

ACT II, SCENE I.

[Messina. A room in Pompey's house. Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.]

POMPEY.

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

MENECRATES.

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

POMPEY.

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

MENECRATES.

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

POMPEY.

I shall do well:

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

MENAS.

Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY.

Where have you this? 'tis false.

MENAS.

From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY.

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

Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

[Enter VARRIUS.]

How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS.

This is most certain that I shall deliver:-

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis

A space for further travel.

POMPEY.

I could have given less matter

A better ear.- Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm

For such a petty war: his soldiership

Is twice the other twain: but let us rear

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS.

I cannot hope

Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;

His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,

Not moved by Antony.

POMPEY.

I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were't not that we stand up against them all,

'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough

To draw their swords: but how the fear of us

May cement their divisions, and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands

Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas.[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.

[Rome. A room in the house of Lepidus. Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.]

LEPIDUS.

Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,

And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

LEPIDUS.

'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

LEPIDUS.

But small to greater matters must give way.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS.

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

[Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

And yonder, Caesar.

[Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.]

MARK ANTONY.

If we compose well here, to Parthia:

Hark, Ventidius.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I do not know,
Maecenas; ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.[Flourish.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Welcome to Rome.

MARK ANTONY.

Thank you.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Sit.

MARK ANTONY.

Sit, sir.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nay, then.

MARK ANTONY.

I learn, you take things ill which are not so,

Or being, concern you not.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing or a little, I

Should say myself offended, and with you

Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

MARK ANTONY.

My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

MARK ANTONY.

How intend you, practised?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You may be pleased 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.

MARK ANTONY.

You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;

And have my learning from some true reports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

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

MARK ANTONY.

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

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars
with the women!

MARK ANTONY.

So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience,- which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,- I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

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

MARK ANTONY.

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

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

LEPIDUS.

Soft, Caesar!

MARK ANTONY.

No,

Lepidus, let him speak:

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.- But, on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

MARK ANTONY.

Neglected, rather;

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

LEPIDUS.

'Tis noble spoken.

MAECENAS.

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

LEPIDUS.

Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Of, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you
may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again:
you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else
to do.

MARK ANTONY.

Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

MARK ANTONY.

You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Go to, then; your considerate stone.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech; for't cannot be

We shall remain in friendship, our conditions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA.

Give me leave, Caesar,-

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,

Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony

Is now a widower.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof

Were well deserved of rashness.

MARK ANTONY.

I am not married, Caesar: let me hear

Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA.

To hold you in perpetual amity,

To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony

Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims

No worse a husband than the best of men;

Whose virtue and whose general graces speak

That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,

Where now half tales be truths: her love to both

Would each to other, and all loves to both,

Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;

For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,

By duty ruminated.

MARK ANTONY.

Will Caesar speak?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

MARK ANTONY.

What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

MARK ANTONY.

May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!- Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

There is my hand.

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

LEPIDUS.

Happily, amen!

MARK ANTONY.

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

LEPIDUS.

Time calls upon's:

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

MARK ANTONY.

Where lies he?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

About the Mount Misenum.

MARK ANTONY.

What's his strength
By land?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

MARK ANTONY.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

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

MARK ANTONY.

Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS.

Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.[Flourish. Exeunt CAESAR,
ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.]

MAECENAS.

Welcome from Egypt, sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas!- My honourable
friend, Agrippa!-

AGRIPPA.

Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS.

We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.
You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MAECENAS.

Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but
twelve persons there; is this true?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more
monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MAECENAS.

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

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart,
upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA.

There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt 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.

AGRIPPA.

O, rare for Antony!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

AGRIPPA.

Rare Egyptian!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,

Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

AGRIPPA.

Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MAECENAS.

Now Antony must leave her utterly.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

Never; he will not:

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

MAECENAS.

If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

AGRIPPA.

Let us go.-

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest

Whilst you abide here.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE III.

[Rome. A room in Caesar's house. Enter ANTONY, CAESAR, OCTAVIA between them; and ATTENDANTS.]

MARK ANTONY.

The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

OCTAVIA.

All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

MARK ANTONY.

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

OCTAVIA.

