```xml
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          <title type="statement">The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra from Mr.
William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
          <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
          <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
          <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
          <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
          <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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              <resp>engraver</resp>
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              <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
              <resp>printer</resp>
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              <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
              <resp>printer</resp>
          </respStmt>
          <respStmt>
              <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
              <resp>publisher</resp>
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              <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
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              <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
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Library Systems and Services</orgName>
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          </respStmt>
          <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
              <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
              <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
          </respStmt>
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            <respStmt xml:id="PW">
               <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
               <resp>project management</resp>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
               <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JS">
               <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="ES">
               <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JC">
               <persName>James Cummings</persName>
               <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
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            <funder>
               <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
               Crowdfunding</funder>
            <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
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April
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                <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
                <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
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            <availability>
                <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
            </availability>
            <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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&amp;
                    tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
                    tragedies</title>
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                </pubPlace>:
                <publisher>
                    <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
                        Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
                </publisher>
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(entered)</date>
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                <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
                <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
                <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
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            <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
                descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
            <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
                Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
            <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
                With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
                1999), p.1-19</note>
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                            <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                            <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
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Copies.</titlePart>

                    </docTitle>

                    <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                        of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                        <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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    <width unit="mm">323</width>
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</support>
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  <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>

  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
  <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 (πA1+1) [πB^2], ^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 χ1.2 [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6 gg^2 Gg^6 hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)^{2}A-2B^6 2C^2 a-g^6 ^{2}g^8 h-v^6 x^4 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6 2k-2v^6 x^6 2y-3b^6.</p>
  <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ^{3}gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
  <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>

```
        </supportDesc>
        <layoutDesc>
          <layout>
            <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
            <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
            <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I.
                Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
            <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
          </layout>
        </layoutDesc>

      </objectDesc>
      <decoDesc>
        <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
        <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-
            Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier
            state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading,
            especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the
            jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate
            in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier
            state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
        </decoNote>
      </decoDesc>
      <additions>
        <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
            unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen".

        2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p.

        (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
```

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>
            </additions>
            <bindingDesc>
               <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
            </bindingDesc>
         </physDesc>
         <history>
            <origin>
               <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
               </p>
            </origin>
            <acquisition>
               <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl>
                  <title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

```
                    "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                    bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                    the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                    Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                    family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                    reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                    raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                    purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                    Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                    Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                    digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                    Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
              </acquisition>
            </history>
            <additional>
              <surrogates>
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at: <ref
target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.<
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             <persName type="standard">First Servant</persName>
             <persName type="form">1</persName>
           </person>
           <person xml:id="F-ant-gua.1">
             <persName type="standard">First Guard</persName>
             <persName type="form">1. Guard.</persName>
              <persName type="form">1</persName> </person>
           <person xml:id="F-ant-mes.1">
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```xml
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    <persName type="form">1. Mes.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-sol.1">
    <persName type="standard">First Soldier</persName>
    <persName type="form">1. Sol.</persName>
    <persName type="form">1</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-wat.1">
    <persName type="standard">First Watchman</persName>
    <persName type="form">1. Watch.</persName>
    <persName type="form">1</persName>
  </person>
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    <persName type="standard">Second Servant</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
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  <person xml:id="F-ant-gua.2">
    <persName type="standard">Second Guard</persName>
    <persName type="form">2. Guard.</persName>
    <persName type="form">2</persName>
  </person>
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  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-sol.2">
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    <persName type="form">2. Sol.</persName>
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  </person>
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  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-gua.3">
    <persName type="standard">Third Guard</persName>
    <persName type="form">3</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-wat.3">
    <persName type="standard">Third Watchman</persName>
    <persName type="form">3</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-sol.3">
    <persName type="standard">Third Soldier</persName>
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  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-ant-mes.3">
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```xml
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        </person><person xml:id="F-ant-sol.4">
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        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-wat.4">
          <persName type="standard">Fourth Watchman</persName>
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        </person>
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          <persName type="standard">Agrippa, friend to Caesar</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Agri.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Agrip</persName>
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          <persName type="standard">Alexas, attendant on Cleopatra</persName>
          <persName type="form">Alex.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Alexas.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-all">
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          <persName type="form">All.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Omnes.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-eup">
          <persName type="standard">Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to
Caesar</persName>
          <persName type="form">Am.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Amb.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-ant">
          <persName type="standard">Antony, (Marcus Antonius)</persName>
          <persName type="form">An.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ant.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Anth.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Antho.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-ant-can">
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Antony</persName>
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```xml
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  <persName type="form">Soul.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Char.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Cle.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Cleopa.</persName>
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  <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-cae">
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  <persName type="form">Cæs</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cæs.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Cæsar.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Oct.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Octa.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-ant-der">
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  <persName type="form">Decre.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Dercetus.</persName>
</person>
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<person xml:id="F-ant-dio">
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```xml
          <persName type="form">Dol.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Dola.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Dolla.</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-ant-eno">
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Antony</persName>
          <persName type="form">Eno.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Enob.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Enobar.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Enor.</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Guards.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-ira">
          <persName type="standard">Iras, attendant on Cleopatra</persName>
          <persName type="form">Iras.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-lep">
          <persName type="standard">Lepidus, (Marcus Antonius
Lepidus)</persName>
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        <person xml:id="F-ant-mer">
          <persName type="standard">Mardian, a eunuch, attendant on
Cleopatra</persName>
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          <persName type="form">Mardi.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-mec">
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```xml
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<person xml:id="F-ant-mes">
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  <persName type="form">Mess.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Messen.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-oct">
  <persName type="standard">Octavia, sister to Caesar and wife to
Antony</persName>
  <persName type="form">Octaui.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-phi">
  <persName type="standard">Philo, friend to Antony</persName>
  <persName type="form">Philo.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-pom">
  <persName type="standard">Pompey, (Sextus Pompeius)</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pom.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pomp.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pompey.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-pro">
  <persName type="standard">Proculeius, friend to Caesar</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pro.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-rom">
  <persName type="standard">Roman (Silius), an officer in Ventidius's
army</persName>
  <persName type="form">Rom.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Romaine.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-sca">
  <persName type="standard">Scarus, friend to Antony</persName>
  <persName type="form">Scar.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-sel">
  <persName type="standard">Seleucus, attendant on
Cleopatra</persName>
  <persName type="form">Sel.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Seleu.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-ser">
  <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-ant-soo">
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          <persName type="standard">Soothsayer</persName>
          <persName type="form">Soot.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Sooth.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-thy">
          <persName type="standard">Thidius (Thyreus), friend to
Caesar</persName>
          <persName type="form">Thid.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-tau">
          <persName type="standard">Taurus, lieutenant-general to
Caesar</persName>
          <persName type="form">Tow.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-var">
          <persName type="standard">Varrius, friend to Pompey</persName>
          <persName type="form">Var.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-ven">
          <persName type="standard">Ventidius, friend to Antony</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ven.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-ant-egy">
          <persName type="standard">Egyptian</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ægyp.</persName>
          <persName type="form">Ægypt.</persName>
        </person>
      </listPerson>
    </particDesc>
  </profileDesc>
 </teiHeader>
 <text type="play" xml:id="F-ant">
        <body>
          <div type="play" n="35">
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0850.jpg" n="340"/>
            <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF
              <lb/>Anthonie, and Cleopatra.</head>
            <div type="act" n="1">
              <div type="scene" n="1">
                <head rend="center">
            <hi rend="italic">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</hi>
          </head>
                <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Demetrius and
Philo.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-phi">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Philo.</speaker>
                  <l>
            <c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c>Ay, but this dotage of our
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Generals</l>
<l>Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes</l>
<l>That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,</l>
<l>Haue glow'd like plated Mars:</l>
<l>Now bend, now turne</l>
<l>The Office and Deuotion of their view</l>
<l>Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,</l>
<l>Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst</l>
<l>The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,</l>
<l>And is become the Bellowes and the Fan</l>
<l>To coole a Gypsies Lust.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
<lb/>Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.</stage>
<l>Looke where they come:</l>
<l>Take but good note, and you shall see in him</l>
<l>(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd</l>
<l>Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Then must thou needes finde out new Heauen,
<lb/>new Earth.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Grates me, the summe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Nay heare them <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
<l>

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                        <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> perchance is angry: Or who
knowes,</l>
                        <l>If the scarse-bearded <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> haue not
sent</l>
                        <l>His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;</l>
                        <l>Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:</l>
                        <l>Perform't, or else we damne thee.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>How, my Loue?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>Perchance? Nay, and most like:</l>
                        <l>You must not stay heere longer, your dismission</l>
                        <l>Is come from <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, therefore heare it
<hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
                        </l>
                        <l>Where's <hi rend="italic">Fuluias</hi> Processe? (<hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> I would say) both?</l>
                        <l>Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,</l>
                        <l>Thou blushest <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, and that blood
of thine</l>
                        <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> homager: else so thy cheeke
payes shame,</l>
                        <l>When shrill-tongu'd <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> scolds. The
Messengers.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch</l>
                        <l>Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,</l>
                        <l>Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike</l>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <l>Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life</l>
                        <l>Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,</l>
                        <l>And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde</l>
                        <l>One paine of punishment, the world to weete</l>
                        <l>We stand vp Peerelesse.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>Excellent falshood:</l>
                        <l>Why did he marry <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>, and not loue
her?</l>
                        <l>Ile seeme the Foole I am not. <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
will be himselfe.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>But stirr'd by <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.</l>
        <l>Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,</l>
        <l>Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;</l>
        <l>There's not a minute of our liues should stretch</l>
        <l>Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Heare the Ambassadors.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Fye wrangling Queene:</l>
        <l>Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,</l>
        <l>To weepe: who euery passion fully striues</l>
        <l>To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.</l>
        <l>No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night</l>
        <l>Wee'l wander through the streets, and note</l>
        <l>The qualities of people. Come my Queene,</l>
        <l>Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt with the
Traine.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> with <hi
rend="italic">Anthonius</hi> priz'd so slight?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-phi">
        <speaker rend="italic">Philo.</speaker>
        <l>Sir sometimes when he is not <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>He comes too short of that great Property</l>
        <l>Which still should go with <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dem">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dem.</speaker>
        <p>I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
            <lb/>Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
            <lb/>of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Enobarbus,
Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucilli-
            <lb/>us, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
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        <lb/>and Alexas.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
        <p>
    <choice>
      <abbr>L.</abbr>
      <expan>Lord</expan>
    </choice>
    <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi>, sweet <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi>,
most any thing <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi>,
        <lb/>almost most absolute <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi>,
where's the Soothsayer
        <lb/>that you prais'd so to'th'Queene? Oh that I knewe this
        <lb/>Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
        <lb/>Garlands.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
        <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
        <p>Soothsayer.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <p>Your will?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
        <p>Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <p>In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
          <lb/>can read.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
        <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
        <p>Shew him your hand.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"
rend="italic">Cleopa</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0851.jpg" n="341"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthonie and Cleopatra.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>'s health to drinke.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
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    <l>Good sir, giue me good Fortune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
   <l>I make not, but foresee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>Pray then, foresee me one.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
   <l>You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>He meanes in flesh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <l>No, you shall paint when you are old.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>Wrinkles forbid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
   <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
   <l>Vex not his prescience, be attentiue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>Hush.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
   <l>You shall be more belouing, then beloued.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
   <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
   <l>Nay, heare him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
      <lb/>be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
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<lb/>them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom <hi rend="italic">Herode</hi>
<lb/>of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
<lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Octauius Cæsar</hi>, and companion me with my Mistris.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
  <l>You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
  <p>You haue seene and proued a fairer former for-
    <lb/>tune, then that which is to approach.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Then belike my Children shall haue no names:
    <lb/>Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
  <p>If euery of your wishes had a wombe, &amp; fore-
    <lb/>tell euery wish, a Million.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
  <p>You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
    <lb/>your wishes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Nay come, tell <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi> hers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
  <p>Wee'l know all our Fortunes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <p>Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall

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    <lb/>be drunke to bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <p>There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Fa-
      <lb/>mine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <p>Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-
      <lb/>nostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her
      <lb/>but a worky day Fortune.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
   <p>Your Fortunes are alike.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <p>But how, but how, giue me particulars.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-soo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
   <p>I haue said.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <p>Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
      <lb/>then I: where would you choose it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <p>Not in my Husbands nose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alexas.</speaker>
  <p>Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
    <lb/>mary a woman that cannot go, sweet <hi
rend="italic">Isis</hi>, I beseech thee,
    <lb/>and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse
    <lb/>follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
    <lb/>his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good <hi
rend="italic">Isis</hi> heare me this
    <lb/>Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
    <lb/>good <hi rend="italic">Isis</hi> I beseech thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
  <p>Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the
    <lb/>people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
    <lb/>man loose-Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
    <lb/>foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere <hi
rend="italic">Isis</hi> keep <hi rend="italic">de-
    <lb/>corum</hi>, and Fortune him accordingly.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Amen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
  <p>Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
    <lb/>Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
    <lb/>they'ld doo't.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Cleopatra.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <p>Hush, heere comes <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <p>Not he, the Queene.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <p>Saue you, my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <p>No Lady.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <p>Was he not heere?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <p>No Madam.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine</l>
   <l>A Romane thought hath strooke him.</l>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <p>Madam.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's <hi
rend="italic">Alexias</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
   <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
   <l>Heere at your seruice.</l>
   <l>My Lord approaches.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, with a
Messenger.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>We will not looke vpon him:</l>
   <l>Go with vs.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> thy Wife,</l>
   <l>First came into the Field.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Against my Brother <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
   <speaker rend="italic">Messen.</speaker>
   <l>I: but soone that Warre had end,</l>
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        <l>And the times state</l>
        <l>Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
        <l>Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,</l>
        <l>Vpon the first encounter draue them.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Well, what worst.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
        <l>The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.</l>
        <l>Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,</l>
        <l>Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,</l>
        <l>I heare him as he flatter'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Labienus</hi> (this is stiffe-newes)</l>
        <l>Hath with his Parthian Force</l>
        <l>Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering</l>
        <l>Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,</l>
        <l>And to Ionia, whil'st   </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> thou would'st say.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Oh my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Speake to me home,</l>
        <l>Mince not the generall tongue, name</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> as she is call'd in Rome:</l>
        <l>Raile thou in <hi rend="italic">Fuluia's</hi> phrase, and taunt
my faults</l>
        <l>With such full License, as both Truth and Malice</l>
        <l>Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,</l>
        <l>When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs</l>
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            <l>Is as our earing: fare thee well <choice>
        <orig>awhlle</orig>
        <corr>awhile</corr>
      </choice>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>At your Noble pleasure.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Messenger.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>From <hi rend="italic">Scicion</hi> how the newes? Speake
there.</l>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mes.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Mes.</speaker>
            <l>The man from <hi rend="italic">Scicion</hi>,</l>
            <l>Is there such an one?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mes.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Mes.</speaker>
            <l>He stayes vpon your will.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Let him appeare:</l>
            <l>These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,</l>
            <l>Or loose my selfe in dotage.</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter another
Messenger with a Letter.</stage>
            <l>What are you?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mes.3">
            <speaker rend="italic">3. Mes.</speaker>
            <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> thy wife is dead.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Where dyed she.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
            <l>In <hi rend="italic">Scicion</hi>, her length of sicknesse,</l>
            <l>With what else more serious,</l>
            <l>Importeth thee to know, this beares.</l>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
    <l>Forbeare me</l>
    <l>There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:</l>
    <l>What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">x</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">We</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0852.jpg" n="342"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,</l>
    <l>By reuolution lowring, does become</l>
    <l>The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,</l>
    <l>The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.</l>
    <l>I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,</l>
    <l>Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know</l>
    <l>My idlenesse doth hatch.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Enobarbus.</stage>
    <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>What's your pleasure, Sir?</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
    <l>I must with haste from hence.</l>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <p>Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
        <lb/>mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
        <lb/>parture death's the word.</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <p>I must be gone.</p>
    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <p>Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
        <lb/>It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though be-
        <lb/>tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
        <lb/>nothing. <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> catching but
the least noyse of this,
        <lb/>dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vppon
        <lb/>farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
        <lb/>which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
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      <lb/>a celerity in dying.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>She is cunning past mans thought.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <p>Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
         <lb/>but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
         <lb/>and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
         <lb/>and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
         <lb/>be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
         <lb/>as well as Ioue.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>Would I had neuer seene her.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <p>Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
         <lb/>peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall,
         <lb/>would haue discredited your Trauaile.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>
<hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> is dead.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <p>Sir.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>
<hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> is dead.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <p>
<hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>Dead.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
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<p>Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice:
<lb/>when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
<lb/>from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
<lb/>forting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
<lb/>there are members to make new. If there were no more
<lb/>Women but <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>, then had you indeede a cut, and the
<lb/>case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-
<lb/>lation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate,
<lb/>and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water
<lb/>this sorrow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>The businesse she hath broached in the State,</l>
<l>Cannot endure my absence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
<speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
<p>And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-
<lb/>not be without you, especially that of <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>'s, which
<lb/>wholly depends on your abode.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>No more light Answeres:</l>
<l>Let our Officers</l>
<l>Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake</l>
<l>The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,</l>
<l>And get her loue to part. For not alone</l>
<l>The death of <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>, with more vrgent touches</l>
<l>Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too</l>
<l>Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,</l>
<l>Petition vs at home. <hi rend="italic">Sextus Pompeius</hi>
</l>
<l>Haue giuen the dare to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and commands</l>
<l>The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,</l>
<l>Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Till his deserts are past, begin to throw</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> the great, and all his Dignities</l>
<l>Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,</l>
<l>Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp</l>
<l>For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,</l>
<l>The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,</l>
<l>Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,</l>

