

THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

**H**ence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holy-day? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

*Cob.* Why Sir, a Carpenter.  
*Mur.* Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

*Fla.* Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but  
as you would say, a Cobler.

*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 soles.

*Fla.* What Trade thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave,  
what Trade?

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

*Mur.* What mean'st thou by that: Mend me, thou  
lawey fellow?

*Cob.* Why Sir, Cobble you.  
*Fla.* Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

*Cob.* Truly Sir, all that I live by is with the Awl: I  
meddle with no Tradesman's matters, nor Womans mat-  
ters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shoes;  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-  
per men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone up-  
on my handy work.

*Fla.* But whither 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 rejoice in his Triumph.

*Mur.* Wherefore rejoice?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than penicils things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?

Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,

To Towers and Windows? Yea to Chimney tops,

Your Infants in your Arms, and there have fate  
The live-long day with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of Rome?

And when you saw his Chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an Universal shout,  
That *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 call out on a Holy-day?

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

Be gone,  
Run to your Houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague  
That needs much light on this ingratitude.

*Fla.* Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault  
Assemble all the poor men of your fort;

Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears  
Into the Channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss 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 guiltiness:

Go you down that way towards the Capitol,  
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,

If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.  
*Mur.* May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

*Fla.* It is no matter, let no Images  
Be hung with the *Cæsar's* Trophies: I'll about,

And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing Feathers, pluck'd from *Cæsar's* wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would fore above the view of men.  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Comps, Calphurnia, Portia,  
Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a South-  
layer: after them Murellus and Flavius.*

*Caf.* Calphurnia,  
Mark Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

*Caf.* Calphurnia,  
*Calp.* Here my Lord.

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

*Ant.* *Cæsar*, my Lord.

*Caf.* Forget not in your speed, *Antonia*,

To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,  
The barren touch'd in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterilitie curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember  
When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.

*Caf.* Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

*Soub.* *Cæsar*.

*Caf.*

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*Caf.* Ha! Who calls?  
*Calk.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.

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

*Cry, Cæsar:* Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.  
*Soub.* Beware the Ides of *March*.

*Caf.* What man is that?  
*Br.* A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

*Caf.* Set him before me, let me see his face,  
*Calf.* Follow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

*Caf.* What lay'st thou to me now? Speak once again.  
*Soub.* Beware the Ides of *March*.

*Caf.* He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Pafs.  
*Senats.* *Exeunt. Mument Brut. & Calf.*

*Calf.* Will you go see the order of the court?  
*Brut.* Not I.

*Calf.* I pray you do.  
*Brut.* I am not Gamefom: I do lack some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:  
Let me not hinder *Cassius*, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Calf.* *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of Love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand  
Over your Friends, that love you.

*Brut.* *Cassius*,  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my Countenance  
Meely upon my self. Vexed I am  
Of late, with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to my self,  
Which give some foil (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd  
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor *Brutus* with himself at War,  
Forgets the shews of Love to other men.

*Calf.* Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,  
By means whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.  
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

*Brut.* No *Cassius*:  
For the eye sees not himself: but by reflection;  
By some other things.

*Calf.* 'Tis just,  
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eyes,  
That you might see your shadow:

I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,  
(Except Immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,  
And groaning underneath this ages yolk,  
Have wish'd that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

*Brut.* Into what dangers would you  
Lead me, *Cassius*?

That you would have me seek into my self,  
For that which is not in me?

*Calf.* Therefore good *Brutus* be prepar'd to hear,  
And since you know you cannot see your self  
So well as by reflection; I your Glass,  
Will modestly discover to your self  
That of your self, which yet you know not of,  
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*,  
Were I a common Laughter, or did use  
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love  
To every new Protector: if you know,  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them: or if you know,  
That I profess in Banqueting  
All the Routs, then hold me dangerous.

*Brut.* What means this Shouting?  
*Flourish and Shout.*

I do fear the people choose *Cæsar*  
For their King.  
*Calf.* I, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.  
*Brut.* 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 than I fear Death.

*Calf.* I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,  
As well as I do know your outward favour,  
Well, Honour is the Subject of my Story:  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life: But my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing, as I my self.

I was born free as *Cæsar*, so 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* chaling with her Shores,  
*Cæsar* lays to me, dar'lt 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 we did buffet it  
With lully Sines, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.  
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,  
*Cæsar* 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 *Achilles* bear) so, from the Waves of *Tyber*  
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man  
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is  
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,  
If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,  
His Coward lips did from their colour flye,  
And that same eye, whole bend doth awe the World,  
Did lose his Lullre: I did hear him groan:  
I, and that tongue of his that had the *Romans*  
Mark him, and writ his Speeches in their Books,  
Alas! it cryed, Give me some drink, *Titinius*,  
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the Majestic World,  
And beat the Palm alone.

*Shout.* *Flourish.*  
*Brut.* Another general shout?  
I do believe, that these applauses are  
For some new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

*Calf.* Why man, he doth belide the narrow V 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,  
But in our selves, that we are Underlings.  
*Brutus* and *Cæsar*: VVhat should be in that *Cæsar*?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together: yours is as fair a Name:  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well,  
VVeigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em man,  
*Brutus* will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.  
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.  
*Rome.*

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Bloods.  
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,  
That her wide walks incompast 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 Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
Ti's eternal Devil to keep his State in Rome,  
As easily as a King.

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

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

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Brutus. The Games are done,  
And Cæsar is returning.

Cassius. As they pass by,  
Pluck Cæsar by the Sleeve,  
And he will (after his frowne fashion) tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Brutus. I will do so: but look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth blow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train;  
Calphurnia's Check is pale, and Cicero  
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes  
As we have seen him in the Capitol  
Being cross in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassius. Cæsar will tell us what the matter is.  
Cicero. Antonio.  
Ant. Cæsar.

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

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

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

Seneca.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.]

Cassius. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you speak  
with me?

Brutus. I Cæsar, tell us what hath chanc'd to day?

That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Brutus. I should not then ask Cæsar what had chanc'd.

Cassius. 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.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Cassius. Why for that too.

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

Cassius. Why for that too.

Brutus. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cassius. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every  
time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine  
honest Neighbours shouted.

Cassius. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cassius. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cassius.

Cassius. 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 neither,  
'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, he put it  
by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain  
have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he  
put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loth  
to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third  
time: he put it the third time by, and still as he refus'd  
it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands,  
and threw up their sweaty Night-Caps, and uttered such  
a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the  
Crown, that it had (almost) choaked Cæsar: for he  
swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part,  
I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiv-  
ing the bad Air.

