

Bookeen

Julius Caesar

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Πνευματικά Δικαιώματα:

Το παρόν βιβλίο είναι διαθέσιμο για χώρες όπου τα πνευματικά δικαιώματα διαρκούν 70 χρόνια μετά από τον θάνατο του συγγραφέα, όπως στις χώρες της Ευρωπαϊκής Ένωσης.

This work is available for countries where copyright is Life + 70, including the EU.

Cette oeuvre est disponible pour les pays où le droit d'auteur est de 70 ans après mort de l'auteur.

Σημείωση:

Το συγκεκριμένο έργο διατίθεται μόνο για προσωπική και όχι για εμπορική χρήση. Ως βιβλίο που έχουν λήξει τα πνευματικά του δικαιώματα, απαγορεύεται η επιβολή οποιουδήποτε τιμήματος στην παρούσα μορφή. Σημειώνουμε ότι οι νόμοι περί πνευματικών δικαιωμάτων αλλάζουν συχνά. Αν υπάρχει οποιαδήποτε αμφιβολία ή αμφισβήτηση, παρακαλώ διαγράψτε το αρχείο και ενημερώστε μας για να επιληφθούμε αμέσως του θέματος.

This book is strictly for personal use; do not use this file for commercial purposes.

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before distributing this or any other file.

***The Project Gutenberg's Etext of
Shakespeare's First Folio***
*****The Tragedie of Julius
Caesar*****

This is our 3rd edition of most of these
plays. See the index.

Copyright laws are changing all over the
world, be sure to check the copyright laws
for your country before posting these
files!!

Please take a look at the important
information in this header. We encourage
you to keep this file on your own disk,
keeping an electronic path open for the
next readers. Do not remove this.

**Welcome To The World of Free Plain

Vanilla Electronic Texts**

Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971

These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and further information is included below. We need your donations.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2263]

***The Project Gutenberg's Etext of

Shakespeare's First Folio***
*****The Tragedie of Julius
Caesar*****

*****This file should be named
0ws2410.txt or 0ws2410.zip*****

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a
new NUMBER, 0ws2411.txt VERSIONS
based on separate sources get new
LETTER, 0ws2410a.txt

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually
created from multiple editions, all of which
are in the Public Domain in the United
States, unless a copyright notice is
included. Therefore, we usually do NOT
keep any of these books in compliance
with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one month in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an up to date first edition [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month. Since our ftp program has a bug in it that scrambles the date [tried to fix and failed] a look at the file size will have to do, but we will try to see a new copy has at least one byte more or less.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc.

This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release thirty-six text files per month, or 432 more Etexts in 1999 for a total of 2000+ If these reach just 10% of the computerized population, then the total should reach over 200 billion Etexts given away this year.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only ~5% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding; currently our funding is mostly from Michael Hart's salary at Carnegie-Mellon University, and an assortment of sporadic gifts; this salary is only good for a few more years, so we are looking for something to replace it, as we don't want Project Gutenberg to be so dependent on one person.

We need your donations more than ever!

All donations should be made to "Project Gutenberg/CMU": and are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law. (CMU = Carnegie- Mellon University).

For these and other matters, please mail to:

Project Gutenberg P. O. Box 2782
Champaign, IL 61825

When all other email fails. . .try our
Executive Director: Michael S. Hart
<hart@pobox.com> hart@pobox.com
forwards to hart@prairienet.org and
archive.org if your mail bounces from
archive.org, I will still see it, if it bounces
from prairienet.org, better resend later on.

. . .

We would prefer to send you this information by email.

To access Project Gutenberg etexts, use any Web browser to view <http://promo.net/pg>. This site lists Etexts by author and by title, and includes information about how to get involved with Project Gutenberg. You could also download our past Newsletters, or subscribe here. This is one of our major sites, please email hart@pobox.com, for a more complete list of our various sites.

To go directly to the etext collections, use FTP or any Web browser to visit a Project Gutenberg mirror (mirror sites are available on 7 continents; mirrors are listed at <http://promo.net/pg>).

Mac users, do NOT point and click, typing works better.

Example FTP session:

```
ftp sunsite.unc.edu login: anonymous
password:          your@login          cd
pub/docs/books/gutenberg cd etext90
through etext99 dir [to see files] get or
mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing
of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99] GET
GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a listing of ALL
books]
```

****Information prepared by the Project
Gutenberg legal advisor****

(Three Pages)

*****START**THE SMALL PRINT!**FOR
PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS**START***** Why
is this "Small Print!" statement here? You
know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue
us if there is something wrong with your
copy of this etext, even if you got it for free
from someone other than us, and even if
what's wrong is not our fault. So, among
other things, this "Small Print!" statement
disclaims most of our liability to you. It
also tells you how you can distribute
copies of this etext if you want to.

***BEFORE!* YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT**
By using or reading any part of this
PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you
indicate that you understand, agree to and
accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you
do not, you can receive a refund of the
money (if any) you paid for this etext by
sending a request within 30 days of

receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG- tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association at Carnegie-Mellon University (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all

liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to

alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

INDEMNITY You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all

liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm" You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from

conversion by word processing or
hypertext software, but only so long as
EITHER:

[*] The etext, when displayed, is
clearly readable, and does *not*
contain characters other than those
intended by the author of the work,
although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and
underline (_) characters may be used
to convey punctuation intended by the
author, and additional characters may be
used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[*] The etext may be readily converted
by the reader at no expense into
plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent
form by the program that displays the
etext (as is the case, for instance,
with most word processors); OR

[*] You provide, or agree to also

provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the net profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Association/Carnegie-Mellon University" within the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return.

WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY
EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO? The
Project gratefully accepts contributions in
money, time, scanning machines, OCR
software, public domain etexts, royalty
free copyright licenses, and every other
sort of contribution you can think of.
Money should be paid to "Project
Gutenberg Association / Carnegie-Mellon
University".

*END*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC
DOMAIN ETEXTS*Ver.04.29.93*END*

Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will ***NOT*** think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there? Fran. Nay
answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as

the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. .
.and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliché at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University

in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Michael S. Hart Project Gutenberg

Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I

have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Flaius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flaius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What,

know you not (Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke Vpon a labouring day, without the signe Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on? You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobl

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade? Cobl. Nay I

beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow? Cob. Why sir, Cobble you

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou? Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets? Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see Caesar, and to reioyce in his

Triumph

Mur. Wherefore reioyce? What Conquest brings he home? What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles? You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things: O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements, To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops, Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate The liue-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome: And when you saw his Chariot but appeare, Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout, That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes To heare the replication of your sounds, Made in her Concaue Shores? And do you now put on your best attyre? And do you now cull out a Holyday? And do you

now strew Flowers in his way, That comes
in Triumph ouer Pompeyes blood? Be
gone, Runne to your houses, fall vpon your
knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the
plague That needs must light on this
Ingratitude

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

Exeunt. all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not
mou'd, They vanish tongue-tyed in their
guiltinesse: Go you downe that way
towards the Capitoll, This way will I:
Disrobe the Images, If you do finde them
deckt with Ceremonies

Mur. May we do so? You know it is the
Feast of Lupercall

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images Be hung
with Caesars Trophees: Ile about, And
driue away the Vulgar from the streets; So
do you too, where you perceiue them
thicke. These growing Feathers, pluckt
from Caesars wing, Will make him flye an
ordinary pitch, Who else would soare
aboue the view of men, And keepe vs all in
seruile fearefulnesse.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course,
Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus,
Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them
Murellus and Flavius.

Caes. Calphurnia

Cask. Peace ho, Caesar speakes

Caes. Calphurnia

Calp. Heere my Lord

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonio's way, When he doth run his course. Antonio

Ant. C^{ae}sar, my Lord

Caes. Forget not in your speed Antonio, To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say, The Barren touched in this holy chace, Shake off their sterile curse

Ant. I shall remember, When Caesar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd

Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out

Sooth. Caesar

Caes. Ha? Who calles? Cask. Bid euery
noyse be still: peace yet againe

Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles
on me? I heare a Tongue shriller then all
the Musicke Cry, Caesar: Speake, Caesar
is turn'd to heare

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March

Caes. What man is that? Br. A
Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of
March Caes. Set him before me, let me
see his face

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng,
look vpon Caesar

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak
once againe, Sooth. Beware the Ides of

March

Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him:
Passe.

