

A Valentine's Affair 2025 audition packet

Presented by Madison Shakespeare Company, Feb 13-15 2025 at the Bartell Theatre

Lovers In June performances June 7-8 at Tyranena Brewing Company

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#1 Comedy of Errors II.2 (A of S, D of S, Adriana, Luciana)

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Beating him

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

But, I pray, sir why am I beaten?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Dost thou not know?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Shall I tell you why?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath
a wherefore.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, first,--for flouting me; and then, wherefore--
For urging it the second time to me.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thank me, sir, for what?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for
something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In good time, sir; what's that?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Then 'twill be dry.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Your reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another
dry basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a
time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By what rule, sir?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald
pate of father Time himself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Let's hear it.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

There's no time for a man to recover his hair that
grows bald by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the
lost hair of another man.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore
to the world's end will have bald followers.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot!
Keep then far league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA

Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By me?

ADRIANA

By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I never spake with her in all my life.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.

ADRIANA

How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

LUCIANA

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

LUCIANA

Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am transformed, master, am I not?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou hast thine own form.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, I am an ape.

LUCIANA

If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADRIANA

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

#2 Hamlet III.1 (Hamlet, Ophelia)

HAMLET

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA

Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET

Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPHELIA

My lord?

HAMLET

Are you fair?

OPHELIA

What means your lordship?

HAMLET

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty?

HAMLET

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET

You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPHELIA

I was the more deceived.

HAMLET

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA

At home, my lord.

HAMLET

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET

If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA

O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

#3 Taming III.1 -> IV.2 (Lucentio, Hortensio, Bianca, Tranio)

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.

Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained.
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
[*To Hortensio.*] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO [*aside*]

That will be never. [*To Hortensio.*] Tune your
Instrument.

Hortensio steps aside to tune his lute.

BIANCA Where left we last?

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) Here, madam:

(*Showing her a book.*)

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIANCA Conster them.

LUCENTIO *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am
Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, *Hic
steterat*, and that “Lucentio” that comes a-wooing,
Priami, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) Madam, my instrument’s in
tune.

BIANCA Let’s hear. (*He plays.*) Oh fie, the treble jars!

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) Spit in the hole, man, and tune
Again.

Hortensio tunes his lute again.

BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat
Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust
you not; *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us
not; *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Madam, ’tis now in tune. (*He plays again.*)

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*) All but the bass.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

The bass is right. ’Tis the base knave that jars.

(*Aside.*) How fiery and forward our pedant is.

Now for my life the knave doth court my love!

Pedascule, I’ll watch you better yet.

BIANCA [*to Lucentio*]

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not.

BIANCA

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*) [*to Lucentio*]

You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.

My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait
[*Aside.*] And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

(*He steps aside.*)

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

(*Giving her a paper.*)

BIANCA (*reads*)

“*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity or I die.”
Call you this “gamut”? Tut, I like it not.
Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter Tranio as Lucentio.

TRANIO
Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA
Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO
Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
Bianca and Lucentio exit, severally.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)
Is ’t possible, friend Litio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)
Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

They stand aside. Enter Bianca and Lucentio as Cambio.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)
Now mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA
What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)
I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO (*as Cambio*)

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They move aside and kiss and talk.

HORTENSIO (*as Litio*)

Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

O spiteful love, unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
Nor a musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her

TRANIO (*as Lucentio*)

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.

HORTENSIO

I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave.

Hortensio exits. Bianca and Lucentio come forward.

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Licio.

TRANIO

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy.

TRANIO

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

Exeunt

#4 Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV SCENE I. A church. (Leonato, Claudio, Hero, [Friar])

LEONATO

Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage.

FRIAR FRANCIS

You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

CLAUDIO

No.

LEONATO

To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

FRIAR FRANCIS

Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

HERO

I do.

FRIAR FRANCIS

If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

CLAUDIO

Know you any, Hero?

HERO

None, my lord.

FRIAR FRANCIS

Know you any, count?

LEONATO

I dare make his answer, none.

CLAUDIO

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

CLAUDIO

Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

LEONATO

As freely, son, as God did give her me.

CLAUDIO

There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEONATO

What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEONATO

Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,--

CLAUDIO

I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO

And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUDIO

Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

HERO

Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEONATO

Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

HERO

O God!

CLAUDIO

Leonato, stand I here?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

LEONATO

All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

CLAUDIO

Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEONATO

I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

HERO

O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

CLAUDIO

To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO

Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

CLAUDIO

Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO

I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

CLAUDIO

O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

LEONATO

Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

HERO swoons

#5 Troilus and Cressida (Troilus, Cressida, Pandarus)

Lovers Troilus and Cressida are interrupted by Cressida's dirty old uncle

TROILUS

Dear, trouble not yourself. The morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down.

