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Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30


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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)
\[2C^2 a-g^6 x_{g^6} h-v^6 x^4 \chi_{1.2} [\text{para}.-2[\text{para}.]6 3[\text{para}.]1 aa-ff^6 \]
\[hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. \text{West: } \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2) \]
\[2A^2 B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 \chi_{g^6} h-v^6 x^4 \]
\[2k-2v^6 \]
\[x^6 2y-3b^6.\]

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; \( ^3gg1 \) mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of Droeuchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.


Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
added after leaving the Library.</p>
</additions>
<br>
Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine.
Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in
Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
printed waste from a copy of Cicero’s "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod.
Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
</bindingDesc>
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<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
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<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl>
<title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905)<p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>
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Fourth Guard

Fourth Soldier

Fourth Watchman

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Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to Caesar

Camidius (Canidius), lieutenant-general to Antony
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Menecrates, friend to Pompey</li>
<li>Mene.</li>
<li>Mene.</li>
<li>Mess.</li>
<li>Messen.</li>
<li>Octavia, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony</li>
<li>Octaiu.</li>
<li>Philo, friend to Antony</li>
<li>Philo.</li>
<li>Pompey, (Sextus Pompeius)</li>
<li>Pom.</li>
<li>Pom.</li>
<li>Pompey.</li>
<li>Proculeius, friend to Caesar</li>
<li>Pro.</li>
<li>Roman (Silius), an officer in Ventidius's army</li>
<li>Rom.</li>
<li>Romaine.</li>
<li>Scarus, friend to Antony</li>
<li>Scar.</li>
<li>Seleucus, attendant on Cleopatra</li>
<li>Sel.</li>
<li>Seleu.</li>
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      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius and Philo.</stage>
    </div>
  </div>
  <sp who="#F-ant-phi">
    <speaker rend="italic">Philo.</speaker>
  </sp>
  <c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c> Ay, but this dotage of our
Generals

Ore-flowes 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 Bellowes 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.

If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.
Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
Grates me, the summe.
Nay heare them Anthony.
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,

If the scarce-bearded Caesar haue not sent

His powrfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

How, my Loue?
Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your dismission is come from Caesar, therefore here it

Where's Fuluias Processe? (I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypt's Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesar homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame.
When shrill-tongued Fuluia scolds. The Messengers.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Here 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 pare,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde One paine of punishment, the world to weete We stand vp Peerlessse.

Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry Fuluia, and not loue her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. Caesar will be himselfe.
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

But stirr'd by <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.

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 ni

Cleo.

Heare the Ambassadors.

Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

To weep: 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.</sp>

Exeunt with the Traine.

Is <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> with <hi rend="italic">Anthonius</hi> priz'd so slight?</hi>

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 h

Anthonius</hi> priz'd so slight?</hi>

Sir sometimes when he is not <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</i>

He comes too short of that great Property</i>

Which still should go with <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi></i>

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 h

Exeunt</stage>

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucilli-

us, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char.

Alexas, sweet 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.

Soothsayer.

Your will?

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

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

Shew him your hand.

Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough, Cleopa's health to drinke.

Cleopatra's health to drinke.
Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth.

I make not, but foresee.

Char.

You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

He meanes in flesh.

No, you shall paint when you are old.

Wrinkles forbid.

Vex not his prescience, be attentiue.

Hush.

You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Nay, heare him.

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
Octauius Cæsar, and companion me with my Mistris.

You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue.

Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Then belike my Children shall haue no names:

If euery of your wishes had a wombe, fore-tune, that which is to approach.

Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

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

Nay come, tell Iras hers.

You we'll know all our Fortunes.

Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
<lb>be drunke to bed.</lb>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, if an o'ry Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-
  <lb>nostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her
  <lb>but a worky day Fortune.</lb></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
  <p>Your Fortunes are alike.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>But how, but how, giue me particulars.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
  <p>I haue said.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
  <lb>then I: where would you choose it.</lb></p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>Not in my Husbands nose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.</p>
</sp>
Alexas.  

Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis.  

I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good 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 vnuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep corum, and Fortune him accordingly.  

Amen.  

Alex.  

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

Enter Cleopatra.  

Enob.  

Hush, heere comes Anthony.  

Not he, the Queene.  

Not he, the Queene.  

Saue you, my Lord.  

Saue you, my Lord.  

No Lady.
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <p>Was he not heere?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>No Madam.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine</l>
  <l>A Romane thought hath strooke him.</l>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>?

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <p>Madam.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Alexias</hi>?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
  <l>Heere at your seruice.</l>
  <l>My Lord approaches.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>We will not looke vpon him:</l>
  <l>Go with vs.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
  <l>Fuluia thy Wife,</l>
  <l>First came into the Field.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Against my Brother</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
  <l>I: but soone that Warre had end.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
  <l>Fuluia thy Wife,</l>
  <l>First came into the Field.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Against my Brother</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
  <l>I: but soone that Warre had end.</l>
</sp>
And the times state Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar Whose better issue in the warre from Italy, Vpon the first encounter draue them. Well, what worst. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller. 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. Oh my Lord. Anthony thou would'st say. Oh my Lord. Speake to me home, Mince not the generall tongue, name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome: Raile thou in Fuluia's phrase, and taunt my faults With such full License, as both Truth and Malice Haue power to vttel. 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.

At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messe

nger.

Enter another

Messenger.

From Scicion how the newes? Speake there.

He stayes vpon your will.

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?

Fuluia thy wife is dead.

Where dyed she.

In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.
Antho. Forbeare me! There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it: What our contempts doth often hurle from vs, We! We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure, By resolution lowring, does become The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon, I must from this enchanting Queene breake off, Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enobarbus. Enter Enobarbus.

Hi What's your pleasure, Sir?

I must with haste from hence.

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.

Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-

Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.

the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vppon 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.

She is cunning past mans thought.

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.

Would I had neuer seene her.

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

Fuluia is dead.

Sir.

Fuluia is dead.

Fuluia??
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: comfort therein, that when olde Robes are wore out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fuluia, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

The businesse she hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence. And the businesse you haue broach'd here can not be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

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 Fuluia, 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 Caesar, 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 Serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places under us, require
Our quick revenge from hence.

I shall do't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.
Where is he?
I did not see him since.
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing: if in Myrrh, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

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

What should I do, I do not?

In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Tempt him not so far. I wish forbear.
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes Anthony. I am sicke, and sullen.

I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Helpe me away deere Charmian, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature shall not sustaine it.

Now my deerest Queene.

Pray you stand farther from mee.

