



THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
 Sempronius another flattering Lord.
 Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
 Poet.
 Painter.
 Jeweller.
 Merchant.
 Certaine Senatours.
 Certaine Askers.
 Certaine Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
 Servilius, another.
 Caphis.
 Varro.
 Philo.
 Titus.
 Lucius.
 Hortensius. } Severall Servants to Vfurers.
 Ventidius, one of Tymons false Friends.
 Cupid.
 Sempronius.
 With divers other Servants,
 And Attendants.



THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Flamius, Marcellus, and certaine Commoners
over the Stage.*

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

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Offic. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
 What dost thou with thy best Apparell on?
 You fir what Trade are you?
Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workeman, 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 use with, a safe
 Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soles.
Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave,
 what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet
 if you be out Sir I can mend you.
Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou
 lousy Fellow?

Cob. Why fir Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobler art thou?
Cob. Truly fir, all that I live by, is with the Anle: I
 meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womans mat-
 ters; but withall I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:
 when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
 per men as ever trod upon Neates Leather, have gone up-
 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 fir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
 selfe into more worke. But indeede fir 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 Captive bonds his Chariot: Wheeles-
 You Blockes, you stones, you worse then penitente things:
 O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
 Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
 Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,
 To Towres and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,
 Your Infants in your Armes, and there have fate
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
 And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
 Have you not made an Univerfall shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks
 To heare the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her Concaue Shotes?

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a Holyday?
 And do you now draw flowers in his way,
 That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
 Be gone,
 Runne to your houses, fall upon 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 fort;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weepe your teares
 Into the Channel, till the lowest streame
 Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.
 See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
 They vanish tongue-tycd in their guiltinesse:
 Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
 This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
 If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies,
 You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let on Images
 Be hung with the *Caesar's* Trophies: Ile about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
 These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesar's* wing,
 Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
 Who'llc would soare above the view of men.
 And keepe us all in servile fearefulnesse.

Exeunt.
*Enter Caesar, Antony for the Courfe, Calphurnia, Portia, De-
 cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Calpurnia, a Soothsayer: af-
 ter them Metellus and Flamius.*

Calp. Calphurnia.
Cic. Peace be, *Caesar* speaks.
Calp. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here my Lord.
Calp. Stand you directly in *Antonie's* way,
 When he doth run his courfe, *Antonie*.
Ant. *Caesar*, my Lord.
Calp. Forget not in your speed *Antonie*,
 To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

The Baren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curfe.
Ant. I shall remember,
When *Cesar* says Do this; is perform'd.
Caf. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Senec. *Caf.*
Caf. Hat Who calls?
Caf. Bid every noyse be still; peace yet againe.
Caf. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Cesar*: Speake, *Cesar* is turn'd to heare.
Senec. Beware the Ides of March,
Caf. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Caf. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Caf. Fellow, come from the throng, looke upon *Cesar*.
Caf. What say'st thou to me now? Speake once againe.
Senec. Beware the Ides of March.
Caf. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Passe.
Senec. *Exeunt. Moment Brui. & Cass.*
Caf. Will you goe see the order of the court?
Brui. Not I.
Caf. I pray you doe:
Brui. I am not Gameiom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
He leaue you.
Caf. *Bruius*, I doe observe you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleness.
And they of Love, as I was wonte to haue:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friends, that Loves you.
Brui. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely upon my selfe: Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which give some dole (or sorrows) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greiv'd
(Among which number *Cassius* Ie you one)
Nor construe any further in my selfe,
Then that poore *Bruius* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the thewes of Love to other men.
Caf. Then *Bruius*, I have much mistooke your passion,
By means whereof, this Brief of mine hath barred
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Till me good *Bruius*, Can you see your face?
Bruius. No *Cassius*:
For the eye sees not himselfe but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis ill,
And it is very much lamented *Bruius*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal *Cesar*) (speaking of *Bruius*,
'And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Bruius* had his eyes.
Brui. Into what dangers would you
Lead me *Cassius*?
That you would have me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caf. Therefore good *Bruius*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not ielous on me, gentle *Bruius*:
Where I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oathes my love
To every new Profferer: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: or if you know,
That I professe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Show.

Brui. What meanes this Showing?
I do feare, the People choole *Cesar*
For their King.
Caf. I do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so.
Brui. I would not *Cassius*, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death in't other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
The name of Honour, more then I feare death.
Caf. I know that vertue to be in you *Bruius*,
As well as I do know your outward favour,
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But my single selfe,
I had as liele not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Cesar*, so were you,
We both have kid as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once upon a Rowe and Guilty day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cesar saies to me, Dost thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accounted 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 Controverfic.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cesar cried, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
I (as a *Centurion*, our great ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy), upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* beare) (so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cesar*: And this Man,
I now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cesar* carelessly but nod on him.
He had a Feather 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 lips did from their colour flye,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did loose his Luster: I did heare him groane,
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Tullius*,

As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maitsticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
Shows. *Flourish.*
Brui. Another generall shout?
I doe beleewe, that these applauses are
For some new Honours, that are knapt on *Cesar*.
Caf. Why man, he doth bestide the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Bruius*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are undelights.
Bruius and *Cesar*: What should be in that *Cesar*?
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 of well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with 'em,
Bruius will start a Spirit as soone as *Cesar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cesar* feede;
That hee is growne to great? Age, thou art tham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was find'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes in compast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enough
Olyon and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Bruius* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.
Brui. That you do love me, I am nothing ielous:
What you would worke me to, I have some time:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare and finde a time
Both meet to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Bruius had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Some of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
I like to lay upon us.
Caf. I am glad that my weak words
Have strucke but thus much thow of fire from *Bruius*.
Enter Cesar and his Traine.
Brui. The Games are done,
And *Cesar* is returning.
Caf. As they passe by,
Plucke *Cesars* by the Sleeve,
And he will (aier his fowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Brui. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth low on *Cesars* brow,
And all the rest looke like a chidden Trainee;
Calphurnia: Cheeke is pale, and *Cleero*
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seene him in the Capitoll

