



# New World Records

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## ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

An Opera in Three Acts

80322-2

Music by Samuel Barber

Based on the Text of William Shakespeare

Christian Badea, conductor

Gian Carlo Menotti, director

Joseph Flummerfelt, chorus master

### CAST

*(In Order of Vocal Appearance)*

Antony, Roman general .....Jeffrey Wells  
Enobarbus, Antony's comrade .....Eric Halfvarson  
Iras, Cleopatra's attendant .....Jane Bunnell  
Charmian, Cleopatra's attendant .....Kathryn Cowdrick  
Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt .....Esther Hinds  
Caesar, ruler of Rome .....Robert Grayson  
Maecenas, a senator .....Mark Cleveland  
Agrippa, a senator .....Charles Damsel  
A Messenger .....Steven Cole  
Eros, Antony's shieldbearer .....David Hickox  
Dolabella, Caesar's emissary .....David Hamilton  
Thidias, Caesar's ambassador .....Kent Weaver  
Senator .....Ian Clark  
Alexas, Cleopatra's Attendant .....Dale Stine  
A Soothsayer .....Philip Skinner  
First Guard ..... Robert Swensen  
Second Guard ..... Charles Damsel  
Third Guard ..... David Hamilton  
Fourth Guard .....Philip Skinner  
First Soldier .....Rob Phillips  
Second Soldier .....Alan Arak  
A Soldier of Caesar .....Robert Swensen  
A Rustic .....Philip Skinner  
Guardsmen .....David Dik

Westminster Choir  
Spoleto Festival Orchestra

Set and Costume Designer .....Zack Brown  
Assistant to Mr. Menotti .....Roman Terleckyj  
Assistant Conductor ..... Robert Hart-Baker  
Musical Preparation .....Lorene Forsyth  
Orchestra Manager .....Tim Crenshaw  
Librarian .....Linda Crenshaw  
Stage Manager ..... Martha Coleman

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I

Prologue .....The Empire  
Scene I .....Cleopatra's palace in Alexandria  
Scene 2 .....The Senate in Rome  
Scene 3 .....Cleopatra's palace  
Scene 4 .....A Roman banquet hall

Act II

Scene 1 .....The Senate in Rome  
Scene 2 .....Cleopatra's garden  
Scene 3 ..... Outside Antony's battlefield tent  
Scene 4 .....Inside the tent  
Scene 5 .....The battlefield at Actium  
Scene 6 .....Cleopatra's palace  
Scene 7 .....A battlefield  
Scene 8 .....Inside Antony's tent

Act III

Scene 1 .....Cleopatra's monument  
Scene 2 .....Inside the monument

THE STORY

PROLOGUE.

A chorus of Romans, Greeks, Persians, Jews, and soldiers, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, warns the Roman general Antony to stop his wanton behavior with the Egyptian queen Cleopatra.

ACT I.

Antony, in Alexandria, tells his comrade-in-arms Enobarbus that he will return to Rome. Enobarbus predicts that Cleopatra will not accept it. Cleopatra enters, and the lovers bid each other a temporary farewell.

In the Senate, in Rome, Caesar receives Antony coldly, chastising him for ignoring his duty. They argue, and Agrippa encourages the two leaders to reach accord, suggesting that Antony marry Caesar's sister, Octavia, as a sign of peace between them. Antony agrees.

In her palace in Alexandria, Cleopatra sings the praise of Antony, and bemoans their separation. She punishes the messenger who brings her news of Antony's marriage, and although she and her ladies delight in questioning the messenger about Octavia, and ridiculing her, Cleopatra leaves in despair.

In a Roman banquet hall, the soldiers are celebrating the reconciliation of Caesar and Antony. Caesar bequeaths his sister to Antony who meets Octavia and asks her not to judge him on his past reputation. Octavia and Caesar leave, and the drunken soldiers, including Antony doze. Enobarbus claims that Antony will never give Cleopatra up. As he muses on their first meeting, a vision of Cleopatra on her golden barge emerges. In the vision she cries for the return of her "man of men." Antony awakens and cries that he will return to Egypt.

## ACT II.

Caesar rants to the Roman Senate about Antony's desertion and demands that he be brought to reckoning. He vows to meet Antony on the battlefield.

In the garden of Cleopatra's palace, members of the court tease a soothsayer. They are interrupted by Cleopatra and Antony who are themselves interrupted by Enobarbus. He reports that Caesar is advancing. Antony immediately leaves to organize his troops. Cleopatra swears revenge on Enobarbus for blocking her attempts to follow Antony into battle and vows she "will not stay behind."

In Antony's camp, soldiers on the night watch hear a ghostly melody as the spirit of the god Hercules abandons his support of Antony.

At dawn, Antony and Cleopatra, asleep in his tent, awaken and renew their love ("Oh take, oh take those lips away"). Against Cleopatra's protests, Antony leaves to prepare for battle. Cleopatra's army also readies to march into war.

At the height of the battle, Cleopatra's ships are seen in the distance suddenly fleeing back to Alexandria. Several of Antony's officers watch in horror. Antony himself appears, distraught over his defeat.

In her palace, Cleopatra receives Caesar's emissary with the terms of surrender. Antony bursts in and orders Caesar's ambassador whipped. He bitterly denounces the queen, who retreats to the sanctuary of her monument. At the suggestion of her attendant, she sends a message to Antony that she has killed herself.

That night, Enobarbus laments his fate. He learns that Antony has sent all his belongings after him, and, cursing himself for his betrayal, goes off to die of a broken heart.

Word comes to Antony that the queen has died, speaking his name. He orders his shieldbearer Eros to kill him with his own sword; to avoid this, Eros stabs himself instead. Antony retrieves the sword and falls on it. Cleopatra's attendant enters with word that she is not really dead. Antony begs to be carried to her.

## ACT III

Antony is lifted to Cleopatra's monument, where he bids her farewell and dies. Caesar arrives to pay respects to both Cleopatra and his dead colleague. But, inside her monument, Cleopatra learns from Caesar's officer Dolabella that she will be dragged through the streets of Rome as a captive.

Despising the thought of being led in defeat, Cleopatra summons a rural fellow who brings her a basket that contains asp conceals among figs. Taking the snakes, she and her two handmaidens die as the chorus intones a lament for the immortal lovers.

## THE PERFORMERS

ESTHER HINDS, soprano, has performed extensively with major symphony orchestras and opera companies throughout the United States and in Japan and Korea. She has sung with the Berlin Philharmonic under Klaus Tennstedt and the San Francisco and Minnesota orchestras. Other concert appearances have been with the Boston Symphony the Toronto Symphony and the orchestras of Dallas, Austin, and Tulsa. In the operatic repertoire, she has appeared in Samuel Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* and Menotti's *The Egg* at the Spoleto Festival, and with New York City Opera, Virginia Opera, and Opera Ebony. She has performed the role of Bess in *Porgy and Bess* with the Houston Grand Opera, in Baltimore, in Connecticut, and on Broadway.

JEFFREY WELLS, bass-baritone, has performed *La Bohème* with the San Jose Opera, *Don Giovanni* on a Metropolitan Opera tour, *Madame Butterfly* with the Washington Opera, and *La Traviata* with the New York City Opera National Touring Company. He was a finalist in the 1981 Opera America Competition. He has also performed Sparafucile in *Rigoletto* and Agamemnon in *La Belle Hélène*; recently, he sang the role of John Sorel in Menotti's *The Consul* in Palermo, Italy. He made his Philadelphia Orchestra debut in a concert performance of *Carmen*.

ERIC HALFVARSON, bass-baritone, has appeared with many of this continent's leading opera companies. in San Francisco, Denver, Toronto, San Antonio, and Washington. His opera credits include performances of *The Magic Flute*, *Madame Butterfly*, and Lee Hoiby's *Summer and Smoke* with the Lake George Opera Festival, and *Aida*, *Tosca*, and *Il Trovatore* with the Houston Grand Opera. He has also appeared in opera and recital in Italy, Colombia, and Venezuela.

ROBERT GRAYSON, tenor, made his operatic debut with the San Diego Opera as Count Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville*. He has appeared as Faust in Boito's *Mefistofele* and as Pinkerton in *Madame Butterfly* with the New York City Opera. He is an accomplished interpreter of the works of Benjamin Britten and received acclaim for his performance of that composer's *Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings* with the Orchestra of Santa Fe. His concert credits also include Haydn's *Creation* and Beethoven's *Symphony No.9*.

JANE BUNNELL, mezzo-soprano, has won several major vocal competitions, most notably the Metropolitan Opera National Council auditions. She has appeared with the Connecticut Grand Opera and the Minnesota, Tulsa, Toledo, and Dayton opera companies.

KATHRYN COWDRICK, contralto, received the American Opera Award in 1980. She has appeared in the American Opera Center productions of *La Traviata*, *The Mother of Us All* and Menotti's *The Hero*. She is a member of the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York, where her credits include *Così fan tutte* and *L'Ormino*.

