

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

} Triumvirs, after the death of
JULIUS CÆSAR.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.

BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIMUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} Conspirators against JULIUS
CÆSAR.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of CNIDOS.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet : Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, and
VOLUMNIUS, Friends to BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS; Servants to BRUTUS.

PINDARUS, Servant to CASSIUS.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to CÆSAR.

PORTIA, Wife to BRUTUS.

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

*SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome : afterwards at an
Island near Mutina ; at Serdis ; and near Philippi.*

* * * THIS PLAY, the story whereof is chiefly extracted from
NORTH'S PLUTARCH, was probably written about the year 1607.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

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

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

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

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

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

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

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

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. Yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, fir, all that I live by is the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but^a with all. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

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

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

Mar. 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 senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath^b his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,

^a *with all.*]—with *all*, wherein the *awl* is concerned.

^b *bis*]—*her*.

Made in his concave shores ?

And do you now put on your best attire ?

And do you now cull out a holiday ?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over ^c Pompey's blood ?

Be gone ;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for 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 Commoners,*

See, ^d whe'r their basest metal 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 ^e the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know, it is the feast of ^f Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing ;

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;

^c *Pompey's blood ?*]—his sons vanquish'd by *Cæsar* in *Spain*.

^d *whe'r*]—a contraction of *whether*, common in our author's time.

^e *the images,*]—of *Cæsar*, decorated with festive ornaments, or military trophies.

^f *Lupercal.*]—The festival of the *Lupercalia* was celebrated at *Rome* in February, by the Priests of *Pan*, whose touch, on this occasion, was deemed friendly both to conception and delivery.

Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decimus, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, &c.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

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

Ant. I shall remember:

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

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

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

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs.

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

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

[^e *Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar, and train.*

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

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

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

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions ⁱ of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
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.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook ^k your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd

^e *Sennet.*]—Sonata, a martial air.

^h *You bear too stubborn, &c.*]—You behave too distantly to.

ⁱ *of some difference,*]—discordant.

^k *your passion;*]—the subject of your solicitude.

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: ¹ for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection ^m from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

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

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

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

¹ *for the eye sees not itself,*]—“nor doth *the eye itself,*
—————*behold itself.*”

TROIL. and CRESS. A. III. S. 3. *Achil.*

^m *from some other things.*]—*by some other things.*

ⁿ *a common laughèr, &c.*]—one, that, to raise a laugh, would wantonly sacrifice every other consideration, or was wont to invite, by the customary lure of vows of inviolable attachment, every candidate to a share of my affection.

That I ° profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would-not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look P on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward 9 favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and 1 gusty day,
The troubled Tyber 2 chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

° *profess myself*]—deal out my professions of regard promiscuously.

P *on both indifferently*:]—*on dearth*—with coolness and impartiality.

9 *favour*.]—features, face, countenance.

1 *gusty*]—tempestuous.

2 *chafing with his shores*.]—fretting within, rushing impetuously between them.

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?—* Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could 'arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 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 ^u did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man ^v of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start ^w of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

ⁱ *arrive*—H. VI. P. III. A. V. S. 3. *K. Edw.*

^u *did from their colour fly;*—grew pale, their colour fled from them.

^v *of such a feeble temper*—composed of such frail materials.

^w *of the majestic world,*—the rest of his countrymen, the masters of the world.

Bru. Another general shout!

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

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be founded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

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, 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 ^xwalls incompass'd 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 ^yBrutus once, that would have brook'd

^zThe eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

^x walls]—walks.

^y Brutus]—Lucius Junius.

^z The eternal devil]—His perpetual dominion—infernal.

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 things.
 Till then, my noble friend, ^a chew upon this ;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

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

Re-enter Cæsar, and his Train.

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

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

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

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is,

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

^a *chew upon this ;*]—ruminate, reflect upon this at your leisure.

^b *ferrēt*]—red.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon 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.

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

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

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

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

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

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

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being
offer'd

offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus : and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why for that too.

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

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

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

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it ; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these ^c 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 hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar ; for he swooned, ^d and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you : What ? did Cæsar swoon ?

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

^c coronets ;]—chaplets of laurel.

^d and fell down]—Cæsar was subject to the falling-sickness.

