



THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Flavius, Marcellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mar. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe
Confidence; which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.
Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

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

Mar. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou
sawey Fellow?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?
Cob. Truly Sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes:
when they are in great danger, I reouer them. As pro-
per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-
on my handy worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, so we are out their shoes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede Sir, we make Holy-
day to see *Caesar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mar. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blockes, you Stones, you worse then senselesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you clim'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That *Tyber* trembled vnderneath her banks

To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?

And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mould'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the decths with Ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Caesar*'s Trophies: Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesar*'s wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-
ter them Marcellus and Flavius.*

Calp. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Caesar* speaks.

Calp. Calphurnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Calp. Stand you directly in *Antony*'s way,
When he doth run his courle. *Antonia,*
Ant. *Caesar* my Lord.

Calp. Forget not in your speed *Antonia,*
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

k k

The

The barren louch'd in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember,
When *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Caf. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Caesar.*
Caf. Ha? Who calles?
Caf. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe,
Caf. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue thriller then all the Musicke
Cy. *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March,
Caf. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-layer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cef. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Caf. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Caesar*.
Caf. What sayst thou to me now? Speake once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Caf. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.
Sener. *Exeunt. Manet Brum, & Cassi.*
Cassi. Will you go fe the order of the court?
Brum. Not I.
Cassi. I pray you do,
Brum. I am not Gamefom: I do lacke some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hindet *Cassius* your desires;
He leaue you.
Cassi. *Brum*, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleness
And heare of Loue, as I was wont to haue a
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Brum. *Cassius*,
Be not decei'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Merely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greu'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor contriue any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brum* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.
Cassi. Then *Brum*, I haue much mistook your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brum*, Can you seee your face?
Brum. No *Cassius*:
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis iust,
And it is very much lamented *Brum*,
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal *Caesar*) speaking of *Brum*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brum* had his eyes.
Brum. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius*?
That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caf. Therefore good *Brum*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection, your Glasse,
Will moderately discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not ialous on me, gentle *Brum*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
To stale with ordinary Oathes my looue
To euery new Protefter: if you know,
That I do fauour on them, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous,
Flourish, and Sener.
Brum. What meanes this Showing?
I do feare, the People choole *Caesar*
For their King.
Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then mult I thinke you would not haue it fo?
Brum. I would no, *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brum*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour,
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as liefe not be, as lue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chasing with her Shores,
Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accourted as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Caesar cri'de, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke,
I as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Peauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth aue the World,
Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cri'd, Giue me some drinke *Tullius*,

A1

As a sickle Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
Sener. *Flourish.*
Brum. Another general shout?
I do beleue, that these applauses are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.
Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates,
The fault (deere *Brum*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings,
Brum and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?
Why should that name be founded more then yours?
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brum will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meane doth this our *Caesar* feede,
That he is growne 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,
That it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompart but one man?
Now is't Rome indeed, and Rome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brum* once, that would haue brook'd
Th' eternall Duell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.
Brum. That you do loue me, I am nothing ialous:
What you would worke me too, I haue some ayne:
How haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further mou'd: What you haue said,
I will consider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare; and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chey vpon this:
Brum had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe for Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
Cassi. I am glad that my weak words
Haue strucke but thus much shew of life from *Brum*.
Enter Caesar and his Traines.
Brum. The Games are done, and I returne
And *Caesar* is returning.
Cassi. As they passe
Plucke *Caesar* by the Sleue, I bid you
And he will (after his fowre fashion) call you
What hath proceeded worthy notice today?
Brum. I will do so; but looke vpon *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Caesar*'s brow,
And all the Nerues about his eye-bowes
Bid bolke with his fierie and piercing eyes.
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll

Being cross in Conference, by some Senators.
Cassi. *Caesar* will tell vs what the matter is.
Caf. *Antony.*
Ant. *Caesar.*
Caf. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinke too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.
Caf. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should auoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musick;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a fort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feard,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*.
Come on my right hand, for this think'ft of Rome.
Ar'd tell me truly, what thou think'ft of him.
Sener.
Exeunt Caesar and his Traines.
Caf. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?
Brum. I *Caesar*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* lookes so sad.
Caf. Why you were with him, were you not?
Brum. I should not then aske *Caesar* what had chanc'd.
Caf. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being
offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a shouting.
Brum. What was the second noyle for?
Caf. Why for that too.
Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Caf. Why for that too.
Brum. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Caf. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie
time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine
honest Neighbors shouted.
Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Brum. Why *Antony*.
Caf. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caesar*.
Caf. I can aswell bee hang'd as tell the manner of
it: I was meeke Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe
Mark, *Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a
Crowne neither, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I
told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my think-
ing, he would faine haue had it: Then hee offer'd it to
him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-
ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offer'd it the third time; hee put it the third time by,
and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howed, and
clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vpon their swete
Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking
breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had
(almost) choaked *Caesar*: for hee (wounded, and fell
downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad
Ayre.

