

# Antony and Cleopatra

## 1.5

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian*

CLEOPATRA Charmian!

CHARMIAN Madam?

CLEOPATRA (*yawning*)

Ha, ha. Give me to drink mandragora.

CHARMIAN Why, madam?

CLEOPATRA

That I might sleep out this great gap of time

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My Antony is away.

CHARMIAN You think of him too much.

CLEOPATRA

O, 'tis treason!

CHARMIAN Madam, I trust not so.

CLEOPATRA

Thou, eunuch Mardian!

MARDIAN What's your highness' pleasure?

CLEOPATRA

Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee

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That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

MARDIAN Yes, gracious madam.

CLEOPATRA Indeed?

MARDIAN

Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing

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But what indeed is honest to be done.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

CLEOPATRA O, Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?

20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou

mov'st?±±

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'±± 25  
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,  
When thou wast here above the ground I was 30  
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow.  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas*

**ALEXAS** Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

**CLEOPATRA**  
How much unlike art thou Mark Antony! 35  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee. How goes it  
With my brave Mark Antony?

**ALEXAS** Last thing he did, dear Queen,  
He kissed±±the last of many doubled kisses±±  
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart. 40

**CLEOPATRA**  
Mine ear must pluck it thence.

**ALEXAS** 'Good friend,' quoth he,  
'Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East, 45  
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-jaunced steed,  
Who neighed so high that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

**CLEOPATRA** What, was he sad or merry?

**ALEXAS**  
Like to the time o'th' year between the extremes 50  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

**CLEOPATRA**  
O well divided disposition! Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him.  
He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his; he was not merry, 55

Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.  
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

60

**ALEXAS**

Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.  
Why do you send so thick?

**CLEOPATRA** Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony  
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian!  
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Caesar so?

65

**CHARMIAN** O, that brave Caesar!

**CLEOPATRA**

Be choked with such another emphasis!  
Say 'the brave Antony'.

**CHARMIAN** The valiant Caesar.

**CLEOPATRA**

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth  
If thou with Caesar paragon again  
My man of men.

70

**CHARMIAN** By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

**CLEOPATRA** My salad days,  
When I was green in judgement, cold in blood,  
To say as I said then. But come, away,  
Get me ink and paper.  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

75

*Exeunt*