Sennet

Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the
course? Brut. Not I

Cassi. I pray you do

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some
part Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder Cassius your desires; Ile
leaue you

Cassi. Brutus, I do obserue you now of
late: I haue not from your eyes, that
gentlenesse And shew of Loue, as I was

wont to haue: You beare too stubborne,
and too strange a hand Ouer your Friend,
that loues you

Bru. Cassius, Be not deceiu'd: If I haue
veyl'd my looke, I turne the trouble of my
Countenance Meerely vpon my selfe.
Vexed I am Of late, with passions of some
difference, Conceptions onely proper to
my selfe, Which giue some soyle
(perhaps) to my Behaiours: But let not
therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number Cassius be you
one) Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at
warre, Forgets the shewes of Loue to other
men

Cassi. Then Brutus, I haue much mistook
your passion, By meanes whereof, this
Brest of mine hath buried Thoughts of
great value, worthy Cogitations. Tell me

good Brutus, Can you see your face?
Brutus. No Cassius: For the eye sees not it
selfe but by reflection, By some other
things

Cassius. 'Tis iust, And it is very much
lamented Brutus, That you haue no such
Mirrors, as will turne Your hidden
worthinesse into your eye, That you might
see your shadow: I haue heard, Where
many of the best respect in Rome, (Except
immortall Caesar) speaking of Brutus, And
groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wish'd, that Noble Brutus had his
eyes

Bru. Into what dangers, would you Leade
me Cassius? That you would haue me
seeke into my selfe, For that which is not in
me? Cas. Therefore good Brutus, be
prepar'd to heare: And since you know,
you cannot see your selfe So well as by

Reflection; I your Glasse, Will modestly
discouer to your selfe That of your selfe,
which you yet know not of. And be not
iealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a
common Laughter, or did vse To stale with
ordinary Oathes my loue To euery new
Protester: if you know, That I do fawne on
men, and hugge them hard, And after
scandall them: Or if you know, That I
professe my selfe in Banquetting To all the
Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting? I do
feare, the People choose Caesar For their
King

Cassi. I, do you feare it? Then must I
thinke you would not haue it so

Bru. I would not Cassius, yet I loue him

well: But wherefore do you hold me heere so long? What is it, that you would impart to me? If it be ought toward the generall good, Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other, And I will looke on both indifferently: For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue The name of Honor, more then I feare death

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus, As well as I do know your outward fauour. Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story: I cannot tell, what you and other men Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe, I had as lief not be, as liue to be In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe. I was borne free as Caesar, so were you, We both haue fed as well, and we can both Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee. For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day, The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores, Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou

Cassius now Leape in with me into this
angry Flood, And swim to yonder Point?
Vpon the word, Accoutred as I was, I
plunged in, And bad him follow: so indeed
he did. The Torrent roar'd, and we did
buffet it With lusty Sinewes, throwing it
aside, And stemming it with hearts of
Controuersie. But ere we could arriue the
Point propos'd, Caesar cride, Helpe me
Cassius, or I sinke. I (as Aeneas, our great
Ancestor, Did from the Flames of Troy,
vpon his shoulder The old Anchyses
beare) so, from the waues of Tyber Did I
the tyred Caesar: And this Man, Is now
become a God, and Cassius is A wretched
Creature, and must bend his body, If
Caesar carelesly but nod on him. He had a
Feauer when he was in Spaine, And when
the Fit was on him, I did marke How he did
shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake, His
Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe

the World, Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone: I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes, Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke Titinius, As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start of the Maiesticke world, And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout? I do beleeeue, that these applauses are For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Caesar

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about To finde our selues dishonourable Graues. Men at sometime,

are Masters of their Fates. The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres, But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings. Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar? Why should that name be sounded more then yours Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name: Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell: Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em, Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as Caesar. Now in the names of all the Gods at once, Vpon what meate doth this our Caesar feede, That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd. Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods. When went there by an Age, since the great Flood, But it was fam'd with more then with one man? When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome, That her wide Walkes incompast but one man? Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough When there is in it but one onely man. O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would haue
brook'd Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his
State in Rome, As easily as a King

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing
iealous: What you would worke me too, I
haue some ayme: How I haue thought of
this, and of these times I shall recount
heereafter. For this present, I would not so
(with loue I might intreat you) Be any
further moou'd: What you haue said, I will
consider: what you haue to say I will with
patience heare, and finde a time Both
meete to heare, and answer such high
things. Till then, my Noble Friend, chew
vpon this: Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire

from Brutus, Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done, And Caesar is returning

Cassi. As they passe by, Plucke Caska by the Sleeue, And he will (after his sowe fashion) tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to day

Bru. I will do so: but looke you Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Caesars brow, And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine; Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and Cicero Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes As we haue seene him in the Capitoll Being crost in Conference, by some Senators

Cassi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is

Caes Antonio

Ant. Caesar

Caes Let me haue men about me, that are fat, Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights: Yond Cassius has a leane and hungry looke, He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous

Ant. Feare him not Caesar, he's not dangerous, He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen

Caes Would he were fatter; But I feare him not: Yet if my name were lyable to feare, I do not know the man I should auoyd So soone as that spare Cassius. He reades much, He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes, As thou dost Antony: he heares no Musicke; Seldome he smiles,

and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd
himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit That could
be mou'd to smile at any thing. Such men
as he, be neuer at hearts ease, Whiles they
behold a greater then themselues, And
therefore are they very dangerous. I rather
tell thee what is to be fear'd, Then what I
feare: for alwayes I am Caesar. Come on
my right hand, for this eare is deafe, And
tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt. Caesar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would
you speake with me? Bru. I Caska, tell vs
what hath chanc'd to day That Caesar
lookes so sad

Cask. Why you were with him, were you
not? Bru. I should not then aske Caska

what had chanc'd

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting

Bru. What was the second noyse for?
Cask. Why for that too

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for? Cask. Why for that too

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showted

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cask. Why Antony

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caska

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe Marke Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because Caesar refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked Caesar: for hee swooned, and fell downe

at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre

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

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse

Cassi. No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Caska, we haue the Falling sicknesse

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe? Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away

Cask. I

Cassi. Did Cicero say any thing? Cask. I, he spoke Greeke

Cassi. To what effect? Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Murrellus and Flavius, for pulling Scarffes off Caesars Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, Caska? Cask. No, I am promis'd forth

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow? Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold,

and your Dinner worth the eating

Cassi. Good, I will expect you

Cask. Doe so: farewell both. Enter.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole

Cassi. So is he now, in execution Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, How-euer he puts on this tardie forme: This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words With better Appetite

Brut. And so it is: For this time I will leaue you: To morrow, if you please to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the
World. Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, thou art Noble: yet I see, Thy
Honorable Mettle may be wrought From
that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet, That
Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues
Brutus. If I were Brutus now, and he were
Cassius, He should not humor me. I will
this Night, In seuerall Hands, in at his
Windowes throw, As if they came from
seuerall Citizens, Writings, all tending to
the great opinion That Rome holds of his
Name: wherein obscurely Caesars
Ambition shall be glanced at. And after
this, let Caesar seat him sure, For wee will
shake him, or worse dayes endure. Enter.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and

Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, Caska: brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so? Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicero, I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene 'Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatning Clouds: But neuer till to Night, neuer till now, Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen, Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods, Incenses them to send destruction

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull? Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like

twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon, Who
glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were
drawne Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly
Women, Transformed with their feare, who
swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walke vp
and downe the streetes. And yesterday,
the Bird of Night did sit, Euen at
Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howting, and shrieking. When these
Prodigies Doe so conioyntly meet, let not
men say, These are their Reasons, they are
Naturall: For I beleeeue, they are
portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that
they point vpon

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed
time: But men may construe things after
their fashion, Cleane from the purpose of

the things themselves. Comes Caesar to the Capitoll to morrow? Cask. He doth: for he did bid Antonio Send word to you, he would be there to morrow

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

Cask. Farewell Cicero.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there? Cask. A Romane

Cassi. Caska, by your Voyce

Cask. Your Eare is good. Cassius, what Night is this? Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens
menace so? Cassi. Those that haue
knowne the Earth so full of faults. For my
part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, Caska, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the
Thunder-stone: And when the crosse blew
Lightning seem'd to open The Brest of
Heauen, I did present my selfe Euen in the
ayme, and very flash of it

Cask. But wherefore did you so much
tempt the Heauens? It is the part of men, to
feare and tremble, When the most mightie
Gods, by tokens send Such dreadfull
Heraulds, to astonish vs

Cassi. You are dull, Caska: And those
sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not. You
looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,

