# Antony and Cleopatra

by William Shakespeare

*Free public domain classic — Noveliopdf*

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of Antony and Cleopatra

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Antony and Cleopatra

Author: William Shakespeare

Release date: December 1, 1997 [eBook #1130] Most recently updated: September 23, 2025

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1130

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's play.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

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, Haue glow'd like plated Mars: Now bend, now turne The Office and Deuotion of their view Vpon 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 Loue indeed, tell me how much

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd

Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome

Ant. Grates me, the summe

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony. Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes, If the scarse-bearded Caesar haue not sent His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this; Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that: Perform't, or else we damne thee

Ant. How, my Loue? Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like: You must not stay heere longer, your dismission Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthony, Where's Fuluias 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 Fuluia 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 vp Peerelesse

Cleo. Excellent falshood: Why did he marry Fuluia, and not loue her? Ile seeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres, Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh; There's not a minute of our liues should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to night? Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene: Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weepe: who euery passion fully striues 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 vs.

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 approues 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, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L[ord]. 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, Cleopatra's health to drinke

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune

Sooth. I make not, but foresee

Char. Pray then, foresee me one

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are

Char. He meanes in flesh

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old

Char. Wrinkles forbid

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiue

Char. Hush

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer 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 haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with Octauius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris

Sooth. You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue

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

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

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

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

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie 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 presages 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, giue me particulars

Sooth. I haue said

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose

Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens 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 giue him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his graue, 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-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep decorum, and

Fortune him accordingly

Char. Amen

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but they'ld doo't. Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthony

Char. Not he, the Queene

Cleo. Saue 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 seruice. My Lord approaches. Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him: Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen. Fuluia 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, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar, Whose better issue in the warre from Italy, Vpon the first encounter draue 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 Fuluia's phrase, and taunt my faults With such full License, as both Truth and Malice Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds, When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs Is as our earing: fare thee 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 vpon 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. Fuluia 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 vs, We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure, By reuolution 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 vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word

Ant. I must be gone

Eno. Vnder 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 haue seene her dye twenty times vppon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing acte vpon 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 Loue. 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 Ioue

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall, would haue discredited your Trauaile

Ant. Fuluia is dead

Eno. Sir

Ant. Fuluia is dead

Eno. Fuluia? Ant. Dead

Eno. Why sir, giue 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 Fuluia, 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 liue 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 haue 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 Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake The cause of our Expedience to the Queene, And get her loue to part. For not alone The death of Fuluia, with more vrgent touches Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome, Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius Haue giuen the dare to Caesar, and commands The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people, Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer, Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his Dignities Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp 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 vnder vs, require Our quicke remoue 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 loue 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 giue 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 sicke, and sullen

An. I am sorry to giue 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 neuer giuen you leaue to come. Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere, I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are

Ant. The Gods best know

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene So mightily betrayed: yet at the first 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 haue beene false to Fuluia? Riotous madnesse, To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes, Which breake themselues 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 Heauen. They are so still, Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest Lyar

Ant. How now Lady? 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 Seruices a-while: but my full heart Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy, Shines o're with ciuill 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 Loue: The condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued Vpon 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 Fuluias death

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom It does from childishnesse. Can Fuluia dye? Ant. She's dead my Queene. Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best, See when, and where shee died

Cleo. O most false Loue! Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see, In Fuluias death, how mine receiu'd shall be

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know The purposes I beare: which are, or cease, As you shall giue th' aduice. By the fire That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence Thy Souldier, Seruant, 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 loues

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare, And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands An honourable Triall

Cleo. So Fuluia 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 leaue you Lady

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word: Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it: Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it: That you know well, something it is I would: Oh, my Obliuion is a very Anthony, And I am all forgotten

Ant. But that your Royalty Holds Idlenesse your subiect, 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, forgiue me, Since my becommings kill me, when they do not Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence, Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly, And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe Be strew'd before your feete

Ant. Let vs 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 Octauius 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 reuell: Is not more manlike Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Ptolomy More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue 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, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse: His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen, 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 giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue, To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet With knaues 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 iudgement. Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes

Mes. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre Most Noble Caesar, shalt thou haue report How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea, And it appeares, he is belou'd of those That only haue feard Caesar: to the Ports The discontents repaire, and mens reports Giue him much wrong'd