Cassius. But soft I pray you: what did Cæsar swoon for?

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

Brutus. 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

Cassius. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I.

And honest Cæsar, we have the falling sickness.

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

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

Cassius. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd  
the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he  
pluckt 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 Wenches where I  
stood, cryed, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with  
all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them;  
if Cæsar had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done  
no less.

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

Cassius. I.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cassius. I, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

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

Cassius. Will you sup with me to night, Cassius?

Cassius. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cassius.

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

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

Cassius. Good, I will expect you.

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

Cassius. Do so: farewell both.

He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cassius. So is he now, in Execution

Of any bold or noble Enterprize,

How-ever he puts on this tardy form:

This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomack to digest his words

With better Appetites.

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. I will do so: till then, think of the World.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well Brutus, thou art Noble: Yet I see  
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet,  
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who do firm, that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
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,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.  
And after this, let Cæsar see him sure,  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Cassius,  
and Cicero.

Cicero. Good even, Cassius: brought you Cæsar home?

Cassius. Why are you breathless, and why flare you so?

Cicero. Are not you mov'd, when all the way 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.

Fitcher there is a Civil strife in Heaven,  
Or else the World, too fawc'y with the Gods,  
Incenseth them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cassius. A common slave, you know him well by sight,  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,  
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,  
Who glaz'd upon me, and went furly by,  
Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
Upon a heap, a hundred gally 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,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these Prodiges  
Hout so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
These are their Reas'ns, they are Natural:  
For I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cicero. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:

But men may contrive things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar up the Capitol to morrow?

Cassius. He doth: for he did bid Antonio

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

Cicero. Good night then, Cassius:

This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Cassius. Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit Cicero.]

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Who's there?

Cassius. A Roman.

Cassius. Cæsar, by your Voice.

Cassius. Your Ear is good.

Cassius. What night is this?

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cassius. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the Earth so full of  
faults.

For my part I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the peevish Night:

And thus unbrac'd, Cæsar, as you see,  
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:

And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open  
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self  
Even in the aim, and very flash of it.

Cassius. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-  
ven? It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,  
When the most Mighty Gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Cassius:

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 cait 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 glowing 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-form'd Faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why you shall find,  
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I (Cassius) name to thee a man,  
Most like this dreadful Night,  
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and tears,  
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol;

A man no mightier than thy self, or me,  
In personal action; yet prodigious growth,  
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Cassius. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean,  
Is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have Sinsews and Limbs like to their Ancestors;

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our Mothers' spirits,  
Our yoke, and suzerance, shew us Womanish.

Cassius. Indeed, they say, the Separators to morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a King:

And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat,  
Nor Iron Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,  
Nor air-lc'd Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:

But Life being weary of these Worldly Bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss 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.]

Cassius.

*Cæs.* So can I:  
So every Bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to Cancel his Captivity.  
*Cass.* And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?  
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,  
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;  
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans* Hinds.  
Thofe that with halfe will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?  
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves  
For the safe matter, to illuminate  
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But oh grief!  
Where halt thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this  
Before a willing Bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Cæs.* You speak to *Cæsar*, and to such a man,  
That is no hearing Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these Grievs,  
And I will let this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes forth.

*Cass.* There's a Bargain made.  
Now know you, *Cæsar*, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the Noblest minded *Romans*  
To under-go, 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 stir, or walking in the streets,  
And the Complexion of the Element  
Is Favours, like the work we have in hand,  
Molt bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

*Cæs.* Stand close a while, for here comes one in  
halfe.

*Cass.* 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,  
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where halte you fo?

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

*Cass.* No, it is *Cæsar*, one incorporate  
To our Attempts. Am I not itaid 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 itaid for? tell me.

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

If you could but win the Noble *Brutus*  
To our party.

*Cass.* Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the Prators Chair,  
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this  
In at his Window; set this up with Wax  
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,  
Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.  
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

*Cin.* All, but *Metellus Cymbel*, and he's gone  
To seek you at your House. Well, I will lie,  
And fo bestow these papers as you bad me.

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

[Exit. *Cinna*.]

Come *Cæsar*, 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.

*Cæs.* O, he fits high in all the peoples hearts:

And that which would appear offence in us,  
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,  
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthiness.

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

[Exit. *Cinna*.]

## Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

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

Enter *Lucius*.

*Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord?

*Br.* Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my Lord.

[Exit.

*Br.* 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 disjoins  
Remorse from power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,  
I have not known, when his affections sway'd  
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,  
Where 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 *Cæsar* may;  
Then left he may, prevent. And since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a Serpents Egg,  
Which 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  
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

*Br.* Get you to Bed again, it is not day:  
Is not to Morrow (Boy) the first of *March*?

*Luc.* I know not, Sir.

*Br.* Look in the Kalender, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, Sir.

[Exit.

*Br.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give fo much light: that I may read by them.

Opens the Letter and reads.

*Brutus, thou sleepest; awake, and see thy self:*

*Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.*

*Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.*

Such insligations have been often dropt.

Where I have took them up:

*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out:

Shall *Rome* stand under one mans awe? What *Rome*?

My Ancestors did from the Streets of *Rome*

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.

*Speak, strike, redress, Am I entreated*

To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receive'st

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter

Enter *Lucius*.

*Luc.* Sir, *March* is wait'd fifteen days.

[Knock within.

*Br.* 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:  
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is  
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dream:  
The *Genuis*, and the mortal instruments  
Are then in counsil; and the state of man,  
Like to a little Kingdom, fullers then  
The nature of an infurrection.

Enter *Lucius*.

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

*Br.* Is he alone?

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

*Br.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, Sir, their Hats are pluck'd about their Ears,

And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,

That by no means I may discover them,

By any mark of favour.

*Br.* Let them enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,

Sham't thou to hew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When evils are mo't free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous Vifage? Seek none, Conspiracy,

Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:

For if thou putt thy native semblance on,

Not *Evilus* it self were dim enough,

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, *Cassius*, *Cæsar*, *Decius*, *Cinna*,

*Metellus*, and *Trebonius*.

*Cass.* I think we are too bold upon your Rest:  
Good morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

*Br.* I have been up this hour, awake all Night:  
Know I these men, that come along with you?

*Cass.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here  
But honours you: and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of your self,  
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

*Br.* He is welcome hither.

