

T H E

W O R K S

O F

S H A K E S P E A R.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

C O N T A I N I N G,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

E D I N B U R G H:

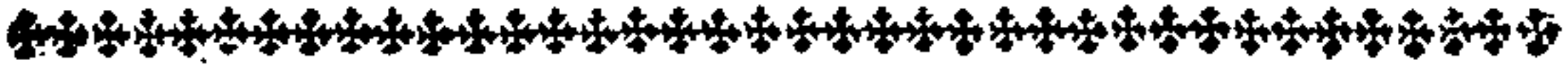
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W. SANDS, HAMILTON & BALFOUR, KINCAID & DONALDSON,
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MDCCLIII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		<i>A Soothsayer.</i>
Octavius Cæsar,	} <i>Triumvirs</i> <i>after the death</i> <i>of Julius Cæ-</i> <i>sar.</i>	<i>Young Cato.</i>
M. Antony,		<i>Cinna, a poet.</i>
M. Æmilius Lepidus,		<i>Another poet.</i>
Cicero.		Lucilius,
Brutus,	} <i>conspirators</i> <i>against Ju-</i> <i>lius Cæsar.</i>	Dardanius,
Cassius,		Volumnius,
Calpurnia,		Varro,
Trebonius,		Clitus,
Ligarius,		Claudius,
Decius Brutus,		Strato,
Metellus Cimber,		Lucius,
Cinna,		Pindarus, <i>servant to Cassius.</i>
Popilius Læna,		<i>Ghost of Julius Cæsar.</i>
Publius,		<i>Cobler.</i>
Flavius,	} <i>Senators.</i>	<i>Carpenter.</i>
Marullus,		<i>Other Plebeians.</i>
Messala,	} <i>Tribunes, and ene-</i> <i>mies to Cæsar.</i>	<i>Calphurnia, wife to Cæsar.</i>
Titinius,		<i>Portia, wife to Brutus.</i>
Artemidorus, <i>a sophist of Cnidos.</i>	} <i>friends to Brutus and</i> <i>Cassius.</i>	<i>Guards and Attendants.</i>

SCENE, for the three first acts, at Rome; afterwards, at an isle near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.
 Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day, without the sign
 Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, Sir,—What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am;
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad
foals.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me;
yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou
faucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl. I
meddle with no mens' matters, nor woman's matters;
but withal I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes;
when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As
proper men as ever trod upon neats-lether have gone
upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
"myself into more work." But indeed, Sir, we make
holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings
What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home?
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows; yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
'To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,

That

That Tyber trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out an holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, wher their basest mettle be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rd the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies*.

Mar. May we do so?
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too; where you perceive them thick,
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

* ceremonies, for religious ornaments.

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course——Antonius,——

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar,——

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A Soothfayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*]

S C E N E III. *Marcus Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some foil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protector; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.]

Bru.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people:
Chuse Cæsar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently:

For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

“ For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

“ The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,

“ Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

“ Leap in with me into this angry flood,

“ And swim * to yonder point?— Upon the word,

“ Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

“ And bid him follow; so indeed he did.

“ The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

“ With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,

“ And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

“ But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,”

Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is:

* *Swimming* was one of the generous exercises practised at Rome, and learned by all the youth of the best birth and quality as a necessary qualification towards good soldiership.

A wretched creature; and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd——Give me some drink, Titinius——
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should

“ So get the start of the majestic world,
 “ And bear the palm alone.” [Shout. Flourish.
 Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. ‘ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world;
 ‘ Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 ‘ Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 ‘ To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 ‘ Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 ‘ The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 ‘ But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 ‘ Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
 ‘ Why should that name be founded, more than your's?
 ‘ Write them together; your's is as fair a name:
 ‘ Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 ‘ Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 ‘ Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 ‘ Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 ‘ Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 ‘ That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
 ‘ Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 ‘ When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 ‘ But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 ‘ When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 ‘ That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? *

Oh!

* ——— but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed; and room enough,

When

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Cæsar and his train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
 And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,——

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. "Let me have men about me that are fat,
 "Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
 "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
 "He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

When there is in it but one only man.

Oh! you and I, &c.

Ant.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
' Yet if my name were liable to fear,
' I do not know the man I should avoid,
' So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
' He is a great observer ; and he looks
' Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
' As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
' Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
' As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
' That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
' Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
' Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
' And therefore are they very dangerous.
' I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
' Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca, to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak
with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him ; and be-
ing offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand
thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, eve-
ry time gentler than other ; and at every putting by,
mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca.

