

# THE TRAGEDIE OF

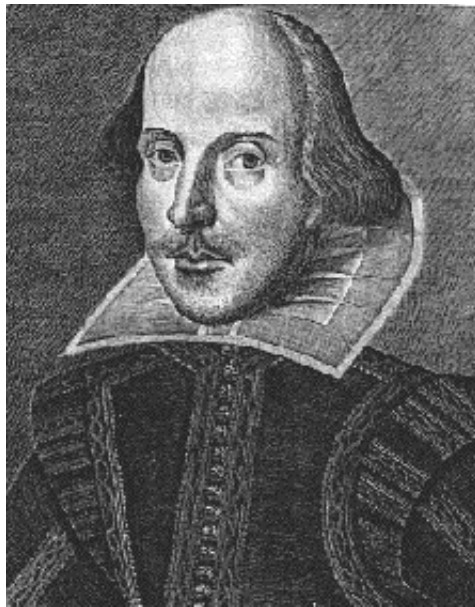
IVLIVS CÆSAR.

by

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

Based on the Folio Text of 1623

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**Shakespeare: First Folio**

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## The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar

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### *Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.*

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2 *Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners*  
 3 *ouer the Stage.*  
 4 *Flavius.*  
 5 Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
 6 Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
 7 (Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke  
 8 Vpon a labouring day, without the signe  
 9 Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?  
 10 *Car.* Why Sir, a Carpenter.  
 11 *Mur.* Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
 12 What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?  
 13 You sir, what Trade are you?  
 14 *Cobl.* Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am  
 15 but as you would say, a Cobler.  
 16 *Mur.* But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.  
 17 *Cob.* A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe  
 18 Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.  
 19 *Fla.* What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,  
 20 what Trade?  
 21 *Cobl.* Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet  
 22 if you be out Sir, I can mend you.  
 23 *Mur.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou  
 24 sawcy Fellow?  
 25 *Cob.* Why sir, Cobble you.  
 26 *Fla.* Thou art a Cobler, art thou?  
 27 *Cob.* Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I  
 28 meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-ters;  
 29 but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:  
 30 when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As pro-per  
 31 men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-on  
 32 my handy- worke.  
 33 *Fla.* But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?  
 34 Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?  
 35 *Cob.* Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my  
 36 selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-day  
 37 to see *Caesar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.  
 38 *Mur.* Wherefore reioyce?  
 39 What Conquest brings he home?

40 What Tributaries follow him to Rome,  
 41 To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?  
 42 You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:  
 43 O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,  
 44 Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?  
 45 Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,  
 46 To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,  
 47 Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate  
 48 The liue- long day, with patient expectation,  
 49 To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:  
 50 And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,  
 51 Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,  
 52 That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes  
 53 To heare the replication of your sounds,  
 54 Made in her Concaue Shores?  
 55 And do you now put on your best attyre?  
 56 And do you now cull out a Holyday?  
 57 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,  
 58 That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?  
 59 Be gone,  
 60 Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,  
 61 Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague  
 62 That needs must light on this Ingratitude.  
 63 *Fla.* Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault  
 64 Assemble all the poore men of your sort;  
 65 Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares  
 66 Into the Channell, till the lowest streame  
 67 Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.  
 68 *Exeunt all the Commoners.*  
 69 See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,  
 70 They vanish tongue- tyed in their guiltinesse:  
 71 Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,  
 72 This way will I: Disrobe the Images,  
 73 If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.  
 74 *Mur.* May we do so?  
 75 You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.  
 76 *Fla.* It is no matter, let no Images  
 77 Be hung with *Caesars* Trophees: Ile about,  
 78 And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;  
 79 So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.  
 80 These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesars* wing,  
 81 Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,  
 82 Who else would soare aboue the view of men,  
 83 And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse. *Exeunt*  
 84 *Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-cius,*  
 85 *Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-ter*

86 *them Murellus and Flavius.*  
 87 *Caes. Calphurnia.*  
 88 *Cask. Peace ho, Caesar speakes.*  
 89 *Caes. Calphurnia.*  
 90 *Calp. Heere my Lord.*  
 91 *Caes. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,*  
 92 *When he doth run his course. Antonio.*  
 93 *Ant. Caesar, my Lord.*  
 94 *Caes. Forget not in your speed Antonio,*  
 95 *To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say, [kk1v*  
 96 *The Barren touched in this holy chace,*  
 97 *Shake off their sterrile curse.*  
 98 *Ant. I shall remember,*  
 99 *When Caesar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.*  
 100 *Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.*  
 101 *Sooth. Caesar.*  
 102 *Caes. Ha? Who calles?*  
 103 *Cask. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.*  
 104 *Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?*  
 105 *I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke*  
 106 *Cry, Caesar: Speake, Caesar is turn'd to heare.*  
 107 *Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.*  
 108 *Caes. What man is that?*  
 109 *Br. A Sooth- sayer bids you beware the Ides of March*  
 110 *Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.*  
 111 *Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Caesar.*  
 112 *Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,*  
 113 *Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.*  
 114 *Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.*  
 115 *Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.*  
 116 *Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?*  
 117 *Brut. Not I.*  
 118 *Cassi. I pray you do.*  
 119 *Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part*  
 120 *Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:*  
 121 *Let me not hinder Cassius your desires;*  
 122 *Ile leaue you.*  
 123 *Cassi. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:*  
 124 *I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse*  
 125 *And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:*  
 126 *You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand*  
 127 *Ouer your Friend, that loues you.*  
 128 *Bru. Cassius,*  
 129 *Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,*  
 130 *I turne the trouble of my Countenance*  
 131 *Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am*

132 Of late, with passions of some difference,  
 133 Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,  
 134 Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:  
 135 But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd  
 136 (Among which number *Cassius* be you one)  
 137 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 138 Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,  
 139 Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.  
 140 *Cassi.* Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,  
 141 By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried  
 142 Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.  
 143 Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?  
 144 *Brutus.* No *Cassius*:  
 145 For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,  
 146 By some other things.  
 147 *Cassius.* 'Tis iust,  
 148 And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,  
 149 That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne  
 150 Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,  
 151 That you might see your shadow:  
 152 I haue heard,  
 153 Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
 154 (Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,  
 155 And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,  
 156 Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.  
 157 *Bru.* Into what dangers, would you  
 158 Leade me *Cassius*?  
 159 That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,  
 160 For that which is not in me?  
 161 *Cas.* Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:  
 162 And since you know, you cannot see your selfe  
 163 So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,  
 164 Will modestly discouer to your selfe  
 165 That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.  
 166 And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:  
 167 Were I a common Laughter, or did vse  
 168 To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue  
 169 To euery new Protester: if you know,  
 170 That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,  
 171 And after scandall them: Or if you know,  
 172 That I professe my selfe in Banquetting  
 173 To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.  
 174 *Flourish, and Shout.*  
 175 *Bru.* What meanes this Showting?  
 176 I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*  
 177 For their King.



178 *Cassi.* I, do you feare it?  
 179 Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.  
 180 *Bru.* I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:  
 181 But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?  
 182 What is it, that you would impart to me?  
 183 If it be ought toward the generall good,  
 184 Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,  
 185 And I will looke on both indifferently:  
 186 For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue  
 187 The name of Honor, more then I feare death.  
 188 *Cassi.* I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,  
 189 As well as I do know your outward fauour.  
 190 Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:  
 191 I cannot tell, what you and other men  
 192 Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,  
 193 I had as lief not be, as liue to be  
 194 In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.  
 195 I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,  
 196 We both haue fed as well, and we can both  
 197 Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.  
 198 For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,  
 199 The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
 200 *Caesar* saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now  
 201 Leape in with me into this angry Flood,  
 202 And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,  
 203 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 204 And bad him follow: so indeed he did.  
 205 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 206 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,  
 207 And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.  
 208 But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,  
 209 *Caesar* cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.  
 210 I (as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,  
 211 Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder  
 212 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber  
 213 Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,  
 214 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is  
 215 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,  
 216 If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.  
 217 He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,  
 218 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke  
 219 How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,  
 220 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,  
 221 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,  
 222 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:  
 223 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

224 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,  
 225 Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*, [kk2  
 226 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
 227 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 228 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,  
 229 And beare the Palme alone.  
 230 *Shout. Flourish.*  
 231 *Bru.* Another generall shout?  
 232 I do beleeeue, that these applauses are  
 233 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.  
 234 *Cassi.* Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
 235 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 236 Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about  
 237 To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.  
 238 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.  
 239 The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,  
 240 But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.  
 241 *Brutus* and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?  
 242 Why should that name be sounded more then yours  
 243 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:  
 244 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:  
 245 Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,  
 246 *Brutus* will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.  
 247 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
 248 Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,  
 249 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.  
 250 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.  
 251 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,  
 252 But it was fam'd with more then with one man?  
 253 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,  
 254 That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?  
 255 Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough  
 256 When there is in it but one onely man.  
 257 O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,  
 258 There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd  
 259 Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,  
 260 As easily as a King.  
 261 *Bru.* That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:  
 262 What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:  
 263 How I haue thought of this, and of these times  
 264 I shall recount heereafter. For this present,  
 265 I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)  
 266 Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,  
 267 I will consider: what you haue to say  
 268 I will with patience heare, and finde a time  
 269 Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

270 Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:  
 271 *Brutus* had rather be a Villager,  
 272 Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome  
 273 Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time  
 274 Is like to lay vpon vs.  
 275 *Cassi.* I am glad that my weake words  
 276 Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*,  
 277 *Enter Caesar and his Traine.*  
 278 *Bru.* The Games are done,  
 279 And *Caesar* is returning.  
 280 *Cassi.* As they passe by,  
 281 Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,  
 282 And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you  
 283 What hath proceeded worthy note to day.  
 284 *Bru.* I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,  
 285 The angry spot doth glow on *Caesars* brow,  
 286 And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;  
 287 *Calphurnia's* Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*  
 288 Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes  
 289 As we haue seene him in the Capitoll  
 290 Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.  
 291 *Cassi.* *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.  
 292 *Caes.* *Antonio.*  
 293 *Ant.* *Caesar.*  
 294 *Caes.* Let me haue men about me, that are fat,  
 295 Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a- nights:  
 296 Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,  
 297 He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.  
 298 *Ant.* Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,  
 299 He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.  
 300 *Caes.* Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:  
 301 Yet if my name were lyable to feare,  
 302 I do not know the man I should auoyd  
 303 So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,  
 304 He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes  
 305 Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,  
 306 As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;  
 307 Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
 308 As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit  
 309 That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.  
 310 Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,  
 311 Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,  
 312 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 313 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
 314 Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*.  
 315 Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,

316 And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him. *Sennit.*  
 317 *Exeunt Caesar and his Train.*  
 318 *Cask.* You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake  
 319 with me?  
 320 *Bru.* I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day  
 321 That *Caesar* lookes so sad.  
 322 *Cask.* Why you were with him, were you not?  
 323 *Bru.* I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.  
 324 *Cask.* Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being  
 325 offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,  
 326 and then the people fell a shouting.  
 327 *Bru.* What was the second noyse for?  
 328 *Cask.* Why for that too.  
 329 *Cassi.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?  
 330 *Cask.* Why for that too.  
 331 *Bru.* Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?  
 332 *Cask.* I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie  
 333 time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine  
 334 honest Neighbors showted.  
 335 *Cassi.* Who offer'd him the Crowne?  
 336 *Cask.* Why *Antony*.  
 337 *Bru.* Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.  
 338 *Caska.* I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of  
 339 it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe  
 340 *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a  
 341 Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I  
 342 told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thin-king,  
 343 he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to  
 344 him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-ing,  
 345 he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then  
 346 he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by,  
 347 and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and  
 348 clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie  
 349 Night- cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking  
 350 breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had  
 351 (almost) choaked *Caesar*: for hee swooned, and fell  
 352 downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,  
 353 for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad  
 354 Ayre. [kk2v  
 355 *Cassi.* But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* swoound?  
 356 *Cask.* He fell downe in the Market- place, and foam'd  
 357 at mouth, and was speechlesse.  
 358 *Brut.* 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.  
 359 *Cassi.* No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I,  
 360 And honest *Caska*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.  
 361 *Cask.* I know not what you meane by that, but I am

362 sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the tag- ragge people did not  
 363 clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-pleas'd  
 364 them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Thea-tre,  
 365 I am no true man.

