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&
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Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and  
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional  
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**<note type="citation">**Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**  
**<note type="citation">**Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**  
**<note type="citation">**West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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**<hi rend="large">**SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

**</lb>**COMEDIES, **</lb>**HISTORIES, **&**

**</lb>**TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

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Copies.**</titlePart>**

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;  
 fol.</p>  
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;  
 p.59  
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered  
 151; p.161  
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165  
 misnumbered 163; p.  
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250  
 misnumbered 252; p.  
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in  
 some copies;  
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:  
 p.165-166  
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --  
 5th count:  
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308  
 misnumbered 38;  
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>  
 </foliation>  
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 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most  
 commonly  
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$   
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$   
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> aa-ff<sup>6</sup>  
 $gg^2 Gg^6$   
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$ ; 2. West:  $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$   
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$   
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$  [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para.]<sup>1</sup> 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup>  
 $2k-2v^6$   
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$ .</p>  
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; <sup>3</sup>gg1 mis-signed  
 Gg; nn1-nn2  
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>  
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination  
 on leaf a1  
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on  
 leaf aa1  
 recto.</p>  
 </collation>  
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the  
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of  
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait  
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,  
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact  
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

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<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The  
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier  
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly  
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies  
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that  
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an  
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to `<persName>`Richard Davis`</persName>`, a bookseller in Oxford, in `<date when="1664">`1664`</date>` for the sum of `<num value="24">`£24`</num>`.`</p>``<p>`After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of `<persName>`Richard Turbutt`</persName>` of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until `<date when="1906">`1906`</date>`, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of `<num value="3000">`£3000`</num>`, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)`</p>``<p>`For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.`</p>`

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</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-pub">
    <persName type="standard">Publius, Senator</persName>
    <persName type="form">Pub.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-ser">
    <persName type="standard">Servant</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-sol">
    <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sold.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-soo">
    <persName type="standard">Soothsayer</persName>
    <persName type="form">Sooth.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-str">
    <persName type="standard">Strato, servant to Brutus</persName>
    <persName type="form">Stra.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-tit">
    <persName type="standard">Tintinius, friend to Brutus</persName>
    <persName type="form">Tit.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Titin.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-tre">
    <persName type="standard">Trebonius, a conspirator against
Caesar</persName>
    <persName type="form">Treb.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-var">
    <persName type="standard">Varro, servant to Brutus</persName>
    <persName type="form">Var.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jc-vol">
    <persName type="standard">Volumnius, friend to Brutus</persName>
    <persName type="form">Vol.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Volum.</persName>
</person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>

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<text type="play" xml:id="F-jc">
  <body>

    <div type="play" n="30">
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0718-0.jpg"/>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0719-0.jpg" n="109"/>
      <head rend="center">THE TRAGEDIE OF <lb/>IVLIVS CæSAR</head>
      <div type="act" n="1">
        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Flaiuius, Murellus,
and
          certaine Commoners <lb/>ouer the Stage.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-jc-fla">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Flaiuius.</speaker>
            <l>
              <c rend="droppedCapital">H</c>ence: home you idle Creatures,
get you
              home:</l>
              <l>Is this a Holiday? What, know you not</l>
              <l>(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke</l>
              <l>Vpon a labouring day, without the signe</l>
              <l>Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-jc-car">
              <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
              <l>Why Sir, a Carpenter.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-jc-mar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
              <l>Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?</l>
              <l>What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?</l>
              <l>You sir, what Trade are you?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-jc-cob">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cobl.</speaker>
              <p>Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am <lb/>but as you
would
              say, a Cobler.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-jc-mar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
              <l>But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-jc-cob">
              <speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>
              <p>A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe <lb/>Conscience,
              which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.</p>

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</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-fla">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>  
    <p>What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, <lb/>what  
Trade?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cob">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cobl.</speaker>  
    <p>Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet <lb/>if you be  
out  
    Sir, I can mend you.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-mar">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>  
    <p>What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou <lb/>sawcy  
Fellow?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cob">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>  
    <p>Why sir, Cobble you.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-fla">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>  
    <p>Thou art a Cobler, art thou?</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cob">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>  
    <p>Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I <lb/>meddle with  
no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-<lb/>ters; but withal I  
am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: <lb/>when they are in  
great  
    danger, I recouer them. As pro-<lb/>per men as euer trod vpon  
Neats Leather, haue gone vp-<lb/>on my  
handy-worke.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-fla">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>  
    <l>But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?</l>  
    <l>Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cob">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cob.</speaker>  
    <p>Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my <lb/>selfe into  
more  
    worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-<lb/>day to see  
Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.</p>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-mar">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>  
    <l>Wherefore reioyce?</l>

<|>What Conquest brings he home?</|>  
<|>What Tributaries follow him to Rome,</|>  
<|>To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?</|>  
<|>You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:</|>  
<|>O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,</|>  
<|>Knew you not <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> many a time and

oft?</|>

<|>Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,</|>  
<|>To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,</|>  
<|>Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate</|>  
<|>The liue-long day, with patient expectation,</|>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<|>To see great <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> passe the streets of  
Rome:</|>  
<|>And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,</|>  
<|>Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,</|>  
<|>That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes</|>  
<|>To heare the replication of your sounds,</|>  
<|>Made in her Concaue Shores?</|>  
<|>And do you now put on your best attyre?</|>  
<|>And do you now cull out a Holyday?</|>  
<|>And do you now strew Flowers in his way,</|>  
<|>That comes in Triumph ouer <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi>

blood?</|>

<|>Be gone,</|>  
<|>Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,</|>  
<|>Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague</|>  
<|>That needs must light on this Ingratitude.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-fla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>  
<|>Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault</|>  
<|>Assemble all the poore men of your sort;</|>  
<|>Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares</|>  
<|>Into the Channell, till the lowest streame</|>  
<|>Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.</|>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt all the  
Commoners.</stage>  
<|>See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,</|>  
<|>They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:</|>  
<|>Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,</|>  
<|>This way will I: Disrobe the Images,</|>  
<|>If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-mar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>  
<|>May we do so?</|>  
<|>You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-fla">



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<speaker rend="italic">Fla.</speaker>
<l>It is no matter, let no Images</l>
<l>Be hung with <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> T<gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
agent="partiallyInkedType"
resp="#LMC"/>ophees: Ile about,</l>
<l>And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;</l>
<l>So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.</l>
<l>These growing Feathers, pluckt from <hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> wing,</l>
<l>Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,</l>
<l>Who else would soare aboue the view of men,</l>
<l>And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Antony for
the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-<lb/>cious, Cicero, Brutus,
Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-<lb/>ter them Murellus and
Flaius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>
<l>Peace ho,<hi rend="italic"> Cæsar</hi> speakes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cal">
<speaker rend="italic">Calp.</speaker>
<l>Heere my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
<l>Stand you directly in <hi rend="italic">Antonio's</hi> way,</l>
<l>When he doth run his course. <hi
rend="italic">Antonio</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Cæsar, my Lord.</l>

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say, </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Forget not in your speed <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi>,</l>  
 <l>To touch <hi rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi>: for our Elders

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">kk</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0720-0.jpg" n="110"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>The Barren touched in this holy chace,</l>  
 <l>Shake off their sterre curse.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>I shall remember,</l>  
 <l>When Cæsar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-soo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Ha? Who calles?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <l>Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?</l>  
 <l>I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke</l>  
 <l>Cry, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: Speake, <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> is turn'd to heare.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-soo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
 <l>Beware the Ides of March.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>What man is that?</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Br.</speaker>  
   <l>A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>Set him before me, let me see his face.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-soo">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
   <l>Beware the Ides of March.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Sennet.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. Manet Brut.

&

Cass.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Will you go see the order of the course?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>Not I.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>I pray you do.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part</l>  
   <l>Of that quicke Spirit that is in <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>:</l>  
   <l>Let me not hinder <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> your  
 desires;</l>  
   <l>Ile leaue you.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, I do obserue you now of late:</l>  
 <l>I haue not from your eyes, that gentlesse</l>  
 <l>And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue: </l>  
 <l>You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand</l>  
 <l>Ouer your Friend, that loues you.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,</l>  
 <l>I turne the trouble of my Countenance</l>  
 <l>Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am</l>  
 <l>Of late, with passions of some difference,</l>  
 <l>Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,</l>  
 <l>Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:</l>  
 <l>But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd</l>  
 <l>(Among which number <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> be you  
one)</l>  
 <l>Nor construe any further my neglect,</l>  
 <l>Then that poore <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> with himselfe at  
warre,</l>  
 <l>Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, I haue much mistook your  
passion,</l>  
 <l>By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried</l>  
 <l>Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.</l>  
 <l>Tell me good <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, Can you see your  
face?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>  
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,</l>  
 <l>By some other things.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassius.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis iust,</l>  
 <l>And it is very much lamented <hi  
rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne</l>  
 <l>Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,</l>

<|>That you might see your shadow:</|>  
<|>I haue heard,</|>  
<|>Where many of the best respect in Rome,</|>  
<|>(Except immortall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>) speaking of  
<hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</|>  
<|>And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,</|>  
<|>Haue wish'd, that Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> had his  
eyes.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<|>Into what dangers, would you</|>

<|>Leade me <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>?</|>

<|>That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,</|>

<|>For that which is not in me?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<|>Therefore good <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, be prepar'd to  
heare:</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>And since you know, you cannot see your selfe</|>

<|>So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,</|>

<|>Will modestly discouer to your selfe</|>

<|>That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.</|>

<|>And be not ielous on me, gentle <hi rend="italic">Brutus:</hi>

</|>

<|>Were I a common Laughter, or did vse</|>

<|>To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue</|>

<|>To euey new Protester: if you know,</|>

<|>That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,</|>

<|>And after scandall them: Or if you know,</|>

<|>That I professe my selfe in Banquetting</|>

<|>To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish, and  
Shout.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<|>What meanes this Showting?</|>

<|>I do feare, the People choose <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>

</|>

<|>For their King.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<|>I, do you feare it?</|>

<|>Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>I would not <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, yet I loue him  
 well:</|>  
 <|>But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?</|>  
 <|>What is it, that you would impart to me?</|>  
 <|>If it be ought toward the generall good,</|>  
 <|>Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,</|>  
 <|>And I will looke on both indifferently:</|>  
 <|>For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue</|>  
 <|>The name of Honor, more then I feare death.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <|>I know that vertue to be in you<hi rend="italic">  
 Brutus</hi>,</|>  
 <|>As well as I do know your outward fauour.</|>  
 <|>Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:</|>  
 <|>I cannot tell, what you and other men</|>  
 <|>Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,</|>  
 <|>I had as lief not be, as liue to be</|>  
 <|>In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.</|>  
 <|>I was borne free as <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, so were  
 you,</|>  
 <|>We both haue fed as well, and we can both</|>  
 <|>Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.</|>  
 <|>For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,</|>  
 <|>The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> saide to me, Dar'st thou <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi> now</|>  
 <|>Leape in with me into this angry Flood,</|>  
 <|>And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,</|>  
 <|>Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,</|>  
 <|>And bad him follow: so indeed he did.</|>  
 <|>The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it</|>  
 <|>With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,</|>  
 <|>And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.</|>  
 <|>But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> cride, Helpe me <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, or I sinke.</|>  
 <|>I (as <hi rend="italic">æneas</hi>, our great Ancestor,</|>  
 <|>Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder</|>  
 <|>The old <hi rend="italic">Anchyses</hi> beare) so, from the  
 waues of  
 Tyber</|>  
 <|>Did I the tyred <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: And this  
 Man,</|>  
 <|>Is now become a God, and <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> is</|>  
 <|>A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,</|>

<|>If <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> carelesly but nod on him.</l>  
 <|>He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,</l>  
 <|>And when the Fit was on him, I did marke</l>  
 <|>How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,</l>  
 <|>His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,</l>  
 <|>And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,</l>  
 <|>Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:</l>  
 <|>I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans</l>  
 <|>Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,</l>  
 <|>Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke <hi  
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi>,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">As</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0721-0.jpg" n="111"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <|>As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,</l>  
 <|>A man of such a feeble temper should</l>  
 <|>So get the start of the Maiesticke world,</l>  
 <|>And beare the Palme alone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Shout.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flou<gap  
 extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="partiallyInkedType"  
 resp="#LMC"/>ish.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>Another generall shout?</l>  
 <|>I do beleeeue, that these applauses are</l>  
 <|>For some new Honors, that are heap'd on <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <|>Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world</l>  
 <|>Like a Colossus, and we petty men</l>  
 <|>Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about</l>  
 <|>To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.</l>  
 <|>Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.</l>  
 <|>The fault (deere <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>) is not in our  
 Starres,</l>  
 <|>But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.</l>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>:  
 What should be in that <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>?</l>  
 <|>Why should that name be sounded more then yours</l>  
 <|>Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:</l>  
 <|>Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:</l>

<|>Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> will start a Spirit as soone as <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</|>  
 <|>Now in the names of all the Gods at once,</|>  
 <|>Vpon what meate doth this our <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 feede,</|>  
 <|>That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.</|>  
 <|>Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.</|>  
 <|>When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,</|>  
 <|>But it was fam'd with more then with one man?</|>  
 <|>When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,</|>  
 <|>That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?</|>  
 <|>Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough</|>  
 <|>When there is in it but one onely man.</|>  
 <|>O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,</|>  
 <|>There was a <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> once, that would  
 haue  
 brook'd</|>  
 <|>Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,</|>  
 <|>As easily as a King.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:</|>  
 <|>What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:</|>  
 <|>How I haue thought of this, and of these times</|>  
 <|>I shall recount heereafter. For this present,</|>  
 <|>I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)</|>  
 <|>Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,</|>  
 <|>I will consider: what you haue to say</|>  
 <|>I will with patience heare, and finde a time</|>  
 <|>Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.</|>  
 <|>Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> had rather be a Villager,</|>  
 <|>Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome</|>  
 <|>Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time</|>  
 <|>Is like to lay vpon vs.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <|>I am glad that my weake words</|>  
 <|>Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 </|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar and his  
 Traine.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">



<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>The Games are done,</l>  
 <l>And Cæsar is returning.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>As they passe by,</l>  
 <l>Plucke <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi> by the Sleeue,</l>  
 <l>And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you</l>  
 <l>What hath proceeded worthy note to day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>I will do so: but looke you <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The angry spot doth glow on <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 brow,</l>  
 <l>And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Calphurnia's</hi> Cheeke is pale, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Cicero </hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes</l>  
 <l>As we haue seene him in the Capitoll</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi> will tell vs what the matter is.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Let me haue men about me, that are fat,</l>  
 <l>Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:</l>  
 <l>Yond <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> has a leane and hungry  
 looke,</l>  
 <l>He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">

*Ant.*  
<l>Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not  
dangerous,  
<l>He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<l>Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:  
<l>Yet if my name were lyable to feare,  
<l>I do not know the man I should auoyd  
<l>So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades  
much,  
<l>He is a great Obseruer, and he looks  
<l>Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,  
<l>As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no

Musicke;

<l>Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
<l>As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit  
<l>That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.  
<l>Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,  
<l>Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,  
<l>And therefore are they very dangerous.  
<l>I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
<l>Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Cæsar.  
<l>Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,  
<l>A  
unit="chars"  
reason="illegible"  
agent="partiallyInkedType"  
resp="#LMC"/>d tell me truely, what  
thou think'st of him.

