

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching Caesar. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descied,
Caesar ha's taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius.*
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phcenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant, Cleo, & Enob.*

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

*Sen. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Inseus,
Publicola, and Celsus,* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Caesars*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Townus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *exit*

Enter Caesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. Townus?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaille
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Caesars* battaille, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
stage, and Townus the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.*

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarnus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarnus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesse, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th'midst o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in height, flies after her:

I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To Caesar will I render
My Legions and my Horse, fixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. He yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Ommes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To tunne, and shew their Shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way:
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.