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

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If ^e 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.

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

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

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part,

^e *the tag-rag people*]—“Before *the tag* return.”

COR. A. III. S. 1. *Com.*

^f *a man of any occupation,*]—a common mechanic, one of those plebeians to whom he made the offer.

it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are ^ε put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both.

[*Exit.*

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
^α 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 so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

^ε *put to silence.*]—cashiered, turned out of their office.

^α *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*]—Thy naturally good disposition may be perverted.

Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not ⁱ humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar feat him fure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street.

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

Cic. Good even, Casca : ^k Brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when ^l all the sway of earth
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;

ⁱ *humour me.*]—with all his favours cajole me out of my principles.

^k *Brought you Cæsar home ?*]—Did you attend him ?

^l *all the sway of earth*]—the whole weight, body, frame of this globe.

Or else the world, too faucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who ^mglar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Up on a heap a hundred ghastly women,
^a Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, ^othe bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

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

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

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

^m *glar'd*]—look'd furiously—*gaz'd*.

^a *Transformed with their fear;*]—Their features having suffered an alteration from their fears. ^o *the bird of night*]—the owl.

^f *Clean from*]—Entirely—“*clean through.*”

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

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

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts ;
Why ¹ old men fools, and children ² calculate ;
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind ;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

¹ *old men fools,*]—old dotards.

² *calculate ;*]—prophecy.

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

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

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have ^t thews 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 sufferance shew us womanish.

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

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong :
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

^s *prodigious*]—portentous.

^t *thews*]—sinews, muscles, strength.

H. IV. Part II. A. III. S. 2. *Fal.* HAM. A. I. S. 3. *Lær.*

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

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

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

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me

" *My answer must be made:*]—I shall be called to account for this declaration of my sentiments. ^v *flearing*]—trifling.

" *Hold my hand: be factious*]—Take my hand; be active, &c.

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 fev'rous like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

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

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

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

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

Cas. Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
 You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
 The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this paper,
 And look you lay it ^y in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
 In at his window ; set this up with wax
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decimus Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

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

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

[Exit Cinna.]

* *Is fev'rous*—*Is favour'd, It favours like*—Resembles.

^y *in the prætor's chair,*—*Brutus and Cassius were then prætors.*

Come,

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

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

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard.

Bru. What, Lucius ! ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
² When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : What, Lucius !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

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

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

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

² *When, Lucius, when ?*—Why, how now, Lucius ?

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.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
^a Remorse from power : And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections ^b sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
 Looks in the clouds, scorning ^c the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, ^d since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities ;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, ^e as his kind, grow mischievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found

^a *Remorse*]—Mercy, pity, the more delicate feelings of the mind.

^b *sway'd more than his reason, &c.*]—got the mastery over it. But 'tis a matter of ordinary experience, &c.

^c *the base degrees*]—the humble steps.

^d *since the quarrel, &c.*]—since our design will admit of no pretext, if we view him in the light he hath hitherto appeared.

^e *as his kind,*]—like the rest of his species.

This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, ^f the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit:*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

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

Shall Rome——Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake.—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome—— Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

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

Speak, strike, redress !— Am I entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

^f *the ides*]—the 15th day.

Like a ^gphantasma, or a hideous dream :

^h The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

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

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. Do you know them?

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

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:

^g *phantasma,*]—a phantom, a vision.

^h *The genius,*]—The being supposed to preside, as well over individual persons, as larger communities, and the powers of body or mind, the instruments of human actions, are then assembled to deliberate on the important enterprize; so that, as in an insurrection, the whole kingdom, from the highest to the lowest, is in a general commotion; in the little kingdom, man, his whole state, from his governing genius, to his meanest faculty, is strenuously engaged and exerted.

—————“imagin'd worth,” &c.

TROIL. and CRESS. A. II. S. 3. *Ulysses.*

ⁱ *brother Cassius*]—*Cassius* was fellow prætor, and had married *Junia*, *Brutus*' sister.

^k *mark of favour.*]—trace of their countenance, distinction of features.

For

¹ For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

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

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decimus Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

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

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? *[They whisper.]*

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

Casca. No.