*Cass.* This, *Decius Brutus*.

*Br.* He is welcome too.

*Cass.* This, *Cæsar*; this, *Cinna*; and this *Metellus*

*Cymbel*.

*Br.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Between your Eyes and Night?

*Cass.* Shall I intreat a word?

[They whisper.

*Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the Day break here?

*Cæs.* No.

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

*Cæs.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:  
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun arifes,

Which is a great way growing on the South,  
Weighing the youthful Season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the North

He first presents his fire, and the high East

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

*Br.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cass.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Br.* No, not an Oath: if not the face of men,  
The suffurance of our souls, 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, Countrymen,  
What need we any spur, but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,  
Then secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter? And what other Oath,  
Than Honolly to Honolly engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.  
Swear Priests and Cowards, and men cautious,  
Old feeble Carriens, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear  
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain  
The even vertue of our Enterprize,  
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,  
To think, that our Cause, or our Performance  
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood  
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several Baitardy,  
If he doth break the smallest Particle  
Of any promise that bath pass from him.

*Cass.* But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Cæs.* 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 by mens voices, to commend our deeds:  
It shall be said; his judgment rul'd our hands,  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
But all be buried in his gravity.

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

*Cass.* Then leave him out.

*Cæs.* Indeed, he is not fit.

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

*Cass.* *Decius*, Well w'g'd: I think it is not meet,  
*Mark Antony*, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,

Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall find of him  
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,

Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

*Br.* Our course will seem too bloody, *Cassius*,  
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:  
Like wrath in death, and Envy afterwards.

For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Cassius*:  
We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,

And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:  
O that we then could come as *Cæsar's* Spirits,  
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas)  
*Cæsar* must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:  
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,  
Not hew him as a Carcase fit for Hounds;  
And let our hearts, as subtle Malices do,  
Stir up their Servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious,  
Which fo appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.  
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:  
For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* Arm,  
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

*Cass.* Yet I fear him,

For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar*.

*Br.* Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:  
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do

C c c

is to himself, take thought, and dye for Cæsar.  
Add 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.  
*Cass.* The Clock hath stricken three.  
*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.  
*Cass.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Cæsar will come forth to day, or no:  
For he is superstitious grown of late,  
Quite from the main opinion he held once,  
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:  
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terrour of this Night,  
And the perswasion of his Augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to day,  
*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o're-throw him: for he loves to hear,  
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,  
And Bears with Gialfes, Elephants with Holes,  
Lyons with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.  
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,  
He says, 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.

*Cass.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.  
*Brut.* By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?  
*Dec.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.  
*Met.* *Caius Ligarius* doth bear Cæsar 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.  
*Cass.* The Morning comes upon's:  
We'll leave you, *Brutus*,  
And Friends dispere your selves: but all remember  
What you have said, and then 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,  
With untriv'd spirits, and formal Constancy,  
And so good morrow to you every one. [Exit.

*Metellus Brutus.*  
Boy: *Lucius*: fast asleep? It is no matter,  
Enjoy the toony-heavy-dew of Slumber;  
Thou halt no Figures, nor no Fantasies,  
Which busie care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

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 arms 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 scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,  
But with an angry wafter of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd 't was too much inkindled, and wital,  
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,  
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, My Lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.  
*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 means to come by it.  
*Brut.* Why so I do: good *Portia*, go to Bed.  
*Por.* Is *Brutus* sick? and is it Phisical  
To walk unbraced, and fack up the humors  
Of the dark Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?  
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurg'd Air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my *Brutus*,  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place  
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,  
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, 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 bond 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 meals, 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 wite my sad heart.  
*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I grant I am a woman; but wital,  
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but wital,  
A woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,  
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?  
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,  
Giving my self a voluntary wound  
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my Husband's Secrets?

*Brut.* O ye Gods!  
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [Knock.  
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,  
And by and by thy bosome shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements, I will confitue to thee,  
All the Character of my sad brows:  
Leave me with halte [Exit *Portia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

*Lucius*, who's that knocks?  
*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you.  
*Brut.* *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.  
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?  
*Cai.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.  
*Brut.* O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,  
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 an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai.

*Cai.* By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,  
Reave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,  
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible,  
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

*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 *Caius*,  
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.

[Thunder.  
[Exit.*Brut.* Follow me then.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-Gown

*Cæsar.* Nor Heaven, nor Earth,  
Have been at peace to night:  
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cryed out;  
Help, ho: They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

*Ser.* My Lord.  
*Cæsar.* Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of Success.  
*Ser.* I will, my Lord.

[Exit.

Enter Calphurnia.

*Cal.* What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to day.  
*Cæsar.* *Calphurnia* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,  
Ne'er look but on my back: When they shall see  
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.  
*Calph.* *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,  
Besides the thing that we have heard and scen,  
Recounts most bird fights seen by the Watch.  
A Lioness hath welped in the streets,  
And Graves have ywn'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 blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of Battel hurried in the Air:  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all ufe,  
And I do fear them.  
*Cæsar.* Wilt can be avoided  
Whose end's purpos'd by the mighty Gods?  
Yet *Cæsar* fall go forth: For these Predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.  
*Calph.* When Beggars die there are no Comets seen,  
The Heavys themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.  
*Cæsar.* Cowards die many times before their deaths,  
The valiant never taste of death but once:  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,  
Seeing that death, a necessity,  
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?  
*Ser.* They would not have you stir forth,  
Plucking the Entrails of an Oflring forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.  
*Cæsar.* The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:  
*Calphurnia* should be a beast without a heart

If he should flay at home to day for fear:  
No, *Cæsar* shall not: Danger knows full well  
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.  
We hear two Lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible,  
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.  
*Cal.* Alas, my Lord,  
Your willom is confum'd in confidence:  
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,  
And he shall say your are not well to day:  
Let me upon my knee prevail in this.  
*Cæsar.* *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,  
And for thy humour, I will flay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.  
*Dec.* *Cæsar*, all hail: Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,  
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.  
*Cæsar.* And you are come in very happy time,  
To bear my greeting to the Senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to day:  
Cannot is false: and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to day, tell them so, *Decius*.  
*Cal.* Say he's sick.  
*Cæsar.* Shall *Cæsar* send a Lie?  
Have I in Conquest strect mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth:  
*Decius*, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.  
*Dec.* Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,  
Left I be laugh't at when I tell them so.  
*Cæsar.* The cause is in my will, I will not come,  
That is enough to fatishe the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
*Calphurnia* here my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to night the law my Statue,  
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood: and many lully *Romans*  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And she does the apply, for warnings and portents,  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will flay at home to day.  
*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted,  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your Statue spouting blood in many Pipes,  
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great Men shall press  
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognifance.  
This, by *Calphurnia's* dream is signified.

