Julius Cæsar.

A TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

Written by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON,

Printed for Henry Herringman, and Richard Bentley

at the Post-House, in Russel-street, Covent-

Garden, 1691.
Dramatis Personæ.

Conspirators,

Julius Cæsar, Mr. Goodman.
Octavius Cæsar, Mr. Perin.
Antony, Mr. Kynnaiston.
Brutus, Mr. Betterton.
Caïus, Mr. Smith.
Caska, Mr. Griffin.
Trebonius, Mr. Saunders.
Ligarius, Mr. Bowman.
Decius Brutus, Mr. Williams.
Metellus Cimber, Mr. Monfort.
Cinna, Mr. Carlile.
Artimedorus, Mr. Percival.
Mefall, Mr. Wiltshire, and
Titinius, Mr. Gillo.
Cinna, the Poet, Mr. Jevon.
Flavius, Mr. Norris.
Plebeians, Mr. Underhill.

WOMEN.

Calphurnia, Mrs. Slingsby.
Portia, Mrs. Cook.
Guards and Attendants.

Scene ROME.

Printed for H. Hooke, Printer to the Queen's most Exalted Majesty, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Temple Bar, near Covent-Garden.
THE TRAGEDY OF Julius Cæsar.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

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

Flauins. Hence: home, you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holyday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the Sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a Carpenter.
Cask. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doft thou with thy belt Apparel on?
You, Sir, what Trade are you?
Cobl. Truly, Sir, in Respect of a fine Workman, I am but, as you
would say, a Cobler.
Cask. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which
is indeed, Sir, a Mender of bad Soles.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave what Trade?
Cobl. Nay, I befeech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out,
Sir, I can mend you.

Cask. What mean’st thou by that? Mend me, thou sawcy Fellow?
Cobl. Why, Sir, Cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?
Cobl. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the Awl: I meddle with no
Trade’man’s matters, nor Womens matters; but withall I am indeed,
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes: when they are in great danger I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my Handy-work.

_Flav._ But wherefore art' not in thy Shop to day? Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

_Coll._ Truly, Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my self into more Work. But indeed, Sir, we make Holy-day to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

_Cask._ Wherefore rejoice? What Conquest brings he home? What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels? You Blocks, you Stones, you worse than senseless things: O you hard Hearts! you cruel Men of Rome! Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? Have you not made an Universal Shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her Banks, To hear the Replication of your Sounds, Made in her Concave Shores? And do you now put on your best Attire? And do you now call out a Holy day? And do you now strew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph over Pompey's Blood? Be gone; Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees; Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague, That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

_Flav._ Go, go, good Country-men, and for this Fault, Assemble all the poor Men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber Banks, and weep your Tears Into the Chanel, till the lowest Stream Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners:]

See where their basest Mettle be not mov'd, They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltines: Go you down that way, towards the Capitol, This way will I: Disrobe the Images, If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

_Cask._ May we do fo?

You know it is the Feast of Imperial.
Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Caesar's Trophies: I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Caesar's Wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary Pitch,
Who else would fear above the View of Men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulnes.

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

Caesar. Calphurnia.
Cask. Peace, ho, Caesar speaks.
Caes. Calphurnia.
Calph. Here, my Lord.
Caes. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his Course. Antonio.
Ant. Caesar, 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 says, Do this; it is perform'd.
Caes. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooths. Caesar.
Caes. Ha! Who calls?
Cask. Bid every noife be still: peace, yet again.
Caes. Who is it in the Press that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue, shriller than all the Musick,
Cry, Caesar: Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear.
Sooths. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. What Man is that?
Brut. A Soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Caes. Set him before me, let me see his Face.
Caas. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon Caesar.
Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooths. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.


Caes. Will you go see the Order of the Course?
Brut. Not I.
Caes. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamestom: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your Desires;
I'll leave you.

_Caff. Brutus_, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness,
And Shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

_Brut. Cassius_,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my Look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Merely upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some Soil (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
( Among which Number, _Cassius_, be you one )
Nor construe any further my Neglect,
Than that poor _Brutus_ with himself at War,
Forgets the Shews of Love to other Men.

_Caff. Then, Brutus_, I have much mistook your Passion,
By means whereof this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me, good _Brutus_, can you fee your Face?

_Brut. No, Cassius:_
For the Eye sees not it self, but by reflection,
By some other things.

_Cassius._ 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, _Brutus_,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden Worthinesse into your Eye,
That you might see your Shadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the best Respect in Rome,
(Except immortal _Caesar_) speaking of _Brutus_,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoke,
Have wish'd, that Noble _Brutus_ had his Eyes.

_Brut. Into what Dangers would you
Lead me, Cassius?_
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

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

Flourish and Shout.

*Brut.* What means this shouting?  
I do fear the People chuse Caesar  
For their King.  

*Cass.* I, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.  

*Brut.* I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well:  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it, that you would impart to me?  
If it be ought toward the general good,  
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i’th’ other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love  
The Name of Honour, more than I fear Death.  

*Cass.* I know that Vertue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward Favour.  
Well, Honour is the Subject of my Story:  
I cannot tell, what you and other Men  
Think of this Life: but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing, as I my self.  
I was born free as Caesar, so were you,  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a Raw and Guilty day,  
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,  
Caesar said to me, Dar’st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me, into this angry Flood,  
And swim to yonder Point? Upon 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 lofty Sinews, throwing it aside,  
And steming it with Hearts of Controversie.  
But e’er we could arrive the Point propos’d,  
Caesar cry’d, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.  
I (as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,  
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,  
The old Anchises bear’d) so, from the Waves of Tyber,  
Did I the tired Caesar: And this Man
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

Is now become a God, and Caesar is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a Fever when he was in Spain,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake:
His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lucre: I did hear him groan:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed. Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A Man of such a feeble Temper should
So get the start of the Majestic World,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shout.       
Flourish.