Being cross in Conference, by some Senators;
Cassius will tell us what the matter is.
Caf. *Antone.*
Ant. *Cesar.*
Caf. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a night:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry looke,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Cesar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.
Caf. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were liable to feare,
I do not know the man I should avoyd
So forme as that spaw *Cassius*. He reades much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deedes of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Mutticke:
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a fort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they be old 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 *Cesar*
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deafe,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.
Senec.
Exeunt Cesar and his Traine.
Caf. You said me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?
Brui. *Cesars*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cesar* looks so sad.
Caf. Why you were with him, were you not?
Brui. I should not then aske *Cesars* what had chanc'd.
Caf. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; and being
offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and in the people fell a shouting.
Brui. What was the second noyse for?
Caf. Why for that too.
Caf. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Caf. Why for that too.
Brui. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Caf. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, every time
gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest
Neighbours shouted.
Caf. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Caf. Why *Antony*.
Brui. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Cassius*.
Caf. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it:
It were mere Foolry, I did not marke it. I sawe *Mark*
Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne ney-
ther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you,
hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he
would faine have had it. Then he offer'd it to him againe;
then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was
very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd
it the third time: he put it the third time by, and still
as he refus'd it, the rabblement howled, and clapp'd
their chopt hands, and threw up their twenty Night-
cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath,
because *Cesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (al-
most) choaked *Cesar*: for hee was fwooned, and fell
downe on't: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receiving the bad.
Ayre.
Cass.

Cass. But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* wound?
Cas. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Bru. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sicknesse.

Cass. No, *Caesar* bath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Caesar*, we have the falling sicknesse.

Cas. 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 huffe him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What faulte, when he came unto himselfe?

Cas. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have 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, he said, If hee had doae, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their worshipp to thinke it was his infirmity. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, As ife good Soules, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's hee to be taken of them; if *Caesar* had had but their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

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

Cas. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cas. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect?

Cas. Nay, and I tell you that, If hee nooke you in the face againe. But those that understood him, fill'd at one another, and flooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Alaricus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scaffolds off *Caesar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cas. No, I am promis'd toth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cas. I, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cas. Doe to: farewell both.

Bru. What a flumelowe is this growne to be?

He was quicke Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in extaction

Of any bold or Noble Enterprize,

How ever he puses on this tardy forme:

This Rudenesse is a Sawe to his good Wit,

Which gives men stomacke to digest his words

With better Appetites

Bru. And to it is:

For this time I will leave 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 to: till then, I thinke of the world.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art: Noble yet I see,

Thy honourable Mettall may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd, therefore this meet,

That Noble minde keeps ever with their likes:

For who to fume, that cannot be ledde?

Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
I should not humor me. I will this Night,
In severall hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* cat him fire,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter *Caesar*,
and *Cicero*.

Cic. Good even, *Caesar*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why late you to?

Caes. Are not you mov'd, when all the fway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seene Tempests, when the folding Winds
Have riu'd the knotty Oakes, and I have seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:

But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eytber there is a Civill strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too fawey with the Gods,
Inceases them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Caes. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burne
Like twenty Torches soyn'd; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd uncorch'd.
Besides, I ha not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitoll; I met a Lyon,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gally Women,

Transformed with their feare, who fivore, they faw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noone day, upon the Market place,
Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Doe so continently meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasens they are Naturall:

For I beleve, they are portentous things
Vnto the Climate, that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposition time:
But men may contrive things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Caes. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caesar*:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Caes. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter *Cassius*.

Cass. Who's there?

Caes. A Roman.

Cass. *Caesar*, by your Voyce.

Caes. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Caes. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cass. Thole that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caesar*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:

And when the crossie blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breft of Heaven, I did present my selfe
Eyes in the ayre, and very flash of it.

Caes. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
ven? Is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful Herauds, as th' lightning is?

Cass. You are dull, *Caes.*
And those sparkes of Life that should be in a Roman,
You doe want or else you use not.

You looke pale, and gaze and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fiery, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kinde,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-form'd Faculties,

To monstrous quality; why you shall finde,
That Heaven hath intus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caes.*) name to thee a man,
More like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and teares,
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 strange eruptions are.

Caes. Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Theeves, 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 yake, and our foverne, lie vnto Women's

Hand, and they (by the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King,
And hee shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Caes. from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirits

But Life being weary of these woody Barres,
Never lacks power to dissolve it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.
Caes. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivity.

Cas. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe;
But that hee fees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were noe Romans Hinds:
Thole that with halfe will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? (perhaps) I 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.

Caes. You speake to *Caesar*, and to such a man,
That is no fleeing Tull-cate. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Grievs,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest,

Cas. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caes.* I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they flay for me

In *Pompey*'s Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no fire, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Exit Cinna.

Caes. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.
Cas. 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, *Metellus*
Cymb.?

Cas. No, it is *Caes.*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not lay'd for, *Cinna*?
Cin. I am glad on't.
What a fearful Night!

There's two or three of us have seene strange sights.
Cas. Am I not lay'd for, tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,
If you could but vnto the Noble *Brutus*
To our party.

Cas. 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; let this up with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cymb.* and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And to bed: follow these Papers as you had me.

Cas. That done, repaire to *Pompey*'s Theatre.
Exit Cinna.

Come *Caes.*, 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.

Caes. O, he fits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe.
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exit.

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Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, how?
I cannot, by the progress of the Starrs,
Give 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?