*Cæsar.* And this way have you well expounded it.  
*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say,  
And know it now, the Senate have concluded  
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.  
If you shall send them word you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd for some one to flay,  
Break up the Senate till another time,  
When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better Dreams:  
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whipper,  
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid?  
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love,  
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:  
And reason to my love is liable.  
*Cæsar.* How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calphurnia*?  
I am afraid I did yield to them.  
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Ccc 2

Enter

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me. Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar. Cæf. Welcom, Publius. What, Brutus, are you stirr'd fo early too? Good morrow, Caska, Caius Ligarius, Cæfar was ne'er fo much your Enemy, As that lame Ague which hath made you lean. What is't a Clock? Bru. Cæfar, 'tis strucken eight. Cæf. I thank you for your pains and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See Antony, that revels long a-nights, Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony. Ant. So to mozt noble Cæfar. Cæf. 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 flore for you: Remember that you call on me to day: Be near me, that I may remember you. Treb. Cæfar, I will; and fo near will I be, That your best Friends shall with I had been further. Cæf. Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine with me, And we (like Friends) will straightway go together. Bru. That every like is not the fame, O Cæfar, The heart of Brutus earns to think upon. [Exit.

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæfar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Caska, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou heest not Artemidorus, I look about you: Secularity gives way to Conspiracy. The Gods defend thee.

Thy Lovet Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæfar pass along, And as a Sutor will I give him this: My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live Out of the teeth of Emulation. If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live; If not, the Fates with Traytors do contrive.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee, Boy, run to the Senate-house, Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone, Why dost thou stay? Luc. To know my Errand, Madam. Por. I would have had thee there and here again: E're I can tell thee what thou should'st do there: O Conflancy, be strong upon my side, Set a huge Mountain 'twixen my Heart and Tongue: I have a mans mind, but a womans might: How hard it is for women to peep counsel. Art thou here yet? Luc. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? And fo return to you, and nothing else? Por. Yes, bring me word if thy Lord look well, For he went sickly forth: and take good note What Cæfar doth, what Suitors press to him. Hark Boy, what noise is that? 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 Cæfar yet gone to the Capitol? Sooth. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol. Por. Thou hast some suite to Cæsar, hast thou not? Sooth. That I have, Lady, if it will please Cæfar To be fo good to Cæsar, 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 follows Cæfar at the heels Of Senators, of Patrons, common Suitors, Will crowd a feeble man (almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void, and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in: Aye me! How weak a thing The heart of Woman is? O Brutus, The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise. Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint: Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord, Say I am merry; Come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

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

Cæf. The Ides of March are come. Sooth. I, Cæsar, but not gone. Ant. Hail, Cæsar: read this Schedule. Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o're-reid (At your best leisure) this his humble suit. Ant. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar. Cæf. What touches us our self, shall be lat serv'd. Ant. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly. Cæf. What, is the fellow mad? Pub. Sirrah, give place. Cæf. What urge you your Petitions in th' street? Come to the Capitol. Pop. I with your Enterprise to day may thrive. Cæf. What Enterprise, Popilius? Pop. Fare you well. Bru. What said Popilius Lepidus? Cæf. He with'd to day our Enterprise might thrive: I think our purpose is disturb'd. Bru. Look how illen, for we fear prevention. Cæf. Caska, be done? If this be known, Brutus, what fever shall turn back, Cassius or lay my self. For I Cassius be constant: Ius Lina speaks not of our purpose. or look he smiles, and Cæfar doth not change. Cæf. Trebonius knows his time: for look you, Brutus,

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way. Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him. Cin. Caska, you are the first that rears your hand. Cæf. Are we all ready? What is now amiss, That Cæsar and his Senate must redress? Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar, Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat, An humble heart. Cæf. I must prevent thee, Cimber: These couchings, and these lowly curties 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 Cæsar bears such Rebel Blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth Fools, I mean, sweet words, Low-crook'd-curtesies, and base Spaniel fawning: Thy Brother by Decree is banish'd: If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him, I spur thee like a Cur out of my way: Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own, To fond more sweetly in great Cæsar's Ear, For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar: Defying thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæf. What Brutus? Cæf. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy Foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. Cæf. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you, If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me: But I am constant as the Northern Star, 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 shew it, even in this: That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar. Cæf. Hence: wilt thou lift up Olympus? Dec. Great Cæsar. Cæf. Do not, Brutus, bootless kneel? Cask. Speak hands for me.

They stab Cæsar.

Cæf. Et tu Brute!— Then fall Cæsar. Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead, Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets. Cæf. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out, Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement. Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted: Fly not, stand still, ambitions debt is paid. Cask. Go to the Pulpit, Brutus. Dec. And Cassius too. Bru. Where's Publius? Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny. Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's Should chance— Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer, There is no harm intended to your Person, Nor to no Roman else: fo tell them, Publius. Cæf. And leave us, Publius, lest that the People Railing on us, should do your age some mischief.

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

Enter Trebonius.

Cæf. Where is Antony? Treb. Flew to his house amaz'd, Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomsday. Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures: That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time And drawing days out, that men stand upon. Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life, Cuts off fo many years of fearing death. Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit: So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abidg'd 's time of fearing death, Hoop Romans, Hoop, And let us bath our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the Elbows, and belear 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. Cæf. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over, In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown? Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's Basis lies along, No worthier than the dust? Cæf. 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? Cæf. I, every man away. Bru. Shall lead, and we will grace his heels With the most boldst, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a friend of Antony's. Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my Master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down, And being prostrate, thus he bad me say, Brutus is noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest; Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving; Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him; Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolv'd How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lye in death, Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar 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 says my Master Antony. Bru. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman, I never thought him worse: Tell him, fo please him come unto this place He shall be satisfied, and by my honour Depart untouch'd. Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant. Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend. Cæf. 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.

