant. Art thou these Dido?

Draw thy sword, and give me leave,

Suffering strokes for death.

Dido. Most absolute Lord,

My Mishaps Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did thee send thee?

Dido. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is the

Dido. Look in her Monument, she had a Prophecy

Of what hath come to pass; for when the law

Which never shall be found ye did suspect

She had dispos’d with Caesar, and that your rage

Would not be purg’d, the fent you word she was dead:

But fearing since how it were so wrought, had sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good Dido: call my Guard I pray thee.

Dido. What host: the Emperours Guard,

The Guard, who has a, come your Lord calles,

Enter 4. 5 of the Ward of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good friends where Cleopatra bides,

’Tis the last service that I shall command you,

1. Woe, woe are we sir, you may not use to wear

All your true followers out.

2. Most heavy day.

3. Nay good my fellowes, do not please sharp fate

To grace with your sorrow, did that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take we vp,

I have leek you oft, carry me now good friends,

And haue my thankes for all.

Enter Anthony

Enter Cleopatra, and her Asides alone, with

Cleopatra.

Cleo. Oh Charmsin, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted dear Madam,

Cleo. No, I will not.

I am strange and terrible events are welcome,

But completes we dissipe; our fire of sorrow

Proportion’d to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes us.

Enter Dido.

How now is he dead?

Dido. His death’s upon him, but not dead.

Look o’th other side your Monument,

His Guard hauing brought him thither.

Enter Antony, and the Guard.
The Tragedie of

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange is it,
That Nature must compel vs to lament
Our most perfused deeds.

Mrs. His taints and Honours, wags'd equal with him.

Dol. A Faster Spirit never.
Did fierce humanity: but you Gods will give vs
Some faults to make vs men. Cesar is touch'd.

Mrs. When such a spacious Mirror's let before him,
He needes must fee him selfe.

Cesar. Oh Anthony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Discontent in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have beheld thee to such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not fail together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Soveraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deligne; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vranconciliabe, should divide our equalneffe to this,
Hear me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Sesson,
The businesse of this man looks out of him,
We'll heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistresse
Confed in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, defines, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
Toth' ways fete's forc'd too.

Cesar. Bid her have good heart,
She toone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Cesar cannot leave to be vengeant
Egypt. So the Gods preferre thee. Exeunt.

Ces. Come hither Punicus. Go and say
We purpose her no harme; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortal stroke
She doe deviate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternal in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speed and bring vs what the dayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cesar I shall.

Exit Punicus.

Ces. Gallus, go you along, where's Dolabella, to secondd Punicus?

All, Dolabella.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee was employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall fee
How hardly I was drawn into this Warre,
How calm and gentle I proceede full
In all my Writtings. Go with me, and fee
What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.:

Cle. My defection doth begin to make
A better life: Tytus polity to be Cesar:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortune knasse,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To
Anthony and Cleopatra.

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which, fickle scepters, and bulk'y change;
Which flares, and severs; palest moon the dungeon,
The beggars' Nurse, and Caesar.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends, greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fate demands.
Thou meant'st to have him grant thee:
Cleo. What's thy name? 

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Answer.

Pro. Did tell me of your bad, meant to do you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceived.
That have prog'ls for trading. If you Masters
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty to keep is heaven, and
No help beggar than a king done. I like please.
To give the conquer of Egypt for my Son.
He gives me a knightly, more away, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer, 

Y'are false into a prince, hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that he loves not
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your answer, for you, and you shall find
A Consequence that will stay in Egypt of kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vailall, and I lend him
The Greatness he has got. Through my life and
A Doctrine of Obedience, and gladly
Look me th' first face.

Pro. This I shall report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitting
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caesar come.

Ist. Royall Queene.

Cleo. Oh, Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hand.

Pro. Holds worthy, lady hold:
Does not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Receiv'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of death too that this our dogs of languish
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse thy Masters bounty,
Th'ending of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well aided, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where are thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no more, I do not drink for
If idly talk then once be pacified,
I he not peppers; I sigh. That mortal house he ruine,
Do Caesar what he can, know not, that I
Will not waste pun'tard at your Masters Court,
Nor once be charg'd with the lover eye
Or dull Oratian. Shall they buy me vp,
And shew me of the lowring Variorian
Of centuriz Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt?
Be gentle grace unto me, rating on Nylos amble
Let me that lacking mak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramids, my Gibbet,
The Tragedy of

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Cæs. lady in the Emperor's bed.

Cæs. 'Art thou, Mendes, the God which

Cæs. I pray you, rife, rife Egypt.

Cæs. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,

Mand. My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts,

Cæs. The Record of what misere you did,

Cæs. As things but done by chance.

