

Int. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love? plain arrogance? plain insolence?
 Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor;
 Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
 The golden den of thy rank o'erflowing gall
 Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
 As the first Caesar was, that I might kill thee
 Without stain to my honour!

Int. You may kill me.
 You have done more already, called me traitor.

Int. Art thou not one?
Int. For shewing you yourself,
 Which none else durst have done. But had I been
 That name which I should to speak again,
 I needed not have sought your secret fortunes.
 Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
 What hindered me to have led my conquering eagle
 To till Octavius' hands? I could have been
 A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
 And not have been so called.

Int. Forgive me, soldier;
 I've been too passionate.

Int. You thought me false;
 Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir;
 Pray kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
 Has left your sword no work.

Int. I did not think so;
 I said it in my rage; pay thee, forgive me.
 Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
 Of what I would not hear?

Int. No prince but you
 Could merit that sincerity I used;
 Nor durst another man have ventured it;
 But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
 Were sure the chief and best of human race,
 Framed in the very pride and boast of nature,
 So perfect that the gods who formed you wondered
 At their own skill and cried, A lucky hit
 Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,
 Else you had been immortal and a pattern,
 When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
 To copy out again.

Int. But Cleopatra—
 Go on; for I can bear it now.

Int. No more.
Int. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou may'st;
 Thou only boy'st, the rest have flattered me.

Int. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word.
 May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and thus,
 [Hugging him.]

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em.
 And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
 Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.

Int. And will you leave this—

Ant. Pay thee, do not curse her,
 And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
 Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour;
 But I will leave her.

Int. That's my royal master.
 And shall we fight?

Int. I warrant thee old soldier;
 Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
 And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
 The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me.

Int. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
 And, if I have ten years behind, take aid,
 I'll thank you for the exchange.

Int. Oh, Cleopatra!

Int. Again?
Int. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
 Caesar shall know what 'tis to force a lover.

Int. From all he holds most dear.

Int. Methinks you breathe
 Another soul; your looks are more divine;
 You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Int. Oh, thou hast tired me; my soul's up in arms,
 And mends each part about me. Once again
 That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
 That eagerness with which I darted upward
 To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
 Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
 Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
 I won the trenches, while my foremost men
 Lagg'd on the plain below.

Int. Ye gods, ye gods,
 For such another honour!

Int. Come on, my soldier!
 Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
 Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May taste fate to 'em, now 'em out a passage,
 And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble harvest of the field.

(From Act i.)

Scene from 'Don Sebastian.'

[Don Sebastian of Portugal, defeated and taken prisoner by the Moors, is saved from death by Doria, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonso of Alcazar. Attendants being dismissed, Doria takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner.]

Doria. Now do you know me?

Sebastian. Thou shouldst be Alonso.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
 But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
 I ceased to be Alonso.

Seb. As in a dream
 I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
 And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?

Think not you dream; or, if you did, my injuries
 Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
 And death should give you back to answer me.
 A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
 Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
 Your tyrant image forced them open again,
 And dried the dew they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
 By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
 And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
 Whose royal office is redress of wrongs;
 If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;
 I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
 Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
 Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
 And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
 Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
 In terms becoming majesty to hear.