Bru. But here comes Antony: Welcome, Mark Antony. Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lye so low? Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils, Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well. I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

If I my self, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich  
With the most Noble Blood of all this World.  
do befeech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Jove, whirl't your purple hands do reek and smooke  
In fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find my self so apt to dye.  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The Choice and Master Spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! Beg not your death of us:  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As by our hands, and this our present Act  
You see we do: yet see you but our hands,  
As this, the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful:  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,  
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you, our Swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;  
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts  
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.  
*Cass.* 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 Cæsar 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, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand,  
/ *Decius Brutus*, yours, now yours, *Metellus*;  
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;  
Though last, 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 ways you must conceit me,  
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.  
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, 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 preference of thy Coarfe,  
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine Enemies.  
Pardon me, *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave heart.  
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand  
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and Crimons'd in thy *Lethal*.  
O World! thou wast the Forge't to this Hart,  
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.  
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,  
Dost thou here lye?

*Cass.* *Mark Antony*.  
*Ant.* Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*:  
The Enemies of Cæsar shall say this:  
Then, in a friend, it is cold Modesty.  
*Cass.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
Or shall we on; and not depend on you?  
*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,  
Why, and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.  
*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you *Antony* the Son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek,  
And am moreover sutor 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*.  
*Cass.* *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 my self into the Pulpit first,  
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death,  
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave, and by permission:  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cass.* I know not what may fall, I like it not.  
*Bru.* *Mark Antony*, here take you Cæsar's Body:  
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,  
And say you do't by our permission:  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his Funeral. And you shall speak  
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so:  
I do desire no more.  
*Bru.* Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [Exeunt.]

*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 liv'd 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 Cuck shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestick 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 War:  
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds,  
And Cæsar's Spirit ranging for revenge,  
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,  
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's voice,  
Cry havoc, and let slip the Dogs of War,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With Carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servants.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Ser.* I do, *Mark Antony*.  
*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.  
*Ser.* He did receive his Letters, and is coming,  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—  
O Cæsar!  
*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 Master 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,

Ifc

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

lie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,  
Thou shalt not back, till I have born this Coarfe  
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.

*Plb.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.  
*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, Friends.  
*Cassius*, go you into the other Street,  
And part the Numbers:  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,  
And publick Reason shall be rendred  
Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Plb.* 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. Believe me for  
mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you  
may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake  
your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be  
any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of Cæsar's, to them  
I say, This Brutus love to Cæsar was no less than his. If  
then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar,  
this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that  
I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,  
and dye all Slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all  
Free-men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was  
fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was valiant, I honour  
him: But, as he was ambitious, I slew him. Who is  
here for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his  
Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here for  
bale that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him  
I have offended. Who is here for rude, that would not be  
a Roman? If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who  
is here for vile, that will not love his Country? If any,  
speak; for him I have offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, *Brutus*, none.  
*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no  
more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The Question  
of his Death is introll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not ex-  
tenuated, wherein he was worthy; not his offences en-  
forc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter *Mark Antony*, with Cæsar's Body  
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the bene-  
fit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which  
of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my  
best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger  
for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my  
Death.

*All.* Live, *Brutus*, live, live.  
1. Bring him with Triumph home into his house.  
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.  
3. Let him be Cæsar.  
4. Cæsar's better Parts  
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.  
1. We'll bring him to his house  
With Shouts and Clamors.  
*Bru.* My Country-men—  
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 Cæsar's Corps, and grace his Speech

Tending to Cæsar's Glories, which *Mark Antony*  
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

1 do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. [Exit.]  
1. Stay, Ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.  
3. Let him go up into the Publick Chair;  
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, am beholden to you.  
*Ant.* For Brutus's sake I am beholden to you.  
4. What does he say of Brutus?  
3. He says for Brutus's sake  
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. 'T were best speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. This Cæsar 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 Cæsar, not to praise him:  
The Evil that men do, lives after them,  
The Good is oft interred with their Bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The Noble *Brutus*  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man,  
So are they all, all honourable men)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's Funeral.  
He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;  
But Brutus says, He was ambitious,  
And *Antony* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,  
Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill;  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says, He was ambitious;  
And *Antony* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, That on the *Lupercal*,  
I twice presented him a Kingly Crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, He was ambitious;  
And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speak not to disprouve 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 ille to Brutish Beasts,  
And Men have lost their Reason. Hear with me,  
My heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong. [Place.]  
1. Has he, *Masters*? I fear there will a worse come in his  
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 dear abide it.  
2. Poor Soul! 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 Cæsar might  
Have stood against the World; Now lies he there,  
And none to poor to do him reverence.  
O *Masters*! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;  
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.  
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self, and you,  
Than I will wrong such Honourable men.

But here's a Parliament, with the Seal of Cæsar,

f.und



## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:  
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:  
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's Wounds,  
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred blood:  
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,  
And dying, mention it within their Wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy  
Unto their Issue.

4. We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.  
*All*. The Will, the Will; we will hear Cæsar's Will.

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

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

*Ant*. Will you be Patient? will you stay a while?  
I have o'er that my fell to tell you of it,  
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,  
Whose Daggers have stabbd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4. They were Traytors, Honourable men?  
*All*. The Will, the Testament.

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

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

*All*. Come down.  
2. Defend.  
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 press not so upon me, stand far off.  
*All*. Stand back, room, bear back.

*Ant*. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,  
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,  
That day he overcame the *Nervii*  
Look, in this place ran *Cassius*'s Dagger through:  
See what a Rent the envious *Cæsar* made:

Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stabbd,  
And as he pluck'd his curd Steell away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.  
As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd,  
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no:  
For *Brutus* as you know, was Cæsar's Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:  
This was the most unkindest cut of all.  
For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
And in his Mantle, smilng up his face,  
Even at the Base of *Pompey*'s Statue  
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.

O what a fall was there, my Country-men?  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.  
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.  
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's Vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traytors.

1. O pitious Spectacle!  
2. O Noble Cæsar!  
3. O woful day!  
4. O Traytors, Villains!  
1. O most bloody fight!

2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge  
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay,  
Let not a Traytor live.

*Ant*. Stay, Country-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 stir you up  
To such a sudden 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 wife 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 stir mens blood. Only I speak right on:  
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,  
Shew you *Brutus*'s Wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,  
And *Brutus* Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue  
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

*All*. We'll Mutiny.  
1. We'll burn the Houfe of *Brutus*.  
3. Away then, come seek the Conspirators.  
*Ant*. Yet hear me, Country-men, yet hear me speak.

