THE TRGEDIE OF IVLIVS CAESAR

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

Flavius

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?
Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?
Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.
Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.
Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe Conscience. which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.
Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade?
Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.
Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?
Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.
Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?
Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-worke.
Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?
Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see *Caesar,* and to rejoyce in his Triumph.
Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there have sate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Have you not made an Universall shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.
Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.
exeunt all the Commoners.
See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies
Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Caesars* Trophees: Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare above the view of men,
And keepe us all in servile fearefulnesse. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course,Calphurnia,Portia, Decius,Cicero,Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius.
Caes. Calphurnia.
Cask. Peace ho, *Caesar* speakes.
Caes. Calphurnia.
Calp. Heere my Lord.
Caes. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*
Ant. Caesar, my Lord.
Caes. Forget not in your speed *Antonio,*
To touch *Calphurnia:* for our Elders say,
k k The

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterrile curse.
Ant. I shall remember,
When *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Caes. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Caesar.
Caes. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.
Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.
Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Caesar.*
Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speake once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Caes. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Passe.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.
Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brut. Not I.
Cassi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
Ile leave you.
Cassi. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely upon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greev'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Love to other men.
Cassi. Then *Brutus,* I have much mistook your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus,* Can you see your face?
Brutus. No *Cassius:*
For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus,*
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
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 Ages yoake,
Have wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius?*
That you would have me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore good *Brutus,* be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, 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 Oathes my love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*
For their King.
Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not *Cassius,* yet I love him well:
But werefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th other.
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
The name of Honour, more then I feare death.
Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as liefe not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Caesar,* so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? 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 lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Caesar cride, Helpe me *Cassius,* or I sinke.
I (as *AEneas,* our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Caesar:* And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Give me some drinke *Titinius,*

As

As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majesticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. *Flourish.*

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

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Caesar:* What should be in that *Caesar?*
Why should that name be sounded more then yours?
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavey: Coujure with'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar.*
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Caesar* feede,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

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

Cassi. I am gad that my weake words
Have strucke but this much shew of fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Caesar* is returning.

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

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

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators,
Cassi. Caska will tell us what the matter is.
Caes. Antonio.
Ant. Caesar.
Caes. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Caesar,* he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.
Caes. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should avoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius.* He reades much,
He is a great Observer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar.*
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him. *Sennit.*
Exeunt Caesar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me?
Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Caesar* lookes so sad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask: *Caska* what had chanc'd.
Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him, & being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.
Bru. What was the second noyse for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Cask I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, everie time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbors showted.
Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cask. Why *Antony.*
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska.*
Caska. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and uttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Caesar:* for hee swoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyving the bad Ayre.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

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

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

Bru. What said he, when he came into himselfe?

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

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

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cassi. To what effect?

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

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska?*

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be alive, and your minde hold and your Dinner worh the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

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

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-ever he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomacke 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 speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.
Well *Brutus,* thou art Noble, yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loves *Brutus.*

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius,*
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In severall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obsurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.
Exit.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska:* brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?
Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirme? O *Cicero,*
I have seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knottie Oakes, and I have seene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Civill strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?
Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches joyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Upon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke up and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noone-day, upon the Market place,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conjoyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleeve, they are portentous things
Unto the Clymate, that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed. it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?
Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Cic. Good-night then, *Caska:*
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.
Cask. Farewell *Cicero.* *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?
Cask. A Romane.
Cassi. *Caska,* by your Voyce.
Cask. Your Eare is good.
Cassius, what Night is this?
Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.
Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?
*Cassi.*Those that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heaven, I did present my selfe
Even in the ayme, and very flash of it. (vens?
*Cask.*But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish us.
Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you use not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe 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 qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make the Instruments of feare, and warning,
Unto some mnostrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.
Cask. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Cassius?*
Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.
Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius:*
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*
Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivitie.
Cassi. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You speake to *Caska,* and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.
Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska,* I have mov'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pomeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Worke we have in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.
Cassi. 'Tis *Cinna,* I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna,* where haste you so?
Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cymber?
Cassi. No, it is *Caska,* one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna?*
Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of us have seene strange sights.
Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius,*
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party-----
Cassi. Be you content. Good *Cinna,* take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymber,* and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska,* you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.
Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius,* hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Give guesse how neere to day—*Lucius*, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When *Lucius,* when? awake, I say: what *Lucius?*
Enter Lucius.
Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, *Lucius:*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of *Caesar,*
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then this Reason. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Caesar* may;
Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.
Enter Lucius.
Luc. The Taper burneth in you Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.
Gives him the Letter.
Bru. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not tomorrow (Boy) the first of March?
Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Looke in the Calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Give so much light, that I may reade by them.
Opens the Letter, and reades.
Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations have beene often dropt,
Where I have tooke them up:
Shall Rome &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