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it: And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath; because Cæsar refus'd the crown; that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation; if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done
" or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to
" think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches
" where I stood, cry'd, "Alas, good soul!"— and
forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed

to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour * me.——I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein, obscurely,
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And, after this, let Cæsar feat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn;
 and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar home?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword),
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,

* To *humour* signifies here to *turn and wind* him, by inflaming his passions.

Houting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
“ These are their reasons, they are natural : ”
For I believe they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth : for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.]

S C E N E VII. *Enter Cassius.*

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heaven's menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults,
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous night ;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble, [heav'ns ?]
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate * ;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
 'To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night ;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol ;
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
 Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
 Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a King :
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. ' I know where I will wear this dagger then.
 ' Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 ' Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 ' Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
 ' Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 ' Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 ' Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 ' But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 ' Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 ' If I know this ; know all the world besides,
 ' That part of tyranny that I do bear,
 ' I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 'The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
 Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,

* Calculate here signifies to foretell or prophesy.

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep ;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome ?
 What rubbish, and what offal ? when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, oh, grief !
 Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman : then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man,
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand :
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable dang'rous consequence ;
 And I do know by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
 And the complexion of the elements
 Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand ;
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste:

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gate ;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : who's that, Metellus Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius ! could you win the Noble Brutus
 To our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper:

And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cæs. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
 See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited; let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and ere day
 We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Brutus's garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. **W**Hat, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot by the progress of the stars
 Give guess how near to day.—— Lucius, I say!
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

[Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him;

But

But for the general. He would be crown'd——

“ How that might change his nature, there's the question.

“ It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;

“ And that craves wary walking: crown him——that——

“ And then I grant we put a sting in him,

“ That at his will he may do danger with.

“ Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

“ Remorse * from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd

More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,

‘ That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

‘ Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;

‘ But when he once attains the upmost round,

‘ He then unto the ladder turns his back,

‘ Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

‘ By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may:

Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these, and these extremities: .

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischief-

And kill him in the shell.

[vous,

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found

This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure

It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him a letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air,

Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself: .

Shall Rome——speak, strike, redress.

* remorse, for mercy,

Brutus,

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome——— thus must I piece it out,
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress.—Am I intreated then
To speak, and strike! O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:
[Knock within.]
[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.———

‘ Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
‘ And the first motion, all the interim is
‘ Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
‘ The genius, and the mortal instruments
‘ Are then in council; and the state of man,
‘ Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
‘ The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. “ O Conspiracy!

“ Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,

“ When evils are most free? O then, by day

“ Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

“ To

“ To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspi-
 “ Hide it in smiles and affability: [racy;
 “ For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
 “ Not Erebus itself were dim enough
 “ To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca; this Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. “ No, not an oath: if that the fate of men,
“ The

“ The sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse, —
 “ If these be motives weak, break off betimes ;
 “ And ev’ry man hence to his idle bed :
 “ So let high-sighted * Tyranny range on,
 “ Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 “ As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 “ To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 “ The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
 “ What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 “ To prick us to redress ? what other bond,
 “ Than secret † Romans, that have spoke the word,
 “ And will not palter ? and what other oath,
 “ Than honesty to honesty engag’d,
 “ That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 “ Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
 “ Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 “ That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes, swear
 “ Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
 “ The even virtue of our enterprise,
 “ Nor th’ insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 “ To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 “ Doth need an oath : when ev’ry drop of blood
 That ev’ry Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass’d from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero ? shall we found him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy mens’ voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his judgment rul’d our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him ;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

* Alluding to a hawk soaring on high, and intent upon its prey.
 † *secret*, for *federate* ; used because secrecy is an essential quality
 in confederations.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! but alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it——“ And, gentle friends,
“ Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
“ Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
“ Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
“ And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
“ Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
“ And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy *, or dreams, and ceremonies *;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him; "for he loves to hear,
" That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
" And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
" Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
" But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
" He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,
Brutus;

And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

* By *fantasy* is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices.

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! fast asleep? it is no matter,
 " Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 " Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 " Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 " Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E III. *Enter Portia.*

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
 It is not for your health, thus to commit [now?
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your's neither. " You've ungently,
 Brutus,

" Stole from my bed. And, yesternight at supper,
 " You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 " Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
 " And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 " You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 " I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 " And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 " Yet I insist'd; yet you answer'd not;
 " But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 " Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
 " Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 " Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
 " Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 " Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? am I yourself,
 But as it were in sort or limitation?
 To keep with you at meals, consort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but withal
 A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
 Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
 Hark, hark, one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And,

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, 'that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods the Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *Changes to Cæsar's palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out, [night;
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar." Who's within?]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord?—

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back: when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
"The valiant never taste of death but once.
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come,"

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

Ser.

