

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Timon of Athens.
Lucius And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certain Senators.
Certain Maskers.
Certain Theeves.

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



THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
 Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
 (Being Mechanicall) you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day, without the signe
 Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?
Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Mur. Where is thy Leather apron, and thy Rule?
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You sir, what Trade are you?
Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
 but as you would say, a Coblur.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.
Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
 Confidence, which is indeed Sir, a mender of bad souls.

Fla. What Trade thou knive? 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.

Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend me, thou
 fawey Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Coblur art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by is with the Aule: I
 meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-
 ters; but withall I am indeed Sir a Surgeon to old Shoes,

when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
 per men as ever trode upon Neats-Leather, have gone
 upon my handy work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my
 self into more work. But indeed sir we make Holy-day

to see Cæsar, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.
Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?

What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot wheels.
You Blockes, you Stones, you worse then senselesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?

Have you clim'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Arms, 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 appear,
 Have you not made an Universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath her banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her Concave Shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a Holy-day?
 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
 That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fill upon your knees,
 Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Country-men, and for this fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the Channell, till the lowest stream
 Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.
 See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltinesse:

Go you down that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Dresse the Images,

If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.
Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Fla. It is no matter, let no Images

Be hung with the Cæsars Trophies: Ile about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick,
 These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,

Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
 VVho else would fere above the view of men.

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

Exeunt.
Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Courfe, Calphurnia, Portia, De-

cimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-
ter them Murellus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calphurnia.
Cask. Peace ho, Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here my Lord;

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonia's way,
 VVhen he doth run his course. *Antonia.*

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.
Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonia,*
 To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders lay,

The Barren touched in, this holy chafe,
Shake off their sterill curse.

Ant. I shall remember

When *Caesar* lies Do this; it is perform'd.

Caf. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

South. Caesar.

Caf. Ha? *V*Who calls?

Caf. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.

Caf. *V*Who is it in the preface, that calls on me?

I hear a Tongue thriller then all the Mulick

Cry, *Caesar*: Speak, *Caesar* is turn'd to hear.

South. Beware the Ides of March.

Caf. *V*What man is that?

Br. A South-fayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

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

Caf. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Caesar*.

Caf. *V*What fault thou to me now? Speak once again.

South. Beware the Ides of March.

Caf. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Paffe.

Senet. Exunt. Mani Brui. & Caf.

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

Brui. Not I.

Caf. I pray you do.

Brui. I am not Came'om: I do lack some part.

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leave you.

Caf. *Bruius*, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand

Over your Friends, that loves you.

Brui. *Cassius*.

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veyl'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my Countenance

Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my self,

Which give some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor continue any further my neglect,

Ten that poor *Bruius* with himself at warre,

Forgets the shew of Love to other men.

Caf. Then *Bruius*, I have much mistook your passion,

By means whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Bruius*, can you see your face?

Brui. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not himself, but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just,

And it is very much lamented *Bruius*,

That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,

(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Bruius*,

And grooming underneath this ages yoke,

Have with'd that Noble *Bruius* had his eyes.

Brui. Into what dangers would you

Lead me *Cassius*?

That you would have me seek into my self,

For that which is not in me?

Caf. Therefore good *Bruius* be prepar'd to hear;

And since you know you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of,
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Bruius*
Were I a common Lougher, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protector: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandle them: or if you know,
That I proffesse in Banqueting
To all the Rour, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and Shout.

Brui. What means this Shouting?

I do fear the people choose *Caesar*

For their King.

Cassius. I do you fear it?

Then must I think 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 general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour, more then I fear death.

Cassius. 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

Think of this life: But my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing, as I myself.

I was born free as *Caesar*, to were you,

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.

For once upon a Raw and Gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her Shores,

Caesar saies to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leap in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and wedid buffet it

With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controverfie.

But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,

Caesar cry'd. Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.

I (as *Antony*, our great ancestor,

Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder

The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of *Tyber*

Did the tired *Caesar*: And this Man

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*

And when the Fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lips did from their colour flye,

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loofe his Lustre: I did hear him groan:

I, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*

Mark him, and writ his Speeches in their Books,

Alas, it cryed, Give me some drinke *Tullius*,

As

As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the Majestick world,

And bear the Palm alone.

Shout.

Flourish.

Brui. Another general shout?

I do believe, that these applauses are

For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cassius. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find our selves dishonourable Graves.

Men at some time, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (dear *Bruius*) is not in our Stars,

But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Bruius and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?

Why should that name be founded more then yours?

Write them together: yours is as fair a Name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.

Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with them man,

Bruius will start a Spirit as soon as *Caesar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our *Caesar* feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Blouds.

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,

But it was fam'd with more then with one man?

*V*When could they say (ill now) that talk'd of *Rome*,

That her wide walkes incompart but one man?

Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,

There was a *Bruius* once, that would have brook'd

The eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,

As easily as a King.

Brui. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:

*V*Why you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times

I shall recount hereafter: For this present,

I would not so (with love I might entreat you)

Be any further mov'd: *V*Why you have said,

I will consider: what you have to say

I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:

Bruius had rather be a Villager,

Then to rejoyce himself a Son of *Rome*

Under their hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Bruius*.

Enter Caesar and his Train.

Brui. The Games are done,

And *Caesar* is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by,

Pluck *Caesar* by the Sleeve,

And he will (after his slow fashion) tell you

*V*What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Brui. I will do so: but look you *Cassius*,

The angry spot doth blow on *Caesar*'s brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train:

Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*

Looks with such Fetter, and such fiery eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol

Being croit in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassius. *Caesar* will tell us what the matter is.

Caf. Antonio.

Ant. Caesar.