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      <l>And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,</l>
      <l>To such whose places vnder vs, require</l>
      <l>Our quicke remoue from hence.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
      <l>I shall doo't.</l>
   </sp>
</div>
   <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
         <l>Where is he?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
         <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
         <l>I did not see him since.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
         <l>See where he is,</l>
         <l>Whose with him, what he does:</l>
         <l>I did not send you. If you finde him sad,</l>
         <l>Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report</l>
         <l>That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
         <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
         <l>Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,</l>
         <l>You do not hold the method, to enforce</l>
         <l>The like from him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
         <l>What should I do, I do not?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
         <speaker rend="italic">Ch.</speaker>
         <l>In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
         <l>Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
         <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
         <l>Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,</l>
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<l>In time we hate that which we often feare.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Anthony.</stage>
<l>But heere comes <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>I am sicke, and sullen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Helpe me away deere <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, I
shall fall,</l>
<l>It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature</l>
<l>Will not sustaine it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Now my deerest Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Pray you stand farther from mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>What's the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>I know by that same eye ther's some good news.</l>
<l>What sayes the married woman you may goe?</l>
<l>Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.</l>
<l>Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,</l>
<l>I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>The Gods best know.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Oh neuer was there Queene</l>
<l>So mightily betrayed: yet at the first</l>
<l>I saw the Treasons planted.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Why should I thinke you can be mine, &amp; true,</l>
  <l>(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)</l>
  <l>Who haue beene false to <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>?</l>
  <l>Riotous madnesse,</l>
  <l>To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,</l>
  <l>Which breake themselues in swearing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Most sweet Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,</l>
  <l>But bid farewell, and goe:</l>
  <l>When you sued staying,</l>
  <l>Then was the time for words: No going then,</l>
  <l>Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,</l>
  <l>Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,</l>
  <l>But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,</l>
  <l>Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,</l>
  <l>Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>How now Lady?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Cleo.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0853.jpg" n="343"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know</l>
  <l>There were a heart in Egypt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Heare me Queene:</l>
  <l>The strong necessity of Time, commands</l>
  <l>Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart</l>
  <l>Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,</l>
  <l>Shines o're with ciuill Swords; <hi rend="italic">Sextus
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Pompeius</hi>
   </l>
     <l>Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,</l>
     <l>Equality of two Domesticke powers,</l>
     <l>Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength</l>
     <l>Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi>,</l>
     <l>Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace</l>
     <l>Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued</l>
     <l>Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,</l>
     <l>And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge</l>
     <l>By any desperate change: My more particular,</l>
     <l>And that which most with you should safe my going,</l>
     <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Fuluias</hi> death.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
     <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
     <l>Though age from folly could not giue me freedom</l>
     <l>It does from childishnesse. Can <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>
dye?</l>

    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
     <l>She's dead my Queene.</l>
     <l>Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read</l>
     <l>The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,</l>
     <l>See when, and where shee died.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
     <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
     <l>O most false Loue!</l>
     <l>Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill</l>
     <l>With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,</l>
     <l>In <hi rend="italic">Fuluias</hi> death, how mine receiu'd
shall be.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
     <l>Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know</l>
     <l>The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,</l>
     <l>As you shall giue th'aduice. By the fire</l>
     <l>That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence</l>
     <l>Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,</l>
     <l>As thou affects.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
     <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
     <l>Cut my Lace, <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi> come,</l>
     <l>But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,</l>
     <l>So <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> loues.</l>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>My precious Queene forbeare,</l>
          <l>And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands</l>
          <l>An honourable Triall.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>So <hi rend="italic">Fuluia</hi> told me.</l>
          <l>I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,</l>
          <l>Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares</l>
          <l>Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene</l>
          <l>Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke</l>
          <l>Like perfect Honor.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>You'l heat my blood no more?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>You can do better yet: but this is meetly.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>Now by Sword.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>And Target. Still he mends.</l>
          <l>But this is not the best. Looke prythee <hi
rend="italic">Charmian</hi>,</l>
          <l>How this Herculean Roman do's become</l>
          <l>The carriage of his chase.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>Ile leaue you Lady.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Courteous Lord, one word:</l>
          <l>Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:</l>
          <l>Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:</l>
          <l>That you know well, something it is I would:</l>
          <l>Oh, my Obliuion is a very <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
          <l>And I am all forgotten.</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>But that your Royalty</l>
  <l>Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you</l>
  <l>For Idlenesse it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis sweating Labour,</l>
  <l>To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart</l>
  <l>As <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> this. But Sir, forgiue me,</l>

  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Since my becommings kill me, when they do not</l>
  <l>Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,</l>
  <l>Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,</l>
  <l>And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword</l>
  <l>Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe</l>
  <l>Be strew'd before your feete.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Let vs go.</l>
  <l>Come: Our separation so abides and flies,</l>
  <l>That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;</l>
  <l>And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.</l>
  <l>Away.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
<lb/>and their Traine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
  <l>You may see <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, and henceforth know,</l>
  <l>It is not <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Naturall vice, to hate</l>
  <l>One great Competitor. From Alexandria</l>
  <l>This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and wastes</l>
  <l>The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike</l>
  <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>: nor the Queene of <hi rend="italic">Ptolomy</hi>
  </l>
  <l>More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience</l>
  <l>Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You</l>
  <l>Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,</l>
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                        <l>That all men follow.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
                        <l>I must not thinke</l>
                        <l>There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:</l>
                        <l>His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,</l>
                        <l>More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,</l>
                        <l>Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,</l>
                        <l>Then what he chooses.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                        <l>You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not</l>
                        <l>Amisse to tumble on the bed of <hi
rend="italic">Ptolomy</hi>,</l>
                        <l>To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit</l>
                        <l>And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,</l>
                        <l>To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet</l>
                        <l>With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him</l>
                        <l>(As his composure must be rare indeed,</l>
                        <l>Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
            </l>
                        <l>No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare</l>
                        <l>So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd</l>
                        <l>His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,</l>
                        <l>Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,</l>
                        <l>Call on him for't. But to confound such time,</l>
                        <l>That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd</l>
                        <l>As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:</l>
                        <l>As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,</l>
                        <l>Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,</l>
                        <l>And so rebell to iudgement.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
                        <l>Heere's more newes.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                        <l>Thy biddings haue beene done, &amp; euerie houre</l>
                        <l>Most Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, shalt thou haue
report</l>
                        <l>How 'tis abroad. <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> is strong at
Sea,</l>
                        <l>And it appeares, he is belou'd of those</l>
                        <l>That only haue feard <hi rend="italic">Cæsar:</hi> to the
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Ports</l>
                    <l>The discontents repaire, and mens reports</l>
                    <l>Giue him much wrong'd.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                    <l>I should haue knowne no lesse,</l>
                    <l>It hath bin taught vs from the primall state</l>
                    <l>That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:</l>
                    <l>And the ebb'd man,</l>
                    <l>Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,</l>
                    <l>Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,</l>
                    <l>Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,</l>
                    <l>Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde</l>
                    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">x2</fw>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0854.jpg" n="344"/>
                    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <l>To rot it selfe with motion.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> I bring thee word,</l>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Menacrates</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>
famous Pyrates</l>
                    <l>Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound</l>
                    <l>With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes</l>
                    <l>They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime</l>
                    <l>Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,</l>
                    <l>No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone</l>
                    <l>Taken as seene: for <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> name
strikes more</l>
                    <l>Then could his Warre resisted.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once</l>
                    <l>Was beaten from <hi rend="italic">Medena</hi>, where thou
slew'st</l>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Hirsius</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Pausa</hi>
Consuls, at thy heele</l>
                    <l>Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,</l>
                    <l>(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more</l>
                    <l>Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke</l>

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    <l>The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle</l>
    <l>Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat <choice>
  <abbr>thē</abbr>
  <expan>them</expan>
</choice> did daine</l>
    <l>The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.</l>
    <l>Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,</l>
    <l>The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,</l>
    <l>It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,</l>
    <l>Which some did dye to looke on: And all this</l>
    <l>(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)</l>
    <l>Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke</l>
    <l>So much as lank'd not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis pitty of him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
  <l>Let his shames quickely</l>
  <l>Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine</l>
  <l>Did shew our selues i'th'Field, and to that end</l>
  <l>Assemble me immediate counsell, <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi>
</l>
  <l>Thriues in our Idlenesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>To morrow <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
  <l>I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly</l>
  <l>Both what by Sea and Land I can be able</l>
  <l>To front this present time.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
  <l>Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time</l>
  <l>Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir</l>
  <l>To let me be partaker.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
  <l>Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
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      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Charmian, Iras, &amp; Mardian.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
          <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
          <l>Madam.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Ha, ha, giue me to drinke <hi
rend="italic">Mandragora</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
          <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
          <l>Why Madam?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:</l>
          <l>My <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is away.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
          <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
          <l>You thinke of him too much.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>O 'tis Treason.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
          <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
          <l>Madam, I trust not so.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Thou, Eunuch <hi rend="italic">Mardian</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
          <l>What's your Highnesse pleasure?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
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      <l>Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure</l>
      <l>In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,</l>
      <l>That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts</l>
      <l>May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>Yes gracious Madam.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Indeed?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
      <l>Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing</l>
      <l>But what in deede is honest to be done:</l>
      <l>Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke</l>
      <l>What Venus did with Mars.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Charmion</hi>:</l>
      <l>Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?</l>
      <l>Oh happy horse to beare the weight of <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>!</l>
      <l>Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,</l>
      <l>The demy <hi rend="italic">Atlas</hi> of this Earth, the
Arme</l>
      <l>And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,</l>
      <l>Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,</l>
      <l>(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe</l>
      <l>With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me</l>
      <l>That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,</l>
      <l>And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
      <l>When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was</l>
      <l>A morsell for a Monarke: and great <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi>
         </l>
      <l>Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,</l>
      <l>There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye</l>
      <l>With looking on his life.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Alexas from
Cæsar.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
      <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
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            <l>Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>How much vnlike art thou <hi rend="italic">Marke
Anthony</hi>?</l>
            <l>Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath</l>
            <l>With his Tinct gilded thee.</l>
            <l>How goes it with my braue <hi rend="italic">Marke
Anthonie</hi>?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
            <l>Last thing he did (deere Qu<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="uninkedType"
resp="#ES"/>ene)</l>
            <l>He kist the last of many doubled kisses</l>
            <l>This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Mine eare must plucke it thence.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
            <l>Good Friend, quoth he:</l>
            <l>Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends</l>
            <l>This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote</l>
            <l>To mend the petty present, I will peece</l>
            <l>Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,</l>
            <l>(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,</l>
            <l>And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,</l>
            <l>Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,</l>
            <l>Was beastly dumbe by him.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>What was he sad, or merry?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
            <l>Like to the time o'th'yeare, between ẙ extremes</l>
            <l>Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,</l>
            <l>Note him good <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, 'tis the man;
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but note him.</l>
    <l>He was not sad, for he would shine on those</l>
    <l>That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,</l>
    <l>Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay</l>
    <l>In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.</l>
    <l>Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,</l>
    <l>The violence of either thee becomes,</l>
    <l>So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ale">
  <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
  <l>I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.</l>
  <l>Why do you send so thicke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <p>Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
    <lb/>to <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi>, shall dye a Begger.
Inke and paper <hi rend="italic">Char-
    <lb/>mian</hi>. Welcome my good <hi
rend="italic">Alexas</hi>. Did I <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, e-
    <lb/>uer loue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>Oh that braue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,</l>
  <l>Say the braue <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>The valiant <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>By I<hi rend="italic">sis</hi>, I will giue thee bloody
teeth</l>
  <l>If thou with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> Paragon
againe:</l>
  <l>My man of men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>By your most gracious pardon,</l>
  <l>I sing but after you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">

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<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>My Sallad dayes,</l>
<l>When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,</l>
<l>To say, as I saide then. But come, away,</l>
<l>Get me Inke and Paper,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Hee</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0855.jpg" n="345"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthonie and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
    <lb/>ple Egypt.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
  </div>
<div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pompey,
Menecrates, and Menas, in
    <lb/>warlike manner.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
<l>If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist</l>
<l>The deeds of iustest men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mnc">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<p>Know worthy <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, that what they
do de-
    <lb/>lay, they not deny.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
<p>Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes
    <lb/>the thing we sue for.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mnc">
<speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
<l>We ignorant of our selues,</l>
<l>Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres</l>
<l>Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit</l>
<l>By loosing of our Prayers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
<l>I shall do well:</l>
<l>The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;</l>
<l>My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope</l>
<l>Sayes it will come to'th'full. <hi rend="italic">Marke
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Anthony</hi>
                    </l>
                        <l>In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make</l>
                        <l>No warres without doores. <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> gets money where</l>
                        <l>He looses hearts: <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> flatters both,</l>
                        <l>Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,</l>
                        <l>Nor either cares for him.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-mnc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
                        <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> are in the field,</l>
                        <l>A mighty strength they carry.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
                        <l>Where haue you this? 'Tis false.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-mnc">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
                        <l>From <hi rend="italic">Siluius</hi>, Sir.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
                        <l>He dreames: I know they are in Rome together</l>
                        <l>Looking for <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>: but all the charmes of Loue,</l>
                        <l>Salt <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> soften thy wand lip,</l>
                        <l>Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,</l>
                        <l>Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,</l>
                        <l>Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,</l>
                        <l>Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,</l>
                        <l>That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,</l>
                        <l>Euen till a Lethied dulnesse   </l>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Varrius.</stage>
                        <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Varrius</hi>?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-var">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
                        <l>This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:</l>
                        <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi> is euery houre in Rome</l>
                        <l>Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis</l>
                        <l>A space for farther Trauaile.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-pom">

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          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>I could haue giuen lesse matter</l>
          <l>A better eare. <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>, I did not
thinke</l>

          <l>This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme</l>
          <l>For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership</l>
          <l>Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare</l>
          <l>The higher our Opinion, that our stirring</l>
          <l>Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke</l>
          <l>The neere Lust-wearied <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mnc">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mene.</speaker>
          <l>I cannot hope,</l>
          <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
shall well greet together;</l>
          <l>His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
          <l>His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke</l>
          <l>Not mou'd by <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>I know not <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>,</l>
          <l>How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,</l>
          <l>Were't not that we stand vp against them all:</l>
          <l>'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,</l>
          <l>For they haue entertained cause enough</l>
          <l>To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs</l>
          <l>May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp</l>
          <l>The petty difference, we yet not know:</l>
          <l>Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands</l>
          <l>Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands</l>
          <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <cb n="2"/>
      </div>
        <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Enobarbus and
Lepidus.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
          <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>, 'tis a worthy
deed,</l>

