CAST OF CHARACTERS

Antony, Octavius Caesar, triumvirs.
Lepidus,
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,
Mecenas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thybrus,
Gallus,
Menas,
Mencrates,
Varrius,

Taurus, lieutenant-general to Caesar.
Canidius, lieutenant-general to Antony.
Silius, an officer in Ventidius's army.
Euphronius, a schoolmaster.
Alexas,
Mardian, a eunuch, attendants on Cleopatra.
Seleucus,
Diomedes,
Lamprias, a soothsayer.
A Clown
Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.
Octavia, sister to Caesar, and wife to Antony.
Charmian,
Iras,

Scene: In several parts of the Roman Empire.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA

ACTING VERSION
(May be used by schools and amateur groups without permission.)

PROLOGUE

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

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

Age cannot wither her; nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.

ACT ONE

Nar. The great Roman Empire is ruled by three men:
Caesar, Lepidus, and Mark Antony. Wars are brewing.
Antony dallies in Egypt under the spell of Cleopatra.

_Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace_

Enter Antony and Cleopatra,
and her train

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There’s beggary in the love that can be reckon’d.
Cle. I’ll set a bourn how far to be belov’d.

Enter a Messenger

Cle. Nay, hear the ambassadors.
Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
Mes. In Sicyon.
    Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
    Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Leave me.
    There’s a great spirit gone.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus

Eno. Sir? What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had
you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented.
Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.
Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be
without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedition to the queen,
And get her leave to part. Exit Enobarbus

Re-enter Cleopatra

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cle. I know by that same eye there's no good news.
What says the married woman; you may go?
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know—
Cle. O never was there queen
So mightily betray'd yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cle. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
(Though you in swearing shake the throned gods)
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen—
Cle. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent: none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady?
Cle. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when and where she died.
Cle. O most false love!
Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would,—
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cle. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir forgive me,
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go.
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me:
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! Exeunt

Nar. In Rome, Octavius Caesar chafes at Antony's absence.

Rome, Caesar's house

Enter Octavius Caesar, reading a letter,
Lepidus, and their train

Caes. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel;
Hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaft'd to think he had partners.
Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
Antony and Cleopatra

ACT ONE

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change
Than what he chooses.
Caes. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth:
Say this becomes him;
Yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great a weight in his lightness.

Enter a Messenger

Lep. Here's more news.
Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Caes. I should have known no less.
Mes. No vessel can peep forth: but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
Caes. Antony, leave thy lascivious wasseills.
Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome; 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves 'th' field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

[Exeunt

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace

Enter Cleopatra and Charmian

Cle. Charmian!
Cha. Madam?
Cle. Ha! Give me to drink mandragora.
Cha. Why, madam?
Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Cha. You think of him too much.
Cle. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

(For so he calls me). Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Antony

Al. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cle. Alexas! How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tint gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Al. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cle. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Al. "Good friend," quote he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress."
Cle. What, Was he sad, or merry?
Al. Like the time o' th' year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cle. O well divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else.
Did I, Charmian, ever love Caesar so?
Cha. Oh, that brave Caesar!
Cle. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Cha. The valiant Caesar!
Cle. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
Cha. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cle. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then!

[Exeunt

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ACT TWO

Nar. Octavius Caesar and Antony meet in the Roman Senate.

Roman Senate

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Agrippa

Caes. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.
Caes. I must be laughed at,
If or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i’ th’ world.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar, what was’t to you?
Caes. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis’d?
Caes. You may be pleas’d to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours?
Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you’ll patch a quarrel,
It must not be with this.
As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o’ th’ world is yours, which with a snaffle,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
So much uncurbable, her harboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience,
I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
But say, I could not help it.
Caes. You have broken the article of your oath, which
You shall never have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Caesar!
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack’d it: but on, Caesar,
The article of my oath.
Caes. To lend me arms and aid when I required them,
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected rather;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge.
Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. "Tis noble spoken.
Caes. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech:
Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O’ th’ world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar.
Caes. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother’s side,
Admir’d Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Caes. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

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

Ant. Will Caesar speak?
Caes. Not till he hears how Antony is touch’d
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, “Agrippa, be it so,”
To make this good?

