

ACT IV, SCENE I.

[Caesar's camp at Alexandria. Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MAECENAS, with his ARMY; CAESAR reading a letter.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,  
Caesar to Antony:- let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

MAECENAS.

Caesar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction:- never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:- within our files there are,  
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:  
And feast the army; we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

[Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.]

[Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, ALEXAS, with others.]

MARK ANTONY.

He will not fight with me, Domitius.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

No.

MARK ANTONY.

Why should he not?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I'll strike, and cry "Take all."

MARK ANTONY.

Well said; come on.-

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.

[Enter three or four SERVITORS.]

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;- so hast thou;-

Thou,- and thou,- and thou:- you have served me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA [aside to ENOBARBUS].

What means this?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside to CLEOPATRA].

'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

MARK ANTONY.

And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

So good as you have done.

SERVANTS.

The gods forbid!

MARK ANTONY.

Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

CLEOPATRA [aside to ENOBARBUS].

What does he mean?

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS [aside to CLEOPATRA].

To make his followers weep.

MARK ANTONY.

Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty:

Haply you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for't!  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.  
What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.  
MARK ANTONY.  
Ho, ho, ho!  
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense;  
For I spake to you for your comfort,- did desire you  
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration.[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE III.

[Alexandria. Before Cleopatra's palace. Enter a company of SOLDIERS.]

FIRST SOLDIER.

Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

SECOND SOLDIER.

It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Nothing. What news?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Well, sir, good night.[They meet other SOLDIERS.]

SECOND SOLDIER.

Soldiers, have careful watch.

THIRD SOLDIER.

And you. Good night, good night.[They place themselves  
in every corner of the stage.]

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

THIRD SOLDIER.

'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.[Music of the hautboys as under the stage.]

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Peace! what noise?

FIRST SOLDIER.

List, list!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hark!

FIRST SOLDIER.

Music i' the air.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Under the earth.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

It signs well, does it not?

THIRD SOLDIER.

No.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

SECOND SOLDIER.

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

Now leaves him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do?[They advance to another post.]

SECOND SOLDIER.

How now, masters!

SOLDIERS [speaking together].

How now!

How now! do you hear this?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Ay; is't not strange?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

FIRST SOLDIER.

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

SOLDIERS.

Content. 'Tis strange.[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

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

MARK ANTONY.

Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA.

Sleep a little.

MARK ANTONY.

No, my chuck.- Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

[Enter EROS with armour.]

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:-

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her:- come.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

MARK ANTONY.

Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:- false, false; this, this.

CLEOPATRA.

Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

MARK ANTONY.

Well, well;

We shall thrive now.- Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

EROS.

Briefly, sir.

CLEOPATRA.

Is not this buckled well?

MARK ANTONY.

Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.-

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou: dispatch.- O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

A workman in't.

[Enter an armed SOLDIER.]

Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

SOLDIER.

A thousand, sir,  
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you.[Shout. Trumpets flourish.]  
[Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.]

CAPTAIN.

The morn is fair.- Good morrow, general.

ALL.

Good morrow, general.

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis well blown, lads:

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.-

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.-

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable,[Kisses her.]

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.- You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.- Adieu.[Exeunt

ANTONY, EROS, CAPTAINS, and SOLDIERS.]

CHARMIAN.

Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEOPATRA.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,- but now- Well, on.[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

[Antony's camp near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;  
a SOLDIER meeting them.]

SOLDIER.

The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

MARK ANTONY.

Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER.

Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

MARK ANTONY.

Who's gone this morning?

SOLDIER.

Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp  
Say "I am none of thine."

MARK ANTONY.

What say'st thou?

SOLDIER.

Sir,

He is with Caesar.

EROS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

Is he gone?

SOLDIER.

Most certain.

MARK ANTONY.

Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;  
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him-  
I will subscribe- gentle adieus and greetings;  
Say that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.- O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men!- Dispatch.- Enobarbus![Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE VI.

[Caesar's camp before Alexandria. Flourish. Enter CAESAR with AGRIPPA,  
ENOBARBUS, and others.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

AGRIPPA.

Caesar, I shall.[Exit.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

MESSENGER.

Antony

Is come into the field.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.[Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,

And leave his master Antony: for this pains

Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but

No honourable trust. I have done ill;

Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,

That I will joy no more.

[Enter a SOLDIER of CAESAR'S.]

SOLDIER.

Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now

Unloading of his mules.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I give it you.

SOLDIER.

Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer

Out of the host; I must attend mine office,

Or would have done't myself. Your emperor

Continues still a Jove.[Exit.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.

I fight against thee!- No: I will go seek

Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits

My latter part of life.[Exit.]



ACT IV, SCENE VII.

[Field of battle between the camps. Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA and others.]

AGRIPPA.

Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:  
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected.[Exeunt.]

[Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.]

SCARUS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARUS.

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

MARK ANTONY.

They do retire.

SCARUS.

We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

[Enter EROS.]

EROS.

They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves  
For a fair victory.

SCARUS.

Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

MARK ANTONY.

I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARUS.

I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE VIII.

[Under the walls of Alexandria. Alarums. Enter ANTONY again in a march;  
SCARUS, with others.]

MARK ANTONY.

We have beat him to his camp:- run one before,  
And let the queen know of our gests.- To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.- [To SCARUS]Give me thy hand;  
[Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.]  
To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.- [To CLEOPATRA]O thou day o'  
the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!  
CLEOPATRA.

Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

MARK ANTONY.

My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:-  
Kiss it, my warrior:- he hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEOPATRA.

I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

MARK ANTONY.

He hath deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phoebus' car.- Give me thy hand:-  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril.- 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.]

ACT IV, SCENE IX.

[Caesar's camp. SENTINELS at their post.]

FIRST SOLDIER.

If we be not relieved within this hour,  
We must return to the court-of-guard: the night  
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

SECOND SOLDIER.

This last day was  
A shrewd one to's.

[Enter ENOBARBUS.]

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

O, bear me witness, night,-

THIRD SOLDIER.

What man is this?

SECOND SOLDIER.

Stand close, and list him.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!-

FIRST SOLDIER.

Enobarbus!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Peace!

Hark further.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.]

SECOND SOLDIER.

Let's speak

To him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Caesar.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Swounds rather; for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Go we to him.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Hear you, sir?

FIRST SOLDIER.

The hand of death hath raught him. [Drums afar off.] Hark!  
the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. let us bear him

To the court-of-guard: he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

ACT IV, SCENE X.

[Ground between the two camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their  
ARMY.]

MARK ANTONY.

Their preparation is to-day by sea;

We please them not by land.

SCARUS.

For both, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city-  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour-  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven.[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE XI.

[Another part of the ground between the two camps. Enter CAESAR and his ARMY.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

But being charged, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage.[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE XII.

[Another part of the ground between the two camps. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go.[Exit.]

SCARUS.

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.[Alarum afar off, as at a  
sea-fight.]

[Enter ANTONY.]

MARK ANTONY.

All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet 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.- Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,

I have done all:- bid them all fly; begone.[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.- All come to this?- The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O 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 fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.-

What, Eros, Eros!

[Enter CLEOPATRA.]

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

CLEOPATRA.

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

MARK ANTONY.

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; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [Exit CLEOPATRA.]'Tis well th'art  
gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.- Eros, ho!-  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me:- teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot; she dies for't.- Eros, ho![Exit.]

ACT IV, SCENE XIII.

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

CLEOPATRA.

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

CHARMIAN.

To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting  
Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA.

To the monument!-

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;  
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"  
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,  
And bring me how he takes my death.- To the monument!  
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE XIV.

[Another room in Cleopatra's palace. Enter ANTONY and EROS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS.

Ay, noble lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;  
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

EROS.

Ay, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water.

EROS.

It does, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

My good knave Eros, now thy captain is  
Even such a body: 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;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
A million moe, now lost,- 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.]

O, thy vile lady!  
She has robb'd me of my sword.

MARDIAN.

No, Antony;  
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely.

MARK ANTONY.

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

MARDIAN.

Death of one person can be paid but once,  
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do  
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was, "Antony! most noble Antony!"

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break  
The name of Antony; it was divided  
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,  
Thy name so buried in her.

MARK ANTONY.

Dead, then?

MARDIAN.

Dead.

MARK ANTONY.

Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep.- [to MARDIAN] That thou depart'st hence  
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit MARDIAN.] Off, pluck  
off:-

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,



Crack thy frail case!- Apace, Eros, apace.-  
No more a soldier:- bruised pieces, go;  
You have been nobly borne.- From me a while. [Exit EROS.]  
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture:- since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no farther, now all labour  
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.-  
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!  
[Enter EROS.]

EROS.

What would my lord?

MARK ANTONY.

Since Cleopatra died,  
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
The courage of a woman; less noble mind  
Than she which by her death our Caesar tells  
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent 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:  
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS.

The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

MARK ANTONY.

Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down  
His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?

EROS.

I would not see't.

MARK ANTONY.

Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

EROS.

O, sir, pardon me!

MARK ANTONY.

When I did make thee free, swore'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

EROS.

Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

MARK ANTONY.

Lo thee![Turning from him.]

EROS.

My sword is drawn.

MARK ANTONY.

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

EROS.

My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

MARK ANTONY.

'Tis said, man;- and farewell.

EROS.

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

MARK ANTONY.

Now, Eros.

EROS.

Why, there then [kills himself]:-thus I do escape the  
sorrow

Of Antony's death.[Dies.]

MARK ANTONY.

Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record: but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus[Falling on his  
sword.]

I learnt of thee. How! not dead? not dead?-  
The guard, ho!- O, dispatch me!

[Enter DERCETAS and GUARD.]

FIRST GUARD.

What's the noise?

MARK ANTONY.

I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

SECOND GUARD.

The star is fall'n.

FIRST GUARD.

And time is at his period.

ALL.

Alas, and woe!

MARK ANTONY.

Let him that loves me strike me dead.

FIRST GUARD.

Not I.

SECOND GUARD.

Nor I.

THIRD GUARD.

Nor any one.[Exeunt GUARD.]

DERCETAS.

Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

[Enter DIOMEDES.]

DIOMEDES.

Where's Antony?

DERCETAS.

There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES.

Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?[Exit DERCETAS.]

MARK ANTONY.

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES.

Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

MARK ANTONY.

When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES.

Now, my lord.

MARK ANTONY.

Where is she?

DIOMEDES.

Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear  
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw-  
Which never shall be found- you did suspect  
She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage  
Would not be purged, 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.

MARK ANTONY.

Too late, good Diomed:- call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES.

What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!  
Come, your lord calls!

[Enter four or five of the GUARD of ANTONY.]

MARK ANTONY.

Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

FIRST GUARD.

Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

ALL.

Most heavy day!

MARK ANTONY.

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]

ACT IV, SCENE XV.

[Alexandria. A monument. Enter CLEOPATRA and her MAIDS aloft, with

CHARMIAN and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN.

Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA.

No, I will not:

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

[Enter, below, DIOMEDES.]

How now! is he dead?

DIOMEDES.

His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument;

His guard have brought him thither.

[Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the GUARD.]

CLEOPATRA.

O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!- darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world.- O Antony,

Antony, Antony!- Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;-

Help, friends below!- let's draw him hither.

MARK ANTONY.

Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

CLEOPATRA.

So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

MARK ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA.

I dare not, dear,-

Dear my lord, pardon,- I dare not,

Lest I be taken: not th'imperious show

Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.- But come, come, Antony,-  
Help me, my women,- we must draw thee up;-  
Assist, good friends.

MARK ANTONY.

O, quick, or I am gone.

CLEOPATRA.

Here's sport indeed!- How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,-  
Wishers were ever fools,- O, come, come, come;[They  
heave ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA.]  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

ALL.

A heavy sight!

MARK ANTONY.

I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

CLEOPATRA.

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

MARK ANTONY.

One word, sweet queen:

Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.- O!

CLEOPATRA.

They do not go together.

MARK ANTONY.

Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;

None about Caesar.

MARK ANTONY.

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' the 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.

CLEOPATRA.

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?- O, see, my women,[ANTONY dies.]  
The crown o' the earth doth melt.- My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldiers' 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.[Faints.]

CHARMIAN.

O, quietness, lady!

IRAS.

She is dead too, our sovereign.

CHARMIAN.

Lady!

IRAS.

Madam!

CHARMIAN.

O madam, madam, madam!

IRAS.

Royal Egypt, Empress!

CHARMIAN.

Peace, peace, Iras!

CLEOPATRA.

No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares.- It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad; then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?- How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!  
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,

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; those  
above bearing off ANTONY'S body.]