THE TRAGEDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAy, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the measure : those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars :
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthony,Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine,with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.
Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heaven,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes(my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me,the summe.
Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony.*
Fulvia perchance is angry : Or who knowes,
If the scarse-bearded *Caesar* have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome,and Infranchise that.
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Love ?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like :
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from *Caesar,* therefore heare it *Anthony*
Where's *Fulvias* Processe? (*Caesars* I would say) both ?
Call in the Messengers : As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest *Anthony,* and that blood of thine
Is *Caesars* homager : else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall : Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay : Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man ; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus : when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment,the world to weete
We stand up Peerelesse.
Cleo. Excellent falshood :
Why did he marry *Fulvia,* and not love her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.
Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra.*
Now for the love of Love,and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.
Ant. Fye wrangling Queene :
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe : who every passion fully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee)faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to us.
Exeunt with the Traine.
Dem. Is *Caesar* with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight ?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony,*
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony.*
Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approves the common
Lyar,who thus speakes of him at Rome ; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Chramian, Iras, Mardian the Eunich, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas,* sweet *Alexas,* most any thing *Alexas,*
almost most absolute *Alexas,* where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to'th'Queene ? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things ?
Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.
Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly : Wine enough,
Cleopa

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but forsee.

Char. Pray then, forsee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune : Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all : Let me have a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octavius Caesar,* and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have seene and prooved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have.

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a wombe, & foretell every wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are privie to your wishes.

Char. Nay come,tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine,and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme pesages Chastity ,if nothing els.

Char . E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she ?

Char. Well, if you were byt an inch of fortune better then I : where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend.

Alexas. Come,his Fortune,his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go,sweet *Isis,*I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse,and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight : good *Isis* I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen,deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-Wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knave uncuckolded : Therefore deere *Isis* keep *decorum,* and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Loe now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush,heere comes *Anthony.*

Char. Not he,the Queene.
Cleo. Save you, my Lord.
Enob. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not heere?
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.
Enobarbus ?
Enob. Madam.
Cleo.Seeke him,and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias?*
Alex. Heere at your service.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke upon him :
Go with us. *Exeunt.*
Messen. *Fulvia* thy Wife,
First came into the Field.
Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius?*
Messen. I : but soone that Warre had end,
And the times state
Made friends of them, joyning their force 'gainst *Caesar ,*
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Upon the first encounter drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst.
Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are past,are done,with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.
Mes. *Labienus* (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia : from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia,whil'st----
Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st say.
Mes. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome :
Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase,and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told us
Is as our earing : fare the well awhile.
Mes. At your Noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes ? Speake there.
1,Mes. The man from *Scicion,*
Is there such an one?
2.Mes. He stayes upon your will.
Ant. Let him appeare :
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake;
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?
3.*Mes.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dyed she.
Mes. In Scicion,her length of sicknesse
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.
Antho. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it :
What our contempts doth often hurle from us,

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe : she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus.*

Eno. What's your pleasure,Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departue death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion,let women die. It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly : I have seene her dye twenty times uppon farre poorer moment : I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving acte upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love.We cannot cal her winds and waters, sighes and teares : They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left unseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have been blest withall, would have discredited your Travaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia ?*

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia,* then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's,* which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres :
Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia,* with more urgent touches
Do strongly speake to us : but the Letters too
Of many our contriving Friends in Rome,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Have given the dare to *Caesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Love is never link'd to the deserver,

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Upon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands up
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places under us,require
Our quicke remove from hence.
Enob. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra,Charmian,Alexas,and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is,
Whose with him, what he does :
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing : if in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.
Char. Madam,me thinkes if you did love him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?
*Ch.*In each thing give him way,crosse him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole:the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.
Enter Anthony.
But heere comes *Anthony,*
Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.
An. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.
Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian,* I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.
Ant. Now my deerest Queene.
Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.
Ant. What's the matter ?
Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe ?
Would she had never given you leave to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I have no power upon you : Hers you are.
Ant. The Gods best know.
Cleo. Oh never was there Queene
So mightily betrayed : yet at the [fitst]
I saw the Treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who have beene false to *Fulvia*?
Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselves in swearing.
Ant. Most sweet Queene.
Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe :
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent : none our parts so poore
But was a race of Heaven. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.
Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Heare me Queene :
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our [Servicles] a-while : but my full heart
Remaines in use with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with civill Swords ; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domesticke powers,
Breed scrupulous faction : The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Love : The condemn'd *Pompey,*
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is *Fulvias* death.
*Clo.*Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soveraigne leysure read
The Garboyles she awak'd : at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died.
Cleo. O most false Love !
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water ? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare : which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honourable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.
Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet : but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian,*
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. Ile leave you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word :
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would :
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony,*
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir,forgive me,

