

Antony and Cleopatra

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*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others*

ANTONY

He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENOBARBUS

No.

ANTONY Why should he not?

ENOBARBUS

He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY

Tomorrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight. Or I will live 5

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well?

ENOBARBUS

I'll strike, and cry 'Take all!'

ANTONY

Well said. Come on!

Call forth my household servants. Let's tonight

Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servitors

Give me thy hand.

10

Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou; you have served me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA (to Enobarbus) What means this?

ENOBARBUS (to Cleopatra)

'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

ANTONY (to a Servitor) And thou art honest too. 15

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapped up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

So good as you have done.

SERVITORS

The gods forbid!

ANTONY

Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight.

20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

CLEOPATRA (*aside to Enobarbus*) What does he mean?

ENOBARBUS (*aside to Cleopatra*)
To make his followers weep.

ANTONY Tend me tonight.

Maybe it is the period of your duty. 25
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me tonight two hours. I ask no more;
And the gods yield you for't!

ENOBARBUS What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed. For shame, 35
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY 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 40
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. 45

Exeunt