Caes. The power of Caesar, and
His power, unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand.
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs.

Caes. There’s my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Exeunt
ACT TWO

In state of health, thou say'st, and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report;
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cle. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cle. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cle. What say you? 

Mes. Strike him again 

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.

She hates him up and down

Mes. Gracious madam,

Cle. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cle. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. 

Mes. Nay, then I'll run. 

Exit

Cha. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

Cle. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile: and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call!

Cha. He is afraid to come.

Cle. I will not hurt him.

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

Re-enter the Messenger

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cle. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cle. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome.

Cle. I look'd her in the face and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Mes. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, madam.

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

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

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

Cha. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cha. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps:

Her motion, and her station are as one.

Cle. He's very knowing, I do perceive 't,

That's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgement.

Cha. Excellent.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cle. Widow? Charmian, hark.
ACT THREE

Nar. Antony is unfaithful to Octavia and returns to Cleopatra. Octavius Caesar is enraged.

Rome. Caesar’s house
Enter Agrippa and Caesar

Caes. Hear me, Agrippa. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more.
In Alexandria; here’s the manner of ‘t:
I’th market-place, on a tribunal silver’d,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron’d; at the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father’s son.
Unto her
He gave the establishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute queen.

Agr. This in the public eye?
Caes. I’th common show-place, where they exercise.
His son he there proclaim’d the king of kings.

Agr. Let Rome be thus inform’d.
Caes. The people knows it,
And have now receiv’d his accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?
Caes. Caesar, and that, having in Sicily
Seest Pompeius spoili’d, we had not rated him
His part o’ th’isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor’d. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate should be depos’d,
And, being, that we detain all his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer’d.
Caes. ’Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus’d,
And did deserve his change; for what I have
conquer’d.
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer’d kingdoms, I demand the
like.

Agr. He’ll never yield to that.
Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Nar. Octavius Caesar sets sail for Egypt.

ACT TWO, THREE

Ant. Enobarbus, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cle. By sea, what else?
Eno. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to ‘t.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann’d;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross’d by swift impris. In Caesar’s fleet,
Are those that often have ‘gainst Pompey fought,
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar’d for land.

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

Ant. I’ll fight at sea.
Cle. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann’d, from th’ head of
Actium
Beat th’ approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do ‘t at land.

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Caesar has taken Taryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? ’Tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be. Enobarbus,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We’ll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!

Exeunt
ACT THREE

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

Cle. Oh, my pardon!

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

Cle. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost; give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.
Love, I am full of lead. Some wine,
Within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

Exeunt

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus,
with others

Ant. I am satisfied:
Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood,
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in 't yet.

Cle. That's my brave lord!

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

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

Ant. We will yet do well. Exeunt all but Enobarbus

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear, and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain,
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. Exit
ACT FOUR

Alexandria. Antony’s camp

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Er. My lord?
Cle. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come, mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros

Er. Sir?
Ant. Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cle. Nay, I'll help too, Antony.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.
Cle. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Thou fumblest, Eros, and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars today, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see
A workman in 't.

Enter an old Soldier, armed

Sol. Good morrow, dear lord!
Ant. Good morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
Sol. Call for Enobarbus, he shall not hear.
Ant. What sayest thou?
Sol. Sir, he is with Caesar.
Er. Sir, his chests and treasure he has not with him.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain not a jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieu and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Enobarbus!

Shout. Trumpets flourish

Enter Alexas, Captains, and Soldiers

Al. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukeable
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee
Now like a man of steel.

