

Antony and Cleopatra

4.13

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.]

Enter Antony and Scarus

ANTONY

Yet they are not joined. Where yon pine does stand
I shall discover all. I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go.

Exit

SCARUS

Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurs
Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly, 5
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has and has not.

Enter Antony

ANTONY

All is lost.

This foul Egyptian hath betraye'd me. 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turned whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 15
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone.

[Exit Scarus]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts 20
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm, 25
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called them home,
Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy hath at fast and loose

Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

30

CLEOPATRA

Why is my lord enraged against his love?

ANTONY

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving
And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 35
Of all thy sex; most monster-like be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepare'd nails.

Exit Cleopatra

'Tis well

thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live. But better 'twere 40
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'th' moon, 45
And with those hands that grasped the heaviest club
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dies for't. Eros, ho!

Exit