What's the matter?

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

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

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

The Gods best know.

Oh neuer was there Queene so mightily betrayed: yet at the first I saw the Treasons planted.
Ant. "Cleopatra,"

Why should I thinke you can be mine,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene false to "Fuluia"?
Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing.

Most sweet Queene.
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,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

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

Heare me Queene:
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full h
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
Upon 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 Fuluias death.

Cleo.

Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can Fuluiia death?

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.

O most false Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Fuluias death, how mine receiu'd shall be.

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.

Cut my Lace, Charmian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony loues.
My precious Queene forbear, 
And giue true evidence to his Loue, which stands an honourable Triall.

So Fuluia told me. 
I prythee turne aside, and wepe 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.

You'l heat my blood no more? 
You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Now by Sword. 
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. 
Ile leaue you Lady. 
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 Obliuion is a very Anthony And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you for Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour, to beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart. But Sir, forgive me, since my becomings kill me, when they do not eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence, therefore be deaf to my vnptitted folly, and all the Gods go with you. Upon your sword sit Lawrell victory, and smooth success be strew'd before your feet.

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

Exeunt.
That all men follow.

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.

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 speaks as lowd As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge, Pawne their experience to their present pleasure, And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy biddings haue beene done, &euerie houre Most Noble Caesar, shalt thou haue report

How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
The discontents repair, and mens reports
Giu'e him much wrong'd.

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,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

The Tragedie of

To rot it selfe with motion.

Cæsar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas
famous Pyrates

Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery 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.

Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. 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

The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.

Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,

The barkes 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

Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke

So much as lank'd not.

'Tis pitty of him.

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 Idlenesse.

To morrow

I shal be furnisht to informe you rightly

Both what by Sea and Land I can be able

To front this present time.

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

Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Doubt no
t sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir

To let me be partaker.

Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Exeunt
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleopatra.

Charmian.

Madam.

Ha, ha, give me to drink Mandragora.

Why Madam?

You think of him too much.

O 'tis Treason.

Madam, I trust not so.

Thou, Eunuch Mardian?

What's your Highnesse pleasure?

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

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Yes gracious Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mer">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <l>Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing</l>
  <l>But what in deede is honest to be done:</l>
  <l>Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke</l>
  <l>What Venus did with Mars.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Charmion</hi>: Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?</l>
  <l>Oh happy horse to beare the weight of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>!</l>
</sp>
<sp rend="italic">Alexas from <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</sp>
  <l>Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,</l>
  <l>The demy <hi rend="italic">Atlas</hi> of this Earth, the Arme</l>
  <l>And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now.</l>
  <l>Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,</l>
  <l>(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe</l>
  <l>With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me</l>
  <l>That am with Phæbus amorous pinches blacke,</l>
  <l>And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted</l>
  <sp rend="italic">Cæsar</sp>, <l>When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was</l>
  <l>A morsell for a Monarke: and great</l>
</sp>
<sp rend="italic">Pompey</sp>
  <l>Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,</l>
  <l>There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye</l>
  <l>With looking on his life.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Alexas from <sp rend="#F-ant-ale" type="entrance">Alex.</sp>
Soueraigne of Egypt, haile. 

How much unlike art thou, Marke? 

Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath 
With his Tinct gilded thee. 

How goes it with my brave, Marke? 

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

Mine eare must plucke it thence. 

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. 

What was he sad, or merry? 

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

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
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heavenly 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?

Who = "#F - ant - ale"
Alex.<</sp>
I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?

Who = "#F - ant - cle"
Cleo.<sp>Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to Cæsar, shall dye a Begger.
Inke and paper Cæsar</hi>. Welcome my good Cæsar</hi>, e-
ue loue Cæsar so?

Who = "#F - ant - cha"
Char.<sp>Oh that braue Cæsar!
Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue Anthony.</hi>.</sp>

Who = "#F - ant - cle"
Char.<sp>The valiant Cæsar.</hi></sp>
By I Cæsar againe:
My man of men.
By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo.
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>

My Sallad dayes,

When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come, away,

Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

Hee Anthonie and Cleopatra.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeole Egypt.

Exeunt

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in

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

Know worthy <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, that what they do de-

While we are sutors to their Throne, decayes the thing we sue for.

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.

I shall do well: The people loue me, and the Sea is mine; My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope Sayes it will come to'th'full. <hi rend="italic">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.

Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field,

A mighty strength they carry.

Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

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?\n
This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome\n
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for farther Trauaile.
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>

I could haue giuen lesse matter

A better eare. <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>, 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

Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow, plucke

The neere Lust-wearied <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.

I could haue giuen lesse matter

A better eare. <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>, 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 Egypt's Widdow, plucke

The neere Lust-wearied <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.

I cannot hope,

His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,

His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke

Not mou'd by <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.

I know not <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>,

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 <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>.

Good <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>, '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 move him, Let Anthony looke ouer Cæsar's head, And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearer of Anthonio's Beard, I would not shawe'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.

Cæsar. 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.</sp>

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.

'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Welcome to Rome.
Thanke you.
Sit sir.
Nay then.
I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not.

I have studied, that the thing which conspiring
Wan't of great worth, 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.

'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Welcome to Rome.
Thanke you.
Sit sir.
Nay then.
I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not.
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.

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

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.

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.

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'll patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with.

You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judge-
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
 Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
 Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
 Did you too much disquiet, for that you
 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.

 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.

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

Lep.<speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>

Soft <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.

Ant.<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

No <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, let him speake,

The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lackt it: but on <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi>,</p>

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

Neglected rather:

And then when poysioned houres had bound me vp from mine owne knowledge, as nerely 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 <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>, 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.

'Tis Noble spoken.

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.
Worthily spoken Mecenas. 

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.

That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

Go too then: your Considerate stone.

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 diffri ng in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge Ath'world: I would persue it.

Giue me leaue Cæsar. 

Speake Agrippa. 

Speake Cæsar.

Give me leaue Cæsar.
<speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
<p>Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd</p>
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>: Great <hi rend="italic">Mark</hi> Anthony</p>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Caesar.</speaker>
  <p>Say not, say <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>; if <hi rend="italic">Cleopater</hi> heard you, your</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant"/>
  <speaker rend="italic">Anthony</speaker>
  <l>Will <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi> speake?$</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Caesar.</speaker>
  <l>Not till he heares how <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Anthony</speaker>
  <l>With what is spoke already.$</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Anthony</speaker>
</sp>
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, unto Octauia.

Cæsar. There's my hand: A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer Flie off our Loues againe.