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

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

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

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.
Brut. Do you know them?
Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of favour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Caverne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

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

Cass. I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus,* doe we trouble you?
Brut. I have been up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius.*
Brut. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This, *Decius Brutus.*
Brut. He is welcome too.
Cass. This, *Caska;* this, *Cinna;* and this, *Metellus Cymber.*
Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?
Cass. Shall I entreat a word? *They whisper.*
Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake heere?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the year.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us sweare our Resolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weake, breake 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) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women[.] Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
To pricke us to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a severall Bastardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.
Cas. But what of *Cicero?* Shall we sound him?
I thinke he will stand very strong with us.
Cask. Let us not leave him out.
Cyn. No, by no meanes.
Metel. O let us have him, for his Silver haires
Will purchase us a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildnesse, shall nowhit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.
Bru. O name him not; let us not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
*Cask.*Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Caesar?*
Cas. Decius well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Caesar,*
Should out-live *Caesar,* we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.
Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes.
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
For *Antony,* is but a Limbe of *Caesar.*
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius:*
We all stand up against the spirit of *Caesar,*
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Caesars* Spirit,
And not dismember *Caesar* ! But (alas)
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony,* thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Caesars* Arme,
When *Caesars* head is off.
Cas. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted love he beares to *Caesar.*
Bru. Alas, good *Cassius,* do not thinke of him:
If he love *Caesar,* all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Caesar,*
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.
Clocke strikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cass But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loves to heare,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre, is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and faile not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare *Caesar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey;*
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus,*
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With untyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius:* Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stampt with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave signe for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus.* Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

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

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

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

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
To adde unto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus,*
You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for heere have beene
Some sixe or seven who did hide their faces
Even from darknesse.

Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia.*

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

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

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

A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proofe of my Constancie,
Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knocke.*
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leave me with hast. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.
Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speake with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius,* how?
Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.
Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius,*
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.
Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Brave Sonne, deriv'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exocist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.
Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?
Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius,*
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia,* in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar.* Who's within?
Enter a Servant.
Ser. My Lord.
Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.
Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*
Enter Calphurnia.
Cal. What mean yo *Caesar?* Thinke you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.
Caes. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Caesar,* they are vanished.
Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch,
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Caesar,* these things are beyond all use,
And I do feare them.
Caes. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar.*
Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes
Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.
Enter a Servant.
What say the Augurers?
Ser. They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.
Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar Should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go foorth.
Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisedome is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.
Caes. Mark Antony shall say I am not well
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.
Enter Decius.
Heere's *Decius Brutus,* he shall tell them so.
*Deci. Caesar,*all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar,*
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.
Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and tht I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius.*
Calp. Say he is sicke.
*Caes.*Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Grey-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.
Deci. Most mighty *Caesar* let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.
Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.
Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you greate Rome shall sucke
Reviving blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.
Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.
Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it weare a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake up the Senate, till another time:
When *Caesars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Caesar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Caesar,* for my deere deere love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.
Caes. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia?*
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

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

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow *Caesar.*
Caes. Welcome *Publius.*
What *Brutus,* are you stirr'd so earely too?
Good morrow *Caska: Caius Ligarius,*
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?
Bru. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Caes. I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony.*
Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*
Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna,* now *Metellus:* what *Trebonius,*
I have an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.
Caes. Good Friends goe in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, *O Caesar,*
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke upon. *Exeunt*

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere

neere Caska, have an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonuis, marke well Metellus Cymber,Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security gives way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I stand, till *Caesar* passe along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Caesar,* thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?
Luc. To know my errend Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Caesar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?
Luc. I heare none Madam.
Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.
Por. What is't a clocke?
Soth. About the ninth houre Lady.
Por. Is *Caesar* yet gone to the Capitoll?
Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on the Capitoll.
Por. Thou hast some suite to *Caesar,* hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have Lady if it will please *Caesar*
To be so good to *Caesar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.
Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes *Caesar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Caesar* as he comes along. *Exit*
Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus,*
The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suite
That *Caesar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius,* and commend me to my Lord,

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

Actus Tertius.

