

## MEMORABLE LINES



You shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transformed  
Into a strumpet's fool. (PHILO 1.1.11-13)

Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay. (ANTONY 1.1.35-7)

The nobleness of life  
Is to do thus. (ANTONY 1.1.38-9)

I love long life better than figs. (CHARMIAN 1.2.34)

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent. (CLEOPATRA 1.3.35-6)

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
(CLEOPATRA 1.5.22)

"Where's my serpent of old Nile?"  
(CLEOPATRA, QUOTING ANTONY 1.5.26)

My salad days,  
When I was green in judgment. (CLEOPATRA 1.5.76-7)

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne  
Burnt on the water. The poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that  
The winds were lovesick with them.  
(ENOBARBUS 2.2.201-4)

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. (ENOBARBUS 2.2.245-6)

Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent. (CLEOPATRA 3.7.24-5)

Let's have one other gaudy night. (ANTONY 3.13.186)

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear. (ENOBARBUS 3.13.198-9)

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.  
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours. (ANTONY 4.14.51-4)

But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. (ANTONY 4.14.99-101)

O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in; darkling stand  
The varying shore o'th' world! (CLEOPATRA 4.15.10-12)

Shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? (CLEOPATRA 4.15.62-4)

Let's do't after the high Roman fashion  
And make death proud to take us. (CLEOPATRA 4.15.92-3)

His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm  
Crested the world; his voice was propertyed  
As all the tunèd spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. (CLEOPATRA 5.2.81-5)

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping. (CLEOPATRA 5.2.85-7)

His delights  
Were dolphinlike; they showed his back above  
The element they lived in. (CLEOPATRA 5.2.87-9)

The bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark. (IRAS 5.2.193-4)

I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness  
I' th' posture of a whore. (CLEOPATRA 5.2.219-21)

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A woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.

(CLOWN 5.2.273–5)

I wish you joy o'th' worm.

(CLOWN 5.2.279)

Give me my robe. Put on my crown. I have  
Immortal longings in me.

(CLEOPATRA 5.2.280–1)

Oh, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass  
Unpolicied!

(CLEOPATRA 5.2.306–8)