And cast your selfe in wonder, To see the
strange impatience of the Heauens: But if
you would consider the true cause, Why all
these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and
kinde, Why Old men, Fooles, and Children
calculate, Why all these things change
from their Ordinance, Their Natures, and
pre-formed Faculties, To monstrous
qualitie; why you shall finde, That Heauen
hath infus'd them with these Spirits, To
make them Instruments of feare, and
warning, Vnto some monstrous State. Now
could I (Caska) name to thee a man, Most
like this dreadfull Night, That Thunders,
Lightens, opens Graues, and roares, As
doth the Lyon in the Capitoll: A man no
mightier then thy selfe, or me, In personall
action; yet prodigious growne, And
fearefull, as these strange eruptions are

Cask. 'Tis Caesar that you meane: Is it

not, Cassius? Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors; But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead, And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits, Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow Meane to establish Caesar as a King: And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land, In euery place, saue here in Italy

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then; Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassius: Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong; Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat. Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse, Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron, Can be retentive to the strength of spirit: But Life being wearie of these

worldly Barres, Neuer lacks power to
dismissee it selfe. If I know this, know all the
World besides, That part of Tyrannie that I
doe beare, I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I: So euery Bond-man in his
owne hand beares The power to cancell
his Captiuitie

Cassi. And why should C^æsar be a Tyrant
then? Poore man, I know he would not be a
Wolfe, But that he sees the Romans are but
Sheepe: He were no Lyon, were not
Romans Hindes. Those that with haste will
make a mightie fire, Begin it with weake
Strawes. What trash is Rome? What
Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate So vile a
thing as Caesar. But oh Griefe, Where hast
thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this

Before a willing Bond-man: then I know My
answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent

Cask. You speake to Caska, and to such a
man, That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my
Hand: Be factious for redresse of all these
Griefes, And I will set this foot of mine as
farre, As who goes farthest

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made. Now
know you, Caska, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded
Romans To vnder-goe, with me, an
Enterprize, Of Honorable dangerous
consequence; And I doe know by this, they
stay for me In Pompeyes Porch: for now
this fearefull Night, There is no stirre, or
walking in the streetes; And the
Complexion of the Element Is Fauors, like
the Worke we haue in hand, Most bloodie,
fierie, and most terrible. Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste

Cassi. 'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate, He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so? Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus Cymber? Cassi. No, it is Caska, one incorporate To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna? Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearefull Night is this? There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cassius, If you could but winne the Noble Brutus To our party- Cassi. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper, And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre, Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this In at his Window;

set this vp with Waxe Vpon old Brutus
Statue: all this done, Repaire to Pompeyes
Porch, where you shall finde vs. Is Decius
Brutus and Trebonius there? Cinna. All,
but Metellus Cymber, and hee's gone To
seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad
me

Cassi. That done, repayre to Pompeyes
Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come Caska, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire Vpon
the next encounter, yeelds him ours

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples
hearts: And that which would appeare
Offence in vs, His Countenance, like

richest Alchymie, Will change to Vertue,
and to Worthinesse

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

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

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

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

Luc. I will, my Lord. Enter.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cause, to spurne at him, But for the generall. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question? It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder, And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that, And then I graunt we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe, That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder, Whereto the

Climber vpward turnes his Face: But when
he once attaines the vpmost Round, He
then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base
degrees By which he did ascend: so
Caesar may; Then least he may, preuent.
And since the Quarrell Will beare no
colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus;
that what he is, augmented, Would runne
to these, and these extremities: And
therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow
mischieuous; And kill him in the shell.
Enter Lucius.

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

Giues him the Letter.

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

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring
me word

Luc. I will, Sir. Enter.

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

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy
selfe: Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike,
redresse. Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp: Shall Rome,
&c. Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome

stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of
Rome The Tarquin driue, when he was
call'd a King. Speake, strike, redresse. Am
I entreated To speake, and strike? O
Rome, I make thee promise, If the redresse
will follow, thou receiuest Thy full Petition
at the hand of Brutus. Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some
body knocks: Since Cassius first did whet
me against Caesar, I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is Like
a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame: The
Genius, and the mortall Instruments Are
then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then The

nature of an Insurrection. Enter Lucius.

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

Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him

Brut. Doe you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no meanes I may discover them, By any marke of fauour

Brut. Let 'em enter: They are the Faction. O Conspiracie, Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night, When euills are most free? O then, by day Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough, To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy natiue

semblance on, Not Erebus it selfe were
dimme enough, To hide thee from
preuention. Enter the Conspirators,
Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your
Rest: Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble
you? Brut. I haue beene vp this howre,
awake all Night: Know I these men, that
come along with you? Cass. Yes, euery
man of them; and no man here But honors
you: and euery one doth wish, You had but
that opinion of your selfe, Which euery
Noble Roman beares of you. This is
Trebonius

Brut. He is welcome hither

Cass. This, Decius Brutus

Brut. He is welcome too

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cymbber

Brut. They are all welcome. What
watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? Cass. Shall
I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the
Day breake heere? Cask. No

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

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

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

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

Cas. And let vs sweare our Resolution

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men, The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse; If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes, And euery man hence, to his idle bed: So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on, Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these (As I am sure they do) beare fire enough To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, What neede we any spurre,

but our owne cause To pricke vs to
redresse? What other Bond, Then secret
Romans, that haue spoke the word, And
will not palter? And what other Oath, Then
Honesty to Honesty ingag'd, That this shall
be, or we will fall for it. Sweare Priests and
Cowards, and men Cautelous Old feeble
Carrions, and such suffering Soules That
welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not
staine The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our
Performance Did neede an Oath. When
euery drop of blood That euery Roman
beares, and Nobly beares Is guilty of a
seuerall Bastardie, If he do breake the
smallest Particle Of any promise that hath
past from him

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

vs

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out

Cyn. No, by no meanes

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

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

Cas. Then leaue him out

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar? Cas. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet, Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar, Should out-liue Caesar, we shall finde of him A shrew'd Contriuier. And you know, his meanes If he improue them, may well stretch so farre As to annoy vs all: which to preuent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes: Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards: For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar. Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius: We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar, And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood: O that we then could come by Caesars Spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But (alas) Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends, Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully: Let's

carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods, Not
hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds: And
let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do, Stirre
vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage, And
after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesars Arme,
When Caesars head is off

Cas. Yet I feare him, For in the ingrafted
loue he beares to Caesar

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of
him: If he loue Caesar, all that he can do Is
to himselfe; take thought, and dye for
Caesar, And that were much he should: for
he is giuen To sports, to wildenesse, and
much company

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye, For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke

Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three

Treb. 'Tis time to part

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

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd, I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare, That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees, And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes, Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers. But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers, He sayes, he does; being then most flattered. Let me worke: For I can giue his humour the true bent; And I will bring him to the Capitoll

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

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermost? Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you haue thought of him

Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him
Reasons, Send him but hither, and Ile
fashion him

Cas. The morning comes vpon's: Wee'l
leaue you Brutus, And Friends disperse
your selues; but all remember What you
haue said, and shew your selues true
Romans

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and
merrily, Let not our lookes put on our
purposes, But beare it as our Roman Actors
do, With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall
Constancie, And so good morrow to you
euery one.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of
men; Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.
Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherfore
rise you now? It is not for your health, thus
to commit Your weake condition, to the
raw cold morning

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue
vngently Brutus Stole from my bed: and
yesternight at Supper You sodainly arose,
and walk'd about, Musing, and sighing,
with your armes acrosse And when I ask'd
you what the matter was, You star'd vpon
me, with vngentle lookes. I vrg'd you

further, then you scratch'd your head, And
too impatiently stamp't with your foote: Yet
I insisted, yet you answer'd not, But with an
angry wafter of your hand Gaue signe for
me to leaue you: So I did, Fearing to
strengthen that impatience Which seem'd
too much inkindled; and withall, Hoping it
was but an effect of Humor, Which
sometime hath his houre with euery man. It
will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your
shape, As it hath much preuayl'd on your
Condition, I should not know you Brutus.
Deare my Lord, Make me acquainted with
your cause of greefe

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 meanes to
come by it

Bru. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed

Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke? And will he steale out of his wholsome bed To dare the vile contagion of the Night? And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre, To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus, You haue some sicke Offence within your minde, Which by the Right and Vertue of my place I ought to know of: And vpon my knees, I charme you, by my once commended Beauty, By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow Which did incorporate and make vs one, That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe Why you are heauy: and what men to night Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces Euen from darknesse

Bru. Kneele not gentle Portia

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

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife, As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes That visit my sad heart

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

Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded? Tell
me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em: I
haue made strong prooffe of my
Constancie, Giuing my selfe a voluntary
wound Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare
that with patience, And not my Husbands
Secrets? Bru. O ye Gods! Render me
worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a
while, And by and by thy bosome shall
partake The secrets of my Heart. All my
engagements, I will construe to thee, All
the Charractery of my sad browes: Leaue
me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would
speak with you

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake
of. Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out
braue Caius To weare a Kerchiefe? Would
you were not sicke

Cai. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand
Ligarius, Had you a healthfull eare to heare
of it

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome, Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines, Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne, And I will striue with things impossible, Yea get the better of them. What's to do? Bru. A peece of worke, That will make sicke men whole

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke? Bru. That must we also. What it is my Caius, I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done

Cai. Set on your foote, And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt.