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the intrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.*

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he will say, you are not well to-day.
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

S C E N E V. *Enter Decius.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day; tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

* —————to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well;
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, &c.

But for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
 She dream'd last night, she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 These she applies for warnings and portents
 Of evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted.
 It was a vision fair and fortunate:
 Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood: and that great men shall press *

* * * * *

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognifance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
 And know it now, the senate have concluded
 'To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 Lo, Cæsar is afraid!
 Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding † bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphur-
 I am ashamed I did yield to them. [nia?
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

* Some lines seem to be wanting between this and the subsequent
 one.

† proceeding, for advancement, establishment.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And, look, where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o' clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to Most Noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will;—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII. *Changes to a street near the Capitol.*

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not

not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there—
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,

To

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards
him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear ;
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in—aye me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus ! Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord ;
Say, I am merry ; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The street before the Capitol, and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus,
Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar : read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Læna?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant.

Popilius Læna speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.]
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber;
These crouchings and these lowly curtesies,
Might stir the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance* and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel-blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

* pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star.*
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar——

Cæs. Do not, Brutus, bootless kneel!

Cæsca. Speak hands for me. *[They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*——then fall, Cæsar! *[Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

* ——northern star.

Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he.
Let me, &c.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else ; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

S C E N E II. *Enter Trebonius.*

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Casca. Stoop, Romans, stoop ;
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, " Peace ! freedom ! and liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash——How many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*Kneeling.*
And being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death;
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

S C E N E III. *Enter Antony.*

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
"Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
"Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

“ No place will please me so, no means of death,
“ As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
“ The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
Our arms exempt from malice; “ and our hearts,
“ Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas’d
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, your’s; now your’s, Metellus;
Your’s, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, your’s;
Tho’ last, not least in love, your’s, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, ’tis true.
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius——here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.*

Cas. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius.

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so.
 But what compact mean you to have with us ?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands : but was indeed
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek ;
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place,
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——
 You know not what you do ; do not consent [*Aside.*
 That Antony speak in his funeral :

* —— in thy lethe.

O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark, &c.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission ;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

S C E N E IV. *Manet* Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
A curse shall light upon the line of men * ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of War :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
“ And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

* i. e. human race.

“ With Até by his side come hot from hell,
 “ Shall in these confines, with a monarch’s voice,
 “ Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius’s Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Ser. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, [chanc’d,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-people: there shall I try
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar’s body.*]

S C E N E V. *Changes to the Forum.*

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with the
 Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers:
 Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar’s death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The Noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

‘ If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
‘ Cæsar’s, to him I say, that Brutus’s love to Cæsar
‘ was no less than his. If then that friend demand,
‘ why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:
‘ Not that I lov’d Cæsar less, but that I lov’d Rome
‘ more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die
‘ all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-
‘ men? As Cæsar lov’d me, I weep for him; as he
‘ was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I
‘ honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him.
‘ There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, ho-
‘ nour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who’s
‘ here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any,
‘ speak; for him have I offended. Who’s here so rude,
‘ that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for
‘ him have I offended. Who’s here so vile, that will
‘ not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I
‘ offended.—I pause for a reply—

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is inroll’d in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforc’d, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar’s body.

Here comes his body, mourn’d by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same

same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house,

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair,

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are blest'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans——

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;

• If

' If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 ' And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 ' Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 ' (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 ' So are they all, all honourable men),
 ' Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 ' He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 ' But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 ' And Brutus is an honourable man.
 ' He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 ' Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
 ' Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 ' When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
 ' Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 ' Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 ' And Brutus is an honourable man.
 ' You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 ' I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
 ' Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 ' Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 ' And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 ' I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 ' But here I am to speak what I do know.
 ' You all did love him once, not without cause :
 ' What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?
 ' O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 ' And men have lost their reason——Bear with me.
 ' My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 ' And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

2 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ? I fear there will a worse
 come in his place.

3 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious. [crown ;

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
 weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than An-
 tony.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant.

Ant. ' But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 ' Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
 ' And none so poor to do him reverence.
 ' O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 ' Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 ' I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
 ' Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 ' I will not do them wrong : I rather chuse
 ' To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 ' Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 ' But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 ' I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
 ' Let but the commons hear this testament,
 ' (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 ' And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 ' And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 ' Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 ' And dying, mention it within their wills,
 ' Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 ' Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will, read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. ' Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read
 ' It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. [it ;
 ' You are not wood, you are not stones, but men :
 ' And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 ' It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 ' 'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs* ;
 ' For if you should—— O what would come of it ?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. ' Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?
 ' (I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it).
 ' I fear I wrong the honourable men,
 ' Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—— I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers ; the will !
 read the will.