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

Luc. I will, my Lord.
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to pursue 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 craves wary 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 joynes
Remorie from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But this is a common proofe,
That Lowlyneffe is young Ambitious Ladders,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his face:
But when hence attaines the upmost Round,
He then the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then let's be wary, prevent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: say that he is augmented,
Would runne to thicke, and thicke extrinities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
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 up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

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. Look in the Calender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir.
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give fo much light, that I may reade by them.
Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus thou sleepest: awake, and see by this:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, & redresse.
Brutus, thou sleepest: awake.
Such infligations have bene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:
Shall Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streets 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 the promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receive'st
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, March is wast'd fifteene dayes.
Brut. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocke;
Since Caesar first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councell, and the state of man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Whodoth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him,
Brut. Doe you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloathes,
That by any means I may discover them,
By any means: of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Slay'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evill are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Coverne darke enough,
To nestle thy monitions? Vile? Secke none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

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

Cas. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?
Brut. I have bene up this houre, awake all Night:
Know I thinke men, that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours 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.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

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

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? They whisper,
Dec. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake here?
Cas. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Cas. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weight

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare,
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He'll prefer his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly heere.

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

Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the face of men,
The suffrance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If he be Motives weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, with his side bed:

So let high-tyed Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery: but if this
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steale with valour
The acting Spirits of women; Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spur, but our owne cause
To prick us to redresse? What other bond,
Then secret Roman, that have spok the word,
And will not palce? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingage?

That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests, and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
To prick us to redresse? What other bond,
But Captures as men doubt; but do not staine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor this unprellive 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 severall Ballasdy

If he do breake this fayllef Particel
Of any promise that hath pass from him,
I thinke he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O let us have him, for his silver haire
Will purchase us a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to comment on our deeds;
It shall be say'd, his judgement not our hands,
Our voyces, and wide circles, shall no whit appaare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Brut. O name him in respect us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.
Cin. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well below'd of Caesar,
Should out-live Caesar, we shall finde of him
A three'd Contriver. And you know, his meane:
If he improve them, may well stretch to farre
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our count will seeme too bloody, Cinna Cassius,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a Limbe of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Gains:
We'll stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirits,
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 Mailers do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after come to chide me. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.

Which to appeare 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 Caesar's Arme,
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingratefull love he bearest to Caesar,
Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe, take thought, and dye for Caesar.
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildennesse, and much company.

Trut. There's no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

Enter Trebonius.
Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.
Cas. The Clocke hath struck three.

Trut. Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or not:
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigious,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Dec. Never feare that: If he be to resolv'd,
I can ore-way him: for he loves to heare,
That Vnicornes may be bey'd, with Trices,
And Beares with Gallies, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toiles, and men with Hatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates Hatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:
For I can give his honour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.
Brut. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.

Met. Cassius, Ligarius doth beate Caesar's heere,
Who he rated him for speaking well of Pompey,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you Brutus,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With many'd Spirits, and formal Confluency,
And fo good morrow to you every one.

Exit Brutus.
Brut. Boy: Lucius: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which

neere Cæsar, have an eye to Cynna, steepe not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not Immortal, looke about you: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover Artemidorus. Heere will I stand, till Cæsar passe along, And as a Sutor will I give him this: My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live Out of the teech of Emulation. If thou readest this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live; If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter Portia and Lucius. Port. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-houfe, Stay not to answere me, but get thee gone. Why doest thou stay? Luc. To know my errand Madam. Port. I would have had thee there and heere againe Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. O Constancy, be strong upon my heart, Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heare and Tongue: I have 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 els? And so returne to you, and nothing els? Port. Yes, bring me sword Boy, if thy Lord looke will, For he went sickly forth, and take good note What Cæsar doth, what Sutors presse to him, Heare Cæsar, what noise is that? Luc. I heare none Madam. Port. Prythee listen well: I heare a bustling Rumor like a Fray, And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. South Madam, I heare nothing. Enter the Southsayer. Port. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin? South. At mine owne house, good Lady. Port. What is't a clocke? South. About the ninth houre Lady. Port. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitoll? South. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand, To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Port. Thou hast some suite to Cæsar, hast thou not? South. That I have Lady, if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar, as to heare me: I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe. Port. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him? South. None that I know will be, Much that I feare may chance: Good morrow to you heere the street is narrow: The throng that follows Cæsar at the heeles, Of Sutors, 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 Cæsar as he comes along.

Port. I must go in: Ave me! How weak a thing The heart of woman is? O Brutus, The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprise. Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite That Cæsar will not grant, O, I 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.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Southsayer.

Cass. The Ides of March are come. South. I Cæsar, but not gone. Ant. Haile Cæsar: Read this Scedule. Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read (At your left hand) Cynas his humble suite. Ant. O Cæsar, read mine first, for mine's a suite That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great Cæsar. Cass. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd. Ant. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly. Cass. What is the fellow mad? Pub. Sirra, give place. Cass. What urge you your Petitions in the street? Come to the Capitoll.

Pop. I with your enterprise to day may thrive. Cass. What enterprise Popilius? Pop. Eare you well. Brn. What said Popilius Lena? Cass. He wisht to day our enterprise might thrive: I feare our purpose is discovered. Brn. Looke how he makes to Cæsar, marke him. Cass. Cæsar be fadaine, for we feare prevention. Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turne backe, For I will flay my selfe.

Brn. Cæsar be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes, For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change. Cass. Trebonius knows his time: for look you Brutus He draws Cæsar Antony out of the way. Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go, And presently preferre his suite to Cæsar. Brn. He is addrest to please neerer, and second him. Cin. Cæsar, you are the first that reares your hand. Cass. Are we all ready? What is now a noise, That Cæsar and his Senate must redresse?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seate An humble heere. Cass. I must prevent thee Cymbere: These couchings, and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree, Into the lane of Children. Be not fond. To thinke that Cæsar beares such Rebell blood That will be shew'd from the true quality With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words, Low-crooked curties, and base Spannell fawnings: Thy Brother by decree is banished: If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him, I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way: Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy then my owne. To

To found more sweetly in great Cæsar's eare, For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? Brn. I kille thy hand, but not in flattery Cæsar: Delighting thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedome of repeale. Cass. What Brutus? Cass. Pardon Cæsar: Cæsar pardon: As loves as thy foote doth Cassius fall, To begge enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cass. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you, If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me: But I am constant as the Northern Starre, Of whose true fixt, and setting quiet, There is no fellow in the Firmament. The Skies are painted with unnumberd sparkes, They are all Fire, and every one doth shine: But, there's but one in all doth hold his place. So, in the World, 'Tis furnish'd well with Men, And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number, I do know but One That unassailable holds on his Rank, Unshak'd of motion, and that I am he, Let me a little shew it, even in this: That I was constant Cymbere should be banish'd, And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cin. O Cæsar, Cass. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus? Dec. Great Cæsar, Cass. Do not Brutus bootelesse kneele? Cass. Speake hands for me.

They stab Cæsar. Cass. Et Tu Brutus— Then fall Cæsar, Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead, Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets. Cass. Some to the common Pulps, and cry out Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement. Brn. People and Senators, be not affrighted: Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid. Cæsar, stand to the Pulpit Brutus. Dec. And Cassius too.

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny. Met. Stand fast together, left some Friend of Cæsar's Should chance. Brn. Talk not of standing. Publius good cheere, There is no harme intended to your person, Nor to no Roman els: so tell them Publius. Cass. And leave us Publius, lest that the people Ruffling on us, should do your Age some mischief. Brn. Do so, and let no man abide this deed, But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius. Cass. Where is Antony? Treb. Fleed to his Houle amaz'd: Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomefull day. Brn. Fears, we will know your pleasures: That we shall dye we know, tis but the time And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.

Cass. Why herat cuts off twenty yeares of life, Cuts off to many yeares of feating death. Brn. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope, And let us batle our hands in Cæsar's blood Vp to the Elbowes, and be mercere out Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place, And waving our red Weapons o're our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty. Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o're, In States unborn, and Accents yet unknowne? Brn. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in Spain, That now on Pompey's Basis lyes along, No worthier then the dust? Cass. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd, The Men that gave this Country Liberty. Dec. What, shall we forth? Cass. I every man away.

Brn. I shall lead, and we will grace his heeles With the most boldet, and best hearts of Rome. Enter a Servant. Brn. Soft, who comes heere? A Friend of Antony's. Ser. Thus did Marke Antony bid me fall downe, And being prostrate, thus he bad me say, Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honell, Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loving: Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be rejoyc'd, How Cæsar hath deceiv'd to lye in death, Cæsar, Antony shall love Cæsar dead: So well as Brutus living, but will follow The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble Brutus, Through the hazards of this untried State, With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony. I never thought him so wile: Tell him, I please him come unto this place: He shall be satisfied, and by my Honor Depart untroubled.

Brn. He fetch him presently. Exit Servant. Ser. I know that we shall have him well to Friend. Cass. I with me may; but yet have I a minde That fears him much, and my outgiving still Talls thus welly to the purpose.

Enter Antony. Brn. But heere comes Antony: Welcome Marke Antony. Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lye so low? Are all thy Conspicuous Triumphs, spoiles, Shrunk to this little Measure? Are these well? I know not Gentlemen what you intend, Who else should but beleeve so, who else is ranker? If my life, this is no home to let As Cæsar's death's house, nor no habitation Of half that worthe, as those your Swords made rich: With all the most Noble blood of all this World, I do beseech you, if you be me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do strike and murther, Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres, I shall not finde my life to apt to dye. No place will please me so, no meanes of death, As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off: The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age. Brn. O Antony! Beggs not your death of us: Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell, As by our hands, and this our present Act You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
Our hearts you see nor they are pittifull:
And pity to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie pittie,
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*;
Our Armes, in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caes. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.
Bru. Ouly be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Mutinie betwixt themselves with feare,
And then you will deliver you the cause,
Why I that did love *Caesar*, when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Mark Antony* shall I shake with you;
Next *Cassius* shall I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Stellius*;
Yours *Junius*; and my valiant *Coke*, yours;
Though I haue not leas't in love, your good *Trebolius*,
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 love thee *Caesar*, O tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
Shall it not grieue 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 Coarfe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fall as they breame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In termes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, here was'thou bay'd brave Heart,
Here did'st thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimfon'd in thy Lethe.
O World, thou wast the Furrest to this heart,
And this is the best O World, the Hart of thee,
How like a Deere, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here ly?
Caes. Mark Antony.
Ant. Pardon me *Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, all say this:
Then, as I mend, it is cold Modesty.
Caes. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compaill meane you to have with us?
Why you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I toake your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking do'ne on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and do love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I feele,
And am moreover tutor, 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 *Mark Antony*.
Caes. *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 mov'd
By that which he will utter.
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And then the reason of our *Caesar*'s death:
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caes.* shall
Here all true Kites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.
Caes. I know not what you fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Caesar*'s body:
You shall not in your Funerall speake blame us,
But speake all good you can devise of *Caes.*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not have 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 us. *Exit.*
Mark Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding peccer of Earth:
That I am mecke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever liv'd in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that fled this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(which like dumbe mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To lettege the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curle shall light upon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be in use,
And dreadfull Objects to familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesar*'s Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Monarques voyce,
Cry havoc, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.
Enter Octavius's Servants.
You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?
Ser. I do *Mark Antony*.
Ant. *Caes.* did write for him to come Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O *Caes.*!
Ant. Thy heart is bigger, get thee a-part and weepe:
Palsion I see is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?
Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post backe with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yett,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this counse
Into the market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of the bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourt
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.
Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebians.
Pl. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streets,
And part the Numbers:
Thou that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Thou that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred.
Of *Caes.* death.
1 *Pl.* I will heere *Brutus* speake.
2 I will heere *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendred.
3 The Noble *Brutus* is accorded: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve mee for
mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeve. Censure me in your Wifedome, and awake
your Sentes, that you may the better Judge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, my deere Friend of *Caes.*, to whom
I say, that *Brutus* loves to *Caes.*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caes.*,
this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Caes.* lesse, but
that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caes.* were liv-
ing, and dye all Slaves; then that *Caes.* were dead, to
live all Free men? As *Caes.* lov'd mee, I weepe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Teares, for his Love; 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
have I offered. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman? If any, speake, for him have I offered. Who
is heere so vile, that will not love his Country? If any,
speake, for him have I offered. I pause for a Reply.
Al. None *Brutus*, none.
Brutus. Then none have I offered. I have done no
more to *Caes.*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questi-
on of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherin he was worthy; nor his offices en-
fore'd, for which he suffered death.
Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.
Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my
best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dager
for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death.
Al. Live *Brutus*, live, live,
1 Bring him with Triumph home into his house,
2 Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3 Let him be *Caes.*.
4 *Caes.* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.
1 Wee'l bring him to his Houfe,
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) lay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Caes.* Corpse, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caes.* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart.
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spokt. *Exit.*
1 Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony*,
3 Let him go up into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go up.
Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you,
4 What does he say of *Brutus*?
3 He sayes for *Brutus* sake
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.
4 Twere best speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?
1 This *Caes.* was a Tyrant.
3 Nay that certaine:
We are glad that Rome is rid of him.
2 Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.
Al. you gentle Romans.
Al. Peace ho, let us heare him.
Al. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your eares
I come to bury *Caes.*, not to praise him:
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Caes.*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Caes.* was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greivous Fault,
And greivously hath *Caes.* answer'd it
Heere under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in *Caes.* Funerall.
He was my friend, faithfull, and just to me;
But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Caes.* seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore have cry'd, *Caes.* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner 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 disprove what *Brutus* spokt,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Judgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bearer with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caes.*,
And I must pause till it come backe to me.
1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caes. ha's had great wrong. (his place)
3 Ha's he Masters? I feare there will a worse come in
4. Marke

