

Antony and Cleopatra

by William Shakespeare

Act III, sc. 11 (line 171)

Mark 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!