Thunder & Lightning

Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth, Haue
beene at peace to night: Thrice hath
Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's
within? Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord

Caes Go bid the Priests do present
Sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of
Successe

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stirre out of your house to day

Caes Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me, Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished

Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies, Yet now they fright me: There is one within, Besides the things that we haue heard and seene, Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch. A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets, And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead; Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the

Clouds In Rankes and Squadrons, and right
forme of Warre Which drizel'd blood vpon
the Capitoll: The noise of Battell hurtled in
the Ayre: Horsses do neigh, and dying
men did grone, And Ghosts did shrieke
and squeale about the streets. O Caesar,
these things are beyond all vse, And I do
feare them

Caes What can be auoyded Whose end
is purpos'd by the mighty Gods? Yet
Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to Caesar

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no
Comets seen, The Heauens themselues
blaze forth the death of Princes Caes
Cowards dye many times before their
deaths, The valiant neuer taste of death but
once: Of all the Wonders that I yet haue
heard, It seemes to me most strange that
men should feare, Seeing that death, a

necessary end Will come, when it will come. Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers? Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day. Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth, They could not finde a heart within the beast

Caes The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice: Caesar should be a Beast without a heart If he should stay at home to day for feare: No Caesar shall not; Danger knowes full well That Caesar is more dangerous then he. We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible, And Caesar shall go foorth

Calp. Alas my Lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence: Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare, That keepes you in the house, and not your owne. Wee'l send Mark Antony to the Senate house, And he

shall say, you are not well to day: Let me
vpon my knee, preuaile in this

Caes Mark Antony shall say I am not
well, And for thy humor, I will stay at
home. Enter Decius.

Heere's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so

Deci. Caesar, all haile: Good morrow
worthy Caesar, I come to fetch you to the
Senate house

Caes And you are come in very happy
time, To beare my greeting to the
Senators, And tell them that I will not come
to day: Cannot, is false: and that I dare not,
falser: I will not come to day, tell them so
Decius

Calp. Say he is sicke

Caes Shall Caesar send a Lye? Haue I in
Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre, To
be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come

Deci. Most mighty Caesar, let me know
some cause, Lest I be laught at when I tell
them so

Caes The cause is in my Will, I will not
come, That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate satisfaction, Because I
loue you, I will let you know. Calphurnia
heere my wife, stayes me at home: She
dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred
spouts Did run pure blood: and many lusty
Romans Came smiling, & did bathe their
hands in it: And these does she apply, for
warnings and portents, And euils
imminent; and on her knee Hath begg'd,
that I will stay at home to day

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

Caes And this way haue you well expounded it

Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say: And know it now, the Senate haue concluded To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, Breake

vp the Senate, till another time: When
Caesars wife shall meete with better
Dreames. If Caesar hide himselfe, shall
they not whisper Loe Caesar is affraid?
Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere
loue To your proceeding, bids me tell you
this: And reason to my loue is liable

Caes How foolish do your fears seeme
now Calphurnia? I am ashamed I did yeeld
to them. Giue me my Robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska,
Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where Publius is come to fetch
me

Pub. Good morrow Caesar

Caes Welcome Publius. What Brutus, are
you stirr'd so earely too? Good morrow
Caska: Caius Ligarius, Caesar was ne're so

much your enemy, As that same Ague
which hath made you leane. What is't a
Clocke? Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight

Caes I thanke you for your paines and
curtesie. Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Reuels long a-nights Is
notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar

Caes Bid them prepare within: I am too
blame to be thus waited for. Now Cynna,
now Metellus: what Trebonius, I haue an
houres talke in store for you: Remember
that you call on me to day: Be neere me,
that I may remember you

Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I
be, That your best Friends shall wish I had
beene further

Caes Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me. And we (like Friends) will straight way go together

Bru. That euery like is not the same, O Caesar, The heart of Brutus earnes to thinke vpon.

Exeunt.

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty

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

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the
Senate-house, Stay not to answer me, but
get thee gone. Why doest thou stay? Luc.
To know my errand Madam

Por. I would haue had thee there and
heere agen Ere I can tell thee what thou
should'st do there: O Constancie, be
strong vpon my side, Set a huge Mountaine
'twene my Heart and Tongue: I haue a
mans minde, but a womans might: How

hard it is for women to keepe counsell. Art thou heere yet? Luc. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else? And so returne to you, and nothing else? Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well, For he went sickly forth: and take good note What Caesar doth, what Sutors presse to him. Hearke Boy, what noyse is that? Luc. I heare none Madam

Por. Prythee listen well: I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray, And the winde brings it from the Capitoll

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing. Enter the Soothsayer.

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

Por. What is't a clocke? Sooth. About the

ninth houre Lady

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitoll?

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

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

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

Exit

Por. I must go in: Aye me! How weake a thing The heart of woman is? O Brutus, The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize. Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint: Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord, Say I am merry; Come to me againe, And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Caes The Ides of March are come

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone

Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Scedule

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to
ore-read (At your best leysure) this his
humble suite

Art. O Caesar, reade mine first: for
mine's a suite That touches Caesar neerer.
Read it great Caesar

Caes What touches vs our selfe, shall be
last seru'd

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly

Caes What, is the fellow mad? Pub.
Sirra, giue place

Cassi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street? Come to the Capitoll

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue

Cassi. What enterprize Popillius? Popil. Fare you well

Bru. What said Popillius Lena? Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue: I feare our purpose is discouered

Bru. Looke how he makes to Caesar: marke him

Cassi. Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention. Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne, Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe, For I will slay my selfe

Bru. Cassius be constant: Popillius Lena
speakes not of our purposes, For looke he
smiles, and Caesar doth not change

Cassi. Trebonius knowes his time: for
look you Brutus He drawes Mark Antony
out of the way

Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him
go, And presently preferre his suite to
Caesar

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and
second him

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

Caes Are we all ready? What is now
amisse, That Caesar and his Senate must
redresse? Metel. Most high, most mighty,
and most puissant Caesar Metellus Cymber

throwes before thy Seate An humble heart

Caes I must preuent thee Cymber: These couchings, and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree Into the lane of Children. Be not fond, To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebell blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words, Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning: Thy Brother by decree is banished: If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him, I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way: Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne, To sound more sweetly in great Caesars eare, For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? Bru. I kisse thy

hand, but not in flattery Caesar: Desiring thee, that Publius Cymber may Haue an immediate freedome of repeale

Caes What Brutus? Cassi. Pardon
Caesar: Caesar pardon: As lowe as to thy
foote doth Cassius fall, To begge
infranchisement for Publius Cymber

Caes I could be well mou'd, if I were as
you, If I could pray to mooue, Prayers
would mooue me: But I am constant as the
Northerne Starre, Of whose true fixt, and
resting quality, There is no fellow in the
Firmament. The Skies are painted with
vnnumbred sparkes, They are all Fire, and
euery one doth shine: But, there's but one
in all doth hold his place. So, in the World;
'Tis furnish'd well with Men, And Men are
Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue; Yet in
the number, I do know but One That
vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,

Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he, Let
me a little shew it, euen in this: That I was
constant Cymber should be banish'd, And
constant do remaine to keepe him so

Cinna. O Caesar

Caes Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great Caesar

Caes Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Caes Et Tu Brute? - Then fall Caesar.

