THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

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

Flavius. 

Ente: home you idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What, know you not (Being Mechanicks) you ought not walke Upon a labouring day, without the figure Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy Sheare Apron, and thy Rule? What doth thou with thy best Apparel on? You sir, what Trade are you? Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobbler.


Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad Soles.

Fla. What Trade thou knowest? Thou naughty knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou Savoy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobbles you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Acle: I meddle with no Tradesmen matters, nor womens matters, but within and I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old Soles: when they are in great danger, I recrue them. As proper men at ever tood upon Neat Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do you thinke these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their Soles, to get my self into more worke. But indeed sir, we make Holyday to see Caesar, and to rejoynce in his Triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoynce?

What Conquests brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels? You Blackes, you stony, you worse then fowlie things: O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft? Have you climbd vp to Wallies and Battlements, To Towers and Windows? Yea, to chimney tops, Your Idiots in your Armes, and there have late The long-long day, with patient expectation.

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome: And when you saw his Chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal hoot, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks: To heare the replication of your sounds, Made in her Conceit Shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now call out, Holyday? And do you now set on, to shew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone, Runne to your houses, fall vp on your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Assembly all the poor men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears Into the Chimeneles, till the lowest streame Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basefett mettle be not sour'd: They vanish tongue-eyed in their guiltiness: Go you downe that way towards the Capitol, This way will I: Discover the Images, If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images Be hung with Caesar Tophees: lie about, And drive away the Vultur from the streets; So do you too, where you perceive them thicke, These growing feathers, plucks from Caesars wing, Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soe abound the view of men, And keepe vs all in feruite fearefullnesse.

Exeunt

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Court, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caius, a Soldier: after them Marcellus and Flavius.

Calph. Calphurnia.

Caec. Peace ho, Caesar speakes.

Calph. Calphurnia.

Calph. Heare my Lord.

Calph. Stand you directly in Antonio's way, When he doth run his course. Antonio.

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caec. Forget not in your speech Antonio, To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say, k k k
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

The Barren toucht in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,
When Caesar's Eyes. Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Cerimony out.


Cass. Bid every noyle be still: peace yet againe.
Cæs. Who is it in the preffe, that calls on me?

I hear a Tongue thriller then all the Musick.

Cry. Cæsar: Speake, Cæsar is turn'd to heare,
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March,

Cæs. What man is that?

Br. A Smooth-feyer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Coff. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once againe,
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Paffe.


Coff. Will you go see the order of the court?

Brut. Not I.

Coff. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Game? I do lacke some part

Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder Caesar you define:
I leaue you.

Coff. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And the Law of Loue, as I was wont to have a
You bear too flibbonome, and too strange a hand.
Out your Friends, that loves you.

Brut. Caesar,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have you'd my looks,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Mereely upon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passages of some difference
Conceptions only proper to my selfe,
Which give some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be grieve'd
(Among which number Caesar you be one)
Nor confirme any further my neglect,
Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,
Forgetts the shewes of Loue to other men.

Coff. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this Beef of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Contemplations.
Tell me the good Brutus. Can you see your face?

Brut. No Caesar:

For the eye feele not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Coff. Titius,

It is very much lamented Brutus,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar speaking of Brutus,)
And groaning underneath this Ages youake,
Have with'd, that Noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers, would you
Lead me Caesar?

That you would have me seekke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Coff. Therefore good Brutus, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaues,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common Laugher, or did vie
To flie with ordinary Oaths my loue
To every new Prophets: if you know, that
I do fawe on men, and lugge them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish. and Shew.

Brut. What means this Showting?
I do fear, the People choose Caesar
For their King.

Coff. I, do you fear it?

Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not Coff, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?

Is it to be toward the general good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I love
The name of Honor, more then I fear death.

Coff. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour,
Well, Honor is the substrat of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my selfe, I

had as liefe not be, as liue to be

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe,
I was borne free as Caesar, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, upon a Rawe and Gullie day,
Tis troubled Tyber, clashing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, Da'dt thou Caesar now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accorded as I was, I plunged in,
And had him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent rost'd, and we did buffet it
With luyt Squireyes, throwing it aside,
And bemimming it with hearts of Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, Help me Caesar, or I sinke.
I (as Brutus, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
The old Amours bearde) was, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the sweet Cæsar: and this Man,
Is now become a God, and Caesar is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Feuer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fie was on him, I did marke
How he did quake: Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend douh aue the World,
Did loose his Luster: I did heare him groane:
I, and that Tongue of his, that had the Romans
Marked him, and wrote his Speeches in their Booke,
Abb, it cried, Give me some drinke Titianus,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

As a fickle Girl. Ye Gods, is doth amaze me.
A man of such a fickle temper should
So get the State of the Mallevickel world,
And bear the Palme alone.

\[Text continues...\]

Caesar. Another general shout?
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Caesar.

Caesar. Why man, he doth but hide the narrow world
Like a Colosius, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legges, and peep about
To find our selves in honourable Graves.