STEVEN COLE is a specialist in character roles; he received critical acclaim as Pedrillo in *The Abduction from the Seraglio* and Bardolph in *Falstaff* with the Philadelphia Opera. Recently in addition to an extensive recital tour, he appeared in the Houston Grand Opera's production of *Turandot* and the Opéra de Lyon's *Magic Flute*.

CHARLES DAMSEL has toured with the Texas Opera Theater's *Marriage of Figaro* and appeared in the American Opera Center production of *Manon*. He made his European debut with the Bordeaux Symphony under Pierre Dervaux.

DAVID HAMILTON has won awards in numerous competitions, including the New York District Metropolitan Opera Auditions and the Washington International Competition. He has performed at the Aldeburgh Festival and with the San Diego Opera, the Opera Ensemble of New York, the Merola Opera in San Francisco, and other companies.

DAVID HICKOX's professional debut was in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the Chicago Symphony under James Levine. More recently he sang in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* at Avery Fisher Hall in New York.

PHILIP SKINNER has sung with the Chicago Symphony Chorus under such noted conductors as Georg Solti and James Levine. His repertoire includes *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, *The Barber of Seville*, and *La Bohème*. He collaborated with the composer in workshop on the sequel to Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*.

DALE STINE has appeared in the Spoleto Festival production of Menotti's *The Last Savage* and in the American opera Center productions of Menotti's *The Hero* and Roger Sessions's *Montezuma*.

ROBERT SWENSEN is completing his Master's degree at the Juilliard School and has participated in the Juilliard productions of Puccini's *La Buona Figliuola*. Verdi's *La Traviata*, and other operas. In 1982 he was a winner of the Liederkrantz Society Competition in New York.

CHRISTIAN BADEA, a graduate in violin and composition from the Bucharest Conservatory, is music director of the Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds and of Spoleto U.S.A. in Charleston. He is music director and conductor of the Columbus and Savannah symphonies and has guest conducted the Pittsburgh, Atlanta, and Detroit symphonies, the BBC Symphony, the National Symphony in Washington, the Radio Philharmonic in the Netherlands, and the American Symphony. Equally at home with opera, he has conducted the Netherlands Opera and the Théâtre Royal de La Monnaie in Brussels. He recently made his London operatic debut with the English National Opera.

GIAN CARLO MENOTTI is founder and artistic director of the Spoleto Festival. He has had a distinguished career as a composer in almost every medium. His first full-length opera, *The Consul*, enjoyed great success on Broadway and won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award and the Pulitzer Prize; he received a second Pulitzer Prize for *The Saint of Bleeker Street*. Critical acclaim also came for his shorter operas *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, *The Medium*, and *The Telephone*.

In 1976, Menotti's first symphony, *Le Halcyon*, commissioned by the Philadelphia Orchestra, was performed by that orchestra at Saratoga, New York, in honor of the American Bicentennial. Menotti's latest works include an opera, *La Loca*; a mass; and an opera for children, *A Bride from Pluto*.

JOSEPH FLUMMERFELT has conducted the Westminster Choir since 1971 and has also directed choral activities for the Spoleto Festival. In 1979 he and Leonard Bernstein were nominated for a Grammy Award for the choir's recording of Haydn's Lord Nelson Mass. He has trained choruses for performance under such conductors as Pierre Boulez, Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa, Antal Doráti, and Lorin Maazel

## PRODUCER'S NOTE

This premiere recording of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* was taken from the taping of four performances in Spoleto, Italy, during the Festival of Two Worlds. Because of the realities of performance—including stage and audience noise—and because Barber composed so much of the opera in scenes connected by orchestral interludes, it was also necessary to record two make-up sessions.

These sessions allowed the restoration of some of Barber's original orchestrations, which had been modified to accommodate performances: for example, the recording employs the orchestral whip intended in the percussion section in Act I, Scene 3, but omitted in performances in favor of Cleopatra's use of a whip onstage. In addition, Barber's original instrumentation using woodwinds with brass and percussion in the battle scene (Act II, Scene 5) is heard on the recording, although in performances the stage noise necessitated substituting brass for woodwinds.

Where there are discrepancies among the various versions of the libretto and piano-vocal and orchestral scores (only the libretto of the original 1966 version and the vocal score of the revised version have been published), we have followed the Spoleto production heard on the recording (which adheres to Shakespeare's original text.)

New World Records' association with Samuel Barber goes back to the early days of the label. Barber's own classic recording of *Dover Beach* with the Curtis String Quartet, and the memorable performance of his *Melodies Passagères* by Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc, appear in the original New World Anthology. Later, in 1980, New World recorded Barber's last completed work, the *Third Essay*, with the New York Philharmonic.

Indirectly, the association with Samuel Barber (and *Antony and Cleopatra* in particular) dates from even earlier. The original production of the opera, commissioned for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center in 1966, was made possible with a grant from Francis Goelet, the chairman of New World Records' board of trustees; Herman Krawitz, New World's president, was then assistant general manager of the Metropolitan in charge of the production.

—Elizabeth Ostrow, July 1984

THE SPOLETO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA is composed of gifted young instrumentalists from conservatories, colleges, and universities throughout the United States. Each year, this select group of musicians is assembled from auditions of more than eight hundred players in eight cities across the country. At the festival, these instrumentalists have the opportunity to perform operatic, dance, symphonic, and choral works; play chamber music; and participate in master classes conducted by members of the Pittsburgh Symphony.

The Festival Foundation, Inc., was formed in 1956 to support the participation of American artists at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto. Each year, the foundation provides air fare and expenses for approximately one hundred forty young American musicians, including the Spoleto Festival Orchestra and the Westminster Choir.

The forty-voice WESTMINSTER CHOIR has been a professional touring ensemble for over sixty years. Since 1977, it has been the chorus-in-residence at both the Spoleto Festival and the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. As part of the Westminster Symphonic Choir, it has performed under such noted conductors as Arturo Toscanini, Leopold Stokowski, and Leonard Bernstein. The choir has participated in over forty commercial recordings.

# Barber's Antony & Cleopatra

by Richard Dyer

Samuel Barber composed *Antony and Cleopatra* for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center in 1966. Barber, then fifty-six, was a natural choice to compose the inaugural opera. His career had always advanced under the most prestigious auspices—Toscanini introduced his first orchestral works, and afterwards so did Walter, Koussevitzky, and Ormandy. His ballet music was for Martha Graham, his solo works for Vladimir Horowitz or Eleanor Steber. His Piano Concerto (1962) was commissioned for the inaugural festivities of Philharmonic Hall across the plaza from the new Met.

In planning for the opening of its new house, the management of the Metropolitan, America's leading opera company wanted a new opera by an American written for an all-American cast headed by the leading American soprano, Leontyne Price. Barber's conservative musical style was appropriate to the Metropolitan, its administration, and its paying public. The nephew of a great Metropolitan contralto, Louise Homer, and an accomplished vocalist himself, Barber knew how to write melodies for voices to sing. And he had a record of operatic success: the one-act *A Hand of Bridge* (1959) had become a standard workshop piece, and the three-act *Vanessa* had been performed in Rudolf Bing's Metropolitan. *Vanessa* enjoyed success with press and public, and it won the Pulitzer Prize in 1958. At least two of its arias ("Must the winter come so soon?" and "Under the willow tree") had entered the standard recital repertory, and the role of Erika had made Rosalind Elias a star; she would appear as Charmian in the new opera. Leontyne Price's association with the composer went back even further, to 1952, when he composed his *Hermit Songs* for her; he had frequently appeared in recital with the soprano.

The initial suggestion for an opera based on Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* apparently came from conductor Thomas Schippers (who led the premiere), and it seemed an appropriately grand operatic choice. The play is full of military clangor, romantic passion, famous characters, and opportunities for spectacle and music. Perhaps because of the presence of Price in the cast, some also noticed potential parallels to another opera commissioned to open a theater, in Cairo, another opera with an Egyptian setting and a plot full of the conflict between love and duty—Verdi's *Aida*.

Two years before the scheduled opening night (September 16, 1966) Barber approached Franco Zeffirelli to be his librettist. (Zeffirelli was also engaged, by the Met management, to stage the premiere.) Zeffirelli seemed a natural choice because he had directed Shakespeare with conspicuous success in the theater, on film, and in the opera house; the first discussion with Barber was after a performance of his famous production of Verdi's *Falstaff* at the Metropolitan.

Barber and Zeffirelli spent three weeks preparing a scenario and pruning Shakespeare's text—the play's five acts

and forty-one scenes became the opera's three acts and sixteen scenes. (Like Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Giannini's *The Taming of the Shrew* the original *Antony and Cleopatra* used only Shakespeare's language.) In a later interview Barber remarked that this period of study already pointed toward what would become the chief elements of the work's musical style. Shakespeare creates a counterpoint between the language and rhythms of Rome and the more fluid and imagistic language and rhythms of Egypt. In Barber's Roman music there are military fanfares and the clear working-out of musical forms and formalities—in the first Roman scene a spiky two-part invention depicting Antony and Caesar at cross-purposes resolves into a grave, orderly, and stately passacaglia on the same theme when Antony agrees to marry Caesar's sister, Octavia. The Egyptian music, on the other hand, is full of exotic woodwind colorations, delicate percussion effects, and interpretive directions like "sensuously" and "with indolent motion."