Ant. ' You will compel me then to read the will ?
 ' Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 ' And let me shew you him that made the will.

' Shall

‘ Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

4 Pleb. A ring ; stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for Antony——Most Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. ‘ If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

‘ You all do know this mantle ; I remember,

‘ The first time ever Cæsar put it on,

‘ ’Twas on a summer’s evening in his tent,

‘ That day he overcame the Nervii——

‘ Look ! in this place ran Cassius’ dagger through ;——

‘ See what a rent the envious Casca made.——

‘ Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb’d ;

‘ And as he pluck’d his curst steel away,

‘ Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow’d it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv’d,

If Brutus so unkindly knock’d, or no :

‘ For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar’s angel.

‘ Judge, oh you gods ! how dearly Cæsar lov’d him ;

‘ This, this, was the unkindest cut of all ;

‘ For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,

‘ Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,

‘ Quite vanquish’d him ; then burst his mighty heart :

‘ And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

‘ Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,

‘ Even at the base of Pompey’s statue.

‘ O what a fall was there, my countrymen !

‘ Then I and you, and all of us fell down,

‘ Whilst bloody treason flourish’d over us.

‘ O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel

‘ The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.

‘ Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold

‘ Our Cæsar’s vesture wounded ? look you here !

‘ Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, by traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle !

2 Pleb. O Noble Cæsar !

3 Pleb. O woful day !

4 Pleb. O traitors, villains !

1 Pleb.

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—
seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the Noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.—

Ant. ' Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you
' To such a sudden flood of mutiny. [up
' They that have done this deed are honourable.
' What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
' That made them do it: they are wise and honourable;
' And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
' I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
' I am no orator, as Brutus is:
' But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
' That love my friend; and that they know full well
' That give me public leave to speak of him:
' For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
' Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
' To stir mens' blood; I only speak right on.
' I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
' Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths!
' And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
' And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
' Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
' In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
' The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, Most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will—let's stay, and hear the

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. [will.
To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,
To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Most Noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body:

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dream'd to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors;
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* “That’s as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you’ll bear me a bang for that, I fear:”
“proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar’s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer’d directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he’s a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* “Fear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.”

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name’s *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, fire-brands:

To Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius’s house,
And some to Casca’s, some to Ligarius: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. **T**Hese many then shall die, their names are prick’d.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription:

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off;
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius: and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitations:
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things——Brutus and Cassius

Are

Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Or. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies :
 And some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius
 and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone ; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
 But that my noble master will appear,
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius—
 How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
 But not with such familiar instances,
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,
 As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
 A hot friend cooling ; ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
 But hollow men, like-horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest; and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part; the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[Low march within.]*

Enter Cassius and Soldiers:

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of your's hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but love from us);
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs;
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard the door. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Charges to the inside of Brutus's tent:

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella;
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein

Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence * should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! ———

Bru. “ Remember March, the ides of March remem-
“ Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake? [ber!
“ What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
“ And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
“ That struck the foremost man of all this world,
“ But for supporting robbers; shall we now
“ Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
“ And sell the mighty space of our large honours
“ For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
“ I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
“ Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself;
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself;
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself —
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible? ———

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash cholour?
“ Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

* i. e. small trifling offence.

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart
break;

“ Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,

“ And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho’ it do split you: for, from this day forth,

I’ll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,

I said, an elder soldier; not a better.

[Brutus;

Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv’d, he durst not thus have mov’d
me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!—

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

“ There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

“ For I am arm’d so strong in honesty,

“ That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

“ Which I respect not. I did send to you

“ For certain sums of gold; which you deny’d me;

“ For I can raise no money by vile means:

“ By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

“ And drop my blood for drachma’s, than to wring

“ From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

“ By any indirection. I did send

“ To you for gold to pay my legions,

“ Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?

“ Should

“ Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?

“ When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

“ To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

“ Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

“ Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not——He was but a fool

That brought my answer back.——Brutus hath riv'd my
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear.

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O I could weep.

My spirit from mine eyes !——There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast——within, a heart,

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;

If that thou needst a Roman's, take it forth.

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better.

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

“ Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

“ O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

“ That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

“ Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,

“ And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confesse so much ? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. *

S C E N E IV. *Enter Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. 'O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. 'Of your philosophy you make no use,
'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears sorrow better——Portia's dead.

* —————and leave you so.

[A noise within.]

Poct. [within.] Let me go in to see the Generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [within.] You shall not come to them.

Poct. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now ? what's the matter ?

Poct. For shame, you Generals ; what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha — how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time ;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools ?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone.

[Exit Poet.]