Men at sometime, are Makers of their Fates.
The fault (decre Brutas) is not in our Stares,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar. What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be founded more then yours?

Write them together. Yours, as a faire Name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth abroad;
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Content with't,
Brutus will flate a Spirit as loose as Caesar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once.
Upon what terms did this our Caesar feede,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art fain'd.
Rom., thou hast left the breast of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fain'd with more then with one man.

When could they fav (till now) what did Rome,
That her wide Walks incomparable but one man;

Now sit Rome indeed, and Rome enough.
When there is in it but one only man.

Olyon and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
\[Text continues...\]

Caesar. Why you were with him, were you not?

Caesar. Why should not then ask: Caesars what had chanc'd.

Caesar. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him, & being
Of'd him, he put it by with the buckes of his hand this,
And then the people fell a shouting.

Caesar. What was the second fancy for?

Caesar. Why for that too.

Caesar. They thoust thirte; what was the last cry for?

Caesar. Why for that too.

Caesar. Was the Crowne offer'd him thirte?

Caesar. I marry was; and hee put it by thirte, encrea
time gentle therethere, & adrye putting by; mine
house Neighbours showed.

Caesar. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Caesar. Why Antony.

Caesar. Tell us the manner of, gentle Caesar.

Caesar. I am as well fee hand'd as tell the manner of
It was meeere Foudkie, I did not make it.

Clodius. Antony offer'd him a Crowne, yet was not a
Crowne offer'd, was one of thee Corwnes; and as I
told you, hee put it by once; but for all that, to my
thinking, he would faine have had it. Then hee offer'd it to
him againe; then hee put it by againe: But to my think-
ing, hee was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offered it the third time: hee put it the third time by,
and still as hee resists it, the Rabbetment bowed, and
clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw the base on their
breast. Night-caps, and wrister such a haste of drinking
breath, because Caesar resists the Crowne, this has (almost)
check'd Caesar for his swooned, and fell
downe at it; And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,
but opening my Lippes, and receiving the bad
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Coff. But I pray you, what, did Caesar (In good?)
Caks. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. "In very like he hath the falling sickness.
Coff. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I,
And hence Caks, we have the falling sickness.

Caks. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the rag-tag people did not clap him, and horse him, according as they please, and disable him, as they vie to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am not true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe?

Caks. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublette, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word; I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so bee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worfhip to think it was in infinitum. Three or foure Wenchses where I floundred, cryed, Alas, sweet Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had labb'd their Mothers, they would have done no leese.

Brut. And after that, he came this far, away?

Caks. I.

Coff. Did Cicero say any thing?

Caks. He spake Greeke.

Coff. To what effect?

Caks. Nay, and I tell you that, He ne're looke you in the face againe. But those that understand him, flout'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newses too; Messalin and Bello, for pulling Scarrfs off Caesar Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Footere yet, if I could remember it.

Coff. Will you suppe with me to Night, Caks?

Caks. No, I am promis'd forth.

Coff. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Caks. If I be able, and your mind hold, and your Dinner worth the eating,

Coff. Good, I will expect you.

Caks. Do so: farewell both, Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this groome to be?

He was quick Mistle, when he went to Schoolle.

Coff. So is he now, in execution.

Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,

How euer he puts on this carde forme:

This Rudeynesse is a Sawce to his good Wit;

Which gives men Romacke to digge his words

With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For to morrow, I will lease you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me,

I will come home to you; or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caks. I will doe so: till then, think of the World. Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, these are Noble: yet I fear,

That Mistle may be wrought

From that is dipt pool: therefore it is meet,

That Noble minds keep ove with their light

For who to fire, that cannot be fed'd?

Caks, doth bear me hard: but he lyes Brutus.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me into the perilous Night;
And thus embraced, *Caesar*, as you see,
Have but my Bolsoms to the Thunder-stone:
And when the croese blew Lightningメーソn'd to open
The Breach of Heaven, I did pretend my fate
Burst in the Vaege, and very flashy of it.

*Caesar.* But whereas you did so much tempt the Heavens,
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty God, by tokens sends
Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.

*Caesar.* You are dull, *Caesar*.
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You do want, or else you vife not.
You look pale, and gay, and put on feare,
And cast your felle in wonder.
To see the strange impatiences of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from Qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Then Nature, and preformed Faculties,
To monstrous qualities: why you shall finde,
That Heavens hurt indul'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments, of fear, and warning,
Vto some monstrous State.
Now could I (Caesar) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitell:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personal Action: yeet, podigorous grownre,
And fearfull, as these strange erupcions are.

*Caesar.* 'Tis Caesar that you mean.
Is it not, *Caesar*?

*Caesar.* Let it be what it is: for Romans now
Have Thieves, and Limbers, like to their Uncles;
But were the white, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are governed with our Mothers spirits,
Our weake, andufferance, show vs Womankind.