Caf. Let me have men about me that are far,

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights:

Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,

He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Caf. *V*Would he were fitter; But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid,

So soon as that *pure Cassius*. He reads much,

He is a great Observer, and he looks

Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,

As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Mulick:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing:

Such men as he, be never at hearts ease

*V*Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Then what I fear: for alwaies I am *Caesar*,

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Senet.

Exunt Caesar and his Train.

Caf. You pul'd me by the Cloak, would you speak with

me?

Brui. I *Caesar*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day

That *Caesar* looks so sad.

Caf. *V*Why you were with him, were you not?

Brui. I should not then ask *Caesar* what had chanc'd.

Caf. *V*Why there was a Crown offer'd him; and being

offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus,

and then the people fell a shouting.

Brui. *V*What was the second noyle for?

Caf. *V*Why for that too.

Caf. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Caf. *V*Why for that too.

Brui. *V*Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Caf. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time

gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest

Neighbours shouted.

Caf. *V*Who offer'd him the Crown?

Caf. *V*Why *Antony*.

Brui. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caesar*.

Caf. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it:

It were meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark*

Antony offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown nei-

ther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you,

he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he

would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again:

then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was

very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer-

ed it the third time: he put it the third time by, and still

is he refus'd it, the rabblement howled, and clapp'd

Cass. But soft: I pray you: what did *Caesar* swoon'd?
Caik. He fell down in the Market-place, and found'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness.

Cass. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I.

And none of us have the falling sickness.

Caik. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure *Caesar* fell down, if the tag rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Caik. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluck'd me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had been a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wench's where I stood, cry'd, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them; if *Caesar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus far away.

Caik. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Caik. I, he spake Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Caik. Nay, and I tell you that, He ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Myrrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfes off *Caesar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to night, *Caik*?

Caik. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you dine with me to morrow?

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

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Caik. Do so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cass. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble Enterprize,

How-ever he puts on this tardy form:

This Rudeness is a Sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better Appetites.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leave you:

To morrow if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you: or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit Brutus.

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

Thy honourable Meral may be wrought

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

That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who lo firm, that cannot be reduc'd?

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

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
VVritings, 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* lend him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse dates endure.

Exit.

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

Cic. Good even, *Caik*: brought you *Caesar* home?

VVhy are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Caik. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,

I have seen Tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty Oakes, and I have seen

Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:

But never till to night, never till now,

Did I go through a Tempest-dropping fire.

Either there is a Civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too fancy with the Gods,

Incenseth them to send destruction.

Cic. VVhy, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Caik. A common slave, you know him well by sight,

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty Torches joyn'd; and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,

Against the Capitol I met a Lion,

VVho glaz'd upon me, and went surely by,

VVithout annoying me. And there were drawn

Upon a heap, a hundred gall'st women,

Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,

Even at Noon day, upon the Market place,

Howling, and shrieking. VVhen these Prodigies

Do so conjunctly meet, let not men say,

These are their Reasons they are Natural:

For I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves,

Comes *Caesar* up to the Capitol to morrow?

Caik. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*

Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caik*:

This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Caik. Farewel *Cicero*.

Enter *Cassius*.

Exit Cicero.

Cass. VVho's there?

Caik. A *Roman*.

Cass. *Caik*, by your voice.

Caik. Your Ear is good.

Cassius. VVhat night is this?

Caik. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cass. VVho ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cass. Those that have known the Earth so full of

faults.

For

For my part I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous Night:

And thus unbrac'd, *Caik*, as you see,

Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:

And when the cross'd blew Lightning seem'd to open

The Breif of Heaven, I did present my self

Even in the same, and very flash of it.

Caik. But wherefore did you so much tempe the Hea-

ven?

Is the part of men, to fear and tremble,

When the most Mighty Gods by tokens send

Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cass. You are dull, *Caik*:

And those sparks of Life that should be in a *Roman*,

You do want; or else you use not,

You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,

And call your self in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,

Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous quality; why you shall find,

Their Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,

To make them instruments of fear, and warning,

Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caik*) name to thee a man,

More like this dreadful Night,

That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and tears,

As doth the Lion in the Capitol;

A man no mightier than thy self, or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown

And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Caik. 'Tis *Caesar* that you mean,

Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now

Have Sins and Limbs like to their Ancestors;

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead;

And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,

Our yolk, and sufferance, shew us womanish.

Caik. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow

Mean to establish *Caesar* as a King:

And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,

In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cass. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:

Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.

Not Stony Towers, nor Walls of beaten Brass,

Nor air-leis Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,

Can beretentive to the strength of Spirit:

But Life being weary of these worldly Barres,

Never lacks power to dismiss it self.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of Tyranny that I do bear,

I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Caik. So can I:

So every Bond-man in his own hand bears

The power to Cancel his Captivity.

Cass. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?

poor man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,

But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep:

He were no *Lion*, were not *Romans* Hinds:

Those that with halfe will make a mighty fire,

Begin it with weak *Straws*. Whatcraft is *Rome*?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves

For the base matter, to illuminate

So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh grief,

Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak 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.

Caik. You speak to *Caik*, and to such a man,

That is no hearing Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:

Be fictitious for remorse of all these Griets,

And I will set this foot of mine as farre,

As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a Bargain made.

Now know you, *Caik*, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the Noblest minded *Romans*

To under-gee, with me, an enterprize,

Of Honourable dangerous consequence;

And I do know by this, they stay for me

In *Pompey's* Porch: for now this fearful night,

There is no stirre, or walking in the streets,

And the Complexion of the Element

Is Favour, like the work we have in hand,

Molt bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter *Cinna*.

Caik. Stand close a while, for here comes one in

haste.

Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,

He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you to?

Cinna. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus*

Cimber?

Cass. No, it is *Caik*, one incorporate

To our Attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't.

What a fearful Night?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cass. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*

To our party.

