

Antony and Cleopatra

4.14

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian

CLEOPATRA

Help me, my women! O, he's more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.

CHARMIAN

To th' monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

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CLEOPATRA

To th' monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself.
Say that the last I spoke was `Antony',
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th'
monument!

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Exeunt