          <l>And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine</l>
          <l>To soft and gentle speech.</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
  <l>I shall intreat him</l>
  <l>To answer like himselfe: if <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> moue him,</l>
  <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> looke ouer <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> head,</l>
  <l>And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,</l>
  <l>Were I the wearer of <hi rend="italic">Anthonio's</hi> Beard,</l>
  <l>I would not shaue't to day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <p>Euery time serues for the matter that is then
    <lb/>borne in't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>But small to greater matters must giue way.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Not if the small come first.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
  <l>Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre</l>
  <l>No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and Ventidius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>And yonder <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>If we compose well heere, to Parthia:</l>
  <l>Hearke <hi rend="italic">Ventidius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
```

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                    <l>I do not know <hi rend="italic">Mecenas</hi>, aske <hi
rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
                        <l>Noble Friends:</l>
                        <l>That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not</l>
                        <l>A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,</l>
                        <l>May it be gently heard. When we debate</l>
                        <l>Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit</l>
                        <l>Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,</l>
                        <l>The rather for I earnestly beseech,</l>
                        <l>Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,</l>
                        <l>Nor curstnesse grow to'th'matter.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>'Tis spoken well:</l>
                        <l>Were we before our Armies, and to fight,</l>
                        <l>I should do thus.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                        <l>Welcome to Rome.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Thanke you.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                        <l>Sit.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Sit sir.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                        <l>Nay then.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:</l>
                        <l>Or being, concerne you not.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
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    <l>I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I</l>
    <l>Should say my selfe offended, and with you</l>
    <l>Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should</l>
    <l>Once name you derogately: when to sound your name</l>
    <l>It not concern'd me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>My being in Egypt <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, what was't
to you?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>No more then my reciding heere at Rome</l>
    <l>Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there</l>
    <l>Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt</l>
    <l>Might be my question.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>How intend you, practis'd?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,</l>
    <l>By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother</l>
    <l>Made warres vpon me, and their contestation</l>
    <l>Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer</l>
    <l>Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,</l>
    <l>And haue my Learning from some true reports</l>
    <l>That drew their swords with you, did he not rather</l>
    <l>Discredit my authority with yours,</l>
    <l>And make the warres alike against my stomacke,</l>
    <l>Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters</l>
    <l>Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,</l>
    <l>As matter whole you haue to make it with,</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">x3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">It</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0856.jpg" n="346"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>It must not be with this.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <p>You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudge-
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            <lb/>ment to me: but you patcht vp your excuses.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
            <l>Not so, not so:</l>
            <l>I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,</l>
            <l>Very necessity of this thought, that I</l>
            <l>Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,</l>
            <l>Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres</l>
            <l>Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,</l>
            <l>I would you had her spirit, in such another,</l>
            <l>The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,</l>
            <l>You may pace easie, but not such a wife.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enobar.</speaker>
            <p>Would we had all such wiues, that the men
                <lb/>might go to Warres with the women.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
            <l>So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (<hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>)</l>
            <l>Made out of her impatience: which not wanted</l>
            <l>Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,</l>
            <l>Did you too much disquiet, for that you<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
agent="inkedSpacemarker"
resp="#ES"/>must,</l>
            <l>But say I could not helpe it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you</l>
            <l>Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts</l>
            <l>Did gibe my Misiue out of audience.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:</l>
            <l>Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want</l>
            <l>Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day</l>
            <l>I told him of my selfe, which was as much</l>
            <l>As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow</l>
            <l>Be nothing of our strife: if we contend</l>
            <l>Out of our question wipe him.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
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          <p>You haue broken the Article of your oath,
            <lb/>which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me
with.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
          <l>Soft <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>No <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, let him speake,</l>
          <l>The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,</l>
          <l>Supposing that I lackt it: but on <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
          <l>The Article of my o<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>th.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
          <p>To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
            <lb/>them, the which you both denied.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
          <l>Neglected rather:</l>
          <l>And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp</l>
          <l>From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,</l>
          <l>Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,</l>
          <l>Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power</l>
          <l>Worke without it. Truth is, that <hi
rend="italic">Fuluia</hi>,</l>
          <l>To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,</l>
          <l>For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do</l>
          <l>So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour</l>
          <l>To stoope in such a case.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
          <l>'Tis Noble spoken.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
          <l>If it might please you, to enforce no further</l>
          <l>The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,</l>
          <l>Were to remember: that the present neede,</l>
          <l>Speakes to attone you.</l>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
   <l>Worthily spoken <hi rend="italic">Mecenas</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enobar.</speaker>
   <p>Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the
      <lb/>instant, you may when you heare no more words of
      <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> returne it againe: you shall haue time
to wrangle
      <lb/>in, when you haue nothing else to do.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <p>That trueth should be silent, I had almost for-
      <lb/>got.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
      <lb/>more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <l>Go too then: your Considerate stone.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>I do not much dislike the matter, but</l>
   <l>The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,</l>
   <cb n="2"/>
   <l>We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions</l>
   <l>So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,</l>
   <l>What Hoope should hold vs staunch from edge to edge</l>
   <l>Ath'world: I would persue it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
   <l>Giue me leaue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Speake <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
        <p>Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
          <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>: Great <hi rend="italic">Mark
Anthony</hi> is now a widdower.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <p>Say not, say <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>; if <hi
rend="italic">Cleopater</hi> heard you, your
            <lb/>proofe were well deserued of rashnesse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <p>I am not marryed <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: let me heere
<hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>
            <lb/>further speake.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
        <l>To hold you in perpetuall amitie,</l>
        <l>To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts</l>
        <l>With an vn-slipping knot, take <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi> to his wife: whose beauty claimes</l>
        <l>No worse a husband then the best of men: whose</l>
        <l>Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake</l>
        <l>That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,</l>
        <l>All little Ielousies which now seeme great,</l>
        <l>And all great feares, which now import their dangers,</l>
        <l>Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,</l>
        <l>Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,</l>
        <l>Would each to other, and all loues to both</l>
        <l>Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,</l>
        <l>For 'tis a studied not a present thought,</l>
        <l>By duty ruminated.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>Will <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> speake?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Not till he heares how <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is
toucht,</l>
        <l>With what is spoke already.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
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    <l>What power is in <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>,</l>
    <l>If I would say <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>, be it so,</l>
    <l>To make this good?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>The power of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
    <l>And his power, vnto <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
    <l>May I neuer</l>
    <l>(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)</l>
    <l>Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand</l>
    <l>Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,</l>
    <l>The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,</l>
    <l>And sway our great Designes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>There's my hand:</l>
    <l>A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother</l>
    <l>Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue</l>
    <l>To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer</l>
    <l>Flie off our Loues againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
    <l>Happily, Amen.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi>,</l>
    <l>For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great</l>
    <l>Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,</l>
    <l>Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:</l>
    <l>At heele of that, defie him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
    <l>Time cals vpon's,</l>
    <l>Of vs must <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> presently be
sought,</l>
    <l>Or else he seekes out vs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
    <l>Where lies he?</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>About the Mount-Mesena.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>What is his strength by land?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Great, and increasing:</l>
   <l>But by Sea he is an absolute Master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>So is the Fame,</l>
   <l>Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,</l>
   <l>Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we</l>
   <l>The businesse we haue talkt of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>With most gladnesse,</l>
   <l>And do inuite you to my Sisters view,</l>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Whe-</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0857.jpg" n="347"/>
   <fw type="rh" rend="italic">A<c rend="roman">n</c>thony and
Cleopatra.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>Whether straight Ile lead you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <p>Let vs <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> not lacke your
companie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
   <p>Noble <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, not sickenesse should
detaine
      <lb/>me.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="mixed">Flourish. Exit
omnes.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Enobarbus,
Agrippa, Mecenas.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
   <speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
   <p>Welcome from Ægypt Sir.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <p>Halfe the heart of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, worthy <hi rend="italic">Mecenas</hi>. My
        <lb/>honourable Friend <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
    <p>Good <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
    <p>We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
        <lb/>well disgested: you staid well by't in Egypt.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenaunce:
        <lb/>and made the night light with drinking.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
    <p>Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a break-
        <lb/>fast, and but twelue persons there. Is this true?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <p>This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much
        <lb/>more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deser-
        <lb/>ued noting.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mecenas.</speaker>
    <p>She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be
        <lb/>square to her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>When she first met <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>, she purst
        <lb/>vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
    <p>There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter de-
        <lb/>uis'd well for her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>I will tell you,</l>
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    <l>The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne</l>
    <l>Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,</l>
    <l>Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that</l>
    <l>The Windes were Loue-sicke.</l>
    <l>With them the Owers were Siluer,</l>
    <l>Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made</l>
    <l>The water which they beate, to follow faster;</l>
    <l>As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,</l>
    <l>It beggerd all discription, she did lye</l>
    <l>In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,</l>
    <l>O're-picturing that Ven<c rend="inverted">u</c>s, where we see</l>

    <l>The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,</l>
    <l>Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,</l>
    <l>With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,</l>
    <l>To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,</l>
    <l>And what they vndid did.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agrip.</speaker>
    <l>Oh rare for <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,</l>
    <l>So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,</l>
    <l>And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.</l>
    <l>A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,</l>
    <l>Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,</l>
    <l>That yarely frame the office. From the Barge</l>
    <l>A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense</l>
    <l>Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast</l>
    <l>Her people out vpon her: and <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi></l>

    <l>Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,</l>
    <l>Whisling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,</l>
    <l>Had gone to gaze on <hi rend="italic">Cleopater</hi> too,</l>

    <l>And made a gap in Nature.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
    <l>Rare Egiptian.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>Vpon her landing, <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> sent to her,</l>

    <l>Inuited her to Supper: she replyed,</l>
    <l>It should be better, he became her guest:</l>
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<l>Which she entreated, our Courteous <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
<l>Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,</l>
<l>Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;</l>
<l>And for his ordinary, paies his heart,</l>
<l>For what his eyes eate onely.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
<speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
<l>Royall Wench:</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>She made great <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> lay his Sword to bed,</l>
<l>He ploughed her, and she cropt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
<speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
<l>I saw her once</l>
<l>Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,</l>
<l>And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,</l>
<l>That she did make defect, perfection,</l>
<l>And breathlesse powre breath forth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
<speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, must leaue her vtterly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
<speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
<l>Neuer he will not<c rend="italic">:</c>
</l>
<l>Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale</l>
<l>Her infinite variety: other women cloy</l>
<l>The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,</l>
<l>Where most she satisfies. For vildest things</l>
<l>Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests</l>
<l>Blesse her, when she is Riggish.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
<speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
<l>If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle</l>
<l>The heart of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>: <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi> is</l>
<l>A blessed Lottery to him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
<speaker rend="italic">Agrip.</speaker>
<p>Let vs go. Good <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>, make your selfe

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        <lb/>my guest, whilst you abide here.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <p>Humbly Sir I thanke you.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony,
Cæsar, Octauia betweene them.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>The world, and my great office, will</l>
        <l>Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <p>All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
          <lb/>bowe my prayers to them for you.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>Goodnight Sir. My <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>
      </l>
        <l>Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:</l>
        <l>I haue not kept my square, but that to come</l>
        <l>Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:</l>
        <l>Good night Sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <p>Goodnight.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Soothsaier.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <p>Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
          <lb/>thither.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>If you can, your reason?</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
          <l>I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,</l>
          <l>But yet hie you to Egypt againe.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
          <p>Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
            <lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> or mine?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Soot.</speaker>
          <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>. Therefore (oh <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>) stay not by his side</l>
          <l>Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is</l>
          <l>Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,</l>
          <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> is not. But neere him,
thy Angell</l>
          <l>Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore</l>
          <l>Make space enough betweene you.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
          <l>Speake this no more.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-soo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
          <l>To none but thee no more but: when to thee,</l>
          <l>If thou dost play with him at any game,</l>
          <l>Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,</l>
          <l>He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,</l>
          <l>When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit</l>
          <l>Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:</l>
          <l>But he alway 'tis Noble.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
          <l>Get thee gone:</l>
          <l>Say to <hi rend="italic">Ventigius</hi> I would speake with
him.</l>
          <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
          <l>He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,</l>
          <l>He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,</l>
          <l>And in our sports my better cunning faints,</l>
          <l>Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,</l>
          <l>His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,</l>
          <l>When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer</l>
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<l>Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0858.jpg" n="348"/>
<cb n="1"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
<l>And though I make this marriage for my peace,</l>
<l>I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come <hi
rend="italic">Ventigius</hi>.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Ventigius.</stage>
<l>You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:</l>
<l>Follow me, and reciue't.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lepidus,
Mecenas and Agrippa.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
<speaker rend="italic">Lepidus.</speaker>
<p>Trouble your selues no further: pray you
<lb/>hasten your Generals after.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
<speaker rend="italic">Agr.</speaker>
<p>Sir, <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>, will e'ne but
kisse <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>,
<lb/>and weele follow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
<speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
<l>Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,</l>
<l>Which will become you both: Farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
<speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
<p>We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
<lb/>Mount before you <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
<speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
<p>Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
<lb/>much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr #F-ant-mec">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<p>Sir good successe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
            <p>Farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopater,
Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <p>Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
                <lb/>of vs that trade in Loue.</p>
        </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
            <p>The Musicke, hoa.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mardian the
Eunuch.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <p>Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come <hi
rend="italic">Charmian</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
            <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
            <p>My arme is sore, best play with <hi
rend="italic">Mardian</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleopa.</speaker>
            <p>As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
                <lb/>with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mardi.</speaker>
            <p>As well as I can Madam.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>And when good will is shewed,</l>
            <l>Though't come to short</l>
            <l>The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,</l>
            <l>Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuer there</l>
            <l>My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray</l>
            <l>Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce</l>
            <l>Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,</l>
            <l>Ile thinke them euery one an <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
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        <l>And say, ah ha; y'are caught.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
        <p>'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
           <lb/>ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
           <lb/>which he with feruencie drew vp.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>That time? Oh times:</l>
        <l>I laught him out of patience: and that night</l>
        <l>I laught him into patience, and next morne,</l>
        <l>Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:</l>
        <l>Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst</l>
        <l>I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
        <l>Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares,</l>
        <l>That long time haue bin barren.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Madam, Madam.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Anthonyo's</hi> dead.</l>
        <l>If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:</l>
        <l>But well and free, if thou so yeild him.</l>
        <l>There is Gold, and heere</l>
        <l>My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings</l>
        <l>Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>First Madam, he is well.</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Why there's more Gold.</l>
        <l>But sirrah marke, we vse</l>
        <l>To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,</l>
        <l>The Gold <gap extent="2"
unit="words"
reason="illegible"
agent="bleedThrough"
resp="#ES"/> thee, will I melt and powr</l>
        <l>Downe thy ill vttering throate.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>Good Madam heare me.</l>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Well, go too I will:</l>
          <l>But there's no goodnesse in thy face if <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
        </l>
          <l>Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour</l>
          <l>To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,</l>
          <l>Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,</l>
          <l>Not like a formall man.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>Wilt please you heare me?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:</l>
          <l>Yet if thou say <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> liues, 'tis
well,</l>
          <l>Or friends with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, or not Captiue
to him,</l>
          <l>Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile</l>
          <l>Rich Pearles vpon thee.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>Madam, he's well.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Well said.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>And Friends with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Th'art an honest man.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
          <l>
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        <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and he, are greater Friends then
euer.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Make thee a Fortune from me.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>But yet Madam.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I do not like but yet, it does alay</l>
        <l>The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,</l>
        <l>But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth</l>
        <l>Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,</l>
        <l>Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,</l>
        <l>The good and bad together: he's friends with <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
        <l>In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Free Madam, no: I made no such report,</l>
        <l>He's bound vnto <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>For what good turne?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>For the best turne i'th'bed.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I am pale <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Madam, he's married to <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Strikes him
downe.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Good Madam patience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>What say you?</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Strikes him.</stage>
    <l>Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes</l>
    <l>Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">She hales him vp and downe.</stage>
    <l>Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,</l>
    <l>Smarting in lingring pickle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Gratious Madam,</l>
    <l>I that do bring the newes, made not the match.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,</l>
    <l>And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st</l>
    <l>Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,</l>
    <l>And I will boot thee with what guift beside</l>
    <l>Thy modestie can begge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>He's married Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Draw a knife.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Nay then Ile runne:</l>
    <l>What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,</l>
    <l>The man is innocent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:</l>
        <l>Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures</l>
        <l>Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,</l>
        <l>Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
        <l>He is afeard to come.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I will not hurt him,</l>
        <l>These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike</l>
        <l>A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe</l>
        <l>Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Messenger
againe.</stage>

        <l>Though it be honest, it is neuer good</l>
        <l>To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Message</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">An</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0859.jpg" n="349"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell</l>
        <l>Themselues, when they be felt.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>I haue done my duty.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Is he married?</l>
        <l>I cannot hate thee worser then I do,</l>
        <l>If thou againe say yes.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>He's married Madam.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>The Gods confound thee,</l>
        <l>Dost thou hold there still?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Should I lye Madame?</l>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh, I would thou didst:</l>
  <l>So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made</l>
  <l>A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,</l>
  <l>Had'st thou <hi rend="italic">Narcissus</hi> in thy face to me,</l>
  <l>Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>I craue your Highnesse pardon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>He is married?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
  <l>Take no offence, that I would not offend you,</l>
  <l>To punnish me for what you make me do</l>
  <l>Seemes much vnequall, he's married to <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,</l>
  <l>That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,</l>
  <l>The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome</l>
  <l>Are all too deere for me:</l>
  <l>Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>Good your Highnesse patience.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>In praysing <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, I haue disprais'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
  <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
  <l>Many times Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
  <l>I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,</l>
  <l>I faint, oh <hi rend="italic">Iras, Charmian</hi>: 'tis no matter.</l>
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<l>Go to the Fellow, good <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi> bid him</l>
<l>Report the feature of <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>: her yeares,</l>
<l>Her inclination, let him not leaue out</l>
<l>The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,</l>
<l>Let him for euer go, let him not <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>,</l>
<l>Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,</l>
<l>The other wayes a Mars. Bid you <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi> </l>
<l>Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>,</l>
<l>But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trum-
<lb/>pet: at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Me-
<lb/>cenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
<l>Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:</l>
<l>And we shall talke before we fight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
<speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
<l>Most meete that first we come to words,</l>
<l>And therefore haue we</l>
<l>Our written purposes before vs sent,</l>
<l>Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,</l>
<l>If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,</l>
<l>And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,</l>
<l>That else must perish heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
<speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
<l>To you all three,</l>
<l>The Senators alone of this great world,</l>
<l>Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,</l>
<l>Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,</l>
<l>Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi>,</l>
<l>Who at Phillippi the good <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> ghosted,</l>
<l>There saw you labouring for him. What was't</l>

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            <l>That mou'd pale <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> to conspire?
And what</l>
            <l>Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine <hi
rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>
            <l>With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,</l>
            <l>To drench the Capitoll, but that they would</l>
            <l>Haue one man but a man, and that his it</l>
            <l>Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,</l>
            <l>The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome</l>
            <l>Cast on my Noble Father.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>Take your time.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Thou can'st not feare vs <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> with
thy sailes.</l>
            <l>Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st</l>
            <l>How much we do o're-count thee.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
            <l>At Land indeed</l>
            <l>Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:</l>
            <l>But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,</l>
            <l>Remaine in't as thou maist.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lepi.</speaker>
            <l>Be pleas'd to tell vs,</l>
            <l>(For this is from the present how you take)</l>
            <l>The offers we haue sent you.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>There's the point.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Which do not be entreated too,</l>
            <l>But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.</l>
         </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>You haue made me offer</l>
   <l>Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must</l>
   <l>Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send</l>
   <l>Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,</l>
   <l>To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe</l>
   <l>Our Targes vndinted.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
   <l>That's our offer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>Know then I came before you heere,</l>
   <l>A man prepar'd</l>
   <l>To take this offer. But <hi rend="italic">Marke
Anthony</hi>,</l>
   <l>Put me to some impatience: though I loose</l>
   <l>The praise of it by telling. You must know</l>
   <l>When <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and your Brother were at
blowes,</l>
   <l>Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde</l>
   <l>Her welcome Friendly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>I haue heard it <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>,</l>
   <l>And am well studied for a liberall thanks,</l>
   <l>Which I do owe you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>Let me haue your hand:</l>
   <l>I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>The beds i'th'East are soft, and thanks to you,</l>
   <l>That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:</l>
   <l>For I haue gained by't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>Well, I know not,</l>
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          <l>What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,</l>
          <l>But in my bosome shall she neuer come,</l>
          <l>To make my heart her vassaile.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
          <l>Well met heere.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>I hope so <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, thus we are
agreed:</l>

          <l>I craue our composion may be written</l>
          <l>And seal'd betweene vs,</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
          <l>That's the next to do.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's</l>
          <l>Draw lots who shall begin.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>That will I <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pompey.</speaker>
          <p>No <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> take the lot: but first or
last,
             <lb/>your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
             <lb/>heard that <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi>, grew fat
with feasting there.</p>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
          <l>You haue heard much.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>I haue faire meaning Sir.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>And faire words to them.</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
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        <l>Then so much haue I heard,</l>
        <l>And I haue heard <hi rend="italic">Appolodorus</hi>
carried   </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <l>No more that: he did so.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
        <l>What I pray you<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <l>A certaine Queene to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> in a
Matris.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
        <l>I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <l>Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Foure</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc085x.jpg" n="350"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Foure Feasts are toward.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
        <l>Let me shake thy hand,</l>
        <l>I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,</l>
        <l>When I haue enuied thy behauiour.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,</l>
        <l>When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,</l>
        <l>As I haue said you did.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
        <l>Inioy thy plainnesse,</l>
        <l>It nothing ill becomes thee:</l>
        <l>Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.</l>
        <l>Will you leade Lords?</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <l>Shew's the way, sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>Come.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Manet Enob.
&amp; Menas</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <p>Thy Father <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> would ne're haue
made this
      <lb/>Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <l>At Sea, I thinke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>We haue Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <l>You haue done well by water.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>And you by Land.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <p>I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh
      <lb/>it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <p>Nor what I haue done by water.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <p>Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
      <lb/>safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <p>And you by Land.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
              <lb/>your hand <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>, if our eyes had
authority, heere they
              <lb/>might take two Theeues kissing.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <p>All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
              <lb/>are.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true
              <lb/>Face.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <p>No slander, they steale hearts.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>We came hither to fight with you.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <p>For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
              <lb/>ing. <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> doth this day laugh
away his Fortune.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <p>Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for <hi rend="italic">Marke
An-
              <lb/>thony</hi> heere, pray you, is he married to <hi
rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>
          <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Sister is call'd <hi
rend="italic">Octauia</hi>.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
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<speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>True Sir, she was the wife of <hi rend="italic">Caius
Marcellus</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>But she is now the wife of <hi rend="italic">Marcus
Anthonius</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>Pray'ye sir.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis true.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>Then is <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and he, for euer knit
together.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold
        <lb/>not Prophesie so.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
        <lb/>in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
        <lb/>that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the
        <lb/>very strangler of their Amity: <hi
rend="italic">Octauia</hi> is of a holy, cold,
        <lb/>and still conuersation.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <p>Who would not haue his wife so?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <p>Not he that himselfe is not so: which is <hi
rend="italic">Marke
        <lb/>Anthony</hi>: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then
shall

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            <lb/>the sighes of <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi> blow the fire
vp in <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and (as I
            <lb/>said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
            <lb/>shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. <hi
rend="italic">An-
            <lb/>thony</hi> will vse his affection where it is. Hee married
but
            <lb/>his occasion here.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <p>And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord?
            <lb/>I haue a health for you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
          <p>I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
            <lb/>Egypt.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <p>Come, let's away.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke
playes.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 7]</head>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two or three
Seruants with a Banket.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ser.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <p>Heere they'l be man: some o'th'their Plants are ill
              <lb/>rooted already, the least winde i'th'world wil blow them
              <lb/>downe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ser.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <p>
        <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> is high Conlord.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ser.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <p>They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ser.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <p>As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
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          <lb/>cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
          <lb/>himselfe to'th'drinke.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ser.1">
        <speaker>1</speaker>
        <p>But it raises the greater warre betweene him &amp; his
          <lb/>discretion.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ser.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <p>Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-
          <lb/>lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
          <lb/>seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ser.1">
        <speaker>1</speaker>
        <p>To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
          <lb/>to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
          <lb/>pittifully disaster the cheekes.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A Sennet
sounded.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Anthony,
Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas,
        <lb/>Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle</l>
        <l>By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know</l>
        <l>By'th'height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth</l>
        <l>Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,</l>
        <l>The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman</l>
        <l>Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,</l>
        <l>And shortly comes to Haruest.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
        <l>Y'haue strange Serpents there?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>I <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
        <p>Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
          <lb/>by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
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            <p>They are so.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
            <l>Sit, and some Wine: A health to <hi
rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
            <l>I am not so well as I should be:</l>
            <l>But Ile ne're out.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
            <p>Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
                <lb/>till then.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
            <p>Nay certainly, I haue heard the <hi
rend="italic">Ptolomies</hi> Pyra-
                <lb/>misis are very goodly things: without contradiction I
                <lb/>haue heard that.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Menas.</speaker>
            <l>
<hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, a word.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pomp.</speaker>
            <p>Say in mine eare, what is't.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
            <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
            <l>Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,</l>
            <l>And heare me speake a word.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
            <l>Forbeare me till anon.</l>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Whispers in's
Eare.</stage>
            <l>This Wine for <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
            <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
            <l>What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <p>It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
        <lb/>hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
        <lb/>owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
        <lb/>the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
    <l>What colour is it of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Of it owne colour too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-lep">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis a strange Serpent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Will this description satisfie him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <p>With the Health that <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> giues
him, else he

        <lb/>is a very Epicure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pomp.</speaker>
    <l>Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that<c rend="italic">?</c>
Away:</l>

    <l>Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">R<gap extent="2"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="hole"
resp="#ES"/>
</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0861.jpg" n="351"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
```

```
    <l>Rise from thy stoole.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>I thinke th'art mad: the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <p>Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
      <lb/>else to say? Be iolly Lords.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>These Quicke-sands <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>,</l>
   <l>Keepe off, them for you sinke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>What saist thou?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?</l>
   <l>That's twice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>How should that be?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <p>But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
      <lb/>poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
   <l>Hast thou drunke well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mns">
   <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
   <l>No <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, I haue kept me from the
cup,</l>
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    <l>Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:</l>
    <l>What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,</l>
    <l>Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
    <l>Shew me which way?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>These three World-sharers, these Competitors</l>
    <l>Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,</l>
    <l>And when we are put off, fall to their throates:</l>
    <l>All there is thine.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
    <l>Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,</l>
    <l>And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,</l>
    <l>In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,</l>
    <l>'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:</l>
    <l>Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,</l>
    <l>Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,</l>
    <l>I should haue found it afterwards well done,</l>
    <l>But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>For this, Ile neuer follow</l>
    <l>Thy paul'd Fortunes more,</l>
    <l>Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,</l>
    <l>Shall neuer finde it more.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
    <l>This health to <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Beare him ashore,</l>
    <l>Ile pledge it for him <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>Heere's to thee <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
    <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>, welcome.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
      <l>Fill till the cup be hid.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <l>There's a strong Fellow <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
      <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
      <l>Why?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <p>A beares the third part of the world man: seest
        <lb/>not?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
      <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
      <p>The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
        <lb/>all, that it might go on wheeles.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <l>Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
      <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
      <l>Come.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
      <l>This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.</l>
      <l>Heere's to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
      <p>I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
        <lb/>when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <p>Be a Child o'th'time.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
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<speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
<p>Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather
    <lb/>fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in
one.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <p>Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
        <lb/>the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pom">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
    <l>Let's ha't good Souldier.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Come, let's all take hands,</l>
    <l>Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,</l>
    <l>In soft and delicate Lethe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>All take hands:</l>
    <l>Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.</l>
    <l>The holding euery man shall beate as loud,</l>
    <l>As his strong sides can volly.</l>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke Playes.
Enobarbus places them hand in hand.</stage>
    <stage rend="center" type="business">The Song.</stage>
    <l rend="italic">Come thou Monarch of the Vine,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:</l>
    <l rend="italic">In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,</l>
    <l rend="italic">With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.</l>
    <l rend="italic">Cup vs till the world go round,</l>
    <l rend="italic">Cup vs till the world go round.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>What would you more?</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> goodnight. Good Brother</l>
    <l>Let me request you of our grauer businesse</l>
    <l>Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,</l>
    <l>You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong <hi
rend="italic">Enobarbe</hi></l>
    <l>Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue</l>
    <l>Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost</l>
    <l>Antickt vs all. What needs more words<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
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goodnight.</l>
          <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> your hand.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>Ile try you on the shore.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
          <l>And shall Sir, giues your hand.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pom">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pom.</speaker>
          <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, you haue my Father
house.</l>
          <l>But what, we are Friends?</l>
          <l>Come downe into the Boate.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
          <l>Take heed you fall not <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi>: Ile not
on shore,</l>
          <l>No to my Cabin: these Drummes,</l>
          <l>These Trumpets, Flutes: what</l>
          <l>Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell</l>
          <l>To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound a
Flourish with Drummes.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Enor.</speaker>
          <l>Hoo saies a there's my Cap.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-mns">
          <speaker rend="italic">Men.</speaker>
          <l>Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
      </div>
    <div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">
      <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ventidius as it
were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-
          <lb/>rus borne before him.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ven">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ven.</speaker>
          <l>Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now</l>
          <l>Pleas'd Fortune does of <hi rend="italic">Marcus

Crassus</hi> death</l>
                    <l>Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,</l>
                    <l>Before our Army thy <hi rend="italic">Pacorus
Orades</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Paies this for <hi rend="italic">Marcus Crassus</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-rom">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Romaine.</speaker>
                    <l>Noble <hi rend="italic">Ventidius</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,</l>
                    <l>The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,</l>
                    <l>Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whether</l>
                    <l>The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
            </l>
                    <l>Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and</l>
                    <l>Put Garlands on thy head.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ven">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ven.</speaker>
                    <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Sillius, Sillius</hi>,</l>
                    <l>I haue done enough. A lower place note well</l>
                    <l>May make too great an act. For learne this <hi
rend="italic">Sillius</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed</l>
                    <l>Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.</l>
                    <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,
haue euer wonne</l>
                    <l>More in their officer, then person. <hi
rend="italic">Sossius</hi>
            </l>
                    <l>One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,</l>
                    <l>For quicke accumulation of renowne,</l>
                    <l>Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, lost his fauour.</l>
                    <l>Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,</l>
                    <l>Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition</l>
                    <l>(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse</l>
                    <l>Then gaine, which darkens him.</l>
                    <l>I could do more to do <hi rend="italic">Anthonius</hi>
good,</l>
                    <l>But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,</l>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Should</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0862.jpg" n="352"/>
                <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <l>Should my performance perish.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-rom">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>

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        <p>Thou hast <hi rend="italic">Ventidius</hi> that, without the which a
            <lb/>Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
            <lb/>wilt write to <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ven">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ven.</speaker>
      <l>Ile humbly signifie what in his name,</l>
      <l>That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,</l>
      <l>How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,</l>
      <l>The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,</l>
      <l>We haue iaded out o'th'Field.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-rom">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rom.</speaker>
      <l>Where is he now?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ven">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ven.</speaker>
      <l>He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast</l>
      <l>The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:</l>
      <l>We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
      <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
      <l>What are the Brothers parted?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <l>They haue dispatcht with <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>, he is gone,</l>
      <l>The other three are Sealing. <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi> weepes</l>
      <l>To part from Rome: <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> is sad, and <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>
            </l>
      <l>Since <hi rend="italic">Pompey's</hi> feast, as <hi rend="italic">Menas</hi> saies, is troubled</l>
      <l>With the Greene-Sicknesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
      <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis a Noble <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>A very fine one: oh, how he loues <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
  <l>Nay but how deerely he adores <hi rend="italic">Mark Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>? why he's the Iupiter of men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>What's <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, the God of Iupiter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Spake you of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>? How, the non-pareill?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
  <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, oh thou Arabian Bird!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>Would you praise <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, say <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> go no further.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Agr.</speaker>
  <l>Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
  <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
  <l>But he loues <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> best, yet he loues <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>:</l>
  <l>Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,</l>
  <l>Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot</l>
  <l>Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,</l>
  <l>His loue to <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>. But as for <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
  <l>Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
   <l>Both he loues.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:</l>
   <l>This is to horse: Adieu, Noble <hi
rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
   <l>Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Anthony,
Lepidus, and Octauia.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
   <l>No further Sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>You take from me a great part of my selfe:</l>
   <l>Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife</l>
   <l>As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band</l>
   <l>Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
   <l>Let not the peece of Vertue which is set</l>
   <l>Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue</l>
   <l>To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter</l>
   <l>The Fortresse of it: for better might we</l>
   <l>Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts</l>
   <l>This be not cherisht.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Make me not offended, in your distrust.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>I haue said.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>You shall not finde,</l>
   <l>Though you be therein curious, the lest cause</l>
   <l>For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,</l>
   <l>And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:</l>
   <l>We will heere part.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,</l>
   <l>The Elements be kind to thee, and make</l>
   <l>Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
   <l>My Noble Brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,</l>
   <l>And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
   <l>Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>What <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
   <l>Ile tell you in your eare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can</l>
   <l>Her heart informe her to<c rend="inverted">n</c>gue.</l>
   <l>The Swannes downe feather</l>
   <l>That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:</l>
   <l>And neither way inclines.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>Will <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> weepe?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-agr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Agr.</speaker>
   <l>He ha's a cloud in's face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <p>He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
      <lb/>he being a<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="nonstandardCharacter"
```