Cass. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,

And look you lay it in the Pretors Chair,

Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this

In at his Window; set this up with waxe

Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,

Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.

Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* here?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bad me.

Cass. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come *Caik*, you and I will yet, ere day,

See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Caik. O, he sits high in all the peoples hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,

His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,

Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You have right well conceited: let us go,

For 'tis after Mid-night, and ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

N n n

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day—*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
VVhen Lucius, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter *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. *Exit.*
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoynes
Remorse from power: And to speak truth of *Caesar*,
I have not known, when his affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But tis a common proofe,
That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
VVhether the Climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his back.
Looks in the Clouds, scornning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Caesar* may;
Then left he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
VVill bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
VVould run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpents egge,
VVhich hatch'd, would as his kind 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
I did not lye there when I went to bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow (Boy) the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Look in the Callender, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light: that I may read by them.
Opens the Letter and reads.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:
Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.
Such intigations have been often dropt.
VVhere I have took them up:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome fit and under one mans ave? VVhat Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make the promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest:
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter *Lucius*.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wait'd fifteen daies.
Knock within.
Brut. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interims*:
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous *Dream*:
The *Genius*, and the mortal instruments
Are then in councell, and the flure of man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter *Lucius*.

Luc. Sir, tis your brother *Cassius*: at the door,
VVho doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Brut. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham't thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
VVhen evils are most free? O then, by day
VVhere wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Evilus* it self were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, *Cassius*, *Caika*, *Decius*,
Cinna, *Metellus*, and *Trebonius*.

Caf. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Caf. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
VVhich every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.
Caf. This, *Decius Brutus*.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Caf. This, *Caika*; this *Cinna*; and this *Metellus*
Cimber.

Brut. They are all welcome.
VVhat watchful Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?
Caf. Shall I intreat a word? *They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?
Caf. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Caf. You shall confesse that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
VVhich is a great way growing on the South,

VVeigh-

Weighing the youthful Season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caf. And let us swear our resolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-lighted Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting Spirits of women: Then Country men,
What need we any spur, but our own cue
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Swear Priests and Cowards; and men cautelous,
Old feeble Catrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcom wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our Envy-rize,
Nor th' inuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think that our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every *Roman* beares, and Nobly beares
Isquity of a federal Bithardy.
If we do break the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Caf. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Caf. Let us not leave him out.

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

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

Caf. Then leave him out.

Caf. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

Brut. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like wrath in death, and Envy afterwards.
For *Antony*, is but a Limb of *Caesar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
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 Carcass fit for Hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious.
Which to appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more then *Caesar's* Arm,
When *Caesar's* head is off.

Caf. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he beares to *Caesar*.

Brut. Alas good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Caesar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Caesar*.
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

Clock strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clock.
Caf. The Clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caf. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Oft Fancies, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigious
The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
And the perfwasion of his Angures,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-way him: for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And Bears with Claffes, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toiles; and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He fumes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

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

Caf. Niy, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brut. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?

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

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Caesar's* hatred,
Who 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.

Caf. The Morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And friends disperse your selves; but all remember
VVhat you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
VVith untir'd spirits, and formal Constancy,
And to good morrow to you every one.

Exit.

Mark Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

N n n 2

VVhich

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

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

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Brut. Portia, What mean you? wherefore rife you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y have ungently Brutus

Stole from my Bed: and yesternight at Supper

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,

Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crofs:

And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me, with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further; then you search'd your head,

And too impudently stamp'd with your foot:

Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafter of your hand

Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much inkindled, and withal;

Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

I will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;

And could it work for much upon your shape,

As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,

I should not know you Brutus. Dear my Lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

Por. Brutus is wife, and were he not in health,

He would embrace the meines to come by it.

Brut. Why lo I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it Physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors

Of the dark Morning? What, is Brutus sick?

And will he steal out of his wholom bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the Night?

And tempt the Rheumy and unfurged Ayre

To add unto his sickness? No my Brutus,

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which by the Right and Verue of my place

I ought to know of: And upon my knees,

I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,

By all your vov'es of Love, and that great Vow

Which did incorporate and make us one,

That you unfold to me, your self; your half;

Why you are heavy, and what men to night

Have had resort to you: for here have been

Some six or seven, who did hide their faces

Even from darkness.

Brut. Kneel not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bo-d of Marriage, tell me Brutus,

Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertain to you? Am I your self,

But as it were in fort, or limitation?

To keep with you at meales, comfort your Bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable wife,

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal,

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal,

A woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger then my Sex

Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclofe em:

I have made strong proof of my Constancy,

Giving my self a voluntary wound

Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,

And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble wife.

Heark, heark, one knocks: Portia go in a while,

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements, I will conftrue to thee,

All the Characters of my sad browes:

Leave me with halt,

Knock.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

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

Brut. Cains Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Cains Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brut. O what a time have you chose out brave Cains

To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Brut. Such an exploit have I in hand Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome,

Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loynes,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,

Yes gear the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A piece of work,

That will make sick men whole.

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

Brut. That must we also. What it is my Cains,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,

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

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder.

Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-Gown.

Caesar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,

Have been at peace to night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out;

Help, ho: they murder Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caesar. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Caesar. Shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er lookt but on my back: When they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Calp.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Calp. Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the Watch.

A Lions hath whelp'd in the streets,

And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the Clouds

In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of war

Which drizzel'd bloud upon the Capitol:

The noise of Battel hurried in the Ayre:

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them.

Cal. What can be avoid'd

Whole end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth: for their Predictions

Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Calp. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,

The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Calp. Cowards die many times before their deaths,

The valiant never taste of death but once:

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seemes to me most strange that men should fear,

Seeing that death, a necessary end

Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.

Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

Calp. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:

Caesar should be a Beast without a heart:

He should stay at home to day for fear:

No, Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he.