Cæs. So Sir of th' World,

Cæs. I cannot protest mine owne cause to well

Cæs. Bene laden with like frauds, which before

Cæs. Haue often thand'm our Sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra know,

Cæs. If you apply your seele to our interest,

Cæs. Whose to ward, you are so fide gentle, you shall finde

Cæs. A benefit in this change: but if you seeke

Cæs. To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

Cæs. To that destruction which I guard them from,

Cæs. If hereon you relye, be not, take my leave.

Cæs. And may through all the world: it is yours, & we

Cæs. Your Scuthchans, and your signes of Conquest shall.

Cæs. Hang in what place you pleasure. Here my good Lord,

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cæs. This is the breafe of Money, Plate, & Jewels

Cæs. I am poofset of, 'tis exactly valued,

Cæs. Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sele. Here. Madam.

Cæs. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)

Cæs. Upon his peril, that I have reaued

Cæs. To my seele nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus.

Sele. Madam, I had rather fepe my lippes,

Cæs. Then to my peril speake that which is not.

Cæs. What haste have I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cæs. Nay but thou not Cleopatra, I approue

Cæs. Your Wifesdom in the deed.

Cæs. See Cæsar: Oh behold,

Cæs. How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,

Cæs. And should we shift elates, yours would be mine.

Cæs. The ingratefull of this Seleucus, I accuse

Sele. Even make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truff

Sele. Then loue that's hyr'd! What goeth thou backe, go

Sele. Go backe I warrant thee, but itt each chine eyes

Sele. Though they had wings. Slaue, Soul-leif, Villain, Dog.

Cæs. O racye bafe!

Cæs. Cæsar, Good Queene, let vs intrest you.

Cæs. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,

Cæs. That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,

Cæs. Do the Honour of thy Lordinnes.

Cæs. To one so mecke, that mine owne Servant should

Cæs. Perchell the humour of my disgraces, by

Cæs. Addition of his Eunuch. Say (good Cæsar)

Cæs. That I some Lady tristes have referred,

Cæs. Immonent teys, things of such Dignities

Cæs. As we greet moderns-friends withall, and say

Cæs. Some Nobler touch I have kept apart

Cæs. For Lions and Ogifants, to induce

Cæs. Their meditation, must be unfolded

Cæs. With one that I have bred. The Gods! it finites me

Cæs. Beneath the fall I have, Pity the like hence,

Cæs. Or I shall fiew the Cynder of my spirits

Cæs. Though! Athes of my chance: Wer'thou a man,

Cæs. Thou wouldst háve mercy on me,

Cæs. Cæsar, Forbear Seleucus.

Cæs. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought

Cæs. For things that others do: and when we fall,

Cæs. We answer others merits, in our name

Cæs. Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Cæs. Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd

Cæs. But we'l Roll of Conquest: full bee't yours,

Cæs. Below it at your pleasure, and belowe

Cæs. Cæsar no Merchant, to make price with you

Cæs. Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheerd,

Cæs. Make not your thoughts your prifions: No deere Queen,

Cæs. For we intend to dispose you as

Cæs. Your seele shall gue vs counsell: Feed,e and sleepe:

Cæs. Our care and pitty is so much upon you,

Cæs. That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cæs. My Master, and my Lord.


Fleurf. Exeunt Cæsar, and his Trains.

Cæs. He words me Cygkles, he words me,

Cæs. That I should not be Noble to my seele,

Cæs. But heare thee Charmian.

Ira. Finis good Lady, the bright day is done.

Ira. And we are for the darke.

Ira. Hyeth a gaine,

Ira. I have spake already, and itt is prouided,

Ira. Go put it to the haite.

Char. Madam, I will,

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Belold fr.

Dol. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command (Which my loue makes Religion to obey)

Ira. I tell you this: Cæsar through Syrie

Dol. Nay but thou not Cleopatra, I approue

Ira. Your Wifesdom in the deed.

Cæs. See Cæsar: Oh behold,

Cæs. How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,

Cæs. And should we shift elates, yours would be mine.

Sele. Madam, I had rather spake my lippes,

Cæs. Then to my peril spake that which is not.

Sele. What haste have I kept backe.

Sele. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Dol. Nay I your Servant...

Dol. I pray you, rife, rife Egypt.

Dol. Where's the Queene? I must attend on Cæsar,

Dol. Farewell, and thankes.

Ira. What think'th thou? Thou, an Egyptian Paper shall be shrinew

Ira. In Rome aswell as I: Mechanick Slaues

Ira. With greasse Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall

Ira. Vplift vs to the view. In their thick breathes, Ranks of groffe dyre, shall we enclowde,

Ira. And for'd to drink their vapure.

Ira. The Gods forbid.

Cæs. Nay, tis most certaine Ira: sawtie Lifters

Cæs. Will catch vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimer.

