

# Antony and Cleopatra

## Act V, sc. 11

**CLEOPATRA:** Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me: now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:  
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So; have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.  
[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies]  
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.