The problems that faced the collaborators were enormous. To begin with, there is no way to put all of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* to music. The play, in the rapid uncut reading on Caedmon's recording, runs two hours and forty minutes, which of course would stretch to impractical length in a musical setting. There are thirty-five characters, whose stage traffic takes them all over the civilized world—not only from Rome to Alexandria but to Syria, Athens, the port of Misenum, and the high seas. The poetic language is of unusual richness and density, even for Shakespeare. Coleridge, in a famous passage, wrote of its "happy valiancy of style," "angelic strength," and "fiery force." These are not qualities that are easy for an audience to assimilate when the words are sung in an operatic tessitura over a full orchestra.

Zeffirelli's job of condensation was ingenious and skillful, but some of it can be confusing to anyone not already familiar with the play. He dropped more than a dozen characters and created a commentary role for the chorus, whose words are compiled from speeches of a number of Shakespeare's characters. He managed to include most of the play's famous lines, sometimes radically yoked without Shakespeare's interventions and transitions (Antony's opening speech in the opera, four lines, comes from twenty of Shakespeare's). Zeffirelli omitted many scenes, combined many others. (Cleopatra's questioning about Antony's marriage to dull-eyed Octavia comes from two scenes in the play).

But Zeffirelli made an effort to retain most of Shakespeare's themes, contrasts, and image patterns; by repeating phrases and lines that speed past in the theater ("Salt Cleopatra" or Cleopatra's exclamation "My man of men!"), he provided Barber with the opportunity to develop key musical ideas and phrases with operatic amplitude. And he disposed the action so that there are three highly effective and contrasting curtains. The Act I finale combines

the Roman revelry on the barge with Enobarbus's famous speech about Cleopatra's first meeting with Antony on the river Cydnus; on stage, Cleopatra herself appears as a vision, and Antony cries, "I will to Egypt./ In th' East my pleasure lies." In contrast, Act II ends *morendo*, when Antony believing Cleopatra dead, falls on his sword. Act III closes with the magnificent dying speech of Cleopatra and the lament of Charmian and the chorus. The composer rose to the challenge of these finales with some of his finest music.

On opening night the glamorous audience, which had paid up to \$250 a ticket, cheered the composer's two years of effort. Applause interrupted the music after Cleopatra's Act I aria, during and after the stick dance, and during Cleopatra's appearance in the vision that ends the act. In Act II, there was applause for the arias of Antony and Enobarbus. The tragic sweep of Act III left the strongest impression; there were fourteen curtain calls.

Probably no other operatic premiere in history has been as extensively covered in the international press. It was therefore the press rather than the opening-night public that created the lasting legend of the failure of *Antony*. Many accounts of the evening treated the opera as almost peripheral to the occasion: "In between the intermissions Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* was having its world premiere on the stage," wrote one observer.

Most of the discussion of the performance centered on Zeffirelli's production with its elaborate mechanical engineering and gaudy costumes. His attempts to use the full technical apparatus of the new theater were doomed, because none of it had yet been tried; the crucial stage turntable broke down during rehearsal, so episodes had to be re-staged at the last moment.

The defects of the production were obvious to everyone; fewer people were in a position to know the defects of the performance. The opera was not performed complete even at the premiere—an extended and striking passage of *Sprechstimme* to percussion accompaniment during the drunken revel on the Roman galley did not go easily in rehearsal and was simply cut.

Such comment as there was about the music was predominantly negative. Only Irving Kolodin in *Saturday Review* and Desmond Shaw-Taylor in London's *Sunday Times* treated the composer with the civility that the caliber of his previous work ought to have earned. Harold C. Schonberg wrote in *The New York Times* that *Antony and Cleopatra* was "big, grand, impressive and vulgar." Martin Bernheimer wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* that "the opera is well constructed, eminently palatable, theatrically valid, and a bore." The Met followed through with the seven other scheduled performances but then cancelled plans to revive the work. No other theater produced it until the Juilliard performances in 1970's.

Perhaps, then, what Sir Rudolf Bing wrote in his memoirs best sums up the atmosphere surrounding the premiere. "[Barber] chose as his subject Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, which I thought unwise—not one of the strongest plays. And he asked Franco Zeffirelli, who had directed Shakespeare in England as well as directing and designing operas and movies, to make the libretto for him and stage the opera. Zeffirelli was—we all were—somewhat

doubtful about the music, and overproduced the opera."

The morning after the first performance, Barber sailed for Europe; it was only later that the reviews reached him, together with consoling letters from friends. The effect on him was devastating. The first music he composed after *Antony* was the song cycle *Despite and Still*. The opening song, a setting of a poem by Robert Graves, bitterly begins, "A last song, and a very last." In the remaining fourteen years of his life, Barber finished only a handful of new works, none of them very large. Much of his energy went into constant revisions, of what had been his most ambitious effort. He composed an orchestral funeral march to precede Cleopatra's death aria in a version he prepared for concert use; Leontyne Price and Phyllis Curtin frequently chose it for their orchestral appearances.

Six years after the premiere, Barber began to revise *Antony and Cleopatra*. It should be said that there is nothing unusual in a composer's effort to revise an opera after an unsuccessful premiere—Verdi and Puccini did it too. And although Barber was noted for the cleanness of his manuscripts and the clarity of his musical convictions, many of his works are known today only in versions extensively revised after their first performances.

Barber approached Gian Carlo Menotti, his long-time friend and collaborator, who had written the librettos for *A Hand of Bridge* and *Vanessa*, to assist in the revisions. (In the printed score of the revised version, Shakespeare's name replaces Zeffirelli's as librettist.)

Menotti's effort was to condense and clarify still further, and to reduce the element of grand-opera spectacle. He moved the chorus away from center stage and revised the score to say, "The chorus is grouped on either side of the stage and sings from there throughout the opera"; the ballet is omitted. The alternations between Rome and Egypt in Zeffirelli's Act I are cut down (seven scenes become four), and the Roman presence throughout is much reduced. Caesar, a leading role in the original version, becomes a minor character; the eunuch Mardian disappears (as do several minor characters); and Octavia, silenced, is a non-singing part. Cleopatra does not die in mid-question as she does in Shakespeare and in the first version of the opera; she takes over Charmian's soaring lament, using words from the "Give me to drink mandragora" scene in Shakespeare's Act I, and her last words, again, are "my man of men!" The principal addition in the revision is the two-stanza lyric "Oh take, oh take those lips away" from Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother* (rather than the more famous one-stanza version of the song in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*); this gave Barber the opportunity to compose the extended love duet the first version of the opera so conspicuously lacked.

Barber's efforts too were in the direction of simplification and condensation. He added many new thematic cross-references, so that the musical structures are more immediately evident. He toned down some of his fancier orchestral effects; for example, the electric guitar disappears from the score, and the ondes Martenot meant to sound the mysterious "music i' th' air" that the soldiers hear when Hercules withdraws his protection from Antony can now be any electronic instrument (this recording uses a Moog synthesizer).

With Mardian disappears some fancy falsetto vocal writing adapted to the particular talents of Andrea Velis. Barber raised many vocal lines into a slightly higher tessitura, presumably to insure a greater carrying power to the declamation of words, and he allowed several climactic moments to have larger rhythmic values so that the lines can unfurl and catch the wind. He knew his own nature; his gift was for lyric utterance, not for depicting political interactions, drunken revels, the clash of arms, and the toppling of empire. In an interview about the revision, he frankly spoke of dropping "all that Rotary Club talk by the Romans"; Menotti has said that "the spectacular scenes were not in Sam's palette."

But it is also clear that the revision did not solve all the problems; it has even created some new ones. There are some dangling participles in the music; the rowdy prelude to the galley scene, now relocated on shore, prepares us for a drinking song ("Come thou monarch of the vine"); instead Antony inconsistently sings a lyrical apostrophe to Octavia that originally belonged in another scene, now cut.

Some fundamental difficulties of hearing and understanding Shakespeare's Elizabethan language remain. Barber assessed one of his tasks and difficulties as "avoiding the sound of Purcell." He succeeded, finding, for example, a wonderful jagged boogie music for Cleopatra's "Saucy lictors/Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymers/Ballad us out O' tune." But it is doubtful that any listener who doesn't have the play pretty much by heart can follow these pages. (The composer envied Verdi, whose two Shakespeare operas were set to Italianized texts.) The revised *Antony and Cleopatra* has moved still further away from Shakespearean intensity and scope. As the *New Yorker* critic Andrew Porter suggests, "if the opera is revived a century or so hence, directors of the future will want to combine both scores in new arrangements (as directors of today do with Gluck's *Orfeo/Orphée*, *Idomeneo*, *Don Carlos*, *Boris Godunov*, and *Carmen*), reinstating valued passages which the composer himself cut but retaining passages he strengthened by recomposition."