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

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Cæsar. Time cals vpon's, Of vs must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seekes out vs.
Cæsar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

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

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.

With most gladnesse, And do inuite you to my Sisters view, Whether straight Ile lead you.

Lep. Noble Anthony, not sickenesse should detain me.

Welcome from Ägypt Sir.

Half the heart of Caesar, worthy honourable Friend. My

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

Well disgested: you staid well by't in Egypt.

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

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

She purst vp his heart vpon the Riuers of Sidnis.
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 divers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.

Oh rare for Anthony.
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 Wharves. The Citty cast
Her people out vpon her: and Anthony sent to
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.

And made her guest:
Inuited her to Supper: she replyed,
It should be better,
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, paires his heart, for what his eyes eate onely.

Royall Wench: She made great Caesar lay his Sword to bed, he ploughed her, and she cropt.

I saw her once hop forty Paces through the publicke streete, and having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, that she did make defect, perfection, and breathlesse powre breath forth.

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 bless her, when she is Riggish.

If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle the heart of Octauia is a blessed Lottery to him.

Let vs go. Good Enobarbus, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide here.

Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Octauia betweene them.

The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

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

Goodnight Sir. My Octauia.

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.

Goodnight.

Enter

Soothsaier.

Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?

Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

If you can, your reason?
Sooth.\[I\] I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,\[I\]
\[I\] But yet hie you to Egypt againe.\[I\]
\[I\]
Anth.\[I\] Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
\[lb/\]
\[hi rend="italic">Caesars</hi> or mine?\[p/\]
\[I\]
Sooth.\[I\] To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
\[I\] If thou dost play with him at any game,
\[I\] Tho' art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
\[I\] He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
\[I\] When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
\[I\] Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
\[I\] But he alway 'tis Noble.\[I\]
\[I\]
Anth.\[I\] Get thee gone:
\[I\] Say to \[hi rend="italic">Ventigius</hi> I would speake with him.\[I\]
\[stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">Exit.\[stage/\]
\[I\] He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,\[I\]
\[I\] He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,\[I\]
\[I\] And in our sports my better cunning faints,\[I\]
\[I\] Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,\[I\]
\[I\] His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,\[I\]
\[I\] When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:

Follow me, and reciue't.

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Follow me, and reciue't.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:

Follow me, and reciue't.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:

Follow me, and reciue't.
<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">Cleo.</sp> Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue.<p>
</sp>

<br rend="italic">Charmian</br>.<p>
</sp>

<br rend="italic">Mardian</br>.<p>
</sp>

<br rend="italic">Cleo.</br> And when good will is shewed, Ile none now,
Though't come to short,
The Actor may please pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuier 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
<br rend="italic">Anthony</br>.<p>
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

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

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

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 fruitefull tidings in mine eares, That long time haue bin barren.

Madam, Madam.

First Madam, he is well.

Anthonyo'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.

First Madam, he is well.

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 thee, will I melt and powr. Downe thy ill vttering throate.
Good Madam heare me.

Well, go too I will:

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if 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.

Madam, he's well.

Well said.

And Friends with Caesar.

Th'art an honest man.
Cæsar, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Make thee a Fortune from me.

But yet Madam.

I do not like but yet, it does alay

The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,

But yet is as a taylor 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.

Free Madam, no: I made no such report,

He's bound vnto Octauia.

For what good turne?

For the best turne i'th'bed.

I am pale Charmian.

Madam, he's married to Octauia.

The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.
Mes. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

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. He's married Madam.

Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Exit.

Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker><br/>

Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:<br/>
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures<br/>
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,<br/>
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-ch" rend="italic">Char.</sp><br/>
He is afeard to come.<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">Cleo.</sp><br/>
I will not hurt him,<br/>These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike<br/>A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe<br/>Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.<br/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Messenger againe.</stage><br/>

Though it be honest, it is neuer good<br/>To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Message<br/>
An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell<br/>Themselues, when they be felt.<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes" rend="italic">Mes.</sp><br/>I haue done my duty.<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">Cleo.</sp><br/>Is he married?<br/>I cannot hate thee worser then I do.<br/>If thou againe say yes.<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes" rend="italic">Mes.</sp><br/>He's married Madam.<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">Cleo.</sp><br>The Gods confound thee,<br>Dost thou hold there still?<br/>

</sp><br/>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes" rend="italic">Mes.</sp><br>Should I lye Madame?<br/>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, I would thou didst:;</l>
  <l>So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made;</l>
  <l>A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,;</l>
  <l>Had'st thou <hi rend="italic">Narcissus</hi> in thy face to me,;</l>
  <l>Thou would'st appeere most vugly: He is married?;</l>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>I craue your Highnesse pardon.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>He is married?;</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Take no offence, that I would not offend you,;</l>
    <l>To punnish me for what you make me do;</l>
    <l>Seemes much vnequall, he's married to <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>;</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>In praysing <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, I haue disprais'd <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, I haue disprais'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>;</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Many times Madam.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,;</l>
    <l>I faint, oh <hi rend="italic">Iras, Charmian</hi>: 'tis no matter.</l>
</sp>
Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him.

Report the feature of Octauia: 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: pitty me Charmian,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trum-
---
at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Men-
---agens, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

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

To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
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.

To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief 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.

Take your time.

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.

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.

Be pleas'd to tell vs,

(For this is from the present how you take)

The offers we haue sent you.

There's the point.

Which do not be entreated too,

But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
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 vnhaec't edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vn dinted.

That's our offer.

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 Caesar and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

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

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

Well met heere.
I hope so Lepidus, thus we are agreed:
I craue our compisition may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,
That's the next to do.
Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's Draw lots who shall begin.
That will I 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.
You haue heard much.
I haue faire meaning Sir.
I haue faire meaning Sir.
And faire words to them.
Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard Appolodorus

Eno.

No more that: he did so.
Pom.

What I pray you?

Eno.

A certaine Queene to Caesar in a Matris.

Eno.

I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?
Pom.

Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauior.

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.

Injoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?
**Speak** who="#F-ant-all"

  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>

  <l>Shew's the way, sir.</l>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-pom"

  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>

  <l>Come.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

&Menas</stage>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-mns"

  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>

  <p>Thy Father <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.</p>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-eno"

  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>

  <l>At Sea, I thinke.</l>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-mns"

  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>

  <l>We haue Sir.</l>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-eno"

  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>

  <l>You haue done well by water.</l>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-mns"

  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>

  <l>And you by Land.</l>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-eno"

  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>

  <p>I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.</p>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-mns"

  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>

  <p>Nor what I haue done by water.</p>

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-eno"

  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>

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

</sp>

**Speak** who="#F-ant-mns"

  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>

  <p>And you by Land.</p>
There I deny my Land service: but give me thy hand, Menas, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two Theeues kissing.