</sp>  
<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Sennit.</stage>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Cæsar and his  
Traine.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<l>You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake  
with

me?

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to

day

<l>That *Cæsar* lookes so sad.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>Why you were with him, were you not?  
</sp>

him, he

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<p>I should not then aske <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi> what had  
chanc'd.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; &amp; being <lb/>offer'd  
put it by with the backe of his hand thus, <lb/>and then the people  
fell a shouting.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<p>What was the second noyse for?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>Why for that too.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<p>They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>Why for that too.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<p>Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie <lb/>time gentler  
then other; and at euery putting by, mine <lb/>honest Neighbors  
showted.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<p>Who offer'd him the Crowne?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<p>Why <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<p>Tell vs the manner of it, gentle <hi  
rend="italic">Caska</hi>.</p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Caska.</speaker>
  <p>I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of <lb/>it: It was
meere
  Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe <lb/>
  <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi> offer him a Crowne, yet
'twas
  not a <lb/>Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I
  <lb/>told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my
  thin-<lb/>king, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered
  it to <lb/>him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my
  think-<lb/>ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.
  And then <lb/>he offered it the third time; hee put it the third
  time by, <lb/>and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted,
  and <lb/>clap'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie
  <lb/>Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking
  <lb/>breath, because <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> refus'd the
  Crowne, that it had <lb/>(almost) choaked <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: for hee swooned, and fell <lb/>downe at it:
  And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, <lb/>fo<gap
extent="1"
  unit="chars"
  reason="absent"
  agent="torn"
  resp="#LMC"/>
  <gap extent="3"
  unit="chars"
  reason="absent"
  agent="torn"
  resp="#LMC"/>re of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad
  <lb/>
  <gap extent="1"
  unit="words"
  reason="absent"
  agent="torn"
  resp="#LMC"/>.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">kk2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
  <hi rend="italic">Cassi.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0722-0.jpg" n="112"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
  <p>But soft I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

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<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <p>He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd <lb/>at mouth,  
 and was speechlesse.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <p>'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,</l>  
 <l>And honest <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, we haue the Falling  
 sicknesse.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <p>I know not what you meane by that, but I am <lb/>sure <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> fell downe. If the  
 tag-ragge people did not <lb/>clap him, and hisse him,  
 according as he pleas'd, and dis-<lb/>pleas'd them, as they  
 vse to doe the Players in the Thea-<lb/>tre, I am no true  
 man.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <p>What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <p>Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd <lb/>the  
 common Heard  
 Doublet,  
 fell.  
 or  
 <lb/>all  
 their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; <lb/>if <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> had stab'd their Mothers, they  
 would haue done <lb/>no lesse.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <p>And after that, he came thus sad away.</p>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <p>I.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <p>Did <hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi> say any thing?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <p>I, he spoke Greeke.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <p>To what effect?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <p>Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you <lb/>i'th'face againe.  
   But those that vnderstood him, smil'd <lb/>at one another, and  
   shooke their heads: but for mine <lb/>owne part, it was Greeke to  
   me. I could tell you more <lb/>newes too: <hi  
 rend="italic">Murrellus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Flauius</hi>, for pulling  
   Scarffes <lb/>off <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Images, are  
   put to silence. Fare you well. <lb/>There was more Foolerie yet,  
 if  
   I could remem-<lb/>ber it.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <p>Will you suppe with me to Night, <hi  
 rend="italic">Caska</hi>?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <p>No, I am promis'd forth.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <p>Will you Dine with me to morrow?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <p>I, if I be alieu, and your minde hold, and your <lb/>Dinner  
 worth the  
   eating.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

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    <p>Good, I will expect you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>
    <p>Doe so: farewell both.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?</l>
    <l>He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
    <l>So is he now, in execution</l>
    <l>Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,</l>
    <l>How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:</l>
    <l>This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,</l>
    <l>Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words</l>
    <l>With better Appetite.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
    <l>And so it is:</l>
    <l>For this time I will leaue you:</l>
    <l>To morrow, if you please to speake with me,</l>
    <l>I will come home to you: or if you will,</l>
    <l>Come home to me, and I will wait for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
    <l>I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.</l>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Brutus.</stage>
    <l>Well <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, thou art Noble: yet I
see,</l>
    <l>Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought</l>
    <l>From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,</l>
    <l>That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:</l>
    <l>For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?</l>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth beare me hard, but he loues
        <hi rend="italic">
<gap extent="2"
    unit="chars"
    reason="illegible"
    agent="Torn"
    resp="#LMC"/>utus </hi>.</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>If I were <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> now, and he were <hi
rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>

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<|>He should not humor me. I will this Night,</|>  
 <|>In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,</|>  
 <|>As if they came from seuerall Citizens,</|>  
 <|>Writings, all tending to the great opinion</|>  
 <|>That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely</|>  
 <|>  
     <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Ambition shall be glanced  
     at.</|>  
 <|>And after this, let <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> seat him  
     sure,</|>  
 <|>For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
</div>  
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>  
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Thunder, and Lightning.

Enter

    Caska, <lb/>and Cicero.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cic">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cic.</speaker>  
     <|>Good euen, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>: brought you <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> home?</|>  
     <|>Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <|>Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth</|>  
     <|>Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O <hi  
 rend="italic">Cicero</hi>,</|>  
     <|>I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds</|>  
     <|>Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene</|>  
     <|>Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,</|>  
     <|>To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:</|>  
     <|>But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,</|>  
     <|>Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.</|>  
     <|>Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,</|>  
     <|>Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,</|>  
     <|>Incenses them to send destruction.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cic">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cic.</speaker>  
     <|>Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <|>A common slaue, you know him well by sight,</|>  
     <|>Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne</|>  
     <|>Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,</|>  
     <|>Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.</|>



<l>Besides, I ha'not since put vp my Sword,</l>  
<l>Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,</l>  
<l>Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,</l>  
<l>Without annoying me. And there were drawne</l>  
<l>Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,</l>  
<l>Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw</l>  
<l>Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.</l>  
<l>And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,</l>  
<l>Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,</l>  
<l>Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies</l>  
<l>Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,</l>  
<l>These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:</l>  
<l>For I beleue, they are portentous things</l>  
<l>Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cic">

<speaker rend="italic">Cic.</speaker>

<l>Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:</l>

<l>But men may construe things after their fashion,</l>

<l>Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.</l>

<l>Comes <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> to the Capitoll to  
morrow?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>

<l>He doth: for he did bid <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi></l>  
</l>

<l>Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cic">

<speaker rend="italic">Cic.</speaker>

<l>Good-night then, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>:</l>

<l>This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>

<p>Farewell <hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi>.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Cicero.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<p>Who's there?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>

<p>A Romane.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<p>  
     <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, by your Voyce.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <l>Your Eare is good.</l>  
     <l>Cassius, what Night is this?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <p>A very pleasing Night to honest men.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <p>Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <l>Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of <lb/>faults.</l>  
     <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">For</fw>  
     <pb facs="FFimg:axc0723-0.jpg" n="113"/>  
     <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
     <cb n="1"/>  
     <l>For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,</l>  
     <l>Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;</l>  
     <l>And thus vnbraced, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, as you  
 see,</l>  
     <l>Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:</l>  
     <l>And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open</l>  
     <l>The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe</l>  
     <l>Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <l>But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-  
 rend="turnover"/>  
     <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>uens?</l>  
     <l>It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,</l>  
     <l>When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send</l>  
     <l>Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <l>You are dull, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>:</l>  
     <l>And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,</l>  
     <l>You doe want, or else you vse not.</l>  
     <l>You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,</l>  
     <l>And cast your selfe in wonder,</l>  
     <l>To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:</l>  
     <l>But if you would consider the true cause,</l>

<|>Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,</|>  
<|>Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,</|>  
<|>Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,</|>  
<|>Why all these things change from their Ordinance,</|>  
<|>Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,</|>  
<|>To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,</|>  
<|>That Heauen hath infuse'd them with these Spirits,</|>  
<|>To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,</|>  
<|>Vnto some monstrous State.</|>  
<|>Now could I (<hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>) name to thee a  
man,</|>  
<|>Most like this dreadfull Night,</|>  
<|>That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,</|>  
<|>As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:</|>  
<|>A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,</|>  
<|>In personall action; yet prodigious growne,</|>  
<|>And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<|>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> that you meane:</|>  
<|>Is it not, Cassius?</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<|>Let it be who it is: for Romans now</|>  
<|>Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;</|>  
<|>But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,</|>  
<|>And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,</|>  
<|>Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<|>Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow</|>  
<|>Meane to establish <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> as a King:</|>  
<|>And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,</|>  
<|>In euery place, saue here in Italy.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<|>I know where I will weare this Dagger then;</|>  
<|>Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassius:</|>  
<|>Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;</|>  
<|>Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.</|>  
<|>Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,</|>  
<|>Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,</|>  
<|>Can be retentiuie to the strength of spirit:</|>  
<|>But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,</|>  
<|>Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.</|>  
<|>If I know this, know all the World besides,</|>

<l>That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,</l>  
 <l>I can shake off at pleasure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Thunder  
 still.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <l>So can I:</l>  
 <l>So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares</l>  
 <l>The power to cancell his Captiuitie.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>And why should <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> be a Tyrant  
 then?</l>  
 <l>Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,</l>  
 <l>But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:</l>  
 <l>He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.</l>  
 <l>Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,</l>  
 <l>Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues</l>  
 <l>For the base matter, to illuminate</l>  
 <l>So vile a thing as <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. But oh  
 Griefe,</l>  
 <l>Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this</l>  
 <l>Before a willing Bond-man: then I know</l>  
 <l>My answeere must be made. But I am arm'd,</l>  
 <l>And dangers are to me indifferent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <l>You speake to <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, and to such a  
 man,</l>  
 <l>That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:</l>  
 <l>Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,</l>  
 <l>And I will set this foot of mine as farre,</l>  
 <l>As who goes farthest.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>There's a Bargaine made.</l>  
 <l>Now know you, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, I haue mou'd  
 already</l>  
 <l>Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans</l>  
 <l>To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,</l>  
 <l>Of Honorable dangerous consequence;</l>  
 <l>And I doe know by this, they stay for me</l>  
 <l>In <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> Porch: for now this  
 fearefull

Night, </l>  
 <l>There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes; </l>  
 <l>And the Complexion of the Element </l>  
 <l>Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand, </l>  
 <l>Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible. </l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cinna.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Caska.</speaker>  
 <l>Stand close a while, for heere comes one in <b>haste.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>'Tis <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi>, I doe know him by his

Gate, </l>  
 <l>He is a friend. <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi>, where haste you  
 so? </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
 <l>To finde out you: Who's that, <hi rend="italic">Metellus</hi>  
 <b>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cymber</hi>? </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>No, it is <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, one incorporate </l>  
 <l>To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, <hi  
 rend="italic">Cinna</hi>? </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
 <l>I am glad on't. </l>  
 <l>What a fearefull Night is this? </l>  
 <l>There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights. </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Am I not stay'd for? tell me. </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
 <l>Yes, you are. O <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, </l>  
 <l>If you could but winne the Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>To our party □ </l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Be you content. Good <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi>, take this

Paper, </l>  
 <l>And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre, </l>  
 <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> may but finde it: and  
 throw  
 this </l>  
 <l>In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe </l>  
 <l>Vpon old <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> Statue: all this  
 done, </l>  
 <l>Repaire to <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> Porch, where you  
 shall  
 finde vs. </l>  
 <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Decius Brutus</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Trebonius</hi> there? </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
 <l>All, but <hi rend="italic">Metellus Cymber</hi>, and hee's  
 gone </l>  
 <l>To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie, </l>  
 <l>And so bestow these Papers as you bad me. </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>That done, repayre to <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi>  
 Theater. </l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Cinna.</stage>  
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, you and I will yet, ere  
 day, </l>  
 <l>See <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> at his house: three parts of  
 him </l>  
 <l>Is ours alreadie, and the man entire </l>  
 <l>Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours. </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <l>O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts: </l>  
 <l>And that which would appeare Offence in vs, </l>  
 <l>His Countenance, like richest Alchymie, </l>  
 <l>Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse. </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Him, and his worth, and our great need of him, </l>  
 <l>You haue right well conceited: let vs goe, </l>  
 <l>For it is after Mid-night, and ere day, </l>  
 <l>We will awake him, and be sure of him. </l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">kk3</fw>

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    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
      <hi rend="italic">Actus</hi>
    </fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0724-0.jpg" n="114"/>
    <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brutus in his
      Orchard.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <l>What <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, hoe?</l>
      <l>I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,</l>
      <l>Giue guesse how neere to day——<hi
rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, I say?</l>
      <l>I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.</l>
      <l>When <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, when? awake, I say: what
<hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>?</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Lucius.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-luc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <l>Call'd you, my Lord?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <l>Get me a Tapor in my Study, <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>:</l>
      <l>When it is lighted, come and call me here.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-luc">
      <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
      <l>I will, my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
      <l>It must be by his death: and for my part,</l>
      <l>I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,</l>
      <l>But for the generall. He would be crown'd:</l>
      <l>How that might change his nature, there's the question?</l>
      <l>It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,</l>
      <l>And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,</l>
      <l>And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,</l>
      <l>That at his will he may doe danger with.</l>
      <l>Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes</l>

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<l>Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, </l>  
 <l>I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd</l>  
 <l>More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,</l>  
 <l>That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,</l>  
 <l>Whereto the Climber vppward turnes his Face:</l>  
 <l>But when he once attaines the vppmost Round,</l>  
 <l>He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,</l>  
 <l>Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees</l>  
 <l>By which he did ascend: so <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 may;</l>  
 <l>Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell</l>  
 <l>Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,</l>  
 <l>Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,</l>  
 <l>Would runne to these, and these extremities:</l>  
 <l>And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,</l>  
 <l>Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;</l>  
 <l>And kill him in the shell.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:</l>  
 <l>Searching the Window for a Flint, I found</l>  
 <l>This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure</l>  
 <l>It did not lye there when I went to Bed.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Giues him the  
 Letter.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:</l>  
 <l>Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>I know not, Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>I will, Sir.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,</l>