*All*. Peace ho, hear Antony, most Noble Antony.  
*Ant*. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:  
You have forgot the Will I told you of.  
1. Most true, the Will, let's lay and hear the Will.  
*All*. Here is the Will, and under Cæsar's Seal:  
To every Roman Citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2. Ple. Most noble Cæsar, we'll revenge his Death.  
3. Ple. O Royal Cæsar,  
*Ant*. Hear me with patience.  
*All*. Peace ho.

*Ant*. Moreover he hath left you all his Walks,  
His private Abours, and new-planted Orchards:  
On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,  
And to your Heirs for ever: common pleasures  
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.  
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?  
1. Ple. Never, never: come, away, away:  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the Brands fire all the Traytors Houfcs.  
Take up the Body.  
2. Ple. Go fetch fire.  
3. Ple. Pluck down Benches.  
4. Ple. Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.  
[Exeunt Plebeians.]

*Ant*. Now let it work: Mischief thou art a foot,  
Take thou what com'st thou wilt.  
How now, Fellow?

*Enter Servant.*  
*Ser*. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.  
*Ant*. Where is he?  
*Ser*. He and *Lepidus* are at Cæsar's Houfe.  
*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.]

## The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

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

*Cin*. I dreamt to Night, that I did Feast with Cæsar,  
And things unluckily charge my Fantastic:  
I have no will to wander forth of Doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your Name?  
2. Whither are you going?  
3. Where do you dwell?  
4. Are you a Married Man, or a Batchelor?

1. I, and briefly.  
4. I, and wifely.  
3. I, and truly, you were best.

*Cin*. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where  
do I dwell? Am I a Married Man, or a Batchelor? Then  
to Answer every Man directly and briefly, wifely and  
truly: wifely, I say, I am a Batchelor.

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

*Cin*. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's Funeral,  
1. 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, Sir, 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,  
*Cin*. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

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

3. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands ho, Firebrands:  
to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s Houfcs,  
and some to *Cæsar*'s, come to *Ligarius*: Away, go.  
[Exeunt all the Plebeians.]

## Actus Quartus.

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

*Ant*. These many then shall die, their Names are  
prickt.  
*Off*. Your Brother too must die: consent you, *Lepidus*?

*Lep*. I do consent.  
*Off*. 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 damn him.  
But *Lepidus*, go you to Cæsar's Houfe:  
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

*Lep*. What? shall I find you here?  
*Off*. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

*Ant*. This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit  
The three-fold World divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Off*. So you thought him,  
And took his Voice who should be prickt to die  
In our black Sentence and Proscription.

*Ant*. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you;  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease our selves of divers stand'rous loads,

He shall but bear them, as the *Ass* bears Gold,  
To groan and sweat under the Burthen,  
Either led or driven, as we print the way:

And having brought our treasure, where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off  
(Like to the empty *Ass*) to shake his Ears,  
And graze in Commons.

*Off*. You may do your will:  
But he's a tri'd and valiant Soldier.

*Ant*. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that,  
I do appoint him Store of Provender.  
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:  
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,  
And in some sort, is *Lepidus* but so:

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds  
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of use, and fall'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 leaying Powers; We must straight make head:  
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,  
Our best Friends made, and our best means stretch out,  
And let us presently go fit in Council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open Perils surest answered.

*Off*. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
And bayed about with many Enemies,  
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of Mischiefs. [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 his Master.

*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 not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*,  
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

*Luc*. With curtesie, and with respect enough,  
But not with such familiar intaults,  
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 sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced Ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple Faith:  
But hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand,  
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:  
Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,  
They fall their Crell, and like deceitful Jades,  
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?  
*Luc*. They mean this Night in *Sardinia* 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.  
*Bru.* Stand, ho, speak the word along.  
 Stand.  
 Stand.  
 Stand.  
*Cass.* Most Noble Brother: you have done me wrong.  
*Bru.* Judge me, you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?  
 And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?  
*Cass.* *Brutus*, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,  
 And when you do them —  
*Bru.* *Cassius*, be content,  
 Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.  
 Before the Eyes of both our Armies here  
 Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)  
 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:  
 Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Grievs,  
 And I will give you Audience.  
*Cass.* *Pindarus*,  
 Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off  
 A little from this ground.  
*Bru.* *Lucius*, 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.  
*Marcus 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*;  
 Wherein my Letter, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, was slighted off.  
*Bru.* 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.  
*Bru.* Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self,  
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,  
 To feel, and Mart your Offices for Gold  
 To Underservers.  
*Cass.* I, an itching Palm?  
 You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,  
 Or by the Gods, this speech were else your self.  
*Bru.* The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,  
 And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.  
*Cass.* Chastisement?  
*Bru.* Remember *Marcus*, the Ides of *March* remember:  
 Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?  
 What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,  
 And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,  
 That struck the Formost man of all this World,  
 But for supporting Robbers: shall we now  
 Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes?  
 And fill the mighty space of our large Honours  
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?  
 I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,  
 Than such a Roman.  
*Cass.* *Brutus*, bait not me,  
 I'll not endure it: you forget your self,  
 To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than your self  
 To make Conditions.  
*Bru.* Go to: you are not *Cassius*.  
*Cass.* I am.  
*Bru.* I say, you are not.  
*Cass.* Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:  
 Have mind upon your health: I empt me no farther.  
*Bru.* Away, flight man.  
*Cass.* Is't possible?  
*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?  
 Shall I be frighted, when a mad man flares?  
*Cass.* O ye Gods, ye Gods, must I endure all this?  
*Bru.* 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 budge?  
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humour? By the Gods

You shall digest the Venom of your spleen  
 Though it do spite you. For from this day forth,  
 I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,  
 When you are wafpish.  
*Cass.* Is it come to this?  
*Bru.* You say, you are a better Souldier:  
 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.  
*Cass.* You wrong me every way:  
 You wrong me, *Brutus*:  
 I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.  
 Did I say Better?  
*Bru.* If you did, I care not.  
*Cass.* When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd  
 me.  
*Bru.* Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.  
*Cass.* I durst not.  
*Bru.* No.  
*Cass.* What? you durst not tempt him?  
*Bru.* For your life you durst not?  
*Cass.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.  
*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
 There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats.  
 For I am arm'd to strong in honesty,  
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
 For certain fums of Gold, which you deny'd me,  
 For I can raise no money by vile means:  
 For Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for Drachmaes, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash  
 By any indirection. I did send  
 To you for Gold to pay my Legions,  
 Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?  
 Should I have answer'd *Cæsar* *Cassius* so?  
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,  
 To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,  
 Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,  
 Dath him to pieces.  
*Cass.* I deny'd you not.  
*Bru.* 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 than they are.  
*Bru.* I do not till you practise them on me.  
*Cass.* You love me not.  
*Bru.* I do not like your faults.  
*Cass.* A Friendly Eye could never see such faults.  
*Bru.* A Flatterer 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,  
 Check'd 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  
 Dearer than *Pindus*'s Mine: Richer than Gold:  
 If that thou best a Roman, take it forth.  
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:  
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.  
*Bru.* Sheath your Dagger:  
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,  
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
 O, *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb  
 That carries anger, as the Flint bears fire,  
 Who much enforced, thews a halcy spark,

And

And straight 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?  
*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.  
*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.  
*Bru.* And my heart too.  
*Cass.* O *Brutus*!  
*Bru.* 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?  
*Bru.* Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth  
 When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,  
 Hee'll think you Mother chides, and leave you fo.

