

# Antony and Cleopatra

## 3.13

*Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras*

**CLEOPATRA**

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

**ENOBARBUS**

Think, and die.

**CLEOPATRA**

Is Antony or we in fault for this?

**ENOBARBUS**

Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
From that great face of war, whose several ranges 5  
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nicked his captainship, at such a point,  
When half to half the world opposed, he being  
The mooted question. 'Twas a shame no less 10  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags  
And leave his navy gazing.

**CLEOPATRA**

Prithee, peace.

*Enter the Ambassador with Antony*

**ANTONY**

Is that his answer?

**AMBASSADOR**

Ay, my lord.

**ANTONY**

The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

**AMBASSADOR**

He says so.

**ANTONY**

Let her know't. 15

(*To Cleopatra*) To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

**CLEOPATRA**

That head, my lord?

**ANTONY** (*to the Ambassador*)

To him again. Tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note 20  
Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child as soon  
As i'th' command of Caesar. I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay caparisons apart 25  
And answer me declined, sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

*Exeunt Antony and Ambassador*

**ENOBARBUS** (*aside*)

Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will  
Unstate his happiness and be staged to th' show  
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are 30  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will  
Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdued 35  
His judgement, too.

*Enter a Servant*

**SERVANT** A messenger from Caesar.

**CLEOPATRA**

What, no more ceremony? See, my women:  
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneeled unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

*Exit Servant*

**ENOBARBUS** (*aside*)

Mine honesty and I begin to square. 40  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i'th' story.

*Enter Thidias*

**CLEOPATRA** Caesar's will? 45

**THIDIAS**

Hear it apart.

**CLEOPATRA** None but friends; say boldly.

**THIDIAS**

So haply are they friends to Antony.

**ENOBARBUS**

He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has,  
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master

Will leap to be his friend. For us, you know, 50  
Whose he is, we are: and that is Caesar's.

**THIDIAS**

So. (*To Cleopatra*) Thus, then, thou most renowned:  
Caesar entreats  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
Further than he is Caesar.

**CLEOPATRA** Go on; right royal.

**THIDIAS**

He knows that you embraced not Antony 55  
As you did love, but as you feared him.

**CLEOPATRA** O.

**THIDIAS**

The scars upon your honour therefore he  
Does pity as constrain'd blemishes,  
Not as deserved.

**CLEOPATRA** He is a god, and knows 60  
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquered merely.

**ENOBARBUS** (*aside*) To be sure of that  
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.

*Exit*

**THIDIAS** Shall I say to Caesar 65

What you require of him? For he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
And put your self under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

**CLEOPATRA** What's your name?

**THIDIAS**

My name is Thidias.

**CLEOPATRA** Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Caesar this in deputation:  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him I am prompt 75  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel  
Till from his all-obeying breath I hear

The doom of Egypt.

**THIDIAS** 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can, 80  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*He kisses Cleopatra's hand*

**CLEOPATRA** Your Caesar's father oft,  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rained kisses.

*Enter Antony and Enobarbus*

**ANTONY** Favours, by Jove that thunders! 85  
What art thou, fellow?

**THIDIAS** One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obeyed.

**ENOBARBUS** You will be whipped.

**ANTONY** (*calling*)  
Approach, there!±±Ah, you kite! Now, gods and  
devils,  
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried `Ho!', 90  
Like boys unto a muss kings would start forth,  
And cry `Your will?'±±Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet.

*Enter servants*

Take hence this jack, and whip him.

**ENOBARBUS** [*aside to Thidias*]  
'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp  
Than with an old one dying.

**ANTONY** Moon and stars! 95  
Whip him! Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here±±what's her name  
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,  
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face, 100  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

**THIDIAS**  
Mark Antony±±

**ANTONY** Tug him away. Being whipped,

Bring him again. This jack of Caesar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.

*Exeunt servants with Thidias*

You were half blasted ere I knew you. Ha, 105  
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?

**CLEOPATRA** Good my lord±± 110

**ANTONY** You have been a boggler ever.  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard±±  
O misery on't!±±the wise gods seel our eyes,  
In our own filth drop our clear judgements, make us  
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut 115  
To our confusion.

**CLEOPATRA** O, is't come to this?

**ANTONY**

I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment  
Of Gnaeus Pompey's, besides what hotter hours  
Unregistered in vulgar fame you have 120  
Luxuriously picked out. For I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

**CLEOPATRA** Wherefore is this?

**ANTONY**

To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say 'God quit you' be familiar with 125  
My playfellow your hand, this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts! O that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar  
The horned herd! For I have savage cause,  
And to proclaim it civilly were like 130  
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.

*Enter a Servant with Thidias*

Is he whipped?

**SERVANT** Soundly, my lord.

**ANTONY** Cried he, and begged a pardon?

**SERVANT** He did ask favour. 135

**ANTONY** *(to Thidias)*

If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipped for following him. Henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee, 140  
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Caesar;  
Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say  
He makes me angry with him, for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry, 145  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,  
When my good stars that were my former guides  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into th'abyss of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has 150  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.  
Hence, with thy stripes, be gone!

*Exit [Servant with] Thidias*

**CLEOPATRA** Have you done yet? 155

**ANTONY** Alack, our terrene moon  
Is now eclipsed, and it portends alone  
The fall of Antony.

**CLEOPATRA** *(aside)* I must stay his time.

**ANTONY**  
To flatter Caesar would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

**CLEOPATRA** Not know me yet? 160

**ANTONY**  
Cold-hearted toward me?

**CLEOPATRA** Ah, dear, if I be so,  
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so 165  
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
By the discandying of this pelleted storm

Lie graveless till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

**ANTONY** I am satisfied. 170

Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,  
lady? 175

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood.  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.  
There's hope in't yet.

**CLEOPATRA** That's my brave lord.

**ANTONY**

I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed, 180  
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to me 185  
All my sad captains. Fill our bowls once more.  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

**CLEOPATRA** It is my birthday.

I had thought to've held it poor, but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

**ANTONY** We will yet do well. 190

**CLEOPATRA**

Call all his noble captains to my lord!

**ANTONY**

Do so. We'll speak to them, and tonight I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen,  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend 195  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

*Exeunt all but Enobarbus*

**ENOBARBUS**

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still

A diminution in our captain's brain 200  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

*Exit*