All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

But there is never a fair Woman, that's a true Face.

No slander, they steal hearts.

We came hither to fight with you.

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

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

You said Sir, we look'd not for Marke Antony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

An-

thony here, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus. But she is now the wife of Marcus Anthonius. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true. Then is Cæsar and he, for euer knit together.

If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesie so. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties. 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: Octauia is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation. Who would not haue his wife so? Not he that himselfe is not so: which is Marke Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the sighes of Octauia 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. An-
thony will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but

his occasion here.</p>

Men.

And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Men.

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

Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke playes.

[Act 2, Scene 7]
Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

Lepidus is high Conlord.

They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

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

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

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
service, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

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
pittfully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.
Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas,
Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

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.

Y'haue strange Serpents there?
Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.
They are so.

Sit, and some Wine: A health to Lepidus.

I am not so well as I should be: But Ile ne're out.

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

Nay certainly, I haue heard the Pтолomies Pyramisis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Pompey, a word.

Say in mine eare, what is't.

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

Forbeare me till anon.

This Wine for Lepidus.

What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?
It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath breth; It is just so high as it is, and moues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

What colour is it of?

Of it owne colour too.

'Tis a strange Serpent.

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

Will this description satisfie him?

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

Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that?

Away:

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

If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
<l>Rise from thy stoole.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke th'art mad: the matter?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <p>Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be iolly Lords.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
  <l>These Quicke-sands <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>,<l>
  <l>Keepe off, them for you sinke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>What saist thou?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?</l>
  <l>That's twice.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>How should that be?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>Hast thou drunke well.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>No <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, I haue kept me from the cup.</l>
</sp>
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.

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

Menas.
Heere's to thee
Menas.

Enobarbus, welcome.
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>Fill till the cup be hid.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>There's a strong Fellow <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Why?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <p>A bears the third part of the world man: seest <lb>not?</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <p>The third part, then he is drunk: would it were <lb>all, that it might go on wheeles.</lb></p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
  <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
  <l>Come.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
  <l>This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.<l>
  <l>Heere's to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
  <p>I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour <lb>when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.</pb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <p>Be a Child o'th'time.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
Cæsar.

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

Enob.</p><p>Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?</p><p>Pom.</p><p>Let's ha't good Souldier.</p><p>Ant.</p><l>Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.</l>

Eno.
All take hands:
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

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 haires be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæsar.
What would you more?

Pompey</hi> goodnight. Good Brother

Enobarbe</hi> 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 night.

Ile try you on the shore.

Both Sir, giues your hand.

Oh Anthony, you haue my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

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.

Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

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

Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus
Crassus death

Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy

Orades

Payes this for Marcus Crassus.

who

Romaine.

Noble Ventidius

Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine

rend="italic">Anthony

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

rend="italic">Sillius

Better to leaue undone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this

rend="italic">Cæsar and Anthony,

More in their officer, then person.

rend="italic">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'ith'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes chois of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Anthony

good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should
Should my performance perish.

rend="italic">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 effectd, 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.

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. Octauia weepes To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Tis a Noble Lepidus.
A very fine one: oh, how he loues Caesar.

Nay but how deerely he adores Mark Anthony.

Spake you of Caesar? How, the non-pareill?

Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

But he loues Caesar best, yet he loues Caesar, say Caesar, go no further.

Would you praise Caesar, say Caesar.

Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

But he loues Caesar, best, yet he loues Caesar.

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot think speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo, his loue to Caesar. But as for Caesar.
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
  <l>Both he loues.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:</l>
  <l>This is to horse: Adieu, Noble</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>.</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
  <l>No further Sir.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
  <l>You take from me a great part of my selfe:</l>
  <l>Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife</l>
  <l>As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band</l>
  <l>Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Make me not offended, in your distrust.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
  <l>I haue said.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>You shall not finde,</l>
  <l>Though you be therein curious, the lest cause</l>
  <l>For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,</l>
  <l>And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:</l>
  <l>We will heere part.</l>
</sp>
Cæsar.

Farewell my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa.

My Noble Brother.

The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—

What Octauia? Ile tell you in your eare.

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her to
The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Will Cæsar weepe?
He ha's a cloud in's face.
He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
he being a

"nonstandardCharacter"
when A: Enobarbus:

When Anthony found Iulius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,

When at Phillippi he found Brutus slaine.

That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,

Beleeu't till I wepe too.

No sweet Octauia,

You shall heare from me still: the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Come Sir, come,

Ile wrastle with you in my streng th of loue,

Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,

And giue you to the Gods.

Adieu, be happy.

Let all the number of the Starres giue light

To thy faire way.

Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octauia.

Farewell.
Trumpets sound.

Exeunt.

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 wel pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herods head, Ile haue: but how?

Mes. Most gratious Maiestie.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold Octauia?

Mes. I dread Queene.
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Where<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <p>Madam in Rome, I looke in the face: and</p>
  <lb>saw her led betweene her Brother, and<hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Is she as tall as me<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>She is not Madam.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Didst heare her speake?</l>
  <l>Is she shrill tongu'd or low<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>That's not so good: he cannot like her long.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>Like her? Oh<hi rend="italic">Isis</hi>: 'tis impossible.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke so<hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>: dull of tongue, &dwarfish</l>
  <l>What Maiestie is in her gate, remember</l>
  <l>If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.</l>
</sp>

<note type="physical" resp="#ES">There is a large ink mark at the far right side of this line.</note>

<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>She creepes: her motion, &dwarfish; her station are as one.</l>
  <l>She shewes a body, rather then a life.</l>
</sp>
A Statue, then a Breather.

Is this certaine?

Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Widdow? Charmian, hearke.

And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Round, even to faultiness.

- For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?

- Browne Madam: and her forehead as low as she would wish it.

- There's Gold for thee, Thou must not take my former sharpness ill, I will employ thee back againe: I finde thee most fit for business. Go, make thee ready, Our Letters are prepar'd.

- A proper man.

- Nothing Madam.

- The man hath seen some Maiesty, and should know.

- Hath he seen Maiestie? Isis else defend: and serving you so long.

- I haue one thing more to aske him yet good

- 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.

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

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.

Oh my good Lord,

Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,

Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,

If this deuision 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.

Gentle

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.

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.

When it appeeres to you where t
his 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.

Enter Enobarbus, and
Eros.

How now Friend Eros?
Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

What man?

Cæsar & Lepidus haue made warres vpon Pompey.

This is old, what is the successe?
 Caesar having made vse of him in the warres against 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.

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

Our great Nauies rig'd.

For Italy and Caesar, more Domitius!

My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told heareafter.

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

Come Sir,

Exeunt.
Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,

Cæs. Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publike enthron'd: at the feet, sat

Cæsarion whom they call my Fathers

And all the unlawfull 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.

This in the publike eye?

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 Goddeesse Isis

That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.

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

The people knowes it,
And haue now receiued his accusations.
Who does he accuse? Agri., and that having in Cicilie,

Cæsar, and that having 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 restror'd. Lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the Triumpherate,

should be depos'd,

And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:

I haue told him Lepidus was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,

And did deseure 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

Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Haile Cæsar, and my

Sir, this should be answer'd.

'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:

I haue told him Lepidus was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,

And did deseure 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

Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octauia with her Traine.
Haile most deere Caesar.

That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

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

Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not.

Like Caesar 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 vnlovd: we should haue met you.

By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage.

With an augmented greeting.

Good my Lord.

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it.

On my free-will. My Lord Caesar's.

Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted.

My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd.

His pardon for returne.

Which soone he granted,

Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.

Do not say so, my Lord.
I haue eyes vpon him, and his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

My Lord, in Athens.

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.

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

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 vnbewayl'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 justice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs.

Who = "#F-ant-agr"
Agrip.
Welcome Lady.

Who = "#F-ant-mec"
Mec.
Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty 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.

Who = "#F-ant-cae"
Octa.
Is it so sir?

Who = "#F-ant-cle"
Cleo.
I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Who = "#F-ant-eno"
Eno.
But why, why, why?

Who = "#F-ant-cle"
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.

Eno.

Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant.

Is it not strange Camidius, That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,

Cleo.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,

And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo.

Celerity is neuer more a dmir'd,

Then by the negligent.

A good rebuke,

Which might haue well becom'd the best of men

To taunt at slacknesse. Camidius,

Will fight with him by Sea.

By Sea, what else?

Why will my Lord, do so?

For that he dares vs too't.

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

I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,

Where Cæsar fought with Cæsar fought,

Your Shippes are not well mann'd,

Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people

Ingrost by swift Impresse. In Pompey fought,

Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,

And so should you.

Your Shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,

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.

By Sea, by Sea.

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, leave vnexecuted Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe The way which promises assurance, and From firme Securitie.

Ile fight at Sea.

I haue sixty Sailes, Cæsar none better.

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

Thy Businesse?

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

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?

Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: 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.

Well, well, away.

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

Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

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

This speech is conventionally attributed to Camidius.

Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iusteus, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of Cæsars
Carries beyond be\textless gap extent="2" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="hole" resp="#ES"\textgreater efe.\textless /l\textgreater 
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Soul.\textless /speaker>
  <l>While h\textless gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="hole" resp="#ES"\textgreater was yet in Rome.\textless /l>
  <l>His power went out in such distractions,\textless /l>
  <l>As beguilde all Spies.\textless /l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.\textless /speaker>
  <l>Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?\textless /l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Soul.\textless /speaker>
  <l>They say, one \textless hi rend="italic">Towrus</textless hi>.\textless /l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.\textless /speaker>
  <l>Well, I know the man.\textless /l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.\textless /stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.\textless /speaker>
  <l>The Emperor cals \textless hi rend="italic">Camidius</textless hi>.\textless /l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.\textless /speaker>
  <l>With Newes the times wit\textless gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"\textgreater Labour,\textless /l>
  <l>And throwes forth each minute, some.\textless /l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 8]\textless /head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.\textless /stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae"/>
<speaker rend="italic">Caes.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Towrus?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-tau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tow.</speaker>
  <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Caes</speaker>
  <l>Strike not by Land,</l>
  <l>Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile</l>
  <l>Till we haue done at Sea. Do not excede</l>
  <l>The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes</l>
  <l>Vpon this iumpe.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,</l>
  <l>In eye of <hi rend="italic">Caesars</hi> battaile, from which place</l>
  <l>We may the number of the Ships behold,</l>
  <l>And so proceed accordingly.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:</l>
  <l>Thantoniad</l>, the Egyptian Admirall,
  <l>With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:<br />
  To see't, mine eyes are blasted.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarrus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:</l>
  <l>Thantoniad</l>, the Egyptian Admirall,
  <l>With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:<br />
  To see't, mine eyes are blasted.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Scarrus.</stage>
Scar. <l>Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!</l>

Eno. <l>What's thy passion.</l>

Scar. <l>The greater Cantle of the world, is lost</l> <l>With very ignorance, we haue kist away</l> <l>Kingdomes, and Prouinces.</l>

Eno. <l>How appeares the Fight?</l>

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

Eno. <l>That I beheld:</l> <l>Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not</l> <l>Indure a further view.</l>

Scar. <l>The Noble ruine of her Magicke, <hi>Anthony</hi>,</l> <l>Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)</l> <l>Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her;</l> <l>I neuer saw an Action of such shame;</l> <l>Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,</l> <l>Did violate so it selfe.</l>

Enob. <l>Alacke, alacke.</l>

Enter
Camidius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath.</l>
  <l>And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall</l>
  <l>Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:</l>
  <l>Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,</l>
  <l>Most grossely by his owne.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-en">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <p>I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight</p>
  <lb>indeed.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
  <l>Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
  <l>Tis easie too,</l>
  <l>And there I will attend what further comes.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">Camid.</speaker>
  <l>To</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will I render</l>
  <l>My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie</l>
  <l>Shew me the way of yeelding.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-en">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Ile yet follow</l>
  <l>The wounded chance of</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, though my reason</l>
  <l>Sits in the winde against me.</l>
</sp>

<div type="scene" n="11" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 11]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony with Attendants.</stage>
</div>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't.</l>
  <l>It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither.</l>
  <l>I am so lated in the world, that I</l>
  <l>Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,</l>
  <l>Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,</l>
  <l>And make your peace with</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
Omens.

Fly? Not wee.

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 haires 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

Sweep you way for you. Pray you looke not sad,

Nor make replyes 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.

The Tragedie of

Sits
downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Do most deere Queene.

Do, why, what else?

Let me sit downe: Oh

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.
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 dancer, 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.

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

I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnoble sweruing.
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.
Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

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.

Oh my pardon.

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.

Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

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 liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A private 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 eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt drieue 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
From thine inuention, offers. Wom
resp="#ES"/> are not</l>

<l>Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we</l>

<l>Will answer as a Law.</l>

<l>Thidias</l>

<l>Cæsar</l>, I go.</l>

<l>Observe how Cæsar</l>, I shall.</l>

<l>exeunt.</l>


resp="#ES"/> Iras.</l>

<l>What shall we do, Enobarbus</l>?

<l>Enobarbus</l>.

<l>Enobarbus</l>, or we in fault for this?</l>

<l>Enobarbus</l>, or we in fault for this?</l>

<l>Enobarbus</l>, or we in fault for this?</l>

<l>Enobarbus</l>, or we in fault for this?</l>

<l>Enobarbus</l>, or we in fault for this?</l>
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose severall 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,
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Prythee peace.

Cleo.

Is that his answer?

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 Caesar send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

That head my Lord?

Ant.

Anthony and Cleopatra.
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.

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 Servuant.

A Messenger from Cæsar.

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.

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 Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
  <l>Heare it apart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>None but Friends: say boldly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
  <l>So haply are they Friends to</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <l>He needs as many (Sir) as</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> has,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
  <l>Or needs not vs. If</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> please, our
  <l>Master</l>
  <l>Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,</l>
  <l>Whose he is, we are, and that is</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>.
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> intreats,
  <l>Not to consider in what case thou stand'st</l>
  <l>Further then he is</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>.
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Go on, right Royall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> 
  <l>He knowes that you embrace not</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
  <l>As you did loue, but as you feared him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-thy">
  <hi rend="italic">Thid.</hi>
</sp>
The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he does pitty, 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 meerely.

Eno.
To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony.

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

Exit Enob.

Thidias.
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,
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 hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this lack, and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno.
<speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>

Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,

Then with an old one dying.

Eno.

'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,

Then with an old one dying.

Moone and Starres,

Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries

That do acknowledge Caesar, 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.

Tugge him away: being whipt

Bring him againe, the Iacke of Cæsars 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 lem of women, to be abus'd

By one that lookes on Feeders

Good my Lord.

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.

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.
<l>Oh, is't come to this?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Dead</hi> Cæsars</l> Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment</sp>

hotter houres</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue</hi> Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be, You know not what it is.</sp>

Cleo.</sp>

Wherefore is this?</sp>

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

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?</sp>

Enter a Servuant with Thidias.</stage>

Ser.

Soundly, my Lord.</sp>

Ser.

He did aske fauour.</sp>
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,
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 dislike,
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.

I must stay his time?
To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
eyes
With one that tyes his points.
An ink mark follows the end of this line.
Cleo.

Not know me yet?

Ant.

Cold-hearted toward me?

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.

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 Flete, threatning most Sea-like.

Where hast thou bin my heart?

If from the Field I shall returne once more

To kisse these Lips, I will appare in Blood,

I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,

There's hope in't yet.

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

"We will yet do well."

"Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

"Do so, wee'l speake to them, and to night I will 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 love me: for I will contend even with his pestilent Sythe."

"Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious Is to be frightened 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 prays in reason, It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke some way to leave him."

"He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power."

"He calleth me Caes, 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

An ink mark follows the end of this line.

Laugh at his Challenge.

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.

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 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.

but late,

He will not fight with me,

Domitian?

No?

He will not fight with me, 

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

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.

Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

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.

What meanes this?

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

And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in

So good as you haue done.

Omnès.
<sp who="#F-ant-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
  <l>The Gods forbid.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:</l>
  <l>Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me</l>
  <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
  <l>As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,</l>
  <l>And suffer'd my command.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>What does he meane?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>To make his Followers weepe.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Tend me to night;</l>
  <l>May be, it is the period of your duty,</l>
  <l>Haply you shall not see me more, or if,</l>
  <l>A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,</l>
  <l>You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,</l>
  <l>As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,</l>
  <l>I turne you not away, but like a Master</l>
  <l>Married to your good seruice, stay till death;</l>
  <l>Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,</l>
  <l>And the Gods yeeld you for't.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>What meane you (Sir)</l>
  <l>To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,</l>
  <l>And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for sh</l>
  <l>Transforme vs not to women.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Ho, ho, ho;</l>
  <l>Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.</l>
  <l>Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)</l>
  <l>You take me in too dolorous a sense,</l>
  <l>For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you</l>
  <l>To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)</l>

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.

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2. Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.

1. Nothing: what newes?
2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1. Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thrive, I haue an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand vp.
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>"Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose."</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnnder the Stage.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Peace, what noise?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>List, list.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Hearke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Musicke i'th'Ayre.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>Vnder the earth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.4">
  <speaker>4</speaker>
  <l>It signes well, do's it not?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Peace I say: What shoulde this meane?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>"Tis the God <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, whom <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> loued,"</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Now leaues him.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Walke, let's see if other Watchmen</l>
  <l>Do heare what we do?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>How now Maisters?</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Speak
together.

<sp who="#F-ant-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
  <l>How now? how now? do you heare this?"</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>I, is't not strange?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Let's see how it will giue off.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
  <l>Content: 'Tis strange.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Eros</l>, mine Armour <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, mine Armour <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, mine Armour <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Sleepe a little.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>No my Chucke. <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, come mine Armor <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, Eros.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Eros.</stage>
  <l>Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,</l>
  <l>If Fortune be not ours to day, it is</l>
  <l>Because we braue her. Come.</l>
</div>
Nay, Ile helpe too, <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.<br>
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art.<br>
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,<br>Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.<br></sp>

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

Briefely Sir.<br>

Is not this buckled well?<br>

a Squire<br>

More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,<br>That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st<br>The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see<br>A Workeman in't.<br>

Enter an Armed Soldier.<br>

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

A thousand Sir, early thought be, haue on their<br>Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.<br>
Thou fumblest <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, and my Queenes<br>

a Squire<br>

More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,<br>That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st<br>The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see<br>A Workeman in't.<br>

Enter an Armed Soldier.<br>

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

A thousand Sir, early thought be, haue on their<br>Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.<br>

Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.<br>

The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
"All." Good morrow Generall.

"Ant." This Morning, like the spirit of a youth begins betimes.

"Ant." So, so: Come give me that, this way, well-sed.

"This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable, And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand.

"On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.

"Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu."
That has this morning left thee, would have still followed thy heels.

Whose gone this morning?

He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar, Campe.

Sir he is with Caesar.

Sir, his chests and treasure he has not with him.

Is he gone?

Most certaine.

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

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

Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke alie: Make it so knowne.

Go charge Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke alie: Make it so knowne.

The time of vniersall peace is neere: Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world Shall beare the Oliue freely.