In the meantime, the opportunity for repeated listening and study that a recording provides enforces respect for what Barber did accomplish: one can hear the glamour of much of the vocal writing, particularly for Cleopatra; the richness, color, variety, and imagination of the orchestration; the sureness of the workmanship; the sense of theater; the emotional power of the finest moments.

Familiarity with each act brings a sense of anticipation as a favorite passage approaches. The opening chorus has

exciting kinetic qualities; Cleopatra's first phrases introduce the supple melody that will later flower into the duet "If it be love indeed" and return throughout the opera. The first Roman scene, with the fugato and pascaglia, is both ingenious in musical construction and satisfyingly clear in its development. Cleopatra's first aria, "Give me some music," despite some oddities of verbal stress, is exotic in its colorations and instantly responsive to the queen's quicksilver moods; its languors and ecstasies sound gorgeous in the voice. Like Britten, Barber was able to tailor his music to specific voices—and at the same time leave ample opportunities for others; the student performances at Juilliard launched the professional career of Esther Hinds, who sings Cleopatra here.

And there is the remarkable Act I finale, beginning with the "indolent" tune of Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra at Cydnus; the chorus takes this over, and then the vision of Cleopatra appears, the soprano repeating the sinuous phrase associated with "the serpent of old Nile" and soaring aloft to praise her "man of men" as Antony loses his Roman resolve and rushes to his "Egyptian dish" again.

In Act II there is the delightful but unsettling music Barber found to depict Charmian, Iras, and Alexas in teasing erotic play; it will return with deeper uneasiness and powerfully ironic effect in the final scene of the opera. There is the evocative "music i' th' air," and the muted conversation of the soldiers. There are the seductive intertwinings of the love duet (not really "new" music, for the melody is developed from a phrase briefly heard in the first version at Antony's words "O thou day O' the world!")—music that again will often recur with nostalgic and poignant effect. The adjacent arias for low voice, Antony's and Enobarbus's, are each of them eloquent and strikingly differentiated; Cleopatra's first mention of the monument that serves as her sanctuary brings the first appearance of the spacious theme of her death "in the high Roman fashion." The entire scene of Antony's suicide, the quiet ending of the act, is eerily scored almost entirely for timpani and mournful solo flute.

Act III is the most consistent in tone and cumulative in effect; it brings some of Shakespeare's most magnificent verse, to which Barber responds with his most sustained, noble, and passionate lyricism, particularly in the rising lament of the three women ("Noblest of men") and in Cleopatra's death and transfiguration. Samuel Barber may not have composed Cleopatra's infinite variety into his opera, but in moments like this "she's a most triumphant lady" indeed.



*The stage is in darkness. The chorus is grouped on either side of the stage and sings from there throughout the opera.*

## ACT ONE

Prologue

*The Empire.*

CHORUS

*(disapproving, menacing, jeering)*

From Alexandria

This is the news;

Antony fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel;

*(sneering)*

Is not more manlike than Cleopatra.

Nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he;

Hardly gave audience,

Or deigned to think he had partners.

You shall find there

A man who is the abstract

Of all faults that all men follow.

Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome.

Antony.

Leave thy lascivious wassails!

*(As the light on the stage slowly increases, Antony is shown surrounded by pretty female attendants and slaves who are busy combing and perfuming his hair and painting his nails. Nearby, sprawled on the steps leading to a throne, Enobarbus is half asleep in the arms of a young Nubian girl.)*

## SCENE ONE

*Alexandria, Cleopatra's Palace.*

*(Pushing aside his attendants, Antony gets up and throws to the ground the garland that has just been placed on his head)*

ANTONY

*(impetuously)*

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break

Or lose myself in dotage.

*(Slaves and attendants scatter in fright and disappear into the inner palace.)*

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

*(Enobarbus lazily frees himself from the Nubian girl, who is reluctant to part from him.)*

I must with haste from hence.

ENOBARBUS

*(roughly)*

Why, then we kill our women. If they suffer our departure,  
death's the word.

ANTONY

I must be gone.

ENOBARBUS

Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly:

I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer  
moment. *I* do think there is mettle in death, she has  
such a celerity in dying.

ANTONY

*(dreaming)*

She is cunning past man's thought.

*(Enobarbus in the meantime has picked up Antony's discarded garland; playfully he tries to place it on his master's head.)*

ENOBARBUS

Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love.

*(Once more Antony throws the garland away, pushing Enobarbus aside.)*

ANTONY

Would I had never seen her!

ENOBARBUS

Salt Cleopatra!

ANTONY

I shall break

The cause of our expedience

To the Queen, and get her leave to part.

I must be gone!

*(As they start off they are stopped short by the appearance of Cleopatra, who slowly advances from the inner courts of the palace followed by Charmian, Iras and the rest of her court. Exit Enobarbus.)*

CHORUS

Cleopatra!

*(Cleopatra slowly enters the room, ignoring Antony's presence.)*

CLEOPATRA

I am sick and sullen.

*(Suddenly confronted by him, she stops and swoons, as if about to fall. She is quickly supported by Charmian and Iras, who then lead her to the throne. Antony meekly follows her, and sinks at her feet.)*

ANTONY

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose...

CLEOPATRA

Help me, dear Charmian! I shall fall.

ANTONY

Now my dearest queen...

CLEOPATRA

Pray you stand farther from me.

ANTONY  
Most sweet queen!

CLEOPATRA  
Nay, pray you seek no color for your going.  
But bid farewell and go.  
When you sued staying, then was the time for words.

ANTONY  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes.

CLEOPATRA  
No going then,  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes.

ANTONY  
Bliss in our brows' bent:  
None our parts so poor but was a race of heaven.

*(Cleopatra, with a gesture, dismisses the court. As they kiss, Antony and Cleopatra are left alone.)*

ANTONY  
Cleopatra!

CHORUS  
Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails!

*(Freeing herself from Antony's embrace, Cleopatra slowly gets up and descends from the throne, followed by Antony.)*

CLEOPATRA  
You and I must part. but that's not it;  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it:  
That you know well.  
'O, my oblivion is a very Antony.  
And I am all forgotten.

ANTONY  
Our separation so abides and flies  
That thou residing here goes yet with me;  
And I hence fleeting here remain with thee.

*(After one last embrace, Antony quickly leaves. Cleopatra follows him to the door and leaning against it watches him disappear. Very slow blackout.)*

## SCENE TWO

*The Senate in Rome.  
(Groups of senators, obviously tense and excited, stand in the middle of the Senate. Caesar enters, greeted by all, and joins one of the groups. Caesar's entrance is followed almost immediately by that of Antony, who is accompanied by Enobarbus. As they advance onto the Senate floor they are greeted and embraced warmly by some old friends. As Antony comes face to face with Caesar there is a moment of embarrassment, but Antony's disarming smile breaks Caesar's initial hostility and the two embrace each other.)*

CHORUS OF SENATORS  
Ah! Hail, Marcus Antonius!  
We salute thee!  
Welcome to Rome!

*(The Senators slowly move to their seats, leaving Antony and Caesar alone on the floor.)*

ANTONY  
*(makes a courteous gesture)*  
I learn you take things ill which are not so,  
Or being, concern you not.

CAESAR  
I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did jeer my missive out of audience.

ANTONY  
Let this fellow be nothing of our strife

*(Maecenas steps down from his seat, and goes to Caesar, trying to calm him.)*

CAESAR  
You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with

*(Antony waves Maecenas away.)*

ANTONY  
No, Maecenas; let Caesar speak now.  
The article of my oath?..

CAESAR  
To lend me arms and aid when I required them,  
The which you both denied.

ANTONY  
Neglected rather; and then when poison'd hours had bound  
me up  
From mine own knowledge

CAESAR  
You did pocket up my letters.  
I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria.

ANTONY  
*(losing his temper)*  
My being in Egypt, Caesar,  
What was't to you?

*(Worried by the quarrel, which has become increasingly threatening, some of the Senators approach Caesar and Antony, trying to separate them.)*

CAESAR  
No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt. Yet if you there did plot against  
my state...

SENATORS  
Soft, Caesar

ANTONY  
As nearly as I may  
I'll play the penitent to you.  
But mine honesty shall not make poor my greatness.  
Nor my power work without it.

SENATORS  
If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The present griefs between you.

AGRIPPA  
Give me leave, Caesar

CAESAR  
Speak, Agrippa.

*(All the Senators, except Agrippa, return to their seats.)*

AGRIPPA  
Thou hast a sister  
Admired Octavia,  
To hold you in perpetual amity.  
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife;  
*(The Senators show great surprise. Enobarbus approaches  
Antony to counsel him.)*

Whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter

CAESAR  
*(with controlled impatience)*  
Say not so, Agrippa: if Cleopatra heard you...

ANTONY  
I am not married, Caesar; let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.

