

# УИЛЪЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE TRAGEDY OF  
ANTONY AND  
CLEOPATRA

Уильям Шекспир

# **The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra**

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# William Shakespeare

## The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MARK ANTONY, Triumvirs  
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, "  
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS, "  
SEXTUS POMPEIUS, "  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, friend to Antony  
VENTIDIUS, " " "  
EROS, " " "  
SCARUS, " " "  
DERCETAS, " " "  
DEMETRIUS, " " "  
PHILO, " " "  
MAECENAS, friend to Caesar  
AGRIPPA, " " "  
DOLABELLA, " " "  
PROCULEIUS, " " "  
THYREUS, " " "  
GALLUS, " " "  
MENAS, friend to Pompey  
MENECRATES, " " "  
VARRIUS, " " "  
TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Caesar  
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony  
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's army  
EUPHRONIUS, an Ambassador from Antony to Caesar  
ALEXAS, attendant on Cleopatra  
MARDIAN, " " "  
SELEUCUS, " " "  
DIOMEDES, " " "  
A SOOTHSAYER  
A CLOWN  
CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt  
OCTAVIA, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony  
CHARMIAN, lady attending on Cleopatra  
IRAS, " " " "  
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants

## **SCENE: The Roman Empire**

### **ACT I. SCENE I. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace**

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

PHILO. Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

**Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her  
LADIES, the train, with eunuchs fanning her**

Look where they come!  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.  
CLEOPATRA. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.  
ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.  
CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.  
ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER. News, my good lord, from Rome.  
ANTONY. Grates me the sum.  
CLEOPATRA. Nay, hear them, Antony.  
Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent  
His pow'rful mandate to you: 'Do this or this;  
Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that;  
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'  
ANTONY. How, my love?  
CLEOPATRA. Perchance? Nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer; your dismissal  
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's Queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Caesar's homager. Else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!  
ANTONY. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life  
Is to do thus [emhracing], when such a mutual pair  
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

CLEOPATRA. Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not. Antony  
Will be himself.

ANTONY. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now for the love of Love and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

CLEOPATRA. Hear the ambassadors.

ANTONY. Fie, wrangling queen!  
Whom everything becomes- to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself in thee fair and admir'd.  
No messenger but thine, and all alone  
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with the train

DEMETRIUS. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHILO. Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

DEMETRIUS. I am full sorry  
That he approves the common liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! Exeunt

## **SCENE II. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace**

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a SOOTHSAYER

CHARMIAN. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas,  
almost  
most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd  
so

to th' Queen? O that I knew this husband, which you say must charge his horns with garlands!

ALEXAS. Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER. Your will?

CHARMIAN. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTHSAYER. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

ALEXAS. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS

ENOBARBUS. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHARMIAN. Good, sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER. I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN. Pray, then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN. He means in flesh.

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

CHARMIAN. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHARMIAN. Hush!

SOOTHSAYER. You shall be more loving than beloved.

CHARMIAN. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEXAS. Nay, hear him.

CHARMIAN. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to

three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all. Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage. Find me to

marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

SOOTHSAYER. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN. O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTHSAYER. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN. Then belike my children shall have no names.

Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

SOOTHSAYER. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

CHARMIAN. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEXAS. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

CHARMIAN. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

ALEXAS. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENOBARBUS. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be-drunk to bed.

IRAS. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

CHARMIAN. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.



IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

CHARMIAN. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful  
prognostication, I  
cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but worky-day  
fortune.

SOOTHSAYER. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER. I have said.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than  
I,  
where would you choose it?

IRAS. Not in my husband's nose.

CHARMIAN. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas- come, his  
fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot  
go,

sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him  
a  
worse! And let worse follow worse, till the worst of all  
follow

him laughing to his grave, fiftyfold a cuckold! Good Isis,  
hear

me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight;  
good

Isis, I beseech thee!

IRAS. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! For,  
as

it is a heartbreaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so  
it is

a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded.  
Therefore,

dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

CHARMIAN. Amen.

ALEXAS. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold,  
they  
would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

Enter CLEOPATRA

ENOBARBUS. Hush! Here comes Antony.

CHARMIAN. Not he; the Queen.

CLEOPATRA. Saw you my lord?

ENOBARBUS. No, lady.

CLEOPATRA. Was he not here?

CHARMIAN. No, madam.

CLEOPATRA. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

ENOBARBUS. Madam?

CLEOPATRA. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEXAS. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a MESSENGER and attendants

CLEOPATRA. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, and the rest

MESSENGER. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

ANTONY. Against my brother Lucius?

MESSENGER. Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar,  
Whose better issue in the war from Italy  
Upon the first encounter drave them.

ANTONY. Well, what worst?

MESSENGER. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANTONY. When it concerns the fool or coward. On!

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus:  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

MESSENGER. Labienus-

This is stiff news- hath with his Parthian force  
Extended Asia from Euphrates,  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia and to Ionia,  
Whilst-

ANTONY. Antony, thou wouldst say.

MESSENGER. O, my lord!

ANTONY. Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome.  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full licence as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds  
When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us  
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

MESSENGER. At your noble pleasure. Exit

ANTONY. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

FIRST ATTENDANT. The man from Sicyon- is there such an one?

SECOND ATTENDANT. He stays upon your will.

ANTONY. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,  
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER with a letter

What are you?

SECOND MESSENGER. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANTONY. Where died she?

SECOND MESSENGER. In Sicyon.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives the letter]  
ANTONY. Forbear me. Exit MESSENGER  
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.  
What our contempts doth often hurl from us  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By revolution low'ring, does become  
The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off.  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

ENOBARBUS. What's your pleasure, sir?  
ANTONY. I must with haste from hence.  
ENOBARBUS. Why, then we kill all our women. We see how mortal  
an  
unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's  
the  
word.  
ANTONY. I must be gone.  
ENOBARBUS. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were  
pity  
to cast them away for nothing, though between them and a  
great  
cause they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching  
but  
the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die  
twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is  
mettle  
in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath  
such a  
celerity in dying.  
ANTONY. She is cunning past man's thought.  
ENOBARBUS. Alack, sir, no! Her passions are made of nothing but  
the  
finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters  
sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than  
almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be,  
she  
makes a show'r of rain as well as Jove.  
ANTONY. Would I had never seen her!  
ENOBARBUS. O Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of  
work, which not to have been blest withal would have  
discredited  
your travel.  
ANTONY. Fulvia is dead.  
ENOBARBUS. Sir?

ANTONY. Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS. Fulvia?

ANTONY. Dead.

ENOBARBUS. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When  
it

pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it  
shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein

that

when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If  
there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a

cut,

and the case to be lamented. This grief is crown'd with  
consolation: your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and  
indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this

sorrow.

ANTONY. The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

ENOBARBUS. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be  
without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly  
depends

on your abode.

ANTONY. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our expedience to the Queen,

And get her leave to part. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters to

Of many our contriving friends in Rome

Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands

The empire of the sea; our slippery people,

Whose love is never link'd to the deserver

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

Pompey the Great and all his dignities

Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,

The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life

And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.

ENOBARBUS. I shall do't. Exeunt

### **SCENE III. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace**

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

CLEOPATRA. Where is he?

CHARMIAN. I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.

I did not send you. If you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. Exit ALEXAS

CHARMIAN. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

CLEOPATRA. What should I do I do not?

CHARMIAN. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

CLEOPATRA. Thou teachest like a fool- the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA. I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose-

CLEOPATRA. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.

It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

ANTONY. Now, my dearest queen-

CLEOPATRA. Pray you, stand farther from me.

ANTONY. What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA. I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go.

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here-

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANTONY. The gods best know-

CLEOPATRA. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

ANTONY. Cleopatra-

CLEOPATRA. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

ANTONY. Most sweet queen-

CLEOPATRA. Nay, pray you seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words. No going then!

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent, none our parts so poor

But was a race of heaven. They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANTONY. How now, lady!

CLEOPATRA. I would I had thy inches. Thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANTONY. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love. The condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awak'd. At the last, best.  
See when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANTONY. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give th' advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war  
As thou affects.

CLEOPATRA. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!  
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well-  
So Antony loves.

ANTONY. My precious queen, forbear,  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA. So Fulvia told me.

I prithee turn aside and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

ANTONY. You'll heat my blood; no more.

CLEOPATRA. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANTONY. Now, by my sword-

CLEOPATRA. And target. Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part- but that's not it.

Sir, you and I have lov'd- but there's not it.

That you know well. Something it is I would-

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten!

ANTONY. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becomings kill me when they do not

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet!

ANTONY. Let us go. Come.

Our separation so abides and flies

That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away! Exeunt

## SCENE IV. Rome. CAESAR'S house

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, reading a letter; LEPIDUS, and their train

CAESAR. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate

Our great competitor. From Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults

That all men follow.

LEPIDUS. I must not think there are

Evils enow to darken all his goodness.

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change  
Than what he chooses.

CAESAR. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat. Say this becomes him-  
As his composure must be rare indeed  
Whom these things cannot blemish- yet must Antony  
No way excuse his foils when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones  
Call on him for't! But to confound such time  
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud  
As his own state and ours- 'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a MESSENGER

LEPIDUS. Here's more news.

MESSENGER. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,  
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,  
And it appears he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Caesar. To the ports  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

CAESAR. I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

MESSENGER. Caesar, I bring thee word  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound  
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.  
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more  
Than could his war resisted.



CAESAR. Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle  
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou brows'd. On the Alps  
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on. And all this-  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now-  
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.  
LEPIDUS. 'Tis pity of him.  
CAESAR. Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' th' field; and to that end  
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.  
LEPIDUS. To-morrow, Caesar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able  
To front this present time.  
CAESAR. Till which encounter  
It is my business too. Farewell.  
LEPIDUS. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.  
CAESAR. Doubt not, sir;  
I knew it for my bond. Exeunt

## SCENE V. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

CLEOPATRA. Charmian!  
CHARMIAN. Madam?  
CLEOPATRA. Ha, ha!  
Give me to drink mandragora.  
CHARMIAN. Why, madam?  
CLEOPATRA. That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.  
CHARMIAN. You think of him too much.  
CLEOPATRA. O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN. Madam, I trust, not so.

CLEOPATRA. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN. What's your Highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee

That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN. Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA. Indeed?

MARDIAN. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

ALEXAS. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEOPATRA. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEXAS. Last thing he did, dear Queen,

He kiss'd- the last of many doubled kisses-

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEOPATRA. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEXAS. 'Good friend,' quoth he

'Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,

Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

CLEOPATRA. What, was he sad or merry?

ALEXAS. Like to the time o' th' year between the extremes  
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

CLEOPATRA. O well-divided disposition! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian; 'tis the man; but note him!  
He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,  
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.  
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

ALEXAS. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.  
Why do you send so thick?

CLEOPATRA. Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Caesar so?

CHARMIAN. O that brave Caesar!

CLEOPATRA. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say 'the brave Antony.'

CHARMIAN. The valiant Caesar!

CLEOPATRA. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth  
If thou with Caesar paragon again  
My man of men.

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

CLEOPATRA. My salad days,  
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,  
To say as I said then. But come, away!  
Get me ink and paper.  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. Exeunt

## ACT II. SCENE I. Messina. POMPEY'S house

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner

POMPEY. If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

MENECRATES. Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay they not deny.

POMPEY. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
The thing we sue for.

MENECRATES. We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

POMPEY. I shall do well.  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says it will come to th' full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without doors. Caesar gets money where  
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

MENAS. Caesar and Lepidus  
Are in the field. A mighty strength they carry.

POMPEY. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

MENAS. From Silvius, sir.

POMPEY. He dreams. I know they are in Rome together,  
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;  
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming. Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dullness-

Enter VARRIUS

How now, Varrius!

VARRIUS. This is most certain that I shall deliver:  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected. Since he went from Egypt 'tis  
A space for farther travel.

POMPEY. I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war; his soldiership

Is twice the other twain. But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

MENAS. I cannot hope  
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together.  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

POMPEY. I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;  
For they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords. But how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions, and bind up  
The petty difference we yet not know.  
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands  
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.  
Come, Menas. Exeunt

## **SCENE II. Rome. The house of LEPIDUS**

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS

LEPIDUS. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
To soft and gentle speech.

ENOBARBUS. I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself. If Caesar move him,  
Let Antony look over Caesar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave't to-day.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis not a time  
For private stomaching.

ENOBARBUS. Every time  
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

LEPIDUS. But small to greater matters must give way.

ENOBARBUS. Not if the small come first.

LEPIDUS. Your speech is passion;  
But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes  
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS

ENOBARBUS. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter CAESAR, MAECENAS, and AGRIPPA

ANTONY. If we compose well here, to Parthia.

Hark, Ventidius.

CAESAR. I do not know, Maecenas. Ask Agrippa.

LEPIDUS. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

May it be gently heard. When we debate

Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,

The rather for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,

Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

ANTONY. 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,

I should do thus. [Flourish]

CAESAR. Welcome to Rome.

ANTONY. Thank you.

CAESAR. Sit.

ANTONY. Sit, sir.

CAESAR. Nay, then. [They sit]

ANTONY. I learn you take things ill which are not so,

Or being, concern you not.

CAESAR. I must be laugh'd at

If, or for nothing or a little,

Should say myself offended, and with you

Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that I should

Once name you derogately when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

ANTONY. My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you?

CAESAR. No more than my residing here 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.

ANTONY. How intend you- practis'd?

CAESAR. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me, and their contestation

Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

ANTONY. You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,

And have my learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Of this my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,

It must not be with this.

CAESAR. You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

ANTONY. Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another!  
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

ENOBARBUS. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go  
to  
wars with the women!

ANTONY. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,  
Made out of her impatience- which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too- I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet. For that you must  
But say I could not help it.

CAESAR. I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANTONY. Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted. Then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' th' morning; but next day  
I told him of myself, which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

CAESAR. You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS. Soft, Caesar!

ANTONY. No;  
Lepidus, let him speak.  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar:  
The article of my oath-

CAESAR. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,  
The which you both denied.

ANTONY. Neglected, rather;  
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.

LEPIDUS. 'Tis noble spoken.

MAECENAS. If it might please you to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye- to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.

LEPIDUS. Worthily spoken, Maecenas.

ENOBARBUS. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant,

you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it  
again.

You shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else  
to  
do.

ANTONY. Thou art a soldier only. Speak no more.

ENOBARBUS. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

ANTONY. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

ENOBARBUS. Go to, then- your considerate stone!

CAESAR. I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So diff'ring in their acts. Yet if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge  
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

AGRIPPA. Give me leave, Caesar.

CAESAR. Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

CAESAR. Say not so, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANTONY. I am not married, Caesar. Let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

AGRIPPA. To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths. Her love to both  
Would each to other, and all loves to both,



Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

ANTONY. Will Caesar speak?

CAESAR. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

ANTONY. What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?

CAESAR. The power of Caesar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

ANTONY. May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.  
Further this act of grace; and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway our great designs!

CAESAR. There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

LEPIDUS. Happily, amen!

ANTONY. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

LEPIDUS. Time calls upon's.  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

ANTONY. Where lies he?

CAESAR. About the Mount Misenum.

ANTONY. What is his strength by land?

CAESAR. Great and increasing; but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

ANTONY. So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it.  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

CAESAR. With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

ANTONY. Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

LEPIDUS. Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me. [Flourish]

Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS, AGRIPPA, MAECENAS  
MAECENAS. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENOBARBUS. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Maecenas! My honourable

friend, Agrippa!

AGRIPPA. Good Enobarbus!

MAECENAS. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

ENOBARBUS. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance and made

the night light with drinking.

MAECENAS. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but

twelve persons there. Is this true?

ENOBARBUS. This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MAECENAS. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENOBARBUS. When she first met Mark Antony she purs'd up his heart,

upon the river of Cydnus.

AGRIPPA. There she appear'd indeed! Or my reporter devis'd well for

her.

ENOBARBUS. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,

Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beat to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description. She did lie

In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold, of tissue,

O'erpicturing that Venus where we see

The fancy out-work nature. On each side her

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

And what they undid did.

AGRIPPA. O, rare for Antony!

ENOBARBUS. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,

And made their bends adornings. At the helm

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