

Antony and Cleopatra

4.1

*Enter Caesar, reading a letter, with Agrippa,
Maecenas, and his army*

CAESAR

He calls me boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipped with rods, dares me to personal
combat,
Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

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MAECENAS

Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CAESAR

Let our best heads
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army. We have store to do't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!
Exeunt

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