Dyes

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the
Streets

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and
cry out Liberty, Freedome, and
Enfranchisement

Bru. People and Senators, be not
affrighted: Fly not, stand still: Ambitions
debt is paid

Cask. Go to the Pulpit Brutus

Dec. And Cassius too

Bru. Where's Publius? Cin. Heere, quite
confounded with this mutiny

Met. Stand fast together, least some
Friend of Caesars Should chance- Bru.
Talke not of standing. Publius good
cheere, There is no harme intended to
your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell
them Publius

Cassi. And leaue vs Publius, least that the people Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede, But we the Doers. Enter Trebonius

Cassi. Where is Antony? Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd: Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomesday

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures: That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life, Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: So are we Caesars Friends, that haue abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope, And let vs bathe our hands in Caesars blood Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords: Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place, And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer, In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne? Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompeyes Basis lye along, No worthier then the dust? Cassi. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of vs be call'd, The Men that gaue their Country liberty

Dec. What, shall we forth? Cassi. I,

euery man away. Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome. Enter a Seruant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonies

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe, And being prostrate, thus he bad me say: Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest; Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing: Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him; Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolu'd How Caesar hath deseru'd to lye in death, Mark Antony, shall not loue Caesar dead So well as Brutus liuing; but will follow The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus, Thorough the hazards of this

vntrod State, With all true Faith. So sayes
my Master Antony

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

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Seruant.

Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to
Friend

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a
minde That feares him much: and my
misgiuing still Falles shrewdly to the
purpose. Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes Antony: Welcome

Mark Antony

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe? Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles, Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well. I know not Gentlemen what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke: If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit As Caesars deaths houre; nor no Instrument Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich With the most Noble blood of all this World. I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard, Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake, Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres, I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye. No place will please me so, no meane of death, As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off, The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age

Bru. O Antony! Begge not your death of

vs: Though now we must appeare bloody
and cruell, As by our hands, and this our
present Acte You see we do: Yet see you
but our hands, And this, the bleeding
businessse they haue done: Our hearts you
see not, they are pittifull: And pittie to the
generall wrong of Rome, As fire driues out
fire, so pittie, pittie Hath done this deed on
Caesar. For your part, To you, our Swords
haue leaden points Marke Antony: Our
Armes in strength of malice, and our
Hearts Of Brothers temper, do receiue you
in, With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and
reuerence

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as
any mans, In the disposing of new
Dignities

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue
appeas'd The Multitude, beside
themselues with feare, And then, we will

deliuer you the cause, Why I, that did loue
Caesar when I strooke him, Haue thus
proceeded

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome: Let
each man render me his bloody hand. First
Marcus Brutus will I shake with you; Next
Caius Cassius do I take your hand; Now
Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus;
Yours Cinna; and my valiant Caska, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good
Trebonius. Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall
I say, My credit now stands on such
slippery ground, That one of two bad
wayes you must conceit me, Either a
Coward, or a Flatterer. That I did loue thee
Caesar, O 'tis true: If then thy Spirit looke
vpon vs now, Shall it not greeue thee
deerer then thy death, To see thy Antony
making his peace, Shaking the bloody
fingers of thy Foes? Most Noble, in the
presence of thy Coarse, Had I as many

eyes, as thou hast wounds, Weeping as fast
as they streame forth thy blood, It would
become me better, then to close In
tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Iulius, heere was't thou bay'd
braue Hart, Heere did'st thou fall, and
heere thy Hunters stand Sign'd in thy
Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee. O
World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many
Princes, Dost thou heere lye? Cassi. Mark
Antony

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius: The
Enemies of Caesar, shall say this: Then, in
a Friend, it is cold Modestie

Cassi. I blame you not for praising
Caesar so. But what compact meane you to
haue with vs? Will you be prick'd in
number of our Friends, Or shall we on, and

not depend on you? Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar. Friends am I with you all, and loue you all, Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons, Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous

Bru. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar, You should be satisfied

Ant. That's all I seeke, And am moreouer sutor, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend, Speake in the Order of his Funerall

Bru. You shall Marke Antony

Cassi. Brutus, a word with you: You know

not what you do; Do not consent That
Antony speake in his Funerall: Know you
how much the people may be mou'd By
that which he will vtter

Bru. By your pardon: I will my selfe into
the Pulpit first, And shew the reason of our
Caesars death. What Antony shall speake,
I will protest He speakes by leaue, and by
permission: And that we are contented
Caesar shall Haue all true Rites, and lawfull
Ceremonies, It shall aduantage more, then
do vs wrong

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it
not

Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you
Caesars body: You shall not in your
Funerall speech blame vs, But speake all
good you can deuise of Caesar, And say
you doo't by our permission: Else shall you

not haue any hand at all About his Funerall.
And you shall speake In the same Pulpit
whereto I am going, After my speech is
ended

Ant. Be it so: I do desire no more

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow
vs.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of
Earth: That I am meeke and gentle with
these Butchers. Thou art the Ruines of the
Noblest man That euer liued in the Tide of
Times. Woe to the hand that shed this
costly Blood. Ouer thy wounds, now do I
Prophesie, (Which like dumbe mouthes do
ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voyce

and vtterance of my Tongue) A Curse shall
light vpon the limbes of men; Domesticke
Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife, Shall cumber
all the parts of Italy: Blood and destruction
shall be so in vse, And dreadfull Obiects
so familiar, That Mothers shall but smile,
when they behold Their Infants quartered
with the hands of Warre: All pittie choak'd
with custome of fell deeds, And Caesars
Spirit ranging for Reuenge, With Ate by his
side, come hot from Hell, Shall in these
Confines, with a Monarkes voyce, Cry
hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboue
the earth With Carrion men, groaning for
Buriall. Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You serue Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Ser. I do Marke Antony

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to
Rome

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is
comming, And bid me say to you by word
of mouth- O Caesar! Ant. Thy heart is
bigge: get thee a-part and weepe: Passion
I see is catching from mine eyes, Seeing
those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?
Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues
of Rome

Ant. Post backe with speede, And tell
him what hath chanc'd: Heere is a
mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No
Rome of safety for Octavius yet, Hie hence,
and tell him so. Yet stay a-while, Thou shalt
not backe, till I haue borne this course Into
the Market place: There shall I try In my
Oration, how the People take The cruell
issue of these bloody men, According to
the which, thou shalt discourse To yong
Octavius, of the state of things. Lend me

your hand.

Exeunt.

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

Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends. Cassius go you into the other streete, And part the Numbers: Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere; Those that will follow Cassius, go with him, And publike Reasons shall be rendred Of Caesars death

1.Ple. I will heare Brutus speake

2. I will heare Cassius, and compare their Reasons, When seuerally we heare them

rendred

3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence

Bru. Be patient till the last. Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesars, to him I say, that Brutus loue to Caesar, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that Caesar were dead, to liue all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I

reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply

All. None Brutus, none

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death. Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars

body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Marke Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Co[m]monwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death

All. Liue Brutus, liue, liue

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house

2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors

3. Let him be Caesar

4. Caesars better parts, Shall be Crown'd

in Brutus

1. Wee'l bring him to his House, With
Showts and Clamors

Bru. My Country-men

2. Peace, silence, Brutus speakes

1. Peace ho

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart
alone, And (for my sake) stay heere with
Antony: Do grace to Caesars Corpes, and
grace his Speech Tending to Caesars
Glories, which Marke Antony (By our
permission) is allow'd to make. I do intreat
you, not a man depart, Saue I alone, till
Antony haue spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Antony

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble Antony go vp

Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to
you

4 What does he say of Brutus? 3 He
sayes, for Brutus sake He findes himselfe
beholding to vs all

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of
Brutus heere? 1 This Caesar was a Tyrant

3 Nay that's certaine: We are blest that
Rome is rid of him

2 Peace, let vs heare what Antony can
say

Ant. You gentle Romans

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears: I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him: The euill that men do, liues after them, The good is oft enterred with their bones, So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus, Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious: If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault, And greeuously hath Caesar answer'd it. Heere, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the rest (For Brutus is an Honourable man, So are they all; all Honourable men) Come I to speake in Caesars Funerall. He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me; But Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious, And Brutus is an Honourable man. He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome, Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill: Did this in Caesar seeme Ambitious? When that the poore haue cry'de, Caesar

hath wept: Ambition should be made of
sterner stuffe, Yet Brutus sayes, he was
Ambitious: And Brutus is an Honourable
man. You all did see, that on the Lupercall,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this
Ambition? Yet Brutus sayes, he was
Ambitious: And sure he is an Honourable
man. I speake not to disprooue what Brutus
spoke, But heere I am, to speake what I do
know; You all did loue him once, not
without cause, What cause with-holds you
then, to mourne for him? O Iudgement!
thou are fled to brutish Beasts, And Men
haue lost their Reason. Beare with me, My
heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his
sayings