He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS

Trouble him not.

To bed, to bed! Sleep kill those pretty eyes

And give as soft attachment to thy senses

As infants' empty of all thought!

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, then.

TROILUS

I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA

Are you aweary of me?

TROILUS

O Cressida! But that the busy day,

Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA

Night hath been too brief.

TROILUS

Beshrew the witch! With venomous wights she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold and curse me.

CRESSIDA

Prithee, tarry. You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

PANDARUS *within*

What's all the doors open here?

TROILUS

It is your uncle.

CRESSIDA

A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking.

I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

PANDARUS

How now, how now? How go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! Where's my Cousin Cressid?

CRESSIDA

Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle.
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS

To do what, to do what?—Let her say
what.—What have I brought you to do?

CRESSIDA

Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good
Nor suffer others.

PANDARUS

Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! Ah, poor capocchia!
Has 't not slept tonight? Would he not—a
naughty man—let it sleep? A bugbear take him!

CRESSIDA *to Troilus*

Did not I tell you? Would he were knocked i' th' head!

KNOCK IS HEARD.

Who's that at door?—Good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber.

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS

Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA

Come, you are deceived. I think of no such thing.

KNOCK IS HEARD.

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in.

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

#6 Henry the Fourth 2.3 (Hotspur, Lady Percy)

Rebel Harry Percy neglects his amorous wife and plots rebellion against the King instead.

HOTSPUR

Reading a letter

What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord,
our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our
friends true and constant: a good plot, good
friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot,
very good friends. What a pagan rascal is this!
An infidel! O, I could divide myself
and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of
skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him!
let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set
forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY PERCY

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.
But hear you, my lord?

HOTSPUR

What say'st thou, my lady?

LADY PERCY

What is it carries you away?

HOTSPUR

Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY PERCY

Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
If you go,--

HOTSPUR

So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY PERCY

Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOTSPUR

Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou
have with me?

LADY PERCY

Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOTSPUR

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am on horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY PERCY

How! so far?

HOTSPUR

Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY PERCY

It must of force. *Exeunt.*

#7 Cyrano Act III Scene 1 (Cyrano, Roxane, [Duenna])

Cyrano plays it cool while Roxane gushes over the letters he wrote on Christian's behalf

ROXANE (coming out of the house):

Ah! How handsome he is, how brilliant a wit! And—how well I love him!

CYRANO

Christian has so brilliant a wit?

ROXANE:

Brighter than even your own, cousin!

CYRANO:

Be it so, with all my heart!

ROXANE:

Ah! methinks 'twere impossible that there could breathe a man on this earth skilled to say as sweetly as he all the pretty nothings that mean so much—that mean all! At times his mind seems far away, the Muse says naught—and then, presto! he speaks—bewitchingly! enchantingly!

CYRANO

No, no!

ROXANE:

Fie! That is ill said! But lo! men are ever thus! Because he is fair to see, you would have it that he must be dull of speech.

CYRANO:

He hath an eloquent tongue in telling his love?

ROXANE:

In telling his love? why, 'tis not simple telling, 'tis dissertation, 'tis analysis!

CYRANO:

How is he with the pen?

ROXANE:

Still better! Listen,—here:—

'The more of my poor heart you take The larger grows my heart!'

How like you those lines?

CYRANO:
Pooh!

ROXANE:
And thus it goes on. . .
*'And, since some target I must show
For Cupid's cruel dart, Oh, if mine own you deign to
keep, Then give me your sweet heart!'*

CYRANO:
Lord! first he has too much, then anon not enough! How much heart does the fellow want?

ROXANE:
You would vex a saint! . . .But 'tis your jealousy.
Ay, your poet's jealousy! Hark now, if this again be not tender-sweet?—
*'My heart to yours sounds but one cry: If kisses fast could flee
By letter, then with your sweet lips My letters read should be!
If kisses could be writ with ink, If kisses fast could flee!'*

CYRANO
Ha! those last lines are,—hm! . . .hm! . . .
(Correcting himself—contemptuously):
—They are paltry enough!
You have his letters by heart?

ROXANE:
Every one of them! They are the lines of a master!

CYRANO
Come, nay. . .a master?. . .

ROXANE:
Ay, I say it—a master!

THE DUENNA
Here comes Monsieur de Guiche! In with you! 'twere best he see you not; it might perchance
put him on the scent. . .