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my unpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete.
Ant. Let us go.
Come : Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Caes. You may see *Lepidus,*and henceforth know,
It is not *Caesars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes : He fishes, drinkes, and wastes
The Lampes of night in revell : Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra* : nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly than he. Hardly gave audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not thinke
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heaven,
More fierie by nights Blacknesse ; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste : what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.
Caes. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy,*
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaves that smels of sweate : Say this becoms him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport,and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid :
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to judgement.
Enter a Messenger.
Lep. Heere's more newes.
Mes. Thy biddings have beene done, & everie houre
Most Noble *Caesar,* shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belov'd of those
That only have feard *Caesar :* to the Ports
The disconteurs repaire, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Caes. I should have knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught us from the primall state
That he which is was wisht, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Str*[e]*ame,
Goes too,and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To rot it selfe with motion.
Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serve them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of every kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth revolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth : but 'tis as soone
Taken as seene : for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted.
Caesar. Anthony,
Leave thy lascivious Vassailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena,* whence thou slew'st
Hirfius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Then Savages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the[n] did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on : And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Caes. Let his shames quickely
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selves i'th'Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idlenesse.
Lep. To morrow *Caesar,*
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.
*Caes.*Til which encounter,it is my busines too. Farwell.
*Lep.*Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad,I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker.
Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.
Cleo. Charmian.
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke *Mandragora.*
Char. Why Madam ?
Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time :
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treason.
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian?*
Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's : Tis well for thee,
That being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce Affections,and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmion :*
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony!*
Do bravely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moov'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That I am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar,*
When thou was't heere above the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke : and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soveraigne of Egypt,haile.
Cleo. How much unlike art thou *Mark Anthony?*
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Marke Anthonie ?*
Alex. Last thing he did (deere Qu*[e]*ene)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.
Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.
Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster : at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between [ye] extremes-
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well divided disposition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian,*'tis the man ; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad,or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts ?
Alex. I Madam, twenty several Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
to *Anthonie,* shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-*
mian. Welcome my good *Alexas.* Did I *Charmian,* e-
ver love *Caesar* so ?
Char. Oh, that brave *Caesar!*
Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the brave *Anthony.*
Char. The valiant *Caesar.*
Cleo. By I*sis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Caesar* [Parago nagaine]:
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

Hea

he shall have every day a severall greeting, or Ile unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

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

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey,* that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selves,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny us for our good : so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the Sea is mine ;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where
He looses hearts : *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd : but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius,* Sir.

*Pom.*He dreames : I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony :* but all the charmes of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft joyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye up the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even till a Lethied dulnesse----

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius ?*

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver :
Marke Anthony is every houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Travaile.

Pom. I could have given lesse matter
A better eare. *Menas,* I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre : His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine : But let us reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony.*

Mene. I cannot hope,
Caesar and *Anthony* shall well greet together ;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar,*
His Brother wan'd upon him, although I thinke
Not mov'd by *Anthony.*

Pom. I know not *Menas,*
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all :
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the feare of us
May Ciment their divisions, and binde up
The petty difference, we yet not know :
Bee't as our Gods will have't ; it onely stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands
Come *Menas.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobaarbus,* 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe : if *Caesar* move him,
Let *Anthony* looke over *Caesars* head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then
borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion : but pray you stirre
No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony.*

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Caesar.*

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia :
Hearke *Ventidius.*

Caesar. I doo not know *Mecenas,* aske *Argippa.*

Lep. Noble Friends :
That which combin'd us was most grteat, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triviall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curstnesse grow to'th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do this. *Flourish.*

Caes. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Caes. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Caes. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not.

Caes. I must be laught at if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately : when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Caesar,* what was't to you?

Caes. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Caes. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act : I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,

It must not be with this.

Caes. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judgement to me : but you patcht up your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lacke. I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third o:th'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (Caesar)
Made out of her impatience : which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to : I greeving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Caesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket up my Letters : and with taunts
Did gibe my Misive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then :
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning : but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Caesar. You have broken the Article of your oath, which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Caesar.*

Ant. No *Lepidus,* let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it : but on *Caesar,*
The Article of my oath.

Caesar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poysoned houres had bound me up
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia,*
To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe,the ignorant motive, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember : that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas.*

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stone.

Caesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope should hold us staunch from edge to edge
At [*[t]*h'world] : I would persue it.
Agri. Give me leave *Caesar.*
Caesar. Speake *Agrippa.*
Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side,admir'd
Octavia : Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.
*Caesar.*Say not,say *Argippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you,your
proofe were well deserved of rashnesse.
Anth. I am not marryed *Caesar :* Let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.
Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping know,take *Anthony,*
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men : whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jelousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's : her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
Bu duty ruminated.
Anth. Will *Caesar* speake?
Caesar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.
Anth. What power is in *Agrippa,*
If I would say *Agrippa,*be it so,
To make this good?
Caesar. The power of *Caesar ,*
And his power, unto *Octavia.*
Anth. May I never
(To this good purpose,that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace : and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers governe in our Loves,
And sway our great Designes.
Caesar. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so deerely. Let her live
To joyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Flie off our Loves againe.
Lepi. Happily, Amen.
*Ant.*I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey,*
For he hath laid strange courtesies,and great
Of late upon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance,suffer ill report :
At heele of that, defie him.
Lepi. Time cals upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out us.
Anth. Where lies he ?
Caesar. About the Mount-Mesina.
Anth. What is his strength by land ?
Caesar. Great,and encreasing :
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.
Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we have talkt of.
Caesar. With most gladnesse,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

Whe

Whether straight Ile lead you.

Anth. Let us *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony,* not sickenesse should detaine me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from AEgypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Caesar,* worthy *Mecenas.* My Honourable Friend *Agrippa.*

Agri. Good *Enobarbus.*

Mece. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested : you staid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir,we did sleepe day out of countenaunce : and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares sosted whole at a breakfast : and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

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

Enob. When she first met *Marke Anthony,* she purst up his heart uponn the River of Sidnis.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed : or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Trhone
Burnt on the water : the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Love-sicke.
With them the Owers were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke,and made
The water which they beate,to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
It beggerd all description, she did lye
In her Pavillion,cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that [Venns], where we see
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With divers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. O rare for *Anthony.*

Eno. Her Gentlewom[a]n, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A seeming Mer-maide steeres : The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
Her people out upon her : and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
Whisling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.

