

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd. 96
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. 100

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd 104
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 109
Let's all cry, 'Peace, freedom, and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er, 112
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be, 116
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome. 121

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; 124
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him; 128
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd

him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death, 132
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus

Through the hazards of this untrod state 136
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, 141
Depart untouch'd.

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

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

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose. 146

Re-enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world. 156
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die: 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and
cruel, 165

As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 169
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony; 173

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reve-
rence. 176

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause

Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand: 184
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metel-
lus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours; 188
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. 193

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace, 197
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart; 204

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leth.

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee. 208

How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this; 212
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends, 216
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was
indeed

Sway'd from the point by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all, 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard 224
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market place; 228

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[Aside to BRUTUS.] You know not what you do;
do not consent 232

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first, 236
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,

And that we are contented Cæsar shall 240
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body. 244

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all 248
About his funeral; and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more. 252

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[Exeunt all but ANTONY.]

Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers;
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man 256
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby
lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy; 264
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds; 269
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war; 273
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not? 276
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth— 280
[Seeing the body.]

O Cæsar!—
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 284
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 289
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try, 292
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things. 296
Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of
Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satis-
fied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. 4

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak. 8

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens;
BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended:
silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last. 12
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear:
believe me for mine honour, and have respect to
mine honour, that you may believe: censure me
in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that
you may the better judge. If there be any in this
assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I
say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than
his. If then that friend demand why Brutus
rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that
I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free
men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as
he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was
valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious,
I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for
his fortune; honour for his valour; and death
for his ambition. Who is here so base that
would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him
have I offended. Who is here so rude that
would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him
have I offended. Who is here so vile that will
not love his country? If any, speak; for him
have I offended. I pause for a reply. 37

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to
Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled
in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, where-
in he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for
which he suffered death. 44

Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S body.
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark 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 slew my best lover
for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger
for myself, when it shall please my country to
need my death. 52

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home
unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
shall be crown'd in Brutus. 57

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho! 60

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make. 65

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark
Antony. 68

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public
chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to
you. [*Goes up.*]

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all. 73

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him. 76

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can
say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

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

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. 80

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious; 84

It it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man; 88

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious; 92

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? 96

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath

wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. 100

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious; 104

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for

him? 109

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 112

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the
matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters? 116

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would

not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear

abide it. 120

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire

with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome

than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him; he begins again

to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 128

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men. 133

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament— 136

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's

wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 140

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark

Antony. 144

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear

Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must

not read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, 149

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O! what would come of it.

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it,

Antony; 153

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay

awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. 156

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable

men! 160

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers. The

will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the

will? 164

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*ANTONY comes down.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave. 168

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from

the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony; most noble

Antony.

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

off. 172

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them

now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 176

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

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made: 180

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

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

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd 184

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;

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

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

him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all; 188

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty

heart; 192

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 196

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what! weep you when you but be-

hold 200

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle! 204

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woeful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors! villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged. 208

Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!

Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen!

First Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble

Antony. 212

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,

we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not

stir you up 217

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know

not, 217

That made them do it; they are wise and honour-

able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

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

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

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

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

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

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

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

wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

Sec. Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

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

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

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

SCENE I]

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

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, 4

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine 8

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What! shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit LEPIDUS.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, 12

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, In our black sentence and proscription. 17

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:

And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way; 23

And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier. 28

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, 32

His corporal 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 36

On abject orts, and imitations, Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

Begin his fashion: do not talk of him But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40

Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers; we must straight make head;

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out; 44

And let us presently go sit in council, How covert matters may be best disclos'd, And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, 48

And bay'd about with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS' Tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand. *Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come 4

To do you salutation from his master.

[*PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.*]

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish 8

Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear

Such as he is, full of regard and honour. 12

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

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;

But not with such familiar instances, 16

Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath us'd of old.

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

When love begins to sicken and decay, 20

It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle; 24

But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd; 28

The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd. [Low march within.]