The time of vniersall peace is neere: Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Shall beare the Oliue freely. Enter a Messenger. Enter a Messenger.

Anthony is come into the Field. Anthony is come into the Field.

Go charge Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke alie: Make it so knowne.

Go charge Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke alie: Make it so knowne.

That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury Upon himselfe. Exeunt. Exeunt. Enob. Enter a Messenger. Enter a Messenger.

Alexas did reuolt, and went to Iewrii on. Affaires of Anthony, there did dissuade Great Herod to incline himselfe to Anthony.
And leave his Master Caesar hath hang'd him: Caesar and the rest<br />
That fell away, have entertainment, but<br />
No honourable trust: I have done ill,<br />
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,<br />
That I will joy no more.<br />

Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.<br />

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with<br />
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now<br />
Unloading of his Mules.<br />

Mock not Enobarbus, Anthony,<br />
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with<br />
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now<br />
Unloading of his Mules.<br />

I give it you.<br />

I am alone the Villaine of the earth,<br />
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou have paid<br />
My better service, when my turpitude<br />
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,<br />
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane<br />
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele<br />
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke<br />
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foulest best fits

My latter part of life.
Exit.

Alarum,
Drummes and Trumpets.

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

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we do ne so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads.

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

They do retyre.

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

Enter Eros.
They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.
Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

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

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 City, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd-gashes whole.

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

Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from

The worlds great snare vncaught.

Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds.

What Gyrle, though gray

Do somthing mingle with our younger 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 fauouring hand,

Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,

As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Ile giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

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 Carowses to the next dayes Fate

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.

Which

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter a Centerie, and

his Company, Enobarbus followes.
If we be not releue'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.

This last day was a shrew'd one too's.
Oh beare me witnesse night.
What man is this?
Stand close, and list him.

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
Nobler then my revolt is Infamous,
Forgie me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

Let's speake to him.

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

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

Go we to him.

Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

Heare you sir?

The hand of death hath raught him.
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake thye sleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

Come on then, he may recouer yet.
Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

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

For both, my Lord.

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

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

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.

Alarum afarre, as at a Sea‑fi

Anthony, and Scarrus.

Yet they are not ioyn'd.
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.

I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Swallowes have built Cleopatra's Sailes their nests. The Auguries

Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly.

And dare not speak their knowledge. <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.

All is lost:

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder

They cast their Caps vp, and Carouse together

Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou

Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart

Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all flye:

For when I am revenged upon my Charme,

I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone:

Oh Sunne, thy vrise shall I see no more,

Anthony, <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter</stage>

Do we shake hands? All come to this?

The hearts

That pannelled me at heelees, to whom I gave

Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets

On blossoming Caesar: 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

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! Aunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue? Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving, and blemish Caesar 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 shewn For poor'st Diminitiues, for Dots, and let Patient Octauia, plough thy visage vp.

With her prepared nailes.

Cleo. The shirt of Nessus is upon 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 heaviest 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?

'Tis well th'art gone, If it be well to live. But better 'twere Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death Might haue preuented many. I, Eros, hoa?

The shirt of Nessus is upon 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 heaviest 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?

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

Char. To'th Monument, there locke your selfe, And send him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body riu not more in parting,

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.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.


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.

I my Lord.

That which is now a Horse, euen with a thought
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

I does my Lord.

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 annexed vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee
Packt Cards with Cæsars, 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.
Death of one person, can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake:
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony.
Then in the midst a tearing grone did break
The name of Anthony: it was divided.
Between her heart, and lips: she rendered life
Thy name so buried in her.
Dead then?
Vnarme Eros, the long days task is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.
Exit Mardian.
Off, pluck off,
The seaven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep the battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace Eros,
No more a Soldier: bruised pieces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.
I will o're-take thee Cleopatra, and I
Weep 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.
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'el hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Troopes,

And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros,

Enter Eros.

What would my Lord?

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 Caesar telles

I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne That when the exigent should come, which now Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me Th'ineui table 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 Caesar thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

The Gods with-hold me,

Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts, (Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

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 Caesar drawne before him, branded His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros,

Eros,

Eros,

Eros.

Eros.

Eros.
I would not see't.

Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast borne Most usefull for thy Country.

Oh sir, pardon me.

When I did make thee free, swear'st ye not then To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,

Or thy precedent Services are all

But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

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

Loe thee.

My sword is drawne.

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

'Tis said man, and farewell.
Eros. 

Farewell great Ciefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant.

Now Eros.

Killes himselfe.

Eros.

Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of Anthonies death.

Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teachest me: Oh valiant 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

How, not dead? Not dead?

The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard.

What's the noise?

1. I haue done my worke ill Friends:

Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros,

I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene 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.
The Starre is falne.

And time is at his Period.

Alas, and woe.

Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

Not I.

Nor I.

Nor any one.

Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly this tydings,

Shall enter me with him.

Where's Anthony?

Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly

This sword but shewne to Caesar with

Shall enter me with him.

Diomedes.

Where's Anthony?

There Diomed there.

Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?
Ant. Art thou there Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me, Suffising strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord: My Mistris Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Diom. Now my Lord.

Anth. Where is she? Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying (feare)

Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I come

I dread, too late.

Too late good Diomed: call my Guard I pray thee.

What hoa: the Emperor's Guard,

The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calleth.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.
Ant. Beare me good Friends where Cleopatra bides,

’Tis the last service that I shall command you.

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

All your true Followers out.

Most heavy day.

Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me vp,

I have led you oft, carry me now good Friends,

And have my thankes for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

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

Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Be comforted deere Madam.

No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events 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.
<l>How now? is he dead?</l>

<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
    <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
    <l>His death's vpon him, but not dead.</l>
    <l>Looke out o'th other side your Monument,</l>
    <l>His Guard haue brought him thither.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and the Guard.</stage>

<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Sunne,</l>
    <l>Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand</l>
    <l>The varrying shore o'th'world. O</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Antony, Antony, Antony</hi>
    <l>Helpe</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, helpe</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ant" rend="italic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Peace,</l>
    <l>Not</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Valour hath o'rethrowne</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">
    <l>But</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi>'s hath Triumpht on it selfe.</sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle" rend="italic">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>I dare not Deere,</l>
    <l>Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,</l>
    <l>Least I be taken: nor th'Imperious shew</l>
    <l>Of the full-Fortun'd</l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, euer
shall

Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife Octauia, 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.

Oh quicke, or I am gone.

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,
Wisher's were euer Fooles. Oh come, 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.

A heauy sight.

A heauy sight.