Eno. Upon her landing,*Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper : she replyed,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony,*
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathesse powre breath forth.
Mece. Now *Anthony*, must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never he will not :
Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feede,but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.
Mece If Beauty, Wisedome,Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony: Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.
Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus,* make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide heere.
Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony,Caesar, Octavia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes devide me from your bosome.
Octa. All which time,before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my prayers to them for you.
Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report :
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th'Rule :good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.
Caesar. Goodnight. *Exit.*
Enter Soothsaier.
Anth. Now sirrah : you do with your selfe in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.
Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
*Caesar*s or mine ?
Soot. Caesars. Therefore (oh *Anthony)*stay not by his side
Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee,is
Noble, Couragious, high unmatchable,
Where *Caesar* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare : as being o're-powr'd,therefore
Make space enough betweene you.
Anth. Speake this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee no more but : when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose : And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats the'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to governe thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.
Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him. *Exit.*
He shall to Parthia,be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His cockes do winne the Battaile,still of mine,
When it is all to naught : and his Quailes ever
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius.*
Enter Ventigius.
You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready :
Follow me, and recive't *Exeunt*

Enter Lepidus,Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no further : pray you hasten your Generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony,* will e'ne but kisse *Octavia,* And weele follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse, Which will become you both : Farewell.
Mece. We shall : as I conceive the journey, be at Mount before you *Lepidus.*
Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes upon me.
Both. Sir good successe.
Lepi. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopater,Charmian,Iras,and Alexas.
Cleo. Give me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode of us that trade in Love.
Omnes. The Musicke,hoa.
Enter Mardian the Eunuch.
Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards : come *Charmian.*
Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian.*
Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunich plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?
Mardi. As well as I can Madam.
Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Give me mine Angle, weele to'th'River there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy jawes : and as I draw them up,
Ile thinke them every one an *Anthony,*
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling,when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hooke which he with fervencie drew up.
Cleo. that time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience : and that night
I laught him into patience,and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre,I drunke him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him,whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,
Enter a Messenger.
Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time have bin barren.
Mes. Madam,Madam.
Cleo. [*Anthonyo's*] dead.
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris :
But well and free, if thou so yield him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse : a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.
Mes. First Madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke,we use
To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill uttering throate.
Mes. Good Madam heere me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will :
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.
Mes. Wilt please you heare me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Caesar,* or not Captive to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold,and haile
Rich Pearles upon thee.
Mes. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mes. And Friends with Caesar.
Cleo. Th'art an honest man.
Mes. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mes. But yet Madam.
Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a Jaylor to bring foorth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare ,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Caesar,*
In state of health thou saist, and thous saist, free.
Mess. Free Madam,no : I made no such report,
He's bound unto *Octavia.*
Cleo. For what good turne?
Mes. For the best turne i'th'bed.
Cleo. I am pale *Charmian.*
Mes. Madam,he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.
Strikes him downe.
Mes. Good Madam patience.
Cleo. What say you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or I'l spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me : Ile unhaire thy head,
She hales him up and downe.
Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stewd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.
Mes. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modestie can begge.
Mes. He's married Madam.
Cleo. Rogue,thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*
Mes. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*
Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some Innocents skape not the thunderbolt :
Melt Egypt into Nyle : and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slave againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him :Call?
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe : since I my selfe
Have given my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger againe.
Though it be honest,it is never good
To bring bad newes : give to a gratious Message
An

An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselves,when they be felt.
Mes. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes.
Mes. He's married Madam.
Cleo. the Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?
Mes. Should I lye Madame?
Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou woulds't appeere most ugly: He is married ?
Mes. I crave your Highnesse pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much unequall,he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Alre all too deere for me:
Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.
Char. Good your highnesse patience.
Cleo. In praysing *Anthony,*I have disprais'd *Caesar.*
Char. Many times Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now:lead me from hence,
I faint,oh *Iras,Charmian :*'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bit him
Report the feature of *Octavia :* her yeares,
Her inclination,let him not leave out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever go,let him not *Charmian,*
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me *Charmian,*
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey,at one doore with Drum and Trumpet:at another Caesar,Lepidus,Anthony, Enobarbus,Menas,Agrippa,Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine :
And we shall talke before we fight.
Caesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let us know,
If'twill tye up thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish heere.
Pom. TO you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should revengers want,
Having a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Caesar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire ? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus,*
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Have one man but a man,and that [his] it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant

To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.
Caesar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou can'st not feare us *Pompey* with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost orecount me of my fathers house :
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present how you take,)
The offers we have sent you.
Caesar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd
Caesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia : and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome : this greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targets undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony,*
Put me to some impatience : though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Caesar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.
Ant. I have heard it *Pompey,*
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,
Ant. The beds i'th'East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither :
For I have gained by't.
Caesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's upon my face,
But in my bosome shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassaile.
Lep. Well met heere.
Pom. I hope so *Lepidus,* thus we are agreed :
I crave our [composion] may be writtern
And seal'd betweene us,
Caesar. That's the next to do.
Pom. Weele feast each other,ere we part,and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I *Pompey.*
Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot : but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the fame, I have
heard that *Julius Caesar,* grew fat with feasting there.
Anth. You have heard much.
Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.
Anth. And faire words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard,
And have heard *Appolodorus* carried----------
Eno. No more that :he did so.
Pom. What I pray you?
Eno. A certaine Queene to *Caesar* in a Matris.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Four Feasts are toward.

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

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee :
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords ?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manet Enob & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're have made this Treaty. You, and I have knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We have Sir.

Enob. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes some-think you can deny for your owne safety : you have bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land service:but give mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe agaie.

Men. Y'have said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray wou, is he married to *Cleopatra?*

Enob. Caesars Sister is call'd *Octavia.*

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius.*

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Caesar* and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I wold not Prophesie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the love of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity : *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so :which is *Marke Anthony :* he will to hie Egyptian dish againe : then shall the sighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Caesar,* and (as I said before) that which is the strangth of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will use his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

*Men.*And thus is may be. Come Sir,will you aboord? I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir : we have us'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come,let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musicke playes.
Enter two or three Servants with a Banket.

