

ACT III, SCENE I.

[A plain in Syria. Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS and other ROMANS, OFFICERS, and SOLDIERS; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.]

VENTIDIUS.

Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now  
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.- Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army.- Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

SILIUS.

Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

VENTIDIUS.

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,-  
Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.  
Caesar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officer than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.  
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss  
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

SILIUS.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

VENTIDIUS.

I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

SILIUS.

Where is he now?

VENTIDIUS.

He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste  
The weight we must convey with's will permit,  
We shall appear before him.- On, there; pass along!  
[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

[Rome. An ante-chamber in Caesar's house. Enter AGRIPPA at one door and ENOBARBUS at another.]

AGRIPPA.

What, are the brothers parted?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

They have dispatch'd with Pompey; he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

AGRIPPA.

'Tis a noble Lepidus.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!

AGRIPPA.

Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

AGRIPPA.

What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

AGRIPPA.

O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Would you praise Caesar, say "Caesar,"- go no further.

AGRIPPA.

Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But he loves Caesar best;- yet he loves Antony:

Hoo! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,- hoo!-  
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

AGRIPPA.

Both he loves.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

They are his shards, and he their beetle. [Trumpets within.]

So,-

This is to horse.- Adieu, noble Agrippa.

AGRIPPA.

Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

[Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.]

MARK ANTONY.

No further, sir.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in't.- Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band  
Shall pass on thy approof.- Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

MARK ANTONY.

Make me not offended

In your distrust.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I have said.

MARK ANTONY.

You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.  
We will here part.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

OCTAVIA.

My noble brother!-

MARK ANTONY.

The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.- Be cheerful.

OCTAVIA.

Sir, look well to my husband's house; and-

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What, Octavia?

OCTAVIA.

I'll tell you in your ear.

MARK ANTONY.

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue,- the swan's down-feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside to AGRIPPA].

Will Caesar weep?

AGRIPPA [aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS].

He has a cloud in's face.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside to AGRIPPA].

He were the worse for that were he a horse;  
So is he being a man.

AGRIPPA [aside to DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS].

Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside to AGRIPPA].

That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,  
Believe't, till I wept too.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

MARK ANTONY.

Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Adieu; be happy!

LEPIDUS.

Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.  
Farewell, farewell! [Kisses OCTAVIA.]  
MARK ANTONY.  
Farewell!  
[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE III.  
[Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, and ALEXAS.]  
CLEOPATRA.  
Where is the fellow?  
ALEXAS.  
Half afeard to come.  
CLEOPATRA.  
Go to, go to.  
[Enter the MESSENGER as before.]  
Come hither, sir.  
ALEXAS.  
Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you  
But when you are well pleased.  
CLEOPATRA.  
That Herod's head  
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it?- Come thou near.  
MESSENGER.  
Most gracious majesty,-  
CLEOPATRA.  
Didst thou behold  
Octavia?  
MESSENGER.  
Ay, dread queen.  
CLEOPATRA.  
Where?  
MESSENGER.  
Madam, in Rome;  
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.  
CLEOPATRA.  
Is she as tall as me?  
MESSENGER.  
She is not, madam.  
CLEOPATRA.

Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

MESENTER.

Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

CLEOPATRA.

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

CHARMIAN.

Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA.

I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!-

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESENTER.

She creeps,-

Her motion and her station are as one;

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

CLEOPATRA.

Is this certain?

MESENTER.

Or I have no observance.

CHARMIAN.

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

CLEOPATRA.

He's very knowing;

I do perceive't:- there's nothing in her yet:-

The fellow has good judgement.

CHARMIAN.

Excellent.

CLEOPATRA.

Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESENTER.

Madam,

She was a widow,-

CLEOPATRA.

Widow!- Charmian, hark.

MESENTER.

And I do think she's thirty.

CLEOPATRA.

Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

MESENTER.

Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA.

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

MESSENGER.

Brown, madam: and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

CLEOPATRA.

There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:-

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: go make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared.[Exit MESSENGER.]

CHARMIAN.

A proper man.

CLEOPATRA.

Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

This creature's no such thing.