S C E N E, &c.

Cas.

Cas. ' Ha! Portia?—

Bru. ' She is dead.

Cas. ' How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; (for with her death
That tidings came), with this she fell distract;
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erflow the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius;—welcome, good Messala.

S C E N E V. *Enter Titinius and Messala.*

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty senators that dy'd:
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?—

Mes. Cicero is dead; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru.

Bru. No, Meſſala.

Meſ. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Meſſala.

Meſ. That methinks is ſtrange.

Bru. Why aſk you? hear you aught of her in your's?

Meſ. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Meſ. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, farewel, Portia—we muſt die, Meſſala.
With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Meſ. Ev'n ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.

Cæſ. I have as much of this in art * as you;
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi preſently?

Cæſ. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reaſon?

Cæſ. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy ſeek us;
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whiſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.

Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force give place to better:
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on reſreſh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.

Cæſ. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.——You muſt note beſide,
That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe;
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
' There is a tide in the affairs of men,

* art, for philoſophy.

' Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 ' Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 ' Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 ' On such a full sea are we now a-float :
 ' And we must take the current when it serves,
 ' Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more ; good night ;——
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown ; farewell, good Messala,
[*Exit Lucius.*

Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls ;
Let it not, Brutus !

Re-enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !——

S C E N E VI. *Enter Varro and Claudius.*

Var. Calls my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep ;
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
Bru.

Bru. I will not have it so ; lie down, good Sirs :
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy ;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music and a song.]

This is a sleepy tune——O murtherous slumber !

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

But let me see——is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading ? here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

S C E N E VII. Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns !——Ha ! who comes here ?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition !——

It comes upon me——Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.——

Now

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!
 Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his instrument.
 Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
 out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius; sirrah, Claudius, fellow!
 Varro! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
 Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The fields of Philippi, with the two camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered.
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions:
 It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
 They mean to wage us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Generals ;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something's to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oã. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oã. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II. *Drum.*

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cæs. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Oã. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oã. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oã. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, [*words.*]
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cæs. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. *

Bru. You threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains ! you did not so, when your vile dag-
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar. [*gers*]

* ————— stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too :
For you have stoln their buzzing, Antony ;
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains ! &c.

You

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! now, Brutus, thank yourself ;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. [sweat,
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?
Never till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !——

Oct. Come, Antony, away ;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*

S C E N E III.

Cas. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark !

Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

Luc. My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Cas. Messala !

Mes. What says my General ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here conformed us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And, in their steads, do ravenous crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, Most Noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; *** † arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. 'No, Cassius, no; think not, thou Noble Ro-
'That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; [man,

† It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect, *On the contrary, true courage is seen in the arming myself with patience, &c.*

' He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 ' Must end that work the ides of March begun.
 ' And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
 ' Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 ' For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 ' If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 ' If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. ' Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 ' The end of this day's business ere it come:
 ' But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
 And then the end is known: Come, ho, away. [*Exe.*

S C E N E IV. *Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala; ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing;
 A sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my Lord, fly further off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord;
 Fly therefore, Noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him;

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [*Ex. Pind.*]
'This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] Oh, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some light——oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en——and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shouts.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.——Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee.——

[*Kills himself.*]

Pind. So I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E. V. *Enter Titinius and Messala.*

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by Noble Brutus' power,

As

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala;

But Cassius is no more! Oh, setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done:

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men,

The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet

The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this fight:

Tit. Hie you, Messala;

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *[Exit Mes.]*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius!

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee; and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace;

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods——This is a Roman's part:

[Stabs himself.]

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *[Dies.]*

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper intrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look if he have not crown'd dead Cassius!—

Bru. Are yet two Romans living, such as these?
Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well;
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body.
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight:

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[Exit:
Luc.]

Luc. Oh young and Noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son*.

Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die. †

* * * * *

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Giving him money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

2 *Sol.* Room, ho! tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sol.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus.

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see if Brutus be alive or dead;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *Changes to another part of the field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Vol-
lumnus.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

* *i. e.* worthy of him.

† A line seems to be lost here, to this purpose, as if the Soldier had demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which Lucilius answered, *There is so much, &c.*

Bru.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus——

[*Whispering.*]

Cl. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cl. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once;
And this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. [Alarum.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.

[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath

Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.—

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy Lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first,—fare you well, my
Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato;—Cæsar, now be still.
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

S C E N E IX.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the army.*

Octa. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conqu'rors can make but a fire of him:
For Brutus only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found: I thank thee, Bru-
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true. [tus,

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my Lord, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Otho. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ANTONY