I Heere they'l be man: some o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already,the least winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.
2 *Lepidus* is high [Conlord.]
1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.
2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee cries out,no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himselfe to'th'drinke.
I But it raises the [greatet] warre betweene him & his discretion.
2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship : I had as live have a Reede that will doe me no servide, as a Partizan I could not heave.
I To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to move in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pittifully disaster the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.
Enter Caesar ,Anthony, Pompey,Lepidus, Agrippa,Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes,with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir : they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid : they know
By'th'height, the lownesse,or the meane : If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises :as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Upon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harvest.
Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there?
Anth. I *Lepidus.*
Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.
Ant. They are so.
Pom. Sit, and some Wine : A health to *Lepidus.*
Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out.
Enob. Not till you have slept : I feare me you'l bee in till then.
Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemies* Pyramisis are very goodly things : without contradiction I have heard that.
Menas. *Pompey,*a word.
Pomp. Say in mine eare,what is't.
Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.
Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus.*
Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?
Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth ; It is just so high as it is, and mooves with it owne organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.
Lep. What colour is it of?
Ant. Of it owne colour too.
Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.
Caes. Will this description satisfie him ?
Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.
Pomp. Go hang sir,hang : tell me of that ? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rise

Rise from thy stoole.
Pom. I thinke th'art mad :the matter ?
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith : what's else to say ? Be jolly Lords.
Anth. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus,*
Keepe off, them for you sinke.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What saist thou ?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world ?
That's twice.
Pom. How should that be ?
Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunke well.
Men. No *Pompey,* I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way?
Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates :
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service : thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour :
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thu tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done unknowne,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now : desist, and drinke.
Men. For this, Ile never follow
Thy paul'd fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take,when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never finde it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*
Ant. Beare him a shore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey.*
Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas.*
Men. *Enobarbus,*welcome.
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas.*
Men. Why?
Eno. A beares the third part of the world man : seest not ?
Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.
Eno. Drinke thou : encrease the Reeles.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.
Ant. It ripen's towards it : strike the Vessells hoa.
Heere's to *Caesar.*
Caesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my braine,and it grow fouler.
Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.
Caesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one,
Enob. Ha my brave Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?
Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steept our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne :
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup us till the world go round ,
Cup us till the world go round.

Caesar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me request you of our graver business
Frownes at this levitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine,and mine own tongue
Spleet's what it speakest:[he] wilde disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.
Pom. Ile try you on the shore.
Anth. And shall Sir, gives your hand.
Pom. Oh *Anthony*,you have my Father house.
But what,we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.
Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas :* Ile not on shore,
No to my Cabin : these Drummes,
These Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heere a, we bid aloud farewell
To these great Fellowes.Sound and be hang'd, found out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo Saies a there's my Cap.
Men. HoaNoble Captaine,come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph , the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke,and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades,*
Paies this for *Marcus Crassus.*
Romaine. Noble *Ventidus,*
Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre though Media,
Mesapotamia,and the shelters,whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots,and
Put Garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Sillius,Sillius,*
I have done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius,*
Better to leave undone, then by our deed
Acquire to high a Fame, when him we serves away.
Caesar and *Anthony* have ever wonne
More in their officer,then person. *Soffius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiv'd by th'minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becames his Captaines Captaine : and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue)rather makes choise of slosse
Then gaine,which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.
Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction : thou
wilt write to *Anthony.*
Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We have jaded out o'th'Field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must convay with's, will permit :
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey,*he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from Rome: *Caesar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sicknesse.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus.*
Eno. A very fine one : oh, how he loves *Caesar.*
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony.*
Eno. *Caesar?* why he's the Jupiter of men.
[*Ant.*] What's *Anthony,*the God of Jupiter?
Eno. Spake you of *Caesar?* How, the non-pareill?
Agri. Oh *Anthony,*oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno. Would you praise *Caesar,* say *Caesar*! go no further.
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves *Caesar* best,yet he loves *Anthony :*
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast,write, sing, number : hoo,
His love to *Anthony.* But as for *Caesar,*
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for
This is to horse : Adieu, Noble *Agrippa.*
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar,Anthony,Lepidus ,and Octavia.

Antho. No further Sir.
Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofe : most Noble *Anthony,*
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt us, as the Cyment of our love
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.
Caesar. I have said.
Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines serve your ends :
We will heere part.
Caesar. Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well.
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
Octa. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves spring,
And these the showers to bring it on : be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—
Caesar. What *Octavia ?*
Ocra. Ile tell you in your eare.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Caesar* weepe?
Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.
Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Anthony* found *Julius Caesar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* slaine.
Eno. That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleev't till I weepe too.
Caesar. No sweet *Octavia,*
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of love,
Looke heere I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.
Caesar. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light
To thy faire way.
Caesar. Farewell,farewell. *Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow ?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go too,go too :Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.
Alex. Good Majestie: *Herod* of Jury dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have : but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thoou neere:
Mes. Most gratious Majistie.
Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octavia ?*
Mes. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face : and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony.*
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didst heare her speake?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good : he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her ? Oh *Isis* :'tis impossible.
Cleo. I thinke so Charmian: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Majesty is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Majestie.
Mes. She creepes:her motion,& her station are as one.
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine ?
Mes. Or I have no observance.
Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perciev't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guesse at her yeares,I prythee.
Mess. Madam, she was a widdow.
Cleo. Widdow ? *Charmian,* hearke.
Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie.
Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round, even to faultinesse.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?
Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe : I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go,make the ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing Madam,
Cleo. The man hath seene some Majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seene Majestie ? *Isis* else defend : and serving you so long.
Cleopa. I Have one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian* : but 'tis no matter,thou shalt bring him to me where I will write;all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia,* not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey.* Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure;lent me,
When the best hint was given him : he had look't
Or did it from his teeth.
Octavi. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeve not all, or if you must beleeve,
Stomacke not all. A more unhappie Lady,
If this devision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia,*
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
But to preserve it :if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe:better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
So your desires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Jove of power make me most weake,most weake,
You reconciler:Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleave,and that slaine men
Should soader up the Rift.