Letter,

<|>Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.</|>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Opens the  
 and reades.</stage>  
 <lg rend="italic">  
 <|>Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:</|>  
 <|>Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse. </|>  
 <|>Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.</|>  
 </lg>  
 <|>Such instigations haue beene often dropt,</|>  
 <|>Where I haue tooke them vp:</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Shall Rome, &c</hi>. Thus must I piece it  
 out:</|>  
 <|>Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?</|>  
 <|>My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome</|>  
 <|>The <hi rend="italic">Tarquin</hi> driue, when he was call'd a  
 King.</|>  
 <|>  
 <hi rend="italic">Speake, strike, redresse</hi>. Am I  
 entreated</|>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <|>To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,</|>  
 <|>If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest</|>  
 <|>Thy full Petition at the hand of <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <|>Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Knocke  
 within.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <|>'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:</|>  
 <|>Since <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> first did whet me against  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</|>  
 <|>I haue not slept.</|>  
 <|>Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,</|>  
 <|>And the first motion, all the <hi rend="italic">Interim</hi>  
 is</|>  
 <|>Like a <hi rend="italic">Phantasma</hi>, or a hideous  
 Dreame:</|>  
 <|>The <hi rend="italic">Genius</hi>, and the mortall  
 Instruments</|>  
 <|>Are then in councell; and the state of a man,</|>  
 <|>Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then</|>  
 <|>The nature of an Insurrection.</|>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>Sir, 'tis your Brother <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> at the  
     Doore,</l>  
   <l>Who doth desire to see you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>Is he alone?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>No, Sir, there are moe with him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>Doe you know them?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
   <l>No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,</l>  
   <l>And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,</l>  
   <l>That by no meanes I may discover them,</l>  
   <l>By any marke of fauour.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>Let 'em enter:</l>  
   <l>They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,</l>  
   <l>Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,</l>  
   <l>When euills are most free? O then, by day</l>  
   <l>Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,</l>  
   <l>To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,</l>  
   <l>Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:</l>  
   <l>For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,</l>  
   <l>Not <hi rend="italic">Erebus</hi> it selfe were dimme  
 enough,</l>  
   <l>To hide thee from preuention.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Conspirators,  
 Cassius,  
   Caska, Decius, <lb/>Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:</l>  
   <l>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, doe we trouble  
 you?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:</l>  
   <l>Know I these men, that come along with you?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>Yes, euery man of them; and no man here</l>  
   <l>But honors you: and euery one doth wish,</l>  
   <l>You had but that opinion of your selfe,</l>  
   <l>Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.</l>  
   <l>This is <hi rend="italic">Trebonius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>He is welcome hither.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>This,<hi rend="italic"> Decius Brutus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>He is welcome too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>This, <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>; this, <hi  
 rend="italic">Cinna</hi>; and this, <hi rend="italic">Metellus  
   <lb/>Cymber</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
   <l>They are all welcome.</l>  
   <l>What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues</l>  
   <l>Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>Shall I entreat a word?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They  
 whisper.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Decius.</speaker>  
   <l>Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake <lb/>heere?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
   <l>No.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
 <l>O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,</l>  
 <l>That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
 <l>You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:</l>  
 <l>Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,</l>  
 <l>Which is a great way growing on the South,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Weigh—</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0725-0.jpg" n="115"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Weighing the youthfull Season of the year.</l>  
 <l>Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North</l>  
 <l>He first presents his fire, and the high East</l>  
 <l>Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>And let vs sweare our Resolution.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>No, not an Oa<gap extent="2"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="stain"  
 resp="#LMC"/>: if not the Face of men,</l>  
 <l>The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;</l>  
 <l>If these be Motiuues weake, breake off betimes,</l>  
 <l>And euery man hence, to his idle bed:</l>  
 <l>So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,</l>  
 <l>Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these</l>  
 <l>(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough</l>  
 <l>To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour</l>  
 <l>The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,</l>  
 <l>What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause</l>  
 <l>To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,</l>  
 <l>Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,</l>  
 <l>And will not palter? And what other Oath,</l>  
 <l>Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,</l>  
 <l>That this shall be, or we will fall for it.</l>  
 <l>Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous</l>

<l>Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules</l>  
<l>That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare</l>  
<l>Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine</l>  
<l>The euen vertue of our Enterprize,</l>  
<l>Nor th'insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,</l>  
<l>To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance</l>  
<l>Did neede an Oath. When euey drop of blood</l>  
<l>That euey Roman beares, and Nobly beares</l>  
<l>Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,</l>  
<l>If he do breake the smallest Particle</l>  
<l>Of any promise that hath past from him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<l>But what of <hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi>? Shall we sound

him?</l>

<l>I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>

<l>Let vs not leaue him out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cin">

<speaker rend="italic">Cyn.</speaker>

<l>No, by no meanes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-met">

<speaker rend="italic">Metel.</speaker>

<l>O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire</l>

<l>Will purchase vs a good opinion:</l>

<l>And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:</l>

<l>It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,</l>

<l>Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,</l>

<l>But all be buried in his Grauity.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>O name him not; let vs not breake with him,</l>

<l>For he will neuer follow any thing</l>

<l>That other men begin.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<l>Then leaue him out.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-csc">

<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>

<l>Indeed, he is not fit.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-dec">

<speaker rend="italic">Decius.</speaker>  
 <l>Shall no man else be toucht, but onely <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Decius</hi> well vrg'd: I thinke it is not  
 meet,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>, so well belou'd of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Should out-liue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, we shall  
 finde of him</l>  
 <l>A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes</l>  
 <l>If he improue them, may well stretch so farre</l>  
 <l>As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,</l>  
 <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> fall together.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Our course will seeme too bloody, <hi rend="italic">Caius  
 Cassius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:</l>  
 <l>Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:</l>  
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, is but a Limbe of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers <hi  
 rend="italic">Caius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>We all stand vp against the spirit of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:</l>  
 <l>O that we then could come by <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 Spirit,</l>  
 <l>And not dismember Cæsar! But (alas)</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> must bleed for it. And gentle  
 Friends,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:</l>  
 <l>Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,</l>  
 <l>Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:</l>  
 <l>And let our Hearts, as subtlc Masters do,</l>  
 <l>Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,</l>  
 <l>And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make</l>  
 <l>Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.</l>  
 <l>Which so appearing to the common eyes,</l>  
 <l>We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.</l>  
 <l>And for <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>, thinke not of

him:</l>

<l>For he can do no more then <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
Arme,</l>

<l>When <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> head is off.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<l>Yet I feare him,</l>

<l>For in the ingrafted loue he beares to <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Alas, good <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, do not thinke of

him:</l>

<l>If he loue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, all that he can  
do</l>

<l>Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>

<l>And that were much he should: for he is giuen</l>

<l>To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-tre">

<speaker rend="italic">Treb.</speaker>

<l>There is no feare in him; let him not dye,</l>

<l>For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Clocke  
strikes.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Peace, count the Clocke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<l>The Clocke hath stricken three.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-tre">

<speaker rend="italic">Treb.</speaker>

<l>'Tis time to part.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>

<l>But it is doubtfull yet,</l>

<l>Whether <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will come forth to day,  
or no:</l>

<l>For he is Superstitious growne of late,</l>

<l>Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,</l>

<l>Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:</l>

<l>It may be, these apparant Prodigies,</l>

<l>The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,</l>  
 <l>And the perswasion of his Augurers,</l>  
 <l>May hold him from the Capitoll to day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Decius.</speaker>  
   <l>Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,</l>  
   <l>I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,</l>  
   <l>That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,</l>  
   <l>And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,</l>  
   <l>Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.</l>  
   <l>But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,</l>  
   <l>He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.</l>  
   <l>Let me worke:</l>  
   <l>For I can giue his humour the true bent;</l>  
   <l>And I will bring him to the Capitoll.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
   <l>Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>By the eight houre, is that the vttermost?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
   <l>Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-met">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Met.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Caius Ligarius</hi> doth beare <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hard,</l>  
   <l>Who rated him for speaking well of <hi  
 rend="italic">Pompey</hi>;</l>  
   <l>I wonder none of you haue thought of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Now good <hi rend="italic">Metellus</hi> go along by  
 him:</l>  
   <l>He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,</l>  
   <l>Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
   <l>The morning comes vpon's:</l>  
   <l>Wee'l leaue you <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember</l>



<l>What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,</l>  
   <l>Let not our lookes put on our purposes,</l>  
   <l>But beare it as our Roman Actors do,</l>  
   <l>With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,</l>  
   <l>And so good morrow to you euey one.</l>  
  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Brutus.</stage>  
 <l>Boy: <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>: Fast asleepe? It is no  
   matter,</l>  
 <l>Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:</l>  
 <l>Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,</l>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Which</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0726-0.jpg" n="116"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;</l>  
 <l>Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-por">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>: What meane you? wherefore rise  
 you  
     now?</l>  
   <l>It is not for your health, thus to commit</l>  
   <l>Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-por">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
   <l>Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper</l>  
   <l>You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,</l>  
   <l>Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse</l>  
   <l>And when I ask'd you what the matter was,</l>  
   <l>You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.</l>  
   <l>I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,</l>  
   <l>And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:</l>

<|>Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,</|>  
<|>But with an angry wafter of your hand</|>  
<|>Gauē signe for me to leaue you: So I did,</|>  
<|>Fearing to strengthen that impatience</|>  
<|>Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,</|>  
<|>Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,</|>  
<|>Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.</|>  
<|>It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;</|>  
<|>And could it worke so much vpon your shape,</|>  
<|>As it hath much preuayl'd on your <choice>  
    <orig>Condltion</orig>  
    <corr>Condition</corr>  
</choice>,</|>  
<|>I should not know you <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>. Deare my  
    Lord,</|>  
<|>Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <|>I am not well in health, and that is all.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <|>  
        <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is wise, and were he not in  
        health,</|>  
    <|>He would embrace the meanes to come by it.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <|>Why so I do: good <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> go to bed.</|>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <|>Is <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sicke? And is it Physicall</|>  
    <|>To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours</|>  
    <|>Of the danke Morning? What, is <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
    sicke?</|>  
    <|>And will he steale out of his wholsome bed</|>  
    <|>To dare the vile contagion of the Night?</|>  
    <|>And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,</|>  
    <|>To adde vnto <choice>  
        <orig>hit</orig>  
        <corr>his</corr>  
    </choice> sicknesse? No my <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</|>  
    <|>You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,</|>  
    <|>Which by the Right and Vertue of my place</|>  
    <|>I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,</|>  
    <|>I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,</|>  
    <|>By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow</|>

<l>Which did incorporate and make vs one,</l>  
<l>That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe</l>  
<l>Why you are heauy: and what men to night</l>  
<l>Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene</l>  
<l>Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces</l>  
<l>Euen from darknesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Kneele not gentle <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>I should not neede, if you were gentle <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>

<l>Within <choice>

<orig>tho</orig>

<corr>the</corr>

</choice> Bond of Marriage, tell me <hi

rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>

<l>Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets</l>

<l>That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,</l>

<l>But as it were in sort, or limitation?</l>

<l>To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,</l>

<l>And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs</l>

<l>Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> is <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
Harlot, not his Wife.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>You are my true and honourable Wife,</l>

<l>As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes</l>

<l>That visit my sad heart.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>If this were true, then should I know this secret.</l>

<l>I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,</l>

<l>A Woman that Lord <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> tooke to  
Wife:</l>

<l>I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>A Woman well reputed: <hi rend="italic">Cato's</hi>  
Daughter.</l>

<l>Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex</l>

<l>Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?</l>

<l>Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:</l>

<l>I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,</l>

<l>Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound</l>  
 <l>Heere, in the Thigh: Can I be<gap extent="2"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="stain"  
 resp="#LMC"/>e that with  
 patience,</l>  
 <l>And not my Husbands Secrets?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>O ye Gods!</l>  
 <l>Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified"  
 type="business">Knocke.</stage>  
 <l>Harke, harke, one knockes: <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> go in a  
 while,</l>  
 <l>And by and by thy bosome shall partake</l>  
 <l>The secrets of my Heart.</l>  
 <l>All my engagements, I will construe to thee,</l>  
 <l>All the Charractery of my sad browes:</l>  
 <l>Leaue me with hast.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Portia.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius and  
 Ligarius.</stage>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>,who's that knockes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Caius Ligarius</hi>, that <hi  
 rend="italic">Metellus</hi> spake of.</l>  
 <l>Boy, stand aside. <hi rend="italic">Caius Ligarius</hi>,  
 how?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lig">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  
 <l>Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>O what a time haue you chose out braue <hi  
 rend="italic">Caius</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lig">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  
   <l>I am not sicke, if <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> haue in  
 hand</l>  
   <l>Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Such an exploit haue I in hand <hi  
 rend="italic">Ligarius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lig">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  
   <l>By all the Gods that Romans bow before,</l>  
   <l>I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,</l>  
   <l>Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,</l>  
   <l>Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniu'd vp</l>  
   <l>My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,</l>  
   <l>And I will striue with things impossible,</l>  
   <l>Yea get the better of them. What's to do?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>A peece of worke,</l>  
   <l>That will make sicke men whole.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lig">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  
   <l>But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>That must we also. What it is my <hi  
 rend="italic">Caius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,</l>  
   <l>To whom it must be done.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lig">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cai.</speaker>  
   <l>Set on your foote,</l>  
   <l>And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,</l>  
   <l>To do I know not what: but it sufficeth</l>  
   <l>That <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> leads me on.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Thunder.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Follow me then.</l>

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    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Thunder &amp;
Lightning,</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iulius Cæsar in his
    Night-gowne.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæsar.</speaker>
    <l>Nor Heauen, nor Earth,</l>
    <l>Haue beene at peace to night:</l>
    <l>Thrice hath <hi rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi>, in her sleepe
cried
        out,</l>
    <l>Helpe, ho: They murther <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. Who's
        within?</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Seruant.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,</l>
    <l>And bring me their opinions of Successe.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
    <l>I will my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Calphurnia.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-cal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cal.</speaker>
    <l>What mean you <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>? Think you to
walk
        forth?</l>
    <l>You shall not stirre out of your house to day.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-cae">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> shall forth; the things that
        threaten'd me,</l>
    <l>Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see</l>
    <l>The face of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, they are

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vanished.</l>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
    <hi rend="italic">Calp.</hi>  
</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0727-0.jpg" n="117"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cal">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Calp.</speaker>  
    <l>Cæsar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,</l>  
    <l>Yet now they fright me: There is one within,</l>  
    <l>Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,</l>  
    <l>Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.</l>  
    <l>A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,</l>  
    <l>And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;</l>  
    <l>Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds</l>  
    <l>In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre</l>  
    <l>Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:</l>  
    <l>The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:</l>  
    <l>Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,</l>  
    <l>And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.</l>  
    <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, these things are beyond all  
    vse,</l>  
    <l>And I do feare them.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
    <l>What can be auoyded</l>  
    <l>Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?</l>  
    <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> shall go forth: for these  
    Predictions</l>  
    <l>Are to the world in generall, as to <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cal">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Calp.</speaker>  
    <l>When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,</l>  
    <l>The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Caes.</speaker>  
    <l>Cowards dye many times before their deaths,</l>  
    <l>The valiant neuer taste of death but once:</l>  
    <l>Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,</l>  
    <l>It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,</l>  
    <l>Seeing that death, a necessary end</l>  
    <l>Will come, when it will come.</l>  
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
Seruant.</stage>

<l>What say the Augurers?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ser">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
<l>They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.</l>  
<l>Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,</l>  
<l>They could not finde a heart within the beast.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<l>The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:</l>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> should be a Beast without a  
heart</l>  
<l>If he should stay at home to day for feare:</l>  
<l>No <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> shall not; Danger knowes full  
well</l>  
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> is more dangerous then  
he.</l>  
<l>We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,</l>  
<l>And I the elder and more terrible,</l>  
<l>And Cæsar shall go foorth.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cal">  
<speaker rend="italic">Calp.</speaker>  
<l>Alas my Lord,</l>  
<l>Your wisdomes is consum'd in confidence:</l>  
<l>Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,</l>  
<l>That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.</l>  
<l>Wee'l send <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi> to the Senate  
house,</l>  
<l>And he shall say, you are not well to day:</l>  
<l>Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi> shall say I am not well,</l>  
<l>And for thy humor, I will stay at home.</l>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Decius.</stage>  
<l>Heere's <hi rend="italic">Decius Brutus</hi>, he shall tell them  
so.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
<speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, all haile: Good morrow worthy  
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
<l>I come to fetch you to the Senate house.</l>  
</sp>