We hear two Lions litter'd in one day,

And the elder and more terrible,

And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas my Lord,

Your wisdom is confus'd in confidence:

Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

Will send Mark Antony to the Senate house,

And he shall say, you are not well to day:

Let me upon my knee prevail in this

Calp. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus he shall tell them so.

Dec. Caesar, all hail: Good morrow worthy Caesar,

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Calp. And you are come in very happy time,

To hear my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to day, tell them so Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Dec. Shall Caesar send a Lye?

Have I in Conquest stretch mine Arm so far,

To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Calp. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Calp. The cause is in my will, I will not come,

That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here my wife, stais me at home:
She dream't to night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bath their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from your great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Calp. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say,
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall fend them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Beshak you the Senate, till another time,
When Caesars wife shall meet with better Dreames;

If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo Caesar is afraid?

Pardon me Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your Proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Calp. How foolish do your fears seem now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow Caesar.

Calp. Welcome Publius.

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

Good morrow Caska, Cains Ligarius,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a Clock?

Brut. Caesar, tis stricken eight.
Calp. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See Antony, that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar.

Calp. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cinna, now Metellus: what Trebonius,
I have an hours talk in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will; and so near will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Calp. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straightway go together.

Brut. That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus eares to think upon.

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cains; come not
Nnn 3

near *Cassius*, have an eye to *Cinna*. Craft not *Trebonius*, mark well *Metellus Cimber*, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd *Cassius Ligarius*. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against *Caesar*: If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, till *Caesar* pass along;
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that *Virtue* cannot live
Out of the reach of Emulation.
If thou read'st this, O *Caesar*, thou maiest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive.

Enter *Portia* and *Lucius*.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Say not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

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

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

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Caesar* doth, what Sutors press to him.
Hark Boy, what noise is this?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bustling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. 'Tis half some time to *Caesar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. Tis I have Lady, if it will please *Caesar*

To be so good to *Caesar*, as to hear me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

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

Sooth. None that I know will be,

Much that I fear may chance:

Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:

The throng that followe *Caesar* at the heels,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

He get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speak to great *Caesar* as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weak a thing

The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,

The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.

Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suit

That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,

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

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

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

Caes. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Caesar*, but not gone.

Ant. Hail *Caesar*: read this Schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Ant. O *Caesar*, read mine first: for mine's a suit

That touches *Caesar* nearer. Read it great *Caesar*.

Caes. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Ant. Delay not *Caesar*, read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Caes. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I with you Enterprize to day may thrive.

Caes. VVhat enterprize *Popilius*?

Pop. Fire you well.

Brut. What said *Popilius* *Leva*?

Caes. He wille to day our enterprize might thrive:

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Look how he makes to *Caesar*: mark him.

Caes. *Caska* be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or *Caesar* never shall turn back,

For I will fly my self.

Brut. *Cassius* be constant:

Popilius *Leva* speaks not of our purposes.

For look he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.

Caes. *Trebonius* knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*

He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. VVhere is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to *Caesar*.

Cin. *Caska*, you are the first that reares your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? VVhat is now amiss,

That *Caesar* and his Senate must redress?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Caesar*,

Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Seat

An humble heart.

Caes. I must prevent thee *Cimber*:

These couchings, and these lowly curtiesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,

To think that *Caesar* beares such Rebel blood

That will be thav'd from the true quality

VVith that which melteth Fooles: I mean sweete words,

Low-crook'd-curtesies, and base Spaniel fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way:

Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor vvithout cause

VVill he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voyce more vvorthy then my own,

To

To sound more sweetly in great *Caesar*'s ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brut. I kille thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar*:

Desiring thee that *Publius Cimber* may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. VVhat *Brutus*?

Caes. Pardon *Caesar*: *Caesar* pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,

To begge enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Caes. 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 resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament,

The Skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine:

But, there's but one in all doth hold his place,

So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this:

That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Caesar*.

Caes. Hence: wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great *Caesar*.

Caes. Do not *Brutus* bootlesse kneel?

Cask. Speak hands for me.

They stab *Caesar*.

Caes. Et tu *Brute*.—Then fall *Caesar*.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Caes. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out

Liberty, freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted:

Fly not, stand still, ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Brut. VVhere's *Publius*?

Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of *Caesar*

Should chance—

Brut. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer,

There is no harm intended to your person,

Not to no *Roman* else: so tell them *Publius*.

Caes. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people

Ruining on us, should do your Age some mischief.

Brut. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,

But we the Doers.

Enter *Trebonius*.

Caes. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd,

Men, VVives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,

As woe were Doomed day.

Brut. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die we know, tis but the time

And drawing daies out, that men stand upon.

Cask. VVhy he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off no more years of fearing death.

Brut. Grant that, and then is death a Benefit:

So are we *Caesar*'s friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in *Caesar*'s blood

Up to the Elbowes, and besmear our Swords:

Then walk we forth even to the Market place,

And waving our red weapons o're our heads,

Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Caes. Stoop then, and walk. How many Ages hence

Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,

In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Brut. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,

That now on *Pompey*'s *Basis* lies along,

No worthier then the dust?

Caes. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd,

The men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Caes. I, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Brut. Soft, who comes here? a friend of *Antony*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus*, did my Master bid me kneel;

Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,

And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,

Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest,

Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:

Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honor him;

Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How *Caesar* hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love *Caesar* dead

So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,

Through the hazards of this untrod State,

With all true Faith. So shines my Master *Antony*

Brut. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant *Roman*,

I never thought him worse:

Tell him, to please him come unto this place

He shall be satisfied, and by my honour

Depart untouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Brut. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Caes. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter *Antony*.

Brut. But here comes *Antony*:

Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Caesar*! dost thou lye so low?

Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,

Shrunk to this little Measure? Face thee well.