Caes I should haue knowne no lesse, It hath bin taught vs from the primall state That he which is was wisht, vntill he were: And the ebb'd man, Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue, Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie, Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame, 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 serue them, which they eare and wound With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt, No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone Taken as seene: for Pompeyes name strikes more Then could his Warre resisted Caesar. Anthony, Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once Was beaten from Medena, where thou slew'st Hirsius, and Pansa Consuls, at thy heele Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against, (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more Then Sauages 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 Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine Did shew our selues i'th' Field, and to that end Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey Thriues 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, giue 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 vnseminar'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 haue 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 brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'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 am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke, And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Caesar, When thou was't heere aboue 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. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Marke Anthony? Yet comming from him, that great

Med'cine hath With his Tinct gilded thee. How goes it with my braue Marke Anthonie? Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene) 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 haue spoke, Was beastly dumbe by him

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry? Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between y extremes Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie

Cleo. Oh well diuided 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 ioy, but betweene both. Oh heauenly 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 seuerall 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 Charmian. Welcome my good Alexas. Did I Charmian, euer loue Caesar so? Char. Oh that braue Caesar! Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis, Say the braue Anthony

Char. The valiant Caesar

Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth, If thou with Caesar Paragon againe: My man of men

Char. By your most gracious pardon, I sing but after you

Cleo. My Sallad dayes, When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood, To say, as I saide then. But come, away, Get me Inke and Paper, he shall haue euery day a

seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt.

Exeunt.

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

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist The deeds of iustest 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 selues, Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit By loosing of our Prayers

Pom. I shall do well: The people loue 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 loues, Nor either cares for him

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

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false

Mene. From Siluius, Sir

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Loue, Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip, Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both, Tye vp 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, Euen till a Lethied dulnesse- Enter Varrius.

How now Varrius? Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer: Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for farther Trauaile

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter A better eare. Menas, I did not thinke This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme For such a petty Warre: His

Souldiership Is twice the other twaine: But let vs 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 vpon him, although I thinke Not mou'd by Anthony

Pom. I know not Menas, How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater, Were't not that we stand vp against them all: 'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues, For they haue entertained cause enough To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp The petty difference, we yet not know: Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands Come Menas.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, '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 moue him, Let Anthony looke ouer Caesars head, And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter, Were I the wearer of Anthonio's Beard, I would not shaue't to day

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking

Eno. Euery time serues for the matter that is then borne in't

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way

Eno. Not if the small come first

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre No Embers vp. 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 do not know Mecenas, aske Agrippa

Lep. Noble Friends: That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse, May it be gently heard. When we debate Our triuiall 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 thus. 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 vpon me, and their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it. And haue 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, Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell, As matter whole you haue to make it with, It must not be with this

Caes You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but you patcht vp 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 oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace easie, but not such a wife

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

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (Caesar) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing 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 vp my Letters: and with taunts Did gibe my Misiue out of audience

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon 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 haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Out of our question wipe him

Caesar. You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you shall neuer haue 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 vp 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 Fuluia, To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, 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 Loue for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of Pompey returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue 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 vs staunch from edge to edge Ath' world: I would persue it

Agri. Giue me leaue Caesar

Caesar. Speake Agrippa

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd Octauia: Great Mark Anthony is now a widdower

Caesar. Say not, say Agrippa; if Cleopater heard you, your proofe were well deserued 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 vn-slipping knot, take Anthony, Octauia 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 vtter. By this marriage, All little Ielousies 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 loue to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke, For 'tis a studied not a present thought, By 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, vnto Octauia

Anth. May I neuer (To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes) Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand Further this act of Grace: and from this houre, The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues, And sway our great Designes

Caesar. There's my hand: A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer Flie off our Loues 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 vpon me. I must thanke him onely, Least my remembrance, suffer ill report: At heele of that, defie him

Lepi. Time cals vpon's, Of vs must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seekes out vs

Anth. Where lies he? Caesar. About the Mount-Mesena

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 selues in Armes, dispatch we The businesse we haue talkt of

Caesar. With most gladnesse, And do inuite you to my Sisters view, Whether straight Ile lead you

Anth. Let vs 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 haue cause to be glad, that matters are so well disgested: 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 rosted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue 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 deserued noting

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

Enob. When she first met Marke Anthony, she purst vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis

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

Eno. I will tell you, The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold, Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that The Windes were Loue-sicke. With them the Owers were Siluer, 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 discription, she did lye In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue, O're-picturing that Venus, where we see The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her, Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids, With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme, To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole, And what they vndid did

Agrip. Oh rare for Anthony

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, 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 inuisible perfume hits the sense Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast Her people out vpon 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. Vpon her landing, Anthony sent to her, Inuited 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 hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breathlesse powre breath forth

Mece. Now Anthony, must leaue her vtterly

Eno. Neuer 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 themselues in her, that the holy Priests Blesse her, when she is Riggish

Mece. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle The heart of Anthony: Octauia is A blessed Lottery to him

Agrip. Let vs go. Good Enobarbus, make your selfe my guest, whilst you abide heere

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide 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 Octauia Read not my blemishes in the worlds report: I haue not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done byth' Rule: good night deere Lady: Good night Sir

Caesar. Goodnight. Enter.