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar ha's had great wrong

3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in his place

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it

2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar

might Haue stood against the World: Now
lies he there, And none so poore to do him
reuerence. O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to
stirre Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny
and Rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and
Cassius wrong: Who (you all know) are
Honourable men. I will not do them wrong:
I rather choose To wrong the dead, to
wrong my selfe and you, Then I will wrong
such Honourable men. But heere's a
Parchment, with the Seale of Caesar, I
found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will: Let but
the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to
reade, And they would go and kisse dead
Caesars wounds, And dip their Napkins in
his Sacred Blood; Yea, begge a haire of
him for Memory, And dying, mention it
within their Willes, Bequeathing it as a rich
Legacie Vnto their issue

4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marke

Antony

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare
Caesars Will

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must
not read it. It is not meete you know how
Caesar lou'd you: You are not Wood, you
are not Stones, but men: And being men,
hearing the Will of Caesar, It will inflame
you, it will make you mad: 'Tis good you
know not that you are his Heires, For if you
should, O what would come of it? 4 Read
the Will, wee'l heare it Antony: You shall
reade vs the Will, Caesars Will

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

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

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

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

2 Descend

3 You shall haue leaue

4 A Ring, stand round

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the
Body

2 Roome for Antony, most Noble Antony

Ant. Nay presse not so vpon me, stand
farre off

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed
them now. You all do know this Mantle, I
remember The first time euer Caesar put it
on, 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his
Tent, That day he ouercame the Neruij.
Looke, in this place ran Cassius Dagger
through: See what a rent the enuious Caska
made: Through this, the wel-beloued
Brutus stabb'd, And as he pluck'd his
cursed Steele away: Marke how the blood
of Caesar followed it, As rushing out of
doores, to be resolu'd If Brutus so
vnkindely knock'd, or no: For Brutus, as
you know, was Caesars Angel. Iudge, O
you Gods, how deerely Caesar lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all. For

when the Noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors
armes, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst
his Mighty heart, And in his Mantle,
muffling vp his face, Euen at the Base of
Pompeyes Statue (Which all the while ran
blood) great Caesar fell. O what a fall was
there, my Countrymen? Then I, and you,
and all of vs fell downe, Whil'st bloody
Treason flourish'd ouer vs. O now you
weepe, and I perceiue you feele The dint
of pittie: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you
but behold Our Caesars Vesture
wounded? Looke you heere, Heere is
Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors

1. O pitteous spectacle! 2. O Noble
Caesar! 3. O wofull day! 4. O Traitors,
Villaines! 1. O most bloody sight! 2. We
will be reueng'd: Reuenge About, seeke,
burne, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor liue

Ant. Stay Country-men

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him,
wee'l dy with him

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny: They that haue done this Deede, are honourable. What priuate greefes they haue, 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 steale away your hearts, I am no Orator, as Brutus is: But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man That loue my Friend, and that they know full well, That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him: For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth, Action, nor Vtterance,

nor the power of Speech, To stirre mens
Blood. I onely speake right on: I tell you
that, which you your selues do know, Shew
you sweet Caesars wounds, poor poor
dum mouths And bid them speake for me:
But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there
were an Antony Would ruffle vp your
Spirits, and put a Tongue In euery Wound
of Caesar, that should moue The stones of
Rome, to rise and Mutiny

All. Wee'l Mutiny

1 Wee'l burne the house of Brutus

3 Away then, come, seeke the
Conspirators

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet
heare me speake All. Peace hoe, heare
Antony, most Noble Antony

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

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

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder Caesars Seale: To euery Roman Citizen he giues, To euery seuerall man, seenty fiue Drachmaes

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

3 Ple. O Royall Caesar

Ant. Heare me with patience

All. Peace hoe Ant. Moreouer, he hath

left you all his Walkes, His priuate Arbors,
and new-planted Orchards, On this side
Tyber, he hath left them you, And to your
heyres for euer: common pleasures To
walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a Caesar: when comes such
another? 1.Ple. Neuer, neuer: come,
away, away: Wee'l burne his body in the
holy place, And with the Brands fire the
Traitors houses. Take vp the body

2.Ple. Go fetch fire

3.Ple. Plucke downe Benches

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

Exit Plebeians.

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

How now Fellow? Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome

Ant. Where is hee? Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caesars house

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

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

1. What is your name? 2. Whether are you going? 3. Where do you dwell? 4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Answer euery man directly

1. I, and breiefely

4. I, and wisely

3. I, and truly, you were best

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I

going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer euery man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor

2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly

Cinna. Directly I am going to Caesars Funerall

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy? Cinna. As a friend

2. That matter is answered directly

4. For your dwelling: breiefely

Cinna. Breiefely, I dwell by the Capitoll

3. Your name sir, truly

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna

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

Cinna. I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna
the Poet

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

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator

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

3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands
hoe, Firebrands: to Brutus, to Cassius,
burne all. Some to Decius House, and
some to Caska's; some to Ligarius: Away,

go.

Exeunt. all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their
names are prickt Octa. Your Brother too
must dye: consent you Lepidus? Lep. I do
consent

Octa. Pricke him downe Antony

Lep. Vpon condition Publius shall not
liue, Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke
Antony

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

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

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit The
three-fold World diuided, he should stand
One of the three to share it? Octa. So you
thought him, And tooke his voyce who
should be prickt to dye In our blacke
Sentence and Proscription

Ant. Octavius, I haue seene more dayes
then you, And though we lay these
Honours on this man, To ease our selues of
diuers sland'rous loads, He shall but beare
them, as the Asse beares Gold, To groane

and swet vnder the Businesse, Either led
or driuen, as we point the way: And hauing
brought our Treasure, where we will, Then
take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his
eares, And graze in Commons

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

Ant. So is my Horse Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of Prouender. It is a
Creature that I teach to fight, To winde, to
stop, to run directly on: His corporall
Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit, And in
some taste, is Lepidus but so: He must be
taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A
barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds On
Obiects, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of
vse, and stal'de by other men Begin his
fashion. Do not talke of him, But as a
property: and now Octavius, Listen great

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

Octa. Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies, And
some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt.

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

Bru. Stand ho

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand

Bru. What now Lucillius, is Cassius neere? Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his Master

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus In his owne change, or by ill Officers, Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand I shall be satisfied

Pin. I do not doubt But that my Noble Master will appeare Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour

Bru. He is not doubted. A word Lucillius How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough, But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly Conference As he hath vs'd of old

Bru. Thou hast describ'd A hot Friend,
cooling: Euer note Lucillius, When Loue
begins to sicken and decay It vseth an
enforced Ceremony. There are no trickes,
in plaine and simple Faith: But hollow men,
like Horses hot at hand, Make gallant
shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

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

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd: March gently
on to meete him

Cassi. Stand ho

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand. Stand. Stand

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue
done me wrong

Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine
Enemies? And if not so, how should I
wrong a Brother

Cassi. Brutus, this sober forme of yours,
hides wrongs, And when you do them-
Brut. Cassius, be content, Speake your
greefes softly, I do know you well. Before
the eyes of both our Armies heere (Which
should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your
Greefes, And I will giue you Audience

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

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no
man Come to our Tent, till we haue done
our Conference. Let Lucius and Titinius
guard our doore.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

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

Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in
such a case

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his
Comment

Bru. Let me tell you Cassius, you your
selfe Are much condemn'd to haue an
itching Palme, To sell, and Mart your
Offices for Gold To Vndeseruers

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

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

Cassi. Chastisement? Bru. Remember
March, the Ides of March reme[m]ber: Did
not great Iulius bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did

stab, And not for Iustice? What? Shall one
of Vs, That stricke the Formost man of all
this World, But for supporting Robbers:
shall we now, Contaminate our fingers,
with base Bribes? And sell the mighty
space of our large Honors For so much
trash, as may be grasped thus? I had rather
be a Dogge, and bay the Moone, Then
such a Roman

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

Bru. Go too: you are not Cassius

Cassi. I am

Bru. I say, you are not

Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget

my selfe: Haue minde vpon your health:
Tempt me no farther

Bru. Away slight man

Cassi. Is't possible? Bru. Heare me, for I
will speake. Must I giue way, and roome to
your rash Choller? Shall I be frightened,
when a Madman stares? Cassi. O ye
Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud
hart break. Go shew your Slaues how
Chollericke you are, And make your
Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge? Must I
obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your
Spleene Though it do Split you. For, from
this day forth, Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea
for my Laughter When you are Waspish

Cassi. Is it come to this? Bru. You say,

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

Cass. You wrong me euery way: You
wrong me Brutus: I saide, an Elder
Souldier, not a Better. Did I say Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not