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                        agent="inkedSpacemarker"
                        resp="#ES"/>man.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
                        <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>:</l>
                        <l>When <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> found <hi
rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi> dead,</l>
                        <l>He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,</l>
                        <l>When at Phillippi he found <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>
slaine.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
                        <l>That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,</l>
                        <l>What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,</l>
                        <l>Beleeu't till I weepe too.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                        <l>No sweet <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>,</l>
                        <l>You shall heare from me still: the time shall not</l>
                        <l>Out-go my thinking on you.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Come Sir, come,</l>
                        <l>Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,</l>
                        <l>Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,</l>
                        <l>And giue you to the Gods.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                        <l>Adieu, be happy.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-lep">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
                        <l>Let all the number of the Starres giue light</l>
                        <l>To thy faire way.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                        <l>Farewell, farewell.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Kisses
Octauia.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                        <l>Farewell.</l>
                    </sp>
```

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                        <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Trumpets
sound.</stage>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                  </div>
                <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
                  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
                  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                          <l>Where is the Fellow?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
                          <l>Halfe afeard to come.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                          <l>Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.</l>
                        </sp>
                  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Messenger as
before.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
                          <p>Good Maiestie: <hi rend="italic">Herod</hi> of Iury dare not
looke
                              <lb/>vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                          <p>That <hi rend="italic">Herods</hi> head, Ile haue: but how?
When
                              <lb/>
                  <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is gone, through whom I might
commaund it:
                              <lb/>Come thou neere.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                          <l>Most gratious Maiestie.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                          <l>Did'st thou behold <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                          <l>I dread Queene.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
```

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            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Where<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <p>Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
            <lb/>saw her led betweene her Brother, and <hi
rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Is she as tall as me<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>She is not Madam.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Didst heare her speake?</l>
        <l>Is she shrill tongu'd or low<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>That's not so good: he cannot like her long.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
        <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
        <l>Like her? Oh <hi rend="italic">Isis</hi>: 'tis impossible.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I thinke so <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>: dull of tongue,
&amp; dwarfish</l>
        <l>What Maiestie is in her gate, remember</l>
        <l>If ere thou look'st on Maiestie.</l>
    <note type="physical" resp="#ES">There is a large ink mark at the far
right side of this line.</note>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>She creepes: her motion, &amp; her station are as one:</l>
        <l>She shewes a body, rather then a life,</l>
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    <l>A Statue, then a Breather.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Is this certaine?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>Or I haue no obseruance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cha.</speaker>
    <l>Three in Egypt cannot make better note.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,</l>
    <l>There's nothing in her yet.</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0863.jpg" n="353"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The Fellow ha's good iudgement.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Excellent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Madam, she was a widdow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Widdow? <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, hearke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
    <l>And I do thinke she's thirtie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cle.</speaker>
    <l>Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Round, euen to faultinesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <p>For the most part too, they are foolish that are
      <lb/>so. Her haire what colour?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
    <l>Browne Madam: and her forehead</l>
    <l>As low as she would wish it.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>There's Gold for thee,</l>
    <l>Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,</l>
    <l>I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee</l>
    <l>Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,</l>
    <l>Our Letters are prepar'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>A proper man.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Indeed he is so: I repent me much</l>
    <l>That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,</l>
    <l>This Creature's no such thing.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Nothing Madam.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
      <lb/>know.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <p>Hath he seene Maiestie? <hi rend="italic">Isis</hi> else
defend: and
      <lb/>seruing you so long.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleopa.</speaker>
    <p>I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
      <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring
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him to me

        <lb/>where I will write; all may be well enough.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
      <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
      <l>I warrant you Madam.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and
Octauia.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Nay, nay <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>, not onely that,</l>
      <l>That were excusable, that and thousands more</l>
      <l>Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd</l>
      <l>New Warres 'gainst <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>. Made his
will, and read it,</l>
      <l>To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,</l>
      <l>When perforce he could not</l>
      <l>But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly</l>
      <l>He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,</l>
      <l>When the best hint was giuen him: he not took't,</l>
      <l>Or did it from his teeth.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-oct">
      <speaker rend="italic">Octaui.</speaker>
      <l>Oh my good Lord,</l>
      <l>Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,</l>
      <l>Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,</l>
      <l>If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene</l>
      <l>Praying for both parts:</l>
      <l>The good Gods wil mocke me presently,</l>
      <l>When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,</l>
      <l>Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,</l>
      <l>Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,</l>
      <p>Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway</p>
      <l>'Twixt these extreames at all.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Gentle <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>,</l>
      <l>Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks</l>
      <l>Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,</l>
      <l>I loose my selfe: better I were not yours</l>
      <l>Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,</l>
      <l>Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,</l>
      <l>Ile raise the preparation of a Warre</l>

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        <l>Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,</l>
        <l>So your desires are yours.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Oct.</speaker>
        <l>Thanks to my Lord,</l>
        <l>The Ioue of power make me most weake, most weake,</l>
        <l>You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,</l>
        <l>As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men</l>
        <l>Should soader vp the Rift.</l>
      </sp>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
        <l>When it appeeres to you where this begins,</l>
        <l>Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults</l>
        <l>Can neuer be so equall, that your loue</l>
        <l>Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,</l>
        <l>Choose your owne company, and command what cost</l>
        <l>Your heart he's mind too.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Enobarbus, and
Eros.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <p>How now Friend <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <p>Ther's strange Newes come Sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <p>What man<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ero.</speaker>
        <p>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> &amp; <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>
haue made warres vpon <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <p>This is old, what is the successe?</p>
      </sp>
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            <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
               <p>
         <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hauing made vse of him in the warres
                  <lb/>'gainst <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>: presently denied
him riuality, would not
                  <lb/>let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
                  <lb/>here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
                  <lb/>
         <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so
the poore
                  <lb/>third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
               <p>Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more,
                  <lb/>and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le
                  <lb/>grinde the other. Where's <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
               <l>He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes</l>
               <l>The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole <hi
rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>,</l>
               <l>And threats the throate of that his Officer,</l>
               <l>That murdred <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
               <l>Our great Nauies rig'd.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
               <l>For Italy and <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, more <hi
rend="italic">Domitius</hi>,</l>
               <l>My Lord desires you presently: my Newes</l>
               <l>I might haue told heareafter.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
               <l>'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
               <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
               <l>Come Sir,</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         </div>
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<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, &amp; more</l>
    <l>In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:</l>
    <l>I'th'Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> and himselfe in Chaires of Gold</l>
    <l>Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat</l>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsarion</hi> whom they call my Fathers Sonne,</l>
    <l>And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust</l>
    <l>Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,</l>
    <l>He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her</l>
    <l>Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
    <l>This in the publike eye?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>I'th'common shew place, where they exercise,</l>
    <l>His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,</l>
    <l>Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia</l>
    <l>He gaue to <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>. To <hi rend="italic">Ptolomy</hi> he assign'd,</l>
    <l>Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: she</l>
    <l>In th'abiliments of the Goddesse <hi rend="italic">Isis</hi>
</l>
    <l>That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,</l>
    <l>As 'tis reported so.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
    <l>Let Rome be thus inform'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
    <l>Who queazie with his insolence already,</l>
    <l>Will their good thoughts call from him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>The people knowes it,</l>
    <l>And haue now receiu'd his accusations.</l>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
             <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
             <l>Who does he accuse?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
             <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
             <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and that hauing in Cicilie</l>
             <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Sextus Pompeius</hi> spoil'd, we had not rated
him</l>
             <l>His part o'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent me</l>
             <l>Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets</l>
             <l>That <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> of the Triumpherate,
should be depos'd,</l>
             <l>And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
             <speaker rend="italic">Agri.</speaker>
             <l>Sir, this should be answer'd.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
             <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
             <l>'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:</l>
             <l>I haue told him <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> was growne
too cruell,</l>
             <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">yy</fw>
             <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
             <pb facs="FFimg:axc0864.jpg" n="354"/>
             <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
             <cb n="1"/>
             <l>That he his high Authority abus'd,</l>
             <l>And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,</l>
             <l>I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,</l>
             <l>And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
             <speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
             <l>Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
             <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
             <l>Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Octauia with her
Traine.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
             <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
             <l>Haile <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and my <choice>
```

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        <abbr>L.</abbr>
        <expan>Lord</expan>
      </choice> haile most deere <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>That euer I should call thee Cast-away.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <l>You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
        <l>Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus<c rend="italic">?</c> you
come not</l>
        <l>Like <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Sister, The wife of <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and</l>
        <l>The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,</l>
        <l>Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th'way</l>
        <l>Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,</l>
        <l>Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust</l>
        <l>Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,</l>
        <l>Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come</l>
        <l>A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented</l>
        <l>The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,</l>
        <l>Is often left vnlou'd: we should haue met you</l>
        <l>By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage</l>
        <l>With an augmented greeting.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <l>Good my Lord,</l>
        <l>To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it</l>
        <l>On my free-will. My Lord <hi rend="italic">Marke
Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted</l>
        <l>My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd</l>
        <l>His pardon for returne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
        <l>Which soone he granted,</l>
        <l>Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <l>Do not say so, my Lord.</l>
```