366 *Brut.* What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

367 *Cask.* Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd  
 368 the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he  
 369 pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat  
 370 to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I  
 371 would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might  
 372 goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When  
 373 he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or  
 374 said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke  
 375 it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I  
 376 stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with  
 377 all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;  
 378 if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done  
 379 no lesse.

380 *Brut.* And after that, he came thus sad away.

381 *Cask.* I.

382 *Cassi.* Did *Cicero* say any thing?

383 *Cask.* I, he spoke Greeke.

384 *Cassi.* To what effect?

385 *Cask.* Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you  
 386 i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd  
 387 at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine  
 388 owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more  
 389 newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flaius*, for pulling Scarffes  
 390 off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.  
 391 There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-ber  
 392 it.

393 *Cassi.* Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

394 *Cask.* No, I am promis'd forth.

395 *Cassi.* Will you Dine with me to morrow?

396 *Cask.* I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your  
 397 Dinner worth the eating.

398 *Cassi.* Good, I will expect you.

399 *Cask.* Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

400 *Brut.* What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?  
 401 He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

402 *Cassi.* So is he now, in execution  
 403 Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,  
 404 How- euer he puts on this tardie forme:  
 405 This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,  
 406 Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words  
 407 With better Appetite.

408 *Brut.* And so it is:  
 409 For this time I will leaue you:  
 410 To morrow, if you please to speake with me,  
 411 I will come home to you: or if you will,  
 412 Come home to me, and I will wait for you.  
 413 *Cassi.* I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.  
 414 *Exit Brutus.*  
 415 Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,  
 416 Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought  
 417 From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,  
 418 That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:  
 419 For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?  
 420 *Caesar* doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.  
 421 If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,  
 422 He should not humor me. I will this Night,  
 423 In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,  
 424 As if they came from seuerall Citizens,  
 425 Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
 426 That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely  
 427 *Caesars* Ambition shall be glanced at.  
 428 And after this, let *Caesar* seat him sure,  
 429 For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.  
 430 *Exit.*  
 431 *Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska,*  
 432 *and Cicero.*  
 433 *Cic.* Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home?  
 434 Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?  
 435 *Cask.* Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth  
 436 Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*,  
 437 I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds  
 438 Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene  
 439 Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,  
 440 To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:  
 441 But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,  
 442 Did I goe through a Tempest- dropping- fire.  
 443 Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,  
 444 Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,  
 445 Incenses them to send destruction.  
 446 *Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?  
 447 *Cask.* A common slaue, you know him well by sight,  
 448 Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne  
 449 Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,  
 450 Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.  
 451 Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,  
 452 Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,  
 453 Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,

454 Without annoying me. And there were drawne  
 455 Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,  
 456 Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw  
 457 Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.  
 458 And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,  
 459 Euen at Noone- day, vpon the Market place,  
 460 Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies  
 461 Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,  
 462 These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:  
 463 For I beleue, they are portentous things  
 464 Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.  
 465 *Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:  
 466 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 467 Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.  
 468 Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?  
 469 *Cask.* He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*  
 470 Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.  
 471 *Cic.* Good- night then, *Caska*:  
 472 This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.  
 473 *Cask.* Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero*.  
 474 *Enter Cassius*.  
 475 *Cassi.* Who's there?  
 476 *Cask.* A Romane.  
 477 *Cassi.* *Caska*, by your Voyce.  
 478 *Cask.* Your Eare is good.  
 479 *Cassius*, what Night is this?  
 480 *Cassi.* A very pleasing Night to honest men.  
 481 *Cask.* Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?  
 482 *Cassi.* Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of  
 483 faults. [kk3  
 484 For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,  
 485 Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;  
 486 And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you see,  
 487 Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder- stone:  
 488 And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open  
 489 The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe  
 490 Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it.  
 491 *Cask.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-|(uens?  
 492 It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,  
 493 When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send  
 494 Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.  
 495 *Cassi.* You are dull, *Caska*:  
 496 And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,  
 497 You doe want, or else you vse not.  
 498 You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,  
 499 And cast your selfe in wonder,

500 To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:  
 501 But if you would consider the true cause,  
 502 Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,  
 503 Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,  
 504 Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,  
 505 Why all these things change from their Ordinance,  
 506 Their Natures, and pre- formed Faculties,  
 507 To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,  
 508 That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,  
 509 To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,  
 510 Vnto some monstrous State.  
 511 Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,  
 512 Most like this dreadfull Night,  
 513 That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,  
 514 As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:  
 515 A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,  
 516 In personall action; yet prodigious growne,  
 517 And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.  
 518 *Cask.* 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:  
 519 Is it not, *Cassius*?  
 520 *Cassi.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
 521 Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;  
 522 But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,  
 523 And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,  
 524 Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.  
 525 *Cask.* Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow  
 526 Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:  
 527 And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,  
 528 In euery place, saue here in Italy.  
 529 *Cassi.* I know where I will weare this Dagger then;  
 530 *Cassius* from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:  
 531 Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;  
 532 Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.  
 533 Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,  
 534 Nor ayre- lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,  
 535 Can be retentiue to the strength of spirit:  
 536 But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,  
 537 Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.  
 538 If I know this, know all the World besides,  
 539 That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,  
 540 I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*  
 541 *Cask.* So can I:  
 542 So euery Bond- man in his owne hand beares  
 543 The power to cancell his Captiuitie.  
 544 *Cassi.* And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?  
 545 Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,



546 But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:  
 547 He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.  
 548 Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,  
 549 Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?  
 550 What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues  
 551 For the base matter, to illuminate  
 552 So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,  
 553 Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this  
 554 Before a willing Bond- man: then I know  
 555 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
 556 And dangers are to me indifferent.  
 557 *Cask.* You speake to *Caska*, and to such a man,  
 558 That is no flearing Tell- tale. Hold, my Hand:  
 559 Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,  
 560 And I will set this foot of mine as farre,  
 561 As who goes farthest.  
 562 *Cassi.* There's a Bargaine made.  
 563 Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already  
 564 Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans  
 565 To vnder- goe, with me, an Enterprize,  
 566 Of Honorable dangerous consequence;  
 567 And I doe know by this, they stay for me  
 568 In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,  
 569 There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;  
 570 And the Complexion of the Element  
 571 Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,  
 572 Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.  
 573 *Enter Cinna.*  
 574 *Caska.* Stand close a while, for heere comes one in  
 575 haste.  
 576 *Cassi.* 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,  
 577 He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?  
 578 *Cinna.* To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*  
 579 *Cymer*?  
 580 *Cassi.* No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate  
 581 To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?  
 582 *Cinna.* I am glad on't.  
 583 What a fearefull Night is this?  
 584 There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.  
 585 *Cassi.* Am I not stay'd for? tell me.  
 586 *Cinna.* Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,  
 587 If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*  
 588 To our party—  
 589 *Cassi.* Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,  
 590 And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,  
 591 Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this

592 In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe  
 593 Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,  
 594 Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde vs.  
 595 Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?  
 596 *Cinna*. All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone  
 597 To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
 598 And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.  
 599 *Cassi*. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.  
 600 *Exit Cinna*.  
 601 Come *Caska*, you and I will yet, ere day,  
 602 See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him  
 603 Is ours already, and the man entire  
 604 Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.  
 605 *Cask*. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:  
 606 And that which would appeare Offence in vs,  
 607 His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,  
 608 Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.  
 609 *Cassi*. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
 610 You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,  
 611 For it is after Mid- night, and ere day,  
 612 We will awake him, and be sure of him.  
 613 *Exeunt*. [kk3v

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### *Actus Secundus.*

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615 *Enter Brutus in his Orchard*.  
 616 *Brut*. What *Lucius*, hoe?  
 617 I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,  
 618 Giue gesse how neere to day— *Lucius*, I say?  
 619 I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.  
 620 When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?  
 621 *Enter Lucius*.  
 622 *Luc*. Call'd you, my Lord?  
 623 *Brut*. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius*:  
 624 When it is lighted, come and call me here.  
 625 *Luc*. I will, my Lord. *Exit*.  
 626 *Brut*. It must be by his death: and for my part,  
 627 I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,  
 628 But for the generall. He would be crown'd:  
 629 How that might change his nature, there's the question?  
 630 It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,  
 631 And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,  
 632 And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,  
 633 That at his will he may doe danger with.

634 Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis- ioynes  
 635 Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Caesar*,  
 636 I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd  
 637 More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,  
 638 That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,  
 639 Where to the Climber vpward turnes his Face:  
 640 But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,  
 641 He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,  
 642 Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 643 By which he did ascend: so *Caesar* may;  
 644 Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell  
 645 Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,  
 646 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
 647 Would runne to these, and these extremities:  
 648 And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,  
 649 Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;  
 650 And kill him in the shell.  
 651 *Enter Lucius.*  
 652 *Luc.* The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:  
 653 Searching the Window for a Flint, I found  
 654 This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure  
 655 It did not lye there when I went to Bed.  
 656 *Giues him the Letter.*  
 657 *Brut.* Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:  
 658 Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?  
 659 *Luc.* I know not, Sir.  
 660 *Brut.* Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.  
 661 *Luc.* I will, Sir. *Exit.*  
 662 *Brut.* The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,  
 663 Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.  
 664 *Opens the Letter, and reades.*  
 665 *Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:*  
 666 *Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.*  
 667 *Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.*  
 668 Such instigations haue beene often dropt,  
 669 Where I haue tooke them vp:  
 670 *Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out:  
 671 Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?  
 672 My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome  
 673 The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.  
 674 *Speake, strike, redresse.* Am I entreated  
 675 To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
 676 If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest  
 677 Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus.*  
 678 *Enter Lucius.*  
 679 *Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fiteene dayes.

