

ACT V, SCENE I.

[Caesar's camp before Alexandria.]

[Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MAECENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

DOLABELLA.

Caesar, I shall.[Exit.]

[Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest  
Appear thus to us?

DERCETAS.

I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

What is't thou say'st?

DERCETAS.

I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world  
Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

DERCETAS.

He is dead, Caesar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.- This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

AGRIPPA.

And strange it is

That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

MAECENAS.

His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.

AGRIPPA.

A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

MAECENAS.

When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this:- but we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,- that our stars,  
Unreconcilable, should divide

Our equalness to this.- Hear me, good friends,-

But I will tell you at some meeter season:

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

The business of this man looks out of him;

We'll hear him what he says.- Whence are you?

MESSENGER.

A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction,

That she preparedly may frame herself

To the way she's forced to.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Bid her have good heart:

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

MESSENGER.

So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

PROCULEIUS.

Caesar, I shall. [Exit.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Gallus, go you along. [Exit GALLUS.] Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius?

AGRIPPA, MAECENAS, etc.

Dolabella!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings: go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE II.

[Alexandria. A room in the monument.]

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;  
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will: and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

[Enter to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and SOLDIERS.]

PROCULEIUS.

Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

CLEOPATRA.

What's thy name?

PROCULEIUS.

My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA.

Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceived,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PROCULEIUS.

Be of good cheer;

Y'are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need: let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEOPATRA.

Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

PROCULEIUS.

This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it.

GALLUS.

You see how easily she may be surprised:[Here PROCULEIUS and two of the GUARD ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the GUARD unbar and open the gates.]

[to PROCULEIUS and the GUARD]Guard her till Caesar come.

[Exit.]

IRAS.

Royal queen!

CHARMIAN.

O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA.

Quick, quick, good hands.[Drawing a dagger.]

PROCULEIUS.

Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this

Relieved, but not betray'd.

CLEOPATRA.

What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

PROCULEIUS.

Cleopatra,

Do not abuse my master's bounty by

Th'undoing of yourself: let the world see

His nobleness well acted, which your death

Will never let come forth.

CLEOPATRA.

Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

PROCULEIUS.

O, temperance, lady!

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,

And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark-naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS.

You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Caesar.

[Enter DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

PROCULEIUS.

So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her.-

[to CLEOPATRA]To Caesar I will speak what you shall  
please,

If you'll employ me to him.

CLEOPATRA.

Say, I would die.[Exeunt

PROCULEIUS and SOLDIERS.]

DOLABELLA.

Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

CLEOPATRA.

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA.

Assuredly you know me.

CLEOPATRA.

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;

Is't not your trick?

DOLABELLA.

I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

I dreamt there was an emperor Antony:-

O, such another sleep, that I might see

But such another man!

DOLABELLA.

If it might please ye,-  
CLEOPATRA.

His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck  
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

DOLABELLA.

Most sovereign creature,-

CLEOPATRA.

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

DOLABELLA.

Cleopatra,-

CLEOPATRA.

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

DOLABELLA.

Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA.

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,

It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, t' imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

DOLABELLA.

Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

CLEOPATRA.

I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA.

I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, pray you, sir,-

DOLABELLA.

Though he be honourable,-

CLEOPATRA.

He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, he will; I know't.[Flourish and shout within,-  
"Make way there,- Caesar!"]

[Enter CAESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MAECENAS,  
SELEUCUS, and others of his TRAIN.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Which is the Queen of Egypt?

DOLABELLA.

It is the emperor, madam.[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA.

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

CLEOPATRA.

Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,-

Which towards you are most gentle,- you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself



Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA.

And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,  
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;  
Not petty things omitted.- Where's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS.

Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserved  
To myself nothing.- Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS.

Madam,

I had rather seal my lips than, to my peril,  
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA.

What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS.

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve

Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA.

See, Caesar! O, behold,

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;  
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does

Even make me wild:- O slave, of no more trust

Than love that's hired!- What, goest thou back? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!