Brut. Another general Shout?
I do believe that these Applauses are
For some new Honours, that are heap'd on Caesar.

Cass. Why, Man, he doth bestride the narrow World,
Like a Colossus, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable Graves.
Men, at some times, are Masters of their Fates.
The Fault (dear Brutus) is not in our Stars,
But in ourselves, that we are Underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that Name be founded more than yours?
Write them together: Yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar.

Now, in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what Meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the Great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walks in compass'd but one Man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enough,
When there is in it but one only Man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd:
Th' Eternal Devil to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.
Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (with so Love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov’d: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with Patience hear, and find a time,
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himself a Son of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Coff. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of Fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Brut. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.
Coff. As they pass by,
Pluck Caska by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his fowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.
Brut. I will do so: but look you, Caffius,
The angry Spot doth glow on Cæsar’s Brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia’s Cheek is pale, and Cicer
Looks with fuch Ferret, and fuch fiery Eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being croft with Conference, by some Senators.
Caff. Caska will tell us what the matter is.
Cæsar. Antonio.

Ant. Cæsar.

Coff. Let me have Men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a nights:
Yond Caffius has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much: such Men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he’s not dangerous;
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.
Coff. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were lyable to Fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Caffius. He reads much,
He is a great Observer; and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no Musick;

Seldom
Cask. You pull’d me by the Cloak, would you speak with me?

Brut. I, Cask, tell us what hath chanc’d to day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Brut. I should not then ask, Caska, what had chanc’d.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer’d him; and being offer’d him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the People fell a shouting.

Brut. What was the second Noise for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Caff. They shouted thrice; what was the last Cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Brut. Was the Crown offer’d him thrice?

Cask. I, marry wasn’t, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Caff. Who offer’d him the Crown?

Cask. Why, Antony.

Brut. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caska.

Cask. I can as well be hang’d as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a Crown, yet ’twas not a Crown neither, ’twas one of these Coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: But, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it, the third time, by, and still, as he refus’d it, the Rabblement hou’d, and clap’d their chopp’d hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of thinking breath, because Cæsar refus’d the Crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar: For he swounded, and fell down at it: And, for my own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Caff. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

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

Brut. ’Tis very like he hath the Falling-sickness.

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

And honest Caska, we have the Falling-sickness.
Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the Tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

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

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the Common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluck'd me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut, and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his Infirmitie. Three or Four Wenches, where I stood, cry'd, Alas, good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them: If Caesar had stabb'd their Mothers they would have done no less.

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

Cask. I.

Caff. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greek.

Caff. To what Effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Murerius and Flavius, for pulling Scarfs off Caesar's Images, are put to silence.

Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caff. Will you supp with me, to night, Caska?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caff. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caff. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: Farewel both.

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

He was quick Mettle when he went to School.

Caff. So he is now, in Execution

Of any bold or Noble Enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy Form:

This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit,

Which gives Men stomach to digest his words

With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leave you:

To morrow, if you please to speak with me,

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

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

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

[Exit Brut.

Well, Brutu, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble Minds keep ever with their Likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Caesar feel him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Ex.]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Trebonius.

Treb. Good Even, Caska: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the Sway of Earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd thy knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th'amissions Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil Strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too savoy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send Destruction.

Treb. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common Slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches join'd, and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd un scorched.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly Women,
Transform'd with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market-place,
Howling and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:

For
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate that they point upon.

_Treb._ Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But Men may conftrue things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes _Caesar_ to the Capitol to morrow?

_Cask._ He doth: For he did bid _Antonio_
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

_Treb._ Good night then, _Caska_.
This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

_Cask._ Farewel, _Trebonius._

_Enter Cassius._

_Cass._ Who's there?

_Cask._ A Roman.

_Cass._ Cassa by your Voice.

_Cask._ Your Ear is good.

_Cassius._ What night is this?

_Cass._ A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

_Cask._ Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

_Cass._ Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, _Caska_, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crofs, blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the Aim, and very Flash of it.

_Cask._ But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?

It is the part of Men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by Tokens, send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

_Cass._ You are dull, _Caska_:
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You do want, or else you use not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on Fear,
And cast your self in Wonder,
To see the strange Impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true Cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from Quality and Kind,
Why Old Men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous Quality; why you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of Fear, and Warning.
Unto some Monstrous State.
Now could I, Caska, name to thee a Man,
Might like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In Personal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange Eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean:

Caff. Let it be who it is: for Romans now,
Have Thews, and Limbs, like to their Ancestors;
But we the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our Yoke and Sufferance shews us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Caff. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor stoney Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor air-lets Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at Pleasure.

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The Power to cancell his Captivity.

Caff. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Birds.
Those that with hate will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What Trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar. But, Oh Grief,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

Cass. You speak to Cassa, and to such a Man,
That is no fearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redrets of all these Griefs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, Cassa, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest minded Romans
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous Consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir or walking in the Streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
In Favour's like the Work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cass. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. Cinna, Where haste you so?

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

Cass. No, it is Cassa; one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't.

What a fearful Night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius,
If you could but win the Noble Brutus
To our Party——

Cass. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Praetor's Chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window: let this up with Wax
Upon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's Porch, where you shall find us.

Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

[Exit Cinna.

Come, Cassa, you and I will yet, e'er day,
See Brutus at his House: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Man entire.
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cæs. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthines.

Caj. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and e'er day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.

---

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What, Lucius, ho?
I cannot, by the Progres of the Stars,
Give guefs how near to day--Lucius, I say?
I would it were my Fault to sleep so foundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say: what, Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

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

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no Personal Cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be Crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, there's the Question?
It is the bright Day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That, at his will, he may do Danger with.
Th' Abuse of Greatness, is, when it doth joyns
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowlines is young Ambitions Ladder,
Who to the climber upwards turns his Face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees.

By
By which he did ascend: so Cesar may;
Then, left he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no Colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

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

[ Gives him the Letter.

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

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the Calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[ Exit.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake and see thy self:
Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleepest: awake.

Such Insitgations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out,
Shall Rome stand under one Man's Awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the Streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the Redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the Hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wafted Fifteen Days.

[ Knock within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cesar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first Motion, all the Interim is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous *Dream*:
The *Genius*, and the mortal *Instruments*
Are then in Council; and the *State of Man*,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an *Insurrection*.

*Enter Lucius.*

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

Brut. Is he alone?

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

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their *Ears*.

And half their Faces buried in their *Cloaks*,
That by no means I may *discover* them.

By any mark of *Favour*.

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the *Faction*. O *Conspiracy*,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous *Brow* by Night,
When Evils are most free! O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a *Cavern* dark enough,
To *mask* thy monstrous *Visage*? Seek none *Conspiracy*,
Hide it in *Smiles* and *Affability*:

For if thou path thy *Native Semblance* on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,

To hide thee from *Prevention*.

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

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:

Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:

Know I these Men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every Noble Roman bears of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius *Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this *Metellus Cinber*.

Brut. They all are welcome.

What watchful *Cares* do interpose themselves,
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?

Cass.
Coff. Shall I intreat a word? [They whisper.]

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

Cask. No.

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

Cask. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun arifes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year,
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his Fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol directly here.

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

Coff. And let us swear our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steal with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women. Then, Countrymen,
What need we any Spur, but our own Cause,
To prick us to Redrefs? What other Bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrians, and such suffering Souls
That welcome Wrongs: Unto bad Causes, swear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain
The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' insupportive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that, or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears,
Is guilty of a Several Bastardy,
If he do break the Smallest Particle
Of any Promise that hath past'd from him.

Coff. But what of Cicero? Shall we found him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metel. O let us have him! for his Silver Hairs
Will purchase us a good Opinion:
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

And buy Men's Voices, to commend our Deeds:
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our Hands,
Our Youths and Wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

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

Cæs. Then leave him out.

Cass. Indeed, he is not fit.

Deciu. Shall no Man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar!

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

Brut. Our Course will seem too bloody, Cains Cassius,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like Wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a Limb of Cæsar.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, Cains:
We all stand up against the Spirit of Cæsar,
And in the Spirit of Men there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by Cæsar's Spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But (alas!) Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's Carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carka's fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make.
Our Purpofe necessary, and not envious.
Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him:
For he can do no more than Cæsar's Arm,
When Cæsar's Head is off.

Cass. Yet I fear him,
For the ingrafted Love he bears to Cæsar.

Brut. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.
There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

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

Peace, count the Clock.

The Clock hath stricken Three.

'Tis time to part.

But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terrour of this Night,
And the Perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er sway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glassses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toyls, and Men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does? being then most flattered.

Let me work:
For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
By the eighth Hour, is that the uttermost?
Be that the uttermost: and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

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

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

Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy.
And so Good-morrow to you every one.

Enjoy the Honey-heavy Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Enter Portia.

Port. Brutus, my Lord.

Brut. Portia, What mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your Health, thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Port. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my Bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-cros:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You flar'd upon me, with ungentle Looks,
I urg'd you farther; then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I insifted; yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry Wasser of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you; So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an Effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your Cause of Grief.

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

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

Brut. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Port. Is Brutus sick? And is it Physical?
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sicknes? No, my Brutus,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right, and Virtue of my Place,
I ought to know of: And upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what Men to night
Have had Refort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from Darknefs.

Brut. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in Sort, or Limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true, and Honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy Drops,
That visit my sad Heart.

Port. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong Proof of my Constancy;
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with Patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

[Knock.

Hark, hark, one knocks: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will contrue to thee,
All the Charactery of my Sad Brows:
Leave me with haste.

[Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius. Who's that knocks?

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

Brut. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Caius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble Tongue.

Brut. O what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.


cains. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the Name of Honour.

Brut. Such an Exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful Ear to hear of it.

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

Brut. A piece of Work,
That will make sick Men whole.

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

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

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

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar, in his Night-Gown.

Cas. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at Peace to Night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her Sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho! They murthter Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord.

Cas. Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Success.

Serv. I will, my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar, think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your House to day.

Cas. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my Back: When they shall see,
The Face of Caesar, they are vanifhed.

Cas. I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen.
Recounts most horrid Sights, seen by the Watch.
A Lion's hath whelped in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriorous fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right Form of War,
Which drizled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurtled in the Air;
Horses do neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose End is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to Cæsar.

Calph. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen;
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths;
The valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders, that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

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

Plucking the Intrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart
If he should stays at home to day for fear;
No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We hear two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calph. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to day: call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me, upon my Knee, prevail in this.

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

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Cæsar, all hail: Good morrow, worthy Cæsar,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so, Decius.