680 *Knocke within.*  
681 *Brut.* 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:  
682 Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,  
683 I haue not slept.  
684 Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,  
685 And the first motion, all the *Interim* is  
686 Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:  
687 The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments  
688 Are then in councell; and the state of a man,  
689 Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then  
690 The nature of an Insurrection.  
691 *Enter Lucius.*  
692 *Luc.* Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,  
693 Who doth desire to see you.  
694 *Brut.* Is he alone?  
695 *Luc.* No, Sir, there are moe with him.  
696 *Brut.* Doe you know them?  
697 *Luc.* No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,  
698 And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,  
699 That by no meanes I may discover them,  
700 By any marke of fauour.  
701 *Brut.* Let 'em enter:  
702 They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,  
703 Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,  
704 When euills are most free? O then, by day  
705 Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,  
706 To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,  
707 Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:  
708 For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,  
709 Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,  
710 To hide thee from preuention.  
711 *Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,*  
712 *Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*  
713 *Cass.* I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:  
714 Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?  
715 *Brut.* I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:  
716 Know I these men, that come along with you?  
717 *Cass.* Yes, euery man of them; and no man here  
718 But honors you: and euery one doth wish,  
719 You had but that opinion of your selfe,  
720 Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.  
721 This is *Trebonius*.  
722 *Brut.* He is welcome hither.  
723 *Cass.* This, *Decius Brutus*.  
724 *Brut.* He is welcome too.  
725 *Cass.* This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus*

726 *Cyber.*  
 727 *Brut.* They are all welcome.  
 728 What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues  
 729 Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?  
 730 *Cass.* Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*  
 731 *Decius.* Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake  
 732 heere?  
 733 *Cask.* No.  
 734 *Cin.* O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,  
 735 That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.  
 736 *Cask.* You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:  
 737 Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,  
 738 Which is a great way growing on the South, [kk4  
 739 Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.  
 740 Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North  
 741 He first presents his fire, and the high East  
 742 Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.  
 743 *Bru.* Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.  
 744 *Cas.* And let vs sweare our Resolution.  
 745 *Brut.* No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,  
 746 The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;  
 747 If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,  
 748 And euery man hence, to his idle bed:  
 749 So let high- sighted- Tyranny range on,  
 750 Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these  
 751 (As I am sure they do) beare fire enough  
 752 To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour  
 753 The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,  
 754 What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause  
 755 To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,  
 756 Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,  
 757 And will not palter? And what other Oath,  
 758 Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,  
 759 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.  
 760 Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous  
 761 Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules  
 762 That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare  
 763 Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine  
 764 The euen vertue of our Enterprize,  
 765 Nor th' insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,  
 766 To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance  
 767 Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood  
 768 That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares  
 769 Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,  
 770 If he do breake the smallest Particle  
 771 Of any promise that hath past from him.

772 *Cas.* But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?  
 773 I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.  
 774 *Cask.* Let vs not leaue him out.  
 775 *Cyn.* No, by no meanes.  
 776 *Metel.* O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire  
 777 Will purchase vs a good opinion:  
 778 And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:  
 779 It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,  
 780 Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,  
 781 But all be buried in his Grauity.  
 782 *Bru.* O name him not; let vs not breake with him,  
 783 For he will neuer follow any thing  
 784 That other men begin.  
 785 *Cas.* Then leaue him out.  
 786 *Cask.* Indeed, he is not fit.  
 787 *Decius.* Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Caesar*?  
 788 *Cas.* *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,  
 789 *Marke Antony*, so well belou'd of *Caesar*,  
 790 Should out- liue *Caesar*, we shall finde of him  
 791 A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes  
 792 If he improue them, may well stretch so farre  
 793 As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,  
 794 Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.  
 795 *Bru.* Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,  
 796 To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:  
 797 Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:  
 798 For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Caesar*.  
 799 Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:  
 800 We all stand vp against the spirit of *Caesar*,  
 801 And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:  
 802 O that we then could come by *Caesars* Spirit,  
 803 And not dismember *Caesar*! But (alas)  
 804 *Caesar* must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,  
 805 Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:  
 806 Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,  
 807 Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:  
 808 And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,  
 809 Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,  
 810 And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make  
 811 Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.  
 812 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 813 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.  
 814 And for *Marke Antony*, thinke not of him:  
 815 For he can do no more then *Caesars* Arme,  
 816 When *Caesars* head is off.  
 817 *Cas.* Yet I feare him,

818 For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Caesar*.  
 819 *Bru.* Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:  
 820 If he loue *Caesar*, all that he can do  
 821 Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Caesar*,  
 822 And that were much he should: for he is giuen  
 823 To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.  
 824 *Treb.* There is no feare in him; let him not dye,  
 825 For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.  
 826 *Clocke strikes.*  
 827 *Bru.* Peace, count the Clocke.  
 828 *Cas.* The Clocke hath stricken three.  
 829 *Treb.* 'Tis time to part.  
 830 *Cass.* But it is doubtfull yet,  
 831 Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:  
 832 For he is Superstitious growne of late,  
 833 Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,  
 834 Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:  
 835 It may be, these apparant Prodigies,  
 836 The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,  
 837 And the perswasion of his Augurers,  
 838 May hold him from the Capitoll to day.  
 839 *Decius.* Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,  
 840 I can ore- sway him: For he loues to heare,  
 841 That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,  
 842 And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,  
 843 Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.  
 844 But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,  
 845 He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.  
 846 Let me worke:  
 847 For I can giue his humour the true bent;  
 848 And I will bring him to the Capitoll.  
 849 *Cas.* Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.  
 850 *Bru.* By the eight houre, is that the vttermost?  
 851 *Cin.* Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.  
 852 *Met.* *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Caesar* hard,  
 853 Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;  
 854 I wonder none of you haue thought of him.  
 855 *Bru.* Now good *Metellus* go along by him:  
 856 He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,  
 857 Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.  
 858 *Cas.* The morning comes vpon's:  
 859 Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,  
 860 And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember  
 861 What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.  
 862 *Bru.* Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,  
 863 Let not our lookes put on our purposes,

864 But beare it as our Roman Actors do,  
 865 With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,  
 866 And so good morrow to you euey one. *Exeunt.*  
 867 *Manet Brutus.*  
 868 Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,  
 869 Enjoy the hony- heauy- Dew of Slumber:  
 870 Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies, [kk4v  
 871 Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;  
 872 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.  
 873 *Enter Portia.*  
 874 *Por. Brutus*, my Lord.  
 875 *Bru. Portia*: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?  
 876 It is not for your health, thus to commit  
 877 Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.  
 878 *Por.* Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vnghently *Brutus*  
 879 Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper  
 880 You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,  
 881 Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse  
 882 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 883 You star'd vpon me, with vnghentle lookes.  
 884 I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,  
 885 And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:  
 886 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,  
 887 But with an angry wafter of your hand  
 888 Gaue signe for me to leaue you: So I did,  
 889 Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
 890 Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,  
 891 Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,  
 892 Which sometime hath his houre with euey man.  
 893 It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;  
 894 And could it worke so much vpon your shape,  
 895 As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,  
 896 I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,  
 897 Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.  
 898 *Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.  
 899 *Por. Brutus* is wise, and were he not in health,  
 900 He would embrace the meanes to come by it.  
 901 *Bru.* Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.  
 902 *Por.* Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall  
 903 To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours  
 904 Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?  
 905 And will he steale out of his wholsome bed  
 906 To dare the vile contagion of the Night?  
 907 And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,  
 908 To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,  
 909 You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,



910 Which by the Right and Vertue of my place  
911 I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,  
912 I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,  
913 By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow  
914 Which did incorporate and make vs one,  
915 That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe  
916 Why you are heauy: and what men to night  
917 Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene  
918 Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces  
919 Euen from darknesse.  
920 *Bru.* Kneele not gentle *Portia*.  
921 *Por.* I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.  
922 Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,  
923 Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets  
924 That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,  
925 But as it were in sort, or limitation?  
926 To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,  
927 And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs  
928 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
929 *Portia* is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.  
930 *Bru.* You are my true and honourable Wife,  
931 As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes  
932 That visit my sad heart.  
933 *Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
934 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
935 A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:  
936 I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,  
937 A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.  
938 Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex  
939 Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?  
940 Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
941 I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,  
942 Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound  
943 Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,  
944 And not my Husbands Secrets?  
945 *Bru.* O ye Gods!  
946 Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke*.  
947 Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,  
948 And by and by thy bosome shall partake  
949 The secrets of my Heart.  
950 All my engagements, I will construe to thee,  
951 All the Charractery of my sad browes:  
952 Leaue me with hast. *Exit Portia*.  
953 *Enter Lucius and Ligarius*.  
954 *Lucius*, who's that knockes.  
955 *Luc.* Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

956 *Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.*  
 957 *Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?*  
 958 *Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.*  
 959 *Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue Caius*  
 960 *To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.*  
 961 *Cai. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand*  
 962 *Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.*  
 963 *Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,*  
 964 *Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.*  
 965 *Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,*  
 966 *I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,*  
 967 *Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,*  
 968 *Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniu'r'd vp*  
 969 *My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,*  
 970 *And I will striue with things impossible,*  
 971 *Yea get the better of them. What's to do?*  
 972 *Bru. A peece of worke,*  
 973 *That will make sicke men whole.*  
 974 *Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?*  
 975 *Bru. That must we also. What it is my Caius,*  
 976 *I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,*  
 977 *To whom it must be done.*  
 978 *Cai. Set on your foote,*  
 979 *And with a heart new- fir'd, I follow you,*  
 980 *To do I know not what: but it sufficeth*  
 981 *That Brutus leads me on. Thunder*  
 982 *Bru. Follow me then. Exeunt*  
 983 *Thunder & Lightning.*  
 984 *Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night- gowne.*  
 985 *Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,*  
 986 *Haue beene at peace to night:*  
 987 *Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,*  
 988 *Helpe, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's within?*  
 989 *Enter a Seruant.*  
 990 *Ser. My Lord.*  
 991 *Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,*  
 992 *And bring me their opinions of Successe.*  
 993 *Ser. I will my Lord. Exit*  
 994 *Enter Calphurnia.*  
 995 *Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?*  
 996 *You shall not stirre out of your house to day.*  
 997 *Caes. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,*  
 998 *Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see*  
 999 *The face of Caesar, they are vanished. [kk5*  
 1000 *Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,*  
 1001 *Yet now they fright me: There is one within,*

1002 Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,  
1003 Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.  
1004 A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,  
1005 And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;  
1006 Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds  
1007 In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre  
1008 Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:  
1009 The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:  
1010 Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,  
1011 And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.  
1012 O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vse,  
1013 And I do feare them.  
1014 *Caes.* What can be auoyded  
1015 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?  
1016 Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions  
1017 Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.  
1018 *Calp.* When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,  
1019 The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes  
1020 *Caes.* Cowards dye many times before their deaths,  
1021 The valiant neuer taste of death but once:  
1022 Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,  
1023 It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,  
1024 Seeing that death, a necessary end  
1025 Will come, when it will come.  
1026 *Enter a Seruant.*  
1027 What say the Augurers?  
1028 *Ser.* They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.  
1029 Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,  
1030 They could not finde a heart within the beast.  
1031 *Caes.* The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:  
1032 *Caesar* should be a Beast without a heart  
1033 If he should stay at home to day for feare:  
1034 No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well  
1035 That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.  
1036 We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,  
1037 And I the elder and more terrible,  
1038 And *Caesar* shall go fourth.  
1039 *Calp.* Alas my Lord,  
1040 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:  
1041 Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,  
1042 That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.  
1043 Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,  
1044 And he shall say, you are not well to day:  
1045 Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.  
1046 *Caes.* *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,  
1047 And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

1048 *Enter Decius.*  
1049 Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.  
1050 *Deci. Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,  
1051 I come to fetch you to the Senate house.  
1052 *Caes.* And you are come in very happy time,  
1053 To beare my greeting to the Senators,  
1054 And tell them that I will not come to day:  
1055 Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:  
1056 I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.  
1057 *Calp.* Say he is sicke.  
1058 *Caes.* Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?  
1059 Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,  
1060 To be afear'd to tell Gray- beards the truth:  
1061 *Decius*, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.  
1062 *Deci.* Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,  
1063 Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.  
1064 *Caes.* The cause is in my Will, I will not come,  
1065 That is enough to satisfie the Senate.  
1066 But for your priuate satisfaction,  
1067 Because I loue you, I will let you know.  
1068 *Calphurnia* heere my wife, stayes me at home:  
1069 She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,  
1070 Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts  
1071 Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans  
1072 Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:  
1073 And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,  
1074 And euils imminent; and on her knee  
1075 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.  
1076 *Deci.* This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,  
1077 It was a vision, faire and fortunate:  
1078 Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
1079 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
1080 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke  
1081 Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse  
1082 For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.  
1083 This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.  
1084 *Caes.* And this way haue you well expounded it.  
1085 *Deci.* I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:  
1086 And know it now, the Senate haue concluded  
1087 To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.  
1088 If you shall send them word you will not come,  
1089 Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke  
1090 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
1091 Breake vp the Senate, till another time:  
1092 When *Caesars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.  
1093 If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper

1094 Loe *Caesar* is affraid?  
 1095 Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere loue  
 1096 To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:  
 1097 And reason to my loue is liable.  
 1098 *Caes.* How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*?  
 1099 I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.  
 1100 Giue me my Robe, for I will go.  
 1101 *Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebo-nius,*  
 1102 *Cynna, and Publius.*  
 1103 And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.  
 1104 *Pub.* Good morrow *Caesar*.  
 1105 *Caes.* Welcome *Publius*.  
 1106 What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?  
 1107 Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,  
 1108 *Caesar* was ne're so much your enemy,  
 1109 As that same Ague which hath made you leane.  
 1110 What is't a Clocke?  
 1111 *Bru. Caesar*, 'tis strucken eight.  
 1112 *Caes.* I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.  
 1113 *Enter Antony.*  
 1114 See, *Antony* that Reuels long a- nights  
 1115 Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.  
 1116 *Ant.* So to most Noble *Caesar*.  
 1117 *Caes.* Bid them prepare within:  
 1118 I am too blame to be thus waited for.  
 1119 Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,  
 1120 I haue an houres talke in store for you:  
 1121 Remember that you call on me to day:  
 1122 Be neere me, that I may remember you.  
 1123 *Treb. Caesar* I will: and so neere will I be,  
 1124 That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.  
 1125 *Caes.* Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me.  
 1126 And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.  
 1127 *Bru.* That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,  
 1128 The heart of *Brutus* eames to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*  
 1129 *Enter Artemidorus.*  
 1130 *Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not* [kk5v  
 1131 *neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke*  
 1132 *well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou*  
 1133 *hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all*  
 1134 *these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Im-mortall,*  
 1135 *looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie.*  
 1136 *The mighty Gods defend thee.*  
 1137 Thy Louer, *Artemidorus*.  
 1138 Heere will I stand, till *Caesar* passe along,  
 1139 And as a Sutor will I giue him this:

1140 My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue  
1141 Out of the teeth of Emulation.  
1142 If thou reade this, O *Caesar*, thou mayest liue;  
1143 If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit.*  
1144 *Enter Portia and Lucius.*  
1145 *Por.* I prythee Boy, run to the Senate- house,  
1146 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
1147 Why doest thou stay?  
1148 *Luc.* To know my errand Madam.  
1149 *Por.* I would haue had thee there and heere agen  
1150 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:  
1151 O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,  
1152 Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:  
1153 I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:  
1154 How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.  
1155 Art thou heere yet?  
1156 *Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
1157 Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?  
1158 And so returne to you, and nothing else?  
1159 *Por.* Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,  
1160 For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
1161 What *Caesar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.  
1162 Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?  
1163 *Luc.* I heare none Madam.  
1164 *Por.* Prythee listen well:  
1165 I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,  
1166 And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.  
1167 *Luc.* Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.  
1168 *Enter the Soothsayer.*  
1169 *Por.* Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?  
1170 *Sooth.* At mine owne house, good Lady.  
1171 *Por.* What is't a clocke?  
1172 *Sooth.* About the ninth houre Lady.  
1173 *Por.* Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitoll?  
1174 *Sooth.* Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,  
1175 To see him passe on to the Capitoll.  
1176 *Por.* Thou hast some suite to *Caesar*, hast thou not?  
1177 *Sooth.* That I haue Lady, if it will please *Caesar*  
1178 To be so good to *Caesar*, as to heare me:  
1179 I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.  
1180 *Por.* Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-wards  
1181 him?  
1182 *Sooth.* None that I know will be,  
1183 Much that I feare may chance:  
1184 Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:  
1185 The throng that followes *Caesar* at the heeles,

1186 Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,  
 1187 Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:  
 1188 Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there  
 1189 Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along. *Exit*  
 1190 *Por.* I must go in:  
 1191 Aye me! How weake a thing  
 1192 The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,  
 1193 The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.  
 1194 Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite  
 1195 That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:  
 1196 Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,  
 1197 Say I am merry; Come to me againe,  
 1198 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

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### *Actus Tertius.*

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1200 *Flourish.*  
 1201 *Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Tre-bonius,*  
 1202 *Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Pub-lius,*  
 1203 *and the Soothsayer.*  
 1204 *Caes.* The Ides of March are come.  
 1205 *Sooth.* I *Caesar*, but not gone.  
 1206 *Art.* Haile *Caesar*: Read this Scedule.  
 1207 *Deci.* *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore- read  
 1208 (At your best leysure) this his humble suite.  
 1209 *Art.* O *Caesar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite  
 1210 That touches *Caesar* neerer. Read it great *Caesar*.  
 1211 *Caes.* What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.  
 1212 *Art.* Delay not *Caesar*, read it instantly.  
 1213 *Caes.* What, is the fellow mad?  
 1214 *Pub.* Sirra, giue place.  
 1215 *Cassi.* What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?  
 1216 Come to the Capitoll.  
 1217 *Popil.* I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.  
 1218 *Cassi.* What enterprize *Popillius*?  
 1219 *Popil.* Fare you well.  
 1220 *Bru.* What said *Popillius Lena*?  
 1221 *Cassi.* He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:  
 1222 I feare our purpose is discouered.  
 1223 *Bru.* Looke how he makes to *Caesar*: marke him.  
 1224 *Cassi.* *Caska* be sodaine, for we feare preuention.  
 1225 *Brutus* what shall be done? If this be knowne,  
 1226 *Cassius* or *Caesar* neuer shall turne backe,  
 1227 For I will slay my selfe.

1228 *Bru. Cassius* be constant:  
 1229 *Popillius Lena* speakes not of our purposes,  
 1230 For looke he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.  
 1231 *Cassi. Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*  
 1232 He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.  
 1233 *Deci.* Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,  
 1234 And presently preferre his suite to *Caesar*.  
 1235 *Bru.* He is adrest: presse neere, and second him.  
 1236 *Cin. Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.  
 1237 *Caes.* Are we all ready? What is now amisse,  
 1238 That *Caesar* and his Senate must redresse?  
 1239 *Metel.* Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Caesar*  
 1240 *Metellus Cymber* throwes before thy Seate  
 1241 An humble heart.  
 1242 *Caes.* I must preuent thee *Cymber*:  
 1243 These couchings, and these lowly courtesies  
 1244 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
 1245 And turne pre- Ordinance, and first Decree  
 1246 Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,  
 1247 To thinke that *Caesar* beares such Rebell blood  
 1248 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 1249 With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,  
 1250 Low- crooked- curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:  
 1251 Thy Brother by decree is banished:  
 1252 If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,  
 1253 I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:  
 1254 Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause  
 1255 Will he be satisfied.  
 1256 *Metel.* Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne, [kk6  
 1257 To sound more sweetly in great *Caesars* eare,  
 1258 For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?  
 1259 *Bru.* I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar*:  
 1260 Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may  
 1261 Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.  
 1262 *Caes.* What *Brutus*?  
 1263 *Cassi.* Pardon *Caesar*: *Caesar* pardon:  
 1264 As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,  
 1265 To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.  
 1266 *Caes.* I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,  
 1267 If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:  
 1268 But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,  
 1269 Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,  
 1270 There is no fellow in the Firmament.  
 1271 The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,  
 1272 They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:  
 1273 But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.



1274 So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,  
 1275 And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiuē;  
 1276 Yet in the number, I do know but One  
 1277 That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,  
 1278 Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,  
 1279 Let me a little shew it, euen in this:  
 1280 That I was constant *Cymer* should be banish'd,  
 1281 And constant do remaine to keepe him so.  
 1282 *Cinna*. O *Caesar*.  
 1283 *Caes*. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?  
 1284 *Decius*. Great *Caesar*.  
 1285 *Caes*. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?  
 1286 *Cask*. Speake hands for me.  
 1287 *They stab Caesar*.  
 1288 *Caes*. *Et Tu Brute?* — Then fall *Caesar*. *Dyes*  
 1289 *Cin*. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,  
 1290 Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.  
 1291 *Cassi*. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out  
 1292 Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.  
 1293 *Bru*. People and Senators, be not affrighted:  
 1294 Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.  
 1295 *Cask*. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.  
 1296 *Dec*. And *Cassius* too.  
 1297 *Bru*. Where's *Publius*?  
 1298 *Cin*. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.  
 1299 *Met*. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Caesars*  
 1300 Should chance—  
 1301 *Bru*. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,  
 1302 There is no harme intended to your person,  
 1303 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.  
 1304 *Cassi*. And leaue vs *Publius*, least that the people  
 1305 Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischiefē.  
 1306 *Bru*. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,  
 1307 But we the Doers.  
 1308 *Enter Trebonius*.  
 1309 *Cassi*. Where is *Antony*?  
 1310 *Treb*. Fled to his House amaz'd:  
 1311 Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,  
 1312 As it were Doomesday.  
 1313 *Bru*. Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
 1314 That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time  
 1315 And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.  
 1316 *Cask*. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,  
 1317 Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.  
 1318 *Bru*. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:  
 1319 So are we *Caesars* Friends, that haue abridg'd

1320 His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,  
1321 And let vs bathe our hands in *Caesars* blood  
1322 Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:  
1323 Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,  
1324 And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,  
1325 Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.  
1326 *Cassi.* Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence  
1327 Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,  
1328 In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?  
1329 *Bru.* How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,  
1330 That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,  
1331 No worthier then the dust?  
1332 *Cassi.* So oft as that shall be,  
1333 So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,  
1334 The Men that gaue their Country liberty.  
1335 *Dec.* What, shall we forth?  
1336 *Cassi.* I, euery man away.  
1337 *Brutus* shall leade, and we will grace his heeles  
1338 With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.  
1339 *Enter a Seruant.*  
1340 *Bru.* Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.  
1341 *Ser.* Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;  
1342 Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,  
1343 And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:  
1344 *Brutus* is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;  
1345 *Caesar* was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:  
1346 Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;  
1347 Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.  
1348 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*  
1349 May safely come to him, and be resolu'd  
1350 How *Caesar* hath deseru'd to lye in death,  
1351 *Mark Antony*, shall not loue *Caesar* dead  
1352 So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow  
1353 The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,  
1354 Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,  
1355 With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.  
1356 *Bru.* Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,  
1357 I neuer thought him worse:  
1358 Tell him, so please him come vnto this place  
1359 He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor  
1360 Depart vntouch'd.  
1361 *Ser.* Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Seruant.*  
1362 *Bru.* I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.  
1363 *Cassi.* I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde  
1364 That feares him much: and my misgiuing still  
1365 Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

1366 *Enter Antony.*  
 1367 *Bru.* But heere comes *Antony*:  
 1368 Welcome *Mark Antony*.  
 1369 *Ant.* O mighty *Caesar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?  
 1370 Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,  
 1371 Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.  
 1372 I know not Gentlemen what you intend,  
 1373 Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:  
 1374 If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit  
 1375 As *Caesars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument  
 1376 Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich  
 1377 With the most Noble blood of all this World.  
 1378 I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,  
 1379 Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,  
 1380 Fulfill your pleasure. Lieve a thousand yeeres,  
 1381 I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.  
 1382 No place will please me so, no meane of death,  
 1383 As heere by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,  
 1384 The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.  
 1385 *Bru.* O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:  
 1386 Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,  
 1387 As by our hands, and this our present Acte  
 1388 You see we do: Yet see you but our hands, [kk6v  
 1389 And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:  
 1390 Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:  
 1391 And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,  
 1392 As fire driues out fire, so pitty, pitty  
 1393 Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,  
 1394 To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:  
 1395 Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts  
 1396 Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,  
 1397 With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.  
 1398 *Cassi.* Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,  
 1399 In the disposing of new Dignities.  
 1400 *Bru.* Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd  
 1401 The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,  
 1402 And then, we will deliuer you the cause,  
 1403 Why I, that did loue *Caesar* when I strooke him,  
 1404 Haue thus proceeded.  
 1405 *Ant.* I doubt not of your Wisedome:  
 1406 Let each man render me his bloody hand.  
 1407 First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;  
 1408 Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;  
 1409 Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;  
 1410 Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;  
 1411 Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.