*(Agrippa gestures Caesar and Antony to him and with his  
arms on their shoulders walks away with them, followed by  
the rest of the Senators, murmuring aloud.)*

*(Music and voices fade into the following scene while the  
Roman group exits.)*

## SCENE THREE

*Another room in Cleopatra's palace  
(Cleopatra, surrounded by her court, including Charmian  
and Iras. Games are being played by some of the attendants,  
while other slaves are busy with household chores such as  
weaving, etc.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Give me some music: music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.  
The music, ho!

*(Two ballerinas play Egyptian cymbals, antique clappers  
and tambourines while they dance.)*

I'll none now.  
Give me my angle, we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finned fishes.  
And as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony.  
And say, 'Ah, ha! y'are caught!'  
That time—O times!  
I laughed him out of patience; and that night  
I laughed him into patience

*(The Chorus laughs.)*

And the next morn ere the ninth hour  
I drunk him to his bed;  
*(Charmian hands Cleopatra a golden cup of spiced wine.)*  
Then put my crown and mantles on him,  
While I wore his sword Philippan.  
*(suddenly serious)*

My man of men!  
Charmian!  
*(After drinking from the cup Cleopatra hands it back to  
Charmian and sighs a long, languid sigh.)*

Give me to drink mandragora.  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time  
My Antony is away.  
My man of men!  
*(She rises from her couch and advances to the center of the  
stage.)*

O Charmian, where think'st that he is now?  
Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk?  
Or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for know'st thou whom thou movest?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth.  
*(advancing a few more steps as she is carried away by the  
vision)*

*(with intensity)*  
He's speaking now, or murmuring:  
"Where's my serpent of old Nile?"  
(For so he calls me.)

*(with increasing ardor)*  
Now I feed myself with most delicious poison.  
*(with pathos)*

Think on me,  
That am with Phoebus' am'rous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time...

*(She slowly returns to her couch.)*  
Give me some music: music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love.

*(As the slaves resume their dance a Messenger, ushered in by  
two guards, timorously approaches Cleopatra and hands her  
a tablet. Having read the message, Cleopatra, with a cry of  
rage, flings the tablet onto the floor. Then, snatching a whip  
from one of the guards, she mercilessly flays the Messenger.  
The terrified court scatters in cowering groups.)*

CLEOPATRA  
The most infectious pestilence upon you!

MESSENGER  
Good madam, patience.

CLEOPATRA  
What say you?  
*(She strikes him.)*  
Hence, horrible villain, hence, or I'll kick thine eyes;  
I will unhair thy head.  
Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.  
*(She drags him up and down.)*

MESSENGER  
Gracious madam. I that bring the news made not the match.

CLEOPATRA  
*(tempting)*  
Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud.

MESSENGER  
He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA  
Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.  
*(She draws a knife. Charmian and Iras try to restrain her, and slowly lead her back to the couch.)*

MESSENGER  
Nay then I'll run.  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.  
*(He runs to a corner.)*

CHARMIAN  
Good madam, keep yourself within yourself,  
The man is innocent.  
*(Throwing the whip away Cleopatra sinks onto the couch.)*

CLEOPATRA  
*(suddenly)*  
Melt Egypt into Nile! Call the slave again;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.

CHARMIAN  
He is afraid to come,

CLEOPATRA  
I will not hurt him.  
Come hither, sir

MESSENGER  
I have done my duty  
*(He approaches Cleopatra.)*

CLEOPATRA  
*(softly)*  
Is he married?  
I cannot hate thee worser than I do  
If thou again say "Yes."

MESSENGER  
He's married, madam.

CLEOPATRA  
The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

MESSENGER  
Should I lie, madam?

CLEOPATRA  
O I would thou didst!  
Go get thee hence...  
*(stopping him)*  
He is married?

MESSENGER  
I crave your Highness' pardon.

CLEOPATRA  
He is married?

MESSENGER  
Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
He's married to Octavia  
*(Everyone shows great surprise.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Didst thou behold Octavia?

*(Reassured, and emboldened by curiosity, most of the attendants reapproach Cleopatra.)*

MESSENGER  
Ay, dread Queen.

CLEOPATRA  
Is she as tall as me?

MESSENGER  
She is not, madam.

CHARMIAN. IRAS  
She is not, she is not.

CLEOPATRA  
Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low?

MESSENGER  
Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

CLEOPATRA  
That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

CHARMIAN. IRAS  
Like her? O Isis! 'Tis impossible.

CLEOPATRA  
I thought so.  
*(imperiously)*  
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty

MESSENGER  
She creeps.

ALL  
She creeps!  
*(The entire court laughs and exchanges gossip.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Is this certain?  
*(carefully)*  
Guess at her years, I prithee.

MESSENGER  
Madam, she was a widow

CLEOPATRA  
Widow? Charmian, hark.

ALL  
A widow!

MESSENGER  
And I do think she's thirty

CLEOPATRA  
*(sighing)*  
Ah...  
Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?

MESSENGER  
Round even to faultiness.

CLEOPATRA  
For the most part, they are foolish that are so.  
Her hair what color?

MESSENGER  
Brown, madam; and her forehead  
As low as she would wish it.

CHARMIAN. IRAS  
As low as she would wish it!  
*(soft laughter)*

CLEOPATRA  
There's gold for thee.  
*(Exit Messenger.)*  
Let him for ever go! Let him not!  
Lead me from hence. I faint.  
Pity me, Charmian, but do not speak to me.  
Lead me to my chamber  
*(Supported by Charmian and Iras, she exits, followed by the entire court.)*

## SCENE FOUR

*A Roman banquet hall. Night.*

*(At one table, Antony, Caesar, Octavia and a few Patricians with their wives. At another table, soldiers and younger Senators, among them Eros and Enobarbus. In the light of glittering torches the very noisy banquet is obviously at an*

*end. Among the soldiers are overt signs of drunkenness. As Caesar rises to speak the soldiers stand at attention and the noise suddenly dies down.)*

CAESAR  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly. Let her' live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again.

ANTONY  
The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring.  
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

*(Followed by the other women and the old Patrician couples, Octavia rises to leave. Antony accompanies her to the door.)*

My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square, but that to come  
Shall be done by the rule.  
Good night, dear lady

*(Octavia, having returned his greeting, departs, accompanied by Caesar and the other guests who have followed her. Antony then returns to the room and joins the remaining soldiers and Senators, some of whom are now sprawled on the floor totally drunk.)*

ENOBARBUS  
*(aside, ironically)*  
Happily, amen.  
*(Dolabella takes Enobarbus aside.)*

DOLABELLA  
*(dreaming)*  
Now he must leave Cleopatra utterly.

ENOBARBUS  
Never; he will not. He will to his Egyptian dish again.  
Age cannot wither her nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety

ODLABELLA  
She's a most triumphant lady, if report square to her.

*(Eros, who has begun to detect signs of anxiety on Antony's face, pours wine into his cup, trying to comfort him. Pushing Eros aside, Antony leaves his drinking companions and comes forward to sit alone in a corner of the room, his face darkened by anguish. Enobarbus and Dolabella, joined by the half-drunk Thidias, move farther away, so as not to be overheard.)*

ENOBARBUS  
When first she met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart,  
upon the river of Cydnus.  
I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed 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 am'rous of their strokes.

CHORUS  
Cleopatra!

DOLABELLA, MAECENAS  
O rare for Antony

ENOBARBUS  
For her own person.  
It beggared all description:  
Cloth-of-gold of tissue.

CHORUS  
When first she met Mark Antony upon the river of Cydnus  
She did lie in her pavilion;  
At the helm a seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands.  
Rare Egyptian!

ENOBARBUS  
On each side her stood pretty dimpled boys.

DOLABELLA.  
O royal wench!  
*(Enobarbus. Dolabella and Thidias exit.)*

CHORUS  
From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. Cleopatra!

*(Cleopatra, from a great distance, very very slowly appears  
on a barge, as in a vision. Antony, as in a trance, gets up  
and walks toward the vision.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Where's my serpent of old Nile?  
(For so he calls me.)  
Now I feed myself with most delicious poison...  
O Iras, Charmian,  
My man of men!

CHORUS  
When first she met Mark Antony  
Upon the river Cydnus.  
Cleopatra!

ANTONY  
*(suddenly awaking from his stupor)*  
Let Rome in Tiber melt  
and the wide arch of the ranged empire fall!  
I will to Egypt.  
In th' East my pleasure lies!

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

### SCENE ONE

*Rome. The Senate.*

*(Caesar holds the floor, surrounded by excited groups of  
Senators.)*

CAESAR  
*(with anger)*  
Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more in  
Alexandria.

In the market place, on a tribunal silvered,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned.

CHORUS  
Were enthroned!

CAESAR  
She in the habil'ments of the goddess Isis  
That day appeared.  
Unto her he gave  
the stablishment of Egypt;

CHORUS  
Of Egypt!

CAESAR  
made her of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute Queen.

CHORUS  
Cyprus, Lydia, lower Syria  
Absolute Queen!

CAESAR  
I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

A SENATOR  
My lord, in Athens.

CAESAR  
No, you are most wrong, Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her.