A2

Cass. But loke I pray you: what did *Caesar* wound?
Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd
at mouth, and was speechlesse.
Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.
Cass. No, *Caesar* had it not; but you, and I,
And honest *Caesars*, we have the Falling sicknesse.
Cass. I know not what you mean by that, but I am
sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the rag-ragge people did not
clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-
pleas'd them, as they vic to doe the Players in the Thea-
tre, I am no true man.
Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?
Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd
the common Heard was glad he refus'd them his Throat,
he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat
to cut: and I had bene a man of any Occupation, if I
would not haue taken him at a word. I would I might
goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When
he came to himselfe againe, hee said, 'I hee had done, or
said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke
it was his infirmities. Three or foure Wenches where I
stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with
all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them;
if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse.
Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.
Cass. I.
Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?
Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.
Cass. To what effect?
Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, He ne're looke you
in the face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd
at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine
owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more
newes too: *Marcus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfes
off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fate you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-
ber it.
Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caesars*?
Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.
Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?
Cass. If I be alie, and your minde hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating.
Cass. Good, I will expect you.
Cass. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*
Brut. What a blun fellow is this goodie to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.
Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sauce to his good Wit,
Which giues meqt to make to digest his words
With better Appetite.
Brut. And to it is
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you please, to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.
Brut. *Brutus* is Noble; yet I see
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is matter,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For with a fewe, that cannot be fledge'd,
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In feuerall Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from feuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* see him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worfe dayes endure. *Exit.*
*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassius,
and Cicero.*
Cic. Good euen, *Cassius*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?
Cass. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*,
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knotie Oakes, and I haue seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping fire,
Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Inceneth them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?
Cass. A common clate, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame, and burne
Like twentie Torches ioynd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I haue since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll times a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gaitly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who wore they saw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Euen at Noone, day, vpon the Market place,
Howling, and shrieking. When the prodigies
Doe so conioyntly meet, let men say,
There are aerie Reasons, they are Naturall;
For I beleeeue, they are portentious things,
Vnto the Clymate, that they giue vpon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may confute things as strange, as this,
Cleans from the purpose of the things that seeme
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?
Cass. He doth: for hee is bid to come.
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Cic. Good-night then, *Cassius*.
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.
Cass. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*
Enter Cassius.
Cass. Who's there?
Cass. A Roman.
Cass. By your Name, who?
Cass. Your Name is good.
Cass. What Night is this?
Cass. A very pleasing Night.
Cass. Who euer knew the Heauen should open?
Cass. Those that haue knowne the Earth do faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Cassius*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breth of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayre, and very flash of it. *(uens?)*
Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
ven? It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish vs.
Cass. You are dull, *Cassius*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate;
Why all these things, change from their Ordinance;
Their Natures, and pre-form'd Faculties;
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (*Cassius*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personal action; yet, prodigious growne,
And fearfull, as these fearefull eruptions are.
Cass. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius*?
Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Hate Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yokes, and sufferance, shew vs Worsanish.
Cass. Indeed, they say the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And hee shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy.
Cass. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor syle-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiu to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismiſſe it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*
Cass. So can I:
So euer Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancel his Captiuitie.
Cass. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haile will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weak Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cass. You speake to *Cassius*, and to such a man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Grieces;
And I will fet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.
Cass. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Cassius*, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-ge, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no fire, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, ferie, and most terrible.
Enter Cinna.
Cass. Stand close a while, for heere comes one
that
Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you to?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that *Marcus*
Cymbes?
Cass. No, it is *Cassius*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.
Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party—
Cass. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper;
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna. All, but *Messala Cymbes*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And do bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cass. That done, repaire to *Pompeys* Theater. *Exit Cinna.*
Come *Cassius*, you and I will yet ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Cass. O, hee fits high in all the Peoples hearts;
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like rich Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.
Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guess how nere to day. Lucius, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Exit.

Luc. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. 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 craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-loyes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scornes the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then least he may prevent, And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, arguented,
Would runne to thee, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischeuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper; thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.
Such insigtations haue bene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus mult I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the strettes of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wait'd fiftene dayes.

Knecke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knockes:
Since Cassius first did what me against Caesar,
I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is

Like a Phantasme, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell; and the fate of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

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

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him;

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no means I may discouer them,
By any make of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham't thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To make thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Cato, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?
Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you,
This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Cato; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cymbur.

Brut. They are all welcome,
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
here?

Cato. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and von grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cato. You shall confesse, that you are both decei'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises;
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Which

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare,
Some two months hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Brut. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Caf. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
And every 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) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirit of women. Then Countryment,
What neede we any spur, but our owne caute,
To prick vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ing'ld,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it,
Sweate Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,

Nor th'insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a feuerall Bastardie,
If he do breake the small est Particel
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Caf. But what of Cato? Shall we found him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cato. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metell. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire
Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.

Brut. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.

Caf. Then leaue him out.