Calph. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretch'd mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth;
Decius, Go, tell them, Cæsar will not come.

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

Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurbria, here, my Wife, stays me at home:
She dream'd to night, she saw my Statue,
Which, like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their Hands in it;
And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a Vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue, spouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, That from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognizance.
This, by Calpurbria's Dream, is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now, the Senate have concluded,
To give, this day, a Crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their Minds may change. Besides, it were a Mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time:
When Cæsar's Wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Loo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear Love
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable.

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?
Good morrow, Caska, Caius Ligarius;
Cæsar was ne’er so much your Enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is’t a Clock?

Brut. Cæsar, ’tis strucken Eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. So to most Noble Cæsar.

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

Now, Cæs, now, Metellus: what, Trebonius;
I have an hour’s talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

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

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

Brut. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!
The Heart of Brutus earns to think upon.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius; come not near Caska, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong’d Caius Ligarius. There is but one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortal, look about you. Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And, as a Suitor, will I give him this:
My Heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou may'st live,
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Port. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.
Port. I would have had thee there and here again,
E'er I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy! be strong upon my side.
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Council.
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what shuold I do;
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else;
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Port. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good Note
What Caesar doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark, Boy, what Noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Port. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a buffling Rumour, like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Port. Come hither, Fellow, which way haft thou been?
Sooths. At mine own House, good Lady.
Port. What is't a Clock?
Sooths. About the Ninth Hour, Lady.
Port. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooths. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand.
To see him past on to the Capitol.
Port. Thou hast some Suit to Caesar, haft thou not?
Sooths. That I have, Lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Port. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooths. None that I know will be.
Much that I fear may chance:
Good
Good morrow to you; here the street is narrow;  
The Throng that follows Caesar at the heels,  
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble Man (almost) to Death;  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Caesar, as he comes along.  

Port. I must go in:  

Ay, me! How weak a thing  
The Heart of Woman is! O Brutus,  
The Heavens speed thee in thine Enterprise.  
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a Suit  
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint!  
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,  
Say I am merry; Come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.  

[Exit.]

**Actus Tertius.**

Flourish.

*Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.*

Cæs. **THE Ides of March are come.**  
Sooths. I, Cæsar, but not gone.  
Art. Hail, Cæsar: Read this Scedule.  
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read  
(At your best leisure) this his humble Suit.  
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a Suit,  
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.  
Cæs. What touches us, our self shall be last serv'd.  
Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly.  
Cæs. What, is the Fellow mad?  
Publ. Sirrah, give place.  
Cæs. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?  

Come to the Capitol.  
*Popil. I wish your Enterprise to day may thrive:  
Cæs. What Enterprise, Popillius?  
Popil. Fare you well.  
Brut. What said Popillius Lena?  
Cæs. He wish'd to day our Enterprise might thrive:  
I fear our Purpose is discovered.*

**Brut.**
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

Brut. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cass. Cæsar, he sudden, for we fear Prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back;
For I will lay my self.

Brut. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purposes,
For look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

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

Brut. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Cæsar, you are the first that rears your hand.

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

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar!

Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat
An humble Heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber:
These Couchings, and these lowly Courtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the Lane of Children. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such Rebel-blood,
That will be thaw’d from the true Quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked Courtesies, and base, Spaniel Fawning:
Thy Brother, by Decree, is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a Curr, out of my way:
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar’s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish’d Brother?

Brut. I kiss thy Hand, but not in Flattery, Cæsar:
Defiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus?

Cass. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon.
As low as to thy Foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg Infranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov’d, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting Quality,
There is no Fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbred Sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But there's but one in all doth hold his Place.
So, in the World; 'tis furnish'd well with Men;
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the Number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar!
Cae. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Decius. Great Caesar.
Cae. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Cass. Speak hands for me.

Cae. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall Caesar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead:
Run hence; proclaim; cry it about the Streets:
Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.
Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not; stand still: Ambition's Debt is paid.
Cass. Go to the Pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Brut. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of Caesar's should chance—
Brut. Talk not of Standing. Publius, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cass. And leave us, Publius, lest that the People,
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.
Brut. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cass. Where is Antony?
Trebon. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.
Brut. Fates, we will know your Pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bath our hands in Caesar's blood.

Up to the Elbows, and befmeare our Swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport?
That now on Pompey's Basis lie along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.

Dec. What shall we forth?

Cass. I, every Man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honest;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master Antony.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.
Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunken to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's deaths hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, while your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a Thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mien of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Matter Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O Antony! Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Act;
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done,
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful.
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cæf. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

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

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
Let each Man render me his bloody hand.
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cimna*; and, my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in *Love*, yours, good *Trebonius*.

Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say?

My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceive me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee, * Caesar*, O, 'tis true!
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy Death,
To see thy Antony making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes?

Moist Noble, in the Presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many Eyes as thou hast Wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood.
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.

Pardon me, *Julius*, here waft thou bay'd, brave Hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.

O World! thou waft the Forest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.

How, like a Deer, strucken by many Princes,
Doft thou here lie?

*Cass.* Mark Antony.

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

*Cass.* I blame you not for praising * Caesar* so,
But what Compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on * Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reafons,
Why, and wherein, * Caesar* was dangerous.