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

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arifes;
Which is a great way ⁿ growing on the south,

¹ *For if thou path,*]—If thou walk in thy genuine form, appear in thy proper colours. ^m *fret*]—variegate, diversify.

ⁿ *growing on the south,*]—in the southern hemisphere, considering how early 'tis in the year.

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

Cæs. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not ^o the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let ^p high-fighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop ^q by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than ^r secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not ^s palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men ^t cautelous,
Old feeble ^u carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
^v The even virtue of our enterprize,

^o *the face of men,*]—a regard to the countenance of the public, to honour and reputation; to the shewing ourselves men—*the faiths of men.*

^p *high-fighted*]—with look erect, triumphant.

^q *by lottery.*]—by decimation, election to death by lot.

^r *secret*]—trusty, faithful to a secret imparted.

^s *palter?*]—prevaricate.

“That *palter* with us in a double sense.”

MACB. A. V. S. 7. *Macb.*

^t *cautelous,*]—cautious.

^u *carrions,*]—worthless wretches.

^v *The even virtue*]—The integrity.

Not

Nor the ^w insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
^x Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

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

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's 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 bury'd in his gravity.

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

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

^w *insuppressive*]—invincible.

^x *Is guilty of*]—Would deservedly incur the stigma of.

^y *break with him* ;]—impart our design to him.

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

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

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

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

^z *envy*]—malice.

^a *envious* :]—malicious.

^b *take thought*,]—grow melancholy.

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;

For he is superstitious grown of late ;

Quite from ^c the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'er sway him : for he loves to hear,

That ^d unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

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

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar ^e hard,

^c *the main opinion, &c.*]—leading, predominant—the *mean opinion* of prognostications, ominous forebodings, and atonements by means of religious rites and sacrifices.

^d *unicorns, &c.*]—*Unicorns* are said to be taken by one skulking behind a tree, and thereby eluding his horn ; which, sticking in the trunk, detains the beast till he is dispatched by the hunter—*Bears* by means of a mirror, which they gaze on, while the pursuers take their fatal aim—and *Elephants* in pitfalls, slightly covered, whereon the proper bait is laid.

^e *hard,*]—a grudge—*hatred*.

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

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

Cæs. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,
Brutus :—

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

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

Manet Brutus.

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

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :

^f *put on our purposes ;*]—betray our designs. ^s *condition*]—frame:

I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled : and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your ^h condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
ⁱ 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, yourself, your half,

^h condition,]—temper, disposition.

ⁱ I charm you,]—I conjure you—charge you.

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 darknes.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, 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.

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

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

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [Knock.
Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

^k All the character of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia.*]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is't that knocks?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

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

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

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like ¹an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

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

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

^k *All the character*]—All that is characterized, imprinted thereon.

¹ *an exorcist,*]—an enchanter.

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

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

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

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

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

Cal. Cæsar, ^m I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lionsess hath whelped in the streets ;

^m *I never stood on ceremonies,*]—I never paid a superstitious regard to prodigies, or omens.

And

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Which ⁿ drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
 The noise of battle ^o hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

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

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

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

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

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

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,

ⁿ *drizzled*]—dropped, let fall in small particles.

^o *hurtled*]—ruffled, rattled.

^p *Are to*]—Concern equally.

That Cæsar is more ⁹ dangerous than he.
 We are two lions, litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible :
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

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

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

Enter Decimus.

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

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

Cæs. And you are come in verry 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, Decimus.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

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

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

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

⁹ *dangerous*]—formidable.

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 she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings, portents
 Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood ; and that great men [†] shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognifance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

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

[†] *shall press, &c.*]—shall come to you, as to a saint, for reliques, as to a sovereign, for additional honours.

[‡] *a mock*]—a sneer.

To your ^t proceeding bids me tell you this ;

^c And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

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

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See ! Antony, that revels long o'nights,

Is notwithstanding up :—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

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

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

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

^t *proceeding*]—progressive advancement.

^c *And reason to my love is liable.*]—And reason perfectly coincides with what my love suggests on this occasion.

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

Bru. ^v That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

*Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not
near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark
well Metellus Cimber : Decimus 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 be'st not
immortal, look about you : Security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee !*

Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

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

^v *That every like is not the same,*]—That every one should not be the very thing he appears.