Cass. When Caesar liu'd, he durst not
thus haue mou'd me

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue
tempted him

Cassi. I durst not

Bru. No

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him? Bru.
For your life you durst not

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

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

Dash him to peeces

Cassi. I deny'd you not

Bru. You did

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riu'd my hart: A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities; But Brutus makes mine greater then they are

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

Cassi. You loue me not

Bru. I do not like your faults

Cassi. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they

do appeare As huge as high Olympus

Cassi. Come Antony, and yong Octavius
come, Reuenge your selues alone on
Cassius, For Cassius is a-weary of the
World: Hated by one he loues, brau'd by
his Brother, Check'd like a bondman, all
his faults obseru'd, Set in a Note-booke,
learn'd, and con'd by roate To cast into my
Teeth. O I could weepe My Spirit from
mine eyes. There is my Dagger, And heere
my naked Breast: Within, a Heart Deerer
then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold: If that
thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth. I that
deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at Caesar: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, y loued'st
him better Then euer thou loued'st Cassius

Bru. Sheath your Dagger: Be angry when
you will, it shall haue scope: Do what you
will, Dishonor, shall be Humour. O

Cassius, you are yoaked with a Lambe That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire, Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke, And straite is cold agen

Cassi. Hath Cassius liu'd To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus, When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him? Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too

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

Bru. And my heart too

Cassi. O Brutus! Bru. What's the matter? Cassi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me, When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me Makes me forgetfull

Bru. Yes Cassius, and from henceforth When you are ouer-earnest with your

Brutus, Hee'l thinke your Mother chides,
and leaue you so. Enter a Poet.

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

Lucil. You shall not come to them

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me

Cas. How now? What's the matter? Poet.
For shame you Generals; what do you
meane? Loue, and be Friends, as two such
men should bee, For I haue seene more
yeeres I'me sure then yee

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this
Cynicke rime? Bru. Get you hence sirra:
Sawcy Fellow, hence

Cas. Beare with him Brutus, 'tis his

fashion

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

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. Lucillius and Titinius bid the Commanders Prepare to lodge their Companies to night

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

Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine

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

Bru. O Cassius, I am sicke of many
greefes

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no
vse, If you giue place to accidentall euils

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. Portia
is dead

Cas. Ha? Portia? Bru. She is dead

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost
you so? O insupportable, and touching
losse! Vpon what sicknesse? Bru.
Impatient of my absence, And greefe, that
yong Octavius with Mark Antony Haue
made themselues so strong: For with her
death That tydings came. With this she fell
distract, And (her Attendants absent)
swallow'd fire

Cas. And dy'd so? Bru. Euen so

Cas. O ye immortall Gods! Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine, In this I bury all vnkindnesse Cassius.

Drinkes

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

Brutus. Come in Titinius: Welcome good Messala: Now sit we close about this Taper heere, And call in question our necessities

Cass. Portia, art thou gone? Bru. No more I pray you. Messala, I haue heere

receiued Letters, That yong Octavius, and Marke Antony Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power, Bending their Expedition toward Philippi

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure

Bru. With what Addition

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Haue put to death, an hundred Senators

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree: Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de By their proscriptions, Cicero being one

Cassi. Cicero one? Messa. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription Had you your Letters from your wife, my

Lord? Bru. No Messala

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her? Bru. Nothing Messala

Messa. That me thinkes is strange

Bru. Why aske you? Heare you ought of her, in yours? Messa. No my Lord

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell, For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner

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

Messa. Euen so great men, great losses

shold indure

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you, But yet my Nature could not beare it so

Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke Of marching to Philippi presently

Cassi. I do not thinke it good

Bru. Your reason? Cassi. This it is: 'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs, So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers, Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better: The people 'twixt Philippi, and this ground Do stand but in a forc'd

affection: For they haue grug'd vs
Contribution. The Enemy, marching along
by them, By them shall make a fuller
number vp, Come on refresht, new added,
and encourag'd: From which aduantage
shall we cut him off. If at Philippi we do
face him there, These people at our backe

Cassi. Heare me good Brother

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note
beside, That we haue tride the vtmost of
our Friends: Our Legions are brim full, our
cause is ripe, The Enemy encreaseth euery
day, We at the height, are readie to
decline. There is a Tide in the affayres of
men, Which taken at the Flood, leades on
to Fortune: Omitted, all the voyage of their
life, Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float, And
we must take the current when it serues,
Or loose our Ventures

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l
along Our selues, and meet them at
Philippi

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our
talke, And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say

Cassi. No more, good night, Early to
morrow will we rise, and hence. Enter
Lucius.

Bru. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good
Messala, Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble
Cassius, Good night, and good repose

Cassi. O my deere Brother: This was an
ill beginning of the night: Neuer come
such diuision 'twene our soules: Let it not
Brutus. Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well

Cassi. Good night my Lord

Bru. Good night good Brother

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus

Bru. Farwell euery one.

Exeunt.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy
Instrument? Luc. Heere in the Tent

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poore
knaue I blame thee not, thou art
ore-watch'd. Call Claudio, and some other
of my men, Ile haue them sleepe on
Cushions in my Tent

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio. Enter Varrus
and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord? Bru. I pray you sirs,
lye in my Tent and sleepe, It may be I shall
raise you by and by On businesse to my
Brother Cassius

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

Bru. I will it not haue it so: Lye downe
good sirs, It may be I shall otherwise
bethinke me. Looke Lucius, heere's the
booke I sought for so: I put it in the pocket
of my Gowne

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not
giue it me

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much
forgetfull. Canst thou hold vp thy heaue

eyes a-while, And touch thy Instrument a
straine or two

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you

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

Luc. It is my duty Sir

Brut. I should not vrge thy duty past thy
might, I know yong bloods looke for a time
of rest

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt
sleepe againe: I will not hold thee long. If I
do liue, I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumber! Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy, That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night: I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument, Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night. Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke. Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere? I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous Apparition. It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing? Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell, That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare? Speake to me, what thou art

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit Brutus? Bru. Why com'st thou? Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt

see me at Philippi

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at Philippi

Brut. Why I will see thee at Philippi then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest. Ill
Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his
Instrument. Lucius, awake

Luc. My Lord

Bru. Did'st thou dreame Lucius, that thou
so cryedst out? Luc. My Lord, I do not
know that I did cry

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing? Luc. Nothing my Lord

Bru. Sleepe againe Lucius: Sirra Claudio, Fellow, Thou: Awake

Var. My Lord

Clau. My Lord

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe? Both. Did we my Lord? Bru. I: 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 Powres betimes before, And we will follow

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now Antony, our hopes are answered, You said the Enemy would not come downe, But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions: It proues not so: their battailes are at hand, They meane to warne vs at Philippi heere: Answering before we do demand of them

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know Wherefore they do it: They could be content To visit other places, and come downe With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage; But 'tis not so. Enter a Messenger.

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

Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on Vpon the left hand of the euen Field

Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so.

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley

Cassi. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaile? Ant. No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge. Make forth, the Generals would haue some words

Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen? Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes Octavius

An. In your bad strokes Brutus, you giue good words Witnesse the hole you made in Caesars heart, Crying long liue, Haile Caesar

Cassi. Antony, The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne; But for your words, they rob the Hibla Bees, And leaue them Hony-lesse

Ant. Not stinglesse too

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too: For you haue stolne their buzzing Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers Hackt one another in the sides of Caesar: You shew'd your teethes like Apes, And fawn'd like Hounds, And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Caesars feete; Whil'st damned Caska, like a Curre, behinde Strooke Caesar on the necke. O you Flatterers

Cassi. Flatterers? Now Brutus thanke

your selfe, This tongue had not offended so
to day. If Cassius might haue rul'd

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing
make vs swet, The prooffe of it will turne to
redder drops: Looke, I draw a Sword
against Conspirators, When thinke you
that the Sword goes vp againe? Neuer till
Caesars three and thirtie wounds Be well
aueng'd; or till another Caesar Haue added
slaughter to the Sword of Traitors

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not dye by
Traitors hands. Vnlesse thou bring'st them
with thee

Octa. So I hope: I was not borne to dye
on Brutus Sword

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy
Straine, Yong-man, thou could'st not dye
more honourable

Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of
such Honor loyn'd with a Masker, and a
Reueller

Ant. Old Cassius still

Octa. Come Antony: away: Defiance
Traitors, hurle we in your teeth. If you dare
fight to day, come to the Field; If not, when
you haue stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke: The Storme is vp, and
all is on the hazard

Bru. Ho Lucillius, hearke, a word with
you.