1412 Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,  
 1413 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 1414 That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,  
 1415 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.  
 1416 That I did loue thee *Caesar*, O 'tis true:  
 1417 If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,  
 1418 Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,  
 1419 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,  
 1420 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?  
 1421 Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,  
 1422 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,  
 1423 Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,  
 1424 It would become me better, then to close  
 1425 In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.  
 1426 Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,  
 1427 Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand  
 1428 Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.  
 1429 O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,  
 1430 And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.  
 1431 How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,  
 1432 Dost thou heere lye?  
 1433 *Cassi. Mark Antony.*  
 1434 *Ant.* Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:  
 1435 The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this:  
 1436 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.  
 1437 *Cassi.* I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so.  
 1438 But what compact meane you to haue with vs?  
 1439 Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,  
 1440 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?  
 1441 *Ant.* Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed  
 1442 Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.  
 1443 Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,  
 1444 Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,  
 1445 Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.  
 1446 *Bru.* Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:  
 1447 Our Reasons are so full of good regard,  
 1448 That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,  
 1449 You should be satisfied.  
 1450 *Ant.* That's all I seeke,  
 1451 And am moreouer sutor, that I may  
 1452 Produce his body to the Market- place,  
 1453 And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,  
 1454 Speake in the Order of his Funerall.  
 1455 *Bru.* You shall Marke *Antony*.  
 1456 *Cassi. Brutus*, a word with you:  
 1457 You know not what you do; Do not consent

1458 That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:  
1459 Know you how much the people may be mou'd  
1460 By that which he will vtter.  
1461 *Bru.* By your pardon:  
1462 I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,  
1463 And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death.  
1464 What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest  
1465 He speakes by leaue, and by permission:  
1466 And that we are contented *Caesar* shall  
1467 Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,  
1468 It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.  
1469 *Cassi.* I know not what may fall, I like it not.  
1470 *Bru.* *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Caesars* body:  
1471 You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,  
1472 But speake all good you can deuise of *Caesar*,  
1473 And say you doo't by our permission:  
1474 Else shall you not haue any hand at all  
1475 About his Funerall. And you shall speake  
1476 In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,  
1477 After my speech is ended.  
1478 *Ant.* Be it so:  
1479 I do desire no more.  
1480 *Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*  
1481 *Manet Antony.*  
1482 O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:  
1483 That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.  
1484 Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man  
1485 That euer liued in the Tide of Times.  
1486 Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.  
1487 Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,  
1488 (Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,  
1489 To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)  
1490 A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;  
1491 Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,  
1492 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
1493 Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,  
1494 And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,  
1495 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
1496 Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:  
1497 All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,  
1498 And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,  
1499 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,  
1500 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,  
1501 Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,  
1502 That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth  
1503 With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

1504 *Enter Octauio's Seruant.*  
 1505 You serue *Octauius Caesar*, do you not?  
 1506 *Ser.* I do *Marke Antony*.  
 1507 *Ant.* *Caesar* did write for him to come to Rome.  
 1508 *Ser.* He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,  
 1509 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
 1510 O *Caesar*!  
 1511 *Ant.* Thy heart is bigge: get thee a- part and weepe:  
 1512 Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,  
 1513 Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 1514 Began to water. Is thy Master comming?  
 1515 *Ser.* He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.  
 1516 *Ant.* Post backe with speede,  
 1517 And tell him what hath chanc'd:  
 1518 Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
 1519 No Rome of safety for *Octauius* yet,  
 1520 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a- while, [III  
 1521 Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course  
 1522 Into the Market place: There shall I try  
 1523 In my Oration, how the People take  
 1524 The cruell issue of these bloody men,  
 1525 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 1526 To yong *Octauius*, of the state of things.  
 1527 Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*  
 1528 *Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassi-us,*  
 1529 *with the Plebeians.*  
 1530 *Ple.* We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.  
 1531 *Bru.* Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.  
 1532 *Cassius* go you into the other streete,  
 1533 And part the Numbers:  
 1534 Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;  
 1535 Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,  
 1536 And publike Reasons shall be rendred  
 1537 Of *Caesars* death.  
 1538 1.*Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.  
 1539 2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,  
 1540 When seuerally we heare them rendred.  
 1541 3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.  
 1542 *Bru.* Be patient till the last.  
 1543 Romans, Countrey- men, and Louers, heare mee for my  
 1544 cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for  
 1545 mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you  
 1546 may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake  
 1547 your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee  
 1548 any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesars*, to him  
 1549 I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If

1550 then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cae-sar*,  
 1551 this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but  
 1552 that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were li-uing,  
 1553 and dye all Slaues; then that *Caesar* were dead, to  
 1554 liue all Free- men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him;  
 1555 as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I  
 1556 honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There  
 1557 is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for  
 1558 his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere  
 1559 so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him  
 1560 haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not  
 1561 be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who  
 1562 is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 1563 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.  
 1564 *All.* None *Brutus*, none.  
 1565 *Brutus.* Then none haue I offended. I haue done no  
 1566 more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questi-on  
 1567 of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not  
 1568 extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-forc'd,  
 1569 for which he suffered death.  
 1570 *Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.*  
 1571 Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who  
 1572 though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the be-nefit  
 1573 of his dying, a place in the Co[m]monwealth, as which  
 1574 of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my  
 1575 best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dag-ger  
 1576 for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need  
 1577 my death.  
 1578 *All.* Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.  
 1579 1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.  
 1580 2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.  
 1581 3. Let him be *Caesar*.  
 1582 4. *Caesars* better parts,  
 1583 Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.  
 1584 1. Wee'l bring him to his House,  
 1585 With Showts and Clamors.  
 1586 *Bru.* My Country- men.  
 1587 2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.  
 1588 1. Peace ho.  
 1589 *Bru.* Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,  
 1590 And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:  
 1591 Do grace to *Caesars* Corpes, and grace his Speech  
 1592 Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*  
 1593 (By our permission) is allow'd to make.  
 1594 I do intreat you, not a man depart,  
 1595 Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke. *Exit*

1596 1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.  
 1597 3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,  
 1598 Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.  
 1599 *Ant.* For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.  
 1600 4 What does he say of *Brutus*?  
 1601 3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake  
 1602 He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.  
 1603 4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?  
 1604 1 This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.  
 1605 3 Nay that's certaine:  
 1606 We are blest that Rome is rid of him.  
 1607 2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.  
 1608 *Ant.* You gentle Romans.  
 1609 *All.* Peace hoe, let vs heare him.  
 1610 *An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:  
 1611 I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him:  
 1612 The euill that men do, liues after them,  
 1613 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 1614 So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 1615 Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:  
 1616 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 1617 And greeuously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.  
 1618 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 1619 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 1620 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 1621 Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall.  
 1622 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 1623 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,  
 1624 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 1625 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,  
 1626 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
 1627 Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?  
 1628 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Caesar* hath wept:  
 1629 Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,  
 1630 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 1631 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 1632 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,  
 1633 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,  
 1634 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
 1635 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 1636 And sure he is an Honourable man.  
 1637 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 1638 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;  
 1639 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 1640 What cause with- holds you then, to mourne for him?  
 1641 O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,



1642 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 1643 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,  
 1644 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.  
 1645 1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.  
 1646 2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 1647 *Caesar* ha's had great wrong.  
 1648 3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in |his place. [ll1v  
 1649 4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y Crown,  
 1650 Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.  
 1651 1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.  
 1652 2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.  
 1653 3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.  
 1654 4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.  
 1655 *Ant.* But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might  
 1656 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,  
 1657 And none so poore to do him reuerence.  
 1658 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 1659 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 1660 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:  
 1661 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.  
 1662 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 1663 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 1664 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.  
 1665 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,  
 1666 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:  
 1667 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:  
 1668 (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,  
 1669 And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,  
 1670 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
 1671 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 1672 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 1673 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 1674 Vnto their issue.  
 1675 4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.  
 1676 *All.* The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.  
 1677 *Ant.* Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 1678 It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lou'd you:  
 1679 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
 1680 And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*,  
 1681 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
 1682 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 1683 For if you should, O what would come of it?  
 1684 4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:  
 1685 You shall reade vs the Will, *Caesars* Will.  
 1686 *Ant.* Will you be Patient? Will you stay a- while?  
 1687 I haue o're- shot my selfe to tell you of it,

1688 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 1689 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Caesar*: I do feare it.  
 1690 4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?  
 1691 *All.* The Will, the Testament.  
 1692 2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the  
 1693 Will.  
 1694 *Ant.* You will compell me then to read the Will:  
 1695 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caesar*,  
 1696 And let me shew you him that made the Will:  
 1697 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?  
 1698 *All.* Come downe.  
 1699 2 Descend.  
 1700 3 You shall haue leaue.  
 1701 4 A Ring, stand round.  
 1702 1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.  
 1703 2 Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.  
 1704 *Ant.* Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.  
 1705 *All.* Stand backe: roome, beare backe.  
 1706 *Ant.* If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 1707 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 1708 The first time euer *Caesar* put it on,  
 1709 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 1710 That day he ouercame the *Neruij*.  
 1711 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:  
 1712 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:  
 1713 Through this, the wel- beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,  
 1714 And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:  
 1715 Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,  
 1716 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 1717 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:  
 1718 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.  
 1719 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Caesar* lou'd him:  
 1720 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.  
 1721 For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,  
 1722 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,  
 1723 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
 1724 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 1725 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 1726 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.  
 1727 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?  
 1728 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 1729 Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.  
 1730 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele  
 1731 The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.  
 1732 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold  
 1733 Our *Caesars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,

1734 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.  
 1735 1. O pitteous spectacle!  
 1736 2. O Noble *Caesar*!  
 1737 3. O wofull day!  
 1738 4. O Traitors, Villaines!  
 1739 1. O most bloody sight!  
 1740 2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge  
 1741 About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,  
 1742 Let not a Traitor liue.  
 1743 *Ant.* Stay Country- men.  
 1744 1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.  
 1745 2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with  
 1746 him.  
 1747 *Ant.* Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre |(you vp  
 1748 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:  
 1749 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.  
 1750 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,  
 1751 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,  
 1752 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.  
 1753 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,  
 1754 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is:  
 1755 But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man  
 1756 That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,  
 1757 That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:  
 1758 For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,  
 1759 Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,  
 1760 To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:  
 1761 I tell you that, which you your selues do know,  
 1762 Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths  
 1763 And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,  
 1764 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*  
 1765 Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue  
 1766 In euery Wound of *Caesar*, that should moue  
 1767 The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.  
 1768 *All.* Wee'l Mutiny.  
 1769 1 Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.  
 1770 3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.  
 1771 *Ant.* Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake  
 1772 *All.* Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.  
 1773 *Ant.* Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:  
 1774 Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deseru'd your loues?  
 1775 Alas you know not, I must tell you then:  
 1776 You haue forgot the Will I told you of.  
 1777 *All.* Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.  
 1778 *Ant.* Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesars* Seale:  
 1779 To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