Enter Soothsaier.

Anth. Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt? Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither

Ant. If you can, your reason? Sooth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,

But yet hie you to Egypt againe

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher Caesars or mine? Sooth. Caesars. Therefore (oh Anthony) stay not by his side Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable, Where Caesars 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 thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens, When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him: But he alway 'tis Noble

Anth. Get thee gone: Say to Ventigius I would speake with him. Enter.

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, Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds, His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine, When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte: 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 reciue't.

Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you hasten your Generals after

Agr. Sir, Marke Anthony, will e'ne but kisse Octauia, and weele follow

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse, Which will become you both: Farewell

Mece. We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at Mount before you Lepidus

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me

Both. Sir good successe

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue

Omnes. The Musicke, hoa. Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come Charmian

Char. My arme is sore, best play with Mardian

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch 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, Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th' Riuer there My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp, Ile thinke them euery one an Anthony, And say, ah ha; y'are caught

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp

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 fruitefull tidings in mine eares, That long time haue 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 yeild him. There is Gold, and heere My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings Haue lipt, and trembled kissing

Mes. First Madam, he is well

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But sirrah marke, we vse To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr Downe thy ill vttering throate

Mes. Good Madam heare me

Cleo. Well, go too I will: But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour 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 haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st: Yet if thou say Anthony liues, 'tis well, Or friends with Caesar, or not Captiue to him, Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile Rich Pearles vpon 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 euer

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 vpon but yet, But yet is as a Iaylor 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 thou saist, free

Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report, He's bound vnto Octauia

Cleo. For what good turne? Mes. For the best turne i'th' bed

Cleo. I am pale Charmian

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octauia

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience

Cleo. What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hales him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd 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 Prouince I will giue thee, And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st Shall make thy peace, for mouing 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 liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Mes. Nay then Ile runne: What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. Enter.

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe, The man is innocent

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt: Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue 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 Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir. Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Message An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell Themselues, when they be felt

Mes. I haue 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 would'st appeere most vgly: He is married? Mes. I craue 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 vnequall, he's married to Octauia

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee, That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence, The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome Are all too deere for me: Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em

Char. Good your Highnesse patience

Cleo. In praysing Anthony, I haue 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 bid him Report the feature of Octauia: her yeares, Her inclination, let him not leaue out The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly, Let him for euer 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, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine: And we shall talke before we fight

Caesar. Most meete that first we come to words, And therefore haue we Our written purposes before vs sent, Which if thou hast considered, let vs know, If 'twill tye vp 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 reuengers want, Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Caesar, Who at Phillippi the good Brutus ghosted, There saw you labouring for him. What was't That mou'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 Haue one man but a man, and that his it Hath made me rigge my Nauie. 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 vs 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 vs, (For this is from the present how you take) The offers we haue 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 haue 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 vpon, To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe Our Targes vndinted

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 haue heard it Pompey, And am well studied for a liberall thanks, Which I do owe you

Pom. Let me haue your hand: I did not thinke Sir, to haue 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 haue gained by't

Caesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you

Pom. Well, I know not, What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face, But in my bosome shall she neuer come, To make my heart her vassaile

Lep. Well met heere

Pom. I hope so Lepidus, thus we are agreed: I craue our composion may be written And seal'd betweene vs, 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 haue the fame, I haue heard that Iulius Caesar, grew fat with feasting there

Anth. You haue heard much

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir

Ant. And faire words to them

Pom. Then so much haue I heard, And I haue 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 perceiue Foure Feasts are toward

Pom. Let me shake thy hand, I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight, When I haue enuied thy behauiour

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye, When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much, As I haue said you did

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse, It nothing ill becomes thee: Aboord my Gally, I inuite 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 haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir

Enob. At Sea, I thinke

Men. We haue Sir

Enob. You haue 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 haue done by Land

Men. Nor what I haue done by water

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

Men. And you by Land

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee your hand Menas, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kissing

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are

Enob. But there is neuer 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 againe

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke Anthony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra? Enob. Caesars Sister is call'd Octauia

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 euer knit together

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Prophesie so

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the loue 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: Octauia is of a holy, cold, and still conuersation

