

Antony and Cleopatra

by William Shakespeare

Act IV, sc. 12 (line 9)

Mark Antony

All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder

They cast their caps up and carouse together

Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart

Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;

For when I am revenged upon my charm,

I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

Exit SCARUS

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:

Fortune and Antony part here; even here

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets

On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,

That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,--

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,--

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.

What, Eros, Eros!