

**Antony & Cleopatra Auditions - ENOBARBUS**

**I-2, 144**

ENOBARBUS: Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were  
pity to cast them away for nothing. Cleopatra, catching  
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty  
times upon far poorer moment: She hath such a celerity in dying.

ANTONY: Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS: Sir?

ANTONY: Fulvia is dead.

ENOBARBUS: Fulvia!

ANTONY: Dead.

ENOBARBUS: Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When  
it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man  
from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth;  
this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock  
brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion  
that should water this sorrow.

**II-2, 201**

ENOBARBUS: The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion--cloth-of-gold of tissue--  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did. At the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

**IV-6, 31**

ENOBARBUS: I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:  
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life.