Men. Who would not haue his wife so? Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is Marke Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the sighes of Octauia blow the fire vp in Caesar, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their

Amity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

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

1 Heere they'l be man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil blow them downe

2 Lepidus is high Coulord

1 They haue 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

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his discretion

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene to moue 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 Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine, And shortly comes to Haruest

Lep. Y'haue 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 haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in till then

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the Ptolomies Pyramisis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue 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 iust so high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues 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 giues 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 from thy stoole

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter? Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's else to say? Be iolly 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 giue thee all the world

Pom. Hast thou drunke well

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup, Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue: 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 haue done, And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie, In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour: Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue, Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne, I should haue found it afterwards well done, But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow Thy paul'd Fortunes more, Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall neuer finde it more

Pom. This health to Lepidus

Ant. Beare him ashore, 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 braue Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke? Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier

Ant. Come, let's all take hands, Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't 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 euery 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 vs till the world go round, Cup vs till the world go round

Caesar. What would you more? Pompey goodnight. Good Brother Let me request

you of our grauer businesse Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part, You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong Enobarbe Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight. Good Anthony your hand

Pom. Ile try you on the shore

Anth. And shall Sir, giues your hand

Pom. Oh Anthony, you haue 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 heare, we bid aloud farewell To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap

Men. Hoa, Noble 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 reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body, Before our Army, thy Pacorus Orades, Paies this for Marcus Crassus

Romaine. Noble Ventidius, Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme, The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through 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 haue done enough. A lower place note well May make too great an act. For learne this Sillius, Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away. Caesar and Anthony, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then person. Sossius One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant, For quicke accumulation of renowne, Which he atchiu'd by'th' minute, lost his fauour. Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can, Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse Then gaine, which darkens him. I could do more to do Anthonius good, But 'twould offend him. And in his offence, 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 haue effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We haue iaded out o'th' Field

Rom. Where is he now? Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay 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 haue dispatcht with Pompey, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. Octauia 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 loues Caesar

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores Mark Anthony

Eno. Caesar? why he's the Iupiter of men

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Iupiter? 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 loues Caesar best, yet he loues Anthony: Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo, His loue to Anthony. But as for Caesar, Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder

Agri. Both he loues

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so: This is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell. Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, proue 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 vs, as the Cyment of our loue To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it: for better might we Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherisht

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust

Caesar. I haue 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 serue 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 Loues spring, And these the showers to bring it

on: be cheerfull

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and- Caesar. What Octauia? Octa. 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 vpon 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 Iulius 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, Beleeu't till I weepe too

Caesar. No sweet Octauia, 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 loue, Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go, And giue you to the Gods

Caesar. Adieu, be happy

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light To thy faire way

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octauia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow? Alex. Halfe afeard to come

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir. Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: Herod of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd

Cleo. That Herods head, Ile haue: but how? When Anthony is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere

Mes. Most gratious Maiestie

Cleo. Did'st thou behold Octauia? 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 Maiestie is in her gate, remember If ere thou look'st on Maiestie

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 haue no obseruance

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't, There's nothing in her yet. The Fellow ha's good iudgement

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, euen 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 thee 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 Maiesty, and should know

Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? Isis else defend: and seruing you so long

Cleopa. I haue 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 Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay Octauia, 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 giuen him: he not took't, Or did it from his teeth

Octaui. Oh my good Lord, Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue, Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady, If this deuision 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, Vndo 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 Octauia, Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks Best to preserue 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 Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake, Your reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be, As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men Should soalder vp the Rift

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins, Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults Can neuer be so equall, that your loue Can equally moue with them. Prouide 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 haue made warres vpon Pompey

Eno. This is old, what is the successe? Eros. Caesar hauing made vse of him in the warres 'gainst Pompey: presently denied him riuality, 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. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine

Eno. 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 Nauies rig'd

Eros. For Italy and Caesar, more Domitius, My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told heareafter

Eno. 'Twillbe 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 siluer'd, Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat Caesarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her, He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene

Mece. This in 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 gaue 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 gaue 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 haue now receiu'd his accusations

Agri. Who does he accuse? Caesar. Caesar, and that hauing 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 vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets That Lepidus of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd, And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd

Caesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone: I haue told him Lepidus was growne too cruell, That he his high Authority abus'd, And did deserue his change: for what I haue 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 neuer yeeld to that

Caes Nor must not then be yeelded to in this. Enter Octauia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile Caesar, and my L[ord]. haile most deere Caesar

Caesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away

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

Caes Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not Like Caesars Sister, The wife of Anthony Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach, Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th' way Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted, Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen, Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne, Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you By Sea, and Land, supplying euery 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 greeued 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 haue eyes vpon 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 giuen his Empire Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying 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 Manchus of Arabia, King of Pont, Herod of Iewry, 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 haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends, That does afflict each other

Caes Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our breaking forth Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led, And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart, Be you not troubled with the time, which driues O're your content, these strong necessities, But let determin'd things to destinie Hold vnbewayl'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 Iustice, makes his Ministers Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort, And euer welcom to vs

Agrip. Welcome Lady

Mec. Welcome deere Madam, Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you, Onely th' adulterous Anthony, most large In his abhominations, turnes you off, And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull That noyses it against vs

Octa. Is it so sir? Caes Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not

Eno. But why, why, why? Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres, And

say'st it is not fit

Eno. Well: is it, is it

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not we be there in person

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue 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 Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome, That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maides Mannage this warre

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot That speake against vs. 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 haue done, here comes the Emperor

Ant. Is it not strange Camidius, That from Tarientum, and Brandusium, He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea, And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?) Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd, Then by the negligent

Ant. A good rebuke, Which might haue 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 vs 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 serue 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 haue 'gainst Pompey fought, Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: 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 haue by Land, Distract your Armie, which doth most consist Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe The way which promises assurance, and Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard, From firme Securitie

Ant. Ile fight at Sea

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, Caesar none better

Ant. Our ouer-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 twelue 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 Haue vs'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 mens

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not? Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iusteus, 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 beguilde 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, prouoke not Battaile Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes Vpon this iumpe. Enter.

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. Enter.

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer 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. Enter Scarrus.

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 haue kist away Kingdomes, and Prouinces

Eno. How appeares the Fight? Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence, Where death is sure. Yon 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 vpon her) like a Cow in Iune, 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 looft, The Noble ruine of her Magicke, Anthony, Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard) Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her: I neuer 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 giuen 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. Ile yet follow The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason Sits in the winde against me. Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't, It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither, I am so lated in the world, that I Haue lost my way for euer. I

haue a shippe, Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye, And make your peace with Caesar

Omnes. Fly? Not wee

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone, I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon 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 vpon, My very haires do mutiny: for the white Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall Haue 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 leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way; I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure. Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now, Nay do so: for indeede I haue 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 Iuno

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 practise had In the braue 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 vnqualitied 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 haue offended Reputation, A most vnnoble sweruing

Eros. Sir, the Queene

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes, By looking backe what I haue left behinde Stroy'd in dishonor

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord, Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought You would haue followed

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well, My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th' strings, And thou should'st towe me after. O're my spirit The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods Command mee

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: Giue me a kisse, Euen this repayes me. We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe? Loue 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 poore 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 liue in Egypt, which not granted He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth A priuate man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatnesse, Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues The Circle of the Ptolomies for her heyres, Now hazarded to thy Grace

Caes For Anthony, I haue no eares to his request. The Queene, Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend, Or take his life there. This if shee performe, She shall not sue vnheard. 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 inuention, offers. Women are not In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure 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. Obserue how Anthony becomes his flaw, And what thou think'st his very action speakes In euery power that mooues

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 seuerall ranges Frighted each other? Why should he follow? The itch of his Affection should not then Haue 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 Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges, And leaue his Nauy gazing

Cleo. Prythee peace. Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

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

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie, So she will yeeld vs vp

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. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions, May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone As i'th' Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore To lay his gay Comparisons a-part, And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword, Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd Caesar will Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are A parcell of their

Fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality 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 iudgement too. Enter a Seruant.

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 vnto 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 Allegeance 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 vs. If Caesar please, our Master Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know, Whose he is, we are, and that is 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 loue, but as you feared him

Cleo. Oh

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he Does pitty, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserued

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 leakie That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for Thy deerest quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid. Shall I say to Caesar, What you require of him: for he partly begges To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him, That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits To heare from me you had left Anthony, And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Landlord

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. Giue 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 vnworthy place, As it rain'd kisses. Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow? Thid. One that but performes The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To haue command obey'd

Eno. You will be whipt

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa, Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth, And cry, your will. Haue you no eares? I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him. Enter a Seruant.

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 Iacke of Caesars shall Beare vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt. with Thidius.

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha? Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race, And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd By one that lookes on Feeders? Cleo. Good my Lord

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer, 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 iudgements, make vs 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 vpon Dead Caesars Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment Of Gneius Pompeyes, besides what hotter houres Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue 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 Vpon the hill of Basan, to out-roare The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause, And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke, For being yare about him. Is he whipt? Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon? Ser. He did aske fauour

Ant. If that thy Father liue, 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 Feauer thee, Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee 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 Haue 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 enfranched Bondman, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou: Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Haue 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 Heauen ingender haile, And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone Drop in my necke: as it determines so Dissolue my life, the next Caesarian smile, Till by degrees the memory of my wombe, Together with my braue Egyptians all, By the discandering of this pelleted storme, Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle Haue 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 seuer'd Nauie too Haue 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 once 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 braue Lord

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd, And fight maliciously: for when mine houres Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth, And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come, Let's haue 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'haue 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 loue me: for I will contend Euen 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 Doue 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 leaue 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 haue 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 Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now Make boote of his distraction: Neuer 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 seru'd Marke Anthony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done, And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't, And they haue 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 liue, Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all

Ant. Well said, come on: Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand, Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou, Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well, And Kings haue 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 vp together, in An Anthony: that I might do you seruice, So good as you haue done

Omnes. The Gods forbid

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night: Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me, As when mine Empire was your Fellow too, And suffer'd my command

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 serue another Master. I looke on you, As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends, I turne you not away, but like a Master Married to your good seruice, 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 giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe, And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame, Transforme vs not to women

Ant. Ho, ho, ho: Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus. Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends) You take me in too dolorous a sense, For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you To 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, haue carefull Watch

1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

2 Heere we: and if to morrow Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope Our Landmen will stand vp

1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noise? 1 List, list

2 Hearke

1 Musicke i'th' Ayre

3 Vnder the earth

4 It signes well, do's it not? 3 No

1 Peace I say: What should this meane? 2 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loued, Now leaues 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 haue quarter. Let's see how it will giue 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 braue 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 thriue 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 vnbuckles 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 Loue, That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st The Royall Occupation, thou should'st 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 loue, we rise betime, And go too't with delight

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their Riueted 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 giue me that, this way, well-sed. Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me, This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable, And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue 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 preuaild To make me fight at Land

Eros. Had'st thou done so, The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier That has this morning left thee, would haue still Followed thy heeles

Ant. Whose gone this morning? Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for Enobarbus, 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 Treasure after, do it, Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him, (I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings; Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Enobarbus.

Exit

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

Caes Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony be tooke aliue: Make it so knowne

Agrip. Caesar, I shall

Caesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere: Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Anthony is come into the Field

Caes Go charge Agrippa, Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant, That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. Alexas did reuolt, and went to Iewry on Affaires of Anthony, there did disswade Great Herod to incline himselfe to Caesar, And leaue his Master Anthony. For this paines, Caesar hath hang'd him: Camindius and the rest That fell away, haue entertainment, but No honourable trust: I haue done ill, Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely, That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now Vnloading of his Mules

Eno. I giue 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 haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor Continues still a Ioue.

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 haue payed My better seruice, 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.

Enter.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre: Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected.

Enter.

Alarums. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed, Had we done so at first, we had drouen 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 haue yet Roome for six scotches more

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues For a faire victory

Scar. Let vs score their backes, And snatch 'em vp, 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 haue beate 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 haue fought Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all Hectors. Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends, Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse The Honour'd-gashes whole. Enter Cleopatra.

Giue 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 vncaught

Ant. Mine Nightingale, We haue beate them to their Beds. What Gyrle, though gray Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man, Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand, Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day, As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had Destroyed in such a shape

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled Like holy Phoebus Carre. Giue me thy hand, Through Alexandria make a iolly March,

Beare our hackt 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 promises Royall perill, Trumpetters With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare, Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines, That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together, Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'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 reuolted shall vpon Record Beare hatefull memory: poore Enobarbus did Before thy face repent

Cent. Enobarbus? 2 Peace: Hearke further

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly, The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me, That Life, a very Rebell to my will, May hang 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 reuolt is Infamous, Forgiue me in thine owne particular, But let the world ranke me in Register A Master leauer, and a fugitiue: 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 neuer yet for sleepe

1 Go we to him

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs

1 Heare you sir? Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers: Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note: Our houre is fully out

2 Come on then, he may recouer 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 Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen, They haue put forth the Hauen: Where their appointment we may best discouer, And looke on their endeuour.

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 aduantage.

Exeunt.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd: Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all. Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. Enter.