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho! *Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along. 32

First Sold. Stand! *Sec. Sold.* Stand!

Third Sold. Stand! 36

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies? 40

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content; Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well. Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, 44

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off 48

A little from this ground. *Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Tintinius guard our door. 52
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella For taking bribes here of the Sardians; Wherein my letters, praying on his side, 4 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

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

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet That every nice offence should bear his comment. 8

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

Cas. I an itching palm! 12 You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

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

Cas. Chastisement! 17 Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20 And not for justice? What! shall one of us, That struck the foremost man of all this world But for supporting robbers, shall we now Contaminate our fingers with base bribes, 24 And sell the mighty space of our large honours For so much trash as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon, Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me; 28 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself, To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, Older in practice, abler than yourself To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius. 32 Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not. Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further. 36

Bru. Away, slight man! Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak. Must I give way and room to your rash choler? Shall I be frighted from a madman stares? 40 Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are, And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? 44

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? Bru. You say you are a better soldier: Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, 52 And it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better: 56 Did I say, 'better'?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

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

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

Cas. I durst not! 60 Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him! Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for. 64

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 pass by me as the idle wind, 68 Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, 76

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts; Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did. Cas. I did not: he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart. 84

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

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me. Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults. 88 Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus. Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd, Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote, To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger, And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold: If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart: Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know, 104 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger: Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour. O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb 109

That carries anger as the flint bears fire, Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd 112 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

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

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. 116 Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! Bru. What's the matter?

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

When that rash humour which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, 121

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet They be alone. 125

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them. Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now! What's the matter? 128 Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rime! Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,

hence! 133 Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? 136

Companion, hence! Cas. Away, away! be gone.

[Exit Poet.] Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, 140

Immediately to us. [Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit LUCIUS.] Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs. Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use 144

If you give place to accidental evils. Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia! Bru. She is dead. 148

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony 152

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came:—with this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so? Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods! 156

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

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

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

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 160

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Bru. Come in, Titinius. [Exit LUCIUS.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA. Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities. 164

Cas. Portia, art thou gone? Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters, That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power, 168 Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition? Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry, 172

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators that died 176

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one. Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord? Bru. No, Messala. 181

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours? 184
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala: 189
 With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure. 192
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
 Of marching to Philippi presently? 196
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This is it: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, 200 Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better,
 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forc'd affection; 204 For they have grudg'd us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off, 209 If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside, 212 That we have tried the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe: The enemy increaseth every day; We, at the height, are ready to decline. 216 There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. 220 On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on; We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi. 224
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk, And nature must obey necessity, Which we will niggard with a little rest. There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good-night: 228 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [Exit LUCIUS.
 Farewell, good Messala:

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius, Good-night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother! 232 This was an ill beginning of the night: Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good-night, my lord.
Bru. Good-night, good brother. 236
Tit. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.
Mes. } Farewell, every one.
Bru. [Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.
Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.
 Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er- 240 watch'd.
Cas. Call Claudius and some other of my men; I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord? 244
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep: It may be I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure. 248
Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs; It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown. 252
[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 256
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy: I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might; 260
 I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
 I will not hold thee long: if I do live, 264 I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song.
 This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber! Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good- 268 night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd 272 down
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. 276 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art. 280
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[Ghost vanishes.
 Now I have taken heart thou vanishest: 285 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claudius! 288
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord! 292
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord. 296
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou! awake!
Var. My lord!
Clau. My lord! 300
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. } Did we, my lord?
Clau. }
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius. 304
 Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.
Var. } It shall be done, my lord.
Clau. }

[Exeunt.

ACT V

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions; It proves not so; their battles are at hand; 4 They mean to warn us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content 8 To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: 12 The enemy comes on in gallant show; Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, 16 Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20 [March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge. 24
 Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 29
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying, 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'
Cas. Antony, 32 The posture of your blows are yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O! yes, and soundless too; 36 For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds, And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet; Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers! 44
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself: This tongue had not offended so to-day, If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat, 48 The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look; I draw a sword against conspirators; When think you that the sword goes up again? Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds 53 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar