

УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE TRAGEDY OF
ANTONY AND
CLEOPATRA

Уильям Шекспир
The Tragedy of
Antony and Cleopatra

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The Tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra:

Содержание

SCENE: The Roman Empire	6
ACT I. SCENE I. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace	6
SCENE II. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace	9
SCENE III. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace	19
SCENE IV. Rome. CAESAR'S house	24
SCENE V. Alexandria. CLEOPATRA'S palace	27
ACT II. SCENE I. Messina. POMPEY'S house	32
SCENE II. Rome. The house of LEPIDUS	34
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	45

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'ld 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 safe 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 becoming 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 arinies, 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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