<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>And you are come in very happy time,</l>  
   <l>To beare my greeting to the Senators,</l>  
   <l>And tell them that I will not come to day:</l>  
   <l>Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:</l>  
   <l>I will not come to day, tell them so <hi  
 rend="italic">Decius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cal">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Calp.</speaker>  
   <l>Say he is sicke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>Shall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> send a Lye?</l>  
   <l>Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,</l>  
   <l>To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:</l>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Decius</hi>, go tell them, <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will not come.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
   <l>Most mighty <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, let me know some  
     cause,</l>  
   <l>Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>The cause is in my Will, I will not come,</l>  
   <l>That is enough to satisfie the Senate.</l>  
   <cb n="2"/>  
   <l>But for your priuate satisfaction,</l>  
   <l>Because I loue you, I will let you know.</l>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi> heere my wife, stayes me at  
     home:</l>  
   <l>She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,</l>  
   <l>Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts</l>  
   <l>Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans</l>  
   <l>Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:</l>  
   <l>And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,</l>  
   <l>And euils imminent; and on her knee</l>  
   <l>Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
   <l>This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,</l>  
   <l>It was a vision, faire and fortunate:</l>

<|>Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,</|>  
 <|>In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,</|>  
 <|>Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke</|>  
 <|>Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse</|>  
 <|>For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.</|>  
 <|>This by <hi rend="italic">Calphurnia's</hi> Dreame is  
 signified.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <|>And this way haue you well expounded it.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
   <|>I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:</|>  
   <|>And know it now, the Senate haue concluded</|>  
   <|>To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</|>  
   <|>If you shall send them word you will not come,</|>  
   <|>Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke</|>  
   <|>Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,</|>  
   <|>Breake vp the Senate, till another time:</|>  
   <|>When <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> wife shall meete with  
   better Dreames.</|>  
   <|>If <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hide himselfe, shall they not  
   whisper</|>  
   <|>Loe <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> is affraid?</|>  
   <|>Pardon me <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, for my deere deere  
   loue</|>  
   <|>To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:</|>  
   <|>And reason to my loue is liable.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs</speaker>  
   <|>How foolish do your fears seeme now <hi  
 rend="italic">Calphurnia</hi>?</|>  
   <|>I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.</|>  
   <|>Giue me my Robe, for I will go.</|>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brutus, Ligarius,  
   Metellus, Caska, Trebo-<lb/>nius, Cynna, and Publius.</stage>  
   <|>And looke where <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> is come to  
 fetch  
   me.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pub">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pub.</speaker>  
   <|>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>

<l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi>.</l>  
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, are you stirr'd so earely  
 too?</l>  
 <l>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Caska: Caius Ligarius,  
 <lb/>Cæsar</hi> was ne're so much your enemy,</l>  
 <l>As that same Ague which hath made you leane.</l>  
 <l>What is't a Clocke?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, 'tis strucken eight.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antony.</stage>  
 <l>See, <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> that Reuels long  
 a-nights</l>  
 <l>Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>So to most Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 </l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Bid them prepare within:</l>  
 <l>I am too blame to be thus waited for.</l>  
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Cynna</hi>, now <hi  
 rend="italic">Metellus</hi>: what <hi rend="italic">Trebonius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>I haue an houres talke in store for you:</l>  
 <l>Remember that you call on me to day:</l>  
 <l>Be neere me, that I may remember you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-tre">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Treb.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> I will: and so neere will I  
 be,</l>  
 <l>That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me.</l>  
 <l>And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.</l>

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
      <l>That euery like is not the same, O <hi
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>
      <l>The heart of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> earnes to thinke
vpon.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Artemidorus.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jc-art">
      <p rend="italic">Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius;
come not <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">neere</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0728-0.jpg" n="118"/>
      <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <lb/>neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius,
marke
      <lb/>well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou
      <lb/>hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all
      <lb/>these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest
not Im-<lb/>mortal, looke about you: Security giues way to
Conspiracie. <lb/>The mighty Gods defend thee. <lb/>
      <hi rend="roman rightJustified">Thy Louer, <hi
rend="italic">Artemidorus</hi>.</hi>
    </p>
    <l>Heere will I stand, till <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> passe
along,</l>
    <l>And as a Sutor will I giue him this:</l>
    <l>My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue</l>
    <l>Out of the teeth of Emulation.</l>
    <l>If thou reade this, O <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, thou
mayest liue;</l>
    <l>If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia and
Lucius.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jc-por">
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
    <l>I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,</l>
    <l>Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.</l>
    <l>Why doest thou stay?</l>

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</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>To know my errand Madam.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <l>I would haue had thee there and heere agen</l>  
    <l>Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:</l>  
    <l>O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,</l>  
    <l>Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:</l>  
    <l>I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:</l>  
    <l>How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.</l>  
    <l>Art thou heere yet?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>Madam, what should I do?</l>  
    <l>Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?</l>  
    <l>And so returne to you, and nothing else?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <l>Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,</l>  
    <l>For he went sickly forth: and take good note</l>  
    <l>What <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth, what Sutors presse to  
        him.</l>  
    <l>Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>I heare none Madam</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <l>Prythee listen well:</l>  
    <l>I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,</l>  
    <l>And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the  
Soothsayer.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-jc-por">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
    <l>Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-soo">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <l>At mine owne house, good Lady.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>What is't a clocke?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <l>About the ninth hour Lady.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>Is <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> yet gone to the Capitoll?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <l>Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,</l>
        <l>To see him passe on to the Capitoll.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>Thou hast some suite to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, hast
            thou not?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <l>That I haue Lady, if it will please <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>
        </l>
        <l>To be so good <gap extent="2"
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="bleedThrough"
            resp="#LMC"/>
            <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, as to heare me:</l>
        <l>I shall beseech him to befriend himself.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-<lb/>wards <gap
            extent="4"
            unit="chars"
            reason="illegible"
            agent="bleedThrough"
            resp="#LMC"/>
        </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jc-soo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>
        <l>None that I know will be,</l>

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<|>Much that I feare may chance:</|>  
 <|>Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:</|>  
 <|>The throng <gap extent="4"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/> followes <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> at the  
 heeles,</|>  
 <|>Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,</|>  
 <|>Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:</|>  
 <|>Ile get me to a place more vo<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/>d, and  
 there</|>  
 <|>Speake to great <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> as he comes  
 along.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-por">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>  
 <|>I m<gap extent="2"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/>t; go <gap extent="2"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/>:</|>  
 <|>Aye me! How weake a thing</|>  
 <|>The heart of woman is? O <hi rend="italic">B<gap extent="5"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/>  
 </hi>,</|>  
 <|>The Heauens speede thee <gap extent="2"  
 unit="words"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="bleedThrough"  
 resp="#LMC"/>  
 enterprize.</|>  
 <|>Sure the Boy heard me: <gap extent="1"  
 unit="words"  
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"  
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"  
 resp="#LMC"/> hath a suite</|>  
 <|>That <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> will not grant. O, I grow

faint:</l>  
 <l>Run <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, and commend me to my  
 Lord,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Say I am merry; Come to me againe,</l>  
 <l>And bring me word what he doth say to thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="3">  
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">  
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cæsar, Brutus,  
 Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Tre-<lb/>bonius, Cynna, Antony,  
 Lepidus, Artimedorus, Pub-<lb/>lius, and the Soothsayer.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>The Ides of March are come.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-soo">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Sooth.</speaker>  
 <l>I <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, but not gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-art">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>  
 <l>Haile <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: Read this scedule.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Trebonius</hi> doth desire you to  
 ore-read</l>  
 <l>(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-art">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, reade mine first: for mine's a  
 suite</l>  
 <l>That touches <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> neerer. Read it  
 great <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
 <l>What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-art">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>



<l>Delay not <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, read it instantly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>What, is the fellow mad?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pub">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pub.</speaker>  
   <l>Sirra, giue place.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?</l>  
   <l>Come to the Capitoll.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pop">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Popil.</speaker>  
   <l>I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>What enterprize <hi rend="italic">Popillius</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pop">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Popil.</speaker>  
   <l>Fare you well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>What said <hi rend="italic">Popillius Lena</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:</l>  
   <l>I feare our purpose is discouered.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Looke how he makes to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: marke  
   him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi> be sodaine, for we feare  
   preuention.</l>  
   <l>Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,</l>  
   <l>  
   <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> or <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 neuer shall turne backe,</l>

<l>For I will slay my selfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> be constant:</l>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Popillius Lena</hi> speakes not of our  
     purposes,</l>  
   <l>For looke he smiles, and <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth not  
   change.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Trebonius</hi> knowes his time: for look you  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>He drawes <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi> out of the  
 way.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Deci.</speaker>  
   <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Metellus Cimber</hi>, let him  
 go,</l>  
   <l>And presently preferre his suite to <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>He is address: presse neere, and second him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, you are the first that reares your  
     hand.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
   <l>Are we all ready? What is now amisse,</l>  
   <l>That <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> and his Senate must  
   redresse?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-met">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Metel.</speaker>  
   <l>Most high, most mighty, and most puisant <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>

Seate</l> <hi rend="italic">Metellus Cymber</hi> throwes before thy

<l>An humble heart.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cae">

<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>

<l>I must preuent thee <hi rend="italic">Cymber</hi>:</l>

<l>These couchings, and these lowly courtesies</l>

<l>Might fire the blood of ordinary men,</l>

<l>And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree</l>

<l>Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,</l>

<l>To thinke that <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> beares such Rebell  
blood</l>

<l>That will be thaw'd from the true quality</l>

<l>With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,</l>

<l>Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:</l>

<l>Thy Brother by decree is banished:</l>

<l>If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,</l>

<l>I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:</l>

<l>Know, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth not wrong, nor

without

cause</l>

<l>Will he be satisfied.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-met">

<speaker rend="italic">Metel.</speaker>

<l>Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0729-0.jpg" n="119"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>To sound more sweetly in great <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
eare,</l>

<l>For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>:</l>

<l>Desiring thee, that <hi rend="italic">Publius Cymber</hi>  
may</l>

<l>Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cae">

<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>

<l>What <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Pardon <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: <hi

*Cæsar* pardon:  
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Cassius*  
fall,  
To begge infranchisement for *Publius  
Cymber*.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,  
<I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:  
<I am constant as the Northerne Starre,  
<I of whose true fixt, and resting quality,  
<I there is no fellow in the Firmament.  
<I The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,  
<I They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:  
<I But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
<I So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,  
<I And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue;  
<I Yet in the number, I do know but One  
<I That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,  
<I Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,  
<I Let me a little shew it, euen in this:  
<I That I was constant *Cymber* should be  
banish'd,  
<I And constant do remaine to keepe him so.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<I O *Cæsar*.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<I Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
<speaker rend="italic">Decius.</speaker>  
<I Great *Cæsar*.  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>  
<I Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
<I Speake hands for me.  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They stab  
Cæsar.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cæs.</speaker>

<l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Et Tu Brutè?</hi> □ Then fall <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
     <l>Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,</l>  
     <l>Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <l>Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out</l>  
     <l>Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>People and Senators, be not affrighted:</l>  
     <l>Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
     <l>Go to the Pulpit <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Dec.</speaker>  
     <l>And <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Where's <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cin">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
     <l>Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-met">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Met.</speaker>  
     <l>Stand fast together, least some Friend of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
     </l>  
     <l>Should chance □</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Talke not of standing. <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> good  
     cheere,</l>  
     <l>There is no harme intended to your person,</l>  
     <l>Nor to no Roman else: so tell them <hi  
 rend="italic">Publius</hi>.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
    <l>And leaue vs <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi>, least that the  
        people</l>  
    <l>Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <l>Do so, and let no man abide this deede,</l>  
    <l>But we the Doers.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Trebonius.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
    <l>Where is <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-tre">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Treb.</speaker>  
    <l>Fled to his House amaz'd:</l>  
    <l>Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,</l>  
    <l>As it were Doomesday.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <l>Fates, we will know your pleasures:</l>  
    <l>That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time</l>  
    <l>And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-csc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cask.</speaker>  
    <l>Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,</l>  
    <l>Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <l>Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:</l>  
    <l>So are we <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Friends, that haue  
        abridg'd</l>  
    <l>His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,</l>  
    <l>And let vs bathe our hands in <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
        blood</l>  
    <l>Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:</l>  
    <cb n="2"/>  
    <l>Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,</l>  
    <l>And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,</l>  
    <l>Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence</l>  
 <l>Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,</l>  
 <l>In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>How many times shall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> bleed in  
 sport,</l>  
 <l>That now on <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> Basis lye  
 along,</l>  
 <l>No worthier then the dust?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>So oft as that shall be,</l>  
 <l>So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,</l>  
 <l>The Men that gauë their Country liberty.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-dec">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Dec.</speaker>  
 <l>What, shall we forth?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>I, euery man away.</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> shall leade, and we will grace his  
 heeles</l>  
 <l>With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Seruant.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Soft, who comes heere? A friend of <hi  
 rend="italic">Antonies</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ser">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
 <l>Thus <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> did my Master bid me  
 kneele;</l>  
 <l>Thus did <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi> bid me fall  
 downe,</l>  
 <l>And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and  
 Honest;</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and  
 Louing:</l>  
 <l>Say, I loue <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, and I honour him;</l>

<l>Say, I fear'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, honour'd him, and  
 lou'd him.</l>

<l>If <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> will vouchsafe, that <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>

</l>

<l>May safely come to him, and be resolu'd</l>

<l>How <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hath deseru'd to lye in  
 death,</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>, shall not loue <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> dead</l>

<l>So well as <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> liuing; but will  
 follow</l>

<l>The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>

<l>Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,</l>

<l>With all true Faith. So sayes my Master <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,</l>

<l>I neuer thought him worse:</l>

<l>Tell him, so please him come vnto this place</l>

<l>He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor</l>

<l>Depart vntouch'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>

<l>Ile fetch him presently.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Seruant.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde</l>

<l>That feares him much: and my misgiuing still</l>

<l>Falles shrewdly to the purpose.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antony.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>But heere comes <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>:</l>

<l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>



<l>O mighty <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>! Dost thou lye so  
lowe?</l>  
<l>Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,</l>  
<l>Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.</l>  
<l>I know not Gentlemen what you intend,</l>  
<l>Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:</l>  
<l>If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit</l>  
<l>As <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> deaths houre; nor no  
Instrument</l>  
<l>Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich</l>  
<l>With the most Noble blood of all this World.</l>  
<l>I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,</l>  
<l>Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,</l>  
<l>Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,</l>  
<l>I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.</l>  
<l>No place will please me so, no meane of death,</l>  
<l>As heere by <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and by you cut  
off,</l>  
<l>The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>! Begge not your death of

vs:</l>

<l>Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,</l>  
<l>As by our hands, and this our present Acte</l>  
<l>You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0730-0.jpg" n="120"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>