*(A messenger runs in and hands Caesar a tablet. Caesar  
reads and contemptuously hands it to the nearest group of  
Senators. They pass it from one to another in disbelief.)*

CHORUS  
He hath given his empire up to a whore,  
who now are levying the kings O' the earth for war  
He hath assembled Bocchus, the king of Libya;  
Archelaus, of Cappadocia;  
Philadelphos, king of Paphlagonia;  
the Thracian king, Adallas;

King Manchus of Arabia;  
King of Pont;

*(Another messenger runs in and gives Caesar another tablet.)*

Herod of Jewry;  
Mithridates, king of Comagene;  
Polemon and Amyntas, the kings of Mede and Lycaonia;  
with a more larger list of sceptres.

Justice! Justice!

CAESAR

*(throwing the tablet to the floor; furiously)*

He calls me boy, and chides as he had pow'r  
To beat me out of Egypt.

CHORUS

Justice!

CAESAR

Let our best heads know  
That the last of many battles  
We mean to fight.

CHORUS

Justice! Justice!

## SCENE TWO

*Alexandria. By a pool in Cleopatra's palace garden.*

*(Having eyed shy Alexas, who is walking by, Charmian and Iras run after him and tease him with seductive caresses, to his great annoyance. The other girls watch the scene with glee.)*

CHARMIAN

Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost  
most absolute Alexas,  
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the Queen?  
*(lazily)*

O that I knew this husband which, you say, must charge his  
horns with garlands!

*(Enter Soothsayer.)*

ALEXAS

Soothsayer!

SOOTHSAYER

Your will?

CHARMIAN

Is this the man?

Is it you, sir, that know things?

*(They drag the Soothsayer to the edge of the pool and force him to sit down. He is immediately surrounded by all the girls, who vie with each other to have their palms read.)*

SOOTHSAYER

*(somewhat monotonously)*

In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.

ALEXAS

Show him your hand.

CHARMIAN

Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTHSAYER

*(reading her hand)*

I make not, but foresee.

CHARMIAN

Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHARMIAN

He means in flesh.

IRAS

No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHARMIAN

Wrinkles forbid!

ALEXAS

Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

CHARMIAN

Hush!

SOOTHSAYER

You shall be more believing than beloved.

CHARMIAN

*(impatiently)*

Good now, some excellent fortune.

SOOTHSAYER

You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHARMIAN

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

*(As Alexas tries to get away Charmian and Iras follow him and, again flirting outrageously, try to embarrass him.)*

CHARMIAN, IRAS

*(teasingly)*

Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost  
most absolute Alexas.

*(As Alexas breaks away from them, they return to the Soothsayer.)*

SOOTHSAYER

You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune  
Than that which is to approach.

CHARMIAN  
Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

SOOTHSAYER  
Your fortunes are all alike.

IRAS  
But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTHSAYER  
I have said.

IRAS  
Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

CHARMIAN  
Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I,  
Where would you chose it?

IRAS  
Not in my husband's nose.

*(All laugh. The Soothsayer, indignant, rises to leave.  
Charmian and Iras follow him mockingly.)*

CHARMIAN  
*(mocking)*  
Good Isis, hear this prayer.  
I beseech thee!

IRAS  
*(mocking)*  
Amen, dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people!

CHARMIAN, IRAS  
Amen.

*(As the Soothsayer walks off everyone breaks into wild  
laughter.)*

IRAS  
Hush, here come the Queen and Antony!

*(Enter Antony and Cleopatra holding each other tenderly.  
The girls run away giggling.)*

CLEOPATRA  
If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANTONY  
There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

CLEOPATRA  
I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

ANTONY  
Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.  
Bliss in our brows' bent;  
None our parts so poor but was a race of heaven.  
*(Enobarbus enters suddenly.)*  
Thy business?

ENOBARBUS  
The news is true, my lord, he is descried;  
Caesar has taken Tornyne.  
*(Antony breaks away from Cleopatra in great agitation.)*

ANTONY  
Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible;  
You have heard on't, sweet?  
*(to Enobarbus)*

Tomorrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood  
That shall make it live again.  
*(Exit.)*  
*(As Enobarbus tries to follow Antony. Cleopatra stops him.)*

CLEOPATRA  
*(to Enobarbus)*  
I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENOBARBUS  
But why, why, why?

CLEOPATRA  
Thou hast opposed my being in these wars,  
And say'st it is not fit.

ENOBARBUS  
Well, is it, is it?

CLEOPATRA  
Is't not denounced against us? Why should not we  
Be there in person?

ENOBARBUS  
Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;

CLEOPATRA  
What is't you say?

ENOBARBUS  
He is already  
Traded for levity; and 'tis said in Rome  
That an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war.

CLEOPATRA  
Sink Rome, and their tongues rot  
That speak against us!  
*(with decision)*  
A charge we bear i'th'war,  
Speak not against it,  
I will not stay behind.  
*(Exit.)*



## SCENE THREE

*Outside Antony's battlefield tent. Night.*

GUARD I  
The night  
Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle Caesar  
By the second hour

GUARD III  
This day will prove  
A shrewd one to us; fare you well.

GUARD I AND II  
It will determine one way.

GUARD III  
Heard you of nothing strange about the camp?

GUARD II  
Nothing. What news?

GUARD I  
Belike 'tis but a rumor. Good night to you.  
*(They meet other Soldiers.)*

GUARD III  
Well sir, good night.

GUARD II  
Soldiers, have careful watch.

GUARD III  
And you. Good night, good night.

GUARD II and III  
Here is our post.  
*(They place themselves about the stage. Ghostly music is heard.)*

GUARD III  
Peace! What noise?

GUARD II  
List, list!  
*(They run back toward each other.)*

GUARD I  
Hark!  
Music i' th' air.

GUARD II  
Under the earth.

GUARD I  
It signs well, does it not?

GUARD III  
No.

GUARD II  
Peace, I say!  
*(Ghostly music and visions.)*  
What should this mean?

GUARD III  
'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,  
Now leaves him.

GUARD I and II  
Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do.

GUARD I, II and III  
How now, masters?

CHORUS  
*(Soldiers)*  
How now? How now? Do you hear this?

GUARD I and II  
Ay. Is it not strange?

CHORUS  
Is it not strange?

GUARD III  
Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

GUARD I and II  
Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.

GUARD III  
Let's see how it will give off.

ALL  
Content. 'Tis strange.  
*(Exit.)*

## SCENE FOUR

*Inside the tent*

*(As the dawn slowly colors the sky, Antony and Cleopatra lie together in a passionate embrace.)*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA  
Oh take, oh take those lips away  
That so sweetly were forsworn,

CLEOPATRA  
And those eyes, like break of day.  
Oh lights that do mislead the morn.  
But my kisses bring again.  
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

ANTONY  
Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen blossom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow

Are those that April wears.  
But first set my poor heart free.  
Bound in those ivy chains by thee.  
*(Reluctantly disentangling himself from Cleopatra's embrace, Antony gets up.)*

ANTONY  
Eros! mine armor, Eros!

CLEOPATRA  
*(tenderly)*  
Sleep a little.

ANTONY  
No, my chuck.  
Eros, come, good fellow, put my iron on.  
If fortune be not ours today.  
It is because we brave her.

*(Eros comes into the tent, bringing Antony's armor. As he is about to fasten it on Antony, Cleopatra pushes him away and takes his place.)*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA  
*(with elation)*  
O thou day O' the world!

CLEOPATRA  
Lord of lords, away!

ANTONY  
*(impetuously)*  
My queen, there's sap in it yet.  
The next time I do fight.  
I'll make death love me.

*(After having kissed Cleopatra once more, Antony begins to walk away, followed by Eros.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Antony!  
*(Antony stops short, looks back, and returns to her. Then, having caught Eros' reproachful glance, breaks away and quickly walks off.)*

## SCENE FIVE

*The Actium battlefield.  
(The Egyptian army is seen drawn up for battle, glittering in the sun.)*

MEN'S CHORUS  
*(Soldiers)*  
On to our ships; to the seaside straightway.  
The morn is fair; order for sea is given.  
They have put forth the haven: forth to man the galleys.  
Trumpeters, with brazen din  
Blast you the navy's ear;  
Make mingle with our tambourines

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together.  
Away!  
*(Exit.)*

*(End of the battle of Actium. Noises of a distant sea-fight. Cleopatra's fleet is seen in the distance, fleeing to Alexandria. Egyptian soldiers are throwing their weapons on the ground. Some are dragging wounded companions. A few of the dying are abandoned on the field.)*

*(Enobarbus enters in desperate anger, shortly followed by other Roman soldiers.)*

ENOBARBUS  
*(agitated)*  
Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.  
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,  
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder;  
To see it, mine eyes are blasted.

GUARD II  
Gods and goddesses.  
What's thy passion?

GUARD IV  
*(angrily)*  
Cleopatra, in the midst of the fight.  
The breese upon her.  
Hoists sails, and flies.

GUARD III  
*(scornfully)*  
We have kissed away kingdoms,  
kissed away provinces.