I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As *Caesar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your Swords made rich

With the most Noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst 't is your purpled hands do reek and smook

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find my self so apt to die.

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Master Spirits of this age.

Brut. O *Antony*! Beg not your death of us:

Though now we must appear bloody and cruell,

As by our hands, and this our present Act

You see we do: yet see you but our hands,

And

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

And this, the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful :
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*;
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caf. Your voice shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

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

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom :
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you ;
Next *Cassius* do I take your hand ;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Metellus* ;
Yours *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Caika*, yours ;
Though I, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all : alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wies you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a flatterer.

That I did love thee *Caesar*, O tis true :
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes?
Most Noble in the presence of thy Corse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to clofe
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave heart.
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.
O world ! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O world, the Hurt of thee.
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye ?

Caf. *Mark Antony*.
Ant. Pardon me *Cassius* :
The enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this :
Then, in a friend, it is cold Modesty.

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

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and 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 so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I feek,
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall *Mark Antony* :

Caf. *Brutus*, a word with you :
You know not what you do ; do not consent
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon :
I will myself into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesar*'s death ;
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission :
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Caf. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Caesar*'s body :

You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission :
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Mark Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth :
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I prophesie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quarter'd with the hands of Warre :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds,
And *Caesar*'s Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Aie* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarchs voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the Dogs of Warre,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.
You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not ?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Lettes, and is coming.

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O *Caesar* !

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee a-part and weep :

Passion I see is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Miter coming ?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed,

And tell him what hath chanc'd :

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet,

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,

Thou

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this Corse
Into the market place : There shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians.

Pl. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other street,

And part the Numbers :

Those that will hear me, speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, goe with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Caesar*'s death.

1 *Pl.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Beleeve me for
mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeve. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be
any in this Assembly, any deer friend of *Caesar*, to them
I say, that *Brutus* love to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer : Not that I lov'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Caesar* were liv-
ing, and die all Slaves ; then that *Caesar* were dead, to
live all Free-men ? As *Caesar* lov'd me, I weep 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 Tears for his Love : Joy, for his Fortune : Honour, for
his Valour : and Death for his Ambition. Who is here
to blame that would be a Bondman ? If any, speak, for him
have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not
be a *Roman* ? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who
is here so vile, that will not love his Country ? If any,
speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no
more to *Caesar* then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questio-
n of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll : his Glory
not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offen-
ces enforce'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's 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 Common-wealth, 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 Dig-
ger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need
my Death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house,

2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Caesar*.

4. *Caesar*'s better parts,

Shall be Crow'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his house,

With Shows and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Country-men, let me depart alone ;

And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony* :

Do grace to *Caesar*'s Corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Caesar*'s Glories, which *Mark Antony*

(By your permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart.

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

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

2. Let him go up into the publique Chair,

Wee'l hear him : Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake I am beholding to you.

3. What does he say of *Brutus* ?

4. He saies for *Brutus* take

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. 'Twere best speak no harme of *Brutus* here ?

1. This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay that's certain :

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*.

All. Peace ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Country-men, lend me your ears :

I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him :

The evil that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft enterr'd with their bones,

Solet it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Had told you *Caesar* was Ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Caesar*'s funeral.

He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me ;

But *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,

Whose Ransomes did the general Coffers fill :

Did this in *Caesar* seem Ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Caesar* hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious :

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition ?

Yet *Brutus* saies he was Ambitious :

And sure he is and Honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know ;

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him ?

O Judgement ! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*.

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

3. Ha's he Milters ? I fear there will a worse come in

4. *Mark'd*

(his place.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown; Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deer abide it.
2. Poor foul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might Have flood against the world: Now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

O Matters! If I were dispos'd to stirre Your hearts and minds to mutiny and Rage, I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong: Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you, Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Caesar*, I found it in his Cloister, tis his Will: Let but the Commons hear this Testament: (Which pardon me) I do not mean to read, And they would goe and kisse dead *Caesar's* wounds, And dip their Napkins in his Sacred blood: Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory, And dying, mention it within their Wills, Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy Unto their issue.

4. We'll hear the VVill, read it Mark Antony.

All. The VVill, the VVill; we will hear *Caesar's* Will.

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

4. Read the VVill, we'll hear it Antony: You shall read us the VVill, *Caesar's* VVill.

Ant. VVill you be Patient? will you stay a while? I have o're that my self to tell you of it, I fear I wrong the Honourable men, Whose Daggers have stab'd *Caesar*: I do fear it.

4. They were Traitors, Honourable men?

All. The VVill, the Testament.

2. They were Villains, Murderers: the VVill, read the VVill.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the VVill; Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Caesar*, And let me shew you him that made the will: Shall I defend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

3. You shall have leave.

4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2. Room for Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay please not so upon me, stand farre off.

All. Stand back, room, bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this Mantle, I remember The first time ever *Caesar* put it on, 'Twas on a Summers evening in his Tent, That day he overcame the *Norvii* Look, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through: See what a Rent the envious *Cassius* made: Through this, the welbelov'd *Brutus* stab'd And as he pluck'd his cur'd Steel away,

Mark how the blood of *Caesar* followed in: As nothing out of doots, to be resolv'd: If *Brutus* to unkindly knock'd, or no: For *Brutus* as you know, was *Caesar's* Angel: Judge, O you Gods, how dearly *Caesar* lov'd him! This was the most unkindest cut of all. For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart, And in his Mantle, muffling up his face, Even at the Bafe of *Pompey's* Statue (Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell: O what a fall was there, my Countrey-men? Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us. O now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint of pity: These are gracious drops. Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold Our *Caesar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here, Herein himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1. O piteous spectacle!

2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. O woful day!

4. O Traitors, Villains!

1. O most bloody fight!

2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge

About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrey-men.