4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take *ſ* Crowne,
Therefore tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1 If he found ſo, ſome will decre abide it.
2 Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping,
3 There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4 Now marie him, he begins againe to ſpeake.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none to poore to do him reverence.
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould doe *Bruſius* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong:
who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſiſter and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caſar*,
I found it in his Cloſſet, tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
And dipping mention it within their Wiles,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Vnto their ſiſter.
4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.
All. The Will, the Will, we will heare *Caſar's* Will.
Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Caſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caſar*,
It will miſtake 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, we'l heare it *Antony*.
You ſhall reade us the will, *Caſar's* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o're ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I heare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſlabbd *Caſar*: I do feare it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Teſtament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, reade the
Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will,
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Caſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I defende? And will you give me leave?
All. Come downe.
2 Betwixt.
3 You ſhall have leave.
4 A Ring, ſtand round.
1 Stand from the Heare, ſtand from the Body.
2 Rooome for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo upon me, ſtand faire off.
All. Stand backe: roome, heare backe.
Ant. If you have teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time ever *Caſar* put it on,
Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Neruij*.
I ſee in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the envious *Caſca* made:
Through this, the welbelov'd *Brutus* ſlabbd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolv'd
If *Bruſius* ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For *Bruſius*, as you know, was *Caſar's* Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how deere *Caſar* lov'd him:
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Caſar* ſaw him ſlab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muſſing up his face,
Even at the Bafe of *Pompey's* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then Land you, and all of us fell downe,
Whilſt ſo ſoodly Treason flouriſh'd over us.
O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele
The dint of pity: Theſe are gracious dropes,
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Caſar's* Vulture wounded? Look you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1 O pittieous ſpectacle!
2 O Noble *Caſar*!
3 O wofull day!
4 O Traitors, Villaines!
1 O moſt bloody fight!
2 We will be reveng'd, Revenge
About, ſeeke, burne, ſiſter, kill, ſlay.
Let not a Traitor live.
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 up)
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deede, are honourable,
What private griefes they have, alas I know not,
That make them do ſo: They are Wife, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſeale away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Bruſius* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That give me publicke leave to ſpeake of him:
For I have neither wit nor words, nor worth,
A ſiſter, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelves do know,
Shew you ſweet *Caſar's* wounds, poore poore dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Bruſius*,
And *Bruſius* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruſſe up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Caſar*, that ſhould move
The Stones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the houſe of *Bruſius*.
3 A way then, come ſeeke the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Country-men, yet heare me ſpeake
All. Peace heere, heare *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not, what.
Wherein hath *Caſar* thus delerv'd your loves?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſlay and heare the Will.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Caſar's* Seale:
To every Roman Citizen he gives,
To every ſeverall man, ſeventy five Drachmaes. 2 *Pl.*

2 *Pl.* Moſt Noble *Caſar*, wee'l revenge his death.
3 *Pl.* O Royall *Caſar*.
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace heere
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heires for ever common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelves.
Here was a *Caſar*: when comes ſuch another?
1 *Pl.* Never, never come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traitors houſes.
Take up the body.
2 *Pl.* Go fetch fire.
3 *Pl.* Plucke downe Benches.
4 *Pl.* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Murtherers thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Servant.
Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caſar's* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh, Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heare him ſay, *Bruſius* and *Caſſius*
Are ſicke Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Believe they had ſome notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.
Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Caſar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fanſie:
I have 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?
5 Anſwer every man directly.
1 I, and breceſly.
4 I, and witley.
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 Batchellor? Then
to anſwer every man, directly and breceſly, witley and
truly: witley I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2 That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marry:
you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-
rectly.
Cin. Directly I am going to *Caſar's* Funerall.
1 As a friend, or an Enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 That matter is anſwered directly.
4 For your dwelling: breceſly.
Cin. Breceſly, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3 Your name fir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.
1 Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cin. 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*, pluck but his name
out of his heart, and turne him going.
3 Teare him teare him, Come Brands heere, Firebrands:
to *Bruſius*, to *Caſſius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſes and
ſome to *Caſca's*: ſome to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.
Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, theſe names are prikt
Oct. Your Brother too muſt dye: content you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do content.
Oct. Pricke him downe *Antony*.
Lep. Vpon condition *Fulvius* ſhall not live,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony*.
Ant. Vpon condition you go to *Caſar's* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I ſiſter you heere?
Oct. Or, or heere, or at the Capitoll.
Ant. This is a flight unmenturable man,
Meet to be ſent on his randis: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voyce who ſhould be prickt to die
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſcene more dayes then you,
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſtandrous loads,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſweat under the Burthen:
Eiſer led or driven, as we print the way:
And having brought our Treasures here we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his carcs,
And gaze in Commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion govern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vie, and ſtall'd by other men
Begin his falſion: Do not talke of him,
But as a property and now *Octavius*,
Liſten great things. *Bruſius* and *Caſſius*
Are Jeſying Powers; We muſt it ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made and our beſt meanes ſtrecht out,
And let us preſently goe in to Councell,
How covert matters may be beſt diſcloſ'd,
And open Perils ſurely anſwered.
Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,
And