O rarely base!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Good queen, let us entreat you.

CLEOPATRA.

O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,-  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserved,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me  
Beneath the fall I have.- [to SELEUCUS]Prithee, go hence;  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought  
For things that others do; and, when we fall,  
We answer others' merits in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;  
For we intend so to dispose you as  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

CLEOPATRA.

My master, and my lord!

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Not so. Adieu.[Flourish.

Exeunt CAESAR and his TRAIN.]

CLEOPATRA.

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.[Whispers  
CHARMIAN.]

IRAS.

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA.

Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;  
Go put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN.

Madam, I will.

[Enter DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Behold, sir.[Exit.]

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella!

DOLABELLA.

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria  
Intends his journey; and, within three days,  
You with your children will he send before:  
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd  
Your pleasure and my promise.

CLEOPATRA.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOLABELLA.]Now, Iras, what  
think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forced to drink their vapour.

IRAS.

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras:- saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rimers  
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

IRAS.

O the good gods!

CLEOPATRA.

Nay, that's certain.

IRAS.

I'll never see't; for I am sure my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.

[Enter CHARMIAN.]

Now, Charmian!-

Show me, my women, like a queen:- go fetch  
My best attires;- I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony:- sirrah Iras, go.-  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;  
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday.- Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise?[Exit IRAS. A noise within.]

[Enter a GUARDSMAN.]

GUARDSMAN.

Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA.

Let him come in. [Exit GUARDSMAN.]What poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

[Enter GUARDSMAN, with CLOWN bringing in a basket.]

GUARDSMAN.

This is the man.

CLEOPATRA.

Avoid, and leave him.[Exit GUARDSMAN.]

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

CLOWN.

Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEOPATRA.

Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

CLOWN.

Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,- truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most falliable, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEOPATRA.

Get thee hence; farewell.

CLOWN.

I wish you all joy of the worm.[Sets down his basket.]

CLEOPATRA.

Farewell.

CLOWN.

You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA.

Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN.

Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA.

Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN.

Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth

the feeding.

CLEOPATRA.

Will it eat me?

CLOWN.

You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

CLOWN.

Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm.[Exit.]

[Enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.]

CLEOPATRA.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:-  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.- Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath:- husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.- So,- have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian;- Iras, long farewell.[Kisses  
them, IRAS falls and dies.]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

CHARMIAN.

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say

The gods themselves do weep!

CLEOPATRA.

This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have.- Come, thou mortal wretch,  
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass  
Unpolicied!

CHARMIAN.

O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA.

Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN.

O, break! O, break!

CLEOPATRA.

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,-  
O Antony!- Nay, I will take thee too:-[Applying another  
asp to her arm.]

What should I stay-[Dies.]

CHARMIAN.

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

[Enter the GUARD, rushing in.]

FIRST GUARD.

Where is the queen?

CHARMIAN.

Speak softly, wake her not.

FIRST GUARD.

Caesar hath sent-

CHARMIAN.

Too slow a messenger. [Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

FIRST GUARD.

Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled.

SECOND GUARD.

There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; call him.

FIRST GUARD.

What work is here!- Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN.

It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier![Dies.]

[Enter DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

How goes it here?

SECOND GUARD.

All dead.

DOLABELLA.

Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.[within,- "A way there, a way  
for Caesar!"]

[Enter CAESAR and all his TRAIN, marching.]

DOLABELLA.

O sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear is done.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Bravest at the last,

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way.- The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA.

Who was last with them?

FIRST GUARD.

A simple countryman, that brought her figs:

This was his basket.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Poison'd, then.

FIRST GUARD.

O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

O noble weakness!-

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toil of grace.

DOLABELLA.

Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm.

FIRST GUARD.

This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

OCTAVIUS CAESAR.

Most probable



That so she died; for her physician tells me  
She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.- Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:-  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity than his glory which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.- Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity.[Exeunt.]