* Brut.* Or else were this a savage Spectacle;
Our Reafons are so full of good Regard,
That were you, * Antony*, the Son of * Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek,
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And, in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

**Brut.** You shall, **Mark Antony.**

**Cafl.** Brutus, a word with you:

You know not what you do; Do not consent
That **Antony** speak in his Funeral:

Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

**Brut.** By your Pardon:

I will my self into the Pulpit first,

And shew the Reason of our **Cæsar's Death.**

What **Antony** shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by Leave, and by Permission:

And that we are contented **Cæsar** shall

Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,

It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

**Cafl.** I know not what may fall, I like it not.

**Brut.** **Mark Antony,** here, take you **Cæsar's Body.**

You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of **Cæsar,**

And say, you do't by our Permission:

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his Funeral. And you shall speak,

In the same Pulpit wherefo I am going,

After my Speech is ended.

**Ant.** Be it so:

I do desire no more.

**Brut.** Prepare the Body then, and follow us.  

[Exit Antony.]

**Ant.** O pardon me, thou bleeding Piece of Earth:

That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.

Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest Man,

That ever lived in the Tide of Times.

Woe to the Hand, that shed this costly Blood.

Over thy Wounds, now do I Prophesie,

(Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their Ruby Lips,

To beg the Voice, and Utterance of my Tongue)

A Curfe shall light upon the Limbs of Men;

Domeftick Fury, and fierce Civil Strife.

Shall cumber all the Parts of Italy:

Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful Objects so familiar,

That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold

Their Infants quartered with the hands of War:

All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,

And **Cæsar's Spirit** ranging for Revenge,

With **Ate** by his side, come hot from Hell,

Shall, in these Confines with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the Earth
With Carion Men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Ser. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O Caesar!
Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee a-part and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?
Ser. He lies to-night within seven League of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet,
Hye hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, till I have born this coarse
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel Issue of these bloody Men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

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

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends.
Cassius go you into the other street,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of Caesar's death.
1. Ple. I will hear Brutus speak.
2. I will hear Cassius, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent,
that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses that you may the better Judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus love to Cæsar, was no less than his. If then that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all Slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all Freemen? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. There is Tears, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: And Death, for his Ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitol: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforce'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's Body.

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Common-wealth, as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I flew my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the fame Dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live Brutus, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his House.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Cæsar.
4. Cæsar's better parts Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

1. We'll bring him to his House,
With Shouts and Clamours.


2. Peace, Silence, Brutus speaks.

1. Peace ho.

Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with Antony:
Do, race to Cæsar's Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to Cæsar's Glories, which Mark Antony
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save I alone till Antony have spoke.

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

[Exit.]
3 Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus sake I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of Brutus?

3 He says, for Brutus sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 'Twere beft he speak no harm of Brutus here?

3 Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You, gentle Romans.

All. Peace, ho; let's hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praife him:
The Evil that Men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their Bones,
So let it be with Cæsar. The Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were fo, it was a grievous Fault.
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
For Brutus is an Honourable Man,
(So are they all; all Honourable Men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable Man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem Ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable Man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown.
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was Ambitious,
And sure he is an Honourable Man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without Cause,
What Cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,
My Heart is in the Coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 Methinks there is much Reason in his Sayings.
2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great Wrong.

3 Has he, Mavlers? I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Poor Soul, his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.
3 There's not a Nobler Man in Rome than Antony.
4 Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterdays, the word of Cæsar might

Have flood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him Reverence.

O Mavlers! If I were dispost'd to stir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do Brutus Wrong, and Cassius Wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable Men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Than I will wrong such Honourable Men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his Clofet, 'tis his Will:

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

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

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

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I must not read it.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men,
And being Men, hearing the Will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should, O what will come of it?

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

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er shot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable Men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 They were Traytors: Honourable Men?
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

All. The Will, the Testament.

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

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Descend.

3 You shall have leave.

4 A Ring, stand round.

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 Room for Antony, most Noble Antony.

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

All. Stand back: Room: Bear back.

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

You all do know tis Mantle; I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
'Twas on a Summer's Evening, in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place run Cassius Dagger through;

See what a Rent the envious Cassius made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away:

Mark how the Blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no:

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's Angel.

Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.

This was the most unkindest Cut of all.

For when the Noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than Traytors Arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty Heart,

And in his Mantle, muffling up his Face,

Even at the Base of Pompey's Statue
(Which all the while ran Blood) great Cæsar fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

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

While bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O now you weep! and I perceive you feel

The dint of Pity: These are gracious Drops.

Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's Vesture Wounded? Look you here,

Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traytors.

1 O piteous Spectacle!

2 O Noble Cæsar!

3 O woful Day!

4 O Traytors, Villains!
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

1. O most bloody Sight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge,
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay!
Let not a Traytor live.

  Ant. Stay, Countrymen.
1. Peace there, hear the Noble Antony.
2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

  Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up,
To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable.
What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise and Honourable,
And will, no doubt, with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steal away your Hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all) a plain, blunt Man,
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publick leave to speak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action, nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,
To stir Mens Blood. I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsar's Wounds; poor, poor dumb Mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move
The Stones of Rome, to Rise and Mutiny.

  All. We'll Mutiny.
1. We'll burn the House of Brutus.
2. Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

  Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

  All. Peace, ho; hear Antony, most Noble Antony.

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

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

  Ant. Here is the Will, and under Cæsar's Seal:

To every Roman Citizen he gives,
To every several Man, sev'nty five Drachmaes.

2 Pleb. Most Noble Caesar, we'll revenge his Death.
3 Pleb. O Royal Cæsar!

  Ant. Hear me with Patience.

  All. Peace, ho.

  Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever: common Pleasures
To walk abroad, and Recreate your selves.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?
1 Pleb. Never, never: come, away, away:
We'll burn his Body in the Holy Place,
And with the Brands fire the Traytors Houses,
Take up the Body.
2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.
3 Pleb. Pluck down Benches.
Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what Course thou wilt.
How now, Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's House.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a Wilt. Fortune is merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like Madmen, through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar.
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no Will to wander forth of doors.
Yet something leads me forth.
1 What is your Name?
2 Whither are you going?
3 Where do you dwell?
4 Are you a married Man, or a Batchelor?
2 Answer every Man directly.
1 I, and briefly.
4 I, and wisely.
3 I, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man or a Batchelor? Then to answer every Man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchelor.
2 That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry: you'll bear me a Bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cinna.
Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall dye, their Names are prick'd.

Octav. Your Brother too must dye; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Octav. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon Condition Publius shall not live, Who is your Sister's Son, Mark Antony.

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's House: Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octav. Or here, or at the Capitol.

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

Octav. So you thought him, And took his Voice, who should be prick'd to dye, In our black Sentence, and Proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you, And though we lay these Honours on this Man,
To ease our selves of divers land'rous Loads,
He shall but bear them, as the As bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Bulines, 
Either led or driven, as we point the Way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
(Like to the empty As) to shake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Ottav. You may do your Will:
But he's a tryed, and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horfe, Ottavium, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is Lepidus but fo:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stald by other Men,
Begin his Fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property: and now, Ottavium,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our means stretch'd,
And let us presently go fit in Council,
How covert Matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Ottav. Let us do so: for we are at the Stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies:
And some that smile, have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Mischiefs.

[Exeunt.

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

Brut. Stand, ho.
Lucil. Give the Word, ho, and stand.
Brut. What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you Salutation from his Master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your Master, Pindarus,
In his own Change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy Cause to wish,
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Mfier will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he receiv'd you: let me be refolv'd.

Lucil. With Courtefie, and with Respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When Love begins to ficken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
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 Spur,
They fall their Crefts; and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They mean, this Night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater Part, the Horse, in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Caff. Stand, ho.
Brut. Stand, ho: speak the Word along.

Stand.

Caff. Most Noble Brother, you have done me Wrong
Brut. Judge me, ye Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?
Caff. Brutus, this sober Form of yours hides Wrongs,
And when you do them ——

Brut. Cassius, be content.
Speak your Griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent, Cassius, enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.

Caff. Pindars
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off.
A little from this Ground.

Brut. Lucillus, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our Door.

Exeunt. [M. Brutus and Cassius.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the Man, was lighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your self, to write in such a Case.

Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you, Cassius, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To fell, and mart your Offices for Gold,
To Undeservers.

Cass. I am an itching Palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Brut. The Name of Cassius honours this Corruption,
And Chastifement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cass. Chastifement?

Brut. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, Shall one of Us,
That struck the fore-moft Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers; shall we now,
Contaminate our Fingers, with base Bribes?
And fell the mighty space of our large Honours,
For so much Trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bait not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self,
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self;

Have mind upon your Health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away, flight Man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frightened when a Mad-man starts?
Caff. O ye Gods, ye Gods! Must I endure all this?
Brut. All this? I, more: Fret till your proud Heart break.
Go, shew your Slaves how choleric you are,
And make your Bond-men tremble. Must I bow?
Must I obverse you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea, for my Laughter,
When you are Waspish.
Caff. Is it come to this?
Brut. You say you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble-men.
Caff. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me, Brutus:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better?
Did I say Better?
Brut. If you did, I care not.
Caff. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brut. Peace, Peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Caff. I durst not?
Brut. No.
Caff. What? durst not tempt him?
Brut. For your Life you durst not.
Caff. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no Terror, Caffius, in your Threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain Summs of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no Money by vile Means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Diademns, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants their vile Trash
By any Indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caffius?
Should I have answer'd Cains Caffius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your Thunder-bolts,
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

DASH HIM TO PIECES.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Fool.

That brought my Answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my Heart;
A Friend should bear his Friend's Infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practife them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Brut. I do not like your Faults.

Cass. A friendly Eye could never fee such Faults.

Brut. A Flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge your selves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a- weary of the World:

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bond-man, all his Faults observ'd;

Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by roat,
To cast into my Teeth. O, I could weep.

My Spirit from mine Eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart

Dearer than Pluto's Mine, richer than Gold:

If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didst at Caesar; For I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou loved'st him better,

Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have Scope:

Do what you will, Dishonour shall be Humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire,

Who much inforced, shews a hafty Spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,

When Grief, and Blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

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

Brut. And my Heart too.

Cass. O Brutus!

Brut. What's the matter?

Cass. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,

When that rash Humour, which my Mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

Brut. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth.
When you are overearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some Grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.
Cassius. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?

Love, and be Friends, as two such Men should be,
For I have seen more Years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cassius. Ha, ha, how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!
Brutus. Get you hence, Sirrah: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his Fashion.
Brutus. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Wars do with these Jiggling Fools?

Companion, hence.

Cassius. Away, away, be gone.

Brutus. Lucilius, and Titinius, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cassius. And come your selves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

Brutus. Lucilius, a Bowl of Wine.

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many Griefs.
Cassius. Of your Philosophy you make no use.

If you give place to accidental Evils.

Brutus. No Man bears Sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha, Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

O inexpressible and touching Lost!

Upon what Sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my Absence.

And Grief, that young Octavius, with Mark Antony,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death
That Tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallowed Fire.

