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

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Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[Act 1, Scene 1]

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.
NAY, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-floues the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning 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 Foole. Behold and see.
Cleo.

If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant.

There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo.

Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant.

Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant.

Grates me, the summe.

Cleo.

Nay heare them *Anthony*.

Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant.

How, my Loue?

Cleo.

Perchance? Nay, and most like:

You must not stay heere longer, your dismissal
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*
Where's *Fulvius* Processe? (*Cæsars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo.

Excellent falshood:

Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?

Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.

Ant.

But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,

Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo.

Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant.

Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem.

Is *Cæsar* with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?

Philo.

Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem.

I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Exeunt

[Act 1, Scene 2]

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillus,
us, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.*

Char.

(L.) Lord *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to'th'Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex.

Soothsayer.

Sooth.

Your will?

Char.

Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth.

In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex.

Shew him your hand.

Enob.

Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa[Page 341]Anthonie and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char.

Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth.

I make not, but foresee.

Char.

Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth.

You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char.

He meanes in flesh.

Iras.

No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char.

Wrinkles forbid.

Alex.

Vex not his prescience, be attentiuē.

Char.

Hush.

Sooth.

You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char.

I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex.

Nay, heare him.

Char.

Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octanius Casar*, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth.

You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue.

Char.

Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth.

You haue seene and proued a fairer former for tune, then that which is to approach.

Char.

Then belike my Children shall haue no names:

Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth.

If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore tell euery wish, a Million.

Char.

Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex.

You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to your wishes.

Char.

Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex.

Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob.

Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed.

Iras.

There's a *Palme* presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char.

E'ne as the o're-flowing *Nylus* presageth Fa
mine.

Iras.

Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char.

Nay, if an oyle *Palme* bee not a fruitfull Prog
nostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her
but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth.

Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras.

But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth.

I haue said.

Iras.

Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char.

Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
then I: where would you choose it.

Iras.

Not in my Husbands nose.

Char.

Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas.

Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
mary a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee,
and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse
follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
good *Isis* I beseech thee.

Iras.

Amen, deere Goddess, heare that prayer of the
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Isis* keep *de*
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char.

Amen.

Alex.

Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob.

Hush, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char.

Not he, the Queene.

Cleo.

Saue you, my Lord.

Enob.

No Lady.

Cleo.

Was he not heere?

Char.

No Madam.

Cleo.

He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob.

Madam.

Cleo.

Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias?*

Alex.

Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo.

We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen.

Fulvia thy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant.

Against my Brother *Lucius?*

Messen.

I: but soone that Warre had end,

And the times state

Made friends of them, ioyning their force 'gainst *Cesar*,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant.

Well, what worst.

Mess.

The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant.

When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.

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

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Mes.

Labiennus (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'st□

Ant.

Anthony thou would'st say.

Mes.

Oh my Lord.

Ant.

Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well [awhile].

Mes.

At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant.

From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1. Mes.

The man from *Scicion*,
Is there such an one?

2. Mes.

He stayes vpon your will.

Ant.

Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mes.

Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where dyed she.

Mes.

In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse,
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antho.

Forbear me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
xWe[Page 342]The Tragedie of
We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,

By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlennesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno.

What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth.

I must with haste from hence.

Eno.

Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de
parture death's the word.

Ant.

I must be gone.

Eno.

Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be
tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant.

She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno.

Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
as well as Ioue.

Ant.

Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno.

Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall,
would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant.

Fulvia is dead.

Eno.

Sir.

Ant.

Fulvia is dead.

Eno.

Fulvia?

Ant.

Dead.

Eno.

Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso
lation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant.

The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno.

And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant.

No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob.

I shall doo't.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo.

Where is he?

Char.

I did not see him since.

Cleo.

See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

Char.

Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,

You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo.

What should I do, I do not?

Ch.

In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo.

Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Char.

Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbear,

In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo.

I am sicke, and sullen.

An.

I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo.

Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature

Will not sustaine it.

Ant.

Now my deerest Queene.

Cleo.

Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant.

What's the matter?

Cleo.

I know by that same eye ther's some good news.

What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant.

The Gods best know.

Cleo.

Oh neuer was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant.

Cleopatra.

Cleo.

Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene false to *Fuluia*?

Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing.

Ant.

Most sweet Queene.

Cleo.

Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant.

How now Lady?

Cleo.

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Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo.

I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Heare me Queene:
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domesticke powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued
Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is *Fuluia*'s death.

Cleo.

Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fuluia* dye?

Ant.

She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died.

Cleo.

O most false Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvius* death, how mine receiu'd shall be.

Ant.

Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo.

Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.

Ant.

My precious Queene forbear,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo.

So *Fulvia* told me.

I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant.

You'l heat my blood no more?

Cleo.

You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant.

Now by Sword.

Cleo.

And Target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chase.

Ant.

Ile leaue you Lady.

Cleo.

Courteous Lord, one word:

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

Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my Obluion is a very *Anthony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant.

But that your Royalty

Holds Idlennesse your subiect, I should take you

For Idlennesse it selfe.

Cleo.
'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant.

Let vs go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 4]

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.*

Cæs.
You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and wastes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep.

I must not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.

Cæs.

You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd

His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.

Heere's more newes.

Mes.

Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Most Noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of those
That only haue feard *Cæsar*: to the Ports
The discontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.