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
        <l>I haue eyes vpon him,</l>
        <l>And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <l>My Lord, in Athens.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>No my most wronged Sister, <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>
</l>
        <l>Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire</l>
        <l>Vp to a whore, who now are leuying</l>
        <l>The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Bochus</hi> the King of Lybia, <hi
rend="italic">Archilaus</hi>
</l>
        <l>Of Cappadocia, <hi rend="italic">Philadelphos</hi> King</l>
        <l>Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King <hi
rend="italic">Adullas</hi>,</l>
        <l>King <hi rend="italic">Mauchus</hi> of Arabia, King of
Pont,</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Herod</hi> of Iewry, <hi
rend="italic">Mithridates</hi> King</l>
        <l>Of Comageat, <hi rend="italic">Polemen</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Amintas</hi>,</l>
        <l>The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,</l>
        <l>With a more larger List of Scepters.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
        <l>Aye me most wretched,</l>
        <l>That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,</l>
        <l>That does afflict each other.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
        <l>Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
          <lb rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>breaking forth</l>
        <l>Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,</l>
        <l>And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,</l>
        <l>Be you not troubled with the time, which driues</l>
        <l>O're your content, these strong necessities,</l>
        <l>But let determin'd things to destinie</l>
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    <l>Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,</l>
    <l>Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd</l>
    <l>Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods</l>
    <l>To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers</l>
    <l>Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,</l>
    <l>And euer welcom to vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Agrip.</speaker>
    <l>Welcome Lady.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
    <l>Welcome deere Madam,</l>
    <l>Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,</l>
    <l>Onely th'adulterous <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, most
large</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>In his abhominations, turnes you off,</l>
    <l>And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull</l>
    <l>That noyses it against vs.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
    <l>Is it so sir<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you</l>
    <l>Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra, and
Enobarbus.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>But why, why, why?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,</l>
    <l>And say'st it is not fit.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
          <l>Well: is it, is it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <p>If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
            <lb/>we be there in person.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
          <p>Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
            <lb/>Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost:
            <lb/>the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>What is't you say<c rend="italic">?</c>
      </l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
          <l>Your presence needs must puzle <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
          <l>Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,</l>
          <l>What should not then be spar'd. He is already</l>
          <l>Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,</l>
          <l>That <hi rend="italic">Photinus</hi> an Eunuch, and your
Maides</l>
          <l>Mannage this warre.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot</l>
          <l>That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,</l>
          <l>And as the president of my Kingdome will</l>
          <l>Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,</l>
          <l>I will not stay behinde.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and
Camidius.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
          <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
          <l>Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>Is it not strange <hi rend="italic">Camidius</hi>,</l>
          <l>That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,</l>
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    <l>He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,</l>
    <l>And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Celerity is neuer more admir'd,</l>
    <l>Then by the negligent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>A good rebuke,</l>
    <l>Which might haue well becom'd the best of men</l>
    <l>To taunt at slacknesse. <hi rend="italic">Camidius</hi>,
wee</l>
    <l>Will fight with him by Sea.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>By Sea, what else?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-can">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>Why will my Lord, do so?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>For that he dares vs too't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <l>So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-can">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l>I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,</l>
    <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> fought with <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi>. But these offers</l>
    <l>Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,</l>
    <l>And so should you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
    <l>Your Shippes are not well mann'd,</l>
    <l>Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people</l>
    <l>Ingrost by swift Impresse. In <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>
Fleete,</l>
    <l>Are those, that often haue 'gainst <hi
rend="italic">Pompey</hi> fought,</l>
    <l>Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace</l>
    <l>Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,</l>
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        <l>Being prepar'd for Land.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>By Sea, by Sea.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <l>Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away</l>
        <l>The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,</l>
        <l>Distract your Armie, which doth most consist</l>
        <l>Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted</l>
        <l>Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe</l>
        <l>The way which promises assurance, and</l>
        <l>Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,</l>
        <l>From firme Securitie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Ile fight at Sea.</l>
      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Cleo</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0865.jpg" n="355"/>
      <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I haue sixty Sailes, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> none
better.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne, of Action</l>
        <l>Beate th'approaching <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. But if we
faile,</l>
        <l>We then can doo't at Land.</l>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
        <l>Thy Businesse?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
        <l>The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,</l>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> ha's taken Toryne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible</l>
        <l>Strange, that his power should be. <hi
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rend="italic">Camidius</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,</l>
                    <l>And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,</l>
                    <l>Away my <hi rend="italic">Thetis</hi>.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Soldiour.</stage>
                    <l>How now worthy Souldier?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
                    <l>Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,</l>
                    <l>Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt</l>
                    <l>This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians</l>
                    <l>And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee</l>
                    <l>Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,</l>
                    <l>And fighting foot to foot.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>Well, well, away.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit Ant. Cleo.
& Enob.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
                    <l>By <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> I thinke I am
i'th'right.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-can">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
                    <l>Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes</l>
                    <l>Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,</l>
                    <l>And we are Womens men.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
                    <p>You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
                        <lb/>whole, do you not?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ven">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ven.</speaker>
                <note type="physical" resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally
attributed to Camidius.</note>
                    <l rend="italic">Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iusteus,</l>
                    <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Publicola</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Celius</hi>,
are for Sea:</l>
                    <l>But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of <hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>
                </l>

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    <l>Carries beyond be<gap extent="2"
 unit="chars"
 reason="absent"
 agent="hole"
 resp="#ES"/>efe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
       <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
       <l>While h<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="absent"
 agent="hole"
 resp="#ES"/> was yet in Rome.</l>
       <l>His power went out in such distractions,</l>
       <l>As beguilde all Spies.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-can">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
       <l>Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
       <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
       <l>They say, one <hi rend="italic">Towrus</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-can">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
       <l>Well, I know the man.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
       <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
       <l>The Emperor cals <hi rend="italic">Camidius</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-can">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
       <l>With Newes the times wit<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/> Labour,</l>
       <l>And throwes forth each minute, some.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 8]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar with his
Army, marching.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
      <l rend="italic">Towrus?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-tau">
      <speaker rend="italic">Tow.</speaker>
      <l>My Lord.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
      <l>Strike not by Land,</l>
      <l>Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile</l>
      <l>Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede</l>
      <l>The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes</l>
      <l>Vpon this iumpe.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 9]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and
Enobarbus.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,</l>
      <l>In eye of <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> battaile, from which
place</l>
      <l>We may the number of the Ships behold,</l>
      <l>And so proceed accordingly.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 10]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Camidius Marcheth
with his Land Army one way ouer the
      <lb/>stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way:
      <lb/>After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea
fight.</stage>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Enobarbus
and Scarus.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <l>Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:</l>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Thantoniad</hi>, the Egyptian Admirall,</l>
      <l>With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>To see't, mine eyes are blasted.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Scarrus.</stage>
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<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
   <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
   <l>Gods, &amp; Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>What's thy passion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
   <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
   <l>The greater Cantle of the world, is lost</l>
   <l>With very ignorance, we haue kist away</l>
   <l>Kingdomes, and Prouinces.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>How appeares the Fight?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
   <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
   <l>On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,</l>
   <l>Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,</l>
   <l>(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midst o'th'fight,</l>
   <l>When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd</l>
   <l>Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;</l>
   <l>(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,</l>
   <l>Hoists Sailes, and flyes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>That I beheld:</l>
   <l>Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not</l>
   <l>Indure a further view.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
   <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
   <l>She once being looft,</l>
   <l>The Noble ruine of her Magicke, <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
   <l>Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)</l>
   <l>Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:</l>
   <l>I neuer saw an Action of such shame;</l>
   <l>Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,</l>
   <l>Did violate so it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
   <l>Alacke, alacke.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
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Camidius.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-can">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
              <l>Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,</l>
              <l>And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall</l>
              <l>Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:</l>
              <l>Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,</l>
              <l>Most grossely by his owne.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
              <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
              <p>I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
                <lb/>indeed.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-can">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
              <l>Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
              <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
              <l>'Tis easie toot,</l>
              <l>And there I will attend what further comes.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-can">
              <speaker rend="italic">Camid.</speaker>
              <l>To <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will I render</l>
              <l>My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie</l>
              <l>Shew me the way of yeelding.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
              <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
              <l>Ile yet follow</l>
              <l>The wounded chance of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, though my reason</l>
              <l>Sits in the winde against me.</l>
            </sp>
          </div>
          <div type="scene" n="11" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 11]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony with Attendants.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
              <l>Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,</l>
              <l>It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,</l>
              <l>I am so lated in the world, that I</l>
              <l>Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,</l>
              <l>Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,</l>
              <l>And make your peace with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
            </sp>

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<sp who="#F-ant-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
   <l>Fly? Not wee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards</l>
   <l>To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,</l>
   <l>I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,</l>
   <l>Which has no neede of you. Be gone,</l>
   <l>My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,</l>
   <l>I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,</l>
   <l>My very haires do mutiny: for the white</l>
   <l>Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them</l>
   <l>For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall</l>
   <l>Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will</l>
   <l>Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,</l>
   <l>Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint</l>
   <l>Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left</l>
   <l>Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;</l>
   <l>I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.</l>
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">y 2</fw>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Leaue</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0866.jpg" n="356"/>
   <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,</l>
   <l>Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,</l>
   <l>Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sits
downe</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra led by
Charmian and Eros.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
   <l>Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <l>Do most deere Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>Do, why, what else<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Let me sit downe: Oh <hi rend="italic">Iuno</hi>.</l>
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    </sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>No, no, no, no, no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
   <l>See you heere, Sir?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Oh fie, fie, fie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
   <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
   <l>Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <l>Madam, oh good Empresse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
   <l>Sir, sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept</l>
   <l>His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke</l>
   <l>The leane and wrinkled <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, and
'twas I</l>

   <l>That the mad Brutus ended: he alone</l>
   <l>Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had</l>
   <l>In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Ah stand by.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
   <l>The Queene my Lord, the Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
   <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
   <l>Go to him, Madam, speake to him,</l>
   <l>Hee's vnqualited with very shame.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
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    <l>Well then, sustaine me: Oh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
    <l>Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,</l>
    <l>Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but</l>
    <l>Your comfort makes the rescue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>I haue offended Reputation,</l>
    <l>A most vnnoble sweruing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
    <l>Sir, the Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see</l>
    <l>How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,</l>
    <l>By looking backe what I haue left behinde</l>
    <l>Stroy'd in dishonor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Oh my Lord, my Lord,</l>
    <l>Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought</l>
    <l>You would haue followed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Egypt, thou knew'st too well,</l>
    <l>My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,</l>
    <l>And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit</l>
    <l>The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that</l>
    <l>Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods</l>
    <l>Command mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Oh my pardon.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Now I must</l>
    <l>To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge</l>
    <l>And palter in the shifts of lownes, who</l>
    <l>With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,</l>
    <l>Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know</l>
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      <l>How much you were my Conqueror, and that</l>
      <l>My Sword, made weake by my affection, would</l>
      <l>Obey it on all cause.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Pardon, pardon.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates</l>
      <l>All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,</l>
      <l>Euen this repayes me.</l>
      <l>We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?</l>
      <l>Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine</l>
      <l>Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,</l>
      <l>We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="12" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 12]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Agrippa,
and Dollabello, with others.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
      <l>Let him appeare that's come from <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
      <l>Know you him.</l>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Dolla.</speaker>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, 'tis his Schoolemaster,</l>
      <l>An argument that he is pluckt, when hither</l>
      <l>He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,</l>
      <l>Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,</l>
      <l>Not many Moones gone by.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ambassador
from Anthony.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
      <l>Approach, and speake.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eup">
      <speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
      <l>Such as I am, I come from <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>:</l>
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    <l>I was of late as petty to his ends,</l>
    <l>As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe</l>
    <l>To his grand Sea.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Bee't so, declare thine office.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eup">
    <speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
    <l>Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and</l>
    <l>Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted</l>
    <l>He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues</l>
    <l>To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth</l>
    <l>A priuate man in Athens: this for him.</l>
    <l>Next, <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> does confesse thy
Greatnesse,</l>
    <l>Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues</l>
    <l>The Circle of the <hi rend="italic">Ptolomies</hi> for her
heyres,</l>
    <l>Now hazarded to thy Grace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>For <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
    <l>I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,</l>
    <l>Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee</l>
    <l>From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,</l>
    <l>Or take his life there. This if shee performe,</l>
    <l>She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eup">
    <speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
    <l>Fortune pursue thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Bring him through the Bands:</l>
    <l>To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,</l>
    <l>From <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> winne <hi
rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, promise</l>
    <l>And in our Name, what she requires<gap extent="2"
unit="chars"
reason="absent"
agent="hole"
resp="#ES"/>dde more</l>
    <l>From thine inuention, offers. Wom<gap extent="2"
unit="chars"
reason="absent"
agent="hole"
```

resp="#ES"/> are not</l>
            <l>In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure</l>
            <l>The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning <hi
rend="italic">Thidias</hi>,</l>
            <l>Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we</l>
            <l>Will answer as a Law.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
            <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
            <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, I go.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>Obserue how <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> becomes his
flaw,</l>
            <l>And what thou think'st his very action speakes</l>
            <l>In euery power that mooues.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
            <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
            <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, I shall.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="13" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 13]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Enobarbus, Charmian, <gap extent="1"
        unit="chars"
        reason="illegible"
        agent="inkBlot"
        resp="#ES"/> Iras.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>What shall we do, <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>Thinke, and dye.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, or we in fault for this?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> onely, that would make his will</l>

<l>Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,</l>
<l>From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges</l>
<l>Frighted each other? Why should he follow?</l>
<l>The itch of his Affection should not then</l>
<l>Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,</l>
<l>When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being</l>
<l>The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse</l>
<l>Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,</l>
<l>And leaue his Nauy gazing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Prythee peace.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Is that his answer?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eup">
<speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
<l>I my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>The Queene shall then haue courtesie,</l>
<l>So she will yeeld vs vp.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eup">
<speaker rend="italic">Am.</speaker>
<l>He sayes so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
<p>Let her know't. To the Boy <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> send this
<lb/>grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
<lb/>With Principalities.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>That head my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Ant.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0867.jpg" n="357"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

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            <l>To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose</l>
            <l>Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note</l>
            <l>Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,</l>
            <l>May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile</l>
            <l>Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone</l>
            <l>As i'th'Command of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. I dare him
therefore</l>
            <l>To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,</l>
            <l>And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,</l>
            <l>Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>Yes like enough: hye battel'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
will</l>
            <l>Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th'shew</l>
            <l>Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are</l>
            <l>A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward</l>
            <l>Do draw the inward quality after them</l>
            <l>To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,</l>
            <l>Knowing all measures, the full <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
will</l>
            <l>Answer his emptinesse; <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> thou
hast subdu'de</l>
            <l>His iudgement too.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Seruant.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-ser">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
            <l>A Messenger from <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>What no more Ceremony? See my Women,</l>
            <l>Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,</l>
            <l>That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,</l>
            <l>The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make</l>
            <l>Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure</l>
            <l>To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,</l>
            <l>Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,</l>
            <l>And earnes a place i'th'Story.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Thidias.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
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    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> will.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>Heare it apart.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>None but Friends: say boldly.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>So haply are they Friends to <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>He needs as many (Sir) as <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
ha's,</l>
        <l>Or needs not vs. If <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> please, our
Master</l>
        <l>Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,</l>
        <l>Whose he is, we are, and that is <hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>So. Thus then thou most renown'd, <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> intreats,</l>
        <l>Not to consider in what case thou stand'st</l>
        <l>Further then he is <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Go on, right Royall.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>He knowes that you embrace not <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
    </l>
        <l>As you did loue, but as you feared him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Oh.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
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        <l>The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he</l>
        <l>Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,</l>
        <l>Not as deserued.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>He is a God,</l>
        <l>And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour</l>
        <l>Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
        <l>To be sure of that, I will aske <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
        <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
        <l>Sir, sir, thou art so leakie</l>
        <l>That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for</l>
        <l>Thy deerest quit thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Enob.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>Shall I say to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
        <l>What you require of him: for he partly begges</l>
        <l>To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,</l>
        <l>That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe</l>
        <l>To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits</l>
        <l>To heare from me you had left <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Land-
            <lb rend="turnunder"/>
    <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>What's your name?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
        <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
        <l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Thidias</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Most kinde Messenger,</l>
        <l>Say to great <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> this in
disputation,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt</l>
        <l>To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.</l>
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    <l>Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare</l>
    <l>The doome of Egypt.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis your Noblest course:</l>
    <l>Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,</l>
    <l>If that the former dare but what it can,</l>
    <l>No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay</l>
    <l>My dutie on your hand.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Your <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Father oft,</l>
    <l>(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)</l>
    <l>Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
    <l>As it rain'd kisses.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and
Enobarbus.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
       <lb rend="turnunder"/>
<pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>Fellow?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
    <l>One that but performes</l>
    <l>The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest</l>
    <l>To haue command obey'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
    <l>You will be whipt.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods &amp; diuels</l>
    <l>Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,</l>
    <l>Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,</l>
    <l>And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?</l>
    <l>I am <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> yet. Take hence this
Iack, and whip him.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Seruant.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
```