Cato. Indeed, he is not fir.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Caf. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,
Should out-lie Caesar, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to stony vs all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our counsil will seeme too bloody, Cinna Cassius;
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Burchers Cinna:
We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the Spirit of men; there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)
Caesar 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 Carcasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Steele vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesars Atme,
When Caesars head is off,
Caf. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to Caesar.

Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him;
If he loue Caesar, all that he can do
Is to him selfe take thought, and dye for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.
Trebat. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will lye, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.

Caf. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Trebat. 'Tis time to part.

Caf. But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perfwasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,

I can ore-lway him: For he loues to heare,

That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,

And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:

For I can giue his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him;

Brut. By the eight howre, is that the vttermoost?

Cin. Be that the vttermoost, and faile not then.

Met. Cinna Ligarius doth beare Caesar hard,

Who rated none for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him;

He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Caf. The morning comes vpon vs:

Wee'l leaue you Brutus,

And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.Brut. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But beare it a our Roman A Gores do,
With vnay'd Spirit, and formall Constance,
And to good morrow to you every one.

Exit.

Metellus Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast allecpe? 'Tis no matter,

Enjoy the honey-hesuy-Dew of slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which

Which busie care draws, in the braimes of men ;
Therefore thou sleepest it to found.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord,
Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.
Por. Not for yours neither. Y'haue vngently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle looks,
I try'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp with your foote:
Yet I inlied, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waifer of your hand
Gave signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much presayd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grieffe.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.
Bru. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto hit sickeesse? No my Brutus,
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vovves of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene
Some five or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle Portia,
Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If I be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cais Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.
Marke, marke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,
All the Charaacters of my sad browes:
Leaue me with halfe. Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.
Lucius, who's that knockes.
Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speake with you.
Bru. Cains Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Cains Ligarius, how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue,
Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue Cains
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.
Cai. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.
Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthfull care to heare of it,
Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deiu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will strue with things impossible;
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.
Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?
Bru. That must we also. What it is my Cains,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on. Thunder.
Bru. Follow me then. Exit

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.
Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue bene at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murder Caesar. Who's within?
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord,
Caf. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.
Ser. I will my Lord. Exit

Enter Calphurnia.
Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your houie to day.
Caf. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished. Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recountes most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionesse hath wchelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawnd, and yeeled vp their dead;
Pierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
in Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horisses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeale about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all vice,
And I do feare them.

Caf. What can be ayoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Ate to the world in generall, as to Caesar.
Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seene,
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes
Caf. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.
What say the Augurers?
Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.
Caf. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No Caesar shall not; Danger knowes full well
That Caesar is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons luter'd in one day,
And the elder and more terrible,
And Caesar shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is confum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the houie, and not your owne.
Wee'l send Mark Antony to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knees, p'cunle in this.
Caf. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.
Enter Decius.
Heere's Decius Brutus, he shall sell them for.
Deci. Caesar, all hail: Good morrow worthy Caesar,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.
Caf. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will app'are to see:
Cannor, is false: and that I dare not, taller
I will not come to day, tell them so.
Calp. Say he is sicke.
Caf. Shall Caesar lend a I ye?
Haue I not anough times bin mine arme to loose,
To be asir'd to tell Gray beard the truth?
Decius go, tell them I stay will not come.
Deci. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Left I be laugh'd at when I sell them so.
Caf. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreamt to night, the saw my Statue,
Which like a fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And shee does the apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuining blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cogniance,
This by Calphurnia's Dreame is signified.

Caf. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar.
If you shall find them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Ap't to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When Caesars wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If Caesar hide himselfe, shall they not whipper
Loe Caesar is afraid?
Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my loue is liars.

Calp. How foolishly do your feares seeme now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cains, Titus
nim, Cynna, and Publius.
And looke where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow Caesar.
Caf. Welcome Publius.
What Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow Cains: Cains Ligarius,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that lame Ague which hath made you leane.
What is 'a Clocke?
Bru. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caf. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.
Enter Antony.
See, Antony that Reuels long a-nights.
Is now withstanding vp. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar,
Caf. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus wisht for.
Now Cynna; now Metellus; what's Titus nim?
I haue an houres talke in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.
Caf. Caesar's wills; and to neere will I be.
That your best Friends shall with I had bene further.
Caf. Good Friends go in and taste some wine with me
And we like Friends will straight way go together.
Bru. This euery like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus eares to thinke vpon.

Enter Aruimidorus.
Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius: come not
within their spheres.

where *Cassius*, have an eye to *Cinna*, will not *Trebonius*, marke well *Metellus Cymbel*, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd *Cassius Ligarius*. There is but one minde in all these men, and is bent against *Caesar*: If thou best not Immortal, looke about you: *Securis* gives way to *Conspiracie*. The mighty *Coels* defend thea.

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus*.

Heere will I stand, till *Caesar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that *Vertue* cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Caesar*, thou mayest liue
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter *Portia* and *Lucius*.