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equall, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart [he's] mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus,and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros?*

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Ero. Caesar & *Lepidus* have made warres upon *Pompey.*

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. Caesar having made use of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey:* presently denied him rivality, 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 owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is up, till death enlarge his Confine.

Ero. Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more, and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le grinde the other. Where's *Anthony?*

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus,and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus,*
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey.*

Eno. Our great Navies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Caesar,* More *Domitius,*
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony.*

Eros. Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Caesar.

Caes. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this,& more
In Alexandria : heere's the manner of't :
I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall silver'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publickely enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Caesarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the unlawfull issue,that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Unto her,
He gave the stablishment of Egypt,made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mece. This is the publike eye?

Caesar. I'th'common shew place,where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to *Alexander.* To *Ptolomy* he assign'd
Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia : she
In th'abiliments of the Goddesse *Isis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Caesar. The people knowes it,
And have now receiv'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Caesar. Caesar, and that having in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping urestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate,should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir,this should be answer'd.

Caesar. 'Tis done already,and the Messenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change : for what I have conquer'd
I grant him part : but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms,I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l never yeeld to that.
Caes. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octavia with her Traine.
Octa. Haile *Caesar,* and my L. haile most deere *Caesar.*
Caesar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.
Octa. You have not call'd me so,nor have you cause.
Caes. Why have you stoln upon us thus?you come not
Like *Caesars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th'way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roofe of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostententation of our love ; which left unshewne,
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd,but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony,*
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeved eare withall : whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Caes. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.
Octa. Do not say so,my Lord.
Caes. I have eyes upon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind; wher is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
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'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia : the Thracian King *Adullas,*
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Caes. Welcome hither : your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger : cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold unbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought : and the high Gods
To do you Justice, makes his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcom to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mac. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony,* most large

In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against us.
Octa. Is it so sir?
Caes. Most certaine : Sister welcome : pray you
Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra ,and Enobarbus.
Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it it not not fit.
Eno. Well : is it,is it.
Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not
we be there in person.
Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee should serve with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost ;
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.
Cleo. What is't you say ?
Enob. Your presence needs must puzle *Anthony,*
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch,and your Maides
Manage this werre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against us. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Camidias.
Eno. Nay I have done,here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not strange *Camidias,*
That from Tarientum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius,* wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?
Ant. For that he dares us too't.
Enob. So hath my Lord dar'd him to single fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where *Caesar* fought with *Pompey.* But these offers
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Caesars* Fleete,
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy ; no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. 'Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Caesar* none better.
Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Caesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Businesse?
Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Caesar ha's taken Toryne.
Ant, Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius,*
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis.*
Enter a Soldiour.
How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor. do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword,and these my Wounds ; let th'Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a ducking : wee
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant.Cleo,& Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't : so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeus,
Publicola, and *Celius* are for Sea :
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Caesars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguiled all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They say, one *Towrus.*
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. The Emperor cals *Camidius.*
Cam. With Newes the times [with] Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *exeunt*

Enter Caesar with his Army, marching.

Caes. Towrus?
Tow. My Lord.
Caes. Strike not by Land.
Keepe whole, provoke not Battaile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule : Our fortune lyes
Upon this jumpe. *exit.*
Enter Anthony,and Enobarbus.
Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Caesars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidios Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way : After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught ,al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

EnterScarrus

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we have kist away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder ;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in [Jnne],
Hoists Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight,and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony,*
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in the heighth,flyes after her :
I never saw an Action of such shame ;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well :
Oh his ha's given example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts ? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Caesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony,* though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

E*nter Anthony with Attendants.*

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends,come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it :flye,
And make your peace with *Caesar.*

Omnes. Fly ? Not wee.

Ant. I have fled my selfe,and have instructed cowards
To runne,and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my selfe resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it : Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke upon,
My very haires du mutiny : for the white
Reprove the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

Leave me, I pray a little : pray you now,
Nay do so : for indeede I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do most deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit downe : Oh *Juno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.
Eros. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane 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 Warre : yet now : no matter.
Cleo. Ah stand by.
Eros. the Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him,Madam, speake to him,
Hee's unqualited with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.
Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I have left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon,pardon.
Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Give me a kisse,
Even this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolmaster, is a come backe?
Love I am full of Lead : some Wine
Within there, and our Viands : Fortune knowes
We scorne her most,when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa,and Dollabello,with others.

Caes. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.

Dolla. Caesar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach,and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the [Morne]-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Caes. Bee't so,declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens : this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Caes. For *Anthony,*
I have no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if fhee performe,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Caes. Bring him through the Bands :
To try thy Eloquence,now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra,* promise
And in our Name, what she requires,adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias,*
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. Caesar, I go.

Caesar. Observe how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very Action speakes
In every power that mooves.

Thid. Caesar, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus ?*

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony,*or we in fault for this?

Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose severall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow ?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
the meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Than was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then have courtesie,
So she will yeeld us up.

Am. He sayes so.

Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him again, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth upon him : from which, the world should note
Something particular : His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would prevaile
Under the service of a Childe, as soone
As i'th'Comand of *Caesar.* I dare him therefore
to lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone : Ile write it : Follow me.
Eno. Yes like enough : hye battel'd *Caesar* will
Unstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to 'th'shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward qulity after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will
Answer his emptinesse ; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'de
His judgement too.
Enter a Servant.
Ser. A Messenger from *Caesar.*
Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him sir.
Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeane a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.
Enter Thidias.
Cleo. Caesars will.
Thid. Heare it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends :say boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony.*
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,
Or needs not us. If *Caesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend : For [us] you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that it *Caesars.*
Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Caesars.*
Cleo. Go on right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The scarre's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.
Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony.*
Sir, sir, thou art so leaky
That we must leave the to thy sinking, for
Thy deerest quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
Thid. Shall I say to *Caesar,*
What you require of him : dor he partly begges
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane upon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony,*
And put your selfe under his shrowd, the universal Land-
(lord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thid. My name is *Thidias.*
Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conqu'ring hand : Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.
Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course :
Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Caesars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.
Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.
Ant. Favours? By Jove that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performes (Fellow?
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'de.
Eno. You will be whipt.
*Ant.*Approch there : ah you Kite.Now Gods & divels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes unto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Have you no eares ?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Enter a Servant.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.
Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him : wer't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge *Caesar,* should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra?* Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. Marke Anthony.
Ant. Tugge him away : being whipt
Bring him againe, the Jacke of *Caesars* shall
Beare us an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were halfe blasted ere I knew you : Ha?
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
Ant. You have beene a boggeler ever,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. Oh,is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morsell, cold upon
Dead *Caesars* Trencher : Nay,you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes,* besides what hotter houres
Unregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out: For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand ; this Kingly Seale
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have savage cause,
And to proclaime it civilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Servant with Thidias.
Ser. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?
Ser. He did aske favour.
Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter,and be thou sorrie
To follow *Caesar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get the backe to *Caesar,*
Tell him thy entertainment : looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't :
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my infranched 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,be gone. *Exit Thid.*
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony,*
Cleo. I must stay his time?
Ant. To flatter *Caesar,* would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heaven ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first ftone
Drop in my necke : as it determines so
Dissolve my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye gravelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Have buried them for prey.
Ant. I am satisfied:
Caesar sets downe in Alexandria,where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our sever'd Navie too
Have knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne one more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave Lord.
Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for Jests : But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy night : Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.
Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe,I will be *Cleopatra.*
Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.
Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres:
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death love me : for I will contend
Even with his pestilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*
Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Dove will pecke the Estridge ; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart ; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with : I will seeke
Some way to leave him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Caesar reading a Letter.

Caes. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Caesar to *Anthony :* let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other wayes to dye : meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.
Mece. Caesar must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for it selfe.
Caes. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we have store to doo't,
And they have earn'd the waste.Poore *Anthony. Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas,with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian?*
Eno. No?
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well.
Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.
Ant. Well said, come on :
Call forth my Houshold Servants,lets to night
Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.
Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou,and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have beene your fellowes.
Cleo. What meanes this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde.
Ant. And thou art honest too :
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Anthony* : that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night :
Scant not my Cups, and make much of me:
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. 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'l serve another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.
Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To give them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace now 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 burne this night with Torches : Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1.Sol. Brother, goodnight : to morrow is the day.
2.Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.
1 Nothing : what newes ?
2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1. Well sir, good night.
They meete other Soldiers.
2 Souldiers, have carefull Watch.
1 And you : Goodnight,goodnight.
They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.
2 Heere we : and if to morrow
Our Navie thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand up.
1 'Tis a brave Army,and full of purpose.
Musicke of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.
2 Peace,what noise?
1 List list.
2 Hearke.
1 Musicke i'th'Ayre.
3 Under the earth.
4 It figures well, do's it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I say: What should this meane?
2 'Tis the God *Hercules,* whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.
1. Walke,let's see if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?
2 How now Maisters? *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not strange?
3 Do you heare Masters ? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.
Omnes. Content : 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra,with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros,* come mine Armor *Eros.*
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False,false : This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go,put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely,rarely :
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros,* and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou : Dispatch. O Love,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou shouldst see
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we love, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight.
Soul. A thousand Sir,early though't be, have on their
Riveted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
Trumpets Flourish.
Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morne is faire : Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So,so : Come give me that, this way, well-fed.
Fare the well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers dkisse : rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leave thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't : Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo Lead me :
He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Caesar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight ;
Then *Anthony* ; but now, Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony,and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony.*
Ant. Would thou,& those thy scars had once prevaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had''st thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted and the Soldier
That has this morning left the, would have still
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Whose gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one ever neere thee, call for *Enobarbus,*
Hee

He shall not heare thee, or from *Caesars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Caesar.*
Eros. Sir,his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone ?
Sol. Most certaine.
Ant. Go *Eros,* send his Treasue after,do it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee :write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings ;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honset men. ispatch *Enobarbus.* *Exit*

Flourish. *Enter Agrippa,Caesar ,with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.*

Caes. Go forth *Agrippa,* and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alive :
Make it so knowne.
Agrip. *Caesar,* I shall.
Caesar. The time of universall peace is neere :
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.
Caes. Go charge *Agrippa,*
Plant those that have revolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did disswade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Caesar,*
And leave his Master *Anthony.* For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him : *Camindius* and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will joy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Caesars.
Sol. *Enobarbus, Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus,*
I tell you true : Best you saf't the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Jove. *Exit*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony,*
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not : a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee : No I will go seeke
Some Ditch,wherein to dye : the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum,Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too farre :
Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony,and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*
Ant. thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retyre.
Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Roome for six scotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serves
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let us score their backes,
And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.
Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We have beaate him to his Campe : Runne one
Before,& let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine : you have shewne all *Hectors.*
Enter the Citty, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your feats,whil'st they with joyfull teares
Wash the congealement from you wounds, and kisse
the Honour'd-gashes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Give me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harnesse to my heart,and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare uncaught.
Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his Lippes thy favoring hand,
Kiss it my Warriour : He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape.
Cleo. Ile give the Friend
An Armour all of Gold : it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deserv'd it,were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phoebus Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a jolly March,
Beare our hack't Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate
Which