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      <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
      <l>'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,</l>
      <l>Then with an old one dying.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Moone and Starres,</l>
      <l>Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries</l>
      <l>That do acknowledge <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, should I
finde them</l>
      <l>So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name</l>
      <l>Since she was <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>? Whip him
Fellowes,</l>
      <l>Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,</l>
      <l>And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-thy">
      <speaker rend="italic">Thid.</speaker>
      <l rend="italic">Marke Anthony.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Tugge him away: being whipt</l>
      <l>Bring him againe, the Iacke of <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>
shall</l>
      <l>Beare vs an arrant to him.</l>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt with
Thidius.</stage>
      <l>You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?</l>
      <l>Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,</l>
      <l>Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,</l>
      <l>And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd</l>
      <l>By one that lookes on Feeders<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Good my Lord.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>You haue beene a boggeler euer,</l>
      <l>But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard</l>
      <l>(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes</l>
      <l>In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs</l>
      <l>Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut</l>
      <l>To our confusion.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
```

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    <l>Oh, is't come to this?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon</l>
    <l>Dead <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Trencher: Nay, you were
a Fragment</l>
    <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Gneius Pompeyes</hi>, besides what
hotter houres</l>
    <l>Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue</l>
    <l>Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,</l>
    <l>Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,</l>
    <l>You know not what it is.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Wherefore is this?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>To let a Fellow that will take rewards,</l>
    <l>And say, God quit you, be familiar with</l>
    <l>My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,</l>
    <l>And plighter of high hearts. O that I were</l>
    <l>Vpon the hill of Basan, to out-roare</l>
    <l>The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,</l>
    <l>And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">y3</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc086x.jpg" n="358"/>
    <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,</l>
    <l>For being yare about him. Is he whipt?</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Seruant with
Thidias.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
    <l>Soundly, my Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon<c rend="italic">?</c>
  </l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ant-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
    <l>He did aske fauour.</l>
  </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>If that thy Father liue, let him repent</l>
   <l>Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie</l>
   <l>To follow <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> in his Triumph, since</l>
   <l>Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth</l>
   <l>The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,</l>
   <l>Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
   <l>Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say</l>
   <l>He makes me angry with him. For he seemes</l>
   <l>Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,</l>
   <l>Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,</l>
   <l>And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:</l>
   <l>When my good Starres, that were my former guides</l>
   <l>Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires</l>
   <l>Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,</l>
   <l>My speech, and what is done, tell him he has</l>
   <l>
   <hi rend="italic">Hiparchus</hi>, my enfranched Bondman, whom</l>
   <l>He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,</l>
   <l>As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:</l>
   <l>Hence with thy stripes, be gone.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Thid.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Haue you done yet?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,</l>
   <l>And it portends alone the fall of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>I must stay his time?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>To flatter <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, would you mingle eyes</l>
   <l>With one that tyes his points.</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Not know me yet?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>Cold-hearted toward me?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>Ah (Deere) if I be so,</l>
      <l>From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,</l>
      <l>And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone</l>
      <l>Drop in my necke: as it determines so</l>
      <l>Dissolue my life, the next Cæsarian smile,</l>
      <l>Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,</l>
      <l>Together with my braue Egyptians all,</l>
      <l>By the discandering of this pelleted storme,</l>
      <l>Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle</l>
      <l>Haue buried them for prey.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>I am satisfied:</l>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> sets downe in Alexandria, where</l>
      <l>I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,</l>
      <l>Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too</l>
      <l>Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.</l>
      <l>Where hast thou bin my heart<c rend="italic">?</c> Dost
thou heare Lady?</l>
      <l>If from the Field I shall returne once more</l>
      <l>To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,</l>
      <l>I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,</l>
      <l>There's hope in't yet.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
      <l>That's my braue Lord.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
      <l>I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,</l>
      <l>And fight maliciously: for when mine houres</l>
      <l>Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues</l>
      <l>Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,</l>
      <l>And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,</l>
      <l>Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me</l>
      <l>All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:</l>
      <l>Let's mocke the midnight Bell.</l>
   </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>It is my Birth-day,</l>
   <l>I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord</l>
   <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> againe, I will be <hi
rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>We will yet do well.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Do so, wee'l speake to them,</l>
   <l>And to night Ile force</l>
   <l>The Wine peepe through their scarres.</l>
   <l>Come on (my Queene)</l>
   <l>There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight</l>
   <l>Ile make death loue me: for I will contend</l>
   <l>Euen with his pestilent Sythe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious</l>
   <l>Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode</l>
   <l>The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still</l>
   <l>A diminution in our Captaines braine,</l>
   <l>Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,</l>
   <l>It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke</l>
   <l>Some way to leaue him.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
   </div>
 </div>
 </div>
      <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">
      <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Agrippa,
&amp; Mecenas with his Army,
      <lb/>Cæsar reading a Letter.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
         <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
         <l>He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power</l>
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<l>To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger</l>
<l>He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> to <hi rend="italic">Anthony:</hi> let the old Russian know,</l>
<l>I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>Laugh at his Challenge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mec">
<speaker rend="italic">Mece.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> must thinke,</l>
<l>When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted</l>
<l>Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now</l>
<l>Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger</l>
<l>Made good guard for it selfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
<l>Let our best heads know,</l>
<l>That to morrow, the last of many Battailes</l>
<l>We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,</l>
<l>Of those that seru'd <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi> but late,</l>
<l>Enough to fetch him in. See it done,</l>
<l>And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,</l>
<l>And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
<lb/>Iras, Alexas, with others.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>He will not fight with me, <hi rend="italic">Domitian</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
<speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
<l>No?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Why should he not?</l>

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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,</l>
            <l>He is twenty men to one.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>To morrow Soldier,</l>
            <l>By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,</l>
            <l>Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood</l>
            <l>Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>Ile strike, and cry, Take all.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Well said, come on:</l>
            <l>Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night</l>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter 3 or 4
Seruitors.</stage>
            <l>Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,</l>
            <l>Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,</l>
            <l>Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,</l>
            <l>And Kings haue beene your fellowes.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>What meanes this?</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
            <l>'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots</l>
            <l>Out of the minde.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>And thou art honest too:</l>
            <l>I wish I could be made so many men,</l>
            <l>And all of you clapt vp together, in</l>
            <l>An <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>: that I might do you
seruice,</l>
            <l>So good as you haue done.</l>
          </sp>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"
rend="italic">Omnes.</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0869.jpg" n="359"/>
          <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
```

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<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
   <l>The Gods forbid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:</l>
   <l>Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
   <l>As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,</l>
   <l>And suffer'd my command.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>What does he meane?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>To make his Followers weepe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Tend me to night;</l>
   <l>May be, it is the period of your duty,</l>
   <l>Haply you shall not see me more, or if,</l>
   <l>A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,</l>
   <l>You'l serue another Master. I looke on you,</l>
   <l>As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,</l>
   <l>I turne you not away, but like a Master</l>
   <l>Married to your good seruice, stay till death:</l>
   <l>Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,</l>
   <l>And the Gods yeeld you for't.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-eno">
   <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
   <l>What meane you (Sir)</l>
   <l>To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,</l>
   <l>And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,</l>
   <l>Transforme vs not to women.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Ho, ho, ho:</l>
   <l>Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.</l>
   <l>Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)</l>
   <l>You take me in too dolorous a sense,</l>
   <l>For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you</l>
   <l>To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)</l>
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            <l>I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,</l>
            <l>Where rather Ile expect victorious life,</l>
            <l>Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,</l>
            <l>And drowne consideration.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Company of
Soldiours.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
            <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
            <l>Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
            <speaker rend="italic">2. Sol.</speaker>
            <l>It will determine one way: Fare you well.</l>
            <l>Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Nothing: what newes?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Well sir, good night.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They meete
other Soldiers.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>And you: Goodnight, goodnight.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They place
themselues in euery corner of the Stage.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Heere we: and if to morrow</l>
            <l>Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope</l>
            <l>Our Landmen will stand vp.</l>
         </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Musicke of the
Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Peace, what noise?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>List, list.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>Hearke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Musicke i'th'Ayre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.3">
  <speaker>3</speaker>
  <l>Vnder the earth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.4">
  <speaker>4</speaker>
  <l>It signes well, do's it not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Peace I say: What should this meane?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>'Tis the God <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>, whom <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi> loued,</l>
  <l>Now leaues him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
  <speaker>1</speaker>
  <l>Walke, let's see if other Watchmen</l>
  <l>Do heare what we do?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol.2">
  <speaker>2</speaker>
  <l>How now Maisters?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustifed" type="business">Speak
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together.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-all">
                <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
                <l>How now? how now? do you heare this?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
                <speaker>1</speaker>
                <l>I, is't not strange?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-sol.3">
                <speaker>3</speaker>
                <l>Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-sol.1">
                <speaker>1</speaker>
                <l>Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.</l>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <l>Let's see how it will giue off.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-all">
                <speaker rend="italic">Omnes.</speaker>
                <l>Content: 'Tis strange.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and
Cleopatra, with others.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, mine Armour <hi
rend="italic">Eros</hi>.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                <l>Sleepe a little.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                <l>No my Chucke. <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, come mine
Armor <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>.</l>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Eros.</stage>
                <l>Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,</l>
                <l>If Fortune be not ours to day, it is</l>
                <l>Because we braue her. Come.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>