1780 To euery seuerall man, seuentie fiue Drachmaes. [112  
 1781 2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l reuenge his death.  
 1782 3 *Ple.* O Royall *Caesar*.  
 1783 *Ant.* Heare me with patience.  
 1784 *All.* Peace hoe  
 1785 *Ant.* Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,  
 1786 His priuate Arbors, and new- planted Orchards,  
 1787 On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,  
 1788 And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures  
 1789 To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.  
 1790 Heere was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?  
 1791 1.*Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:  
 1792 Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,  
 1793 And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.  
 1794 Take vp the body.  
 1795 2.*Ple.* Go fetch fire.  
 1796 3.*Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.  
 1797 4.*Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.  
 1798 *Exit Plebeians.*  
 1799 *Ant.* Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a- foot,  
 1800 Take thou what course thou wilt.  
 1801 How now Fellow?  
 1802 *Enter Seruant.*  
 1803 *Ser.* Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.  
 1804 *Ant.* Where is hee?  
 1805 *Ser.* He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.  
 1806 *Ant.* And thither will I straight, to visit him:  
 1807 He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
 1808 And in this mood will giue vs any thing.  
 1809 *Ser.* I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*  
 1810 Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.  
 1811 *Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people  
 1812 How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octavius.* *Exeunt*  
 1813 *Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*  
 1814 *Cinna.* I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,  
 1815 And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:  
 1816 I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,  
 1817 Yet something leads me foorth.  
 1818 1. What is your name?  
 1819 2. Whether are you going?  
 1820 3. Where do you dwell?  
 1821 4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?  
 1822 2. Answer euery man directly.  
 1823 1. I, and breiefely.  
 1824 4. I, and wisely.  
 1825 3. I, and truly, you were best.

1826 *Cin.* What is my name? Whether am I going? Where  
 1827 do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then  
 1828 to answer euery man, directly and breefely, wisely and  
 1829 truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.  
 1830 2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar-rie:  
 1831 you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-rectly.  
 1833 *Cinna.* Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funerall.  
 1834 1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?  
 1835 *Cinna.* As a friend.  
 1836 2. That matter is answered directly.  
 1837 4. For your dwelling: breefely.  
 1838 *Cinna.* Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.  
 1839 3. Your name sir, truly.  
 1840 *Cinna.* Truly, my name is *Cinna*.  
 1841 1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.  
 1842 *Cinna.* I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.  
 1843 4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad  
 1844 Verses.  
 1845 *Cin.* I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.  
 1846 4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his  
 1847 name out of his heart, and turne him going.  
 1848 3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:  
 1849 to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House,  
 1850 and some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.  
 1851 *Exeunt all the Plebeians.*

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### *Actus Quartus.*

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1853 *Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*  
 1854 *Ant.* These many then shall die, their names are prickt  
 1855 *Octa.* Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?  
 1856 *Lep.* I do consent.  
 1857 *Octa.* Pricke him downe *Antony*.  
 1858 *Lep.* Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,  
 1859 Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.  
 1860 *Ant.* He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.  
 1861 But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesars* house:  
 1862 Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine  
 1863 How to cut off some charge in Legacies.  
 1864 *Lep.* What? shall I finde you heere?  
 1865 *Octa.* Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*  
 1866 *Ant.* This is a slight vnmeritable man,  
 1867 Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit  
 1868 The three- fold World diuided, he should stand

1869 One of the three to share it?  
 1870 *Octa.* So you thought him,  
 1871 And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye  
 1872 In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.  
 1873 *Ant. Octavius,* I haue seene more dayes then you,  
 1874 And though we lay these Honours on this man,  
 1875 To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,  
 1876 He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,  
 1877 To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,  
 1878 Either led or driuen, as we point the way:  
 1879 And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,  
 1880 Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off  
 1881 (Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,  
 1882 And graze in Commons.  
 1883 *Octa.* You may do your will:  
 1884 But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.  
 1885 *Ant.* So is my Horse *Octavius,* and for that  
 1886 I do appoint him store of Prouender.  
 1887 It is a Creature that I teach to fight,  
 1888 To winde, to stop, to run directly on:  
 1889 His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,  
 1890 And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:  
 1891 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
 1892 A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds  
 1893 On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.  
 1894 Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men  
 1895 Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,  
 1896 But as a property: and now *Octavius,*  
 1897 Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*  
 1898 Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:  
 1899 Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,  
 1900 Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,  
 1901 And let vs presently go sit in Councell,  
 1902 How couert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 1903 And open Perils surest answered.  
 1904 *Octa.* Let vs do so: for we are at the stake, [112v  
 1905 And bayed about with many Enemies,  
 1906 And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare  
 1907 Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*  
 1908 *Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius*  
 1909 *and Pindarus meete them.*  
 1910 *Bru.* Stand ho.  
 1911 *Lucil.* Giue the word ho, and Stand.  
 1912 *Bru.* What now *Lucillius,* is *Cassius* neere?  
 1913 *Lucil.* He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come  
 1914 To do you salutation from his Master.

1915 *Bru.* He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*  
 1916 In his owne change, or by ill Officers,  
 1917 Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish  
 1918 Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand  
 1919 I shall be satisfied.  
 1920 *Pin.* I do not doubt  
 1921 But that my Noble Master will appeare  
 1922 Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.  
 1923 *Bru.* He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*  
 1924 How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.  
 1925 *Lucil.* With courtesie, and with respect enough,  
 1926 But not with such familiar instances,  
 1927 Nor with such free and friendly Conference  
 1928 As he hath vs'd of old.  
 1929 *Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
 1930 A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,  
 1931 When Loue begins to sicken and decay  
 1932 It vseth an enforced Ceremony.  
 1933 There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:  
 1934 But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,  
 1935 Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:  
 1936 *Low March within.*  
 1937 But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,  
 1938 They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades  
 1939 Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?  
 1940 *Lucil.* They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:  
 1941 The greater part, the Horse in generall  
 1942 Are come with *Cassius*.  
 1943 *Enter Cassius and his Powers.*  
 1944 *Bru.* Hearke, he is arriu'd:  
 1945 March gently on to meete him.  
 1946 *Cassi.* Stand ho.  
 1947 *Bru.* Stand ho, speake the word along.  
 1948 Stand.  
 1949 Stand.  
 1950 Stand.  
 1951 *Cassi.* Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.  
 1952 *Bru.* Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?  
 1953 And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.  
 1954 *Cassi.* *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,  
 1955 And when you do them—  
 1956 *Brut.* *Cassius*, be content,  
 1957 Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.  
 1958 Before the eyes of both our Armies heere  
 1959 (Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)  
 1960 Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:

1961 Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,  
 1962 And I will giue you Audience.  
 1963 *Cassi. Pindarus,*  
 1964 Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off  
 1965 A little from this ground.  
 1966 *Bru. Lucillius,* do you the like, and let no man  
 1967 Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.  
 1968 Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt*  
 1969 *Manet Brutus and Cassius.*  
 1970 *Cassi.* That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:  
 1971 You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*  
 1972 For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;  
 1973 Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,  
 1974 Because I knew the man was slighted off.  
 1975 *Bru.* You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.  
 1976 *Cassi.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
 1977 That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.  
 1978 *Bru.* Let me tell you *Cassius,* you your selfe  
 1979 Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,  
 1980 To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold  
 1981 To Vndeseruers.  
 1982 *Cassi.* I, an itching Palme?  
 1983 You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,  
 1984 Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.  
 1985 *Bru.* The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,  
 1986 And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.  
 1987 *Cassi.* Chastisement?  
 1988 *Bru.* Remember March, the Ides of March reme[m]ber:  
 1989 Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iustice sake?  
 1990 What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,  
 1991 And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,  
 1992 That strucke the Formost man of all this World,  
 1993 But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,  
 1994 Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?  
 1995 And sell the mighty space of our large Honors  
 1996 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?  
 1997 I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,  
 1998 Then such a Roman.  
 1999 *Cassi. Brutus,* baite not me,  
 2000 Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe  
 2001 To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,  
 2002 Older in practice, Abler then your selfe  
 2003 To make Conditions.  
 2004 *Bru.* Go too: you are not *Cassius.*  
 2005 *Cassi.* I am.  
 2006 *Bru.* I say, you are not.



2007 *Cassi.* Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:  
 2008 Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.  
 2009 *Bru.* Away slight man.  
 2010 *Cassi.* Is't possible?  
 2011 *Bru.* Heare me, for I will speake.  
 2012 Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?  
 2013 Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?  
 2014 *Cassi.* O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?  
 2015 *Bru.* All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.  
 2016 Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,  
 2017 And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?  
 2018 Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch  
 2019 Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,  
 2020 You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene  
 2021 Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,  
 2022 Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter  
 2023 When you are Waspish.  
 2024 *Cassi.* Is it come to this?  
 2025 *Bru.* You say, you are a better Souldier:  
 2026 Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,  
 2027 And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,  
 2028 I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.  
 2029 *Cass.* You wrong me euery way:  
 2030 You wrong me *Brutus*:  
 2031 I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.  
 2032 Did I say Better?  
 2033 *Bru.* If you did, I care not.  
 2034 *Cass.* When *Caesar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd |(me.  
 2035 *Brut.* Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him. [113  
 2036 *Cassi.* I durst not.  
 2037 *Bru.* No.  
 2038 *Cassi.* What? durst not tempt him?  
 2039 *Bru.* For your life you durst not.  
 2040 *Cassi.* Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,  
 2041 I may do that I shall be sorry for.  
 2042 *Bru.* You haue done that you should be sorry for.  
 2043 There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:  
 2044 For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,  
 2045 That they passe by me, as the idle winde,  
 2046 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
 2047 For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,  
 2048 For I can raise no money by vile meanes:  
 2049 By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,  
 2050 And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring  
 2051 From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash  
 2052 By any indirection. I did send

2053 To you for Gold to pay my Legions,  
 2054 Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?  
 2055 Should I haue answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?  
 2056 When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Couetous,  
 2057 To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,  
 2058 Be ready Gods with all your Thunder- bolts,  
 2059 Dash him to peeces.  
 2060 *Cassi.* I deny'd you not.  
 2061 *Bru.* You did.  
 2062 *Cassi.* I did not. He was but a Foole  
 2063 That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:  
 2064 A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;  
 2065 But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.  
 2066 *Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.  
 2067 *Cassi.* You loue me not.  
 2068 *Bru.* I do not like your faults.  
 2069 *Cassi.* A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.  
 2070 *Bru.* A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare  
 2071 As huge as high Olympus.  
 2072 *Cassi.* Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,  
 2073 Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,  
 2074 For *Cassius* is a- weary of the World:  
 2075 Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,  
 2076 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,  
 2077 Set in a Note- booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate  
 2078 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe  
 2079 My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,  
 2080 And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart  
 2081 Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:  
 2082 If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.  
 2083 I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:  
 2084 Strike as thou did'st at *Caesar*: For I know,  
 2085 When thou did'st hate him worst, y loued'st him better  
 2086 Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.  
 2087 *Bru.* Sheath your Dagger:  
 2088 Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:  
 2089 Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.  
 2090 O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe  
 2091 That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,  
 2092 Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,  
 2093 And strait is cold agen.  
 2094 *Cassi.* Hath *Cassius* liu'd  
 2095 To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,  
 2096 When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?  
 2097 *Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.  
 2098 *Cassi.* Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