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

*Caes.*The Ides of March are come.
Sooth. I *Caesar*, but not gone.
Art. Haile *Caesar:* Read this Scedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this humble suite.
Art. O *Caesar,* reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That Touches *Caesar* nearer. Read it great *Caesar.*
Caes. What touches us our selfe, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not *Caesar,* read it instantly.
Caes. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, give place.
Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.
Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.
Cassi. What enterprize *Popillius?*
Popil. Fare you well.
Bru. What said *Popillius Lena?*
Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I feare our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Looke how he makes to *Caesar:* marke him.
Cassi. Caska be sodaine, for we feare prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or *Caesar* never shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.
Bru. Cassius be constant:
Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Caesar* doth not change.
Cassi. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber,* let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Caesar.*
Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.
Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.
Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Caesar* and his Senate must redresse?
*Metel.*Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Caesar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.
Caes. I must prevent thee *Cymber:*
These couchings, and thes lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Caesar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, *Caesar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metel. Is there no voice more worthy then my owne,
To

To sound more sweetly in great *Caesars* eare,
for the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Caesar:*
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.
Caes. What *Brutus?*
Cassi. Pardon *Caesar: Caesar* pardon:
As lowe as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge infranchisement for *Pubius Cymber.*
Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skyes are painted with unnumbered sparkes,
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 unassaylable holds on his Ranke,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.
Cinna. O *Caesar.*
Caes. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Decius. Great *Caesar.*
Caes. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.
They stab Caesar.
Caes. Et Tu Bruté? ------Then fall *Caesar.* *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*
Dec. And *Cassius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius?*
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Caesars*
Should chance-----
Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so thell them *Publius.*
Cassi. And leave us *Publius,* least that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischiefe.
Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Cassi. Where is *Antony?*
Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we *Caesars* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in *Caesars* blood
Up to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o’re our heads,
Let’s all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State unborne, and Accents yet unknowne?
Bru. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?
Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call’d.
The Men that gave their Country Liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cassi. I, every man away.
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.
Enter a Servant.
Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies.*
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and 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 lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love *Caesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus,*
Tohrough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony.*
Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart untouch’d.
Ser. I’le fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.
Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiving still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But heere comes *Antony:*
Welcome *Mark Antony.*
Ant. O mighty *Caesar*! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As *Caesars* deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil’st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfull your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Caesar,* and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony!* Begge not your death of us:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: yet see you but our hands,
And

And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony:*
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.
Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now your *Metellus;*
Yours *Cinna;* and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius,*
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Caesar,*O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke upon us now,
Shall it not greeve thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius,* heere was't thou bay'd brave Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee,
How like a Deere, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?
Cassi. Mark Antony.
Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius:*
The Enemies of *Caesar,* shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.
Cassi. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact meane you to 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 tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar.*
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony,* the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreover sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Marke Antony.*
Cassi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.
Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do us wrong.
Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you *Caesars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame us,
But speake all good you can devise of *Caesar,*
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us, *Exeunt,*
Manet Antony.
O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That 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 dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadfull Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre.
That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.
Enter Octavio's Servant.
You serve *Octavius Caesar,* do you not?
Ser. I do *Marke Antony.*
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth------
O *Caesar!*
Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beades of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. Is thy Master comming?
Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong *Octavius,* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