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord

Cassi. Messala

Messa. What sayes my Generall? Cassi.
Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very
day Was Cassius borne. Giue me thy hand
Messala: Be thou my witnesse, that against
my will (As Pompey was) am I compell'd to
set Vpon one Battell all our Liberties. You
know, that I held Epicurus strong, And his
Opinion: Now I change my minde, And
partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from Sardis, on our former
Ensigne Two mighty Eagles fell, and there
they pearch'd, Gorging and feeding from
our Soldiers hands, Who to Philippi heere
consorted vs: This Morning are they fled
away, and gone, And in their steeds, do
Rauens, Crowes, and Kites Fly ore our
heads, and downward looke on vs As we

were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which Our
Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost

Messa. Beleeue not so

Cassi. I but beleeue it partly, For I am
fresh of spirit, and resolu'd To meete all
perils, very constantly

Bru. Euen so Lucillius

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

the death Which he did giue himselfe, I
know not how: But I do finde it Cowardly,
and vile, For feare of what might fall, so to
preuent The time of life, arming my selfe
with patience, To stay the prouidence of
some high Powers, That gouerne vs below

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

Bru. No Cassius, no: Thinke not thou
Noble Romane, That euer Brutus will go
bound to Rome, He beares too great a
minde. But this same day Must end that
worke, the Ides of March begun. And
whether we shall meete againe, I know
not: Therefore our euerlasting farewell
take: For euer, and for euer, farewell
Cassius, If we do meete againe, why we
shall smile; If not, why then this parting
was well made

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell
Brutus: If we do meete againe, wee'l smile
indeede; If not, 'tis true, this parting was
well made

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man
might know The end of this dayes
businesse, ere it come: But it sufficeth, that
the day will end, And then the end is
knowne. Come ho, away.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

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

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue But
cold demeanor in Octauios wing: And
sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride Messala, let them all come
downe.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke Titinius, looke, the
Villaines flye: My selfe haue to mine owne
turn'd Enemy: This Ensigne heere of mine
was turning backe, I slew the Coward, and
did take it from him

Titin. O Cassius, Brutus gaue the word
too early, Who hauing some aduantage on
Octauius, Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers
fell to spoyle, Whilst we by Antony are all
inclos'd. Enter Pindarus.

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

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

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

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. Enter.

Cassi. Go Pindarus, get higher on that hill, My sight was euer thicke: regard Titinius, And tell me what thou not'st about the Field. This day I breathed first, Time is

come round, And where I did begin, there
shall I end, My life is run his compasse.
Sirra, what newes? Pind. Aboue. O my
Lord

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

Showt.

And hearke, they shout for ioy

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more: O
Coward that I am, to liue so long, To see
my best Friend tane before my face Enter
Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take

thee Prisoner, And then I swore thee,
sauing of thy life, That whatsoeuer I did bid
thee do, Thou should'st attempt it. Come
now, keepe thine oath, Now be a
Free-man, and with this good Sword That
ran through Caesars bowels, search this
bosome. Stand not to answer: Heere, take
thou the Hilts, And when my face is
couer'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the Sword-
Caesar, thou art reueng'd, Euen with the
Sword that kill'd thee

Pin. So, I am free, Yet would not so haue
beene Durst I haue done my will. O
Cassius, Farre from this Country Pindarus
shall run, Where neuer Roman shall take
note of him. Enter Titinius and Messala.

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

Titin. These tydings will well comfort
Cassius

Messa. Where did you leaue him

Titin. All disconsolate, With Pindarus his
Bondman, on this Hill

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the
ground? Titin. He lies not like the Liuing.
O my heart! Messa. Is not that hee? Titin.
No, this was he Messala, But Cassius is no
more. O setting Sunne: As in thy red Rayes
thou doest sinke to night; So in his red
blood Cassius day is set. The Sunne of
Rome is set. Our day is gone, Clowds,
Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are
done: Mistrust of my successe hath done
this deed

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath
done this deed. O hatefull Error,

Melancholies Childe: Why do'st thou shew
to the apt thoughts of men The things that
are not? O Error soone conceyu'd, Thou
neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth, But kil'st
the Mother that engendred thee

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

Tit. Hye you Messala, And I will seeke for
Pindarus the while: Why did'st thou send
me forth braue Cassius? Did I not meet thy
Friends, and did not they Put on my
Browes this wreath of Victorie, And bid me
giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
showts? Alas, thou hast misconstrued
euery thing. But hold thee, take this

Garland on thy Brow, Thy Brutus bid me
giue it thee, and I Will do his bidding.
Brutus, come apace, And see how I
regarded Caius Cassius: By your leaue
Gods: This is a Romans part, Come Cassius
Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Dies

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, yong Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where Messala, doth his
body lye? Messa. Loe yonder, and
Titinius mourning it

Bru. Titinius face is vpward

Cato. He is slaine

Bru. O Iulius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our

Swords In our owne proper Entrailes. Low
Alarums

Cato. Braue Titinius, Looke where he
haue not crown'd dead Cassius

Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as
these? The last of all the Romans, far thee
well: It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo
teares To this dead man, then you shall see
me pay. I shall finde time, Cassius: I shall
finde time. Come therefore, and to Tharsus
send his body, His Funerals shall not be in
our Campe, Least it discomfort vs. Lucillius
come, And come yong Cato, let vs to the
Field, Labio and Flauio set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere
night, We shall try Fortune in a second
fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaime my name about the Field. I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe. A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend. I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe. Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I, Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus

Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe? Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius, And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye: There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight: Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.
Enter Antony.

2.Sold. Roome hoe: tell Antony, Brutus is tane

1.Sold. Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall, Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord

Ant. Where is hee? Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough: I dare assure thee, that no Enemy Shall euer take alieue the Noble Brutus: The Gods defend him from so great a shame, When you do finde him, or alieue, or dead, He will be found like

Brutus, like himselfe

Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you, A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe, Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on, And see where Brutus be aliue or dead, And bring vs word, vnto Octavius Tent: How euery thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

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

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends,
rest on this Rocke

Clit. Statillius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine

Brut. Sit thee downe, Clitus: slaying is the word, It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clitus

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World

Brut. Peace then, no words

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe

Brut. Hearke thee, Dardanius

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed? Clit. O Dardanius

Dard. O Clitus

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

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of
griefe, That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes

Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a
word

Volum. What sayes my Lord? Brut. Why
this, Volumnius: The Ghost of Caesar hath
appear'd to me Two seuerall times by
Night: at Sardis, once; And this last Night,
here in Philippi fields: I know my houre is
come

Volum. Not so, my Lord

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the World, Volumnius, how it
goes, Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:

Low Alarums.

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,

Then tarry till they push vs. Good
Volumnius, Thou know'st, that we two went
to Schoole together: Euen for that our loue
of old, I prethee Hold thou my Sword Hilts,
whilest I runne on it

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my
Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying
heere

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and
Volumnius. Strato, thou hast bin all this
while asleepe: Farewell to thee, to Strato,
Countrymen: My heart doth ioy, that yet in
all my life, I found no man, but he was true
to me. I shall haue glory by this loosing
day More then Octavius, and Marke
Antony, By this vile Conquest shall attaine

vnto. So fare you well at once, for Brutus
tongue Hath almost ended his liues
History: Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my
Bones would rest, That haue but labour'd,
to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye

Bru. Hence: I will follow: I prythee Strato,
stay thou by thy Lord, Thou art a Fellow of
a good respect: Thy life hath had some
smatch of Honor in it, Hold then my Sword,
and turne away thy face, While I do run
vpon it. Wilt thou Strato? Stra. Giue me
your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord

Bru. Farewell good Strato. - Caesar, now
be still, I kill'd not thee with halfe so good
a will. Dyes.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that? Messa. My Masters 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 onely ouercame himselfe, And no man else hath Honor by his death

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus That thou hast prou'd Lucillius saying true, Octa. All that seru'd Brutus, I will entertaine them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? Stra. I, if Messala will preferre me to you

Octa. Do so, good Messala

Messa. How dyed my Master Strato?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it

Messa. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my Master

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all: All the Conspirators saue onely hee, Did that they did, in enuy of great Caesar: He, onely in a generall honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the Elements So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp, And say to all the world; This was a man

Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall. Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly, Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably: So call the Field to rest, and let's away, To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIA OF IVLIVS CaeSAR.



www.bookeen.gr