Cæs. Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians

Cæs. Temporally will flage vs, and preffent

Cæs. Our Alexandrian Rentes: Anthony

Cæs. Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Cæs. Some frighting Cleopatra: Boy my greatste

Ira. I'pthropusie of a Who're.

Ira. O the good Gods!

Ira. Nay that's certaine.

Ira. He never feet? for I am sure mine Nailes

Ira. Are stronger then mine eyes.
Anthony and Cleopatra. 367.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation, And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charismam.

No Woffee. Charmam.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am againe for Cibus,
To meete Mark Anthony. Sirea frae, go
(Now Noble Charmam, wee'll dispatch inedece.)
And when thou hast done this chare, He glue them leave
To play till Doolymay day: bring out Crowne, and all.
A wife within.

Wherefor's this noise?

Enter a Guardian.

Gard. Here's a rural Fellow,
That will not be denye'd your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. 

Exit Guardian.

What poverous an Instrument
May do a Noble deed: he brings me liberty: 
My Revolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardian and Cleome.

Gard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avide, and leave him.

Exit Guardian.

Haft thou the pretty worme of Nyllus there, 
That killes and pains not?

Cleo. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-
tie that should desyre you to touch him, for his biting is
immortal: the chole that doe dye oves, doe seldome or no-
ter recover.

Cleo. Remember'll thou any that hade dyed on't?

Cleo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest 
woman, but something gitten to lye, as a woman should not
do, in the way of honestly, how the dyed of the by-
ting off, what paine she felt: Truely, the makes a very
good report of th'wormes: but he that will beleue all that
they say, shall never be set by haile that they do: but
this is most fallable, the Worme's an odds Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Cleo. I wish you all joy of the Worne.

Cleo. Farewell.

Cleo. You must think this (look you,) that the
Worne will do his kinde.

Cleo. I. Farewell.

Cleo. Look to your, the Wormes is not to bee trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people: forindeed, there is
no good devil in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be need.

Cleo. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it
is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it esate?

Cleo. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the diuell himselfe will not esate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a diuell, for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
not. But truly these famke wherofon diuelles do the Gods
great harme in their women: for in every tender that they
make, the diuelles marrie fay.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Cleo. Ye forlooch: I wish you joy o' th'worm. 

Exit Cleome. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more.
The iuy ce of Egypt's grace shall myost this lip.
Yare, yare, good frae; quicke: Me thinkes I hearce

Anthony call I: I see him rowse himselfe.
To praise my Noble Ache. I haue him knock
The lucke of Cesar, which the Gods give men
To excelle their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proye my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I glue to boute life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warme of my Lippes.
Parefull kinde Charismam, frae, longe facefully.
Haeue I the Alipcke in my lippes? Doft fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Loures pinch,
Which hurts, and is defart'd. Doft thou yeare fall?
If thou can varrie, thou tell Eft the world,
It is not worth lease-taking.

Char. Diffultue thicke clowd, & Raine, thin I may say
The God's themselues do weeppe.

Cleo. This proye me safe:
If hee full meete the Curled Anthony,
Hee'll make demand of her, and spred that kiffe
Which is my heauen to haue, Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sralpe teeth this knoe intuiscate,
Of life at once entye: Pooe veneous Foudal,
Be angry, and diufpe. Oh couldst thou (peake),
That I ought heere the call great Cesar Asse, unpoliced

Char. Oh Eastern Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doft thou not see my Baby at my bread,
That fackes the Nursie sleepe.

Char. O brake! O brake!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as last as Ayre, as gentle.

O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I say?

Char. In this wilde World? So faire thee well:
Now boast thee Deeth, in thy possefion lies
A Lisse unparallled. Downie Windows cloze,
And golden Phebus, never be beheld
Of eyes againe to Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guardnaughting in, and Delabeela.

1. Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Spekes fofely, wake her not.

1 Cesar hath lent

Char. Too low a Messinger.

Oh come space, diispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 Approach box,

All's not well: Cesar's beguiled.

2. There's Delabeela sent from Cesar: call him:

1. What workes is here Charismam?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse,
Deteced of to many Royall Kings.

Ah Soulciere. 

Charismam dyet.

Enter Delabeela.

Del. How goes it here?

2. Guard. All dead.

Del. Cesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy felle art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Ache which thou
So fough'tt to hinder.

Enter Cesar and all bis Troyns, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cesar.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh sire, you are too sure on August;
That you did feare, is done.
Caesar. Bravely at the last,
She leaved us at our purpose, and being Royall
Took her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was left with them?
1 Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.
Caesar. Pour'd then.
2 Guard. Oh Caesar:
This Charmion list'd but now, the flood and spake:
I found her somming up the Danem:
On her dead Mistris tremblingly the flood,
And on the sodaine drop.
Caesar. Oh Noble weakness:
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but the lookes like sleep;
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong spoyle of Grace.

Finis.