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

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius,* go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
O *Caesars* death.
1.Ple. I will heare *Brutus* speake.
2. I will heare *Cassius,* and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeve me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeve. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesars,* to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Caesar*, was no lesse than his. If then , that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar,* this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Caesar* lesse, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were living, and dye all Slaves: then that *Caesar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Caesar* lov'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor,for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him I have offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, speake, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.
All. None *Brutus,* none.
Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to *Brutus.* The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony,* who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.
*All.*Live *Brutus,* live, live.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Caesar.*
4. *Caesars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus.*
1. Wee'l bring him to his House
With Showts and Clamors.
Bru. My Country-men.
2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.
1. Peace ho.
Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony:*
Do grace to *Caesars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(by our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke. *Exit*
1. Stay ho, and let us heare *Mark Antony.*
3. Let him go up into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go up.
Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.
4. What does he say of *Brutus?*
3. He sayes, for *Brutus* sake.
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.
4. 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?
1. This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.
3. Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2. Peace, let us heare what *Antony* can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace hoe, let us heare him.
An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Caesar,* not to praise him:
The evill that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Caesar.* The Noble *Brutus,*
Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greevous Fault,
And greevously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.
Heere, under leave of *Brutus,* and the rest
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me;
But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore have cry'de, *Caesar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercall,*
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disproove what *Brutus* spoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Judgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar,*
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.
1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong. (his place.
3. Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take [ye] Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony.*
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reverence.
O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar,*
I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds.
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Unto their issue.
4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.
Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar,*
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony:*
You shall reade us the Will, *Caesars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I have o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Caesar:* I do feare it.
4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Testament.
2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caesar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come downe.
2. Descend.
3. You shall have leave.
4. A Ring, stand round.
1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2. Roome for *Antony* Most Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Caesar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii.*
Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the envious *Caska* made:
Through this, the wel-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolv'd
If *Brutus* so unkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus,* as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.
Judge,O you Gods, how deerely *Caesar* lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble *Caesar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of us fell downe,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weepe, and I perceive you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Caesar's* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Caesar!*
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony.*
2 Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him. (you up
Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deede, are honourable.
What private greefes they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable.
And will no doube with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me publike leave to speake of him:
For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus,*
And *Brutus Antony,* there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Caesar,* that should move
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus.*
3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony,* most Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Caesar* thus 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 heare the Will.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and under *Caesars* Seale:
To every Roman Citizen he gives,
To every severall man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2. Ple. Most Noble *Caesar,* wee'l revenge his death.
3. Ple. O Royall *Caesar.*
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe.
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for ever: common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selves.
Heere was a *Caesar* : when comes such another?
1. *Ple.* Never, never: come away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take up the body.
2.*Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3. Plucke downe Benches.
4. *Ple,* Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Servant.
Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caesars* house.
Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
*Ant.*Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius.* *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Caesar,*
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Answer every man directly.
1. I, and breefely
4. I, and wisely.
3. I, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer every man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly, wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.
2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Caesars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is answered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna,* plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus,* to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* House, and some to *Caska's;* some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.
Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus?*
Lep. I do consent.
Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony.*
*Lep.*Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony.*
Ant. He shall not live; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus,* go you to *Caesars* house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and swet under the Businesse,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius,*
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let us presently go sit in Councell,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.
Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

 And

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes. *Exeunt*

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

Bru. Stand ho.
Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucillius,* is *Cassius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause wo wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucillius,*
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Jades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius.*
Enter Cassius and his Powers.
Bru Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.
Cassi. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.
Cassi. Brutus. this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them----
Brut. Cassius, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will give you Audience.
Cassi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius,* you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.
Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chasticement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassi. Chasticement?
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March reme[m]ber:
Did not great *Julius* bleede for Justice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
Fo so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.
Cassi. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go to: you are not *Cassius.*
Cassi. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cassi. Urge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Have minde upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru Away slight man.
Cassi.Is't possible?
Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.
Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?
Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you, For, from this day forth,
Ile use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.
Cassi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make you vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.
Cass. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus:*
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not. (me.
Cass. When *Caesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass.

Cassi. I durst not.
Bru. No.
Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heaven, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius?*
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Covetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.
Cassi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cassi. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius,*
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere is my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at *Caesar:* For I know
When thou did'st hate him worst, [yu] love'dst him better
Then ever thou loved'st *Cassius.*
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O *Cassius,* you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straite is cold agen.
Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus,*
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cassi. O *Brutus!*
Bru. What's the matter?

Cassi. Have not you love enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Cassius,* and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus,*
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.
Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Love, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I have seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.
Cas. Ha,ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Cas. Beare with him *Brutus,* tis his fashion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Jigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Cas. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. Lucillus and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cas. And come your selves, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us.
Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine.
Cas. I did not thinke you could have bin so angry.
Bru. O *Cassius,* I am sicke of many greefes.
Cass. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidentall evils.
Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Cas. Ha? *Portia?*
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Upon what sicknesse?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong *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) swallow'd fire.
Cas. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speake no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkndnesse *Cassius.* *Drinkes*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge
Fill *Lucius,* till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius:*
Welcome good *Messala:*
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.
Cass. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Messala, I have heere received Letters,
That yong *Octavius,* and *Marke Antony*
Come downe upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi.*

Mess. My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, Antony, and *Lepidus,*
Have put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speake of seventy Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cassi. Cicero one?
Messa. Cicero is dead, and by that order of Proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala.*
Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala.*
Messa. That me thinkes is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Messa. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia:* We must die *Messala:*
With meditating that she must dye once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Messa. Even so great men, great losses shold endure.
Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.
Bru. Well, to our worke alive. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cassi. I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cassi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemie seeke us,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grug'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Phillipi* we do face him there,
These people at our backe.
Cassi. Heare me good Brother
Bru, Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our Friends:
|Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or loose our Ventures.
Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi.*
Bru. The deepe of night is crept upon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.
Cassi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

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

Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division ‘tweene our soules:
Let it not *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus.*

Bru. Farwell every one. *Exeunt.*
Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak’st drowsily?
Poor knave I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch’d.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
Ile have them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and *Claudio.*

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

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

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

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

Luc, I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold up thy heavie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an’t please you.