Exit.

Por. I prythee *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 haue had thee here and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twixt my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne 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 *Caesar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke *Boy*, what noyse is that?

Luc. Heare none *Madam*.
Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a busling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc. Sooth *Madam*, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soubhayer.
Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
Soub. At mine owne house, good *Lady*.
Por. What is't a clocke?
Soub. About the ninth houre *Lady*.
Por. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitoll?
Soub. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Caesar*, hast thou not?
Soub. That I haue *Lady*, if it will please *Caesar*
To be so good as *Caesar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?
Soub. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chauce:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that follows *Caesar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Pretors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
He get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along.

Exit.

Por. I must go in:
Why me? How would a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize,
Sith the *Boy* heard thee *Brutus* hath a suite:
That *Caesar* will not graunt: O! grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord.

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter *Caesar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Caska*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*, *Publius*, and the Soubhayer.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.
Soub. I *Caesar*, but not gone.
Art. Haile *Caesar*: Read this Scedule.
Deci. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best iudice) this his humble suite,
Art. O *Caesar*, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches *Caesar* neerer. Read it great *Caesar*.
Cas. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.
Art. Delay not *Caesar*, read it instantly.
Cas. What is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, giue place.
Cassi. What, vrgе you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I with your enterprize to day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprize *Popillius*?
Popil. Fare you well.
Br. What said *Popillius Lena*?
Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discouered.
Br. Looke how he makes to *Caesar*: marke him.
Cassi. *Caska* be fodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Caesar* neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Br. *Cassius* be constant:
Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.
Cassi. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for looke you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Deci. Where is *Metellus Cymbel*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Caesar*.
Br. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.
Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.
Cas. Are we all ready? What is now a'chasse,
That *Caesar* and his Senate must redresse?
Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Caesar*
Metellus Cymbel throwes before thy Seate
An humble heert.

Cas. I must present thee *Cymbel*:
These couchings, and these lowly courttesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And tume pre-Ordinance, and first Decreee
Into the lane of Children. Be neer fond.
To thinke that *Caesar* beses such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell flawing:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curie out of my way:
Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To

To found more sweetly in great *Caesar*'s eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Br. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymbel* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cas. What *Brutus*?
Cassi. Pardon *Caesar*: *Caesar* pardon:
As low as to thy foote doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge enfranchisement for *Publius Cymbel*.
Cas. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me:
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place,
So, in the World; 'Tis I, I should be well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiu;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That wassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion, and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this:
That I was constant *Cymbel* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.
Cinna. O *Caesar*.
Cas. Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Caesar*.
Cas. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.

They shab *Caesar*.
Cas. Et Tu *Brutus*? Then fall *Caesar*.
Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead.
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Cas. Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.
Br. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid,
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Cas. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Cassius* too.
Br. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, leaſt some Friend of *Caesar*'s
Should chauce —

Br. Talkenot of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: fo tell them *Publius*.
Cas. And leaue vs *Publius*, leaſt that the people
Rubbing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.
Br. Do so, and let no man abide this dede,
But we the Doers.

Enter *Trebonius*.
Cassi. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomed day.

Br. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.
Cas. Why he that cuts out twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of feareing death.
Br. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Caesar*'s Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of feareing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Caesar*'s blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beincaze our Swords:

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And waing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and waiſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Br. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?
Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. I, euery man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.
Br. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antony*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing;
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him;
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be reſolu'd
How *Caesar* hath defeyd'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue *Caesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
I through the hazards of this vtrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