Cle. O Antony!
Ant. Adieu. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Dispatch! Exeunt

Field of battle between the camps

Alarum. Drums and trumpets

Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded

Scars. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Alarum afar off

Ant. Scarus, thou bleed'st apace.
Scars. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scars. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros

Er. They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Ant. O Eros, we have beat him to his camp.
To-morrow, before the sun shall see's,
We'll spill the blood that has today escap'd.
I thank you all. You have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends;
Tell them your feats.
Cle. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
hau' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march.
Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. Exeunt

Between the two camps

Enter Antony and Scars, with their army

Ant. Scars, their preparation is today by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scars. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' th' air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is,
Order for sea is given. They have put forth the haven,
Where yond pine does stand, I shall discover all. Exit

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

Re-enter Antony

Ant. All is lost;
Scarus, this foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My feet hath yielded to the foe and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.

Sca. My lord!

Ant. Bid them all fly.

Sca. But good my lord!

Ant. For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone. Exit Scarus
Oh, this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd them home:
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath at last and loose
Beguill'd me, to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Mardian

Cle. Antony!

Ant. Ah, thou spell! Avant!

Cle. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians,
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex.

Cle. Help me, my women! Oh, he's more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Cha. To th' monument!

Cle. There lock yourself and send him word you are dead:

To th' monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself.

Mar. Madam!

Cle. Say that the last I spoke was "Antony."
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he take my death. To th' monument!

Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace

Exit Antony and Eros

Ant. My good knave Eros, here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
She, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian

Mar. My lord!

Ant. Oh, thy vile lady, Mardian, has robb'd me of my sword.

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

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

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd.
The last she spake
Was "Antony! most noble Antony!"

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Go. Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. Exit Mardian
Off, pluck off,
Apace, Eros, apace;
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go,
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit Eros

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther.
Eros!—I come, my queen. Eros!—Stay for me.
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros

Er. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
Detest my baseness.
Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigit should come—which now
Is come indeed—when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come—

Er. My lord!

Ant. Thou strik'st not me, 'Tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Er. The gods withhold me!

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleas'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
Er. I would not see 't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Er. O sir, pardon me!
Ant. Do it at once. Draw, and come.
Er. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo! Turning from him
Er. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Er. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis said, man, and farewell.
Er. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Er. Why, there then— Kills himself
Ant. Eros! Eros!
Er. Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.
Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself,
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros!
But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!
Enter Guards

1 G. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends;
O, make an end of what I have begun.
2 G. The star is fall'n.
1 G. And time is at his period.
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1 G. Not I.
2 G. Nor I.
3 G. Nor any one. Enter Alexas

Exeunt Guards

Al. Antony? Where's Antony?
Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?
Ant. Art thou there, Alexas? Draw thy sword, and give me,
Sufficing strokes for death.
Al. Most absolute Lord;
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Al. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Al. Lock'd in her monument.
She sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, Alexas.
Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony
Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
Exeunt, bearing Antony

Nar. Antony is carried to the monument where Cleopatra has taken refuge.
Alexandria. A monument
Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Ibras
Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard

Cle. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. They draw Antony up

Cle. Die where thou hast liv'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. Oh!
Cle. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Caesar trust but Dolabella.
Cle. My resolution and my hands I'll trust,
None about Caesar.
Ant. 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 lived, the greatest prince o' th' world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more.
Cle. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? Oh, see, my women; Antony dies
The crown o' th' earth doth melt. My lord?
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moon.
Our lamp is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him, and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold,
Ah, women, women! Come, we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body
ACT FIVE

The same

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras; to them, Dolabella

Dol. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt, And bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean’st to have him grant thee.

Cle. What’s thy name?

Dol. My name is Dolabella.

Cle. Antony

Dol. Did tell of you, bade me trust you. If your master Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him That majesty, to keep decorum, must No less beg than a kingdom: if he please To give me conquer’d Egypt for my son, He gives me so much of mine own as I Will kneel to him with thanks.

Dol. This I’ll report, dear lady. Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied Of him that caused it.

Enter soldiers

Cha. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Dol. Guard her till Caesar come.