^w *teeth of emulation.*]—the reach of envy.

^x *contrive.*]—conspire, combine to destroy thee.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same street.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

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

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

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

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

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

Luc. I hear none, madam.

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

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art.

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

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

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

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

Art. 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 Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

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

ACT III. SCENE I.

The street, and then

The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

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

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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

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

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

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

[Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.]

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

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

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

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius,

Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes:

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*]

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

Bru. He is ^y addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that ^z rear your hand.

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

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn ^a pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into ^b the law of children. Be not ^c fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banish'd;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

^y *addrest*:]—prepared, ready.

^z *rear your*]—rears his.

^a *pre-ordinance*,]—ordinance long established, prescription.

^b *the law*]—course, manner of determining—*lane, line.*

^c *fond*,]—so weak.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

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

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

Cæs. What, Brutus !

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

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
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 ^d apprehensive ;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That ^e 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,——

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

^d *apprehensive* ;]—intelligent beings, susceptible of fear, &c.

^e *unassailable*, &c.]—whose fixed resolve can never be shaken by any attack——*of notion*.

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [They stab Cæsar.

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

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

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

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. 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: so tell them, Publius.

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

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

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—

^f *Nor to no*]—For two negatives to deny more forcibly was common in Shakspeare's time.

——— "nor nature never lends."

MEAS. FOR MEAS. A. I. S. I. *Duke.*

That

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—[§] Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cæs. 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 ^h on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cæs. 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?

Cæs. Ay, every man away!
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the ⁱ most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

[§] *Stoop, Romans, stoop, &c.*]—It was perfectly consistent with ancient and religious usage, thus to dip the hands and weapons in the blood of the victim. *Brutus* had before stiled himself and his associates "Sacrificers."

^h *on Pompey's basis*]—at the base of *Pompey's* statue.

ⁱ *most boldest*] — *more better.* TEMP. A. I. S. 2. Pro.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
 Brutus is noble, wise, 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 lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this^k untrod' state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

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

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.]

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

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

Re-enter Antony.

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

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—

^k untrod']—new. ^l still']—generally.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is ^m rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you ⁿ bear me hard;
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no 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,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
 Our arms, ^o in strength of malice, and our hearts,
^p Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

^m *rank* :]—full of it to excess, exuberant; grown too great for the public safety.

ⁿ *bear me hard*,]—owe me any ill will, entertain sentiments of enmity against me.

^o *in strength of malice*,]—that have just display'd their strong revenge.

^p *Of brothers' temper*,]—United in that deed like those of brothers.

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 struck 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 ;—
Now, Decimus Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus :—
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, 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, ⁹ dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou ^r bay'd, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in ^s thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;

⁹ *dearer*]—more sorely.

^r *bay'd,*]—surrounded by thy pursuers.

^s *thy lethe.*]—death, blood shed at thy fall. When the Scots sit up all night with a corpse, they call it a *Lethe-wake*.

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

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius ;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

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

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

Bru. Or else 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 suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.——
You know not what you do ; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov’d
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—

‘ Sway’d]—Drawn aside.

I will

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

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

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

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

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
 " A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;

^u *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;*]—This curse is generally descriptive of the horrors of war ; and, in the present instance, points at the wounds and dismemberings it occasions.

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 ^v choak'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 " Cry *Harvock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 = With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 O Cæsar !—

[*Seeing the body.*]

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

Serv. 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,

^v *choak'd*]—extinguished.

^w *Cry Harvock,*]—Disclaim all quarter.

“ Do not *cry Harvock.*” COR. A. III. S. 1. *Men.*

^z *With carrion men,*]—Mixed with the stench of those slaughtered
 heaps, which shall cover the earth in consequence of it.

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

S C E N E II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

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

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

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians :*
Brutus goes into the rostrum.]

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

4 *No Rome*]—*No room.*

“ That I have *room* with *Rome* to curse a while.”

K. JOHN, A. III. S. I. *Const.*

5 *The cruel issue*]—This event brought about by cruel means.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and ^alovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. ^bThe question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences ^cenforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, &c. with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who,

^a *lovers!*]—friends.

^b *The question*]—The whole matter, a full account.