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

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucius, and the Army,
and Pindarus mette them.*

Brus. Stand ho.
Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Brus. What now *Lucius*, is *Cassius* neerer?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Brus. He greets me well, Your Master *Pindarus*
Hath given me foue worthy cause to with
Thing, done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Brus. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Brus. He is not doubted. A word *Lucius*:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Brus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucius*,
When Love begins to ficken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Luc. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucius*,
When Love begins to ficken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

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

Brus. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
Match gently on to meete him,
Cas. Stand ho.
Brus. Stand ho, speake the word along,
Stand.
Cas. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
Brus. Iudge me you Gods, wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.
Cas. *Brutus*, this tober foue of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—
Brus. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your grieves softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle, Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes
And I will give you Audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Brus. *Lucius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have dooe our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.
Mament Brutus and Cassius.

Exeunt.

Titinius

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

Brus. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.
Brus. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vnderivers.

Cas. I an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your laff.
Brus. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And 't shall cement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement?
Brus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of vs,
That brucke the Roman 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 grasp'd thus?
I had rather be a Logge, and baite the Moore,
Then fish a Roman.

Cas. *Brutus*, baire you not me,
He not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I
Older in practice, Abter then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brus. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.
Cas. I am.
Brus. I say, you are not.
Cas. Virge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Brus. Away slight man.
Cas. Is't possible?

Brus. Hearke me, for I will speake.
Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?
Cas. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?
Brus. All this? I more, Fret till your proud heart break,
Go shew your Slaves how Cholericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble, Must I bowdge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Tellie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Speme
Thought it do Spill you: For from this day forth,
He vic you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?

Brus. 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.
Cas. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I haide an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

Brus. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When *Casus* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
Brus. Peace, peace, you durst not to have tempted him.
Cas.

Cas. I durst not.

Brus. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Brus. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Doe not presume too much upon my Love,
I may doe that I shall be sorry for.

Brus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats.

For I am arm'd to fight in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine fumes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather Coyne my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, 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 have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows to Covetous,
And locke such Rascall Counters from his friends,
Beready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dath him to peeces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Brus. You did.

Cas. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart
A friend should beare his friends infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Brus. I doe not, till you practice them on me.
Cas. You love me not.

Brus. I doe not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brus. A flatterer would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, braud'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roare
To call 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 *Phoebus*'s Mine: Richer then gold:
If that thou best a Roman, take it forth:
I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at *Casus*: for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Then ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Brus. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Doe what you will, dishonor, shall be humour.

O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the filie beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hasty sparke,
And fraite is cold agen.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grieffe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Brus. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Doe you confesse so much? Give me your hand.
Brus. And my heart too.

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Brus. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfull?

Brus. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hec'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you lo.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me goe in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwene em, tis not meete
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals! what doe you meane?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seene more yeeres I amere then youe.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime:
Brus. Get you hence strah: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, tis his fashion,
Brus. He know his humour, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres doe with theie Ligging Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Poet. Away, away be gone.

Brus. *Lucius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.

Brus. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cas. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.

Brus. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many grieves.

Cas. Of your Philophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidentall evils.

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

Cas. Ha? *Portia*?

Brus. She is dead.

Cas. How cap'd I killing, when I croft you fo?
O intupportable, and touching losse!
Vpon what sickesse?

Brus. Impatient of my absence,
And griete, that young *Octavius* with *Marke Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this the fell diltract,
And (her Attendants absent) I wallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Brus. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Brus. Speake no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine
In this I bury all unkinde *Cassius*.

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

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

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

Cas. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Brus. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here receiv'd Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

n n

Mess.

Caes. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Caes. That by proscription, and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
 Have put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters doe not well agree:
 Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de
 By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caes. *Cicero* one?
Caes. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
 Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala*.
Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala*.
Messa. That methinkes is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
 Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Messa. No'tny Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Fortia*: We must dye *Messala*:
 With meditating that the mult dye once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.
Messa. Even so great men, great losses should indure,
Caes. I have as much of this in Art as you.
 But yet my Nature could not beare it fo.
Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What doe you thinke
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Caes. I doe not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Caes. This is it:
 'Tis better that the Enemy seeke us,
 So shall he wade his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
 Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenetic.
Bru. Good reasons mult of force give place to better:
 The people twist *Philippi*, and this ground
 Doe stand but in a fore'd affection:
 For they have brought us Contribution.
 The Enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make an iller number up,
 Come on refresh, new added, and encourag'd,
 From which advantage shall we cut him off.
 If at *Philippi* we doe face him there,
 The people at our backe,
Caes. Heare me good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have tride the utmost of our friends:
 Our Legions are brim full, our caute is ripe,
 The Enemy encreaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a Tide in the Affairs of men,
 Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
 Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miserics.
 On such a full Sea are we now afloat,
 And we must take the current while it serves,
 Or lose our Ventures.
Caes. Then with your will goe on: we'll along
 Our eyes and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The doerpe of night is crept upon our talkes,
 And Nature must obey Necessity.
 Which we will neglect with a little rest:
 There is no more to say.
Caes. 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.
Caes. O my deere brother:
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division twene our soules:
 Let it not *Brutus*.
Enter Lucius with the Gowne.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Caes. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good brother.
Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewell every one. *Exit.*
 Give me the Gowne. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What thou speak'st drowsily?
 Poore knave I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
 Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,
 Ile have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. Varus, and Claudius.
Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you first, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
 It may be I shall raise you by and by
 On business to my brother *Cassius*.
Var. So please you, we will stand,
 And watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: Lye downe good first,
 It may be I shall other wise bethinke me.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
 Canst thou hold up thy instrument a traine or two,
 And touch thy heavy eyes a-while,
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 urge thy duty past thy might,
 I know young blouds looke for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
 I will not hold thee long. If I doe live,
 I will be good to thee.
Musicke, and a Song.
 This is a sleepey Tune: O Murtherous slumber I
 Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
 That plays thee Musicke? Gentle knave good night:
 I will not doe thee so much wrong to wake thee:
 If thou dost 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 Lentie 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 weaknesse of mine eyes
 That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.
 It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some Angell, or some Divell,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stand?
 Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
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 have taken heat, thou vanishest.
 If Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varus, Claudius, Sirs: awake:
Claudius.
Luci. The strings my Lord are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Bru. Dullst thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou'st cryedst
 out?
Luc. My Lord, I doe not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou didst; Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: *Sirs* *Claudius*, fellow,
 Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you cry out first in your sleepe?
Var. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: I saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Goe, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*:
 Bid him see on his Powres betimes before,
 And we will follow.
Var. It shall be done my Lord. *Exit.*

Make forth, the generalls would have some words.
Oct. Steire not untill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it for Countrymen?
Oct. Nor that we love words better, as you doe.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*:
 In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words
 Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesars* heart,
 Crying long live, haile *Caesar*.
Cass. Antony.
 The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne;
 But for your words, they rob the *Philippes*,
 And leave them Hony-lie.
Ant. Not single too.
Bru. O yes, and found it too:
 For you have ston'd their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely threat before you lung.
Ant. Villaines, 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 *Caesars* feete:
 Whilst damned *Cicero*, like a Cure, behind
 Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you thankers-
Cass. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your selfe,
 This tongue had not offended fo to day,
 If *Cassius* might have ridd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweet,
 The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
 Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
 When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
 Never till *Caesars* three and thirty woundes
 Be wellaveng'd; or till another *Caesar*
 Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Brus. Caesar, thou canst not dye by Traytors hands,
 Vile life thou bringst them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
 I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword:
Bru. O if thou wert the Nobell of the Straine,
 Yong-may, thou couldst not dye more honorable.
Cass. A peevish Schoole-boy, worthies of such honor
 Ioy'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Caesar* still.
Oct. Come *Antony*: away:
 Defiance *Tullius*, hurle we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have blowne knacks,
Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cass. Why now blowe winde, swell billes,
 And swimme backe:
 The Storme is up, and all is on the lazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucilius*, hearken, a word with you.
Lucilius, and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cass. Messala.
Cass. What sayes my generall?
Messa. What sayes this? This is my Birth-day: as this very day
 Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
 Be thou my witnesse, that against my will,
 (As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
 Upon one Battell all our Liberties.
 You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his opinions: Now I change my minde,
 And partly credit things that doe preface.
 Comming from *Sardinia*, on our former Ensigne
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,
 Who

Mellus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Oct. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come downe,
 But keepe the hills and upper Regions:
 It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
 They inean to warne us at *Philippi* here:
 Answering before we doe demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bolomes, and I know:
 Wherefore they doe it: They could be content
 To visit other places, and come downe
 With fearless braverie: thinking by this face
 To fallen in our thoughts that they have Courage:
 But tis not so.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Prepare you Generalls,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
 Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaile softly on
 Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why doe you crosse me in this exigent.
Oct. I doe not crosse you: but I will doe so *March*.
Drum. Enter *Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*
Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fast *Tullius*, we must out and talke.
Oct. *Mark Antony*, shall we give signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Who to Philippi here conformed us:
This Morning see they fled away, and gone,
And in their flight, doe Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Flye ore our heads, and downward looke on us
As we were tickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fall, under which
Our Army lyes, ready to give up the Ghost.

Meffa. Believe not so.
Cassi. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perill, very conflantly.

Bru. Even so *Lucilius*.
Cassi. Now moit Noble *Brunus*,
The gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our dayes to age.
But since the *affaires* of men rells ill uncertaine,
Lets reston with the worst that may befall.
If we doe lose this Battaille, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
Be which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I doe find it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The tunc of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To lay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaille,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thouow the Streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Roman,
That ever *Brunus* will goe bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde, But this fame day
Must end that worke, that Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting, farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*,
If we doe meete againe, why we shall smile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brunus*:
If we doe meete againe, we'll smile indeed:
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 business, ere it come:
But it fallceth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brunus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give thefe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavus*'s wing:
And so I canne give them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne here of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titius. O *Cassius*, *Brunus* gave the word too early,

Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Tooke it too eagerly: his Souldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilft we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Find. Flye 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*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes
And here againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be here againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*
Cassi. Goe *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
My sight was ever thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou nott about the field.
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?

Find. *Alarum.* O my Lord.
Cassi. What newes?
Find. *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 looke light: O he lights too.
Hestane.

And hearken, they shout for joy.
Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live 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, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee doe,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a free-man, and with this good sword
That ran through *Cesar*'s bowels, search this bofome.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as tis now,
Quide thou the Sworl—*Cassius*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sworl: that kill'd thee. *Kills him.*

Find. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have beene
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,
Fare from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.
Messala. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrowne by Noble *Brunus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titius. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Messala. Where did you leave him.