Br. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,
I neuer thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently. Exit Seruant.
Br. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend,
Cassi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiuing still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter *Antony*.
Br. But heere comes *Antony*:
Welcome *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Caesar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Whoe else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Caesar*'s deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whilst't your purpled hands do reeke and smooke,
Fullfill your pleasure. Lye a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirit of this Age.
Br. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and crull,
As by our hands, and this our present Age
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done: Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull: And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome, As fire driues out fire, so pittie pittie Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part, To you, our Swords haue leaden points Marke Antony: Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts Of Brothers temper, do receive you in, With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence. Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans, In the disclosing of new Dignities. Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeard The Multitude, beside themselues with feare, And then, we will deliuer you the cause, Why I, that did loue Caesar when I strooke him, Haue thus proceeded. Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome: 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 yours; now yours Metellus; Yours Cinna; and my valiant Caska yours; Though last, not least in loue, yours good Trebonius, Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say, My credit now stands on such slippery ground, That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me, Either a Coward, or a Flatterer. That I did loue thee Caesar, O 'tis true: If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now, Shall it not greue thee deerer then thy death, To see thy Antony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes? Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse, Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood, It would become me better, then to close In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me Iulius, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart, Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crim'on'd in thy Lethee. O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart, And this indeed, O World, the Harr of thee, How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes, Dost thou heere lye? Cassi. Marke Antony. Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius: The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this: Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie. Cassi. I blame you not for praising Caesar so, But what compact meane you to haue with vs? Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends, Or shall we on, and not depend on you? Ant. Therefore Iooke your hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar. Friends am I with you all, and loue you all, Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons, Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous. Bru. Or else were this a saunge Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar, You should be satisfied. Ant. That's all I seeke, And am moreouer sutor, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall Marke Antony. Cassi. Brutus, a word with you: You know not what you do; Do not consent That Antony speake in his Funerall: Know you how much the people may be mou'd By that which he will vtter. Bru. By your pardon: I will my selfe into the Pulpit first, And shew the reason of our Caesars death. What Antony shall speake, I will protefft He speakes by leaue, and by permission: And that we are contented Caesar shall Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies, It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong. Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not. Bru. Marke Antony, heere take you Caesars body: You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs, But speake all good you can deuide of Caesar, And say you doo't by our permission: Else shall you not haue any hand at all About his Funerall. And you shall speake 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 vs. Exeunt. Marke Antony. O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth: That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers. Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man That euer liued in the Tide of Times. Woe to the hand that fed this costly Blood. Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie, (Which like dumbe mouths do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue) A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men; Dometicke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife, Shall cumber all the parts of Italy: Blood and destruction shall be so in vse, And dreadfull Obiects so familiar, That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre: All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds, And Caesars Spirit ranging for Reuenge. With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell, Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce, Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre, That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall. Enter Octavius Caesar, do you not? Ser. I do Marke Antony. Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome, And bid me say to you by word of mouth O Caesar! Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe: Pasion I see is catching from mine eyes, Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine, Began to water. Is thy Master coming? Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome, Ant. Poft backe with peece, And tell him what hath chanc'd: Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of safety for Octavianus yet, Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while, Thou

The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this courte Into the Market place: There shall I try In my Oration, how the People take The cruell issue of these bloody men, According to the which, thou shalt discourse To yong Octavianus, of the state of things. Lend me your hand. Exeunt Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians. Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied, Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends: Cassius go you into the other streete, And part the Numbers: Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; And publike Reasons shall be rendred Of Caesars death. 1. Ple. I will heare Brutus speake. 2. I will heare Cassius, and compare their Reasons, When feuerally we heare them readred. 3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence. Bru. Be patient till the last. Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heere mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Ceature me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesars, to him I say, that Brutus loue to Caesar, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that Caesar were dead, to liue all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. There is Teares, for his Loue; Joy, for his Fortune; Honor, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply. All. None Brutus, none. Bru. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enfore'd, for which he suffered death. Enter Marke Antony, with Caesars body. Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Marke Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealt, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I flew my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death. All. Liue Brutus, liue, liue. 1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house. 2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors. 3. Let him be Caesar. 4. Caesars better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus. 1. Wee'l bring him to his House, With Showts and Clamors. Bru. My Country-men. 2. Peace, silence, Brutus speakes. 1. Peace ho. Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (for my sake) stay heere with Antony: Do grace to Caesars Corpes, and grace his Speech Tending to Caesars Glories, which Marke Antony (By our permission) is allow'd to make. I do intreat you, not a man depart, Saue I alone, till Antony haue spoke. Exe. 1 Stay ho, and let vs heare Marke Antony. 3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire, Wee'l heare him: Noble Antony go vp. Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you. 3 What does he say of Brutus? 3 He sayes for Brutus sake He findes himselfe beholding to vs all. 4 Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus heere? 1 This Caesar was a Tyrant. 3 Nay that's certaine: We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 2 Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say. Ant. You gentile Romans. All. Peace ho, let vs heare him. Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him: The cull that men do, liues after them, The good is oft enterred with their bones, So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus, Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious: If it were so, it was a greuous Fault; And greuously hath Caesar answer'd it. Hence, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the rest (For Brutus is an Honourable man, So are they all; all Honourable men) Come I to speake in Caesars Funerall. He was my friend, faithfull, and iust to me; But Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious, And Brutus is an Honourable man. He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome, Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seeme Ambitious? When that the poore haue cry'd, Caesar hath wept? Ambition should be made of sterne stuffe, Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious: And Brutus is an Honourable man. You all did see, that on the Lupercall, I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition? Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious: And sure he is an Honourable man. I speake not to dispute what Brutus spoke; But heere I am, to speake what I do know: You all did loue him once, not without cause, What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him? O Iudgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts, And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me, My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesars, And I must pawse, till it come backe to me. 1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings. 2 If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar ha's had great wrong. (his place. 3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in

4. Mark' ye his words? he would not take y^e Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reverence.

O Masters! If I were dispos'd to flurie
Your hearts and minde to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brunus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Wha (you all know) are Honourable men:
I will not do them wrong: I rather choofe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men:
But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,
I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You shall read vs the Will, *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Caesar*: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the
Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpses of *Caesar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defende? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.
2. Defend.
3. You shall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, stand round.
1. Stand from the Heaife, stand from the Body.

