

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, 56

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masquer and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away! Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. 64

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. 68

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord?

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala, This is my birth-day; as this very day 72

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set Upon one battle all our liberties. 76

You know that I held Epicurus strong, And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage. Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us: This morning are they fled away and gone 84

And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem A canopy most fatal, under which 88

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost. *Mes.* Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly, For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly. 92

Bru. Even so, Lucilius. *Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may, Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. 97

If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then, determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself; I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile, 104

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The time of life: arming myself with patience, To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle, 108 You are contented to be led in triumph Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 112 He bears too great a mind: but this same day Must end that work the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again I know not. Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 116

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why then, this parting was well made. *Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 121 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O! that a man might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come; 124 But it sufficeth that the day will end, And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.]

Let them set on at once, for I perceive But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing, 4

And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly: Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;

This ensign here of mine was turning back; I slew the coward, and did take it from him. 4

Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius, Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd. 8

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off. *Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look,

Titinius; 12 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord. *Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops And here again; that I may rest assur'd 17

Whether yond troops are friend or enemy. *Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21

And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [PINDARUS ascends the hill.]

This day I breathed first; time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end; 24

My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? *Pin.* [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news? *Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about 28

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; Yet he spurs on: now they are almost on him;

Now, Titinius! now some light; O! he lights too;

He's ta'en; [*Shout.*] and, hark! they shout for joy. 32

Cas. Come down; behold no more. O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee prisoner; 36

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword, That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this

bosom. Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, 44

Guidethou the sword. Cæsar, thou art reveng'd, Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been;

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius, 48 Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 52

As Cassius' legions are by Antony. *Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him? *Tit.* All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 56

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

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart! *Mes.* Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more. O setting sun! 60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are

done. 64

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. *Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this

deed. O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men 68

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

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

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? 72

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel and darts envenomed 76

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they 81

Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear

their shouts? 84

Alas! thou hast misconstru'd every thing. But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. 88

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part: Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? 91

Mes. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it. *Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain. *Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius! 96

Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius! *Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as

these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body: 104

His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato;—let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:— 108

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

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

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

I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And *I* am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, *I*;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.]
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only *I* yield to die: *12*

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
[Offering money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. *16*

First Sold. I'll tell the news: here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead, *24*

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, *I* assure

you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: *I* had rather have *28*
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see wh'er Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

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

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. *4*

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

Bru. Peace, then! no words.
Cl. *I*'ll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. *[Whispers.]*
Dar. Shall *I* do such a deed? *8*

Cl. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, *13*
That it runs over even at his eyes.

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

Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why this, Volumnius: *16*

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. *20*
Bru. Nay, *I* am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, *24*
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together:

Even for that our love of old, *I* prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst *I* run on it. *28*

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; *32*
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me. *36*

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history: *40*
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!']

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! *I* will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: *44*
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it;
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While *I* do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato? *48*
Str. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—*[He runs on his sword.]* Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *[Dies.]*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and Army.

Oct. What man is that? *52*
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself, *56*

And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. *I* thank

thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, *I* will entertain them. *60*

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato? *64*

Str. *I* held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all; *68*

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of them. *72*
His life was gentle, and the elements

So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial. *77*

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, call the field to rest; and let's away, *80*
To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*