ENOBARBUS  
Mine honesty and I begin to quarrel.

GUARD I  
Antony, leaving the fight in height, flies after her!  
I never saw an action of such shame.

GUARD II  
O, he has given example for our flight  
Most grossly by his own.

GUARDS III and IV  
Had our general  
Been himself, it had gone well.

ALL  
Cleopatra, in the midst of the fight.  
The breese upon her,  
Hoists sails, and flies.  
*(desperately)*  
What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENOBARBUS  
I will seek some way to leave him.  
Think, and die.

*(Exit, except a few Soldiers. On the desolate battlefield, littered with corpses, a few scavengers appear searching for loot. Enter Antony, Eros and a few wounded Soldiers. Antony surveys the destruction of his army.)*

ANTONY

Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon it.

It is ashamed to bear me.

I am so lated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever.

Fly, fly.

And make your peace with Caesar.

I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders.

*(with mounting anger)*

Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, who

With half the bulk of the world played as I pleased,

Making and marring fortunes.

*(Completely stunned, Eros sinks to his knees and bursts into loud sobs. Antony approaches him, and tenderly lays his hand on Eros' head.)*

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros,

There is left us ourselves

To end ourselves.

Farewell, O friends.

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE SIX

*A Room in Cleopatra's palace*

*(Cleopatra is seated on her throne, surrounded by her court, while addressing Thidias, who is kneeling in front of her. Alexas, Charmian and Iras are standing near the throne.)*

CLEOPATRA

Most kind ambassador,

Say to great Caesar this in deputation;

I kiss his all-conquering hand; tell him I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel.

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hear

The doom of Egypt.

THIDIAS

Give me grace to lay

My duty on your hand.

CLEOPATRA

Your Caesar's father oft,

When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,

Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,

As it rained kisses.

*(offers him her hand)*

*(Enter Antony with soldiers)*

ANTONY

Favors? by Jove that thunders!

What art thou, fellow?

THIDIAS

*(with composure)*

One that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man.

ANTONY

*(wildly)*

Moon and stars! Whip him.

So saucy with the hand of she here...

Whip him, fellows,

Till like a boy you see him cringe his face

And whine aloud for mercy!

*(The soldiers take Thidias away.)*

CLEOPATRA

Why is my love enraged against his love?

ANTONY

*(throwing her to the floor)*

Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving

And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex.

*(turning from her)*

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me!

*(Antony exits, followed by Eros. Immediately after, Charmian and Iras run to Cleopatra and help her to her feet.)*

CLEOPATRA

*(stunned, with great sorrow)*

Help me, my women.

CHARMIAN

To the monument! There lock yourself.

IRAS

And send him word that you are dead.

CLEOPATRA

To the monument!

Alexas, go tell him I have slain myself;

Say that the last I spoke was "Antony."

And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Alexas,

And bring me how he takes my death.

To the monument!

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE SEVEN

*A battlefield. Night.*

*(Enobarbus is lying on the ground, supported by his shield. In the background two Soldiers watch him.)*

ENOBARBUS

Oh, bear me witness; night...

SOLDIER I  
What man is this?

SOLDIER II  
Stand close, and list him.

ENOBARBUS  
Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent.  
*(Enter a Soldier of Caesar.)*

SOLDIER  
Enobarbus, Enobarbus, Antony hath after thee  
Sent all thy treasure and his bounty overplus.  
The messenger at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.  
*(Enobarbus stands up and looks incredulously at him. Then, after a long pause, pushes him away.)*

ENOBARBUS  
*(roughly)*  
I give it you.

SOLDIER  
Mock not, Enobarbus, I tell you true.  
Your emperor still continues a love.  
*(Followed by the other two Soldiers, who hope to share in his booty, he walks off leaving Enobarbus alone on stage.)*

ENOBARBUS  
O sov'reign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts.  
This blows my heart. I fight against thee?  
No, I will go seek some ditch wherein to die.  
*(with despair)*  
I am alone the villain of the earth  
And think I am so most. O Antony  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular,  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master leaver and a fugitive.  
O Antony! O Antony!

## SCENE EIGHT

*Inside Antony's tent. Night.*

*(Antony is sitting on the couch, his head in his hands. Eros is standing near him.)*

EROS  
The last she spoke  
Was 'Antony, most noble Antony!'

ANTONY  
Dead, then?

EROS  
Dead.

ANTONY  
Unarm, Eros. The long day's task is done,  
And we must sleep.  
*(Eros slowly begins to unarm, laying his armor aside.)*  
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. Eros!  
I come, my queen. Eros! Stay for me.  
*(Eros goes back to him.)*  
Where souls do couch on flow'rs, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.  
*(to Eros)*  
When I did make thee free, swors't thou not  
To kill me if I bade thee?

EROS  
*(walking away from him in great anguish)*  
Oh, sir, pardon me.

ANTONY  
Do it, the time is come.  
Draw, do it at once.

EROS  
Turn from me then that noble countenance  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.  
My sword is drawn.  
*(Antony turns from him and kneels down.)*

ANTONY  
Then let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS  
My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANTONY  
*(roughly)*  
Tis said, man, and farewell.

EROS  
Fare thee well, great chief.  
Shall I strike now?

ANTONY  
Now.

EROS  
Why, there then. Thus do I escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.  
*(He kills himself. Antony quickly turns, just in time to catch the falling body in his arms. He lays Eros tenderly on the ground.)*

ANTONY  
Thrice-nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros.  
Come, then; thy master dies thy scholar;  
To do thus I learnt of thee.  
*(Antony falls on his sword.)*  
The guard, ho! O dispatch me!  
*(Antony's guards enter.)*

ANTONY  
Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

GUARDS  
1. Not I.  
2. Nor I.  
3. Not I, nor anyone.  
*(Enter Alexas.)*

ALEXAS  
Where's Antony?  
*(On seeing Antony, Alexas approaches him and, holding back his tears, slowly kneels by him.)*

ALEXAS  
Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.  
*(Antony gasps incredulously.)*

ANTONY  
When did she send thee?

ALEXAS  
Now, my lord.

ANTONY  
Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides.  
Tis the last service I shall command you.  
Take me up;  
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends.  
*(Antony is carried out.)*

CHORUS  
The star is fallen and time is at his period.  
Alas, alas, and woe.  
*(Alexas, before leaving, approaches Eros' body and closes his eyes; then he picks up Antony's fallen sword, and follows.)*

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

### SCENE ONE

*Cleopatra's monument  
(Cleopatra, with Charmian and Iras, stands on a high platform. The entrance below is guarded by Egyptian soldiers)*

CLEOPATRA  
O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHARMIAN  
Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEOPATRA  
No, I will not,  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise,

IRAS  
Madam, be comforted.

CHARMIAN  
We will never go from hence,  
*(Enter Alexas, below)*  
CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS  
How now? Is he dead?

ALEXAS  
His death's upon him, but not dead,  
Look out o' th' other side your monument.  
*(Enter Antony, carried by soldiers, some bearing torches.)*

CLEOPATRA  
*(desperately)*  
O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in, darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world! O Antony.  
Antony, Antony! My man of men!  
Help, Charmian, help, Iras.  
Help, friends below, Let's draw him hither.

ANTONY  
Peace!  
I am dying, Egypt, dying: only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEOPATRA  
I dare not, dear;  
Dear my lord, pardon; I dare not,  
Lest I be taken. But come, come, Antony!  
Help me, my women, we must draw thee up;  
Assist, good friends.

ANTONY  
O quick, or I am gone.  
*(As it is lifted from below, Antony's body is caught by Cleopatra, Charmian and Iras, and with the help of Alexas, it is dragged up onto the platform.)*

CLEOPATRA  
*(mockingly)*  
Here's sport indeed!  
How heavy weighs my lord!  
O come, O come, O come.  
My man of men!  
Help, Charmian, help, Iras.  
Help, friends below.  
Let's draw him hither  
And welcome, welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast  
lived.

Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power.  
Thus would I wear them out.

ANTONY

I am dying, Egypt; my serpent of old Nile!  
*(Holding Antony's body in her arms. Cleopatra kisses him.)*

CHARMIAN, IRAS

Ah, heavy sight!

ANTONY

The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at:  
For I have lived the greatest prince o' th' world.  
The noblest; and do not basely die.  
A Roman, by a Roman valiantly vanquished,  
Now my spirit...is going.  
I can no more!  
*(Antony dies.)*

CLEOPATRA (wildly)

My lord, my lord!  
Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me?  
see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
*(She kisses him wildly. Alexas kneels and puts Antony's sword on his chest.)*

CHARMIAN, IRAS

O withered is the garland of the war.  
The soldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls  
Are level now with men.

CLEOPATRA

The odds is gone:  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.  
I dream't there was an Emperor Antony.  
O such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!  
*(transported)*  
His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm crested the world.  
His delights were dolphinlike, they showed his back  
Above the element they lived in.

CHARMIAN

O Madam!

IRAS

Royal Egypt! Empress!

CLEOPATRA

Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dreamed of?

