

Antony and Cleopatra 1.3

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN

CLEOPATRA Where is he?

CHARMIAN I did not see him since.
Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEOPATRA What should I do, I do not?

CHARMIAN In each thing give him way, cross him nothing.

CLEOPATRA Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

CHARMIAN Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter MARK ANTONY

MARK ANTONY I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,--

CLEOPATRA Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:

ANTONY Now, my dearest queen,--

CLEOPATRA Pray you, stand further from me.

ANTONY What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANTONY The gods best know,--

CLEOPATRA O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd!

ANTONY Cleopatra,--

CLEOPATRA Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia?

ANTONY Most sweet queen,--

CLEOPATRA Nay, bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words: no going then;
 Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANTONY Hear me, queen:
 The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services awhile; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace,
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: my more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY She's dead, my queen:
 Look here, and see when and where she died.

CLEOPATRA O most false love!
 Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

ANTONY Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
 The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice.

CLEOPATRA Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
 But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
 So Antony loves.

ANTONY My precious queen, forbear;
 And give true evidence to his love, which stands
 An honourable trial.

CLEOPATRA

So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt.

ANTONY

You'll heat my blood: no more.

CLEOPATRA

Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANTONY

I'll leave you, lady.

CLEOPATRA

Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANTONY

Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. Away!

Exeunt