2099 *Bru.* And my heart too.  
 2100 *Cassi.* O *Brutus!*  
 2101 *Bru.* What's the matter?  
 2102 *Cassi.* Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,  
 2103 When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me  
 2104 Makes me forgetfull.  
 2105 *Bru.* Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth  
 2106 When you are ouer- earnest with your *Brutus*,  
 2107 Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.  
 2108 *Enter a Poet.*  
 2109 *Poet.* Let me go in to see the Generals,  
 2110 There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete  
 2111 They be alone.  
 2112 *Lucil.* You shall not come to them.  
 2113 *Poet.* Nothing but death shall stay me.  
 2114 *Cas.* How now? What's the matter?  
 2115 *Poet.* For shame you Generals; what do you meane?  
 2116 Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,  
 2117 For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.  
 2118 *Cas.* Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?  
 2119 *Bru.* Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.  
 2120 *Cas.* Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.  
 2121 *Brut.* Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:  
 2122 What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?  
 2123 Companion, hence.  
 2124 *Cas.* Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*  
 2125 *Bru.* *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders  
 2126 Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.  
 2127 *Cas.* And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you  
 2128 Immediately to vs.  
 2129 *Bru.* *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.  
 2130 *Cas.* I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.  
 2131 *Bru.* O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.  
 2132 *Cas.* Of your Philosophy you make no vse,  
 2133 If you giue place to accidentall euils.  
 2134 *Bru.* No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.  
 2135 *Cas.* Ha? *Portia*?  
 2136 *Bru.* She is dead.  
 2137 *Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?  
 2138 O insupportable, and touching losse!  
 2139 Vpon what sicknesse?  
 2140 *Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
 2141 And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*  
 2142 Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death  
 2143 That tydings came. With this she fell distract,  
 2144 And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

2145 *Cas.* And dy'd so?  
 2146 *Bru.* Euen so.  
 2147 *Cas.* O ye immortall Gods!  
 2148 *Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.*  
 2149 *Bru.* Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,  
 2150 In this I bury all vnkindnesse *Cassius.* *Drinkes*  
 2151 *Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.  
 2152 Fill *Lucius,* till the Wine ore- swell the Cup:  
 2153 I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.  
 2154 *Enter Titinius and Messala.*  
 2155 *Brutus.* Come in *Titinius:*  
 2156 Welcome good *Messala:*  
 2157 Now sit we close about this Taper heere,  
 2158 And call in question our necessities.  
 2159 *Cass. Portia,* art thou gone?  
 2160 *Bru.* No more I pray you.  
 2161 *Messala,* I haue heere receiued Letters,  
 2162 That yong *Octavius,* and *Marke Antony*  
 2163 Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,  
 2164 Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi.* [113v  
 2165 *Mess.* My selfe haue Letters of the selfe- same Tenure.  
 2166 *Bru.* With what Addition.  
 2167 *Mess.* That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,  
 2168 *Octavius, Antony,* and *Lepidus,*  
 2169 Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.  
 2170 *Bru.* Therein our Letters do not well agree:  
 2171 Mine speake of seenty Senators, that dy'de  
 2172 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.  
 2173 *Cassi.* *Cicero* one?  
 2174 *Messa.* *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription  
 2175 Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?  
 2176 *Bru.* No *Messala.*  
 2177 *Messa.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?  
 2178 *Bru.* Nothing *Messala.*  
 2179 *Messa.* That me thinkes is strange.  
 2180 *Bru.* Why aske you?  
 2181 Heare you ought of her, in yours?  
 2182 *Messa.* No my Lord.  
 2183 *Bru.* Now as you are a Roman tell me true.  
 2184 *Messa.* Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,  
 2185 For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.  
 2186 *Bru.* Why farewell *Portia:* We must die *Messala:*  
 2187 With meditating that she must dye once,  
 2188 I haue the patience to endure it now.  
 2189 *Messa.* Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.  
 2190 *Cassi.* I haue as much of this in Art as you,

2191 But yet my Nature could not beare it so.  
 2192 *Bru.* Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke  
 2193 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.  
 2194 *Cassi.* I do not thinke it good.  
 2195 *Bru.* Your reason?  
 2196 *Cassi.* This it is:  
 2197 'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,  
 2198 So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,  
 2199 Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,  
 2200 Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.  
 2201 *Bru.* Good reasons must of force giue place to better:  
 2202 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground  
 2203 Do stand but in a forc'd affection:  
 2204 For they haue grud'd vs Contribution.  
 2205 The Enemy, marching along by them,  
 2206 By them shall make a fuller number vp,  
 2207 Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:  
 2208 From which aduantage shall we cut him off.  
 2209 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,  
 2210 These people at our backe.  
 2211 *Cassi.* Heare me good Brother.  
 2212 *Bru.* Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,  
 2213 That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:  
 2214 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,  
 2215 The Enemy encreaseth euery day,  
 2216 We at the height, are readie to decline.  
 2217 There is a Tide in the affayres of men,  
 2218 Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:  
 2219 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
 2220 Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.  
 2221 On such a full Sea are we now a- float,  
 2222 And we must take the current when it serues,  
 2223 Or loose our Ventures.  
 2224 *Cassi.* Then with your will go on: wee'l along  
 2225 Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.  
 2226 *Bru.* The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,  
 2227 And Nature must obey Necessitie,  
 2228 Which we will niggard with a little rest:  
 2229 There is no more to say.  
 2230 *Cassi.* No more, good night,  
 2231 Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.  
 2232 *Enter Lucius.*  
 2233 *Bru.* *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,  
 2234 Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,  
 2235 Good night, and good repose.  
 2236 *Cassi.* O my deere Brother:

2237 This was an ill beginning of the night:  
 2238 Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:  
 2239 Let it not *Brutus*.  
 2240 *Enter Lucius with the Gowne.*  
 2241 *Bru.* Euery thing is well.  
 2242 *Cassi.* Good night my Lord.  
 2243 *Bru.* Good night good Brother.  
 2244 *Tit. Messa.* Good night Lord *Brutus*.  
 2245 *Bru.* Farwell euery one. *Exeunt.*  
 2246 Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?  
 2247 *Luc.* Heere in the Tent.  
 2248 *Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
 2249 Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore- watch'd.  
 2250 Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,  
 2251 Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.  
 2252 *Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.*  
 2253 *Enter Varrus and Claudio.*  
 2254 *Var.* Cals my Lord?  
 2255 *Bru.* I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,  
 2256 It may be I shall raise you by and by  
 2257 On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.  
 2258 *Var.* So please you, we will stand,  
 2259 And watch your pleasure.  
 2260 *Bru.* I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,  
 2261 It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.  
 2262 Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:  
 2263 I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.  
 2264 *Luc.* I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.  
 2265 *Bru.* Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.  
 2266 Canst thou hold vp thy heaue eyes a- while,  
 2267 And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.  
 2268 *Luc.* I my Lord, an't please you.  
 2269 *Bru.* It does my Boy:  
 2270 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.  
 2271 *Luc.* It is my duty Sir.  
 2272 *Brut.* I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,  
 2273 I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.  
 2274 *Luc.* I haue slept my Lord already.  
 2275 *Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:  
 2276 I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,  
 2277 I will be good to thee.  
 2278 *Musicke, and a Song.*  
 2279 This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!  
 2280 Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,  
 2281 That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:  
 2282 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

2283 If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,  
 2284 Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.  
 2285 Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe  
 2286 Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.  
 2287 *Enter the Ghost of Caesar.*  
 2288 How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?  
 2289 I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes  
 2290 That shapes this monstrous Apparition.  
 2291 It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?  
 2292 Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,  
 2293 That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?  
 2294 Speake to me, what thou art.  
 2295 *Ghost.* Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?  
 2296 *Bru.* Why com'st thou? [114  
 2297 *Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.  
 2298 *Brut.* Well: then I shall see thee againe?  
 2299 *Ghost.* I, at *Philippi*.  
 2300 *Brut.* Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:  
 2301 Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.  
 2302 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.  
 2303 Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:  
 2304 *Claudio*.  
 2305 *Luc.* The strings my Lord, are false.  
 2306 *Bru.* He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.  
 2307 *Lucius*, awake.  
 2308 *Luc.* My Lord.  
 2309 *Bru.* Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst  
 2310 out?  
 2311 *Luc.* My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.  
 2312 *Bru.* Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?  
 2313 *Luc.* Nothing my Lord.  
 2314 *Bru.* Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,  
 2315 Thou: Awake.  
 2316 *Var.* My Lord.  
 2317 *Clau.* My Lord.  
 2318 *Bru.* Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?  
 2319 *Both.* Did we my Lord?  
 2320 *Bru.* I: saw you any thing?  
 2321 *Var.* No my Lord, I saw nothing.  
 2322 *Clau.* Nor I my Lord.  
 2323 *Bru.* Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:  
 2324 Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,  
 2325 And we will follow.  
 2326 *Both.* It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

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*Actus Quintus.*

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2328 *Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*  
 2329 *Octa.* Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,  
 2330 You said the Enemy would not come downe,  
 2331 But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:  
 2332 It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,  
 2333 They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:  
 2334 Answering before we do demand of them.  
 2335 *Ant.* Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know  
 2336 Wherefore they do it: They could be content  
 2337 To visit other places, and come downe  
 2338 With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face  
 2339 To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;  
 2340 But 'tis not so.  
 2341 *Enter a Messenger.*  
 2342 *Mes.* Prepare you Generals,  
 2343 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:  
 2344 Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,  
 2345 And something to be done immediately.  
 2346 *Ant. Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on  
 2347 Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.  
 2348 *Octa.* Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.  
 2349 *Ant.* Why do you crosse me in this exigent.  
 2350 *Octa.* I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*  
 2351 *Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*  
 2352 *Bru.* They stand, and would haue parley.  
 2353 *Cassi.* Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.  
 2354 *Octa.* *Mark Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile?  
 2355 *Ant.* No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.  
 2356 Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.  
 2357 *Oct.* Stirre not vntill the Signall.  
 2358 *Bru.* Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?  
 2359 *Octa.* Not that we loue words better, as you do.  
 2360 *Bru.* Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.  
 2361 *An.* In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words  
 2362 Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesars* heart,  
 2363 Crying long liue, Haile *Caesar*.  
 2364 *Cassi. Antony*,  
 2365 The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;  
 2366 But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,  
 2367 And leaue them Hony- lesse.  
 2368 *Ant.* Not stinglesse too.  
 2369 *Bru.* O yes, and soundlesse too:  
 2370 For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,  
 2371 And very wisely threat before you sting.