ROXANE
Ay, of my own dear secret! He loves me, and is powerful, and, if he knew,
then all were lost! Marry! he could well deal a deathblow to my love!
CYRANO (entering the house): Good! good!

#8 Taming II.1 (Petruccio, Kate)

They meet. You know who They are.

PETRUCHIO

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate
(For dainties are all Kates)—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINE

"Moved," in good time! Let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINE A joint stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINE

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINE

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,

For knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHERINE

Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO

“Should be”—should buzz!

KATHERINE

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINE

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINE

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATHERINE

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHERINE

Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again, good Kate. I am a gentleman.

#9 TWELFTH NIGHT I.5 (Olivia, Viola-as-Cesario)

Viola, disguised as Cesario, presses Duke Orsino's love suit

OLIVIA

Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. *Exeunt MARIA and Malvolio*
Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA

Most sweet lady,--

OLIVIA

A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.

VIOLA

Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA

Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate
with my face? You are now out of your text: but
we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
Is't not well done? *Unveiling*

VIOLA

Excellently done, if God did all.
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA

O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be
inventoried, and every particle and utensil
labelled to my will. Were
you sent hither to praise me?

VIOLA

I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you!

OLIVIA

How does he love me?

VIOLA

With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

OLIVIA

Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA

If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA

Why, what would you?

VIOLA

Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, You should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

OLIVIA

You might do much.
What is your parentage?

VIOLA

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

OLIVIA

Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIOLA

I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. *Exit*

OLIVIA

'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

#10 Edward the Fourth IV.III— Shore's Shop (King Edward, Jane, Matthew)

Disguised and smitten King Edward tracks Jane Shore to the shop she and her husband operate.

[Enter Jane Shore, with her sewing in her hand.]

Jane. Boy ! while I attend the shop myself,
See if the workman have despatched the cup.

Jane sews. Enter the King before the shop, disguised. Aside:

King. Well fare a case to put a king in yet.
Good mistress Shore ! this doth your love procure :
This shape is secret ; and I hope 'tis sure.
Oh, rare perfection of rich Nature's work !
Bright twinkling spark of precious diamond,
Of greater value than all India !
Gaze, greedy eyes ; and be not satisfied
Till you find rest where heart's desire doth bide ! .

Jane. What would you buy, sir, that you look on here ?

King. Your fairest jewel, be it not too dear.
First, how this sapphire, mistress, that you wear ?

Jane. Sir, it is right ; that will I warrant ye.
No jeweller in London shows a better.

King. No, nor the like ; you praise it passing well.

Jane. Do I? No; if some lapidary had the stone,
more would not buy it than I can demand. 'Tis as well
set, I think, as e'er ye saw.

King. 'Tis set, indeed, upon the fairest hand that e'er I saw.

Jane. You are dispos'd to jest. But for value, his majesty might wear it.

King. Might he, i'faith ?

Jane. Sir, 'tis the ring I mean.

King. I meant the hand.

Jane. You are a merry man :
I see you come to cheap, and not to buy.

King. Yet he that offers fairer than I'll do
Shall hardly find a partner in his bargain.

Jane. Perhaps, in buying things of so small value.

King. Rather, because no wealth can purchase it.

Jane. The gift so small, that (ask'd) who could deny it.

King. Oh, she gave more, that such a gift then gave.
Than earth e'er had, or world shall ever have.

Jane. His hap is ill should it be as you say,
That having given him what you rate so high
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King, That easily proves he doth not know the worth.

Jane. Yet, having had the use of it so long,
It rather proves you over-rate the thing.
He being a chapman, as it seems you are.

King. Indeed, none should adventure on the thing,
That's to be purchas'd only by a king.

Jane. If kings love that which no one else respects
It may be so; else do I see small reason
A king should take delight in such coarse stuff.

King. Lives there a king that would not give his crown
To purchase such a kingdom of content ?

Jane. In my conceit, right well you ask that question :
The world, I think, contains not such fond king.

King. Why, mistress Shore, I am the man will do it,

Jane. 'Tis proudly spoke, although I'd not believe it.
Were he king Edward that should offer it.

King. I'll gage hand unto your hand of that.
Look well upon me. [*Discovers himself*]

Jane. Now, I beseech you, let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldness to your majesty. [*Kneels.*]
Whatever we possess is all your highness' ;
Only mine honour, which I cannot grant.

King, Only thy love, bright angel ! Edward craves;
For which I thus adventured to see thee.

Enter Shore.

Jane. But here comes one to whom I only gave it ;
And he, I doubt, will say you shall not have it.

King. Am I so soon cut off? Oh, spite !
How say you, mistress ; will you take my offer ?