Cassius. And dy'd so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal Gods!
Enter Boy, with Wine and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine,
In this I bury all Unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.
Cass. My Heart is thirsty for that Noble Pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus Love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brut. Come in, Titinius:
Welcome, good Messala:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.
Cass. Portia, art thou gone?
Brut. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.
Mess. Myself have Letters of the self-same Tenure.
Brut. With what Addition?
Mess. That by Proscription, and Bills of Out-lawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Brut. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cass. Cicero one?
Mess. Cicero is dead, and by that Order of Proscription.
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?
Brut. No, Messala.
Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters wrt of her?
Brut. Nothing, Messala.
Mess. That methinks is strange.
Brut. Why ask you?
Hear you ought of her in yours?
Mess. No, my Lord.
Brut. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mess. Then, like a Roman, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange Manner.
Brut. Why, farewell, Portia: We must dye, Messala.
With meditating that she must dye once,
I have the Patience to endure it now.
Mess. Even so great Men great Losses should endure.
Cass. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Brut. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cass. I do not think it good.

Brut. Your Reason?

Cass. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his Means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence; will we lying still,
Are full of Rest, Defence, and Nimbleness.

Brut. Good Reasons must, of force, give place to better:
The People, 'twixt Philippi and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller Number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd:
From which Advantage shall we cut him off;
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These People at our Back.

Cass. Hear me, good Brother.

Brut. Under your pardon. You must note beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim-full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which, taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.

Cass. Then with your Will go on: we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at Philippi.

Brut. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest:
There is no more to say.

Cass. No more, good night:
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.


Enter Lucius.

Brut. Lucius, my Gown: farewel, good Messala,

Ex. Lucius.

Good night, Titinius; Noble, Noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Brut. Every thing is well.
Caff. Good night, my Lord.
Brut. Good night, good Brother.
Brut. Farewel, every one.
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Brut. What, thou speakeft drowsily; Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudio, and some other of my Men,
Pll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. Varrus, and Claudio?
Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Brut. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by,
On business to my Brother Cælius.
Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your Pleasure.
Brut. I will not have it so: Lie down, good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the Book I sought for so:
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Brut. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument a Strain or two.
Luc. I, my Lord, an't please you.
Brut. It does, my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.
Brut. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.
Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.
Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.
This is a sleepy Tune: **O murd'rous Slumber!**

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'lt thy Instrument;
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see; let me see; Is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the Weakness of mine Eyes,
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?
Speak to me, What thou art?

**Ghost.** Thy evil Spirit, **Brutus.**

**Brut.** Why com'st thou?

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

**Brut.** Well: then I shall see thee again?

**Ghost.** I, at **Philippi**.

**Brut.** Why, I will see thee at **Philippi** then:

Now I have taken Heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more Talk with thee.

Boy, **Lucius, Varrus, Claudio**! Sirs, Awake:

**Claudio.**

**Luc.** The Strings, my Lord, are false.

**Brut.** He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

**Lucius, awake.**

**Luc.** My Lord.

**Brut.** Didst thou dream, **Lucius**, that thou so cried'st out?

**Luc.** My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

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

**Luc.** Nothing, my Lord.

**Brut.** Sleep again, **Lucius**: Sirrah, **Claudio**, Fellow,

Thou, Awake.

**Var.** My Lord.

**Claud.** My Lord.

**Brut.** Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

**Brut.** I: saw you any thing?

**Var.** No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

**Claud.** Nor I, my Lord.

**Brut.** Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius. Now, Antony, our Hopes are answered;
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills, and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their Battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at Philippi here:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their Bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other Places, and come down
With fearful Bravery: thinking by this Face,
To fasten in our Thoughts, that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, Generals;
The Enemy comes on in gallant Shew:
Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battel softly on,
Upon the Left-hand of the even Field.
Octavius. Upon the Right-hand I, keep thou the Left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this Exigent?
Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Brutus. They stand, and would have Parley.
Cassius. Stand fast, Timus, we must out and talk.
Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give Sign of Battel?
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.
Octavius. Stir not untill the Signal.
Brutus. Words before Blows: Is it so, Countrymen?
Octavius. Not that we love Words better, as you do.
Brutus. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad Strokes, Brutus, you give good Words,
Witness the Hole you made in Cæsar's Heart,
Crying, long live, Hail, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Antony,
The Posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the Hive Bees,
And leave them Honey-less.
Ant. Not Sting-less too.
Brut. O yes, and Sound-less too.
For you have stolen 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 Cæsar:
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bond-men, killing Cæsar's Feet;
Whip't damned Cæsar, like a Curr, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the Neck. O, you Flatterers!

Cæsar. Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank your self;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If Cæsars might have ruled.

Octavius. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The Proof of it will turn to redder Drops:
Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's Three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traytors Hands,
Unless thou bring'ft them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope:
I was not born to dye on Brutus Sword.

Brutus. O, if thou wer't the Noblest of the Strain,
Young Man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

Cæsar. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour,
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.

Ant. Old Cæsar still.

Octavius. Come, Antony: away:
Defiance, Traytors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.


Cæsar. Why now, blow Wind, fwell Billow,
And swim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucilius and Meffala stand forib.

Lucilius. My Lord.
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

Caes. Messala.
Messal. What says, my General?
Caes. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my Witness, that against my Will
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,
Who to Philippi here comforted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And, in their heads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly over our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly Prey; their Shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messal. Believe not so.
Caes. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucillius.

Caes. Now, most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in Peace, lead on our days to Age.
But since the Affairs of Men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brut. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the Death,
Which he did give himself, I know not how:
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with Patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Caes. Then, if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in Triumph,
Thorow the Streets of Rome?