^c *enforc'd,*]—exaggerated.

though

though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my ^d best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

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

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

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

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

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

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

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

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

^d *best lover*—dearest friend.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

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

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

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

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

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

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar ! 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 Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

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

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But

But here I am to speak what I do know,
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withhold's you then to mourn for him ?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

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

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

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

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

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony !

4 *Pleb.* 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 so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead ; to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,

^e *so poor.*]—but thinks it beneath him.

(Which,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their ^f napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 Pleb. We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

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

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 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 Pleb. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Pleb. They were villains, murderers: The will! read
 the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

^f *napkins*]—handkerchiefs.

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

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

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

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

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

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

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's ^ε angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

^h 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 muffling 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 countrymen!

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

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

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

^ε *angel*:]—prime favourite.

^h *This was the most unkindest*]—*This, this was the unkindest.*

ⁱ 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, ^k marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : Revenge : About,—
Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

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

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you 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 wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is :
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths !
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

ⁱ *The dint*]—The force, the impression.

^k *marr'd,*]—mangled.

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits; and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All We'll mutiny.

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

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

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

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

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

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

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:

To every Roman Citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Pleb. Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3 Pleb. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
 On ¹this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

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

¹ *this*]—*that*.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
ⁿ And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name ?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going ?

^m upon a wish.]—opportunately.

ⁿ And things unluckily charge my fantasy :]—And other circumstances of an ominous cast, that have befallen me, dwell upon my fancy.

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

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

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

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

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decimus' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Antony's House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

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

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition °Lucius shall not live;

‡ You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I † damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. 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?

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

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them ‡ as the ass bears gold,

° *Lucius*]—*L. Cæsar, Antony's uncle—Publius.*

‡ *You are his*]—*Who is your.* † *damn*]—*condemn.*

‡ *as the ass bears gold,*]—

——“*like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,*” &c.

MEAS. FOR MEAS. A. III. S. I. *Dukt.*

To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

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

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 ^s taste, is Lepidus but so ;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
 A barren-spirited fellow ; ^t one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations ;
 Which, out of use, and ital'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
 But as ^u a property. And now, Octavius,
^s Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,

^s *taste*]—sense.

^t *one that feeds on objects, arts, &c.*]—one, whose mind is so perfectly devoid of invention, as to adopt, for its entertainment, the neglected hints and obsolete pursuits of others.—*On abject arts.*

^u *a property.*]—a tool.

^s *Listen great things.*]—“ *Listening their fear.*”

MACB. A. II. S. 2. *Macb.*

And ^γ bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

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

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

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

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
^z 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.

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

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

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
 A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,

^γ *bay'd about*]—surrounded.

^z *In his own change, or by ill officers,*]—of conduct, or by the mismanagement of his agents.—*In his own charge.*

^a *with such familiar instances*]—so familiarly.

When love begins to ficken and decay,
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle ;
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

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

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

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! ^b Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

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

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

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

Bru. Cassius, be content,
 Speak your ^c 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 ;

^b *Speak the word along.*]—Give the word of command, or the watch-word, from sentinel to sentinel.

^c *griefs*]—grievances.

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

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

Bru. Lucilius, do 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.*

S C E N E III.

The inside of Brutus' tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

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

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

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every ^d nice offence should bear his comment.

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

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

^d *nice offence should bear his comment.*]—trivial offence should be so strictly canvassed.

“The letter was not *nice*.”

ROM. AND JUL. A. V. S. 2. *Lau.*

Bru.

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

Cas. Chastisement!

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

Cas. Brutus, ^g bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
^h To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
ⁱ To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you ^k are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

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

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

^e *What villain*]—Which of us was so much a villain—Did even the meanest of the band of patriots.

^f *bay the moon,*]—bark at it, as dogs are said to do, through envy of its brightness. Cymb. A. V. S. 5. *Post.*

^g *bait not me,*]—*bay not me.*

^h *To hedge me in;*]—To abridge my authority.

ⁱ *To make conditions.*]—To dispose of offices; to regulate an army.

^k *are not, Cassius.*]—*You are not Cassius*—not yourself.