<l>And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:</l>  
<l>Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:</l>  
<l>And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,</l>  
<l>As fire driues out fire, so pittie, pittie</l>  
<l>Hath done this deed on <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. For your  
part,</l>  
<l>To you, our Swords haue leaden points <hi rend="italic">Marke  
Antony</hi>:</l>  
<l>Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts</l>  
<l>Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,</l>  
<l>With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,</l>

<l>In the disposing of new Dignities.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<|>Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd</|>  
<|>The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,</|>  
<|>And then, we will deliuer you the cause,</|>  
<|>Why I, that did loue <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> when I  
strooke him,</|>  
<|>Haue thus proceeded.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<|>I doubt not of your Wisedome:</|>

<|>Let each man render me his bloody hand.</|>

<|>First <hi rend="italic">Marcus Brutus</hi> will I shake with

you;</|>

<|>Next <hi rend="italic">Caius Cassius</hi> do I take your

hand;</|>

<|>Now <hi rend="italic">Decius Brutus</hi> yours; now yours <hi  
rend="italic">Metellus</hi>;</|>

<|>Yours <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi>; and my valiant <hi  
rend="italic">Caska</hi>, yours;</|>

<|>Though last, not least in loue, yours good <hi  
rend="italic">Trebonius</hi>.</|>

<|>Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,</|>

<|>My credit now stands on such slippery ground,</|>

<|>That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,</|>

<|>Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.</|>

<|>That I did loue thee <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, O 'tis  
true:</|>

<|>If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,</|>

<|>Shall it not greue thee deerer then thy death,</|>

<|>To see thy <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> making his peace,</|>

<|>Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?</|>

<|>Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,</|>

<|>Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,</|>

<|>Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,</|>

<|>It would become me better, then to close</|>

<|>In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.</|>

<|>Pardon me <hi rend="italic">Iulius</hi>, heere was't thou bay'd

braue

Hart,</|>

<|>Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand</|>

<|>Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.</|>

<|>O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,</|>

<|>And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.</|>

<|>How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,</|>

<|>Dost thou heere lye?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<|>

<hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>.</|>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>Pardon me <hi rend="italic">Caius Cassius:</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>The Enemies of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, shall say  
 this:</l>  
 <l>Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>I blame you not for praising <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 so.</l>  
 <l>But what compact meane you to haue with vs?</l>  
 <l>Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,</l>  
 <l>Or shall we on, and not depend on you?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed</l>  
 <l>Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 <l>Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,</l>  
 <l>Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,</l>  
 <l>Why, and wherein, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> was  
 dangerous.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:</l>  
 <l>Our Reasons are so full of good regard,</l>  
 <l>That were you <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, the Sonne of <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>You should be satisfied.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>That's all I seeke,</l>  
 <l>And am moreouer sutor, that I may</l>  
 <l>Produce his body to the Market-place,</l>  
 <l>And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,</l>  
 <l>Speake in the Order of his Funerall.</l>  
</sp>  
<cb n="2"/>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>You shall <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, a word with you:</l>  
 <l>You know not what you do; Do not consent</l>  
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> speake in his Funerall:</l>  
 <l>Know you how much the people may be mou'd</l>  
 <l>By that which he will vtter.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>By your pardon:</l>  
     <l>I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,</l>  
     <l>And shew the reason of our <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
         death.</l>  
     <l>What <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> shall speake, I will  
 protest</l>  
     <l>He speakes by leaue, and by permission:</l>  
     <l>And that we are contented <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
         shall</l>  
     <l>Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,</l>  
     <l>It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <l>I know not what may fall, I like it not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>  
         <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>, heere take you <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> body:</l>  
     <l>You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,</l>  
     <l>But speake all good you can deuise of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
     <l>And say you doo't by our permission:</l>  
     <l>Else shall you not haue any hand at all</l>  
     <l>About his Funerall. And you shall speake</l>  
     <l>In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,</l>  
     <l>After my speech is ended.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>Be it so:</l>  
     <l>I do desire no more.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Prepare the body then, and follow vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Antony.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<|>O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:</|>  
<|>That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.</|>  
<|>Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man</|>  
<|>That euer liued in the Tide of Times.</|>  
<|>Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.</|>  
<|>Ouer thy wounds, now do I Propheisie,</|>  
<|>(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,</|>  
<|>To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)</|>  
<|>A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;</|>  
<|>Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,</|>  
<|>Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:</|>  
<|>Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,</|>  
<|>And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,</|>  
<|>That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold</|>  
<|>Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:</|>  
<|>All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,</|>  
<|>And <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Spirit ranging for  
Reuenge,</|>  
<|>With <hi rend="italic">Ate</hi> by his side, come hot from

Hell,</|>

<|>Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,</|>  
<|>Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,</|>  
<|>That this foule deede, shall smell aboute the earth</|>  
<|>With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.</|>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Octauio's  
Seruant.</stage>  
<|>You serue <hi rend="italic">Octavius Cæsar</hi>, do you  
not?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ser">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
<|>I do <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<|>  
<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> did write for him to come to  
Rome.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ser">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
<|>He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,</|>  
<|>And bid me say to you by word of mouth□</|>  
<|>O <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>!</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<|>Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:</|>  
<|>Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,</|>

<l>Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,</l>  
 <l>Began to water. Is thy Master comming?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ser">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>  
   <l>He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>Post backe with speede,</l>  
   <l>And tell him what hath chanc'd:</l>  
   <l>Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,</l>  
   <l>No Rome of safety for <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi> yet,</l>  
   <l>Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,</l>  
   <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Thou</fw>  
   <pb facs="Fimg:axc0731-0.jpg" n="121"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <l>Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course</l>  
   <l>Into the Market place: There shall I try</l>  
   <l>In my Oration, how the People take</l>  
   <l>The cruell issue of these bloody men,</l>  
   <l>According to the which, thou shalt discourse</l>  
   <l>To yong <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, of the state of  
 things.</l>  
   <l>Lend me your hand.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brutus and goes  
 into the  
   Pulpit, and Cassi-<lb/>us, with the Plebeians.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pls">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ple.</speaker>  
   <l>We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.</l>  
   <l>Cassius go you into the other streete,</l>  
   <l>And part the Numbers:</l>  
   <l>Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;</l>  
   <l>Those that will follow <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, go with  
   him,</l>  
   <l>And publike Reasons shall be rendred</l>  
   <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ple.1">

<speaker rend="italic">1. Ple.</speaker>  
 <l>I will heare <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> speake.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
 <l>I will heare <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, and compare their  
 Reasons,</l>  
 <l>When seuerally we heare them rendred.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>  
 <l>The Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is ascended:  
 Silence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <p>Be patient till the last. <lb/>Romans, Countrey-men, and  
 Louers, heare mee for my <lb/>cause, and be silent, that you may  
 heare. Beleeue me for <lb/>mine Honor, and haue respect to mine  
 Honor, that you <lb/>may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisdom,  
 and  
 awake <lb/>your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there  
 bee  
 <lb/>any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>, to him <lb/>I say, that <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 loue to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, was no  
 lesse then his. If <lb/>then, that Friend demand, why <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi> rose against <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, <lb/>this is my  
 answer: Not that I lou'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> lesse, but <lb/>that I lou'd  
 Rome more. Had you rather <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> were  
 li-<lb/>uing, and dye all Slaues; then that <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> were dead, to <lb/>liue all Free-men?  
 As <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> lou'd mee, I weepe for him;  
 <lb/>as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I  
 <lb/>honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There  
 <lb/>is  
 Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for <lb/>his  
 Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere <lb/>so base,  
 that  
 would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him <lb/>haue I  
 offended. Who  
 is heere so rude, that would not <lb/>be a Roman? If any, speak,  
 for  
 him haue I offended. Who <lb/>is heere so vile, that will not loue  
 his Countrey? If any, <lb/>speake, for him haue I offended. I  
 pause  
 for a Reply.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-all">  
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>

<p>None <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, none.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
 <p>Then none haue I offended. I haue done no <lb/>more to <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, then you shall do to <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>. The Questi-<lb/>on of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not <lb/>extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-<lb/>forc'd, for which he suffered death.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.</stage>
 <p>Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by <hi rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>, who
 <lb/>though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the be-<lb/>nefit of his dying, a place in the <choice>
 <abbr>Cōmonwealth</abbr>
 <expan>Commonwealth</expan>
 </choice>, as which <lb/>of you shall not. With this I depart, that as

I

slewe my <lb/>best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dag-<lb/>ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need <lb/>my death.</p>
 <sp who="#F-jc-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>Liue <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, liue, liue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
 <l>Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>
 <l>Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">
 <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
 <l>Let him be <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">
 <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> better parts,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Shall be Crown'd in <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>
 <l>Wee'l bring him to his House,</l>



<l>With Showts and Clamors.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>My Country-men.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
   <l>Peace, silence, <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> speakes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
   <l>Peace ho.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,</l>  
   <l>And (for my sake) stay heere with <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>:</l>  
   <l>Do grace to <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Corpes, and grace  
   his Speech</l>  
   <l>Tending to <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Glories, which <hi  
 rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>(By our permission) is allow'd to make.</l>  
   <l>I do intreat you, not a man depart,</l>  
   <l>Saue I alone, till <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> haue spoke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
   <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>  
   <l>Stay ho, and let vs heare <hi rend="italic">Mark  
 Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
   <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
   <l>Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,</l>  
   <l>Wee'l heare him: Noble <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> go  
 vp.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>For <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sake, I am beholding to  
 you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
   <l>What does he say of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">

<speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
 <l>He sayes, for <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sake</l>  
 <l>He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
 <speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
 <l>'Twere best he speake no harme of <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 heere?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>  
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> was a Tyrant.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
 <l>Nay that's certaine:</l>  
 <l>We are blest that Rome is rid of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
 <l>Peace, let vs heare what <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> can  
 say.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>You gentle Romans.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-all">  
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
 <l>Peace hoe, let vs heare him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
 <l>Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:</l>  
 <l>I come to bury <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, not to praise  
 him:</l>  
 <l>The euill that men do, liues after them,</l>  
 <l>The good is oft enterred with their bones,</l>  
 <l>So let it be with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>. The Noble <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Hath told you <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> was Ambitious:</l>  
 <l>If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,</l>  
 <l>And greeuously hath <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> answer'd  
 it.</l>  
 <l>Heere, vnder leaue of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, and the  
 rest</l>  
 <l>(For <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is an Honourable man,</l>  
 <l>So are they all; all Honourable men)</l>  
 <l>Come I to speake in <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>

Funerall.</l>  
 <l>He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;</l>  
 <l>But <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious,</l>  
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is an Honourable man.</l>  
 <l>He hath brought many Captiuies home to Rome,</l>  
 <l>Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:</l>  
 <l>Did this in <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> seeme Ambitious?</l>  
 <l>When that the poore haue cry'de, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
 hath wept:</l>  
 <l>Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,</l>  
 <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious:</l>  
 <l>And <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is an Honourable man.</l>  
 <l>You all did see, that on the <hi  
 rend="italic">Lupercall</hi>,</l>  
 <l>I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,</l>  
 <l>Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?</l>  
 <l>Yet <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious:</l>  
 <l>And sure he is an Honourable man.</l>  
 <l>I speake not to disprooue what <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 spoke,</l>  
 <l>But heere I am, to speake what I do know;</l>  
 <l>You all did loue him once, not without cause,</l>  
 <l>What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?</l>  
 <l>O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,</l>  
 <l>And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,</l>  
 <l>My heart is in the Coffin there with <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>  
 <l>Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
 <l>If thou consider rightly of the matter,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> ha's had great wrong.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
 <l>Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in <lb  
 rend="turnover"/>  
 <pc rend="turnover"></pc>his place.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">II</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">4 Marke</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0732-0.jpg" n="122"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
   <l>Mark'd ye his words? he would not take <choice>  
     <abbr>ẏ</abbr>  
     <expan>the</expan>  
   </choice> Crown,</l>  
   <l>Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
   <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
   <l>If it be found so, some will deere abide it.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
   <l>Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
   <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>  
   <l>There's not a Nobler man in Rome then <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
   <l>Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>But yesterday, the word of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
     might</l>  
   <l>Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,</l>  
   <l>And none so poore to do him reuerence.</l>  
   <l>O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre</l>  
   <l>Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,</l>  
   <l>I should do <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> wrong, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi> wrong:</l>  
   <l>Who (you all know) are Honourable men.</l>  
   <l>I will not do them wrong: I rather choose</l>  
   <l>To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,</l>  
   <l>Then I will wrong such Honourable men.</l>  
   <l>But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
   <l>I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:</l>  
   <l>Let but the Commons heare this Testament:</l>  
   <l>(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,</l>  
   <l>And they would go and kisse dead <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
     wounds,</l>  
   <l>And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;</l>  
   <l>Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,</l>  
   <l>And dying, mention it within their Willes,</l>

<l>Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie</l>  
 <l>Vnto their issue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
   <l>Wee'l heare the Will, reade it <hi rend="italic">Marke  
     Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <l>The Will, the Will; we will heare <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 Will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.</l>  
   <l>It is not meete you know how <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>  
     lou'd you:</l>  
   <l>You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:</l>  
   <l>And being men, hearing the Will of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
   <l>It will inflame you, it will make you mad:</l>  
   <l>'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,</l>  
   <l>For if you should, O what would come of it?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
   <l>Read the Will, wee'l heare it <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>:</l>  
   <l>You shall reade vs the Will, <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
     Will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?</l>  
   <l>I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,</l>  
   <l>I feare I wrong the Honourable men,</l>  
   <l>Whose Daggers haue stabb'd <hi rend="italic">Cæsar:</hi> I do  
     feare it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
   <speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
   <l>They were Traitors: Honourable men?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-all">  
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
   <l>The Will, the Testament.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
   <speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
   <l>They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the

<lb/>Will.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>You will compell me then to read the Will:</l>  
<l>Then make a Ring about the Corpes of <hi  
rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
<l>And let me shew you him that made the Will:</l>  
<l>Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
<l>Come downe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
<l>Descend.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
<speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
<l>You shall haue leaue.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
<speaker rend="italic">4</speaker>  
<l>A Ring, stand round.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>  
<l>Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
<l>Roome for <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, most Noble <hi  
rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
<l>Stand backe: roome, beare backe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.</l>  
<l>You all do know this Mantle, I remember</l>  
<l>The first time euer <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> put it  
on,</l>  
<l>'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,</l>