Cle. Quick, quick, good hands. Drawing a dagger Seizes and disarms her

Dol. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Reliev’d but not betray’d.

Cle. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languish?

Dol. Cleopatra, do not abuse my master’s bounty by Th’ undoing of yourself.

Cle. Where art thou, death? Come bitter, come, come, and take a queen Worth many babies and beggars.

Dol. Oh, temperance, lady.

Cle. Sir, I will eat no meat; I’ll not drink, sir; I’ll not sleep neither. This mortal house I’ll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinion’d at your master’s court, Nor once be chastis’d with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up, And show me to the shouting variety Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nilus’ mud Lay me stark naked, and let the water-fly Blow me into abhorring: rather make My country’s high pyramids my gibbet, And hang me up in chains.

Dol. To Caesar I will speak what you shall please. If you’ll employ me to him.

Cle. Say I would die. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony. Oh, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cle. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear’d arm Crested the world: his voice was proportioned As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the Orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in’t. An autumn’twas, That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were dolphin-like; they show’d his back above The element they liv’d in: in his livery Walked crowns and crownets: realms and islands were As plates dropp’d from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

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

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cle. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But if there be, or ever were, one such, It’s past the size of dreaming.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; but I do feel By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites My very heart at root.

Cle. I thank you, sir. Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

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

Cle. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cle. He’ll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know’t. Farewell. Exit

Cle. Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch My best attire. I am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go, Bring our crown and all. Exit Iras. A noise within Wherefore’s this noise?

Enter a Guardsman

Gus. Here is a rural fellow That will not be denied your highness’ presence; He brings you figs.

Cle. Let him come in. Exit Guardsman

What poor instrument May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty. My resolution’s plac’d, and I have nothing Of woman in me: now from head to foot I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, and Clown bringing a basket

Gus. This is the man.

Cle. Avoid, and leave him. Exit Guardsman

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not?

Clo. Truly I have him.

Cle. Well, get thee gone, farewell.
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Cha. Oh, break! Oh, break!

Cle. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.
O Antony!
What should I stay—

Cha. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparapelled, Doway windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

1 G. Where's the queen?
Cha. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 G. Caesar hath sent—
Cha. Too slow a messenger.
Applies an asp

Oh, come, space, dispatch; I partly feel thee.

1 G. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled.
What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?
Cha. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!

Enter Dolabella

Voice. Make way for Caesar! A way there, a way for Caesar!

Enter Caesar and all his train, marching

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear is done. All dead.

Caes. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal
Took her own way,
She shall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous.
Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

Exeunt
ACT FIVE, SCENE I—NOTES

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch,
Which hurts, but is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thou wert wakent, wert thou the world
It is not worth waking up.

But Disdore, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

This proves me base: 360
If she first meet the cowed Antony
He’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which may be sooner to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch,
To an wp, which she applies to her breast
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life once wove; poor wretched Cesar. Be angry, and dispatched, 
O, couldst thou sound, that I might hear thee call great Cesar ass,
Unphantom!

O eastern sun!
Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That signs the nurse asleep?
O, beak! O, beak! 310
As sweet as balim, as soft as air, as gentle.
Oh Anthony! Nay, I will take thee too.

Aphrodite in her arm
That I may say—

Ces. In this vile world?
Fair thee well.
Now bounteous death, in thy possession lies
A has unpardoned. Drown windrows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be behold
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown’s awry;
I’ll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rustling in

1. Where is the queen?

Speak softly, wake her not.

O, Caesar hath sent—
Too slow a messenger.

Applies an wp
O, come, spare, dispatch! I partly feel thee.
T. Approach, brook! All ‘s not well with Caesar’s kingly.
T. O, Approach; Dolebella sent from Cesar; call him.
C. What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?
C. It is well done, and fitting for a princess.
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

Re-enter Dolebella
Dol. How goes it here?

