

# Antony and Cleopatra

## Act III, sc. 11

**ANTONY:** If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth  
The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Caesar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike  
My speech and what is done, tell him he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to quit me: urge it thou:  
Hence with thy stripes, begone!