2372 *Ant.* Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers  
 2373 Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:  
 2374 You shew'd your teethes like Apes,  
 2375 And fawn'd like Hounds,  
 2376 And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesars* feete;  
 2377 Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde  
 2378 Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.  
 2379 *Cassi.* Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,  
 2380 This tongue had not offended so to day.  
 2381 If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.  
 2382 *Octa.* Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,  
 2383 The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:  
 2384 Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,  
 2385 When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?  
 2386 Neuer till *Caesars* three and thirtie wounds  
 2387 Be well aueng'd; or till another *Caesar*  
 2388 Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.  
 2389 *Brut.* *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.  
 2390 Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.  
 2391 *Octa.* So I hope:  
 2392 I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.  
 2393 *Bru.* O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,  
 2394 Yong- man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.  
 2395 *Cassi.* A peeuish School- boy, worthles of such Honor  
 2396 Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.  
 2397 *Ant.* Old *Cassius* still.  
 2398 *Octa.* Come *Antony*: away:  
 2399 Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.  
 2400 If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;  
 2401 If not, when you haue stomackes.  
 2402 *Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army*  
 2403 *Cassi.* Why now blow winde, swell Billow,  
 2404 And swimme Barke:  
 2405 The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.  
 2406 *Bru.* Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.  
 2407 *Lucillius and Messala stand forth.*  
 2408 *Luc.* My Lord.  
 2409 *Cassi.* *Messala.*  
 2410 *Messa.* What sayes my Generall?  
 2411 *Cassi.* *Messala*, this is my Birth- day: at this very day  
 2412 Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:  
 2413 Be thou my witnesse, that against my will  
 2414 (As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set  
 2415 Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.  
 2416 You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,  
 2417 And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,

2418 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 2419 Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne  
 2420 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,  
 2421 Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands, [114v  
 2422 Who to *Philippi* heere consorted vs:  
 2423 This Morning are they fled away, and gone,  
 2424 And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites  
 2425 Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs  
 2426 As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme  
 2427 A Canopy most fatall, vnder which  
 2428 Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.  
 2429 *Messa*. Beleeue not so.  
 2430 *Cassi*. I but beleeue it partly,  
 2431 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd  
 2432 To meete all perils, very constantly.  
 2433 *Bru*. Euen so *Lucillius*.  
 2434 *Cassi*. Now most Noble *Brutus*,  
 2435 The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may  
 2436 Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.  
 2437 But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,  
 2438 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 2439 If we do lose this Battaile, then is this  
 2440 The very last time we shall speake together:  
 2441 What are you then determined to do?  
 2442 *Bru*. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,  
 2443 By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death  
 2444 Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:  
 2445 But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,  
 2446 For feare of what might fall, so to preuent  
 2447 The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,  
 2448 To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,  
 2449 That gouerne vs below.  
 2450 *Cassi*. Then, if we loose this Battaile,  
 2451 You are contented to be led in Triumph  
 2452 Thorow the streets of Rome.  
 2453 *Bru*. No *Cassius*, no:  
 2454 Thinke not thou Noble Romane,  
 2455 That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,  
 2456 He beares too great a minde. But this same day  
 2457 Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.  
 2458 And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:  
 2459 Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:  
 2460 For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*,  
 2461 If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;  
 2462 If not, why then this parting was well made.  
 2463 *Cassi*. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:

2464 If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;  
 2465 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.  
 2466 *Bru.* Why then leade on. O that a man might know  
 2467 The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:  
 2468 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
 2469 And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*  
 2470 *Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.*  
 2471 *Bru.* Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes  
 2472 Vnto the Legions, on the other side.  
 2473 *Lowd Alarum.*  
 2474 Let them set on at once: for I perceiue  
 2475 But cold demeanor in *Octauio's* wing:  
 2476 And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:  
 2477 Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*  
 2478 *Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.*  
 2479 *Cassi.* O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:  
 2480 My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:  
 2481 This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,  
 2482 I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.  
 2483 *Titin.* O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,  
 2484 Who hauing some aduantage on *Octauius*,  
 2485 Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,  
 2486 Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.  
 2487 *Enter Pindarus.*  
 2488 *Pind.* Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,  
 2489 *Mark Antony* is in your Tents my Lord:  
 2490 Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.  
 2491 *Cassi.* This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*  
 2492 Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?  
 2493 *Tit.* They are, my Lord.  
 2494 *Cassi.* *Titinius*, if thou louest me,  
 2495 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,  
 2496 Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes  
 2497 And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd  
 2498 Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.  
 2499 *Tit.* I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*  
 2500 *Cassi.* Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,  
 2501 My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,  
 2502 And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.  
 2503 This day I breathed first, Time is come round,  
 2504 And where I did begin, there shall I end,  
 2505 My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?  
 2506 *Pind. Aboue.* O my Lord.  
 2507 *Cassi.* What newes?  
 2508 *Pind.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about  
 2509 With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,

2510 Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:  
 2511 Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.  
 2512 Hee's tane. *Showt*.  
 2513 And hearke, they shout for ioy.  
 2514 *Cassi*. Come downe, behold no more:  
 2515 O Coward that I am, to liue so long,  
 2516 To see my best Friend tane before my face  
 2517 *Enter Pindarus*.  
 2518 Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,  
 2519 And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,  
 2520 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
 2521 Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,  
 2522 Now be a Free- man, and with this good Sword  
 2523 That ran through *Caesars* bowels, search this bosome.  
 2524 Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,  
 2525 And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,  
 2526 Guide thou the Sword— *Caesar*, thou art reueng'd,  
 2527 Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.  
 2528 *Pin*. So, I am free,  
 2529 Yet would not so haue beene  
 2530 Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,  
 2531 Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,  
 2532 Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.  
 2533 *Enter Titinius and Messala*.  
 2534 *Messa*. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*  
 2535 Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,  
 2536 As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.  
 2537 *Titin*. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.  
 2538 *Messa*. Where did you leaue him.  
 2539 *Titin*. All disconsolate,  
 2540 With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.  
 2541 *Messa*. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?  
 2542 *Titin*. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!  
 2543 *Messa*. Is not that hee?  
 2544 *Titin*. No, this was he *Messala*,  
 2545 But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:  
 2546 As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night; [Il5  
 2547 So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.  
 2548 The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,  
 2549 Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:  
 2550 Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.  
 2551 *Messa*. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.  
 2552 O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:  
 2553 Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
 2554 The things that are not? O Error soone conceyu'd,  
 2555 Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,

2556 But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.  
 2557 *Tit.* What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?  
 2558 *Messa.* Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet  
 2559 The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report  
 2560 Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:  
 2561 For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,  
 2562 Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,  
 2563 As tydings of this sight.  
 2564 *Tit.* Hye you *Messala*,  
 2565 And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:  
 2566 Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?  
 2567 Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they  
 2568 Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,  
 2569 And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their |(showts?  
 2570 Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.  
 2571 But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,  
 2572 Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I  
 2573 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,  
 2574 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:  
 2575 By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,  
 2576 Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*  
 2577 *Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*,  
 2578 *Strato*, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillius*.  
 2579 *Bru.* Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?  
 2580 *Messa.* Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.  
 2581 *Bru.* *Titinius* face is vpward.  
 2582 *Cato.* He is slaine.  
 2583 *Bru.* O *Iulius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,  
 2584 Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords  
 2585 In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*  
 2586 *Cato.* Braue *Titinius*,  
 2587 Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.  
 2588 *Bru.* Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?  
 2589 The last of all the Romans, far thee well:  
 2590 It is impossible, that euer Rome  
 2591 Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares  
 2592 To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.  
 2593 I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.  
 2594 Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,  
 2595 His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,  
 2596 Least it discomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,  
 2597 And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,  
 2598 *Labio* and *Flauio* set our Battailes on:  
 2599 'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,  
 2600 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*  
 2601 *Alarum.* Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,

2602 *and Flavius.*  
 2603 *Bru.* Yet Country- men: O yet, hold vp your heads.  
 2604 *Cato.* What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
 2605 I will proclaime my name about the Field.  
 2606 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.  
 2607 A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.  
 2608 I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.  
 2609 *Enter Souldiers, and fight.*  
 2610 And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,*  
 2611 *Brutus* my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus.*  
 2612 *Luc.* O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?  
 2613 Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,  
 2614 And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.  
 2615 *Sold.* Yeeld, or thou dyest.  
 2616 *Luc.* Onely I yeeld to dye:  
 2617 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:  
 2618 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.  
 2619 *Sold.* We must not: a Noble Prisoner.  
 2620 *Enter Antony.*  
 2621 *2.Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony, Brutus* is tane.  
 2622 *1.Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,  
 2623 *Brutus* is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.  
 2624 *Ant.* Where is hee?  
 2625 *Luc.* Safe *Antony, Brutus* is safe enough:  
 2626 I dare assure thee, that no Enemy  
 2627 Shall euer take aliuie the Noble *Brutus*:  
 2628 The Gods defend him from so great a shame,  
 2629 When you do finde him, or aliuie, or dead,  
 2630 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.  
 2631 *Ant.* This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,  
 2632 A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,  
 2633 Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue  
 2634 Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,  
 2635 And see where *Brutus* be aliuie or dead,  
 2636 And bring vs word, vnto *Octavius* Tent:  
 2637 How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.* [  
 2638 *Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,*  
 2639 *and Volumnius.*  
 2640 *Brut.* Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this  
 2641 Rocke.  
 2642 *Clit.* *Statillius* shew'd the Torch- light, but my Lord  
 2643 He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.  
 2644 *Brut.* Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,  
 2645 It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus.*  
 2646 *Clit.* What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.  
 2647 *Brut.* Peace then, no words.

2648 *Clit.* Ile rather kill my selfe.  
 2649 *Brut.* Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.  
 2650 *Dard.* Shall I doe such a deed?  
 2651 *Clit.* O *Dardanius*.  
 2652 *Dard.* O *Clitus*.  
 2653 *Clit.* What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?  
 2654 *Dard.* To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.  
 2655 *Clit.* Now is that Noble Vessell full of grieffe,  
 2656 That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.  
 2657 *Brut.* Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.  
 2658 *Volum.* What sayes my Lord?  
 2659 *Brut.* Why this, *Volumnius*:  
 2660 The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me  
 2661 Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;  
 2662 And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:  
 2663 I know my houre is come.  
 2664 *Volum.* Not so, my Lord.  
 2665 *Brut.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.  
 2666 Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,  
 2667 Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums*.  
 2668 It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,  
 2669 Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,  
 2670 Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:  
 2671 Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee  
 2672 Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I runne on it.  
 2673 *Vol.* That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.  
 2674 *Alarum still.* [ll5v  
 2675 *Cly.* Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.  
 2676 *Bru.* Farewell to you, and you, and *Volumnius*.  
 2677 *Strato*, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:  
 2678 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:  
 2679 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,  
 2680 I found no man, but he was true to me.  
 2681 I shall haue glory by this loosing day  
 2682 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,  
 2683 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.  
 2684 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue  
 2685 Hath almost ended his liues History:  
 2686 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,  
 2687 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.  
 2688 *Alarum.* *Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.*  
 2689 *Cly.* Fly my Lord, flye.  
 2690 *Bru.* Hence: I will follow:  
 2691 I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,  
 2692 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:  
 2693 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,

2694 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,  
 2695 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?  
 2696 *Str.* Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.  
 2697 *Bru.* Farewell good *Strato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,  
 2698 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes*.  
 2699 *Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,*  
 2700 *Lucillius, and the Army.*  
 2701 *Octa.* What man is that?  
 2702 *Messa.* My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?  
 2703 *Str.* Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,  
 2704 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:  
 2705 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,  
 2706 And no man else hath Honor by his death.  
 2707 *Lucil.* So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*  
 2708 That thou hast prou'd *Lucillius* saying true,  
 2709 *Octa.* All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.  
 2710 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
 2711 *Str.* I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.  
 2712 *Octa.* Do so, good *Messala*.  
 2713 *Messa.* How dyed my Master *Strato*?  
 2714 *Str.* I held the Sword, and he did run on it.  
 2715 *Messa.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,  
 2716 That did the latest seruice to my Master.  
 2717 *Ant.* This was the Noblest Roman of them all:  
 2718 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,  
 2719 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:  
 2720 He, onely in a generall honest thought,  
 2721 And common good to all, made one of them.  
 2722 His life was gentle, and the Elements  
 2723 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,  
 2724 And say to all the world; This was a man.  
 2725 *Octa.* According to his Vertue, let vs vse him  
 2726 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.  
 2727 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,  
 2728 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:  
 2729 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,  
 2730 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes*.

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**FINIS.**

2732 **THE TRAGEDIE OF**  
**IVLIVS CAESAR.**

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