Enter a Poet.

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

*Luci.* You shall not come to them.  
*Po.* Nothing but Death shall stay me.  
*Cass.* How now? What's the matter?  
*Po.* For shame you Generals? what do you mean?  
 Love, and be Friends, as two such men should be,  
 For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.  
*Cass.* Ha, ha, how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme:  
*Bru.* Get you hence, Sirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.  
*Cass.* Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.  
*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
 What should the Wars do with these jiggling Fools?  
 Companion, hence.

*Cass.* Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.  
*Bru.* *Lucius* 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.  
*Bru.* *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.  
*Cass.* I did not think you could have been so angry.  
*Bru.* O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.  
*Cass.* Of your Philosophy you make no use,  
 If you give place to accidental evils.  
*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.  
*Cass.* Ha! *Portia*?  
*Bru.* She is dead.  
*Cass.* How fear'd I killing, when I cross you fo?  
 O inapporant, and touching loss!  
 Upon what sickness?  
*Bru.* Impatient of my absence:  
 And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,  
 Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death  
 That tydings came. With this fell distract,  
 An: (her Attendants absent) I swallow'd fire.  
*Cass.* And dy'd fo?  
*Bru.* Even fo.  
*Cass.* O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

*Bru.* Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine.  
 In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks.  
*Cass.* My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge,  
 Fill, *Lucius*, till the Wine o're-swells the Cup:  
 I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*'s love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

*Bru.* Come in, *Titinius*:  
 Welcome, good *Messala*:  
 Now fit we clofe about this Taper here,  
 And call in question our necessities.  
*Cass.* *Portia*, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.  
*Messala*, I have here received Letters,  
 That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,  
 Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
 Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*.  
*Cass.* My self have Letters of the self same tenour.  
*Bru.* With what Addition.  
*Mess.* That by proscriptiōns, and Bills of Outlawry,  
*Octavius*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,  
 Have put to Death an hundred Senators.  
*Bru.* Therein our Letters do not well agree:  
 Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd  
 By their proscriptiōns, *Cicero* being one.  
*Cass.* *Cicero* one?  
*Mess.* *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscriptiōn.  
 Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

*Bru.* No, *Messala*.  
*Mess.* Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?  
*Bru.* Nothing, *Messala*.  
*Mess.* That methinks is strange.  
*Bru.* Why ask you?  
 Hear 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 he is dead, and by strange manner.  
*Bru.* Why, farewell, *Portia*: we must die, *Messala*,  
 With meditating that the must die once,  
 I have the patience to endure it now.  
*Cass.* Even fo great men, great losses should endure.  
*Mess.* 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. What do you think  
 Of marching to *Philippi* presently.  
*Cass.* I do not think it good.  
*Bru.* Your reason?  
*Cass.* This is it:

'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 nimbleness.  
*Bru.* Good reasons must of force give place to better:  
 The people 'twixt *Philippi*, you make no use,  
 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't, 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 Shallows, and in Miseries.  
 On such a full Sea, are we now a-boat,  
 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 niggard with a little rest:  
 There is no more to say.  
*Cass.* No more, good night,  
 Early to Morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter



Enter Lucius.

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

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.  
Cassius. Good Night, good Brother.  
Tit. Messala. Good Night, Lord Brutus.  
Bru. Farewell, every one. [Exit.  
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument ?  
Luc. Here in the Tent.  
Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily ?  
Poue Knave, I blame thee, thou art o're-watch'd.  
Call Claudio, and some other of my men,  
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.  
Luc. Varrus and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Varr. Calls my Lord ?  
Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent, and sleep,  
It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my Brother Cassius.  
Varr. 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.  
Canst thou hold up thy instrument a brain or two.  
And touch thy heavy Eyes a while.  
Luc. I, my Lord, an't please you.  
Bru. It does, my Boy ;  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.  
Luc. It is my duty, Sir.  
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.  
Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.  
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again :  
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
I will be good to thee.

Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune : O murderous slumber !  
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,  
That plays thee Music ? Gentle Knave, good night :  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,  
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.  
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 Cæsar.

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

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

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

Bru. 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, Claudio*, Sirs : awake :

*Claudio*,

*Lucius*. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he is still at his Instrument.

*Lucius*, awake.

*Lucius*. My Lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou shouldst 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* : Sirrah, *Claudio*, Fellow,  
Thou, awake.

Varr. My Lord,

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why do you so cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep ?

Boh. Did we, my Lord ?

Bru. I : saw you any thing ?

Varr. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius* :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

Boh. It shall be done, my Lord. [Exit.

### Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Ola. **N**OW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered,  
You said the Enemy would not come down,  
But keep the Hills and upper Regions :  
It proves not so : their 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 bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : They could be content  
To visit other places, and come down  
With fearful bravery : thinking by this face  
To falter in our thoughts that they have Courage :  
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mf. 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 evil Field.  
Ola. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.  
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?  
Ola. I do not cross you : but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.  
Cassius. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.  
Ola. *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel ?  
Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.  
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.  
Ola. Stir not until the Signal.  
Bru. Words before blows : is it fo, Country-men ?

Ola.

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

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

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

Cassius. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;  
But for your words, they rob the *Hilba* Bees,  
And leave them Honey-lefts.

Ant. Not single too.

Bru. O yes, and foundless too :

For you have stoln their buzzing, *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains : you did not so, when your vile Daggers  
Hack one another in the sides of *Cæsar* :

You flew'd your teeth like Apes,

And fawn'd like Flounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, killing *Cæsar*'s feet :

Whilst damned *Cæsar*, like a Cur, behind  
Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cassius. Flatterers ? Now *Brutus* thank your self :

This tongue had not offended fo to day,  
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Ola. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us fret,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops :

Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,  
When till *Cæsar*'s three and thirty wounds  
Never till *Cæsar*'s three and thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ; or till another *Cæsar*  
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, Thou canst not die by Traytors hands,  
Unless thou bringt them with thee.