2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Now presse not so upon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, heare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time euer *Caesar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Nervi*.
Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caius* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brunus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cur'd Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If *Brunus* lo vnkindly knock'd, or no:
For *Brunus*, as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how deereely *Caesar* lov'd him:
This was the most vnkindelt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Base of *Pompheys* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs,
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you when you behold
Our *Caesars* Vulture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himselfe, mar'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O pittious spectacle!
2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaine:!

1. O most bloody fight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with
him. (You vp)

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a fodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable,
What priuate griefes they haue, as I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wife, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brunus* is;

But (as you know me all) a plaide blunt man
That loue my Friends, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood, I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poore dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brunus*,
And *Brunus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffie vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Caesar*, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the house of *Brunus*.

3. Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deseru'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true, the Will, let's heare and heare the Wil.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesars* Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery itterall man, feutyne sixe Drachmaes.

2. *Ple.*

2. *Ple.* Most Noble *Caesar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. *Ple.* O Royall *Caesar*.

Ant. Hear me with patience;

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchard,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyes for euer's common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1. *Ple.* Neuer, neuer: come away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take vp the body.

2. *Ple.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Ple.* Plucke downe Benches.

4. *Ple.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

Enter Sernans.

Ser. Sir, *Othanius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brunus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Othanius*. *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and briefly.

3. I, and wisely.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then
to answer euery man, directly and briefly, wisely and
truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

3. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar-
rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-
rectly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funerall,

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: briefly.

Cinna. Briefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name: truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet: I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad
Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his
name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:
to *Brunus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houfe,
and some to *Caius*'s; some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Othanius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prick'd
Oth. Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oth. Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue;

Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.

Ant. He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him,
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesars* houfe:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?
Oth. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*

Ant. This is a slight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit

The three-fold World diuided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oth. So you thought him,
And took his veyce who should be prick't to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Othanius*, I haue scene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selues of diuers stand'rous loads,
He shall beare them, as the Ass beares Gold,
To groane and sweate vnder the Burneffe,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.

Oth. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Othanius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Proudender,

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall 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 Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of vse, and stale'd by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Othanius*,

Listen great things: *Brunus* and *Cassius*
Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let vs presently go sit in Council,
How couer matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Oth. Let vs do so: for were at the stake,
And

112

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucillus*, and the Army. *Titinius*
and *Pindarus* meete them.

Br. Stand ho,
Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.
Br. What now *Lucillus*, is *Cassius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Br. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, yndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Br. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillus*
How he receiue'd you: let me be retold.
Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Br. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillus*,
When Loue begins to ficken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.

There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter *Cassius* and his Powers.

Br. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cass. Stand ho,
Br. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.
Stand.

Cass. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Br. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cass. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Br. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Br. *Lucillus*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.

Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore,

Exeunt

Maest. *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cass. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Br. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Br. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To fell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vnderferuers.

Cass. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Br. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement?
Br. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost 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 Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cass. *Brutus*, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: I ouerforget your selfe.
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Br. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cass. I am.

Br. I say, you are not.

Cass. Verge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Br. Away slight man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Br. Hearke me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman faires?

Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Br. All this? I meere: Fret till your proud hart break,
Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testig Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Vnoom of your Splene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vsie you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Wapship.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Br. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cass. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:

I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Br. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Caesar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd
Br. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

(me.

*Cass.**Cass.*

Cass. I durst not, when he liu'd
Br. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?
Br. For your life, you durst not: saue in your iudgement.

Cass. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Br. You haue done that you should be sorry for:
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd to frowne in Honesty,
That they passe by me; as the idle winds,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmes; then to wring
From the hard hands of Drachmages, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions;
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I haue answer'd *Cain*? *Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so Cowardous,
To looke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Br. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Foole:

That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riud my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Br. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cass. You loue me not.

Br. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.
Br. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, braud'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by rote
To cast into my Teeth. O! I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto*'s Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee't a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou didst at *Caesar*: For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lou'dst him better
Then euer thou lou'dst *Cassius*.

Br. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoak'd with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Elm beares fire,
Who much enforced, shewes a harte Sparkes,
And fraite is cold agen.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liud
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*?

Br. When I spok'd that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Br. And my heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus*!

Br. What's the matter? I would haue lov'd you
If I had not lov'd *Caesar*.

Cass. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Br. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-camest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and Ieaeue you fo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generalls:
There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them,
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cass. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generalls; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should be,
For I haue scene more yeeres I the fure then yee.

Cass. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynicke rime?

Br. Get you hence first: Sawy fellow, hence.

Cass. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Br. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time?
What should the Warres do with these liggig Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Cass. Away, away be gone.

Br. *Lucillus* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cass. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to vs.

Br. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Br. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Br. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many griefes.

Cass. Of your Philophy you make no vic,
If you giue place to accidental euils.

Br. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cass. Had *Portia*?