CHARMIAN.

Nothing, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

CHARMIAN.

Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

CLEOPATRA.

I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

CHARMIAN.

I warrant you, madam.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE IV.

[Athens. A room in Antony's house. Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.]

MARK ANTONY.

Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,-

That were excusable, that, and thousands more

Of semblable import,- but he hath waged

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,

Or did it from his teeth.

OCTAVIA.

O, my good lord,  
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,  
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts:  
The good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"  
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,  
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
'Twixt these extremes at all.

MARK ANTONY.

Gentle Octavia,  
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks  
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,  
I lose myself: better I were not yours  
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,  
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,  
I'll raise the preparation of a war  
Shall stay your brother: make your soonest haste;  
So your desires are yours.

OCTAVIA.

Thanks to my lord.  
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,  
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be  
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men  
Should solder up the rift.

MARK ANTONY.

When it appears to you where this begins,  
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults  
Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE V.

[Athens. Another room in Antony's house. Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS,  
meeting.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

How now, friend Eros!

EROS.



There's strange news come, sir.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What, man?

EROS.

Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

This is old: what is the success?

EROS.

Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; 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; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

EROS.

He's walking in the garden- thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries "Fool Lepidus!"

And threats the throat of that his officer

That murder'd Pompey.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS.

For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news

I might have told hereafter.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

'Twill be naught:

But let it be.- Bring me to Antony.

EROS.

Come, sir.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE VI.

[Rome. A room in Caesar's house. Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Contemning Rome, he has done all this and more

In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:-

I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Were publicly enthroned; at the feet sat

Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
Absolute queen.

MAECENAS.

This in the public eye?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;  
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: she  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,  
As 'tis reported, so.

MAECENAS.

Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGRIPPA.

Who, queasy with his insolence  
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The people know it; and have now received  
His accusations.

AGRIPPA.

Who does he accuse?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Caesar: and that, having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we have not rated him  
His part o' the isle: then does he say he lent me  
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain  
All his revenue.

AGRIPPA.

Sir, this should be answer'd.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abused,  
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.

MAECENAS.

He'll never yield to that.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

[Enter OCTAVIA with her TRAIN.]

OCTAVIA.

Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

That ever I should call thee castaway!

OCTAVIA.

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

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony

Should have an army for an usher, and

The neighs of horse to tell of her approach

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way

Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,

Raised by your populous troops: but you are come

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented

The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown

Is often left unloved: we should have met you

By sea and land; supplying every stage

With an augmented greeting.

OCTAVIA.

Good my lord,

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

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,

Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted

My grieved ear withal; whereon I begg'd

His pardon for return.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Which soon he granted,

Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

OCTAVIA.

Do not say so, my lord.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

I have eyes upon him,

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

OCTAVIA.

My lord, in Athens.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;  
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry: Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

OCTAVIA.

Ay me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends  
That do afflict each other!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
Till we perceived both how you were wrong led  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
And ever welcome to us.

AGRIPPA.

Welcome, lady.

MAECENAS.

Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only th'adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,

That noises it against us.

OCTAVIA.

Is it so, sir?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,

Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE VII.

[Antony's camp, near Actium. Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA.

Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,

And say'st it is not fit.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA.

If not denounced against us, why should not we

Be there in person?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside].

Well, I could reply:-

If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear

A soldier and his horse.

CLEOPATRA.

What is't you say?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,

What should not then be spared. He is already

Traded for levity; and 'tis said in Rome

That Photinus an eunuch and your maids

Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA.

Sink Rome, and their tongues rot

That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;

I will not stay behind.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.  
[Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?- You have heard on't, sweet?

CLEOPATRA.

Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.

MARK ANTONY.

A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becomeed the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.- Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

CLEOPATRA.

By sea! what else?

CANIDIUS.

Why will my lord do so?

MARK ANTONY.

For that he dares us to't.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

CANIDIUS.

Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

Your ships are not well mann'd,-  
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; 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 prepared for land.

MARK ANTONY.

By sea, by sea.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS.

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.

MARK ANTONY.

I'll fight at sea.

CLEOPATRA.

I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

MARK ANTONY.

Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,  
We then can do't at land.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

Thy business?

MESSENGER.

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

MARK ANTONY.

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

[Enter a SOLDIER.]

How now, worthy soldier!

SOLDIER.

O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians  
And the Phoenicians go a-ducking: we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

MARK ANTONY.

Well, well:- away! [Exeunt

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

SOLDIER.

By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

CANIDIUS.

Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

SOLDIER.

You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?  
CANIDIUS.  
Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Caelius, are for sea:  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's  
Carries beyond belief.  
SOLDIER.  
While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguiled all spies.  
CANIDIUS.  
Who's his lieutenant, hear you?  
SOLDIER.  
They say, one Taurus.  
CANIDIUS.  
Well I know the man.  
[Enter a MESSENGER.]  
MESSENGER.  
The emperor calls Canidius.  
CANIDIUS.  
With news the time's with labour, and throes forth  
Each minute some.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE VIII.

[A plain near Actium. Enter CAESAR and TAURUS, with his ARMY, marching.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Taurus,-

TAURUS.

My lord?

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies

Upon this jump.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE IX.

[Another part of the plain. Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,

In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,



And so proceed accordingly.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE X.

[Another part of the plain. CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CAESAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.]  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:  
Th'Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:  
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

[Enter SCARUS.]

SCARUS.

Gods and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

What's thy passion?

SCARUS.

The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

How appears the fight?

SCARUS.

On our side like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,-  
Whom leprosy o'ertake!- i' the midst o' the fight,  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,-  
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,-  
Hoists sails and flies.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

That I beheld:

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

SCARUS.

She once being loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:  
I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Alack, alack!

[Enter CANIDIUS.]

CANIDIUS.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:  
O, he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own!

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Ay, are you thereabouts?

Why, then, good night indeed.

CANIDIUS.

Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

SCARUS.

'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend

What further comes.

CANIDIUS.

To Caesar will I render

My legions and my horse: six kings already

Show me the way of yielding.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE XI.

[Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace. Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't,-  
It is ashamed to bear me!- Friends, come hither:  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever:- I have a ship  
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,  
And make your peace with Caesar.

ALL.

Fly! not we.

MARK ANTONY.

I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards  
To run and show their shoulders.- Friends, be gone;  
I have myself resolved upon a course  
Which has no need of you; be gone:  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.- O,

I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.- Friends, be gone: you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:-  
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you:- I'll see you by and by.[Sits  
down.]

[Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS; EROS  
following.]

EROS.

Nay, gentle madam, to him,- comfort him.

IRAS.

Do, most dear queen.

CHARMIAN.

Do! why, what else?

CLEOPATRA.

Let me sit down. O Juno!

MARK ANTONY.

No, no, no, no, no.

EROS.

See you here, sir?

MARK ANTONY.

O fie, fie, fie!

CHARMIAN.

Madam,-

IRAS.

Madam, O good empress,-

EROS.

Sir, sir,-

MARK ANTONY.

Yes, my lord, yes;- he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war: yet now- No matter.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, stand by.

EROS.

The queen, my lord, the queen.

IRAS.

Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
He is unqualified with very shame.

CLEOPATRA.

Well then,- sustain me:- O!

EROS.

Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:  
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

MARK ANTONY.

I have offended reputation,-  
A most unnooble swerving.

EROS.

Sir, the queen.

MARK ANTONY.

O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

CLEOPATRA.

O my lord, my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd.

MARK ANTONY.

Egypt, thou knew'st too well  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

CLEOPATRA.

O, my pardon!

MARK ANTONY.

Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,  
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.

CLEOPATRA.

Pardon, pardon!

MARK ANTONY.

Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;  
Even this repays me.- We sent our schoolmaster;  
Is a' come back?- 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.]

ACT III, SCENE XII.

[Caesar's camp in Egypt. Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let him appear that's come from Antony.-

Know you him?

DOLABELLA.

Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster:

An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by.

[Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from ANTONY.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Approach, and speak.

EUPHRONIUS.

Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf  
To his grand sea.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Be't so:- declare thine office.

EUPHRONIUS.

Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,  
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens: this for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;  
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,  
Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPHRONIUS.

Fortune pursue thee!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Bring him through the bands. [Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

[to THYREUS]To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch;  
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,  
And in our name, what she requires: add more,  
From thine invention, offers: women are not  
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

THYREUS.

Caesar, I go.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

THYREUS.

Caesar, I shall.[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE XIII.

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

CLEOPATRA.

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Think, and die.

CLEOPATRA.

Is Antony or we in fault for this?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEOPATRA.

Prithee, peace.

[Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the ambassador.]

MARK ANTONY.

Is that his answer?

EUPHRONIUS.

Ay, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

EUPHRONIUS.

He says so.

MARK ANTONY.

Let her know't.-

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

CLEOPATRA.

That head, my lord?

MARK ANTONY.

To him again: tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child as soon  
As i' the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.[Exeunt  
ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS [aside].

Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will  
Answer his emptiness!- Caesar, thou hast subdued  
His judgement too.

[Enter an ATTENDANT.]

ATTENDANT.

A messenger from Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

What, no more ceremony?- See, my women!-  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds.- Admit him, sir.[Exit  
ATTENDANT.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside].

Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

[Enter THYREUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Caesar's will?

THYREUS.

Hear it apart.

CLEOPATRA.

None but friends: say boldly.

THYREUS.

So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has;  
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know  
Whose he is we are, and that is Caesar's.

THYREUS.

So.-

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Further than he is Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Go on: right royal.

THYREUS.

He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.



CLEOPATRA.

O!

THYREUS.

The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserved.

CLEOPATRA.

He is a god, and knows  
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

DOMITIUS ENO BARBUS [aside].

To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.- Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.[Exit.]

THYREUS.

Shall I say to Caesar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

CLEOPATRA.

What's your name?

THYREUS.

My name is Thyreus.

CLEOPATRA.

Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Caesar this:- in deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

THYREUS.

'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA.

Your Caesar's father oft,

When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

[Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Favours, by Jove that thunders!-  
What art thou, fellow?

THYREUS.

One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside].

You will be whipp'd.

MARK ANTONY.

Approach, there!- Ah, you kite!- Now, gods and devils!  
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry "Your will?"- Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet.

[Enter ATTENDANTS.]

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside].

'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

MARK ANTONY.

Moon and stars!-

Whip him.- Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here,- what's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?- Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

THYREUS.

Mark Antony,-

MARK ANTONY.

Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:- this Jack of Caesar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.[Exeunt ATTENDANTS with  
THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:- ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abused

By one that looks on feeders?

CLEOPATRA.

Good, my lord,-

MARK ANTONY.

You have been a boggler ever:-

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,-

O misery on't!- the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut

To our confusion.

CLEOPATRA.

O, is't come to this?

MARK ANTONY.

I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have

Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,

Though you can guess what temperance should be,

You know not what it is.

CLEOPATRA.

Wherefore is this?

MARK ANTONY.

To let a fellow that will take rewards,

And say "God quit you!" be familiar with

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal

And plighter of high hearts!- O, that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

The horned herd! for I have savage cause;

And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank

For being yare about him.

[Enter ATTENDANTS with THYREUS.]

Is he whipp'd?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

Soundly, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

FIRST ATTENDANT.

He did ask favour.

MARK ANTONY.

If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on't.- Get thee back to Caesar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into th'abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [Exit THYREUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Have you done yet?

MARK ANTONY.

Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony!

CLEOPATRA.

I must stay his time.

MARK ANTONY.

To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

CLEOPATRA.

Not know me yet?

MARK ANTONY.

Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source; and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!  
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless,- till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

MARK ANTONY.

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 sealike.  
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.

CLEOPATRA.

That's my brave lord!

MARK ANTONY.

I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,  
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.

CLEOPATRA.

It is my birth-day:

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

MARK ANTONY.

We will yet do well.

CLEOPATRA.

Call all his noble captains to my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars.- Come on, my queen;  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.[Exeunt all but  
ENOBARBUS.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,  
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; 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.]