<\/>That day he ouercame the <hi rend="italic">Neruij<\/hi>.<\/>  
 <\/>Looke, in this place ran <hi rend="italic">Cassius<\/hi> Dagger  
 through:<\/>  
 <\/>See what a rent the enuious <hi rend="italic">Caska<\/hi>  
 made:<\/>  
 <\/>Through this, the wel-beloued <hi rend="italic">Brutus<\/hi>  
 stabb'd,<\/>  
 <\/>And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:<\/>  
 <cb n="2"\/>  
 <\/>Marke how the blood of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar<\/hi> followed  
 it,<\/>  
 <\/>As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd<\/>  
 <\/>If <hi rend="italic">Brutus<\/hi> so vnkindely knock'd, or  
 no:<\/>  
 <\/>For <hi rend="italic">Brutus<\/hi>, as you know, was <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars<\/hi> Angel.<\/>  
 <\/>Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely <hi rend="italic">Cæsar<\/hi>  
 lou'd him:<\/>  
 <\/>This was the most vnkindest cut of all.<\/>  
 <\/>For when the Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar<\/hi> saw him  
 stab,<\/>  
 <\/>Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,<\/>  
 <\/>Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,<\/>  
 <\/>And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,<\/>  
 <\/>Euen at the Base of <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes<\/hi> Statue<\/>  
 <\/>(Which all the while ran blood) great <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar<\/hi> fell.<\/>  
 <\/>O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?<\/>  
 <\/>Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,<\/>  
 <\/>Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.<\/>  
 <\/>O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele<\/>  
 <\/>The dint of pittie: These are gracious droppes.<\/>  
 <\/>Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold<\/>  
 <\/>Our <hi rend="italic">Cæsars<\/hi> Vesture wounded? Looke  
 you  
 heere,<\/>  
 <\/>Heere is Himselve, marr'd as you see with Traitors.<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>O pitteous spectacle!<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>O Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar<\/hi>!<\/>  
 <\/sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3.<\/speaker>  
 <\/>O wofull day!<\/>  
 <\/sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
     <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
     <l>O Traitors, Villaines!</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
     <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
     <l>O most bloody sight!</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
     <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
     <l>We will be reueng'd: Reuenge</l>  
     <l>About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,</l>  
     <l>Let not a Traitor liue.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>Stay Country-men.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
     <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
     <l>Peace there, heare the Noble <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
     <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
     <l>Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with <lb/>him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre <lb  
 rend="turnover"/>  
     <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>you vp</l>  
     <l>To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:</l>  
     <l>They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.</l>  
     <l>What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,</l>  
     <l>That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,</l>  
     <l>And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.</l>  
     <l>I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,</l>  
     <l>I am no Orator, as <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is:</l>  
     <l>But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man</l>  
     <l>That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,</l>  
     <l>That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:</l>  
     <l>For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,</l>  
     <l>Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,</l>  
     <l>To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:</l>  
     <l>I tell you that, which you your selues do know,</l>  
     <l>Shew you sweet <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> wounds, poor  
 poor  
     dum mouths</l>  
     <l>And bid them speake for me: But were I <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>



<l>And <hi rend="italic">Brutus Antony</hi>, there were an <hi  
rend="italic">Antony</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue</l>  
<l>In euery Wound of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, that should  
moue</l>  
<l>The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
<l>Wee'l Mutiny.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1</speaker>  
<l>Wee'l burne the house of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
<speaker rend="italic">3</speaker>  
<l>Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
<l>Peace hoe, heare <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, most Noble <hi  
rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:</l>  
<l>Wherein hath <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> thus deseru'd your  
loues?</l>  
<l>Alas you know not, I must tell you then:</l>  
<l>You haue forgot the Will I told you of.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
<speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
<l>Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
<l>Heere is the Will, and vnder <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
Seale:</l>  
<l>To euery Roman Citizen he giues,</l>  
<l>To euery seuerall man, seenty fiue Drachmaes.</l>  
</sp>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">2. <hi  
rend="italic">Ple.</hi>

</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0733-0.jpg" n="123"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.2">  
    <speaker rend="italic">2 Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>Most Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, wee'l reuenge his  
        death.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.3">  
    <speaker rend="italic">3 Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>O Royall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
    <l>Heare me with patience.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-all">  
    <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>  
    <l>Peace hoe</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
    <l>Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,</l>  
    <l>His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,</l>  
    <l>On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,</l>  
    <l>And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures</l>  
    <l>To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.</l>  
    <l>Heere was a <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: when comes such  
        another?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.1">  
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:</l>  
    <l>Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,</l>  
    <l>And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.</l>  
    <l>Take vp the body.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.2">  
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>Go fetch fire.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.3">  
    <speaker rend="italic">3. Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>Plucke downe Benches.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-ple.4">  
    <speaker rend="italic">4. Ple.</speaker>  
    <l>Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.</l>  
</sp>

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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Plebeians.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,</l>
  <l>Take thou what course thou wilt.</l>
  <l>How now Fellow?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruant.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi> is already come to
Rome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Where is hee?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>He and <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> are at <hi
rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> house.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>And thither will I straight, to visit him:</l>
  <l>He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,</l>
  <l>And in this mood will giue vs any thing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <l>I heard him say, <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Cassius</hi>
  <l>Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Belike they had some notice of the people</l>
  <l>How I had moued them. Bring me to Octavius.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cinna the Poet, and
after
  him the Plebeians.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jc-cnp">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>
    <l>I dreamt to night, that I did feast with <hi

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rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:</l>  
 <l>I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,</l>  
 <l>Yet something leads me foorth.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
 <p>What is your name?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
 <p>Whether are you going?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>  
 <p>Wh<gap extent="1"  
 unit="chars"  
 reason="illegible"  
 agent="inkBlot"  
 resp="#LMC"/>re do you dwell?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
 <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
 <p>Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
 <speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
 <p>Answer euery man directly.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
 <p>I, and breiefely.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
 <speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
 <p>I, and wisely.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
 <speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>  
 <p>I, and truly, you were best.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>  
 <p>What is my name? Whether am I going? Where <lb/>do I  
 dwell? Am I a  
 married man, or a Batchellour? Then <lb/>to answer euery man,  
 directly and breiefely, wisely and <lb/>truly: wisely I say, I am a  
 Batchellor.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">

<speaker rend="italic">2</speaker>  
<p>That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar-**</b>**rie:  
you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede  
di-**</b>**rectly.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<p>Directly I am going to **<hi rend="italic">**Cæsars**</hi>**  
Funerall.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
<p>As a Friend, or an Enemy?</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<p>As a friend.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.2">  
<speaker rend="italic">2.</speaker>  
<p>That matter is answered directly.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
<speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
<p>For your dwelling: breefely.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<p>Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">  
<speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>  
<p>Your name sir, truly.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<p>Truly, my name is **<hi rend="italic">**Cinna**</hi>**.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.1">  
<speaker rend="italic">1.</speaker>  
<p>Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cinna.</speaker>  
<p>I am **<hi rend="italic">**Cinna**</hi>** the Poet, I am **<hi  
rend="italic">**Cinna**</hi>** the Poet.</p>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">  
<speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>  
<p>Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad

<lb/>Verses.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-jc-cnp">
<speaker rend="italic">Cin.</speaker>
<p>I am not <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi> the Conspirator.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.4">
<speaker rend="italic">4.</speaker>
<p>It is no matter, his name's <hi rend="italic">Cinna</hi>, plucke
but
his <lb/>name out of his heart, and turne him going.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cit.3">
<speaker rend="italic">3.</speaker>
<p>Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: <lb/>to <hi
rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, to <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,
burne all. Some to <hi rend="italic">Decius</hi> House,
<lb/>and
some to <hi rend="italic">Caska's</hi>; some to <hi
rend="italic">Ligarius</hi>: Away, go.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt all the
Plebeians.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antony, Octavius,
and
Lepidus.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>These many then shall die, their names are prickt</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-oct">
<speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
<l>Your Brother too must dye: consent you <hi
rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-lep">
<speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>
<l>I do consent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-oct">
<speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>
<l>Pricke him downe <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-lep">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>  
   <l>Vpon condition <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi> shall not  
 liue,</l>  
   <l>Who is your Sisters sonne, <hi rend="italic">Marke  
 Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.</l>  
   <l>But <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, go you to <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> house:</l>  
   <l>Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine</l>  
   <l>How to cut off some charge in Legacies.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lep">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lep.</speaker>  
   <l>What? shall I finde you heere?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <l>Or heere, or at the Capitoll.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Lepidus</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>This is a slight vnmeritable man,</l>  
   <l>Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit</l>  
   <l>The three-fold World diuided, he should stand</l>  
   <l>One of the three to share it?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <l>So you thought him,</l>  
   <l>And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye</l>  
   <l>In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, I haue seene more dayes then  
     you,</l>  
   <l>And though we lay these Honours on this man,</l>  
   <l>To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,</l>  
   <l>He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,</l>  
   <l>To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,</l>  
   <l>Either led or driuen, as we point the way:</l>  
   <l>And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,</l>  
   <l>Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off</l>  
   <l>(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,</l>

<|>And graze in Commons.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <|>You may do your will:</|>  
   <|>But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <|>So is my Horse <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, and for  
 that</|>  
   <|>I do appoint him store of Prouender.</|>  
   <|>It is a Creature that I teach to fight,</|>  
   <|>To winde, to stop, to run directly on:</|>  
   <|>His corporall Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,</|>  
   <|>And in some taste, is <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi> but so:</|>  
   <|>He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:</|>  
   <|>A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds</|>  
   <|>On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.</|>  
   <|>Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men</|>  
   <|>Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,</|>  
   <|>But as a property: and now <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>,</|>  
   <|>Listen great things. <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>  
   </|>  
   <|>Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:</|>  
   <|>Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,</|>  
   <|>Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,</|>  
   <|>And let vs presently go sit in Councell,</|>  
   <|>How couert matters may be best disclos'd,</|>  
   <|>And open Perils surest answered.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <|>Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,</|>  
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">II2</fw>  
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>  
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0734-0.jpg" n="124"/>  
   <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
   <cb n="1"/>  
   <|>And bayed about with many Enemies,</|>  
   <|>And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare</|>  
   <|>Millions of Mischeefes.</|>  
 </sp>  
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Drum. Enter Brutus,  
 Lucillius, and



the Army. Titinius **and** Pindarus meete them.

**Bru.**  
*Stand ho.*

**Lucil.**  
*Giue the word ho, and Stand.*

**Bru.**  
*What now Lucillius, is Cassius neere?*

**Lucil.**  
*He is at hand, and Pindarus is come  
 To do you salutation from his Master.*

**Bru.**  
*He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus  
 In his owne change, or by ill Officers,  
 Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand  
 I shall be satisfied.*

**Pin.**  
*I do not doubt  
 But that my Noble Master will appeare  
 Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.*

**Bru.**  
*He is not doubted. A word Lucillius  
 How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.*

**Lucil.**  
*With courtesie, and with respect enough,  
 But not with such familiar instances,  
 Nor with such free and friendly Conference  
 As he hath vs'd of old.*

**Bru.**  
*Thou hast describ'd*

<|>A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note <hi  
 rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>,</|>  
 <|>When Loue begins to sicken and decay</|>  
 <|>It vseth an enforced Ceremony.</|>  
 <|>There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:</|>  
 <|>But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,</|>  
 <|>Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:</|>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Low March  
 within.</stage>  
 <|>But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,</|>  
 <|>They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades</|>  
 <|>Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lcl">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>  
 <|>They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:</|>  
 <|>The greater part, the Horse in generall</|>  
 <|>Are come with <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Cassius and his  
 Powers.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>Hearke, he is arriu'd:</|>  
 <|>March gently on to meete him.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <|>Stand ho.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>Stand ho, speake the word along.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-sol.1">  
 <|>Stand.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-sol.2">  
 <|>Stand.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-sol.3">  
 <|>Stand.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <|>Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.</|>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <|>Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?</|>

<l>And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, this sober forme of yours, hides  
 wrongs,</l>  
 <l>And when you do them□</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, be content,</l>  
 <l>Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.</l>  
 <l>Before the eyes of both our Armies heere</l>  
 <l>(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)</l>  
 <l>Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:</l>  
 <l>Then in my Tent <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> enlarge your  
 Greefes,</l>  
 <l>And I will giue you Audience.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off</l>  
 <l>A little from this ground.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>, do you the like, and let no  
 man</l>  
 <l>Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.</l>  
 <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi>  
 guard our doore.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Brutus and  
 Cassius.</stage>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:</l>  
 <l>You haue condemn'd, and noted <hi rend="italic">Lucius  
 Pella</hi>

</l>  
<l>For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians,</l>  
<l>Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,</l>  
<l>Because I knew the man was slighted off.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>In such a time as this, it is not meet</l>

<l>That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Let me tell you <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, you your

selfe</l>

<l>Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,</l>

<l>To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold</l>

<l>To Vndeseruers.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>I, an itching Palme?</l>

<l>You know that you are <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> that

speakes

this,</l>

<l>Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>The name of <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> Honors this  
corruption,</l>

<l>And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Chastisement?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Remember March, the Ides of March <choice>

<abbr>remēber</abbr>

<expan>remember</expan>

</choice>:</l>

<l>Did not great <hi rend="italic">Iulius</hi> bleede for Iustice  
sake?</l>

<l>What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,</l>

<l>And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,</l>

<l>That stricke the Formost man of all this World,</l>  
<l>But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,</l>  
<l>Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?</l>  
<l>And sell the mighty space of our large Honors</l>  
<l>For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?</l>  
<l>I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,</l>  
<l>Then such a Roman.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, baite not me,</l>  
<l>Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe</l>  
<l>To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,</l>  
<l>Older in practice, Abler then your selfe</l>  
<l>To make Conditions.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Go too: you are not <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<l>I am.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>I say, you are not.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<l>Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:</l>  
<l>Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Away slight man.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
<l>Is't possible?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Heare me, for I will speake.</l>  
<l>Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?</l>  
<l>Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?</l>  
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.</l>

<l>Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,</l>

<l>And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?</l>

<l>Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch</l>

<l>Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,</l>

<l>You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene</l>

<l>Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,</l>

<l>Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter</l>

<l>When you are Waspish.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Is it come to this?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>You say, you are a better Souldier:</l>

<l>Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,</l>

<l>And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,</l>

<l>I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>

<l>You wrong me euey way:</l>

<l>You wrong me <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>:</l>

<l>I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.</l>

<l>Did I say Better?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>If you did, I care not.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>

<l>When <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> liu'd, he durst not thus

haue mou'd <lb rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>me.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

<l>Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.</l>

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">

<hi rend="italic">Cass.</hi>

</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0735-0.jpg" n="125"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>I durst not.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>No.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>What? durst not tempt him?</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>For your life you durst not.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,</l>  
   <l>I may do that I shall be sorry for.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>You haue done that you should be sorry for.</l>  
   <l>There is no terror <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> in your  
     threats:</l>  
   <l>For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,</l>  
   <l>That they passe by me, as the idle winde,</l>  
   <l>Which I respect not. I did send to you</l>  
   <l>For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,</l>  
   <l>For I can raise no money by vile meanes:</l>  
   <l>By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,</l>  
   <l>And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring</l>  
   <l>From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash</l>  
   <l>By any indirection. I did send</l>  
   <l>To you for Gold to pay my Legions,</l>  
   <l>Which you deny'd me: was that done like <hi  
rend="italic">Cassius</hi>?</l>  
   <l>Should I haue answer'd Caius <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>  
so?</l>  
   <l>When Marcus <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> growes so  
Couetous,</l>  
   <l>To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,</l>  
   <l>Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,</l>  
   <l>Dash him to peeces.</l>  
</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>I deny'd you not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>You did.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>I did not. He was but a Foole</l>  
   <l>That brought my answer back. <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 hath riu'd  
   my hart:</l>  
   <l>A Friend should beare his Friends infirmitie;</l>  
   <l>But <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> makes mine greater then they  
   are.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>I do not, till you practice them on me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>You loue me not.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>I do not like your faults.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare</l>  
   <l>As huge as high Olympus.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, and yong Octavius  
 come,</l>  
   <l>Reuenge your selues alone on <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>For <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> is a-weary of the  
   World:</l>  
   <l>Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,</l>  
   <l>Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,</l>  
   <l>Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate</l>  
   <l>To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe</l>  
   <l>My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,</l>