Br. She is dead.

Cass. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you fo?
O insupportable, and touching losse!

Br. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this the fell distiller
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cass. And dy'd fo?

Br. Euen fo.

Cass. O ye immortal Gods!

Br. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindeesse *Cassius*.

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge:
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*.

Now fit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Br. No more I pray you.

Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters;
That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

11 3

Adff.

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Othanius, Antony, and Lepidus,
 Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Thein our Letters do not well agree:
 Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de
 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cass. *Cicero* one?
Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
 Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala*.
Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala*.
Mess. That me thinkes is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
 Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Mess. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
 For certaine the is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: We must die *Messala*:
 With meditating that the must dye once,
 I haue the patience to endure it now.
Mess. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.
Cass. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
 But yet my Nature could not beare it fo.
Bru. Well, to our worke alic. What do you thinke
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cass. I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cass. This is it:
 'Tis better that the Enemy seeke vs,
 So shall he waste his meates, weary his Souldiers,
 Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.
Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
 For they haue grug'd vs Contribution:
 The Enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number vp,
 Come on refresh't, new added, and encourag'd:
 From which aduantage shall we cut him off.
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These people at our backe.
Cass. Heare me good Brother.
Bru. Vnder your pardon, You must note beside,
 That we haue tide the utmost of our Friends:
 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
 The Enemy encrease'th every day,
 We at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a Tule in the affaires of men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
 Is bound in Shalloves, and in Miseries.
 On such a full Sea are we now a-foate,
 And we must take the current when it serues,
 Or looke our Ventures.
Cass. Then with your will go on: we'll along
 Our Sclues, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
 And Nature must obey Necessitie,
 Which we will niggard with a little rest:
 There is no more to say.
Cass. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.
Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,
 Good night *Tullius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
 Good night, and good repose.
Cass. O my deere Brother:
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:
 Let it not *Bru*.
Enter Lucius with the Gowne.
Bru. Euerie thing is well.
Cass. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother.
Tull. *Messala*. Good night Lord *Bru*.
Bru. Farwell euerie one. *Exeunt.*
 Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
 Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,
 Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,
 Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudius*.

Enter Varrus and Claudius.
Varr. Cals my Lord?
Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
 It may be I shall raise you by and by
 On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.
Varr. So please you, we will stand,
 And watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will it not haue it fo: Lye downe good sirs,
 It may be I shall otherwise be thinke me.
 Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I fought for fo:
 I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
 Canst thou hold vp thy heaue eyes a-while,
 And touch thy Instrument a striane or two.
Luc. I 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 vrge thy duty past thy might,
 I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.
Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
 I will not hold thee long. If I do lye,
 I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.
 This is a sleepey Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!
 Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
 That playes thee *Musicke*? Gentle knaue good night:
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
 If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
 Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
 Let me see, let me see; is not the Lease turn'd downe
 Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.
Enter the Ghost of Caesar.
 How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
 I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
 That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.
 It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
 Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy euill Spirit *Bru*?
Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Bru. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I at *Philippi*.
Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
 Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudius, Sirs: Awake:
Claudius.
Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument,
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou' cryedst
 out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudius*, Fellow,
 Thou: Awake.
Varr. My Lord.
Clea. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
Boib. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Varr. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clea. Nor my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
 Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
 And we will follow.
Boib. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Othanius, Antony, and their Army.
Oth. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come downe,
 But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
 It proues not fo: their battailes are at hand,
 They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
 Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: They could be content
 To visit other places, and come downe
 With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
 But 'tis not fo.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
 Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Othanius*, leade your Battaille softly on
 Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Oth. Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Oth. I do not crosse you: but I will do fo. *March.*
Drum. *Enter Bruus, Cassius, & their Army.*
Bru. Stand, and would haue parley.
Cass. Let *Tullius*, we must out and talke.
Oth. *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaille?
Bru. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.
 Make forth, the Generals would haue some words,
Oth. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it fo Countrymen?
Oth. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Othanius*.
Ant. In your bad strokes *Bruus*, you giue good words
 Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart,
 Crying long lye, Haile *Caesar*.
Cass. *Antony*,
 The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
 But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
 And leaue them Honey-lesse.
Ant. Not singlese too.
Bru. O yes, and foundlesse too:
 For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not fo, when your vile daggers
 Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:
 You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
 And fawn'd like Hounds,
 And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feete;
 Whilst damned *Cassius*, like a Curie, behinde
 Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers,
Cass. Flatterers? Now *Bruus* thanke your selfe,
 This tongue had not offended fo to day,
 If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.
Oth. Come, come, the cause, if arguing make vs sweet,
 The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
 Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
 When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
 Neuer till *Caesar*'s three and thirtie wounds
 Be well aueng'd; or till another *Caesar*
 Haue added laughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Bru. *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
 Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
Oth. So I hope:
 I was not borne to dye on *Bruus*'s Sword.
Bru. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine,
 Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cass. A peeish School-boy, worthless of such Honor
 Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueler.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Oth. Come *Antony*: away:
 Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
 If not, when you haue stomackes.
Exit Othanius, Antony, and Army.
Cass. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
 And swimme Barke:
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearken, a word with you.
Lucillius and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cass. *Messala*.
Mess. What sayes my Generall?
Cass. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
 Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:
 Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
 (As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
 Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
 You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
 And partly credit things that do preface.
 Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne,
 Two mighty Eagle's fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
 Who

Who to *Philippi* heere comforted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their fleeds, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeue not so.
Cassi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Euen so *Lucillus.*
Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lourne in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Roman,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He heares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*!

If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*!
If we do meete againe, we'll smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarm.
Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio's* wing:
And sodaine path giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turnd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,

Who hauing some aduantage on *Octauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'ft we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*
Ate those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou locest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My fight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou no'tt about the hill,
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.
Cassi. What newes?
Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*, Now some light: O he lights to.
Hee's tane. *Shout.*

And hearken, they shout for ioy,
Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to lye so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah: In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, faining of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Caesar's* bowels, seatch this bo'some,
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Caesar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pind. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beneene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Fare from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Messa. Where did you leaue him?
Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing, O my heart!
Messa. Is not that hee?
Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou thew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error loone concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whil'st I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, th' vnting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuened,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing. (shows?)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Cassius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart.

Dies

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *young Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucillus*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.
Cato. He is flaine.

Bru. O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails. *Low Alarm.*

Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fax thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfirt vs. *Lucillus* come,
And come young *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Lebiod and *Flaninus* set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillus*,
and *Flaninus*.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
Enter *Soldiers*, and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may't be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeld, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2. *Sold.* Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1. *Sold.* Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take a liue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from to great a shame,
When you do fide him, or alie, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,
Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* is alie or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Othinius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Bru. Come poore remaners of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or flaine.
Bru. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearken thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clit. He rather kill my selfe.
Bru. Hearken thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veffell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Volum. What sayes my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
Two feerall times by Night: at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi* fields:
I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarm.*

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,
Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whil'st I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarm still.
Clit. Fly.

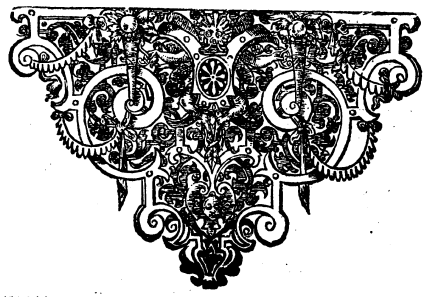
Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Brut. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato,* Countrymen:
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day
 More then *Octavius,* and *Mark Antony,*
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his lues History:
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarm. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Brut. Hence: I will follow:
 I prythee *Strato,* stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some match of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Strato. Giue me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.
Brut. Farewell good *Strato.* — *Caesar,* now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarm. Retreat. Enter *Antony, Octavius, Messala,*
Lucilius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man *Strato,* where is thy Master?
Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala,*
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus.*
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucilius* saying true,
Octa. All that seru'd *Brutus,* I will entertaine them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Strato. If *Messala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala.*
Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato*?
Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Messa. *Octavius,* then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
 Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:
 He, onely in a generall honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them:
 His life was gentle, and the Elements
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
 And say to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall,
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
 Most like a Souldier orderd Honourably:
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three witches.

When shall we three meet againe?
 1. In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
 When the Battail's lost, and wonne.
 3. That will be ere the set of Sonne.
 1. Where the place?
 2. Vpon the Heath.
 3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
 1. I come, Gray-Malkin.
All. *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
 Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sonne gins his reflection,
 Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders;
 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
 No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
 But the Norweyan Lord, surceyning vantage,
 With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles,
 Or the Hate, the Lyon:
 If I gy looth, I must report they were
 As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cricks,
 So they doubly redoubled strokes vpon the Foce:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
 Or memorize another *Golgotha,*
 I cannot tell: but I am faint,
 My Gashes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
 They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Scena Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King Malcolm, Douglas, Lennox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
 The newest fate.
Mal. This is the Serient,
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
 'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
 As thou dost leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it flood,
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choke their Art: The treacherous *Macdonwald*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Doe warme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowgroses is supply'd,
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake;
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandish'd Steele,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valour's Minion) caru'd out his passage,
 Till hee fac'd the Slatie:
 Which new'tr shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
 Till hee vnteam'd him from the Naue with Choppes,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus.*
 Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse.*
Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
 So should hee looke, that seemes to speake things strange.
Rosse. God saue the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
 Where the Norweyan Banners blow't the Skie,
 And fann'd our people cold.
Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
 The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismall Conflict,
 Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lap't in proofe,
 Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
 Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
 Curbing his lapsh' spirit: and to conclude,
 The Victorie fell on vs.
King. Great happinesse!
Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the Notwey King,
 Craues composition:
 Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
 Till hee disbursed, at *Saint Colmes* ynh,
 Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse. *King.* No