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

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

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

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

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

Musicke, and a Song.

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

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

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

Ghost. Thy evill Spirit *Brutus*

Bru. Why com’st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi.*
Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius, Varrus, Claudio,*Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius,* that thou so cryedst
out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius:* Sirra *Claudio,* Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
*Clau.*My Lord.
*Bru.*Why did you so cry out sirs in your sleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius:*
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony,* our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and upper Regions:
It proves not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne us at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius,* we must out and talke.
Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Battaile?
Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Oct. Stirre not untill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius.*
An. In your bad strokes *Brutus,* you give good words
Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesars* heart,
Crying long life, Haile *Caesar.*
Cassi. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet unknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Hony-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglesse too.
Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony,*
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar:*
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesars* feete;
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cause, If arguing make us swet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes up againe?
Never till *Caesars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Caesar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Bru. Caesar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unlesse thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Joyn'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come *Antony:* away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomackes.
Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius,* hearke, a word with you.
Lucillius and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cassi. Messala.
Messa. What sayes my General?
Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Give me thy hand *Messala:*
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis,* on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who

Who to *Philippi* heere consorted us:
This Morning are the fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Ravens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on us
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.
Messa. Beleeve not so.
Cassi. I but beleeve it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.
Bru. Even so *Lucillius.*
Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus,*
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato,* for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
Tp stay the providence of some high Powers,
That governe us below.
Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.
Bru. No *Cassius,* no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell *Cassius,*
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewell *Brutus:*
If we do meete again, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
Then end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala,* ride and give these Billes
Unto the Legions, on the other side.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor on *Octavio's* wing:
And sodaine push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala,* let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke *Titanius,* Looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Cassius, Brutus* gave the word too early,

Who having some advantage on *Octavius,*
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whil'st 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:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius,* flye farre off.
Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Cassi. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought. *Exit.*
Cassi. Go *Pindarus,* get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thicke: regard *Titinius,*
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Above. O my Lord.
Cassi. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titanius.* Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they shout for joy.
Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Caesars* bowels,, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword----*Caesar,* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so have beene
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius,*
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.
Messa. It is but change, *Titinius:* for *Octavius*
Is overthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony.*
Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius.*
Messa. Where did you leave him.
Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!
Messa. Is not that hee?
Titin. No, this was he *Messala,*
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;
So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.
Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone conceyv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus?* Where art thou *Pindarus?*
Messa. Seeke him *Titanius,* whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus,* thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus,*
As tydings of this sight.
Tit. Hye you *Messala,*
And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth brave *Cassius?*
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (showts?
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus,* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius:*
By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies.*

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

Bru. Where, where *Messala,* doth his body lye?
Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius face is upward.
Cato. He is slaine.
Bru. O *Julius Caesar,* thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius,*
Looke where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius.*
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato,* let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavio* set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

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

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato,* hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato,* hoe.
Enter Souldiers, and fight.
And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus,* I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus.*
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato,* art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius,*
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2.Sold. Roome hoe: tell *Antony, Brutus* is tane.
1.Sold. Ile tell the newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe *Antony, Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus:*
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus,* like himselfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keepe this man safe,
Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

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

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.
Clit. Statillius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus:* slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus.*
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill myself.
Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius.*
Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius.*
Dard. O *Clitus.*
Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus:* looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,
That it runnes over even at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius,* list a word.
Volum. What sayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, *Volumnius:*
The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me
Two severall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.
Volum. Not so, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius,*
Thou seest the World, *Volumnius,* how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit. *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our selves,
Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius,*
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.
Clit. Fly,

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this loosing day
More then *Octavius,* and *Marke Antony,*
By this vile Conquest shall attaine unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almost ended his lives History:
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye,flye, flye.
Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prythee *Strato,* stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of good respect:
Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato?*
Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato.*-----*Caesar,* now be still.
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that?

Messa. My Masters man. *Strato,* where is thy Master?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala,*
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely overcame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found, I thanke thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true,
Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus,* I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala.*
Messa. How dyed my Master *Strato?*
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Messa. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.
Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save onely hee,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Caesar:*
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
With all Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.