I. Notes

I. i. 161. (B.D.) The stage-direction is given in i, but nothing else
is heard of either Barnet or Lucullus.
I. i. 4. churlish, no P. We should perhaps read charge (the usual
and most harmonious sense). I. i. 11. 13. Hero of story may be
brother, probably with no reference to the narrative of the goddess (in spite of that “I may come and
speak with him also,” but simply in the 150 of the Quarto of the play, ed.
Percy Wrigley of Winter, I. i. 51. “What a Heros of story is this!”
I. i. 42. a better thing figur. usually explained as a proverbial ex-
pansion, which it may well be, but no authority is adduced for
the explanation. On the other hand, there is surely intended an ironic contrast of the bashful of the raisin in Act V.
I. ii. 402. Eristotle: Asia. . . . the line is internal, in spite of appearances, Asia being a prevailing, and Eribrotis (as usual) at the time) short in the second.
I. ii. 117. winter’s fur. it was an old belief that a house-hair
laid in water would become an ois. (Calend.) Shakespeare Notes and Letters, where he explains the origin of the belief.)
I. ii. 42. one of the divine i.e. of divine divinity and “with a
“range” of the divine in it.”
I. ii. 94. Both what to me. . . . as it stands this naturally means
“what? (section of the enemy) I can at the moment construe;”
but the meaning natural to the situation and to Shakesperean
II. vii. 96. Stroke the nails; various suggestions; through the cask, &c.; "link the glasses together," &c.; an attractive use by Cay, "fill these to the last," with a reminiscence of meaning from the start of it to "smoothe off the corners in a measure level with the brim." IV. vii. 134. What is it said? an unhappily finite combination of sound! VII. v. 72. Aye! aye a! is says a! perhaps an auditory error for "an't"? (Of Lear, III. iv. 102.) II. vii. 6. She goes abroad; it is usually interpreted as a scornful attribution to aExpulsion of a madly traditionally appropriated to the bear of an effect; and this no doubt suits the lines which follow; but my mind made me feel also (or indirectly) an allusion to Exupery's poor head for drinking. In the garden: is a garden in which a flower is to be found in particular? Is it this that is not so proper to Antony in the garden as to those fantastic, illogical acts, rubbing the stones on the floor of the apartment? VII. i. 6. If not disdained! . . . pernicious, H. prints, If not, disdain'd. Much trouble; the natural meaning is "if it is not expressly forbidden to me, why may I not?" . . . (Malone-Delhipton, but the difficulty here is the common conjunction of "disdained" with "with" in the sense of "dreadful!" another explanation is "seen if the mind had not been declared against me (as it has) why should I not . . .?" (Care), but the difficulty here is the need to resort to explaining, to assign the "even." Or we may take disdained as simply "explain," and mean the F. commn, but that is not possible also for "I am." VII. vii. 18. Again an odd silence of conversations. There is presumably a pause on two senses of "and" and possibly another on two senses of "by"; but I do not pretend that this is necessary. VIII. vii. 13. 42. (It actually reads 43.) This is a common enough form of "bowl," to bring a ship's head up into the wind. But it is odd that Shakespeare should use not only a technically a metaphorical which without further explanation is meaningless, since whether lifting a preparation for flight or for closer action depends on what the wind is. And in any case the picture both here and in the corresponding passage in Plutarch is of Calpurnia's ships having their sails furled for the engagement and then hanging their sails. VIII. vii. 16. I am not certain of the exact date of Calpurnia's children. III. i. 1. 2 gr. no; there has been dispute about this, and so with the time; but Calpurnia's children are also with the child. III. vii. 7. 8. In the first line I am not sure whether to regard Calpurnia as the son-in-law of Antony or not, which I think is the case. III. vii. 19. no; there has been some trouble about this, but I am not sure it is not to the usual Shakespearean meaninging in the main word of a form of "bowl," "to bring a ship's head up into the wind." 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Glossary

Marked words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves archaic, but because the context is such that they must be glossed for the reader to follow the train of thought. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the only English equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.