Jane. Indeed, I cannot, sir, afford it so.

King. You'll not be offered fairlier, I believe.

Shore. Sir, if you bid not too much under-foot,
I'll drive the bargain 'twixt you and my wife.

King. (aside.) Alas, good Shore, myself dare answer No.
Nothing can make thee such a jewel forego.
(Aloud.) She saith you shall be too much loser by it.

Shore. See in the Row, then, if you can speed better.

King. See many worlds arow, affords not like.
[Exit. As he is going Shore perceives it is the King, whereat he seems greatly discontented.]

Jane. Why look'st thou. Matt? know'st thou the gentleman ?
Alas ! what ails thee that thou look'st so pale ?

Shore. Nay, nothing, Jane. Know you the gentleman ?

Jane. Not I, sweetheart. Alas ! why do you ask ? Is he thine enemy ?

Shore. I cannot tell. What came he here to cheapen at our shop ?

Jane. This jewel, love.

Shore. Well, I pray God he came for nothing else.

Jane. Why, who is it ? I do suspect him, Shore,
That you demand thus doubtfully of me.

Shore. Ah, Jane, it is the King.

Jane. The King! what then? is it for that thou sighest ?
Were he a thousand kings, thou hast no cause
To fear his presence, or suspect my love.
You are deceiv'd, sweetheart. 'Tis not the King.
Think you he would adventure thus alone ?

Shore. I do assure thee, Jane, it is the King.
Oh, God ! 'twixt the extremes of love and fear,
In what a shiv'ring ague sits my soul !

Jane. I prithee, come, sweet love, and sit by me.
No king that's under heaven I love like thee. *[Exeunt]*

#11 Antony & Cleopatra I.5 (Cleopatra, Charmian, Messenger)

Cleopatra daydreams about Antony, who has gone off to Rome, marrying someone else

CLEOPATRA

That time,--O times!--

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience.

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Messenger

Madam, madam,--

CLEOPATRA

Antonius dead!--If thou say so, villain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Messenger

First, madam, he is well.

CLEOPATRA

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Messenger

Good madam, hear me.

CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony

Be free and healthful,--so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Messenger

Will't please you hear me?

CLEOPATRA

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Messenger

Madam, he's well.

CLEOPATRA

Well said.

Messenger

And friends with Caesar.

CLEOPATRA

Thou'rt an honest man.

Messenger

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEOPATRA

Make thee a fortune from me.

Messenger

But yet, madam,--

CLEOPATRA

I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet!'
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar:
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Messenger

Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

For what good turn?

Messenger

For the best turn i' the bed.

CLEOPATRA

I am pale, Charmian.

Messenger

Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEOPATRA

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down

Messenger

Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA

What say you? Hence,
Strikes him again

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
She hales him up and down
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Messenger

Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Messenger

He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA

Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

Draws a knife

Messenger

Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Exit

CHARMIAN

Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

CLEOPATRA

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

CHARMIAN

He is afeard to come.

CLEOPATRA

I will not hurt him.

Exit CHARMIAN

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger

#12 Antony and Cleopatra I.3 Cleopatra, Charmian, Antony, [Alexas], [Iras]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

CLEOPATRA

Where is he?

CHARMIAN

I did not see him since.

CLEOPATRA, *to Alexas*

See where he is, who's with him, what he does.

I did not send you. If you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Alexas exits.

CHARMIAN

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 in 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.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

CLEOPATRA

I am sick and sullen.

ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose—

CLEOPATRA

Help me away, dear Charmian! I shall fall.

It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

ANTONY

Now, my dearest queen—

CLEOPATRA

Pray you stand farther from me.

ANTONY

What's the matter?

CLEOPATRA

I know by that same eye there's some good news.

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 betrayed! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

ANTONY

Cleopatra—

CLEOPATRA

Why should I think you can be mine, and true—
Though you in swearing shake the thronèd gods—
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing!

ANTONY

Most sweet queen—

CLEOPATRA

Nay, pray you seek no color for your going,
But 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 turned the greatest liar.

ANTONY

How now, lady?

CLEOPATRA

I would I had thy inches. Thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

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; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated grown to strength
Are newly grown to love; the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, 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 safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEOPATRA

Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY

She's dead, my queen. *He shows her papers.*
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best,
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 th' advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affects.

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 honorable 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. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honor.

ANTONY

You'll heat my blood. No more!

CLEOPATRA

You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

ANTONY

Now by my sword—

CLEOPATRA

And target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. 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.

ANTONY

But that your Royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEOPATRA

'Tis sweating labor
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor 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 strewed before your feet.

ANTONY

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

They exit.