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

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

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

Go, shew 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 split you: for, from this day forth,

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

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

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

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me; every way you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

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

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

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

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

There

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;—
 For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, 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 Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath ¹ riv'd my
 heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, ^m till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

¹ *riv'd*]—split.

^m *till you practise them on me.*]—till, by your ill usage, you force me to remark them.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is awearry of the world:
 Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
^a If that thou be'st 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, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. 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.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

^a *If that thou be'st a Roman,*]—one of the old stamp, I adjure thee, take out this heart, and thereby rid thy country of a second burthen.

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

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

[*A noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

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

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now ? What's the matter ?

Poet. 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 am sure, than ye.

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

Bru. Get you hence, firrah ; faucy fellow, hence.

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

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these °jigging fools ?—
P Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

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

° *jigging fools ?*]—writers of small ludicrous pieces.

P *Companion, hence.*]—Fellow, away.

———“*scurvy companion.*”

HEN. IV. P. II. A. II. S. 4. *Doll.*

Cas.

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

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

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

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

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of
wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *[Drinks.*

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

Re-enter Titinius and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

^a *Impatient*]—Upon impatience—and upon grief, &c.

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

Cas. 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 towards Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition?

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

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

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

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

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

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

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas.

Cas. I have as much of this ^r in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

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

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
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 and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

^r *in art*]—in theory ; my philosophy teaches me the same lesson of
patience.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

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

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

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel, good
Messala ;—

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

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

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden ^s 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.

^s mace]—sceptre.

Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

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

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]

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!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst
out?

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

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

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!

Var.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

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

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

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

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their ^t battles are at hand;
They mean to ^u warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
^w With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

^t battles]—forces.

^u warn]—challenge.

^w With fearful bravery,]—With a shew of courage, hiding a cowardly heart.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

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

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this ^x exigent ?

Octa. ^y I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

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

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words,

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

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

Octa. 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 !*

Cas. Antony,

^z The posture of your blows is yet unknown ;

^x *exigent ?*]—extremity.

^y *I do not cross you ; but I will do so.*]—I will not ; but mean to do as you desire—I will not now ; but hereafter my superior genius will control yours.

^z *The posture*]—The quality.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and foundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

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

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

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

Octa. 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 could'st not die more honourable.

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

Ant. Old Cassius still!

^a *the cause*:]—let us decide the cause.

Oſta. Come, Antony; away.—

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

[*Exeunt Oſtavius, Antony and army.*]

Caf. 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.

[*Brutus ſpeaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Caf. Meſſala.

Meſ. What ſays my general?

Caf. Meſſala,

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

You know, that I held Epicurus ſtrong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from Sardis, on our ^b former enſign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our ſoldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here conſorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their ſteads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A canopy moſt fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghoſt.

Meſ. Believe not ſo.

^b former]—foremoſt.

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

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

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

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

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

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome :
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

^c to prevent the time of life :]—to hasten the period, shorten the course of it.—The term of life.

^d To stay the providence]—To await the disposal.

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

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

S C E N E II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give ^e 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' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

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

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

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;

^e *these bills*]—containing fresh directions.

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

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

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

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

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on the hill ;
My fight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit Pindarus.

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pind. [above.] O my lord !

Cas. 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 ta'en ;—and, hark, they shout for joy. [Shout,

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

Re-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 should'st attempt it; Come now, keep thine oath ;
Now

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom,
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. 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. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. 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.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

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

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

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

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

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

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

Alas, thou hast 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 Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Vol-
lumnus, and Lucilius.

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

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

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

Cato.

Cato. Brave Titinius!—

Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

'Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus. [*Exit.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

'Thou]—The.

Why,

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd^b being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou die'st.

Luc. ⁱ Only I yield to die:

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

[*Offering money.*]

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

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter Antony,

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

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

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

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

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

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

Give him all kindness: I had rather have,

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

^b *being Cato's son.*]—having approv'd thyself worthy of such a fire.

ⁱ *Only I yield to die:*]—On this sole condition, that I may die.

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

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

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

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

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

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

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

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

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once:
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.

I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

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

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Alarum.*

It

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
 Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
 Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

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

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
 Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history :
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dar. and Vol.*

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
 Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it :
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

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

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum.

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

Octa. What man is that ?

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

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
The conquerors 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 hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

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

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

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

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

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

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Octa. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]