Brut. No, Cassius, No:
Think not, thou Noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
The TRAGEDY of Julius Caesar.

He bears too great a mind, but this same day
Must end that work, the Ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile:
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Brut. Why then lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Brut. Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side.

Loud Alarum.

But cold demeanor in Octavius's wing:
And sudden push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride, Messala, let them all come down.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

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

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

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off, my lord; fly further off:
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cass. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius!
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cass. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd;
Whether yond' Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again, even with a Thought. [Exit]

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that Hill,
My Sight was ever thick: 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 Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind. above.] O, my Lord!

Cass. What News?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horfe-men, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now, Titinius. Now, some Light: O, he lights too;
He's ta'en.

And, hark, they shout, for Joy.

Cass. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, Sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword,
That ran through Caesar's Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword—- Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [Falls on his Sword.

Pind. So, I am free;
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my Will. O Cassius!
Far from this Country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Mefliia.

Meff. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavium
Is overthrown, by Noble Brutus Power,
As Cassius Legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These Tydings will well comfort Cassius.

Meff. Where did you leave him.

Titinius. All disconsolate.
With Pindar's his Bond-man, on this Hill.

_Mess._ Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

_Titin._ He lies not like the Living. O, my Heart!

_Mess._ Is not that he?

_Titin._ No, this was he, Messala; But Cassius is no more. O setting Sun!

As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to night;

So in his red Blood Cassius day is set.

The Sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone,

Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done:

Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

_Mess._ Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child:

Why dost thou shew the apt Thoughts of Men:

The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,

Thou never camest unto a happy Birth,

But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

_Titin._ What, Pindar us? Where art thou, Pindarus?

_Mess._ Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The Noble Brutus, thrusting this Report

Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it:

For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the Ears of Brutus,

As Tydings of this Sight.

_Titin._ Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindar us the while:

[Ex. Mess._]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they

Put on my Brows this Wreath of Victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their Shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Cains Cassius:

By your leave, Gods: This is a Roman's Part,

Come Cassius Sword, and find Titinius Heart.

Alerum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,

Volumnius, and Lucillius.

_Brut._ Where, where, Messala, doth his Body lie?

_Mess._ Loe, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

_Brut._ Titinius's Face is upward.

_Cato._ He is slain.

_Brut._ O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet;

Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords

In our own proper Entrails.

[Low Alerum,]

_Cato._ Brave Titinius!

Look, where he have not Crown'd dead Cassius!

_Brut._
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

Brut. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well:
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I own more Tears
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Tharsus send his Body;
His Funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Left it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato, let us to the Field:
Labio and Flavio, set our Battels on.
'Tis Three a Clock, and, Romans, yet ere Night,
We shall try Fortune in a second Fight.

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

Brut. Yet, Country-men; O yet, hold up your Heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
I am the Son of Marcus Cato, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of Marcus Cato, ho.

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus, my Country's Friend: Know me for Brutus.
Luc. O young and Noble Cato! art thou down?
Why, now thou dye'st, as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Only I yield 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. Room, ho: tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 Sold. I'll tell the News. Here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a Shame,
When you do find him, or alive, or dead;
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, Friend, but, I assure you,
A Prize no less in Worth, keep this Man safe,
Give him all Kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on;
And see where Brutus be alive or dead.
Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.  
Brut. Come, poor Remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.  
Clit. Statilius shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.  
Brut. Sit thee down Clitus: Slaying is the Word,  
It is a Deed in Fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.  
Clit. What, my Lord? No, not for all the World.  
Brut. Peace then, no words.  
Clit. I'll rather kill myself.  
Brut. Hark thee, Dardanius.  
Dard. Shall I do such a Deed?  
Clit. O Dardanius!  
Dard. O Clitus!  
Clit. What ill Request did Brutus make to thee?  
Dard. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates,  
Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of Grief,  
That it runs over, even at his Eyes.  
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, lift a word.  
Volumn. What says, my Lord?  
Brut. Why this, Volumnius:  
The Ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by Night: at Sardis, once;  
And this last Night, here in Philippi Fields:  
I know my hour is come.  
Volumn. Not so, my Lord.  
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the World, Volumnius, how it goes.  
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit:  
[Low Alarums.  
It is more worthy to leap in our selves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together:  
Even for that our Love of old, I prithee  
Hold thou my Sword Hilt, whilst I run on it.  
Volumn. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.  
[Alarum still.  
Clit. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.  
Brut. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:  
Farewell to thee, to Strato, Country-men:  
My Heart doth joy, that yet in all my Life,  
I found no Man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have Glory, by this losing Day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once, for Brutus Tongue.
The TRAGEDY of Julius Cæsar.

Hath almost ended his Life's History:

Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this Hour.

Clit. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Brut. Hence: I will follow:

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good Respect:

Thy Life hath had some smack of Honour in it.

Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,

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

Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my Lord.

Brut. Farewel, good Strato—— Cæsar, now be still,

I kill’d not thee with half so good a Will.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,

Lucillius, and the Army.

Ofta. What Man is that?

Mess. My Master's Man. Strato, Where is thy Master?

Strat. Free from the Bondage you are in, Messala;

The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucillius's Saying true.

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

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy Time with me?

Strat. I, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Ofta. Do so, good Messala.

Mess. How dyed my Master, Strato?

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

Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow thee.

That did the latest Service to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in Envy of Great Cæsar:

He only, in a general honest Thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His Life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the World, this was a Man.

Ofta. According to his Vertue let us use him

With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.

Within my Tent his Bones to night shall lye,

Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to refit, and let's away,

To part the Glories of this happy Day.

[Ex. Omnes.]