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        <l>Nay, Ile helpe too, <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
        <l>What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art</l>
        <l>The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,</l>
        <l>Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Well, well, we shall thriue now.</l>
        <l>Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Briefely Sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Is not this buckled well?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Rarely, rarely:</l>
        <l>He that vnbuckles this, till we do please</l>
        <l>To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.</l>
        <l>Thou fumblest <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, and my Queenes a Squire</l>
        <l>More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,</l>
        <l>That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st</l>
        <l>The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see</l>
        <l>A Workeman in't.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an Armed Soldier.</stage>
        <l>Good morrow to thee, welcome,</l>
        <l>Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:</l>
        <l>To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,</l>
        <l>And go too't with delight.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Soul.</speaker>
        <l>A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their</l>
        <l>Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Showt.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Trumpets Flourish.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ale">
        <speaker rend="italic">Alex.</speaker>
        <l>The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.</l>
      </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-all">
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow Generall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis well blowne Lads.</l>
    <l>This Morning, like the spirit of a youth</l>
    <l>That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.</l>
    <l>So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-sed.</l>
    <l>Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,</l>
    <l>This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,</l>
    <l>And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand</l>
    <l>On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.</l>
    <l>Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,</l>
    <l>Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Please you retyre to your Chamber?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Lead me:</l>
    <l>He goes forth gallantly: That he and <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> might</l>
    <l>Determine this great Warre in single fight;</l>
    <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>; but now. Well on.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Trumpets sound. Enter
Anthony, and Eros.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
    <l>The Gods make this a happy day to <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
    <l>Would thou, &amp; those thy scars had once preuaild</l>
    <l>To make me fight at Land.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
    <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
    <l>Had'st thou done so,</l>
    <l>The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier</l>
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        <l>That has this morning left thee, would haue still</l>
        <l>Followed thy heeles.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Whose gone this morning?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Who? one euer neere thee, call for <hi
rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Hee</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0870.jpg" n="360"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>He shall not heare thee, or from <hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Campe,</l>
        <l>Say I am none of thine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>What sayest thou?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sold.</speaker>
        <l>Sir he is with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Is he gone<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
        <l>Most certaine.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Go <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, send his Treasure after, do
it,</l>
        <l>Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,</l>
        <l>(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;</l>
        <l>Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause</l>
        <l>To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue</l>
        <l>Corrupted honest men. Dispatch <hi
rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>.</l>
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            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter Agrippa,
Cæsar, with Enobarbus,
                <lb/>and Dollabella.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
                <l>Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:</l>
                <l>Our will is <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> be tooke
aliue:</l>
                <l>Make it so knowne.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
                <speaker rend="italic">Agrip.</speaker>
                <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, I shall.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                <l>The time of vniuersall peace is neere:</l>
                <l>Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world</l>
                <l>Shall beare the Oliue freely.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-mes">
                <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
                <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is come into the Field.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
                <l>Go charge <hi rend="italic">Agrippa</hi>,</l>
                <l>Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,</l>
                <l>That <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> may seeme to spend his
Fury</l>
                <l>Vpon himselfe.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
                <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
                <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Alexas</hi> did reuolt, and went to <hi
rend="italic">Iewrii</hi> on</l>
                <l>Affaires of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, there did
disswade</l>
                <l>Great <hi rend="italic">Herod</hi> to incline himselfe to <hi
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rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
                    <l>And leaue his Master <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>. For
this paines,</l>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hath hang'd him: <hi
rend="italic">Camindius</hi> and the rest</l>
                    <l>That fell away, haue entertainment, but</l>
                    <l>No honourable trust: I haue done ill,</l>
                    <l>Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,</l>
                    <l>That I will ioy no more.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Soldier of
Cæsars.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus, Anthony</hi>
        </l>
                    <l>Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with</l>
                    <l>His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger</l>
                    <l>Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now</l>
                    <l>Vnloading of his Mules.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Eno.</speaker>
                    <l>I giue it you.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
                    <l>Mocke not <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>,</l>
                    <l>I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer</l>
                    <l>Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,</l>
                    <l>Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor</l>
                    <l>Continues still a Ioue.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
                    <l>I am alone the Villaine of the earth,</l>
                    <l>And feele I am so most. Oh <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed</l>
                    <l>My better seruice, when my turpitude</l>
                    <l>Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,</l>
                    <l>If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane</l>
                    <l>Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele</l>
                    <l>I fight against thee: No I will go seeke</l>
                    <l>Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits</l>
                    <l>My latter part of life.</l>
                </sp>
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          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]</head>
          <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Alarum,
Drummes and Trumpets.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Agrippa.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-agr">
            <speaker rend="italic">Agrip</speaker>
            <l>Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:</l>
            <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> himselfe ha's worke, and our
oppression</l>
            <l>Exceeds what we expected.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarums.</stage>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and
Scarrus wounded.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
            <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
            <l>O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,</l>
            <l>Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home</l>
            <l>With clowts about their heads.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="business">Far off.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>Thou bleed'st apace.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
            <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
            <l>I had a wound heere that was like a T,</l>
            <l>But now 'tis made an H.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
            <l>They do retyre.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
            <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
            <l>Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet</l>
            <l>Roome for six scotches more.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Eros.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
            <l>They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues</l>
            <l>For a faire victory.</l>
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                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
                    <l>Let vs score their backes,</l>
                    <l>And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,</l>
                    <l>'Tis sport to maul a Runner.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>I will reward thee</l>
                    <l>Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold</l>
                    <l>For thy good valour. Come thee on.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
                    <l>Ile halt after.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 8]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Anthony
againe in a March.
                    <lb/>Scarrus, with others.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one</l>
                    <l>Before, &amp; let the Queen know of our guests: to
morrow</l>
                    <l>Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood</l>
                    <l>That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,</l>
                    <l>For doughty handed are you, and haue fought</l>
                    <l>Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene</l>
                    <l>Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all <hi
rend="italic">Hectors</hi>.</l>
                    <l>Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,</l>
                    <l>Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares</l>
                    <l>Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse</l>
                    <l>The Honour'd-gashes whole.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Cleopatra.</stage>
                    <l>Giue me thy hand,</l>
                    <l>To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,</l>
                    <l>Make her thankes blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,</l>
                    <l>Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all</l>
                    <l>Through proofe of Harnesse to my heart, and there</l>
                    <l>Ride on the pants triumphing.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
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<l>Lord of Lords.</l>
<l>Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
<l>The worlds great snare vncaught.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Mine Nightingale,</l>
<l>We haue beate them to their Beds.</l>
<l>What Gyrle, though gray</l>
<l>Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we</l>
<l>A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can</l>
<l>Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,</l>
<l>Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,</l>
<l>Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,</l>
<l>As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had</l>
<l>Destroyed in such a shape.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Ile giue thee Friend</l>
<l>An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled</l>
<l>Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,</l>
<l>Through Alexandria make a iolly March,</l>
<l>Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.</l>
<l>Had our great Pallace the capacity</l>
<l>To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,</l>
<l>And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Which</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0871.jpg" n="361"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters</l>
<l>With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,</l>
<l>Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,</l>
<l>That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,</l>
<l>Applauding our approach.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 9]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-sol">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Cent.</speaker>
        <l>If we be not releeu'd within this houre,</l>
        <l>We must returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night</l>
        <l>Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile</l>
        <l>By'th'second houre i'th'Morne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-wat.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Watch.</speaker>
        <l>This last day was a shrew'd one too's.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>Oh beare me witnesse night.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-wat.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <l>What man is this<c rend="italic">?</c>
</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-wat.1">
        <speaker>1</speaker>
        <l>Stand close, and list him.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)</l>
        <l>When men reuolted shall vpon Record</l>
        <l>Beare hatefull memory: poore <hi
rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi> did</l>
        <l>Before thy face repent.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cent.</speaker>
        <l>
  <hi rend="italic">Enobarbus</hi>?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-wat.2">
        <speaker>2</speaker>
        <l>Peace: Hearke further.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-eno">
        <speaker rend="italic">Enob.</speaker>
        <l>Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,</l>
        <l>The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,</l>
        <l>That Life, a very Rebell to my will,</l>
        <l>May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart</l>
        <l>Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,</l>
        <l>Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,</l>
        <l>And finish all foule thoughts. Oh <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
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            <l>Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,</l>
            <l>Forgiue me in thine owne particular,</l>
            <l>But let the world ranke me in Register</l>
            <l>A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:</l>
            <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>! Oh <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>!</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.1">
            <speaker>1</speaker>
            <l>Let's speake to him.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-sol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cent.</speaker>
            <l>Let's heare him, for the things he speakes</l>
            <l>May concerne <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Let's do so; but he sleepes.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cent.</speaker>
            <p>Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his</p>
            <p>Was neuer yet for sleepe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>Go we to him.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.2">
      <speaker>2</speaker>
      <p>Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.1">
      <speaker>1</speaker>
      <p>Heare you sir?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-cen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cent.</speaker>
            <l>The hand of death hath raught him.</l>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drummes
afarre off.</stage>
            <l>Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:</l>
            <l>Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:</l>
            <l>Our houre is fully out.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-ant-wat.2">
            <speaker>2</speaker>
            <l>Come on then, he may recouer yet.</l>
          </sp>
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                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="10" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 10]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony and
Scarrus, with their Army.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                            <l>Their preparation is to day by Sea,</l>
                            <l>We please them not by Land.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-sca">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
                            <l>For both, my Lord.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                            <l>I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,</l>
                            <l>Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote</l>
                            <l>Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty</l>
                            <l>Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,</l>
                            <l>They haue put forth the Hauen:</l>
                            <l>Where their appointment we may best discouer,</l>
                            <l>And looke on their endeuour.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="11" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 11]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, and his
Army.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
                            <l>But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,</l>
                            <l>Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force</l>
                            <l>Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,</l>
                            <cb n="2"/>
                            <l>And hold our best aduantage.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exeunt.</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="12" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 12]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum afarre
off, as at a Sea-fight.</stage>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and
Scarrus.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                            <l>Yet they are not ioyn'd:</l>
```

<l>Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.</l>
<l>Ile bring thee word straight, how <choice>
<orig>'ris</orig>
<corr>'tis</corr>
</choice> like to go.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-sca">
<speaker rend="italic">Scar.</speaker>
<l>Swallowes haue built</l>
<l>In <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>'s Sailes their nests. The Auguries</l>
<l>Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,</l>
<note type="physical" resp="#ES">A pencil line has been drawn under this line.</note>
<l>And dare not speake their knowledge. <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
<l>Is valiant, and deiected, and by starts</l>
<l>His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare</l>
<l>Of what he has, and has not.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>All is lost:</l>
<l>This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:</l>
<l>My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder</l>
<l>They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together</l>
<l>Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou</l>
<l>Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart</l>
<l>Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:</l>
<l>For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,</l>
<l>I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.</l>
<l>Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,</l>
<l>Fortune, and <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> part heere, euen heere</l>
<l>Do we shake hands<c rend="italic">?</c> All come to this? The hearts</l>
<l>That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue</l>
<l>Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets</l>
<l>On blossoming <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: And this Pine is barkt,</l>
<l>That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.</l>
<l>Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,</l>
<l>Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, &amp; cal'd them home:</l>
<l>Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,</l>
<l>Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose</l>
<l>Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.</l>

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                    <l>What <hi rend="italic">Eros, Eros</hi>?</l>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Cleopatra.</stage>
                    <l>Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,</l>
                    <l>And blemish <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Triumph. Let him
take thee,</l>
                    <l>And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,</l>
                    <l>Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot</l>
                    <l>Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne</l>
                    <l>For poor'st Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let</l>
                    <l>Patient <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>, plough thy visage
vp</l>
                    <l>With her prepared nailes.</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit
Cleopatra.</stage>
                    <l>'Tis well th'art gone,</l>
                    <l>If it be well to liue. But better 'twere</l>
                    <l>Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death</l>
                    <l>Might haue preuented many. <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>,
hoa<c rend="italic">?</c>
          </l>
                    <l>The shirt of <hi rend="italic">Nessus</hi> is vpon me, teach
me</l>
                    <l>
         <hi rend="italic">Alcides</hi>, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.</l>
                    <l>Let me lodge <hi rend="italic">Licas</hi> on the hornes
o'th'Moone,</l>
                    <l>And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,</l>
                    <l>Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,</l>
                    <l>To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall</l>
                    <l>Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>
hoa?</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit.</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="13" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 13]</head>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad</l>
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          <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Telamon</hi> for his Shield, the
Boare of Thessaly</l>
          <l>Was neuer so imbost.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
          <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
          <l>To'th'Monument, there locke your selfe,</l>
          <l>And send him word you are dead:</l>
          <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
          <pb facs="FFimg:axc0872.jpg" n="362"/>
          <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <l>The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,</l>
          <l>Then greatnesse going off.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>To'th'Monument:</l>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Mardian</hi>, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:</l>
          <l>Say, that the last I spoke was <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
          <l>And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence <hi
rend="italic">Mardian</hi>,</l>
          <l>And bring me how he takes my death to'th'
            Monument.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="14" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 14]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and
Eros.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, thou yet behold'st me?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
          <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
          <l>I Noble Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
          <l>Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,</l>
          <l>A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,</l>
          <l>A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,</l>
          <l>A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie</l>
          <l>With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,</l>
          <l>And mocke our eyes with Ayre.</l>
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        <l>Thou hast seene these Signes,</l>
        <l>They are blacke Vespers Pageants.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>I my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>That which is now a Horse, euen with a thought</l>
        <l>the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct</l>
        <l>As water is in water.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>It does my Lord.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is</l>
        <l>Euen such a body: Heere I am <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)</l>
        <l>I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,</l>
        <l>Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:</l>
        <l>Which whil'st it was mine, had annext vntoo't</l>
        <l>A Million moe, (now lost:) shee <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>
has</l>
        <l>Packt Cards with <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>, and false
plaid my Glory</l>
        <l>Vnto an Enemies triumph.</l>
        <l>Nay, weepe not gentle <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, there is
left vs</l>
        <l>Our selues to end our selues.</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Mardian.</stage>
        <l>Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
        <l>No <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled</l>
        <l>With thine intirely.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,</l>
        <l>And shall dye the death.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-mer">
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<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Death of one person, can be paide but once,</l>
<l>And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do</l>
<l>Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake</l>
<l>Was <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>, most Noble <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
<l>Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake</l>
<l>The name of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>: it was diuided</l>
<l>Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life</l>
<l>Thy name so buried in her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Dead then?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
<l>Dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Vnarme <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, the long dayes taske is done,</l>
<l>And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe</l>
<l>Does pay thy labour richly: Go.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit Mardian.</stage>
<l>Off, plucke off,</l>
<l>The seuen-fold shield of <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> cannot keepe</l>
<l>The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.</l>
<l>Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,</l>
<l>Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>, apace;</l>
<l>No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,</l>
<l>You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exit Eros</stage>
<l>I will o're-take thee <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, and</l>
<l>Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now</l>
<l>All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,</l>
<l>Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles</l>
<l>It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>? I come my Queene. <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>? Stay for me,</l>
<l>Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,</l>
<l>And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:</l>

<l>Dido, and her <hi rend="italic">Æneas</hi> shall want Troopes,</l>
<l>And all the haunt be ours. Come <hi rend="italic">Eros, Eros</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Eros.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
<speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
<l>What would my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Since <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> dyed,</l>
<l>I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods</l>
<l>Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,</l>
<l>Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe</l>
<l>With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke</l>
<l>The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde</l>
<l>Then she which by her death, our <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> telles</l>
<l>I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>,</l>
<l>That when the exigent should come, which now</l>
<l>Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me</l>
<l>Th'ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,</l>
<l>That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.</l>
<l>Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,</l>
<l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
<speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
<l>The Gods with-hold me,</l>
<l>Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,</l>
<l>(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>,</l>
<l>Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see</l>
<l>Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe</l>
<l>His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de</l>
<l>To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate</l>
<l>Of Fortunate <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> drawne before him, branded</l>
<l>His Basenesse that ensued.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ero">
<speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>

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        <l>I would not see't.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.</l>
        <l>Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne</l>
        <l>Most vsefull for thy Country.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Oh sir, pardon me.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>When I did make thee free, swor'st y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> not then</l>
        <l>To do this when I bad thee<c rend="italic">?</c> Do it at
once,</l>
        <l>Or thy precedent Seruices are all</l>
        <l>But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Turne from me then that Noble countenance,</l>
        <l>Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Loe thee.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>My sword is drawne.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Then let it do at once</l>
        <l>The thing why thou hast drawne it.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>My deere Master,</l>
        <l>My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say</l>
        <l>Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis said man, and farewell.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Killes
himselfe.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ero">
        <speaker rend="italic">Eros.</speaker>
        <l>Why there then:</l>
        <l>Thus I do escape the sorrow of <hi
rend="italic">Anthonies</hi> death.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,</l>
        <l>Thou teachest me: Oh valiant <hi rend="italic">Eros</hi>,
what</l>
        <l>I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and <hi
rend="italic">Eros</hi>
      </l>
        <l>Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me</l>
        <l>A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee</l>
        <l>A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't</l>
        <l>As to a Louers bed. Come then, and <hi
rend="italic">Eros</hi>,</l>
        <l>Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus</l>
        <l>I learnt of thee<gap extent="1"
      unit="chars"
      reason="illegible"
      agent="uninkedType"
      resp="#ES"/> How, not dead? Not dead?</l>
        <l>The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.</l>
       </sp>
       <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>
       <pb facs="FFimg:axc0873.jpg" n="363"/>
       <fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
       <cb n="1"/>
       <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Guard.</stage>
       <sp who="#F-ant-gua.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Guard.</speaker>
        <l>What's the noise?</l>
       </sp>
       <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>I haue done my worke ill Friends:</l>
        <l>Oh make an end of what I haue begun.</l>
       </sp>
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<sp who="#F-ant-gau.2">
   <speaker>2</speaker>
   <l>The Starre is falne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>And time is at his Period.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <l>Alas, and woe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Let him that loues me, strike me dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
   <speaker>1</speaker>
   <l>Not I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gau.2">
   <speaker>2</speaker>
   <l>Nor I.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gua.3">
   <speaker>3</speaker>
   <l>Nor any one.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightjustified" type="exit">exeunt</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-der">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dercetus.</speaker>
   <l>Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly</l>
   <l>This sword but shewne to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> with
this tydings,</l>
   <l>Shall enter me with him.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Diomedes.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <l>Where's <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-der">
   <speaker rend="italic">Decre.</speaker>
   <l>There <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi> there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
   <l>Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?</l>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Art thou there <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>?</l>
   <l>Draw thy sword, and giue mee,</l>
   <l>Suffising strokes for death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
   <l>Most absolute Lord:</l>
   <l>My Mistris <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> sent me to
thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>When did shee send thee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
   <l>Now my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
   <l>Where is she?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
   <l>Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying
      <lb rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>feare</l>
   <l>Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw</l>
   <l>(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect</l>
   <l>She had dispos'd with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and that
your rage</l>
   <l>Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:</l>
   <l>But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent</l>
   <l>Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come</l>
   <l>I dread, too late.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ant">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
   <l>Too late good <hi rend="italic">Diomed</hi>: call my Guard
I prythee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dio">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dio.</speaker>
   <l>What hoa: the Emperors Guard,</l>
   <l>The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter 4. or 5. of the
Guard of Anthony.</stage>
```

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            <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
               <l>Beare me good Friends where <hi
rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> bides,</l>
               <l>'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
               <speaker>1</speaker>
               <l>Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare</l>
               <l>All your true Followers out.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-all">
               <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
               <l>Most heauy day.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
               <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
               <l>Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate</l>
               <l>To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome</l>
               <l>Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it</l>
               <l>Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,</l>
               <l>I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,</l>
               <l>And haue my thankes for all.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit bearing
Anthony</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="15" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 15]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra, and
her Maides aloft, with
               <lb/>Charmian &amp; Iras.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
               <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, I will neuer go from
hence.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
               <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
               <l>Be comforted deere Madam.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
               <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
               <l>No, I will not:</l>
               <l>All strange and terrible euents are welcome,</l>
               <l>But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow</l>
               <l>Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great</l>
               <l>As that which makes it.</l>
               <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Diomed.</stage>
```

<l>How now? is he dead?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dio">
        <speaker rend="italic">Diom.</speaker>
        <l>His death's vpon him, but not dead.</l>
        <l>Looke out o'th other side your Monument,</l>
        <l>His Guard haue brought him thither.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthony, and the Guard.</stage>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Oh Sunne,</l>
        <l>Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand</l>
        <l>The varrying shore o'th'world. O <hi rend="italic">Antony, Antony, Antony</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Helpe <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, helpe <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi> helpe: helpe Friends</l>
        <l>Below, let's draw him hither.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Peace,</l>
        <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Valour hath o'rethrowne <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>But <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi>'s hath Triumpht on it selfe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>So it should be,</l>
        <l>That none but <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> should conquer <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
        <l>But woe 'tis so.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>I am dying Egypt, dying; onely</l>
        <l>I heere importune death a-while, vntill</l>
        <l>Of many thousand kisses, the poore last</l>
        <l>I lay vpon thy lippes.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I dare not Deere,</l>
        <l>Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,</l>
        <l>Least I be taken: nor th'Imperious shew</l>
        <l>Of the full-Fortun'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, euer

shall</l>
                    <l>Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue</l>
                    <l>Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:</l>
                    <l>Your Wife <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>, with her modest
eyes,</l>
                    <l>And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour</l>
                    <l>Demuring vpon me: but come, come <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:</l>
                    <l>Assist good Friends.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>Oh quicke, or I am gone.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>Heere's sport indeede:</l>
                    <l>How heauy weighes my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
                    <l>Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,</l>
                    <l>That makes the waight. Had I great <hi
rend="italic">Iuno</hi>'s power,</l>
                    <l>The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,</l>
                    <l>And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,</l>
                    <l>Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They heaue
Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.</stage>
                    <l>And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,</l>
                    <l>Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,</l>
                    <l>Thus would I weare them out.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-all">
                    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                    <l>A heauy sight.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>I am dying Egypt, dying.</l>
                    <l>Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,</l>
                    <l>That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,</l>
                    <l>Prouok'd by my offence.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
                    <l>One word (sweet Queene)</l>

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        <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> seeke your Honour, with
your safety. Oh.</l>
        </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>They do not go together.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>Gentle heare me,</l>
        <l>None about <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> trust, but <hi
rend="italic">Proculeius</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,</l>
        <l>None about <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-ant">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
        <l>The miserable change now at my end,</l>
    <note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this
line.</note>
        <l>Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts</l>
        <l>In feeding them with those my former Fortunes</l>
        <l>Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th'world,</l>
        <l>The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,</l>
        <l>Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to</l>
        <l>My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman</l>
        <l>Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,</l>
        <l>I can no more.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Noblest of men, woo't dye?</l>
        <l>Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide</l>
        <l>In this dull world, which in thy absence is</l>
        <l>No better then a Stye? Oh see my women:</l>
        <l>The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?</l>
        <l>Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0874.jpg" n="364"/>
        <fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles</l>
        <l>Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,</l>
        <l>And there is nothing left remarkeable</l>
        <l>Beneath the visiting Moone.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
```

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    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Oh quietnesse, Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
    <l>She's dead too, our Soueraigne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Lady.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
    <l>Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
    <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
    <l>Royall Egypt: Empresse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
    <l>Peace, peace, <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>No more but in a Woman, and commanded</l>
    <l>By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,</l>
    <l>And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,</l>
    <l>To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,</l>
    <l>To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,</l>
    <l>Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:</l>
    <l>Patience is sottish, and impatience does</l>
    <l>Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,</l>
    <l>To rush into the secret house of death,</l>
    <l>Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women<c
rend="italic">?</c>
        </l>
    <l>What, what good cheere? Why how now <hi
rend="italic">Charmian</hi>?</l>
    <l>My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke</l>
    <l>Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,</l>
    <l>Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,</l>
    <l>Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,</l>
    <l>And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,</l>
    <l>This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.</l>
    <l>Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend</l>
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            <l>But Resolution, and the breefest end.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt, bearing of
Anthonies body.</stage>
            </div>
         </div>
      <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
      <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Agrippa,
Dollabella, Menas, with
            <lb/>his Counsell of Warre.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>Go to him <hi rend="italic">Dollabella</hi>, bid him
yeeld,</l>
            <l>Being so frustrate, tell him,</l>
            <l>He mockes the pawses that he makes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, I shall.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Decretas with the
sword of Anthony.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
            <l>Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st</l>
            <l>Appeare thus to vs?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-der">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dec.</speaker>
            <l>I am call'd <hi rend="italic">Decretas</hi>,</l>
            <l>
      <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi> I seru'd, who best was
worthie</l>
            <l>Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke</l>
            <l>He was my Master, and I wore my life</l>
            <l>To spend vpon his haters. If thou please</l>
            <l>To take me to thee, as I was to him,</l>
            <l>Ile be to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: if y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
            <l>What is't thou say'st?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-der">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dec.</speaker>
```

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        <l>I say (Oh <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>) <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> is dead.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>The breaking of so great a thing, should make</l>
        <l>A greater cracke. The round World</l>
        <l>Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,</l>
        <l>And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Is not a single doome; in the name lay</l>
        <l>A moity of the world.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-der">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dec.</speaker>
        <l>He is dead <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
        <l>Not by a publike minister of Iustice,</l>
        <l>Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand</l>
        <l>Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,</l>
        <l>Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,</l>
        <l>Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,</l>
        <l>I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd</l>
        <l>With his most Noble blood.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
        <l>Looke you sad Friends,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings</l>
        <l>To wash the eyes of Kings.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>And strange it is,</l>
        <l>That Nature must compell vs to lament</l>
        <l>Our most persisted deeds.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
        <l>His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dola.</speaker>
        <l>A Rarer spirit neuer</l>
        <l>Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs</l>
        <l>Some faults to make vs men. <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> is touch'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-mec">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Mec.</speaker>
      <l>When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,</l>
      <l>He needes must see him selfe.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
      <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
      <l>I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch</l>
      <l>Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce</l>
      <l>Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,</l>
      <l>Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,</l>
      <l>In the whole world. But yet let me lament</l>
      <l>With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,</l>
      <l>That thou my Brother, my Competitor,</l>
      <l>In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,</l>
      <l>Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,</l>
      <l>The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart</l>
      <l>Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres</l>
      <l>Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.</l>
      <l>Heare me good Friends,</l>
      <l>But I will tell you at some meeter Season,</l>
      <l>The businesse of this man lookes out of him,</l>
      <l>Wee'l heare him what he sayes.</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter an
Ægyptian.</stage>
      <l>Whence are you?</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-egy">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ægyp.</speaker>
      <l>A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris</l>
      <l>Confin'd in all, she has her Monument</l>
      <l>Of thy intents, desires, instruction,</l>
      <l>That she preparedly may frame her selfe</l>
      <l>To'th'way shee's forc'd too.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
      <l>Bid her haue good heart,</l>
      <l>She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,</l>
      <l>How honourable, and how kindely Wee</l>
      <l>Determine for her. For <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> cannot
leaue to be vngentle</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-ant-egy">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ægypt.</speaker>
      <l>So the Gods preserue thee.</l>
   </sp>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
```