Scar. Swallowes haue 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 deiected, and by starts His fretted Fortunes giue 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 vp, and Carowse together Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye: For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme, I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone. Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more, Fortune, and Anthony part heere, euen heere Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets On blossoming Caesar: And this Pine is barkt, That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am. Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue 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 Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse. What Eros, Eros? Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue? Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy

deseruing, And blemish Caesars Triumph. Let him take thee, And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians, Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne For poor'st Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let Patient Octauia, plough thy visage vp With her prepared nailes.

exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone, If it be well to liue. But better 'twere Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death Might haue preuented many. Eros, hoa! The shirt of Nessus is vpon 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 heauiest Club, Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die, To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. Eros hoa? Enter.

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 neuer so imbost

Char. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe, And send him word you are dead: The Soule and Body riue not more in parting, Then greatnesse going off

Cleo. To'th' Monument: Mardian, go tell him I haue 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 vpon't, that nodde vnto 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, euen with a thoght the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct As water is in water

Eros. It does my Lord

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is Euen such a body: Heere I am Anthony, Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue) 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 vntoo't A Million moe, (now lost:) shee Eros has Packt Cards with Caesars, and false plaid my Glory Vnto an Enemies triumph. Nay, weepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs Our selues to end our selues. Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword

Mar. No Anthony, My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled with thine intirely

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch 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 vnto 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 diuided Betweene her heart, and lips: she tendred life Thy name so buried in her

Ant. Dead then? Mar. Dead

Ant. Vnarme 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 seuen-fold shield of Aiax cannot keepe The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides. Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent, Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace Eros, apace; No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go, You haue 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 with 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 haue liu'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' ineuitable 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 penetratiue 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 vsefull for thy Country

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st y not then To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once, Or thy precedent Seruices are all But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance, Wherein the worship of the whole world 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.

Killes himselfe.

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 Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't As to a Louers 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 a Guard.

1.Guard. What's the noise? Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends: Oh make an end of what I haue begun

2 The Starre is falne

1 And time is at his Period

All. Alas, and woe

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead

1 Not I

2 Nor I

3 Nor any one.

Exeunt.

Decretus. 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. Liues he: wilt thou not answer man? Ant. Art thou there Diomed? Draw thy sword, and giue mee, Suffising strokes for death

Diom. Most absolute Lord: My Mistris Cleopatra sent me to thee

Ant. When did shee send thee? Diom. Now my Lord

Anth. Where is she? Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying feare Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw (Which neuer 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 seruice that I shall command you

1 Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare All your true Followers out

All. Most heauy day

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it Seeming to

beare it lightly. Take me vp, I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends, And haue my thankes for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

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

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will neuer go from hence

Char. Be comforted deere Madam

Cleo. No, I will not: All strange and terrible euents 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 vpon him, but not dead. Looke out o'th other side your Monument, His Guard haue brought him thither. Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne, Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand The varrying shore 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'erthrowne 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, vntill Of many thousand kisses, the poore last I lay vpon thy lippes

Cleo. I dare not Deere, Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not, Least I be taken: nor th' Imperious shew Of the full-Fortun'd Caesar, euer shall Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe: Your Wife Octauia, with her modest eyes, And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour Demuring vpon me: but come, come Anthony, Helpe me my women, we must draw

thee vp: Assist good Friends

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede: How heauy weighes my Lord? Our strength is all gone into heauinesse, That makes the waight. Had I great Iuno's power, The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp, And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little, Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd, Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power, Thus would I weare them out

All. A heauy sight

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying. Giue 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, Prouok'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 liued. The greatest Prince o'th' world, The Noblest: and do now not basely dye, Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'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 Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles Are leuell now with men: The

oddes is gone, And there is nothing left remarkeable Beneath the visiting Moone

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne

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 iniurious Gods, To tell them that this World did equall theyrs, Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught: Patience is sortish, and impatience does Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne, To rush into the secret house of death, Ere death dare come to vs. 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'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble, Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to take vs. Come, away, This case of that huge Spirit now is cold. Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue 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 vs? Dec. I am call'd Decretas, Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie Best to be seru'd:

whil'st he stood vp, and spoke He was my Master, and I wore my life To spend vpon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him, Ile be to Caesar: if y pleasest not, I yeild thee vp 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 haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets, And Cittizens 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 Iustice, Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did, Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it, Splitted the heart. This is his Sword, I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd With his most Noble blood

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 vs to lament Our most persisted deeds

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs Some faults to make vs 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 haue followed thee to this, but we do launch Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce Haue 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 Soueraigne 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 Vnreconciliable, should diuide 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 an 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 haue good heart, She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours, How honourable, and how kindely Wee Determine for her. For Caesar cannot leaue to be vngentle aegypt. So the Gods preserue thee. Enter.