1. Peace there, hear the Noble Antony,

2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not flire To touch a fuddain Flood of Mutiny: They that have done this Deed, are Honourable, What private griefs they have, alas I know not, That made them do it: They are wise and honourable, And will no doubt with reasons answer you. I come not (Friends) to steal away your hearts; I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is; But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man That love my friend, and that they know full well, That give me publick leave to speak of him: For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stirre mens Blood. I onely speak right on: I tell you that, which you your selves do know, Shew you sweet *Caesar's* wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*, And *Brutus* Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffe up your Spirits, and put a Tongue In every Wound of *Caesar*, that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.

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

3. Away then, come seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me Countrey-men, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace here, hear Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath *Caesar* thus defenc'd your loves? Alas you know not, I must tell you then: You have forgot the Will I told you of.

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

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Caesar's* Seal: To every Roman Citizen he gives, To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2. Pl.

2. Pl. Most Noble *Caesar*, we'll revenge his death.

3. Pl. O Royal *Caesar*.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace here.

Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walkes, His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards: On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you, And to your heires for ever: common pleasures To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Caesar*: when comes such another?

1. Pl. Never, never: come, away, away: We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the Brands fire all the Traytors houses. Take up the body.

2. Pl. Go fetch fire.

3. Pl. Pluck down Benches.

4. Pl. Pluck down Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exeunt Plebeians.

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

How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

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

Ant. VVhence is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesar's* house.

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

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

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

Enter *Cinna* the Poet, and after him the Plebeians:

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

1. VVhat is your name?

2. VVhither are you going?

3. VVhere do you dwell?

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

2. Answer every man directly.

1. I, and briefly.

4. I, and briefly.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

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

2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly I am going to *Caesar's* Funeral.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your name fit, truly.

Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.

1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

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

2. Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

4. Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

1. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

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

3. Tear him, tear him: Come Brands here, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Brutus's* houses, and some to *Cassius's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, *Octavius*, and *Lepidus*.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prick't: Oh, Your Brother too must die: consent you *Lepidus*? Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down Antony.

Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live, Who is your Sisters son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I dam him. But *Lepidus*, go you to *Caesar's* house: Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here? Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on Errands: 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 prick't to die In our black Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more daies then you; And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease our selves of divers stann'd rous loads, He shall but bear them, as the Afs bears Gold, To groan and sweat under the Business, Either led or driven, as we print the way: And having brought our treasure, where we will, Then rake we down his load, and turn him off (Like to the empty Afs) to shake his eares, And grize in Commons.

Oct. You may do your will: But he's a tri'd, 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 wind, to stop, to run directly on: His corporal Motion govern'd by my Spirit, And in some sort, is *Lepidus* but so: He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A barren spiritless Fellow, one that feeds On Objects, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of use, and ita'd by other men Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him, But as a property: and now *Octavius*, Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius* Are levying Powers; We must straight make head: Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd, Our best Friends made, and our best means stretcht out, And let us presently go sit in Council, How covert matters may be best disclos'd, And open Perils surest 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 fear
Millions of Mischiefes.

Exeunt.

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meet them.*

Brut. Stand ho.

Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.

Brut. What now Lucilius, is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from this Matter.

Brut. He greets me well: Your Master *Pindarus*

In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is, doubtless: A word *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With civility, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,

Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd

A hot friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to ficken and decay

It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple Faith:

Bethollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius, and his Powers.

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

Cass. Stand ho.

Brut. Stand ho, speak the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Cass. Most Noble Brother; you have done me wrong.
Brut. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?

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

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefes softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes

And I will give you audience.

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

Brut. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.

Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. *Exeunt.*

March. Brutus and Cassius.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*

For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*; yet *Pindarus*
Wherein my Letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet,

That every nice offence should bear his Comment.
Brut. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you yourself know I

Am much condemn'd to have an itching *Palm*,
To sell, and Mart your Office for Gold,
To Underservers.

Cass. Is an itching *Palm*?—
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brut. The name of *Cassius* honours this *Corruption*,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement?
Brut. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember:

Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab, not I?
And not for Justice? What shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large Honours
For so much trash, as may be grasp'd thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,

Then fuch a *Roman*.
Cass. *Brutus*, bair not me;
He not endure it: you forget your self, to hate the world;

To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler then your self
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.
Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.
Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:

Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Brut. Away slight man.

Cass. Is't possible?
Brut. Hear me, for I will speak:

Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a mad man fables?

Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods, must I endure all this?
Brut. All this? I more. Fret till your proud heart break,
Go show your Slaves how Cholerick you are;

And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I boudge?
Must I obsecure you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods

You shall digest the Vengeance of your spleen
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
He use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,

When you are wretched.
Cass. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true;

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men,
You wrong me *Brutus*:

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

Brut. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When *Caesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass.

Cass. I durst not.

Brut. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Brut. For your life you durst not.

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

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

For I am arm'd to strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain tummes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I am rais'd no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather com my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peizants, their vile trails

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 *Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his friends,

Bready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dish him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you no.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friends infirmities,

But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me no.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brut. A flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cass. 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, brav'd by his brother,
Checked like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote

To call into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyes: There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within a heart

Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine: Richer then Gold:
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth:
I had deny'd thee Gold, will give my heart:

Strike as thou didst at *Caesar*, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Then ever thou lovedst *Cassius*.
Brut. Sheath your Dagger:
Beangry when you will, if shall have scope,

Do what you will, dishonour, shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yok'd with a Lamb
That carries anger, as the Flint bears fire,

Who much enforced, shews a halcy spark,
And trait is cold again.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.
Cass. O *Brutus*!

Brut. What's the matter?

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

Brut. Yes *Cassius* and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hec't think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Post.