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            <l>Come hither <hi rend="italic">Proculeius</hi>. Go and
say</l>
            <l>We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts</l>
            <l>The quality of her passion shall require;</l>
            <l>Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke</l>
            <l>She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,</l>
            <l>Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,</l>
            <l>And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,</l>
            <l>And how you finde of her.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-pro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
            <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> I shall.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Proculeius.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
            <p>
     <hi rend="italic">Gallus</hi>, go you along: where's <hi
rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>, to se-
               <lb/>ond <hi rend="italic">Proculeius</hi>?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-all">
            <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
            <l>
     <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
            <l>Let him alone: for I remember now</l>
            <l>How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.</l>
            <l>Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see</l>
            <l>How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,</l>
            <l>How calme and gentle I proceeded still</l>
            <l>In all my Writings. Go with me, and see</l>
            <l>What I can shew in this.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
       <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
         <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cleopatra,
Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>My desolation does begin to make</l>
            <l>A better life: Tis paltry to be <hi rend="italic">Cæsar:</hi>
       </l>
```

<l>Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,</l>
<l>A minister of her will: and it is great</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0875.jpg" n="365"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>To do that thing that ends all other deeds,</l>
<l>Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change;</l>
<l>Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,</l>
<l>The beggers Nurse, and <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Proculeius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> sends greeting to the Queene of
Egypt,</l>
<l>And bids thee study on what faire demands</l>
<l>Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>What's thy name?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>My name is <hi rend="italic">Proculeius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Anthony</l>
<l>Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but</l>
<l>I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd</l>
<l>That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master</l>
<l>Would haue a <choice>
<orig>Queece</orig>
<corr>Queene</corr>
</choice> his begger, you must tell him,</l>
<l>That Maiesty to keepe <hi rend="italic">decorum</hi>,
must</l>
<l>No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please</l>
<l>To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,</l>
<l>He giues me so much of mine owne, as I</l>
<l>Will kneele to him with thankes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>Be of good cheere:</l>
<l>Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,</l>

<l>Make your full reference freely to my Lord,</l>
<l>Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer</l>
<l>On all that neede. Let me report to him</l>
<l>Your sweet dependancie, and you shall finde</l>
<l>A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,</l>
<l>Where he for grace is kneel'd too.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Pray you tell him,</l>
<l>I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him</l>
<l>The Greatnesse he has got. I hourely learne</l>
<l>A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly</l>
<l>Looke him i'th'Face.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>This Ile report (deere Lady)</l>
<l>Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied</l>
<l>Of him that caus'd it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<note type="editorial" resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally given to Gallus.</note>
<l>You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:</l>
<l>Guard her till <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> come.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>Royall Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
<speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
<l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, thou art taken Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Quicke, quicke, good hands.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-pro">
<speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
<l>Hold worthy Lady, hold:</l>
<l>Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this</l>
<l>Releeu'd, but not betraid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>What of death too that rids our dogs of languish</l>

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      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
        <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, do not abuse my Masters bounty,
by</l>
        <l>Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see</l>
        <l>His Noblenesse well acted, which your death</l>
        <l>Will neuer let come forth.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Where art thou Death?</l>
        <l>Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene</l>
        <l>Worth many Babes and Beggers.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
        <l>Oh temperance Lady.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,</l>
        <l>If idle talke will once be necessary</l>
        <l>Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,</l>
        <l>Do <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> what he can. Know sir, that
I</l>
        <l>Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,</l>
        <l>Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye</l>
        <l>Of dull <hi rend="italic">Octauia</hi>. Shall they hoyst me
vp,</l>
        <l>And shew me to the showting Varlotarie</l>
        <l>Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.</l>
        <l>Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde</l>
        <l>Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies</l>
        <l>Blow me into abhorring; rather make</l>
        <l>My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>And hang me vp in Chaines.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-pro">
        <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
        <l>You do extend</l>
        <l>These thoughts of horror further then you shall</l>
        <l>Finde cause in <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Dolabella.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
```

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            <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Proculeius</hi>,</l>
            <l>What thou hast done, thy Master <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> knowes,</l>
            <l>And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,</l>
            <l>Ile take her to my Guard.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-pro">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pro.</speaker>
            <l>So <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>,</l>
            <l>It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,</l>
            <l>To <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> I will speake, what you shall
please,</l>
            <l>If you'l imploy me to him.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Proculeius</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>Say, I would dye.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l>Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>I cannot tell.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l>Assuredly you know me.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:</l>
            <l>You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,</l>
            <l>Is't not your tricke?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l>I vnderstand not, Madam.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
            <l>I dreampt there was an Emperor <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
            <l>Oh such another sleepe, that I might see</l>
            <l>But such another man.</l>
        </sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <l>If it might please ye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke</l>
   <l>A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, &amp;
lighted</l>
   <l>The little o'th'earth.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <l>Most Soueraigne Creature.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme</l>
   <l>Crested the world: His voyce was propertied</l>
   <l>As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:</l>
   <l>But when he meant to quaile, and shake the Orbe,</l>
   <l>He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,</l>
   <l>There was no winter in't. An <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
it was,</l>
   <l>That grew the more by reaping: His delights</l>
   <l>Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue</l>
   <l>The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuery</l>
   <l>Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms &amp; Islands
were</l>
   <l>As plates dropt from his pocket.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Thinke you there was, or might be such a man</l>
   <l>As this I dreampt of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <l>Gentle Madam, no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:</l>
   <l>But if there be, not euer were one such</l>
   <l>It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe</l>
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        <l>To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine</l>
        <l>An <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> were Natures peece,
'gainst Fancie,</l>
        <l>Condemning shadowes quite.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>Heare me, good Madam:</l>
        <l>Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it</l>
        <l>As answering to the waight, would I might neuer</l>
        <l>Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele</l>
        <l>By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites</l>
        <l>My very heart at roote.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>I thanke you sir:</l>
        <l>Know you what <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> meanes to do
with me?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Nay pray you sir.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>Though he be Honourable.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>Madam he will, I know't.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish.</stage>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Proculeius,
Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,
        <lb/>and others of his Traine.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ant-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <l>Make way there <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
      </sp>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">zz</fw>
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<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Cæsar</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0876.jpg" n="366"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>
   <l>Which is the Queene of Egypt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
   <l>It is the Emperor Madam.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Cleo. kneeles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Arise, you shall not kneele:</l>
   <l>I pray you rise, rise Egypt.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,</l>
   <l>My Master and my Lord I must obey,</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>Take to you no hard thoughts,</l>
   <l>The Record of what iniuries you did vs,</l>
   <l>Though written in our flesh, we shall remember</l>
   <l>As things but done by chance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
   <l>Sole Sir o'th'World,</l>
   <l>I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well</l>
   <l>To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue</l>
   <l>Bene laden with like frailties, which before</l>
   <l>Haue often sham'd our Sex.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
   <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> know,</l>
   <l>We will extenuate rather then inforce:</l>
   <l>If you apply your selfe to our intents,</l>
   <l>Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde</l>
   <l>A benefit in this change: but if you seeke</l>
   <l>To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking</l>
   <l>
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                    <hi rend="italic">Anthonies</hi> course, you shall bereaue your
selfe</l>
                        <l>Of my good purposes, and put your children</l>
                        <l>To that destruction which Ile guard them from,</l>
                        <l>If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>And may through all the world: tis yours, &amp; we</l>
                        <l>your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall</l>
                        <l>Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
                        <l>You shall aduise me in all for <hi
rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, &amp; Iewels</l>
                        <l>I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed,</l>
                        <l>Not petty things admitted. Where's <hi
rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-sel">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Seleu.</speaker>
                        <l>Heere Madam.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)</l>
                        <l>Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd</l>
                        <l>To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth <hi
rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-sel">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Seleu.</speaker>
                        <l>Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,</l>
                        <l>Then to my perill speake that which is not.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                        <l>What haue I kept backe.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-sel">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Sel.</speaker>
                        <l>Enough to purchase what you haue made known</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
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        <l>Nay blush not <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>, I
approue</l>
        <l>Your Wisedome in the deede.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>See <hi rend="italic">Cæsar:</hi> Oh behold,</l>
        <l>How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,</l>
        <l>And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.</l>
        <l>The ingratitude of this <hi rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>,
does</l>
        <l>Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust</l>
        <l>Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y<c
rend="superscript">u</c> shalt</l>
        <l>Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes</l>
        <l>Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.</l>
        <l>O rarely base!</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Good Queene, let vs intreat you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
        <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, what a wounding shame is
this,</l>
        <l>That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,</l>
        <l>Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse</l>
        <l>To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should</l>
        <l>Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by</l>
        <l>Addition of his Enuy. Say (good <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>)</l>
        <l>That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd,</l>
        <l>Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie</l>
        <l>As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say</l>
        <l>Some Nobler token I haue kept apart</l>
        <l>For <hi rend="italic">Liuia</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Octauia</hi>, to induce</l>
        <l>Their mediation, must I be vnfolded</l>
        <l>With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me</l>
        <l>Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits</l>
        <l>Through th'Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,</l>
        <l>Thou would'st haue mercy on me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Forbeare <hi rend="italic">Seleucus</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
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        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thoght</l>
          <l>For things that others do: and when we fall,</l>
          <l>We answer others merits, in our name</l>
          <l>Are therefore to be pittied.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi>,</l>
          <l>Not what you haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd</l>
          <l>Put we i'th'Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,</l>
          <l>Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeue</l>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> no Merchant, to make prize with you</l>
          <l>Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,</l>
          <l>Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,</l>
          <l>For we intend so to dispose you, as</l>
          <l>Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:</l>
          <l>Our care and pitty is so much vpon you,</l>
          <l>That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>My Master, and my Lord.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
          <l>Not so: Adieu.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Cæsar, and
his Traine.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>He words me Gyrles, he words me,</l>
          <l>That I should not be Noble to my selfe.</l>
          <l>But hearke thee <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-ira">
          <speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
          <l>Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,</l>
          <l>And we are for the darke.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Hye th<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
```

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                        reason="illegible"
                        agent="uninkedType"
                        resp="#ES"/>e againe,</l>
                    <l>I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,</l>
                    <l>Go put it to the haste.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                    <l>Madam, I will.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Dolabella.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <l>Where's the Queene?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                    <l>Behold sir.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <l>Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command</l>
                    <l>(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)</l>
                    <l>I tell you this: <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> through
Syria</l>
                    <l>Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,</l>
                    <l>You with your Children will he send before,</l>
                    <l>Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd</l>
                    <l>Your pleasure, and my promise.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                    <l>
            <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>, I shall remaine your debter.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
                    <l>I your Seruant:</l>
                    <l>Adieu good Queene, I must attend on <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
```

<l>Farewell, and thankes.</l>
<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>, what think'st thou?</l>
<l>Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne</l>
<l>In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues</l>
<l>With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall</l>
<l>Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,</l>
<l>Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,</l>
<l>And forc'd to drinke their vapour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>The Gods forbid.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Nay, 'tis most certain <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>: sawcie
Lictors</l>
<l>Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers</l>
<l>Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians</l>
<l>Extemporally will stage vs, and present</l>
<l>Our Alexandrian Reuels: <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
</l>
<l>Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see</l>
<l>Some squeaking <hi rend="italic">Cleopatra</hi> Boy my
greatnesse</l>
<l>I'th'posture of a Whore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>O the good Gods!</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Nay that's certaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-ira">
<speaker rend="italic">Iras.</speaker>
<l>Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes</l>
<l>Are stronger then mine eyes.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Cleo.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0877.jpg" n="367"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">Anthony and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Why that's the way to foole their preparation,</l>
<l>And to conquer their most absurd intents.</l>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Charmian.</stage>

<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>.</l>
<l>Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch</l>
<l>My best Attyres. I am againe for <hi rend="italic">Cidrus</hi>,</l>
<l>To meete <hi rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>. Sirra <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>, go</l>
<l>(Now Noble <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi>, wee'l dispatch indeede,)</l>
<l>And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue</l>
<l>To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A noise within.</stage>
<l>Wherefore's this noise?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Guardsman.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-gds">
<speaker rend="italic">Gards.</speaker>
<l>Heere is a rurall Fellow,</l>
<l>That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,</l>
<l>He brings you Figges.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Let him come in.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Guardsman.</stage>
<l>What poore an Instrument</l>
<l>May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:</l>
<l>My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing</l>
<l>Of woman in me: Now from head to foote</l>
<l>I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone</l>
<l>No Planet is of mine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-gds">
<speaker rend="italic">Guards.</speaker>
<l>This is the man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
<speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
<l>Auoid, and leaue him.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Guardsman.</stage>
<l>Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,</l>
<l>That killes and paines not?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-clo">
<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

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    <p>Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-
        <lb/>tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
        <lb/>immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-
        <lb/>uer recouer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>Very many, men and women too. I heard of
        <lb/>one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-
        <lb/>man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
        <lb/>do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-
        <lb/>ting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie
        <lb/>good report o'th'worme: but he that wil beleeue all that
        <lb/>they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but
        <lb/>this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Get thee hence, farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>I wish you all ioy of the Worme.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
        <lb/>Worme will do his kinde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>I, I, farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-clo">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
    <p>Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
        <lb/>but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
        <lb/>no goodnesse in the Worme.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cle">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
    <l>Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
          <p>Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
            <lb/>is not worth the feeding.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Will it eate me?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
          <p>You must not think I am so simple, but I know
            <lb/>the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
            <lb/>a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
            <lb/>not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
            <lb/>great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
            <lb/>make, the diuels marre fiue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Well, get thee gone, farewell.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-ant-clo">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
          <p>Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th'worm.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
          <l>Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue</l>
          <l>Immortall longings in me. Now no more</l>
          <l>The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.</l>
          <l>Yare, yare, good <hi rend="italic">Iras</hi>; quicke: Me
thinkes I heare</l>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <l>
<hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi> call: I see him rowse himselfe</l>
          <l>To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock</l>
          <l>The lucke of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, which the Gods
giue men</l>
          <l>To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:</l>
          <l>Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.</l>
          <l>I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements</l>
          <l>I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?</l>
          <l>Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.</l>
          <l>Farewell kinde <hi rend="italic">Charmian, Iras</hi>, long
farewell.</l>
          <l>Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?</l>
          <l>If thou, and Nature can so gently part,</l>
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                    <l>The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,</l>
                    <l>Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still<c
rend="italic">?</c>
            </l>
                    <l>If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,</l>
                    <l>It is not worth leaue-taking.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                <l>Dissolue thicke clowd, &amp; Raine, that I may say</l>
                <l>The Gods themselues do weepe.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                <l>This proues me base:</l>
                <l>If she first meete the Curled <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>,</l>
                    <l>Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse</l>
                    <l>Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,</l>
                    <l>With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,</l>
                    <l>Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,</l>
                    <l>Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,</l>
                    <l>That I might heare thee call great <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> Asse, vnpolicied.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                <l>Oh Easterne Starre.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                <l>Peace, peace:</l>
                <l>Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,</l>
                <l>That suckes the Nurse asleepe.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                <l>O breake! O breake!</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cle">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cleo.</speaker>
                <l>As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.</l>
                <l>O <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>! Nay I will take thee
too.</l>
                    <l>What should I stay   </l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-ant-cha">
                <speaker rend="italic">Char.</speaker>
                <l>In this wilde World<c rend="italic">?</c> So fare thee
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well:\</l>
     \<l>Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes\</l>
     \<l>A Lasse vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,\</l>
     \<l>And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld\</l>
     \<l>Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,\</l>
     \<l>Ile mend it, and then play \</l>
    \</sp>
    \<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Guard
rustling in, and Dolabella.\</stage>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-gua.1">
      \<speaker rend="italic">1. Guard.\</speaker>
      \<l>Where's the Queene?\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
      \<speaker rend="italic">Char.\</speaker>
      \<l>Speake softly, wake her not.\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
      \<speaker>1\</speaker>
      \<l>
    \<hi rend="italic">Cæsar\</hi> hath sent\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
      \<speaker rend="italic">Char.\</speaker>
      \<l>Too slow a Messenger.\</l>
      \<l>Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
      \<speaker>1\</speaker>
      \<l>Approach hoa,\</l>
      \<l>All's not well: \<hi rend="italic">Cæsar\</hi>'s beguild.\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-gau.2">
      \<speaker>2\</speaker>
      \<l>There's \<hi rend="italic">Dolabella\</hi> sent from \<hi
rend="italic">Cæsar:\</hi> call him.\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-gau.1">
      \<speaker>1\</speaker>
      \<l>What worke is heere \<hi rend="italic">Charmian\</hi>?\</l>
      \<l>Is this well done?\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<sp who="#F-ant-cha">
      \<speaker rend="italic">Char.\</speaker>
      \<l>It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse\</l>
      \<l>Descended of so many Royall Kings.\</l>
      \<l>Ah Souldier.\</l>
     \</sp>
     \<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Charmian
dyes.\</stage>

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<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dolabella.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <l>How goes it heere?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gua.2">
  <speaker rend="italic">2. Guard.</speaker>
  <l>All dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <l>
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, thy thoughts</l>
  <l>Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming</l>
  <l>To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou</l>
  <l>So sought'st to hinder.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar and all his Traine, marching.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ant-all">
  <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
  <l>A way there, a way for <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">zz2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Dol.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0878.jpg" n="368"/>
<fw type="rh" rend="italic">The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <l>Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:</l>
  <l>That you did feare, is done.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
  <l>Brauest at the last,</l>
  <l>She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall</l>
  <l>Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,</l>
  <l>I do not see them bleede.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-dol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
  <l>Who was last with them?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ant-gua.1">
  <speaker rend="italic">1. Guard.</speaker>
  <l>A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:</l>
  <l>This was his Basket.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Poyson'd then.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-gua.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Guard.</speaker>
        <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Cæsar:</hi>
</l>
        <l>This <hi rend="italic">Charmian</hi> liu'd but now, she
stood and spake:</l>
        <l>I found her trimming vp the Diadem;</l>
        <l>On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,</l>
        <l>And on the sodaine dropt.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Oh Noble weakenesse:</l>
        <l>If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare</l>
        <l>By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,</l>
        <l>As she would catch another <hi rend="italic">Anthony</hi>
</l>
        <l>In her strong toyle of Grace.</l>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-ant-dol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
        <l>Heere on her brest,</l>
        <l>There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,</l>
        <l>The like is on her Arme.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-gua.1">
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Guard.</speaker>
        <l>This is an Aspickes traile,</l>
        <l>And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such</l>
        <l>As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ant-cae">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
        <l>Most probable</l>
        <l>That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee</l>
        <l>She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite</l>
        <l>Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,</l>
        <l>And beare her Women from the Monument,</l>
        <l>She shall be buried by her <hi
rend="italic">Anthony</hi>.</l>
        <l>No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it</l>
        <l>A payre so famous: high euents as these</l>
        <l>Strike those that make them: and their Story is</l>
        <l>No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which</l>
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            <l>Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall</l>
            <l>In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,</l>
            <l>And then to Rome. Come <hi rend="italic">Dolabella</hi>, see</l>

            <l>High Order, in this great Solemnity.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt omnes</stage>
            </div>
         </div>
         <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>

      </body>
   </text>
</TEI>
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