Caes Come hither Proculeius. Go and say We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts The quality of her passion shall require; Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome, Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go, And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes, And how you finde of her

Pro. Caesar I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Caes Gallus, go you along: where's Dolabella, to second Proculeius? All. Dolabella

Caes Let him alone: for I remember now How hee's imployd: 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 knaue, A minister of her will: and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds, Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change; Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung, The beggers Nurse, and Caesars.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt, And bids thee study on what faire demands Thou mean'st to haue 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 deceiu'd That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him, That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne, He giues 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 ouer On all that neede. Let me report to him Your sweet dependancie, 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) Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied Of him that caus'd it

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd: Guard 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 Releeu'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' vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see His Noblenesse

well acted, which your death Will neuer let come forth

Cleo. Where art thou Death? Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene Worth many Babes and Beggers

Pro. Oh temperance 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 Octauia. Shall they hoyst me vp, And shew me to the showting Varlotarie Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt. Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies Blow me into abhorring; rather make My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet, And hang me vp 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 haue heard of me

Cleo. I cannot tell

Dol. Assuredly you know me

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne: You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames, Is't not your tricke? Dol. I vnderstand 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 Heau'ns, and therein stucke A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted The little o'th' earth

Dol. Most Soueraigne 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 aboue The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery 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 vp to the hearing of the Gods: But if there be, not euer were one such It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine An Anthony 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 neuer 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 knew

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 haue it thus, My Master and my Lord I must obey, Caesar. Take to you no hard thoughts, The Record of what iniuries you did vs, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As things but done by chance

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World, I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue Bene laden with like frailties, which before Haue often sham'd our Sex

Caesar. Cleopatra know, We will extenuate rather then 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 bereaue your selfe Of my good purposes, and put your children To that destruction which Ile guard them from, If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue

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 aduise me in all for Cleopatra

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed, Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus? Seleu. Heere Madam

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord) Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus

Seleu. Madam, I had rather seele my lippes, Then to my perill speake that which is not

Cleo. What haue I kept backe

Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known Caesar. Nay blush not Cleopatra, I approue 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 Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y shalt Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog. O rarely base! Caesar. Good Queene, let vs 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 Seruant should Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by Addition of his Enuy. Say (good Caesar) That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd, Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say Some Nobler token I haue kept apart For Liuia and Octauia, to induce Their mediation, must I be vnfolded With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me Beneath the fall I haue. 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 haue 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 haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours, Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeue 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 giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe: Our care and pitty is so much vpon you, That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord

Caesar. Not so: Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, and his 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 haue spoke already, and it is prouided, 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 loue makes Religion to obey) I tell you this: Caesar through Syria Intends his iourney, and within three dayes, You with your Children will he send before, Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd Your pleasure, and my promise

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter

Dol. I your Seruant: 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 aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes, Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded, And forc'd to drinke their vapour

Iras. The Gods forbid

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine Iras: sawcie Lictors Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians Extemporally will stage vs, and present Our Alexandrian Reuels: 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 neuer 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 giue thee leaue To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise? Enter a Guardsman.

Gards. 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 an Instrument May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty: My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue 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. Auoid, and leaue him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there, That killes and paines not? Clow. Truly I haue 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 neuer recouer

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue 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 giuen 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 verie good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleeue all that they say, shall neuer be saued 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 ioy 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: giue 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 diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell

Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm.

Exit

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue Immortall longings in me. Now no more The iuyce 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 giue men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title. I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements I giue to baser life. So, haue you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes. Farewell kinde Charmian, Iras, long farewell. Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall? If thou, and Nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world, It is not worth leaue-taking

Char. Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say The Gods themselues do weepe

Cleo. This proues me base: If she first meete the Curled Anthony, Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch, With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate, Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole, Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake, That I might heare thee call great Caesar Asse, vnpolicied

Char. Oh Easterne Starre

Cleo. Peace, peace: Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast, That suckes the Nurse asleepe

Char. O 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 wilde World? So fare thee well: Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes A Lasse vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze, And golden Phoebus, neuer 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 this 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. Brauest at the last, She leuell'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. Poyson'd then

1.Guard. Oh Caesar: This Charmian liu'd but now, she stood and spake: I found her trimming vp the Diadem; On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood, And on the sodaine dropt

Caesar. Oh Noble weakenesse: 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-leaues haue slime vpon them, such As th' Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of 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 vp her bed, And beare her Women from the Monument, She shall be buried by her Anthony. No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it A payre so famous: high euents 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.

Exeunt. omnes

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything

for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

## THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or

associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

• You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60

days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.” • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works. • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at

www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.