Post. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between em, tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.
Post. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cass. How now? What's the matter?

Post. For shame you Generals? what do you mean?
Live, and befriends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years time sure then ye.

Cass. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynick rhyme:
Brut. Get you hence firrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cass. Bear with him *Brutus*, tis his fashion.
Brut. He know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the Warres do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cass. Away, away be gone.
Brut. *Lucilius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cass. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.

Brut. *Lucius*, a bowl of Wine.
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brut. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.
Cass. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brut. No man bears sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Cass. Ha? *Portia*?

Brut. She is dead.
Cass. How fear'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!

Upon what sicknesse?
Brut. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death,
That tydings came. With this the fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallowed fire.

Cass. And dy'd she so?
Brut. Even so.

Cass. O ye immortal Gods!
Enter Boy with wine, and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*.

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

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

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

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?
Brut. No more I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*.

O o o

Mess.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Meff. My self have Letters of the self same tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Mess. That by proscriptiō, and bills of Outlary,
Officiaries, Antony, and Lepidus,
 Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
 Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
 By their proscriptiōs, *Cicero* being one.
Cass. *Cicero* one?
Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscriptiō.
 Had you your Letters from your wife my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala*.
Mess. Not nothing in you Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala*.
Mess. That me thinks is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
 Her you ought of her, in yours?
Mess. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a *Roman* tell me true.
Mess. Then like a *Roman*, bear the truth I tell,
 For certain this is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: we must die *Messala*:
 With meditating that the mult die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.
Mess. Even so great men, great losses should endure.
Cass. I have as much of this in Art as you,
 But yet my Nature could not bear it fo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. VVhat do you think
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cass. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cass. This it is:
 'Tis better that the enemy seek us
 So shall he waste his means, weary his Souldiers,
 Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and ambleness.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
 For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
 The Enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off.
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These people at our back.
Cass. Hear me good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends:
 Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
 The Enemy 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 Miseries.
 On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or loose our ventures.
Cass. Then with your will go on: we'll along!
 Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And Nature must obey Necessity,
 Which we will nigard with a little rest:
 There is no more to say.
Cass. No more, good night,

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gown: farewell good *Messala*,
 Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
 Good night, and good repose.
Cass. O my dear brother:
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division tween our souls:
 Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cass. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good brother.
Tit. *Messala*. Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewel every one.
 Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Bru. What thou speakest drowsily?
 Poor knave I blame thee, thou art ore-watch'd.
 Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,
 Ile have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus* and *Claudius*.

Enter Varrus and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you first, lie in my Tent and sleep,
 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: lie down good sirs,
 It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look *Lucius*, here's the book I fought for so:
 I put it in the pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me good boy, I am much forgetful.
 Ganst thou hold up thy instrument a ftrain or two,
 And touch thy heavy eyes a while.
Luc. I my Lord am't please you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
 I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
 I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
 I will be good to thee.

Musick, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O murderous slumber!
 Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my boy,
 That plagues thee *Musick*? Gentle knave good night:
 I will not do 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 Leaf turn'd down
 Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
 It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus*.
Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.
Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
 Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudius*, sirs: awake:
Claudius.
Luc. The strings my Lord are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius. awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Didst thou dream *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst
 out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleep again *Lucius*: Sitra *Claudius*, fellow,
 Thou awake.
Var. My Lord.
Cla. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs in your sleep?
Bab. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Cla. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*:
 Bid him see on his powers beimes before,
 And we will follow.
Bab. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions:
 It proves not so: their battels are at hand,
 They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
 Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. 'Tis I am in their bosomes, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: They could be content
 To visit other places, and come down
 With fearful bravery: thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage:
 But tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
 Their bloody sign of Battel is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battel softly on
 Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you: but I will do so.

March.

Drums. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel?
Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so Countreymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bid strokes *Octavius*.
Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words,
 Witnests the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart,
 Crying long live, hail *Caesar*.

Cass. *Antony*,
 The posture of your blowes are yet unknown;
 But for your words, they rob the *Hilks* bees,
 And leave them honey-less.

Ant. Not ftingles too.
Bru. O yes, and foundless too:
 For you have stohn their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely there: before you tinge.
Ant. Villaines: you did not fo, when your vile daggers
 Hack one another in the sides of *Caesar*:
 You shew'd your teeth like Apes,
 And fawn'd like hounds,
 And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feet:
 Whilst damned *Caesar*, like a Cur, behind
 Struck *Caesar* on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cass. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your self
 This tongue had not offended fo to day,
 If *Caesar* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweer,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops:
 Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
 When think you that the Sword goes up again?
 Never till *Caesar* three and thirty wounds
 Be well aveng'd; or till another *Caesar*
 Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.

Bru. *Caesar*, Thou canst not die by Traytors hands,
 Unless thou bringst them with thee.
Oct. So I hope:
 I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O it thou wert the Noblest of thy Strain:
 Young-man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cass. A peewith School-boy, worthies of such honour
 Joyn'd with a Misker and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Oct. Come *Antony*: away:
 Defiance Traytors, hurle we in your teeth,
 If you dare fight to day, come to the field:
 If no, when you have stomacks.

Cass. Why now blow wind, swell billow,
 And swim Birke:
 The Storm is over, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucilius*, heark, a word vwith you.

Luc. My Lord.
Cass. *Messala*.
Mess. What saies my General?
Cass. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
 VVas *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
 Be thou my witness, that against my vwill,
 (As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battel all our Liberties.
 You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
 And his opinion: Now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do preface.
 Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
 Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* here comforted us :
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their heads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our A-mies lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril, very constantly.
Bru. Even so *Lucilius*.
Cassius. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our dayes to age.
But since the affaires of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determin'd to do ?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how :
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with pitiencie,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of *Rome*.
Bru. No *Cassius*, no :
Think not thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome* :
He bears too great a mind, But this same day
Must end that work, that Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not :
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius*.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile :
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus* :
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this diues business, ere it come :
But it fufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. *Exeunt*.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them set on at once : for I perceive
But cold demerour in *Othavio's* wing :
And sudden puth gives them the overthrow :
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come down. *Exeunt*.

