

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

³ *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.—A Room in Antony's House.

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

Antony.

THESE many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

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, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*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?

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

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

And, though we lay these honors on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 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; 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.

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; 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 On abject orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
 40 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 combined, [out;
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies; [fear,
 50 And some that smile have in their hearts, I
 Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus's Tent, in the
 Camp near Sardis.*

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

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius
 near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 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

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 honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;

How he received you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect
 enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
 Nor with such free and friendly conference,
 As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
 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:

But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful
 jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

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

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—
 March gently on to meet him. 30

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

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

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

And, if not so, how should I wrong a

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

40 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,

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
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man

50 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

[*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,
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.

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?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this, [last.

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, [head.

And chastisement doth therefore hide his
Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

20 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
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,
And sell the mighty space of our large hon-
ors

For so much trash as may be grasp'd
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

30 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
self; [further.

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no

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?

40 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

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? [crouch

Must I observe you? Must I stand and
Under your testy humor? 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 laugh-
When you are waspish. [ter,

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own
part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus
have moved me.

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

Cas. I durst not?

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.

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,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied
 me ;—

70

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 [trash
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile
 By any indirection ! I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius ?
 Which you denied me : was that done like
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

80

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 :
 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.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
 faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they
 do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

90

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

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his broth-
 er ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults ob-
 served,

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 dag-
 ger,

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,
 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, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb 110
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 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.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

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

When that rash humor which my mother Makes me forgetful?

120 *Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [Noise within.

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

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not They be alone.

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?

Poet. For shame, you generals: what do you mean? [be;

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

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

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

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time: [fools?

What should the wars do with these jiggling 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,

Immediately to us.

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. [Exit LUCIUS.

140

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, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

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

O insupportable and touching loss!— Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient upon my absence, 150

And grief that young Octavius with Mark
 Antony [her death
 Have made themselves so strong;—for with
 That tidings came;—with this she fell dis-
 tract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Re-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:—

160 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good
 Messala.—

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

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here receivèd letters,
 That young Octavius and Mark Antony
 Come down upon us with a mighty power,
 Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of
 outlawry,

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
 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.

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?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me
 true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I
 tell: [ner.]

For certain she is dead, and by strange man-

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must
 die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
 endure.

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?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'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:

For they have grudged us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

210 *Cas.* Hear 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 increaseth every day,

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

220 And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

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;

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Farewell, good Messala;—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius, 230

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*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-
watch'd.

240 *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?

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.

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:

250 *I put it in the pocket of my gown.*

[VAR. and CLAU. 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?

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;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

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,

I will be good to thee. *[Music and a Song.]*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slum-
ber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night; *[thee.]*

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instru-
ment; *[night.—]*

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good 270
Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf
turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

How ill this taper burns!

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil, *[stare?]*

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

280 *Bru.* Why comest 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:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
 Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs,
 awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

290 *Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instru-
 ment.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
 so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see
 anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudi-
 us! [*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou!
 awake!

Var. My lord?

300 *Clau.* My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
 sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

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 powers betimes before,
 And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are an-
 swered: [come down,
 You said the enemy would not
 But keep the hills and upper re-
 gions;

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I
 know

Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have
 courage;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
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,
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.
[*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. [words.

Make forth ; the generals would have some
Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, coun-
trymen ? [do.

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you
Bru. Good words are better than bad
strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words : 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

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 ;
For you have stolen 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, [feet ;

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! — Now, Brutus, thank
yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 50
Look, — I draw a sword against conspirators :
When think you that the sword goes up
again ? —

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

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

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,
 60 Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-
Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor,
 Join'd with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.
 [Exit 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.
Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord.
 [BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.]
Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
 70 *Cas.* Messala,
 This is my birthday; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-
 sala:
 Be thou my witness that, against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.
 You know that I held Epicurus strong
 And his opinion: now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 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;
 And in their steads 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
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
 90 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. [advancing.] 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 incer-
 tain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together:
 What are you then determin'd 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,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life:—arming myself with pa-
 tience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

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;
He bears too great a mind. But this same
day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know
not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

120 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
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!
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 demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. 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.

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.

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. *10*

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;

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 assured
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a
thought. *[Exit.]*

20 *Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[Exit PINDARUS.]

This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what
news?

Pin. *[above.]* O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the
spur; *[him;]*
30 Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light: O, he
'lights too:—*[for joy.]*

He's ta'en;—*[Shout]* and hark! they shout

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!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath! *[sword,]*

Now be a freeman; and, with this good
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search
this bosom. *[hilt;]*

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
venged,

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!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[Exit.]

40

50

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octa-
vius.

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cas-
sius,

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

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,

- 60 But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds
are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done
this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child! [men
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceived,

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

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

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,
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.]

- 80 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd, everything.

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 Roman's
part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' 90
heart. [Dies.]

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

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

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!
Look, whether 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;

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 :—
'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere
night

110 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, 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 !

[Charges the enemy.]

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

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou
down ?

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

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :

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

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

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

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe
enough ;

20

I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I
assure you,

A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness ; I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanc'd. [Exeunt.] X

30

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

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

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

Cli. Statilius show'd the torchlight: but,
my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the
word;

It deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*]

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

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.—
[*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee? [tates.]

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he medi-

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
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:
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.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
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 pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

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

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying
here. 30

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

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
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.

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:

Night hangs upon my eyes: my bones would
rest, 40

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within—Fly, fly, fly!

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

50 *Stra.* Give me your hand first: fare you
well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now
be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum; retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's 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 only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

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

60 That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.—

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. 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:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So 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.

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

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]