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centerie,and his Company ,Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releev'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th'Court of Guard : the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By'th'second houre i'th'Morne.
1.*Watch.* This last day was a shrew'd one too's.
Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.
2 What man is this?
1. Stand close,and list him.
Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men revolted shall upon Record
Beare hatefull memory : poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. Enobarbus?
2 Peace : Hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soveraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous dampe of night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hand no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony,*
Nobler then my revolt is Infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1 Let's speake to him.
Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne *Caesar.*
2 Let's do so, but he sleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleepe.
1 Go we to him.
2 Awake sir, awake, speake to us.
1 Heare you sir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let us beare him to'th'Court of Guard : he is of note :
Our houre is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recover yet. *exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.
Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.
Scar. For both,my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire,or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven :
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And looke on their endevour. *exeunt*

Enter Caesar, and his Army.
Caes. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best advantage. *exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd :
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how ['ris] to go. *exit.*
Scar. Swallowes have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost :
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye :
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I hve done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, even heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do dis-Candy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Caesar* : And this Pine is barkt,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt!this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars,& cal'd them home :
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguild me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros, Eros?*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avaunt.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Caesars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor'st Diminitives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia,* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros,* hoa?
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe : The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me,and I fall
Under this plot : She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit.*

Enter Cleopatra,Charmian,Iras,Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women : Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
Was never so imbost.
Char. To'th'Monument, there locke hour selfe,
And send him word you are dead:

The

The Soule and Body rive not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.
Cleo. to'th'Monument :
Mardian, go tell him I have slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony,*
And word it(prythee) pitteously. Hence *Mardian,*
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.
Exeunt.
Enter Anthony and Eros.
Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does my Lord.
Ant. My good Knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Heere I am *Anthony,*
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine :
Which whil'st it was mine, had annext untoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Caesars,* and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros,* there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.
Enter Mardian.
Oh thy vild Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony,*
My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence sawcy Eunich peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was *Anthony,* most Noble *Anthony ;*
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony* : it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips : she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then ?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarme *Eros,* the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe : That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly : Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros,* apace;
No more a Soldier : bruised peeces go,
You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra,* and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture : since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does : yea, very force entangles
It selfe witn strength : Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze :
Dido, and her *AEneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros, Eros.*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* Dyed,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Caesar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed : When I should see behinde me
Th'inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come : Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Caesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me.
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.
Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetrative shame ; whil'st the wheel'd seate
of Fortunate *Caesar* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.
Eros. I would not see't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword,which thou hast worne
Most usefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh sir,pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st [yu] not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole workd lyes.
Ant. Loe thee
Eros. My sword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.
Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke,Farwell.
Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now ?
Ant. Now *Eros.* *Killing hiselfe.*
Eros. Why there then :
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthonies* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me : Oh valiant *Eros,* what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros,*
Thy Master dies thy Scholler ; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard,how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1.Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends :
Oh make an end of what I have begun.
2 The Starre is falne.
1 And time is at his Period.
All. Alas, and woe.
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 Not I.
2. Nor I.
3 Nor any one. *exeunt*
Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to *Caesar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony?*
Decre. There *Diomed* there.
Diom. Lives he: wilt thou not answer man?
Ant. Art thou there *Diomed?*
Draw thy sword, and give mee,
Suffising strokes for death.
Diom. Most absolute Lord :
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.
Ant. When did shee sent thee?
Diom. Now my Lord.
Anth. Where is she? (feare
Diom. Lockt in her Monument : she had a Prophesying
Of what hath come to passe : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Caesar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late good *Diomed* : call my Guard I prythee.
Dio. What hoa : the Emperors Guard,
The Guard,what hoa ? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4.or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live to weare
All your true Followers out.
All. Most heavy day.
Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bit that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And have my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian,* I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted deere Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we dispise ; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
as that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?
Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. O Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shord o'th'world: O *Antony, Antony, Antony*
Helpe *Charmian,* helpe *Iras* helpe : helpe Friends
Below,let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace,
Not *Caesars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony,*
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it selfe.
Cleo. So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony,*
But woe 'tis so.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying ; onely,
I heere importune death a-while, untill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay upon thy lippes.
Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon : I dare not,
Least I be taken : not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Caesar,* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation. I amd safe:
Your Wife *Octavia,* with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring upon me : but come, come *Anthony,*
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee up:
Assist good Friends.
Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.
Cleo. Heere's sport indeede :
How heavy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Joves side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come,
They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd
Quicken with kissing : had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.
All. A heavy sight.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.
Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of *Caesar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Caesar* trust, but *Proculeius.*
Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Caesar.*
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th'world,
The NoblestL and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquishe'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Stye? Oh see my women :
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is falne : young Boyes and Gyrles
Are levell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soveraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt : Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught :
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad : Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere deth dare come to us. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'll bury him : And then,what's brave,what's Noble,
Let's doo't 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 breefest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas,with his Counsell of Warre.

Caesar: Go to him *Dollabella,* bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.
Dol. Caesar, I shall.
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Caes. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to us?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas,*
Marke Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthie
Best to be serv'd : whil'st 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,
Ile be to *Caesar :* if [yu] pleasest not, I [yeild] thee up my life.
Caesar. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should have shooke Lyons into civill streets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Caesar,*
Not by a publike minister of Justice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in tha 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.
Caes. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
*Mec.*His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity : but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Caesar* is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.
Caesar. Oh *Anthony,*
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soveraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body,and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Unreconciliable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter and AEgyptian.
Whence are you?
AEgyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents,desires,instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th'way shee's forc'd too.
Caesar. Bid her have good heart,
She soone shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her.For *Caesar* cannot leave to be ungentle
Aegypt. So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*
Caes. Come hither *Proculeius.* Go and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate us. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she sayes,
And how you fined of her.
Pro. Caesar I shall. *exit Proculeius.*
*Caes. Gallus,*go you along : where's *Dollabella,* to second *Proculeius ?*
All. Dolabella.
Caes. Let him alone : for I remember now
How hee's imploy d : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian,Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : Tis paltry to be *Caesar :*
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accedents, and bolts up change;
Which sleepes, and never pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars.*

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids the study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*
Cleo. Anthony
Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Quee[n]e his begger, you must tell him,
That Majesty to keepe *decorum,* must[]
No lesse begge then a Kingdome : if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.
Pro. Be of good cheere :
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.
Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.
[*Pro.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd :
Guart her till *Caesar* come.]
Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra,* thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releev'd, but not betraid.
*Cleo.*What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your selfe : Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come ; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
Pro. Oh temperate Lady.
Cleo, Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia.* Shall they hoyst me up,
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt[.]
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring ; rather make
My Countries high pyramids my Gibbet,

And hang me up in Chaines.
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Caesar.*
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done, thy Master *Caesar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee : for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
Pro. So *Dolabella,*
It shall content me best : Be gentle to her,
To *Caesar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*
Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne :
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?
Dol. I understand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony.*
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man.
Dol. If it might please ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.
Dol. Most Soveraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world : His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends :
But when he meant to quaile,and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe above
The Element they liv'd in : in his Livery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets:Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra.
Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreampt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the Gods :
But if there be, nor ever were one such
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuffe
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Anrthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite.
Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great ; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might never
Ore-take pursu'de successe : But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
My very heart at roote.
Cleo. I thanke you sir:
Know you what *Caesar* meanes to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you know.
Cleo. Nay pray you sir.
Dol. Though he be Honourable.
Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flourish.*
Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his traine.
All. Make way there *Caesar.*

Caes. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Caesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:
I pray you rise,rise Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
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.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I have
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.
Caesar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce :
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change : but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies course, you shall bereave you selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world : tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.
Caesar. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the breefe :of Money,Plate,& Jewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewes,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus ?*
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus.*
Seleu. Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my peril speake that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept backe.
Sel. Enought to purchase what you have made known
Caesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra,* I approve
Your Wisedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Caesar :* Oh behold,
How pompe is followed : Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus,* does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Then love that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, [yu] shalt
Go backe I warrant thee : but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave,Soule-lesse,Villain,Dog.
O rarely base!
Caesar. Good Queene, let us intreat you.
Cleo. O *Caesar,* what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Servant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy. Say (good *Caesar*)
That I some Lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, 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. Prythee go hence,

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th'Ashes of my chance : Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.
Caesar. Forbeare *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thoght
For things that others do : and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Caesar. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th'Role of Conquest : still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeve
Caesars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons : No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall give us counsell : Feede,and sleepe:
Our care and pitty is so much upon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.
Cleo. My Master,and my Lord.
Caesar. Not so : Adieu. *Flourish.*
Exeunt Caesar, and this Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles,he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian.*
Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo: Hye thee againe,
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold sir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne,by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this : *Caesar* through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Servant :
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Caesar.* *Exit.*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome as well as I : Mechanicke Slaves
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall be be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras :* sawcie Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballads us out a Tune. The quicke Comedians'
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian Revels : *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
I'th'posture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile never see't ? for I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queene : Go fetch
My best Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus,*
To meete *Marke Anthony.* Sirra *Iras,* go
(Now Noble *Charmian,* wee'l dispatch indeede,)
And when thou hast done this chare,Ile give the leave
To play till Doomesday : bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*
What poore and Instrument
May do a Noble deede : he brings me liberty :
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me :Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant : now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I have him : but I would not be the partie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall : those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or never revocer.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting of it, what paine she felt : Truely, she makes a very good report o'th'worme :but he that wil beleeve all that they say, shall never be saved by halfe that they do : but this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I,I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted, but in the keeping of wise people : for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple,but I know the divell himselfe will not eate a woman : I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the divell dresse her not. But truly,these same whorson divels doe the Gods great harme in their women : for in every tenne that they make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well,get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forsooth : I wish you joy o'th'worm. *Exit*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The juyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
Yare,yare, good *Iras* ; quicke : Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke 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 Ayre ; my other Elements
I give to baser life. So have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian, Iras,* Long farewell.
Have I the Aspick in my lippes? Dost fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch.
Which hurts,and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves do weepe.
Cleo. This proves me base :
If she first meet the Curled *Anthony,*
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,
Of life at once untye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great *Caesar* Asse, unpolicied.
Char. Oh Eastern Starre.
Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.
Char. Oh breake! O breake!
Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony!* Nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay------ *Dyes.*
Char. In this wild World ? So fare thee well:
Now boast the Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lasse unparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall : your Crownes away,
Ile mend it,and then play----

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1.Guard. Where's the Queene?
Char. Speake softly, wake her not,
1 *Caesar* hath sent
Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.
1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Caesar's* beguild.
2 There's *Dolabella* sent from *Caesar :* call him.
1 What worke is heere *Charmian ?*
Is it well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

[*Enter Dolabella.*]

Dol. How goes it heere?
2.Guard. All dead.
Dol. *Caesar,* thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Caesar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Caesar.*

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Caesar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way : the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleede.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1.Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.
Caesar. Pouson'd then.
1.Guard. Oh *Caesar :*
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem;
On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.
Caesar. Oh Noble weaknesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
in her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1.Guard. This is an Aspickes traile,
And these Figge-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th'Aspicke leaves upon the Caves on Nyle.
Caesar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony.*
No Grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high events as these
Strike those that make them : and their Story is
No lesse in pitty,then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome, Come *Dolabella,* see
High Order, in this great Solemnity. *Exuent omnes*

F I N I S.