<l>And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart</l>  
<l>Deerer then <hi rend="italic">Pluto's</hi> Mine, Richer then  
Gold:</l>  
<l>If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.</l>  
<l>I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:</l>  
<l>Strike as thou did'st at <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: For I  
know,</l>  
<l>When thou did'st hate him worst, <choice>  
<abbr>ÿ</abbr>  
<expan>thou</expan>  
</choice> loued'st him better</l>  
<l>Then euer thou loued'st <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Sheath your Dagger:</l>  
<l>Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:</l>  
<l>Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.</l>  
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, you are yoaked with a

Lambe</l>

<l>That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,</l>  
<l>Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,</l>  
<l>And strait is cold agen.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Hath <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> liu'd</l>

<l>To be but Mirth and Laughter to his <hi

rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>

<l>When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too. </l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>And my heart too.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>!</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>What's the matter?</l>

</sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Hauē not you louē enough to beare with me,</l>  
   <l>When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me</l>  
   <l>Makes me forgetfull.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Yes <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, and from henceforth</l>  
   <l>When you are ouer-earnest with your <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Poet.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-poe">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>  
   <l>Let me go in to see the Generals,</l>  
   <l>There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete</l>  
   <l>They be alone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lcl">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>  
   <l>You shall not come to them.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-poe">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>  
   <l>Nothing but death shall stay me.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
   <l>How now? What's the matter?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-poe">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Poet.</speaker>  
   <l>For shame you Generals; what do you meane?</l>  
   <l>Louē, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,</l>  
   <l>For I hauē seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
   <l>Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

fashion.</l>

<l>Beare with him <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, 'tis his  
 fashion.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:</l>  
 <l>What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?</l>  
 <l>Companion, hence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>Away, away be gone.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Poet</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi> and <hi  
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi>  
 bid the Commanders</l>  
 <l>Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>And come your selues, & bring <hi  
 rend="italic">Messala</hi> with  
 you</l>  
 <l>Immediately to vs.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <p>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, a bowle of Wine.</p>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, I am sicke of many  
 greefes.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
 <l>Of your Philosophy you make no vse,</l>  
 <l>If you giue place to accidentall euils.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>No man beares sorrow better. <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> is  
dead.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
<l>Ha? <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>She is dead.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
<l>How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?</l>  
<l>O insupportable, and touching losse!</l>  
<l>Vpon what sicknesse?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Impatient of my absence,</l>  
<l>And greefe, that yong <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi> with <hi  
rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>  
</l>  
<l>Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death</l>  
<l>That tydings came. With this she fell distract,</l>  
<l>And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
<l>And dy'd so?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Euen so.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>  
<l>O ye immortall Gods!</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Boy with Wine, and  
Tapers.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,</l>  
<l>In this I bury all vnkindnesse <hi  
rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic Inline" type="business">Drinkes</stage>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
<speaker rend="italic">Cas.</speaker>

<l>My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.</l>  
 <l>Fill <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, till the Wine ore-swell  
 the Cup:</l>  
 <l>I cannot drinke too much of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 loue.</l>

</sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Titinius and  
 Messala.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>  
 <l>Come in <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>Welcome good <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>:</l>  
 <l>Now sit we close about this Taper heere,</l>  
 <l>And call in question our necessities.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cass.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>, art thou gone?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>No more I pray you.</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, I haue heere receiued  
 Letters,</l>  
 <l>That yong <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,</l>  
 <l>Bending their Expedition toward <hi  
 rend="italic">Philippi</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">II3</fw>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
 <hi rend="italic">Mess.</hi>  
 </fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0736-0.jpg" n="126"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>  
 <l>My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>With what Addition</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>  
 <l>That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,</l>

and

<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>,&br/></l>

<hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>,</l>

<l>Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Therein our Letters do not well agree:</l>

<l>Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de</l>

<l>By their proscriptions, <hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi> being

one.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi> one?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">

<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Cicero</hi> is dead, and by that order of  
proscription</l>

<l>Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>No <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">

<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>

<l>Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Nothing <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">

<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>

<l>That me thinkes is strange.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>Why aske you?</l>

<l>Heare you ought of her, in yours?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">

<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>

<l>No my Lord.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Now as you are a Roman tell me true.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,</l>  
   <l>For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Why farewell <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>: We must die <hi  
 rend="italic">Messala</hi>:</l>  
   <l>With meditating that she must dye once,</l>  
   <l>I haue the patience to endure it now.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>I haue as much of this in Art as you,</l>  
   <l>But yet my Nature could not beare it so.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke</l>  
   <l>Of marching to <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi> presently.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>I do not thinke it good.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Your reason?</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>This it is:</l>  
   <l>'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,</l>  
   <l>So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,</l>  
   <l>Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,</l>  
   <l>Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
   <l>Good reasons must of force giue place to better:</l>  
   <l>The people 'twixt <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi>, and this

ground</l>  
 <l>Do stand but in a forc'd affection:</l>  
 <l>For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.</l>  
 <l>The Enemy, marching along by them,</l>  
 <l>By them shall make a fuller number vp,</l>  
 <l>Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:</l>  
 <l>From which aduantage shall we cut him off.</l>  
 <l>If at <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi> we do face him there,</l>  
 <l>These people at our backe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Heare me good Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,</l>  
 <l>That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:</l>  
 <l>Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,</l>  
 <l>The Enemy encreaseth euey day,</l>  
 <l>We at the height, are readie to decline.</l>  
 <l>There is a Tide in the affayres of men,</l>  
 <l>Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:</l>  
 <l>Omitted, all the voyage of their life,</l>  
 <l>Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.</l>  
 <l>On such a full Sea are we now a-float,</l>  
 <l>And we must take the current when it serues,</l>  
 <l>Or loose our Ventures.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Then with your will go on: wee'l along</l>  
 <l>Our selues, and meet them at <hi  
 rend="italic">Philippi</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,</l>  
 <l>And Nature must obey Necessitie,</l>  
 <l>Which we will niggard with a little rest:</l>  
 <l>There is no more to say.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>No more, good night,</l>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <l>Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">



<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi> my Gowne: farewell good <hi  
 rend="italic">Messala</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Good night <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>: Noble, Noble <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Good night, and good repose.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>O my deere Brother:</l>  
 <l>This was an ill beginning of the night:</l>  
 <l>Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:</l>  
 <l>Let it not <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lucius with the  
 Gowne.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Euery thing is well.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Good night my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Good night good Brother.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Messa.</hi> Good night Lord <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Farwell euery one.</l>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 <l>Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Heere in the Tent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>What, thou speak'st drowsily?</l>  
 <l>Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.</l>  
 <l>Call <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, and some other of my

men,</l>

```
<l>Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Varrus</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Varrus and
  Claudio.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-var">
  <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
  <l>Cals my Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,</l>
  <l>It may be I shall raise you by and by</l>
  <l>On businesse to my Brother <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-var">
  <speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>
  <l>So please you, we will stand,</l>
  <l>And watch your pleasure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,</l>
  <l>It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.</l>
  <l>Looke <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, heere's the booke I sought
for
  so:</l>
  <l>I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.</l>
  <l>Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,</l>
  <l>And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I my Lord, an't please you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
```

*Bru.*  
<l>It does my Boy:</l>  
<l>I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.</l>

*Luc.*  
<l>It is my duty Sir.</l>

*Brut.*  
<l>I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,</l>  
<l>I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.</l>

*Luc.*  
<l>I haue slept my Lord already.</l>

*Bru.*  
<l>It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:</l>  
<l>I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,</l>  
<l>I will be good to thee.</l>

*Musicke, and a Song.*

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

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

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

*Ghost.*  
<l>Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?</l>

*Bru.*  
<l>Why com'st thou?</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
    <hi rend="italic">Ghost.</hi>  
</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0737-0.jpg" n="127"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>  
    <l>To tell thee thou shalt see me at <hi  
rend="italic">Philippi</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
    <l>Well: then I shall see thee againe?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cae">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>  
    <l>I, at <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
    <l>Why I will see thee at <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi> then:</l>  
    <l>Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.</l>  
    <l>Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.</l>  
    <l>Boy, <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, <hi  
rend="italic">Varrus</hi>,  
        <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, Sirs: Awake: <lb/>  
        <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>The strings my Lord, are false.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <l>He thinks he still is at his Instrument.</l>  
    <l>  
        <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, awake.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
    <l>My Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
    <l>Did'st thou dreame <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>, that thou so  
        cryedst <lb/>out?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
<l>Nothing my Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Sleepe againe <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>: Sirra <hi  
rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, Fellow,</l>  
<l>Thou: Awake.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-var">  
<speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>  
<l>My Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bot">  
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>  
<l>Did we my Lord?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>I: saw you any thing?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-var">  
<speaker rend="italic">Var.</speaker>  
<l>No my Lord, I saw nothing.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cla">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clau.</speaker>  
<l>Nor I my Lord.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
<l>Go, and commend me to my Brother <hi  
rend="italic">Cassius</hi>:</l>  
<l>Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,</l>  
<l>And we will follow.</l>

</sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bot">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>  
   <l>It shall be done my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <div type="act" n="5">  
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">  
   <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>  
   <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Octavius, Antony,  
 and  
   their Army.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
     <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, our hopes are  
 answered,</l>  
     <l>You said the Enemy would not come downe,</l>  
     <l>But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:</l>  
     <l>It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,</l>  
     <l>They meane to warne vs at <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi>  
 heere:</l>  
     <l>Answering before we do demand of them.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know</l>  
     <l>Wherefore they do it: They could be content</l>  
     <l>To visit other places, and come downe</l>  
     <l>With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face</l>  
     <l>To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;</l>  
     <l>But 'tis not so.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a  
 Messenger.</stage>  
   <sp who="#F-jc-mes">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>  
     <l>Prepare you Generals,</l>  
     <l>The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:</l>  
     <l>Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,</l>  
     <l>And something to be done immediately.</l>  
 </sp>  
   <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>  
       <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, leade your Battaile softly on</l>  
     <l>Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
     <l>Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>Why do you crosse me in this exigent.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
     <l>I do not crosse you: but I will do so.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">March.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Drum. Enter Brutus,  
 Cassius, & their Army.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>They stand, and would haue parley.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
     <l>Stand fast <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>, we must out and  
     talke.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
     <l>Mark <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, shall we giue signe of  
     Battaile?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
     <l>No <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, we will answer on their  
     Charge.</l>  
     <cb n="2"/>  
     <l>Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Oct.</speaker>  
     <l>Stirre not vntill the Signall.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
     <l>Not that we loue words better, as you do.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Good words are better then bad strokes <hi  
 rend="italic">Octavius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>  
 <l>In your bad strokes <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, you giue  
 good  
 words</l>  
 <l>Witnesse the hole you made in <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 heart,</l>  
 <l>Crying long liue, Haile <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;</l>  
 <l>But for your words, they rob the <hi rend="italic">Hibla</hi>  
 Bees,</l>  
 <l>And leaue them Hony-lesse.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>Not stinglesse too.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>O yes, and soundlesse too:</l>  
 <l>For you haue stolne their buzzing <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And very wisely threat before you sting.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers</l>  
 <l>Hackt one another in the sides of <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>:</l>  
 <l>You shew'd your teethes like Apes,</l>  
 <l>And fawn'd like Hounds,</l>  
 <l>And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsars</hi>  
 feete;</l>  
 <l>Whil'st damned <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, like a Curre,  
 behinde</l>  
 <l>Stroke <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> on the necke. O you  
 Flatterers.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>



selfe,</l> <l>Flatterers? Now <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> thanke your

<l>This tongue had not offended so to day.</l>

<l>If <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> might haue rul'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-oct">

<speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>

<l>Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,</l>

<l>The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:</l>

<l>Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,</l>

<l>When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?</l>

<l>Neuer till <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> three and thirtie wounds</l>

<l>Be well aueng'd; or till another <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>

</l>

<l>Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.</l>

<l>Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-oct">

<speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>

<l>So I hope:</l>

<l>I was not borne to dye on <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>

Sword.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

<l>O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,</l>

<l>Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">

<speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>

<l>A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor</l>

<l>Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>Old <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> still.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-oct">

<speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>

<l>Come <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>: away:</l>

<l>Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.</l>

<l>If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;</l>

<l>If not, when you haue stomackes.</l>

and

and

you.</l>

Messala

strong,</l>

Ensigne</l>

```

</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Octavius, Antony,
    Army</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
    <l>Why now blow winde, swell Billow,</l>
    <l>And swimme Barke:</l>
    <l>The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
    <l>Ho <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>, hearke, a word with
    you.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Lucillius and
    Messala
        stand forth.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
    <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-msa">
    <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>
    <l>What sayes my Generall?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
    <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this
        very day</l>
        <l>Was <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> borne. Giue me thy hand
        <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>:</l>
        <l>Be thou my wisse, that against my will</l>
        <l>(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set</l>
        <l>Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.</l>
        <l>You know, that I held <hi rend="italic">Epicurus</hi>
        strong,</l>
        <l>And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,</l>
        <l>And partly credit things that do presage.</l>
        <l>Comming from <hi rend="italic">Sardis</hi>, on our former
        Ensigne</l>
        <l>Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,</l>
        <l>Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">

```

<gap extent="1"  
 unit="word"  
 reason="absent"  
 agent="torn"  
 resp="#LMC"/>  
 </fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0738-0.jpg" n="128"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <l>Who to <hi rend="italic">Philippi</hi> heere consorted vs:</l>  
 <l>This Morning are they fled away, and gone,</l>  
 <l>And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites</l>  
 <l>Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs</l>  
 <l>As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme</l>  
 <l>A Canopy most fatall, vnder which</l>  
 <l>Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
 <l>Beleeue not so.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>I but beleeue it partly,</l>  
 <l>For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd</l>  
 <l>To meete all perils, very constantly.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Euen so <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Now most Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may</l>  
 <l>Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.</l>  
 <l>But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,</l>  
 <l>Let's reason with the worst that may befall.</l>  
 <l>If we do lose this Battaile, then is this</l>  
 <l>The very last time we shall speake together:</l>  
 <l>What are you then determined to do?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,</l>  
 <l>By which I did blame <hi rend="italic">Cato</hi>, for the  
 death</l>  
 <l>Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:</l>  
 <l>But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,</l>  
 <l>For feare of what might fall, so to preuent</l>

<l>The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,</l>  
 <l>To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,</l>  
 <l>That gouerne vs below.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>Then, if we loose this Battaile,</l>  
 <l>You are contented to be led in Triumph</l>  
 <l>Thorow the streets of Rome.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>No <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, no:</l>  
 <l>Thinke not thou Noble Romane,</l>  
 <l>That euer <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> will go bound to  
 Rome,</l>  
 <l>He beares too great a minde. But this same day</l>  
 <l>Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.</l>  
 <l>And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:</l>  
 <l>Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:</l>  
 <l>For euer, and for euer, farewell <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;</l>  
 <l>If not, why then this parting was well made.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
 <l>For euer, and for euer, farewell <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>:</l>  
 <l>If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;</l>  
 <l>If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Why then leade on. O that a man might know</l>  
 <l>The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:</l>  
 <l>But it sufficeth, that the day will end,</l>  
 <l>And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Brutus and  
 Messala.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Ride, ride <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, ride and giue these  
 Billes</l>  
 <l>Vnto the Legions, on the other side.</l>