Cæs.

I should haue knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall state
That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde
x2To [\[Page 344\]](#) The Tragedie of
To rot it selfe with motion.

Mes.

Cæsar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euerie kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as seene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted.

Cæsar.

Anthony,

Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailles. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat (thē) them did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.

Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.

Lep.

'Tis pittie of him.

Cæs.

Let his shames quickly
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idlennesse.

Lep.

To morrow *Cæsar*,

I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs.

Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.

Lep.

Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.

Cæsar.

Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Exeunt

[Act 1, Scene 5]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo.

Charmian.

Char.

Madam.

Cleo.

Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.

Char.

Why Madam?

Cleo.

That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

My *Anthony* is away.

Char.

You thinke of him too much.

Cleo.

O 'tis Treason.

Char.

Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo.

Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar.

What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo.

Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar.

Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo.

Indeed?

Mar.

Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

Oh *Charmion*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cal's me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phæbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou was't heere about the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæsar.

Alex.

Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo.

How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?

Alex.

Last thing he did (deere Qu [...]ene)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo.

Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex.

Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo.

What was he sad, or merry?

Alex.

Like to the time o'th'yeare, between y^e extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo.

Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex.

I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo.

Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
to *Anthonie*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char
mian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e
uer loue *Casar* so?

Char.

Oh that braue *Casar*!

Cleo.

Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char.

The valiant *Casar*.

Cleo.

By *Isis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth
If thou with *Casar* Paragon againe:
My man of men.

Char.

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

Cleo.

My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
Hee[Page 345]Anthonie and Cleopatra.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
ple Egypt.

Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 1]

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom.

If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
The deeds of iustest men.

Mene.

Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

Pom.

Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays
the thing we sue for.

Mene.

We ignorant of our selues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom.

I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæsar* gets money where
He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene.

Cæsar and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom.

Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene.

From *Siluius*, Sir.

Pom.

He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulnesse□

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var.

This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile.

Pom.

I could haue giuen lesse matter
A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene.

I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom.

I know not *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,
For they haue entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands
Come *Menas*.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep.

Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob.

I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe: if *Cæsar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæsars* head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not shaue't to day.

Lep.

'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Eno.

Euery time serues for the matter that is then
borne in't.

Lep.

But small to greater matters must giue way.

Eno.

Not if the small come first.

Lep.

Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno.

And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant.

If we compose well heere, to Parthia:

Hearke *Ventidius*.

Cæsar.

I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep.

Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not

A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,

May it be gently heard. When we debate

Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit

Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,

Nor curstnesse grow to'th'matter.

Ant.

'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

Flourish.

Cæs.

Welcome to Rome.

Ant.

Thanke you.

Cæs.

Sit.

Ant.

Sit sir.

Cæs.

Nay then.

Ant.

I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:

Or being, concerne you not.

Cæs.

I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say my selfe offended, and with you

Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should

Once name you derogately: when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant.

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

Cæs.

No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant.

How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs.

You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant.

You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,
x3It[Page 346]The Tragedie of
It must not be with this.

Cæs.

You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudge
ment to me: but you patcht vp your excuses.

Anth.

Not so, not so:

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 he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar.

Would we had all such wiues, that the men
might go to Warres with the women.

Anth.

So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæsar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you [...]must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cæsar.

I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you

Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Misiue out of audience.

Ant.

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

Cæsar.

You haue broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep.

Soft *Cæsar*.

Ant.

No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cæsar*,
The Article of my o [...]th.

Cæsar.

To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Anth.

Neglected rather:

And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case.

Lep.

'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece.

If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep.

Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Enobar.

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

Anth.

Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob.

That trueth should be silent, I had almost for
got.

Anth.

You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
more.

Enob.

Go too then: your Considerate stone.

Cæsar.

I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
Ath'world: I would persue it.

Agri.

Giue me leaue *Cæsar*.

Cæsar.

Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri.

Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Octania: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæsar.

Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your
prooffe were well deserued of rashnesse.

Anth.

I am not married *Cæsar*: let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.

Agri.

To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octania to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth.

Will *Cæsar* speake?

Cæsar.

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

Anth.

What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,

To make this good?

Cæsar.

The power of *Cæsar*,
And his power, vnto *Octavia*.

Anth.

May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Designes.

Cæsar.

There's my hand:

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deere. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi.

Happily, Amen.

Ant.

I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi.

Time cal's vpon's,
Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs.

Anth.

Where lies he?

Cæsar.

About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth.

What is his strength by land?

Cæsar.

Great, and increasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth.

So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

Cæsar.

With most gladnesse,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,
Whe [\[Page 347\]](#)Anthony and Cleopatra.
Whether straight Ile lead you.

Anth.

Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep.

Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detaine
me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecnas.

Mec.

Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno.

Halfe the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecnas*. My
honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri.

Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece.

We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
well digested: you staid well by't in Egypt.

Enob.

I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance:
and made the night light with drinking.

Mece.

Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a break
fast, and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

Eno.

This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deser
ued noting.

Mecnas.

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

Enob.

When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst
vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.

Agri.

There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter de
uis'd well for her.

Eno.

I will tell you,

The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
It beggerd all discription, she did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Agrip.

Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno.

Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
Whisling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri.

Rare Egiptian.

Eno.

Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri.

Royall Wench:

She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno.

I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mece.

Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vtterly.

Eno.

Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mece.

If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octania* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip.
Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide here.
Eno.
Humbly Sir I thanke you.
Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Octavia betweene them.

Anth.
The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.
Octa.
All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my prayers to them for you.
Anth.
Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.
Cæsar.
Goodnight.
Exit.

Enter Soothsaier.

Anth.
Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?
Sooth.
Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
thither.
Ant.
If you can, your reason?
Sooth.
I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.
Antho.
Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Cæsars or mine?
Soot.
Cæsars. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæsars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you.
Anth.
Speake this no more.
Sooth.
To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth.

Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him.

Exit.

He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And [\[Page 348\]](#)The Tragedie of
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:

Follow me, and recieue't.

Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 4]

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus.

Trouble your selues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agr.

Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kisse *Octavia*,
and weele follow.

Lepi.

Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece.

We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi.

Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

Both.

Sir good successe.

Lepi.

Farewell.

Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 5]

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo.
Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue.
Omnes.
The Musicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo.
Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

Char.
My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa.
As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi.
As well as I can Madam.

Cleo.
And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char.
'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang
ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo.
That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mes.
Madam, Madam.

Cleo.
Anthony's dead.
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes.
First Madam, he is well.

Cleo.

Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold [...] thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Mes.

Good Madam heare me.

Cleo.

Well, go too I will:

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mes.

Wilt please you heare me?

Cleo.

I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mes.

Madam, he's well.

Cleo.

Well said.

Mes.

And Friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo.

Th'art an honest man.

Mes.

Cæsar, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo.

Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mes.

But yet Madam.

Cleo.

I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mes.

Free Madam, no: I made no such report,

He's bound vnto *Octavia*.

Cleo.

For what good turne?

Mes.

For the best turne i'th'bed.

Cleo.

I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes.

Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo.

The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes.

Good Madam patience.

Cleo.

What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes

Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hales him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes.

Gratious Madam,

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

Cleo.

Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,

And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st

Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what guift beside

Thy modestie can begge.

Mes.

He's married Madam.

Cleo.

Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Mes.

Nay then Ile runne:

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.

Exit.

Char.

Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,

The man is innocent.

Cleo.

Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:

Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures

Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,

Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char.

He is afeard to come.

Cleo.

I will not hurt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike

A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe

Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message
An[Page 349]Anthony and Cleopatra.
An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselues, when they be felt.

Mes.

I haue done my duty.

Cleo.

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,

If thou againe say yes.

Mes.

He's married Madam.

Cleo.

The Gods confound thee,

Dost thou hold there still?

Mes.

Should I lye Madame?

Cleo.

Oh, I would thou didst:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made

A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,

Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mes.

I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo.

He is married?

Mes.

Take no offence, that I would not offend you,

To punnish me for what you make me do

Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo.

Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,

That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,

The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too deere for me:

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char.

Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo.

In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char.

Many times Madam.

Cleo.

I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,

I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*: her yeares,

Her inclination, let him not leaue out

The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me *Charmian*,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

[Act 2, Scene 6]

*Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trum
pet: at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Me
cenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.*

Pom.
Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Cæsar.
Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish heere.

Pom.
To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Iulius Cæsar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cæsar.
Take your time.

Ant.
Thou can'st not feare vs *Pompey* with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom.
At Land indeed
Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi.

Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we haue sent you.

Cæsar.

There's the point.

Ant.

Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cæsar.

And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom.

You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes.

That's our offer.

Pom.

Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant.

I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom.

Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant.

The beds i'th'East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by't.

Cæsar.

Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom.

Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,
But in my bosome shall she neuer come,
To make my heart her vassaile.

Lep.

Well met heere.

Pom.

I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I craue our composition may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,
Cæsar.
That's the next to do.
Pom.
Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant.
That will I *Pompey*.
Pompey.
No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that *Iulius Cæsar*, grew fat with feasting there.
Anth.
You haue heard much.
Pom.
I haue faire meaning Sir.
Ant.
And faire words to them.
Pom.
Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried□
Eno.
No more that: he did so.
Pom.
What I pray you?
Eno.
A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Matris.
Pom.
I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?
Eno.
Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue
Foure [\[Page 350\]](#)The Tragedie of
Foure Feasts are toward.
Pom.
Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behaiour.
Enob.
Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.
Pom.
Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?
All.
Shew's the way, sir.
Pom.
Come.

Exeunt.

Manet Enob. & Menas

Men.

Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob.

At Sea, I thinke.

Men.

We haue Sir.

Enob.

You haue done well by water.

Men.

And you by Land.

Enob.

I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men.

Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob.

Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men.

And you by Land.

Enob.

There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kissing.

Men.

All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob.

But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men.

No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob.

We came hither to fight with you.

Men.

For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob.

If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men.

Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob.

Cæsars Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men.

True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob.

But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men.

Pray'ye sir.

Enob.

'Tis true.

Men.

Then is *Cæsar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob.

If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesie so.

Men.

I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob.

I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity: *Octania* is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation.

Men.

Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno.

Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of *Octania* blow the fire vp in *Cæsar*, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion here.

Men.

And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?

I haue a health for you.

Enob.

I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in

Egypt.

Men.

Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke playes.

[Act 2, Scene 7]

Enter two or three Seruants with a Banquet.

1

Heere they'l be man: some o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2

Lepidus is high Conlord.

1

They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2

As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselſe to'th'drinke.

1

But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2

Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel
lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1

To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas,
Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.*

Ant.

Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep.

Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anth.

I *Lepidus*.

Lep.

Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant.

They are so.

Pom.

Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep.

I am not so well as I should be:

But Ile ne're out.

Enob.

Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'll bee in
till then.

Lep.

Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyra
misis are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas.

Pompey, a word.

Pomp.

Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men.

Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom.

Forbeare me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare.

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep.

What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant.

It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep.

What colour is it of?

Ant.

Of it owne colour too.

Lep.

'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant.

'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæs.

Will this description satisfie him?

Ant.

With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pomp.

Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:

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

Men.

If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

R [...][\[Page 351\]](#)Anthony and Cleopatra.

Rise from thy stoole.

Pom.

I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men.

I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom.

Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords.

Anth.

These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,

Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Men.

Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom.

What saist thou?

Men.

Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom.

How should that be?

Men.

But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom.

Hast thou drunke well.

Men.

No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom.

Shew me which way?

Men.

These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom.

Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men.

For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom.

This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant.

Beare him ashore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno.

Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men.

Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom.

Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno.

There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men.

Why?

Eno.

A beares the third part of the world man: seest
not?

Men.

The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
all, that it might go on wheelles.

Eno.

Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men.

Come.

Pom.

This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant.

It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessells ho.

Heere's to *Cæsar*.

Cæsar.

I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant.

Be a Child o'th'time.

Cæsar.

Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob.

Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom.

Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant.

Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno.

All take hands:

Make batterry to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.*

Cæsar.

What would you more?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our grauer businesse
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom.

Ile try you on the shore.

Anth.

And shall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom.

Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Eno.

Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on shore,

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,

These Trumpets, Flutes: what

Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell

To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor.

Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men.

Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven.

Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,

Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine.

Noble *Ventidius*,

Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether

The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven.

Oh *Sillius, Sillius*,

I haue done enough. A lower place note well

May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,

Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.

Cæsar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, lost his fauour.

Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should [\[Page 352\]](#)The Tragedie of
Should my performance perish.

Rom.

Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven.

Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th'Field.

Rom.

Where is he now?

Ven.

He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.
Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 2]

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri.

What are the Brothers parted?

Eno.

They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickness.

Agri.

'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno.

A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cesar*.

Agri.

Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno.

Cesar? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant.

What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno.

Spake you of *Cesar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri.

Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno.

Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.

Agr.

Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno.

But he loues *Cæsar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,

Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,

His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*,

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri.

Both he loues.

Eno.

They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri.

Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antho.

No further Sir.

Cæsar.

You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band

Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,

Let not the peece of Vertue which is set

Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue

To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter

The Fortresse of it: for better might we

Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts

This be not cherisht.

Ant.

Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Cæsar.

I haue said.

Ant.

You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the lest cause

For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,

And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:

We will heere part.

Cæsar.

Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa.

My Noble Brother.

Anth.

The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,

And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa.
 Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—
 Cæsar.
 What *Octavia*?
 Octa.
 Ile tell you in your eare.
 Ant.
 Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart informe her tongue.
 The Swannes downe feather
 That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
 And neither way inclines.
 Eno.
 Will *Cæsar* weepe?
 Agr.
 He ha's a cloud in's face.
 Eno.
 He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
 he being a [...]man.
 Agri.
 Why *Enobarbus*:
 When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæsar* dead,
 He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
 When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.
 Eno.
 That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
 What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
 Beleeu't till I weepe too.
 Cæsar.
 No sweet *Octavia*,
 You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
 Out-go my thinking on you.
 Ant.
 Come Sir, come,
 Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
 Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
 And giue you to the Gods.
 Cæsar.
 Adieu, be happy.
 Lep.
 Let all the number of the Starres giue light
 To thy faire way.
 Cæsar.
 Farewell, farewell.
Kisses Octavia.
 Ant.
 Farewell.

Trumpets sound.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo.

Where is the Fellow?

Alex.

Halfe afeard to come.

Cleo.

Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex.

Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke
vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo.

That *Herods* head, Ile haue: but how? When
Anthony is gone, through whom I might commaund it:
Come thou neere.

Mes.

Most gracious Maiestie.

Cleo.

Did'st thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes.

I dread Queene.

Cleo.

Where?

Mes.

Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo.

Is she as tall as me?

Mes.

She is not Madam.

Cleo.

Didst heare her speake?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes.

Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo.

That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char.

Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo.

I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish

What Maiestie is in her gate, remember

If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.

Note: There is a large ink mark at the far right side of this line.

Mes.

She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one:

She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breather.

Cleo.

Is this certaine?

Mes.

Or I haue no obseruance.
Cha.
Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo.
He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The [\[Page 353\]](#)Anthony and Cleopatra
The Fellow ha's good iudgement.
Char.
Excellent.
Cleo.
Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.
Mess.
Madam, she was a widdow.
Cleo.
Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.
Mes.
And I do thinke she's thirtie.
Cle.
Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess.
Round, euen to faultinesse.
Cleo.
For the most part too, they are foolish that are
so. Her haire what colour?
Mess.
Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo.
There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char.
A proper man.
Cleo.
Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char.
Nothing Madam.
Cleo.
The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
know.
Char.
Hath he seene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and
seruing you so long.
Cleopa.

I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char.

I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant.

Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantily of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was giuen him: he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi.

Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deusion chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant.

Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
So your desires are yours.

Oct.

Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
Should soader vp the Rift.

Anth.

When it appeeres to you where this begins,

Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be so equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 5]

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno.

How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros.

Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno.

What man?

Ero.

Cæsar & Lepidus haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.

Eno.

This is old, what is the successe?

Eros.

Cæsar hauing made vse of him in the warres
'gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him riuality, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore
third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno.

Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le
grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros.

He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno.

Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros.

For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.

Eno.

'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros.

Come Sir,

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 6]

Enter Agrippa, Mecnas, and Casar.

Cæs.

Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.
Mece.

This in the publike eye?

Cæsar.

I'th'common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: she
In th'abiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mece.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri.

Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæsar.

The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accusations.

Agri.

Who does he accuse?

Cæsar.

Cæsar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Agri.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæsar.

'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:

I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

yyThat [\[Page 354\]](#) The Tragedie of

That he his high Authority abus'd,

And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,

I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,

And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec.

Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Cæs.

Nor must not then be yeilded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Octa.

Haile *Cæsar*, and my (L.) Lord haile most deere *Cæsar*.

Cæsar.

That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa.

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

Cæs.

Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæsars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa.

Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Marke *Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Cæs.

Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'twene his Lust, and him.

Octa.

Do not say so, my Lord.

Cæs.

I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa.

My Lord, in Athens.

Cæsar.

No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King

Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa.

Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other.

Cæs.

Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
(breaking forth
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbeuayl'd 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 Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Agrip.

Welcome Lady.

Mec.

Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.

Octa.

Is it so sir?

Cæs.

Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister.

Exeunt

[Act 3, Scene 7]

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo.

I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno.

But why, why, why?

Cleo.

Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno.

Well: is it, is it.

Cleo.

If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person.

Enob.

Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo.

What is't you say?

Enob.

Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo.

Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th'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 Camidius.

Eno.

Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperour.

Ant.

Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo.

Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant.

A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo.

By Sea, what else?

Cam.

Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant.

For that he dares vs too't.

Enob.

So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam.

I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob.

Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militeres, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Cæsars* Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant.

By Sea, by Sea.

Eno.

Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant.

Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo

[\[Page 355\]](#)

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo.

I haue sixty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant.

Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne, of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Businesse?

Mes.

The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cæsar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant.

Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul.

Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant.

Well, well, away.

exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.

Soul.

By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam.

Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes

Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,

And we are Womens men.

Soul.

You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven.

Note: This speech is conventionally attributed to Camidius.

Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iustus,

Publicola, and Celius, are for Sea:

But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cæsars*

Carries beyond be [...]efe.

Soul.

While h [...] was yet in Rome.

His power went out in such distractions,

As begulde all Spies.

Cam.

Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul.

They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam.

Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

The Emperor cals *Camidius*.

Cam.

With Newes the times wit [...] Labour,

And throwes forth each minute, some.

exeunt

[Act 3, Scene 8]

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs.

Towrus?

Tow.

My Lord.

Cæs

Strike not by Land,

Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile

Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede

The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes

Vpon this iumpe.

exit.

[Act 3, Scene 9]

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant.

Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæsars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

exit.

[Act 3, Scene 10]

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarrus.*

Eno.

Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarrus.

Scar.

Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno.

What's thy passion.

Scar.

The greater Cantele of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno.

How appeares the Fight?

Scar.

On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midst o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno.

That I beheld:

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

Scar.

She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob.

Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam.

Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob.

I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeed.

Cam.

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar.

'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid.

To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno.

Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

[Act 3, Scene 11]

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant.

Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes.

Fly? Not wee.

Ant.

I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haire's do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left

Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.
y 2Leaue[Page 356]The Tragedie of
Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by.

Sits downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros.

Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras.

Do most deere Queene.

Char.

Do, why, what else?

Cleo.

Let me sit downe: Oh *Iuno*.

Ant.

No, no, no, no, no.

Eros.

See you heere, Sir?

Ant.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char.

Madam.

Iras.

Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros.

Sir, sir.

Ant.

Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancr, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo.

Ah stand by.

Eros.

The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras.

Go to him, Madam, speake to him,

Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

Cleo.

Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros.

Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant.

I haue offended Reputation,

A most vnnoble sweruing.

Eros.

Sir, the Queene.

Ant.

Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo.

Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'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 Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo.

Pardon, pardon.

Ant.

Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt

[Act 3, Scene 12]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Cæs

Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.

Know you him.

Dolla.

Cæsar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,

Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Cæsar.

Approach, and speake.

Amb.

Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:

I was of late as petty to his ends,

As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe

To his grand Sea.

Cæs.

Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb.

Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and

Requires to lue in Egypt, which not granted

He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues

To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth

A priuate man in Athens: this for him.

Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues

The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæs.

For *Anthony*,

I haue no cares to his request. The Queene,

Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee

From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,

Or take his life there. This if shee performe,

She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb.

Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs.

Bring him through the Bands:

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise

And in our Name, what she requires [...]dde more

From thine inuention, offers. Wom [...] are not

In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure

The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we

Will answer as a Law.

Thid.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæsar.

Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speakes

In euery power that mooues.

Thid.

Cæsar, I shall.

exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 13]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, [...] Iras.

Cleo.

What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno.

Thinke, and dye.

Cleo.

Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno.

Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Cleo.

Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant.

Is that his answer?

Amb.

I my Lord.

Ant.

The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So she will yeeld vs vp.

Am.

He sayes so.

Antho.

Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæsar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo.

That head my Lord?

Ant.

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Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ant.

To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
As i'th'Command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

Eno.
Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæsar* will
Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th'shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell 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 *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Cæsar* thou hast subdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser.
A Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo.
What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eno.
Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo.
Cæsars will.

Thid.
Heare it apart.

Cleo.
None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid.
So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Enob.
He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæsar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæsar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cæsars*.

Thid.
So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Cæsars*.

Cleo.
Go on, right Royall.

Thid.
He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo.

Oh.

Thid.
The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he

Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.

Cleo.

He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meereley.

Eno.

To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for
Thy deerest quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid.

Shall I say to *Cæsar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Land
(lord.

Cleo.

What's your name?

Thid.

My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo.

Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this in disputation,
I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid.

'Tis your Noblest course:

Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo.

Your *Cæsars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant.

Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
(Fellow?

Thid.

One that but performes

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obey'd.

Eno.

You will be whipt.

Ant.

Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried ho,
Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno.

'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant.

Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cesar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid.

Marke Anthony.

Ant.

Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Casars* shall
Beare vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt with Thidius.

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo.

Good my Lord.

Ant.

You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo.

Oh, is't come to this?

Ant.

I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon
Dead *Casars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,

Though you can guesse 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 Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Basan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like
y3A [\[Page 358\]](#) The Tragedie of
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser.

Soundly, my Lord.

Ant.

Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser.

He did aske fauour.

Ant.

If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo.

Haue you done yet?

Ant.

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

Cleo.

I must stay his time?

Ant.

To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.

Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Cleo.

Not know me yet?

Ant.

Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo.

Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.

Ant.

I am satisfied:

Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo.

That's my braue Lord.

Ant.

I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo.

It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant.

We will yet do well.

Cleo.

Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant.

Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force

The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno.

Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecnas with his Army,
Cæsar reading a Letter.*

Cæs

He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.

Cæsar to Anthony: let the old Russian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece.

Cæsar must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæs

Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*.

Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 2]

*Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant.

He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno.

No?

Ant.

Why should he not?

Eno.

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant.

To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno.

Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant.

Well said, come on:

Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo.

What meanes this?

Eno.

'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.

Ant.

And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

[\[Page 359\]](#)

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Omnes.

The Gods forbid.

Ant.

Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo.

What does he meane?

Eno.

To make his Followers weepe.

Ant.

Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,

A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno.

What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. Sol.

Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. Sol.

It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1

Nothing: what newes?

2

Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1

Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2

Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.

1

And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

2

Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand vp.

1

'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2

Peace, what noise?

1

List, list.

2

Hearke.

1

Musicke i'th'Ayre.

3

Vnder the earth.

4

It signes well, do's it not?

1

Peace I say: What should this meane?

2

'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.

1

Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2

How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes.

How now? how now? do you heare this?

1

I, is't not strange?

3

Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?

1

Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnes.

Content: 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 4]

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant.

Eros, mine Armour *Eros*.

Cleo.

Sleepe a little.

Ant.

No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we braue her. Come.

Cleo.

Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant.

Well, well, we shall thriue now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros.

Briefely Sir.

Cleo.

Is not this buckled well?

Ant.

Rarely, rarely:
He that vnuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight.

Soul.

A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alex.

The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All.

Good morrow Generall.

Ant.

'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-sed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char.

Please you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo.

Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on.
Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 5]

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros.
The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.
Ant.
Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros.
Had'st thou done so,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue still
Followed thy heeles.
Ant.
Whose gone this morning?
Eros.
Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
Hee [\[Page 360\]](#)The Tragedie of
He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant.
What sayest thou?
Sold.
Sir he is with *Cæsar*.
Eros.
Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.
Ant.
Is he gone?
Sol.
Most certaine.
Ant.
Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*.
Exit

[Act 4, Scene 6]

*Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus,
and Dollabella.*

Cæs
Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alieue:

Make it so knowne.

Agrip.

Cæsar, I shall.

Cæsar.

The time of vniuersall peace is neere:

Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world

Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

Anthony is come into the Field.

Cæs

Go charge *Agrippa*,

Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,

That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury

Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob.

Alexas did reuolt, and went to *Ienrii* on

Affaires of *Anthony*, there did disswade

Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cæsar*,

And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,

Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the rest

That fell away, haue entertainment, but

No honourable trust: I haue done ill,

Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,

That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.

Sol.

Enobarbus, *Anthony*

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with

His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now

Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno.

I giue it you.

Sol.

Mocke not *Enobarbus*,

I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer

Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,

Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor

Continues still a Ioue.

Exit

Enob.

I am alone the Villaine of the earth,

And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,

Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed

My better seruice, when my turpitude

Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,

If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane

Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele

I fight against thee: No I will go seeke

Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

[Act 4, Scene 7]

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrip
Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Cesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar.
O my braue Emperour, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads.

Far off.

Ant.

Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar.

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

Ant.

They do retyre.

Scar.

Wee'll beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros.

They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.

Scar.

Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant.

I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar.

Ile halt after.

Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 8]

*Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.
Scarrus, with others.*

Ant.

We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through prooffe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo.

Lord of Lords.

Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.

The worlds great snare vncaught.

Ant.

Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds.

What Gyrl, though gray

Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we

A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can

Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,

Commend vnto his Lippes thy faouering hand,

Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,

As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo.

Ile giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant.

He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled

Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a iolly March,

Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.

Had our great Pallace the capacity

To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,

And drinke Carowes to the next dayes Fate

Which [\[Page 361\]](#)Anthony and Cleopatra.

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters

With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,

Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,

That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 9]

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent.

If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By'th'second houre i'th'Morne.

1. Watch.

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

Enob.

Oh beare me witnesse night.

2

What man is this?

1

Stand close, and list him.

Enob.

Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men reuolted shall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent.

Enobarbus?

2

Peace: Hearke further.

Enob.

Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony!* Oh *Anthony!*

1

Let's speake to him.

Cent.

Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne *Cæsar*.

2

Let's do so; but he sleeps.

Cent.

Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1

Go we to him.

2

Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1

Heare you sir?

Cent.

The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:

Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:

Our houre is fully out.

2

Come on then, he may recouer yet.

exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 10]

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant.

Their preparation is to day by Sea,

We please them not by Land.

Scar.

For both, my Lord.

Ant.

I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th' Ayre,

Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote

Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty

Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,

They haue put forth the Hauen:

Where their appointment we may best discouer,

And looke on their endeuour.

exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 11]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs.

But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,

Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force

Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best aduantage.

exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 12]

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant.

Yet they are not ioyn'd:

Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.

Ile bring thee word straight, how ['tis] like to go.

exit.

Scar.

Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
Note: A pencil line has been drawn under this line.
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant.

All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*. And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros, Eros?*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo.

Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

Ant.

Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,
And blemish *Cæsars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor'st Diminutiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octania*, plough thy visage vp
With her prepared nailes.

exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death

Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The shirt of *Nessus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa?
exit.

[Act 4, Scene 13]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo.
Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
Was neuer so imbest.

Char.
To'th'Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:
The [\[Page 362\]](#)The Tragedie of
The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo.
To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th' Monument.
Exeunt.

[Act 4, Scene 14]

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant.
Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros.
I Noble Lord.
Ant.
Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros.
I my Lord.
Ant.
That which is now a Horse, euen with a thought

the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros.

It does my Lord.

Ant.

My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annex't vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Casars*, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar.

No *Anthony*,
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant.

Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar.

Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead then?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant.

Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.

exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,

The seuen-fold shield of *Aiæx* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.

exit Eros

I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros.

What would my Lord?

Ant.

Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Casars* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th'ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Casars* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros.

The Gods with-hold me,

Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,

(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant.

Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Casars* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros.

I would not see't.

Ant.

Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsefull for thy Country.

Eros.

Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant.

When I did make thee free, swor'st yu not then

To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros.

Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant.

Loe thee.

Eros.

My sword is drawne.

Ant.

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros.

My deere Master,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant.

'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros.

Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant.

Now *Eros*.

Killes himselfe.

Eros.

Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.

Ant.

Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*

Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me

A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee

A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't

As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,

Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus

I learnt of thee [...] How, not dead? Not dead?

The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

[\[Page 363\]](#)

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard.

What's the noise?

Ant.

I haue done my worke ill Friends:

Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2

The Starre is falne.

1

And time is at his Period.

All.

Alas, and woe.

Ant.

Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1

Not I.

2

Nor I.

3

Nor any one.

exeunt

Dercetus.

Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to *Casár* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio.

Where's *Anthony*?

Decre.

There *Diomed* there.

Diom.

Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant.

Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
Suffising strokes for death.

Diom.

Most absolute Lord:

My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant.

When did shee send thee?

Diom.

Now my Lord.

Anth.

Where is she?

Diom.

Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying
(feare

Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Casár*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant.

Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio.

What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant.

Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

1

Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.

All.

Most heauy day.

Ant.

Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

[Act 4, Scene 15]

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo.

Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char.

Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo.

No, I will not:

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

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom.

His death's vpon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,

His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo.

Oh Sunne,

Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th'world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace,

Not *Casars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthony's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo.

So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,

But woe 'tis so.

Ant.

I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo.

I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: nor th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæsar*, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:
Assist good Friends.

Ant.

Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo.

Heere's sport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come,
They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All.

A heauy sight.

Ant.

I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo.

No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant.

One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Cæsar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo.

They do not go together.

Ant.

Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo.

My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,

None about *Cesar*.

Ant.

The miserable change now at my end,
Note: An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo.

Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Styre? Oh see my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The [\[Page 364\]](#)The Tragedie of
The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char.

Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras.

She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char.

Lady.

Iras.

Madam.

Char.

Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras.

Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char.

Peace, peace, *Iras*.

Cleo.

No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke

Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breifest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

[Act 5, Scene 1]

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Cæsar.
Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol.
Cæsar, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Cæs.
Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?
Dec.
I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar*: if yu pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæsar.
What is't thou say'st?

Dec.
I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæsar.
The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec.
He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Cæs.

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

Dol.

And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec.

His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola.

A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec.

When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Cæsar.

Oh *Anthony*,

I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; 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
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he says.

Enter an Ægyptian.

Whence are you?

Ægyp.

A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.

Cæsar.

Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

Ægypt.

So the Gods preserue thee.

Exit.

Cæs
Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro.

Cæsar I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Cæs.

Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se
ond *Proculeius*?

All.

Dolabella.

Cæs.

Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To [\[Page 365\]](#)Anthony and Cleopatra.
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Cæsars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro.

Cæsar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo.

What's thy name?

Pro.

My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo.

Anthony

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a [Queene] his begger, you must tell him,
That Maiesty to keepe *decorum*, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro.

Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo.

Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourelly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro.

This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro.

Note: This speech is conventionally given to Gallus.
You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

Iras.

Royall Queene.

Char.

Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo.

Quicke, quicke, good hands.

Pro.

Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo.

What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro.

Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo.

Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro.

Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo.

Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro.

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol.

Proculeius,

What thou hast done, thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro.

So *Dolabella,*

It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To *Cæsar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll imploy me to him.

Exit Proculeius

Cleo.

Say, I would dye.

Dol.

Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.

Cleo.

I cannot tell.

Dol.

Assuredly you know me.

Cleo.

No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol.

I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo.

I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.

Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol.

If it might please ye.

Cleo.

His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol.

Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo.

His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe about
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liury
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol.

Cleopatra.

Cleo.

Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol.

Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo.

You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, not euer were one such
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stufte
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol.

Heare me, good Madam:

Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
My very heart at roote.

Cleo.

I thanke you sir:

Know you what *Cesar* meanes to do with me?

Dol.

I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo.

Nay pray you sir.

Dol.

Though he be Honourable.
Cleo.
Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.
Dol.
Madam he will, I know't.
Flourish.

*Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Traine.*

All.
Make way there *Cæsar*.
zzCæsar
[\[Page 366\]](#)
The Tragedie of
Cæs
Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol.
It is the Emperor Madam.
Cleo. kneeles.
Cæsar.
Arise, you shall not kneele:
I pray you rise, rise Egypt.
Cleo.
Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Cæsar.
Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo.
Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often sham'd our Sex.
Cæsar.
Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antonies course, you shall bereaue your selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo.
And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
Cæsar.

You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo.

This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels

I am possest of, 'tis exactly valed, &

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

Seleu.

Heere Madam.

Cleo.

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

Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd

To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

Seleu.

Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,

Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo.

What haue I kept backe.

Sel.

Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Cæsar.

Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue

Your Wisedome in the deede.

Cleo.

See *Cæsar*: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,

And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, yu shalt

Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes

Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.

O rarely base!

Cæsar.

Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cleo.

O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,

That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,

Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse

To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should

Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by

Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæsar*)

That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd,

Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie

As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say

Some Nobler token I haue kept apart

For *Linia* and *Octania*, to induce

Their mediation, must I be vnfolded

With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits

Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,

Thou would'st haue mercy on me.

Cæsar.

Forbear *Seleucus*.

Cleo.

Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.

Cæsar.

Cleopatra,

Not what you haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th'Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleue
Cæsars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo.

My Master, and my Lord.

Cæsar.

Not so: Adieu.

Flourish.

Exeunt Cæsar, and his Traine.

Cleo.

He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian*.

Iras.

Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.

Cleo.

Hye th [...]e againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol.

Where's the Queene?

Char.

Behold sir.

Cleo.

Dolabella.

Dol.

Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,

Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol.

I your Seruant:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cæsar*.

Exit

Cleo.

Farewell, and thankes.

Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras.

The Gods forbid.

Cleo.

Nay, 'tis most certain *Iras*: sawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will stage vs, and present
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras.

O the good Gods!

Cleo.

Nay that's certaine.

Iras.

Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

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Anthony and *Cleopatra*.

Cleo.

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

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede.)
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards.

Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo.

Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

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

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards.

This is the man.

Cleo.

Auoid, and leaue him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow.

Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par
tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne
uer recouer.

Cleo.

Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow.

Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo
man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by
ting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie
good report o'th'worme: but he that wil belecue all that
they say, shall neuer be sau'd by halfe that they do: but
this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo.

Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow.

I wish you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo.

Farewell.

Clow.

You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo.

I, I, farewell.

Clow.

Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo.

Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow.

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

Cleo.

Will it eate me?

Clow.

You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo.

Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow.

Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th'worm.

Exit

Cleo.

Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char.

Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselues do weepe.

Cleo.

This proues me base:

If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,

Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæsar* Asse, vnpoliced.

Char.

Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo.

Peace, peace:

Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.

Char.

O breake! O breake!

Cleo.

As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.

O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay□

Dyes.

Char.

In this wilde World? So fare thee well:

Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lasse vnparallell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play□

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1. Guard.

Where's the Queene?

Char.

Speake softly, wake her not.

1

Cæsar hath sent

Char.

Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1

Approach hoa,

All's not well: *Cæsar*'s beguild.

2

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

1

What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char.

It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse

Descended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol.

How goes it heere?

2. Guard.

All dead.

Dol.

Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and all his Traine, marching.

All.

A way there, a way for *Cæsar*.

zz2Dol.

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The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra.

Dol.

Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cæsar.

Brauest at the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleede.

Dol.

Who was last with them?

1. Guard.

A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæsar.

Poyson'd then.

1. Guard.

Oh *Cæsar*:

This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.

Cæsar.

Oh Noble weakenesse:

If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol.

Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard.

This is an Aspicket traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caués of Nyle.

Cæsar.

Most probable

That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,

And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.