Titius. All discontented,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?
Titius. He lyes not like the Living. O my heart!
Messala. Is not that he?
Titius. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou dostt sinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day it set.
The Sonne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deuls are done:
Mistruft of my successe hath done this deed.
Messala. Mistruft of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error foone concey'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,
But kill the Mother that engenderd thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where are thou *Pindarus*?
Messala. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I goe to meet
The Noble *Brunus*, thraling this report
Into his eares; I may say thraling it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brunus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hyt you *Messala*,
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Part on my browes this voozell of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not heare their
Aies, thou hast mistconstrued every thing. (Howts?)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brunus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will doe his bidding. *Brunus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Cassius*:
By your leave gods: This is a Roman's part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. *Dye.*

Alarum. Enter *Brunus*, *Messala* yong *Cato*,
Strato, *Volturnus*, and *Lucilius*.

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

Bru. O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walkes abroad, and turns our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails. *Low Alarum.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The fall of all the Romans, here: thee well:
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breath thy fellow: friends I owe no teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay:
I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Thursus* lend his body,
His funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfourt us. *Lucilius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let us to the field,
Labius and *Flavius* see our Battailles on:
Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brunus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*,
and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet Country men: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What *Baltard* doth not? who will goe with me?
I will proclaim my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.
A Post to Tyrrans, and my Countries friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.
Enter *Santus*, and fight.
And I am *Brunus*, *Marcus Brunus*, I.

Brunus my Countries friend: Know me for *Brunus*,
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato*'s Sonne.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Only I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brunus*, and be honor'd in his death.
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.
2 *Sold.* Rooome hee tell *Antony*, *Brunus* is tane,
1 *Sold.* He tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brunus is tane, *Brunus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brunus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brunus*:
The gods defend him from to great a shame,
When you doe finde him, or a live, or dead,
He will be found like *Brunus*, like himselfe.
Ant. This is not *Brunus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lesse in worth, keepe this man safe,
Give him all kinde of life. I had rather have
Such men my friends, then Enemies. Goe on,
And see where *Brunus* be alive or dead,
And bring us, unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Brunus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volturnus*.

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

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord:
He came not backe: he is tane, or flaine.
Bru. Sit thee downe. *Clitus*: flaying 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. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill request did *Brunus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble *Vellid* full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volturnus*, list a worl.
Volturn. What sayes my Lord?

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

Volturn. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volturnus*.
Thou seest the world, *Volturnus*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,
Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volturnus*,
Thou knowst, that we two went to Schoole together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilt, whilst I runne on it.

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

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Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Sirra, thou hast bin all this while a sleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Sirato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day
 More then *Othavio*, and *Mark Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest I shall attaine unto.
 So farewell all at once, for *Bruis* tongue
 Hath almost ended his lives History:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. *Cry milan, Flye, flye, flye.*
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye,
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
 I see thee *Sirato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some match of honor in it.
 Ho! I then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I doe run upon it. Wilt thou *Sirato*?
Sir. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Sirato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with hate, fo good a will. *Dye.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Othavio, Messala,
 Lucillius, and the Army.*
Oth. What man is that?

Messa. My masters man, *Sirato*, where is thy Matter?
Sir. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Bruis* onely overcame himselfe,
 And no man else hath honor by his death.
Lais. So *Bruis* should be found. I thank thee *Bruis*
 That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.
Oth. All that serv'd *Bruis*, I will entertaine them,
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Sir. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.
Oth. Doe so, good *Messala*.
Messa. How dyed my *Sirato*.
Sir. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Messa. *Othavio*, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my Matter.
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
 All the Conspirators save onely he,
 Did that they did, in envy 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 up,
 And say to all the world; This was a man.
Oth. According to his Vertue, let us use him
 With all respect, and rites of Buriall.
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,
 Most like a Souldier orderd honorably:
 So call the field to rest, and lets 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?
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
 When the Hurley-burleys done,
 When the Battalles loit and wonne.
 That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1 Where the place?
 2 Upon the Heath.
 3 There to meet with *Macbeth*.
 1 I come, *Gray-Malkin*.
Al. *Paddocke* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
 Hover through the fogge and filthy ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
 As feareth by his plight, of the Revolt
 The newswill late.
Mal. This is the Serjant,
 Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
 Gaiult my Captivity: Haile: haile brave friend;
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyle,
 As thou dost leave it.
Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
 As two iopent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choke their Art: The merciless *Macdonnell*
 (Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
 The multiplying Villaines of Nature
 Doe swaine upon him) from the Western Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallow gaffes is supply'd,
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry limiting,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
 For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
 Did slayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the Slave:
 Whitchment shooke hands, nor bad farewell to him,
 Till he unfeam'd him from the Nave to th'Chop,
 And fix'd his head upon our Bartlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection,
 Shipwracking Scormes, and direfull Thunders breaking
 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
 No looser justice had, with Valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trull their heeles,
 But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vantage,
 With furious Armes, and new supplies of men,
 Began a frills affault.

King. Didst not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Donalob?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
 Or the Hare, the Lyon.

If I say fourth, I shall report they were
 As Cannons over-charg'd with double Crackes
 So they doubly scolded strokes: on the Foes
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
 I cannot tell: but I am faint,
 My Gathes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
 They Inacke of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.
Lenox. What haile looks through his eyes?
 So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,
 Where the Norwegian Bannars flowt the Sky,
 And faine our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
 Assild by the most disloyall Traytor,
 The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismall Conflict,
 Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lap in proofs,
 Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
 Point against Point, rebellious Arme gainst Arme,
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
 The Victory fell on us.

Rosse. Great happinesse.

King. That now *Sveno*, the Norways King,
 Graves competition:
 Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
 Till he disbured, at Saint *Culmes*-hill,
 Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King.