Alarum.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Lowd

<l>Let them set on at once: for I perceiue</l>

wing:</l>
 <l>But cold demeanor in <hi rend="italic">Octauius's</hi>

<l>And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:</l>

<l>Ride, ride <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, let them all come
 downe.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

</div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarums. Enter Cassius and
 Titinius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
 <l>O looke <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>, looke, the Villaines
 flye:</l>
 <l>My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:</l>
 <l>This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,</l>
 <l>I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-tit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Titin.</speaker>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, <hi
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi> gaue
 the word too early,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Who hauing some aduantage on <hi
 rend="italic">Octauius</hi>,</l>
 <l>Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,</l>
 <l>Whilst we by <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> are all inclos'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pindarus.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jc-pin">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pind.</speaker>
 <l>Flye further off my Lord: flye further off,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi> is in your Tents my Lord:</l>
 <l>Flye therefore Noble <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, flye farre
 off.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
 <l>This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look <hi
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>They are, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>, if thou louest me,</l>  
   <l>Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,</l>  
   <l>Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes</l>  
   <l>And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd</l>  
   <l>Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
   <l>I will be heere againe, euen with a thought.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Go <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi>, get higher on that hill,</l>  
   <l>My sight was euer thicke: regard <hi  
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.</l>  
   <l>This day I breathed first, Time is come round,</l>  
   <l>And where I did begin, there shall I end,</l>  
   <l>My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pin">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pind.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Aboue</hi>. O my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>What newes?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pin">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pind.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi> is enclosed round about</l>  
   <l>With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,</l>  
   <l>Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:</l>  
   <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>. Now some light: O he  
 lights  
     too.</l>  
   <l>Hee's tane.</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Showt.</stage>  
   <l>And hearke, they shout for ioy.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>  
   <l>Come downe, behold no more:</l>  
   <l>O Coward that I am, to liue so long,</l>  
   <l>To see my best Friend tane before my face</l>  
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
 Pindarus.</stage>  
   <l>Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,</l>  
   <l>And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,</l>  
   <l>That whatsoever I did bid thee do,</l>  
   <l>Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,</l>  
   <l>Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword</l>  
   <l>That ran through <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> bowels, search  
   this bosome.</l>  
   <l>Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilt,</l>  
   <l>And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,</l>  
   <l>Guide thou the Sword □ <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, thou  
   art reueng'd,</l>  
   <l>Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-pin">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Pin.</speaker>  
   <l>So, I am free,</l>  
   <l>Yet would not so haue beene</l>  
   <l>Durst I haue done my will. O <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>,</l>  
   <l>Farre from this Country Pindarus shall run,</l>  
   <l>Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Titinius and  
 Messala.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>It is but change, <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>: for <hi  
 rend="italic">Octavius</hi>  
   </l>  
   <l>Is ouerthrowne by Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 power,</l>  
   <l>As <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> Legions are by <hi  
 rend="italic">Antony</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Titin.</speaker>  
   <l>These tydings will well comfort <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>Where did you leaue him.</l>  
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titin.</speaker>  
<l>All disconsolate,</l>  
<l>With <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi> his Bondman, on this  
Hill.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
<l>Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titin.</speaker>  
<l>He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
<l>Is not that hee?</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
<speaker rend="italic">Titin.</speaker>  
<l>No, this was he <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>,</l>  
<l>But <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> is no more. O setting

Sunne:</l>

<l>As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;</l>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">So</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0739-0.jpg" n="129"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>

<l>So in his red blood <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> day is  
set.</l>

<l>The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,</l>  
<l>Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:</l>  
<l>Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
<l>Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.</l>  
<l>O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:</l>  
<l>Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men</l>  
<l>The things that are not? O Error soone conceyu'd,</l>  
<l>Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,</l>  
<l>But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.</l>

</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
<speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
<l>What <hi rend="italic">Pindarus?</hi> Where art thou <hi  
rend="italic">Pindarus?</hi>

</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-msa">



<speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
 <l>Seeke him <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>, whilst I go to  
 meet</l>  
 <l>The Noble <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, thrusting this  
 report</l>  
 <l>Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:</l>  
 <l>For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,</l>  
 <l>Shall be as welcome to the eares of <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>  
 <l>As tydings of this sight.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-tit">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Tit.</speaker>  
 <l>Hye you <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>,</l>  
 <l>And I will seeke for <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi> the  
 while:</l>  
 <l>Why did'st thou send me forth braue <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>?</l>  
 <l>Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they</l>  
 <l>Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,</l>  
 <l>And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their. <lb  
 rend="turnunder"/>  
 <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>showts?</l>  
 <l>Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.</l>  
 <l>But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,</l>  
 <l>Thy <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> bid me giue it thee, and I</l>  
 <l>Will do his bidding. <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, come  
 apace,</l>  
 <l>And see how I regarded <hi rend="italic">Caius  
 Cassius</hi>:</l>  
 <l>By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,</l>  
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> Sword, and finde <hi  
 rend="italic">Titinius</hi> hart.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dies</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Brutus,  
 Messala, yong  
 Cato <lb/>Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Where, where <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, doth his body  
 lye?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
 <l>Loe yonder, and <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi> mourning  
 it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>

</>  
 <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi> face is vpward.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cato.</speaker>  
 <l>He is slaine.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Iulius CÆsar</hi>, thou art mighty  
 yet,</l>  
 <l>Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords</l>  
 <l>In our owne proper Entrailes.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Low  
 Alarums.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cat">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Cato.</speaker>  
 <l>Braue <hi rend="italic">Titinius</hi>,</l>  
 <l>Looke where he haue not crown'd dead <hi  
 rend="italic">Cassius</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?</l>  
 <l>The last of all the Romans, far thee well:</l>  
 <l>It is impossible, that euer Rome</l>  
 <l>Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares</l>  
 <l>To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.</l>  
 <l>I shall finde time, <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>: I shall finde  
 time.</l>  
 <l>Come therefore, and to <hi rend="italic">Tharsus</hi> send his  
 body,</l>  
 <l>His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,</l>  
 <l>Least it discomfort vs. <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>  
 come,</l>  
 <l>And come yong <hi rend="italic">Cato</hi>, let vs to the  
 Field,</l>  
 </>  
 <hi rend="italic">Labio</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Flauio</hi> set  
 our Battailes on:</l>  
 <l>'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,</l>  
 <l>We shall try Fortune in a second fight.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Enter Brutus,  
 Messala,

Cato, Lucillius **<lb/>**and Flavius.**</stage>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-bru">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Bru.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.**</l>**  
**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-cat">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Cato.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?**</l>**  
**<l>**I will proclaime my name about the Field.**</l>**  
**<l>**I am the Sonne of **<hi rend="italic">**Marcus Cato**</hi>**, hoe.**</l>**  
**<l>**A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.**</l>**  
**<l>**I am the Sonne of **<hi rend="italic">**Marcus Cato**</hi>**, hoe.**</l>**  
**</sp>**  
**<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">**Enter Souldiers, and  
fight.**</stage>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-lcl">**  
**<l>**And I am **<hi rend="italic">**Brutus**</hi>**, **<hi**  
**rend="italic">**Marcus  
Brutus**</hi>**, I,**</l>**  
**<cb n="2"/>**  
**<l>**  
**<hi rend="italic">**Brutus**</hi>** my Countries Friend: Know me for  
**<hi rend="italic">**Brutus**</hi>**.**</l>**  
**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-luc">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Luc.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**O yong and Noble **<hi rend="italic">**Cato**</hi>**, art thou  
downe?**</l>**  
**<l>**Why now thou dyest, as brauely as **<hi**  
**rend="italic">**Titinius**</hi>**,**</l>**  
**<l>**And may'st be honour'd, being **<hi rend="italic">**Cato**</hi>**'s  
Sonne.**</l>**  
**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-sol">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Sold.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**Yeeld, or thou dyest.**</l>**  
**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-luc">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Luc.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**Onely I yeeld to dye:**</l>**  
**<l>**There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:**</l>**  
**<l>**Kill **<hi rend="italic">**Brutus**</hi>**, and be honour'd in his  
death.**</l>**

**</sp>**

**<sp who="#F-jc-sol">**  
**<speaker rend="italic">**Sold.**</speaker>**  
**<l>**We must not: a Noble Prisoner.**</l>**  
**</sp>**  
**<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">**Enter Antony.**</stage>**  
**<sp who="#F-jc-sol.2">**

<speaker rend="italic">2. Sold.</speaker>  
 <l>Roome hoe: tell <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is tane.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-sol.1">  
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Sold.</speaker>  
 <l>Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,</l>  
 <l>  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is tane, <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 is tane my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>Where is hee?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-luc">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>  
 <l>Safe <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is  
 safe enough:</l>  
 <l>I dare assure thee, that no Enemy</l>  
 <l>Shall euer take aliuie the Noble <hi  
 rend="italic">Brutus</hi>:</l>  
 <l>The Gods defend him from so great a shame,</l>  
 <l>When you do finde him, or aliuie, or dead,</l>  
 <l>He will be found like <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, like  
 himselfe.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
 <l>This is not <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> friend, but I assure  
 you,</l>  
 <l>A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,</l>  
 <l>Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue</l>  
 <l>Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,</l>  
 <l>And see where <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> be aliuie or  
 dead,</l>  
 <l>And bring vs word, vnto <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>  
 Tent:</l>  
 <l>How euery thing is chanc'd.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>  
 </div>  
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">  
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 5]</head>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Brutus, Dardanius,  
 Clitus,  
 Strato <b></b>and Volumnius.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">

<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<l>Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this <lb/>Rocke.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>  
<l>  
<hi rend="italic">Statilius</hi> shew'd the Torch-light, but  
my Lord</l>  
<l>He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<l>Sit thee downe, <hi rend="italic">Clitus</hi>: slaying is the  
word,</l>  
<l>It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, <hi  
rend="italic">Clitus</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>  
<l>What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<l>Peace then, no words.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>  
<l>Ile rather kill my selfe.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>  
<l>Hearke thee, <hi rend="italic">Dardanius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-dar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Dard.</speaker>  
<l>Shall I doe such a deed?</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>  
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Dardanius</hi>.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-dar">  
<speaker rend="italic">Dard.</speaker>  
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Clitus</hi>  
</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>  
<l>What ill request did <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> make to  
thee?</l>

meditates.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-dar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dard.</speaker>
 <l>To kill him, <hi rend="italic">Clitus:</hi> looke he

at
 his eyes</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-cli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>
 <l>Now is that Noble Vessell full of grieffe, That it runnes ouer euen

word.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
 <l>Come hither, good <hi rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>, list a

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-vol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
 <l>What sayes my Lord?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
 <l>Why this, <hi rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>

</l>
 <l>The Ghost of <hi rend="italic">CÆsar</hi> hath appear'd to

me</l>
 <l>Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;</l>
 <l>And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:</l>
 <l>I know my houre is come.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-vol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Volum.</speaker>
 <l>Not so, my Lord.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">
 <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, I am sure it is, <hi rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>.</l>
 <l>Thou seest the World, <hi rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>, how it

goes,</l>
 <l>Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Low

Alarums.</stage>
 <l>It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,</l>
 <l>Then tarry till they push vs. Good <hi

rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>,</l>
 <l>Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:</l>
 <l>Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee</l>
 <l>Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-vol">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Vol.</speaker>  
     <l>That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum  
 still.</stage>  
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">  
     <hi rend="italic">Clit.</hi> Fly,</fw>  
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0740-0.jpg" n="130"/>  
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.</fw>  
 <cb n="1"/>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cly.</speaker>  
     <l>Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Farewell to you, and you, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Volumnius</hi>.</l>  
     <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>, thou hast bin all this while  
         asleepe:</l>  
     <l>Farewell to thee, to <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>,  
 Countrymen:</l>  
     <l>My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,</l>  
     <l>I found no man, but he was true to me.</l>  
     <l>I shall haue glory by this loosing day</l>  
     <l>More then <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, and <hi  
 rend="italic">Marke Antony</hi>,</l>  
     <l>By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.</l>  
     <l>So fare you well at once, for <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
         tongue</l>  
     <l>Hath almost ended his liues History:</l>  
     <l>Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,</l>  
     <l>That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum. Cry within, Flye,  
 flye,  
     flye.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-cli">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Cly.</speaker>  
     <l>Fly my Lord, flye.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
     <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
     <l>Hence: I will follow:</l>  
     <l>I prythee <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>, stay thou by thy  
 Lord,</l>  
     <l>Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:</l>  
     <l>Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,</l>

<l>Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,</l>  
 <l>While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou <hi  
 rend="italic">Strato</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-str">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stra.</speaker>  
 <l>Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-bru">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>  
 <l>Farewell good <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>. □<hi  
 rend="italic">CÆsar</hi>, now be still,</l>  
 <l>I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dyes.</stage>  
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarum. Retreat. Enter  
 Antony,  
 Octavius, Messala, <lb/>Lucillius, and the Army.</stage>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
 <l>What man is that?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <cb n="2"/>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
 <l>My Masters man. <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>, where is thy  
 Master?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-str">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Stra.</speaker>  
 <l>Free from the Bondage you are in <hi  
 rend="italic">Messala</hi>,</l>  
 <l>The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:</l>  
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> onely ouercame himselfe,</l>  
 <l>And no man else hath Honor by his death.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-lcl">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>  
 <l>So <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> should be found. I thank thee  
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>  
 </l>  
 <l>That thou hast prou'd <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi> saying  
 true.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
 <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
 <l>All that seru'd <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, I will entertaine  
 them.</l>  
 <l>Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?</l>  
 </sp>



<sp who="#F-jc-str">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Stra.</speaker>  
   <l>I, if <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi> will preferre me to you.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <l>Do so, good <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>How dyed my Master <hi rend="italic">Strato</hi>?</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-str">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Stra.</speaker>  
   <l>I held the Sword, and he did run on it.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-msa">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Messa.</speaker>  
   <l>  
     <hi rend="italic">Octavius</hi>, then take him to follow  
 thee,</l>  
   <l>That did the latest seruice to my Master.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-ant">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>  
   <l>This was the Noblest Roman of them all:</l>  
   <l>All the Conspirators saue onely hee,</l>  
   <l>Did that they did, in enuy of great <hi  
 rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>:</l>  
   <l>He, onely in a generall honest thought,</l>  
   <l>And common good to all, made one of them.</l>  
   <l>His life was gentle, and the Elements</l>  
   <l>So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,</l>  
   <l>And say to all the world; This was a man.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <sp who="#F-jc-oct">  
   <speaker rend="italic">Octa.</speaker>  
   <l>According to his Vertue, let vs vse him</l>  
   <l>Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.</l>  
   <l>Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,</l>  
   <l>Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:</l>  
   <l>So call the Field to rest, and let's away,</l>  
   <l>To part the glories of this happy day.</l>  
 </sp>  
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.  
 omnes.</stage>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 </div>  
 <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>  
 </div>

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</TEI>
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