Ola. So I hope :

I was not born to die on *Brutus* sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Strain,  
Young-man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cassius. A peachish School-Boy, worthies of such honour  
Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller.  
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Ola. Come, *Antony* : away :

Defiance, Traytors, hurle we in your teeth.  
If you dare fight to day, come to the field :

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exit *Octavius, Antony, and Army*.

Cassius. Why now blow wind, swell billow,  
And swim Bark :

The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.  
Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*, hark, a word with you.  
*Lucilius, and Messala stand forth*.

Luc. My Lord.

Cas. *Messala*.

Messala. What says my General ?

Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-Day : as this very day  
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* :

Be thou my witness, that against my will,  
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set  
Upon one 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 Soldiers hands,  
Who to *Philippi* here conformed us :

This Morning are they fled away, and gone,  
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites,  
Fly o're our heads, and downward look on us  
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
A Canopy most fatal, under which  
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messala. Believe not fo.

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 an't Noble *Brutus*,

The gods to day stand friendly, that we may  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age.

But since the affairs of men fells still incertain,  
Lets 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 determined 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, lo, to prevent  
The time of life, arming my self with patience,  
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 fame 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 days business, ere it come :

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [Exit.

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these Bills  
Unto the Legions, on the other side.

[Loud Alarm.]  
Let them set on at once : for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in *Octavius*'s Wing :  
And sudden puff gives them the overthrow :

Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [Exit.

Alarms. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassius. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly :

My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy :  
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,  
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.

*Titinius*. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,  
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*  
Took it too eagerly : his Soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by *Antony* 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 far 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 Spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,  
And here again, that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

*Titinius*. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cassius. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,  
D d d

My

My light was ever thick: regard, *Titinius*,  
And tell me what thou not'lt about the field.  
This day I breath'd life, time is come round,  
And where I 'd begin, there shall I end,  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, What news?  
*Pind.* Above. O, my Lord,  
*Cass.* What news?

*Pind.* *Titinius* is enclosed round about  
With Horsemen, 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 wark, they shout for joy.  
*Cass.* Com: 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, saving 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 *Cesar'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 — *Cesar* 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 Country *Pindarus* shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

*Mess.* It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*  
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* power,  
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.  
*Mess.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

*Mess.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?  
*Tit.* He lies not like the Living. O my heart!

*Mess.* Is not that he?  
*Tit.* 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* day it set.  
The Son of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,  
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mess.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful Error, Melancholies Child:

Why dost thou show 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 engendered thee.

*Tit.* What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?  
*Mess.* Seek him, *Titinius*: whilt 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 sight.

*Tit.* Hye you, *Messala*,  
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while:  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?  
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of Victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou halt misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,  
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,  
And see how I regarded *Cassius*:  
By your leave, gods: This is a Romans part,  
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. [Dies.

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

*Br.* Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lie?  
*Mess.* Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

*Br.* *Titinius* face is upward.  
*Cato.* He is slain.

*Br.* O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,  
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords  
In our own proper Entrails. [Low Alarm.

*Cato.* Brave *Titinius*,  
Look where he have not Crown'd dead *Cassius*.

*Br.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well:

It is impossible that ever *Agone*  
Should breed thy Fellow: Friends I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.  
Come therefore, and to *Thursus* send his body,  
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,  
Left it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,  
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,  
*Labio* and *Flavius*, let our Battels on:  
'Tis three a Clock, and *Romans* yet ere night,  
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucillius*,  
and *Flavius*.

*Br.* Yet Countrymen: O yet, hold up your heads.  
*Cato.* What *Ballard* doth not? who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho,  
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.  
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter *Souldiers* and fight.  
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.  
*Brutus* my Country's 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.

*Sould.* Yield, or thou dyest.  
*Luc.* Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:  
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.  
*Sould.* We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

1. *Sould.* Room ho: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.  
2. *Sould.* I'll tell thee news, 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 so great a shame,  
When you do find him or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness. I had rather have  
Such men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,  
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,  
And bring us unto *Octavius* Tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.  
Enter

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

*Br.* Come, poor remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.  
*Cl.* *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,  
He came not back, he is, or tane, or slain.

*Br.* Sit thee down, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,  
It is a deed in fashion, Hark thee, *Clitus*.

*Cl.* What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.  
*Br.* Peace then, no worse.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill my self.  
*Br.* Hark thee, *Dardanius*.

*Dard.* Shall I do such a Deed?  
*Cl.* O *Dardanius*.

*Dard.* O *Clitus*,  
*Cl.* What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?  
*Dard.* To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.

*Cl.* Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his Eyes.

*Br.* Come hither, good *Volumnius*, lift a word.  
*Volum.* What says, my Lord?

The Ghost of *Cesar* hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night: at *Sardis*, once;  
And this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields:

I know my hour is come.  
*Volum.* Not so, my Lord.

*Br.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.  
Thou felt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,  
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit:

It is more worthy, to leap in our selves, [Low Alarm.  
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,  
*Br.* Come hither, good *Volumnius*,  
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.

*Volum.* That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.  
*Br.* That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord. [Alarm still.

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.  
*Br.* Farewell to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.

*Strato*, thou halt been all this while asleep:  
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:  
My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than *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.

*Alarm.* Cry within. Fly, fly, fly.  
*Cl.* Fly, my Lord, fly.

*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 smatch of honour in it.  
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

*Strat.* Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.  
*Br.* Farewell, good *Strato*. — *Cesar*, now be still,  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,  
*Lucillius*, and the Army.

*Oct.* What man is that?  
*Mess.* My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

*Strat.* Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*,  
The Conquerours can but make a fire of him:  
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his Death.

*Luc.* So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,  
That thou halt prov'd *Lucillius* laying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
*Strat.* I, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good *Messala*.  
*Mess.* How did my Lord, *Strato*?

*Strat.* I held the Sword, and he did run on it.  
*Mess.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my Master.

*Ant.* This was the Noblest Roman of them all:  
All the Conspirators save only he,  
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cesar*:  
He, only 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 lie,  
Most like a Souldier, ordered honourably:  
So call the field to rest, and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt omnes.