Good night, sir.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Good night.[Exeunt CAESAR and OCTAVIA.]

[Enter SOOTHSAYER.]

MARK ANTONY.

Now, sirrah,- you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTHSAYER.

Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

MARK ANTONY.

If you can, your reason?

SOOTHSAYER.

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

MARK ANTONY.

Say to me

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

SOOTHSAYER.

Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore

Make space enough between you.

MARK ANTONY.

Speak this no more.

SOOTHSAYER.

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

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But he away, 'tis noble.

MARK ANTONY.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:-[Exit SOOTHSAYER.]

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

[Enter VENTIDIUS.]

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't.[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

[Rome. A street. Enter LEPIDUS, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA.]

LEPIDUS.

Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

AGRIPPA.

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

LEPIDUS.

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

MAECENAS.

We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

MAECENAS and AGRIPPA.

Sir, good success!

LEPIDUS.

Farewell.[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE V.

[Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Give me some music,- music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

ALL.

The music, ho!

[Enter MARDIAN.]

CLEOPATRA.

Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHARMIAN.

My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

CLEOPATRA.

As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman.- Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MARDIAN.

As well as I can, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:-

Give me mine angle,- we'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, "Ah, ha! y'are caught."

CHARMIAN.

'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

CLEOPATRA.

That time,- O times!-

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

O, from Italy!-

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

MESSENGER.

Madam, madam,-

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESSENGER.

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful- so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

MESSENGER.

Will't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA.

Well said.

MESSENGER.

And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Th'art an honest man.

MESSENGER.

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA.

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESSENGER.

But yet, madam,-

CLEOPATRA.

I do not like "But yet," it does allay

The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar;

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

MESSENGER.

Free, madam! no; I made no such report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

For what good turn?

MESSENGER.

For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEOPATRA.

I am pale, Charmian.

MESSENGER.

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA.

What say you?- Hence, [Strikes him.]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: [She hales him up and down.]

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

MESSENGER.

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA.

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

Rogue, thou hast lived too long.[Draws a knife.]

MESSENGER.

Nay, then I'll run.-

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

CHARMIAN.

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:

The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA.

Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.-

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!- Call the slave again:-

Though I am mad, I will not bite him:- call.

CHARMIAN.

He is afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA.

I will not hurt him. [Exit CHARMIAN.]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.

[Enter CHARMIAN and MESSENGER.]

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news: give to a gracious message

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt.

MESSENGER.

I have done my duty.

CLEOPATRA.

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,

If thou again say "Yes."

MESSENGER.

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER.

Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
MESSENGER.

I crave your highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA.

He is married?

MESSENGER.

Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA.

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of!- Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit MESSENGER.]

CHARMIAN.

Good your highness, patience.

CLEOPATRA.

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.

CHARMIAN.

Many times, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint:- O Iras, Charmian!- 'tis no matter.-

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:- bring me word quickly. [Exit
ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:- let him not- Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars.- [to MARDIAN] Bid you Alexas

Bring me word how tall she is.- Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.- Lead me to my chamber. [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE VI.

[Near Misenum. Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MAECENAS, with SOLDIERS marching.]

POMPEY.

Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Most meet

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

POMPEY.

To you all three,

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Take your time.

MARK ANTONY.

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

POMPEY.

At land, indeed

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

LEPIDUS.

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

There's the point.

MARK ANTONY.

Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

POMPEY.

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.

That's our offer.

POMPEY.

Know, then,

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:- though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

MARK ANTONY.

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

POMPEY.

Let me have your hand:

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

MARK ANTONY.

The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

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

POMPEY.

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

LEPIDUS.

Well met here.

POMPEY.

I hope so, Lepidus.- Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

That's the next to do.

POMPEY.

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

MARK ANTONY.

That will I, Pompey.

POMPEY.

No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Caesar
Grew fat with feasting there.

MARK ANTONY.

You have heard much.

POMPEY.

I have fair meanings, sir.

MARK ANTONY.

And fair words to them.

POMPEY.

Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried-

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

No more of that:- he did so.

POMPEY.

What, I pray you?

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

POMPEY.

I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive

Four feasts are toward.

POMPEY.

Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

Sir,

I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

POMPEY.

Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.-

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR, MARK ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.

Show us the way, sir.

POMPEY.

Come.

[Exeunt all but MENAS and ENO BARBUS.]

MENAS [aside].

Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.- You
and I have known, sir.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

At sea, I think.

MENAS.

We have, sir.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

You have done well by water.

MENAS.

And you by land.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Nor what I have done by water.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

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

MENAS.

And you by land.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas:

if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.

MENAS.

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hand are.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

No slander; they steal hearts.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

We came hither to fight with you.

MENAS.

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

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Y' have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: pray
you, is he married to Cleopatra?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Caesar's sister is called Octavia.

MENAS.

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

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MENAS.

Pray ye, sir?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

'Tis true.

MENAS.

Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

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

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Who would not have his wife so?

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

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

MENAS.

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

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

MENAS.

Come, let's away.[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE VII.

[On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum. Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS, with a banquet.]

FIRST SERVANT.

Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

SECOND SERVANT.

Lepidus is high-colour'd.

FIRST SERVANT.

They have made him drink alms-drink.

SECOND SERVANT.

As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more," reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

FIRST SERVANT.

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

SECOND SERVANT.

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

FIRST SERVANT.

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

[A sennet sounded. Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, ENO BARBUS, MENAS, with

other CAPTAINS.]

MARK ANTONY [to OCTAVIUS CAESAR].

Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

LEPIDUS.

Y' have strange serpents there.

MARK ANTONY.

Ay, Lepidus.

LEPIDUS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

They are so.

POMPEY.

Sit,- and some wine!- A health to Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

LEPIDUS.

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

MENAS [aside to POMPEY].

Pompey, a word.

POMPEY [aside to MENAS].

Say in mine ear: what is't?

MENAS [whispers in his ear].

Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

POMPEY [aside to MENAS].

Forbear me till anon.-

This wine for Lepidus!

LEPIDUS.

What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

MARK ANTONY.

It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it
hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with

its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

LEPIDUS.

What colour is it of?

MARK ANTONY.

Of its own colour too.

LEPIDUS.

'Tis a strange serpent.

MARK ANTONY.

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Will this description satisfy him?

MARK ANTONY.

With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

POMPEY [aside to MENAS].

Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

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

MENAS [aside to POMPEY].

If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

POMPEY [aside to MENAS].

I think th'art mad. The matter? [Rises, and walks aside.]

MENAS.

I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMPEY.

Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?-

Be jolly, lords.

MARK ANTONY.

These quicksands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMPEY.

What say'st thou?

MENAS.

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

POMPEY.

How should that be?

MENAS.

But entertain it,

And though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

POMPEY.

Hast thou drunk well?

MENAS.

No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POMPEY.

Show me which way.

MENAS.

These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

POMPEY.

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

MENAS [aside].

For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.-
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POMPEY.

This health to Lepidus!

MARK ANTONY.

Bear him ashore.- I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Here's to thee, Menas!

MENAS.

Enobarbus, welcome!

POMPEY.

Fill till the cup be hid.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

There's a strong fellow, Menas.[Pointing to the
ATTENDANT who carries off LEPIDUS.]

MENAS.

Why?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Drink thou; increase the reels.

MENAS.

Come.

POMPEY.

This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

MARK ANTONY.

It ripens towards it.- Strike the vessels, ho!-

Here's to Caesar!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,

And it grows fouler.

MARK ANTONY.

Be a child o' the time.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [to ANTONY].

Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,

And celebrate our drink?

POMPEY.

Let's ha't, good soldier.

MARK ANTONY.

Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

All take hands.-

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:-

The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley.[Music plays. ENOBARBUS
places them hand in hand.]

[Song.]

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What would you more?- Pompey, good night.- Good brother.

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

POMPEY.

I'll try you on the shore.

MARK ANTONY.

And shall, sir: give's your hand.

POMPEY.

O Antony,

You have my father's house,- But, what? we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Take heed you fall not.

[Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS and MENAS.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

MENAS.

No, to my cabin.-

These drums!- these trumpets, flutes! what!-

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[Sound a flourish, with drums.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MENAS.

Hoo!- Noble captain, come.[Exeunt.]