CHARMIAN. IRAS

Gentle madam. no!

CLEOPATRA

*(with passion)*

You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But if there be, or ever were one such.  
It's past the size of dreaming.

CHARMIAN

Noblest of men! past the size of dreaming...

IRAS

Noblest of men!  
*(Flourish and shouts within. Enter Caesar and his train.)*

CAESAR

Which is the Queen of Egypt?  
*(Cleopatra rises defiantly.)*

DOLABELLA

It is the Emperor, madam.  
*(Cleopatra kneels.)*

CAESAR

Arise! You shall not kneel:  
I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt.

CLEOPATRA

Sir, the gods will have it thus  
My master and my lord I must obey.  
Sole sire o' the world.  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it  
*(hesitatingly)*  
clear...

CAESAR

Cleopatra, be cheered, for we intend so to dispose you.  
As yourself shall give us counsel.  
Feed and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you  
That we remain your friend.  
*(As Cleopatra is about to leave, Caesar suddenly stops her.)*  
*(threatening)*  
But if you seek to lay on us a cruelty  
By taking Antony's course...

CLEOPATRA

My master, and my lord!

CAESAR

Not so. I'll take my leave.

CLEOPATRA

*(not without irony)*  
And may through all the world; 'tis yours.  
*(Exit.)*

CAESAR

Adieu.

*(kneels by Antony's body, lifts his sword, and holds it in front of him)*

The breaking of so great a thing  
Should make a greater crack.  
The death of Antony is not a single doom;

In the name lay a moiety of the world.  
*(Caesar kisses the sword, places it on Anton y's chest. and rises.)*  
*(with passion)*  
O Antony. I have followed thee to this:  
We could not stall together  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sov'reign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
That our stars unreconcilable, our stars should divide  
Our equalness to this.  
*(Caesar exits, while Alexas and Dolabella begin to lift Antony's body. Slow curtain.)*

PRELUDE

## SCENE TWO

*Inside the monument*  
*(A throne stands in the middle of the room. Cleopatra is seen walking back and forth in great agitation, watched by frightened Charmian and Iras.)*

CLEOPATRA  
He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
Be... noble to myself! But hark thee, Charmian...  
*(whispers to her)*

IRAS  
Finish, good lady, the bright day is done  
And we are for the dark...

CLEOPATRA  
We'll bury him; and then. what's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us.  
*(Dolabella enters.)*

DOLABELLA  
Hear me, good madam.  
Your loss is as yourself, great.

CLEOPATRA  
I thank you, sir  
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA  
I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA  
Nay, pray you, sir.

DOLABELLA  
Though he be honorable—

CLEOPATRA  
He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

DOLABELLA  
Madam, he will, I know it.  
*(Cleopatra gives him a ring.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Dolabella, I shall remain your debtor.

DOLABELLA  
I your servant.  
Adieu, good Queen.  
*(Exit.)*  
*(Cleopatra paces back and forth.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Now, Iras, what think'st thou?  
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown  
In Rome as well as I.

IRAS  
The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA  
Nay, 'tis most certain. Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhymer  
Ballad us out o' tune.  
Shall they hoist me up  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet  
And hang me up in chains!  
*(imperiously)*  
Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch  
My best attires.  
*(with rapture)*  
I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony! Sirrah Iras, go.  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,  
And when thou hast done this chare. I'll give thee leave  
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.  
*(Exit Charmian and Iras. Enter a Guardsman.)*

GUARDSMAN  
Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your Highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.  
*(Having slowly ascended the throne, Cleopatra sits.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Let him come in.  
*(Exit Guardsman.)*  
He brings me liberty.  
*(Enter Guardsman and a Rustic, with a basket.)*

GUARDSMAN  
This is the man.

CLEOPATRA  
Avoid, and leave him.  
*(Exit Guardsman.)*  
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

THE RUSTIC  
Truly I have him.

CLEOPATRA  
Remember'st thou any that have died from it?

THE RUSTIC  
Very many, men and women too.  
I heard from one of them no longer than yesterday how she  
died of the biting of it, what pain she felt. Truly, she  
makes a very good report of the worm.

CLEOPATRA  
Ay, ay; farewell.

THE RUSTIC  
The worm's an odd worm. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it  
is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA  
Will it eat me?  
Well, get thee gone, farewell.

THE RUSTIC  
Yes, forsooth.  
I wish you... all joy of the worm.

*(He sets the basket down and, having received a ring from Cleopatra, quickly exits. Immediately after Charmian and Iras enter with Cleopatra's robe and crown. Cleopatra steps down toward them.)*

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.  
*(Surreptitiously, Iras plunges her hand into the basket.)*  
Yare, yare, good Iras: quick, Methinks I hear  
Antony call: I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act.  
*(with increasing intensity)*  
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.  
*(She kisses them. Iras falls and dies. Cleopatra and Charmian bend over Iras' body.)*  
Have I the aspic on my lips? Dost fall?  
*(tenderly)*  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch.  
Which hurts, and is desired.  
*(Cleopatra slowly walks back up to the throne.)*

CHARMIAN  
Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say  
The gods themselves do weep.

CLEOPATRA  
*(grasps an asp in her hand)*  
Come, thou mortal wretch.  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate

Our life at once untie.  
*(applies the asp to her breast)*

CHARMIAN  
O Eastern star!

*(Cleopatra slowly sinks onto the throne. Charmian sits at her feet.)*

CLEOPATRA  
Peace, peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN  
O break! O break!

CLEOPATRA  
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle...  
O Antony! Nay I will take thee, too:  
*(She applies another asp to her throat.)*  
Why should I stay... In this vile world?  
*(Charmian reaches up for the basket and searches inside for an asp which she then applies to her own throat.)*  
Now I feed myself with most delicious poison  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time.  
My man of men!  
*(Cleopatra dies. Charmian reaches toward her and dies. The basket falls from her grasp and rolls down the throne steps, spilling the figs.)*

*(During the following chorus the light on the stage will lower very slowly until, shortly before the curtain, only Cleopatra's face is to be seen.)*

CHORUS  
She looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.  
Take up her bed.  
And bear her women from the monument.  
She shall be buried by her Antony.  
*(with increasing intensity)*  
No grave on earth shall clasp in it  
A pair so famous.  
Our army shall  
In solemn show attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome.



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- A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map*, Op. 15. Robert DeCormier Chorale; members of Symphony of the Air, Vladimir Golschmann conducting. Vanguard VR-2083.
- Vanessa*. Eleanor Steber, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Rosalind Elias, mezzo soprano; Regina Resnik, contralto; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting. RCA Victor ARL2-2094.

## CDs

- Andromache's Farewell*. Martina Arroyo, soprano; Thomas Schippers, conductor; New York Philharmonic. Sony Masterworks MPK 46727.
- Dover Beach*. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Juilliard Quartet. Sony Masterworks MPK 46727.
- Knoxville: Summer of 1915*. Dawn Upshaw, soprano; David Zinman, conductor; Orchestra of St. Luke's. Elektra/Nonesuch 79187-2.

*Producer:* Elizabeth Ostrow  
*Recording engineer:* Aaron Baron  
*Assisting engineers:* Raffaele Cricchi, Berardo di Daniele (RCA, Rome)  
*Tape editor and mixing engineer:* Paul Goodman (RCA, New York)  
*Mastering (LP):* Robert C. Ludwig, Masterdisk  
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New World Records / Recorded Anthology of American Music. Our mission is to record the music of under-represented American composers. New York, NY. [newworldrecords.org](http://newworldrecords.org). 2011(e)ko iraila(e)tik Twitterren. 405 Argazki edo bideo Argazkiak eta bideoak. Txioak. Txioak Txioak, uneko orria. A New World Record is the sixth studio album by Electric Light Orchestra, released in 1976. After their previous three studio recordings failed to chart in their home market, A New World Record became their first top ten album in the UK. It became a global success and reached multi-platinum status in the US and UK. The cover art features the ELO logo, designed by Kosh, for the first time. This logo would be included on most of the group's subsequent releases. New World Records is a record label based in New York City specialising in American music. The label was established in 1975 through a Rockefeller Foundation grant to produce a 100 disc anthology covering 200 years of American music.[1].

New World (disambiguation) The New World is a historic reference to the Americas. New World may also refer to: Contents 1 Music 2 Film and television 3 Publishi

Wikipedia. New World Orphans Studio album by Hed PE Released January 13, 2009 ( Wikipedia. A New World Record is the sixth studio album by Electric Light Orchestra (ELO). It was released in September 1976 on United Artists Records in the U.S., and on 19 November 1976 on Jet Records in the United Kingdom. A New World Record marked ELO's shift towards shorter pop songs, a trend which would continue across their career. Their second album to be recorded at Musicland Studios in Munich, the LP proved to be the band's breakthrough in the UK; after their previous three studio recordings failed to... A New World Record is the platinum-selling sixth studio album by Electric Light Orchestra (ELO). It was released in September 1976 on United Artists Records in the U.S., and on 19 Novemb

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