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassius. O look *Titinius*, look, the Villaines fly :
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy :
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,

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

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord : fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord :
Fly therefore Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is fit enough. Look, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire ?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Cassius. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy furs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
VVhether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit*.
Cassius. Go *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
My fight was ever thick : regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou nor'st about the field.
This day I breath'd first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass. Sirra, what newes ?
Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Pind. *Titinius* is enclos'd round about
VVith hostlemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him :
Now *Titinius*, Now some light : O he lights too.
He's tane. *Shout*.
And hark, they shout for joy.

Cassius. Come down, 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, giving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Caesar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as tis now,
Guide thou the Sword—*Caesar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. *Kills him*.

Pind. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Contry *Pindarus* shall run,
VVhere never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Messala. It is but change, *Titinius* : for *Othavio*
Is overthrow'n by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Titin. These tidings will vveill comfort *Cassius*.
Messala. VVhere did you leave him ?
Titin. All disconsolate,

VVith *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?
Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart !
Messala. Is not that he ?
Titin. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun :
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sink to night ;

So in his red blood *Cassius* dy'd it set.
The Son of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dingers come ; our deeds are done :
Mistruft of my successe hath done this deed.

Messala. Mistruft of good successe hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melanchollies Child :
VVhy dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. VVhat *Pindarus* ? VVhere art thou *Pindarus* ?

Messala. Seek him *Titinius* : whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it :
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while :
VVhy didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius* ?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (thoews ?)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
VVill do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Cassius* :
By your leave gods : This is a *Romans* part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. *Dyes*.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*,
Sirra, *Volturninus*, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. VVhere, where *Messala*, doth his body lie ?
Messala. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O *Julius Caesar* thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. *Low Alarum*.
Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Look where he have not Crown'd dead *Cassius*.
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these ?
The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well :
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow : friends I owe more tears
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius* : I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharus* send his body,
His funerals shall not be in our Camp,
Least it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,
And come young *Cato*, let us to the field,
Labio and *Flavius* let our Battails on :
Tis three a clock, and *Romans* yet ere night,
VVe shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt*.

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

Bru. Yet Countreymen : O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. VVhat Bastard doth not ? who will goe with me ?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A For to Tyrants, and my Countreys friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
Enter *Souldiers* and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.

Brutus my Countreys friend : know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down ?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yield to thee.
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight :
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death
Sold. We must not : a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2 *Sold*. Roome hoe : tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1 *Sold*. He tell thee newes, here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he ?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough :
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus* :
The gods defend him from to great a shame,
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize nolesse in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have
Such men my friends, then enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us unto *Othavio's* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt*.

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Sirra*,
and *Volturninus*.

Bru. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this
Rock.
Clit. *Stratillus* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not back, he is or tane, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus* : slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord ? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Clit. He rather kill my self.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Sh'lt I do such a deed ?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee ?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus* : look he meddles es.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volturninus*, list a word.
Volturn. What saies my Lord ?
Bru. Why this, *Volturninus* :
The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at *Sardis*, once ;
And this last night, here in *Philippi* fields :
I know my hour is come.

Volturn. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay I am sure it is, *Volturninus*.
Thou seest the world, *Volturninus*, how it goes,
It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Then tarry till they puth us. Good *Volturninus*
Thou knowest that we two went to school together :
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords Hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still. *Clit*.

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

Br. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrey-men:

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 *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto,

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.

Alarum. *Cry within.* Fly, flye, flye.

Cl. Flye my Lord, flye:

Br. Hence: I will follow:

I prethee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some match of honour in it.

Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,

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

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.

Br. Farewell good *Strato*.—*Caesar*, now be still,

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,

Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* onely overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Luci. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*.

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,

Fellow, wilt thou bellow thy time with me?

Str. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Oct. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa. How dyed my Lord, *Strato*?

Str. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messa. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators live onely he,

Did that they did, in envy of great *Caesar*:

He, onely in a general 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.

Oct. According to his Vertue, let us use him

With all respect, and rites of Burial.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,

Most like a Souldier ordered honorably:

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

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

F I N I S.



THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2 When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battell's lost and won,
3 That will be ere the set of Sun.

1 Where the place?

2 Upon the Heath.

3 There to meet with Macbeth.

1 I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. *Paddocke* calls anon: fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King *Malcolm*, *Donald-*
baine, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting
a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As I seem'd by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivity: Hail, hail brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyl,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their Art: The merciless *Macdonnell*
(VVorthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow* glaives is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels whore: but all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd Steel,
VVhich smok'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:

VVhich new't shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Coulin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direful Thunders breaking
So from this spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Mark King of *Scotland*, mark,
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd their shipping *Kernes* to trust their heeles,
But the *Norwegian* Lord, surveying vantage,
VVith furbiht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismaid not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled strokes on the Foe:
Except they meant to bath in reeking VVounds,
Or memorize another *Gallowgates*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gathes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They smack of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

VVho comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Lenox. VVhat hath lookes through his eyes?

So should he look, that seemes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. VVhence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,

VVhere the *Norwegian* Banners flout the Sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal Traytor,

The *Thane* of *Candor*, began a dismal Conflict,

Till that *Bellona's* Bridgroom, lapt in proof

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious arm gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,

The Victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. That now *Sueno*, the *Norwegian* King,

Graves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

Till he disburied, at *Saint Colmes*-hill,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King.