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

They do not go together.

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius trust, but

None about Cæsar.

The miserable change now at my end,

Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts

In feeding them with those my former Fortunes

Wherein I 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

I can no more.

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 Stye? Oh see my women:

The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?

Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

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.
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<l>Oh quietnesse, Lady.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>She's dead too, our Soueraigne.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<l>Lady.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>She's dead too, our Soueraigne.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<l>Madam.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>Royall Egypt: Empresse.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<l>Peace, peace, <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>No more but in a Woman, and commanded</l>
<l>By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,</l>
<l>And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,</l>
<l>To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,</l>
<l>To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,</l>
<l>Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:</l>
<l>Patience is sottish, and impatience does</l>
<l>Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,</l>
<l>To rush into the secret house of death,</l>
<l>Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women</l>
rend="italic">?</l></sp>

<l>What, what good cheere? Why how now <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>?</l></sp>

<l>My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke</l>
<l>Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,</l>
<l>We'll bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,</l>
<l>Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,</l>
<l>And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,</l>
<l>This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.</l>
<l>Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend</l>
But Resolution, and the breekest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

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

Go to him Dollabella, bid him yeeld,

Being so frustrate, tell him, He mockes the pawses that he makes.

Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st Appeare thus to vs?

I am call'd Decretas, who best was worthie:

Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke

To spend vpon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him

Ile be to Cæsar: if you pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Best to be seru'd: whil' I stood vp, and spoke

To take me to thee, as I was to him

Ile be to Cæsar: if you pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.
I say (Oh <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>) <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is dead.

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 <hi rend="italic"><hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi><hi rend="italic"></hi></hi> Is not a single doome; in the name lay a moity of the world.

He is dead <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, nor 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.

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

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

His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him. Some faults to make vs men. Cæsar is touch'd.

A Rarer spirit neuer Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs some faults to make vs men.

touch'd.
<speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
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 sayes.

Ægyptian.
Whence are you?

Ægypt.
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 kindely Wee Determine for her. For Cæsar cannot leaue to be vngentle

Ægypt.
So the Gods preserue thee.

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. I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Gallus, go you along: where's Dolabella, to see-<lb/>ond Proculeius?

All.

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.

Dolabella.

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 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
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. Be of good cheere:

And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

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

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

Cæsar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,

And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.
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 hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

This speech is conventionally
given to Gallus. This speech is conventionally
You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> come.

You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> come.
Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.

What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by:

Th'nndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleopatra, where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

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 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 Octauia. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And shew me to the showing 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.

You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

And hang me vp in Chaines.
What thou hast done, thy Master knowes.

And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene, I'll take her to my Guard.

So Dolabella, It shall content me best: Be gentle to her, To Cæsar I will speake, what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Exit

Proculeius

Say, I would dye.

Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.

I cannot tell.

Assuredly you know me.

No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne: You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,

Is't not your tricke?

I vnderstand not, Madam.

I dreampt there was an Emperor

Oh such another sleepe, that I might see

But such another man.
If it might please ye.

His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke, A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, &

The little o'th'earth.

Most Soueraigne Creature.

That grew the more by reaping: His delights, Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue, The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery, Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands.

As plates dropt from his pocket.

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

Gentle Madam, no.

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 stuffe.
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine, An
rend="italic">Anthony</hi> were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,

Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol.

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

Though he be Honourable.

Dol.

Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,

and others of his Traine.

All.

Make way there <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. zz
The Tragedie of Cæsar.

Which is the Queene of Egypt.

It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneeles.

Arise, you shall not kneele: I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Sir, the Gods will haue it thu s, My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Take to you no hard thoughts, The Record of what iniuries you did vs,

Sole Sir o'th'World, I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well

To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

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
Anthonies 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.

Who = #F-ant-cle

And may through all the world: tis yours,
And we
Your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Who = #F-ant-cle

You shall aduise me in all for Cleopatra.

This is the breefe: of Money, Plate,
Iewels
I am posset of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Heere Madam.

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.

Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

What haue I kept backe.

Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Cæsar.
Nay blush not <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, I approue Your Wisedome in the deede. see <hi rend="italic">Caesar</hi> Oh behold, How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours, And should we shift estates, yours would be mine. The ingratitude of this <hi rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>, does 

Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust! Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y<sup>u</sup> shalt 

Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes 

O rarely base! 

Good Queene, let vs intreat you. 

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 

That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd, Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say 

For <hi rend="italic">Liuia</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>, 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. 

Forbeare <hi rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>.
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.

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reseru'd, nor what acknowledged
Put we i'th'Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

My Master, and my Lord.
Not so: Adieu.

Flourish.
Exeunt Cæsar, and his Traine.

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

Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>

I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste.

I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste.

I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste.

Dolabella.

Where's the Queene?

Dolabella.

Dolabella.

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
You r pleasure, and my promise.

Dolabella,
I shall remaine your debter.

I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on
Cæsar through

Dolabella,
I, I shall remaine your debter.

I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on
Cæsar through

Dolabella,
I, I shall remaine your debter.

I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on
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 enclowed,

And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras.
The Gods forbid.

Who = "#F-ant-ira"

Iras.

Nay, 'tis most certain Iras: sawcie Lictors

Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimmers

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.

O the good Gods!

Nay that's certaine.

Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes

Are stronger then mine eyes.

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.

(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.

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

Let him come in.

What poore an Instrument 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.

This is the man.

This is the man.

Auoid, and leaue him.

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

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there, That killes and paines not?
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 m-any, 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 beleue all that they say, shall neuer be saued 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. 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.
Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Will it eate me?

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.

Well, get thee gone, farewell.

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

Exit

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 Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of Caesar, 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?

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.

Dissolue thick clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves do weepe.

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 thi knot intrinsicate,
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.

Oh Easterne Starre.

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

O breake! O breake!
As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay

In this wilde World

So fare thee
well:

Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes.
A Lasse vnparalell'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.

Where's the Queene?
Speake softly, wake her not.
Cæsar hath sent.
Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.
Approach hoa,
All's not well: Cæsar's beguild.
There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar:
call him.
What worke is heere Charmian?
Is this well done?
It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier.

Cæsar dyes.
Dolabella.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol.

How goes it heere?

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.

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.

Who was last with them?

A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:

This was his Basket.
Cæsar.

Poyson'd then.

Guard.

Oh

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.

Heere on her brest,

There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,

The like is on her Arme.

This is an Aspickes traile,

And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such

As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

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 euents as these

Strike those that make them: and their Story is

No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemn shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt omnes</stage>

FINIS.