*Caesar.* Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meant to eabolish Caesar's as a King:
And he shall wear his Crownes by Sea, and Land,
In every place, saue here in Italy.

*Caesar.* I know where I will weare this Daggar then;
*Caesar* from Bondage will deliver *Caesar*;
Therein, ye God, you make the weake the most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrans dont defeat.
Not Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brassle,
Nor ayre-leff Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron, can
Be retenctive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being weare of these worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dislimifie it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides.
That part of Tyranrie that I doe brare,
I can take off at pleasure.

*Caesar.* So can I;
So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivitie.

*Caesar.* And why should Caesar be a Tyrant then?
*Caesar.* Man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he fees the Romans are but Sheep:
There goe no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes;
Those that with waife will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weak Straynes, What craft is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall, when it ferues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haft thou led me? (perhaps) I speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Caesar.* You speake to *Caesar*, and to such a man,
That is no hearing Telling tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be faitious for redresse of all these Grieues,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

*Caesar.* There's a Bargaine made,
Now know you, *Caesar*, I have moud already
Some certainie of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-go, with me, an Enterprise,
Of Honorable dangerous consequencie;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In Pompeye Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no flire, or walking in the firecesses,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Workes we have in hand,
Most Bloodie, siete, and most terrible.

*Exit Cinna.*

*Caesar.* Stand close a while, for here comes one in haft.

*Caesar.* Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haft you fo?

*Cinna.* To finde out you: Who's that, *Mercurius*?

*Caesar.* No, it is *Caesar*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not flay'd for, *Cinna*?

*Cinna.* I am glad on't.

*Caesar.* What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs have seen strange sights.

*Caesar.* Am I not flay'd for? tell me,

*Cinna.* Yes, you are. *O Cinna*.

If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party.

*Caesar.* Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you Lay it in the Pretors Chare.
Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this wp with Waxe
Upon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repere to Pompeye Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius* Brutus and *Tubo* there?

*Cinna.* All but *Mercurius* Cinna, and he's gone
To fetch you at your house. Well, I will lie,
And so bellow these Papers as you bad me.

*Caesar.* That done, repaire to Pompeye Theater.

*Exit Cinna.*

Come *Caesar*, you and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire.
Upon the next encounter, we'll bid him ours.

*Caesar.* O, he fits high in all the Peoples hearts;
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

*Caesar.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceived: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

*Exeunt.*
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, how? I cannot, by the progresse of the Stares, Gine guesse how nere to day. Lucius, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly. When Lucius, when? awake, I say! what Lucius? Enter Lucius.

Luc. Calld you, my Lord? Brut. Get me a Tapore in my Study,Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here. Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit. Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause, so faire at him, But for the generall, He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question? It is the bright day, that brings forth the Addeier, And that caues waste the walking: Crowne him thus: And then I praeute we put a String in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th'Baible of Greatneffe, in which it dis-liones Remorfe from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar, I have not knowledge, when his Affairs grow'd. More then his Reason, But's a common proorce, That Lowlyness going Ambitions Ladder, Whereof the Climber yward turns his Face: But when he once attains the Vpmost Round, He then unto the Ladder turns his Backe, Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascen'd: for Caesar may. Then leaft he may present: And since the Quarrell Will bear no colour, for the thing he is, Fashon it thus; that what he is augment'd, Would runne to these, and these extremities: And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egg, Which hatch'd, woulde as his kinde grow mischieceous; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Tape barneth in your Cloer, Sir: Searching the Window for a Flim, I found This Paper, thus tir'd up, and I am sure It did not lye there when I went to Bed. Gims him the Letter. Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is not to Morrow (Boy) the first of March? Luc. I know not, Sir, Brut. Lookke in the Calender, and bring me word. Luc. I will, Sir. Exit. Brut. The exhaliations, whizzing in the aire, Gibe it much light, that I may reade by them. Open the Letter, and reades: Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see the fife: Shall Rome, Sibi, speaks, Sibi, redresse. Brutus thou sleepest; awake. Such infallitions have beene often dropped, Where I haue tooke them vp: Shall Rome, Sibi, thus mufle I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome? My Ancestors did from the Thracians of Rome The Tygrine drive, when he was call'd a King, Speaks, Sibi, redresse. Am I entreated? To speake, andinke? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redeeffe will follow, thou receu'st Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus, Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is walled fifteene days. Knack within. Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Garden, somebody knocks: Since Caesar first did when we against Caesar, I haue not slept. Betweene the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the Interim is Like a Phantome, or a hideous Dreame: The Genius, and the mortall Instruments Are then in counsell; and the face of man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffereth then The nature of an In fretion. Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Caesar at the Door, Who doth desier to see you. Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him. Brut. Do you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are plucks about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no meanes I may discerne them, By any markes of favour. Brut. Let 'em enter: They are the Faicon. O Conspiracie, Shew me how thou wouldest shew thy true. Let By night, when euffles are most free? Or then by day, Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne dark enough, To shake thy monstrous Villain? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affability: For if thou path thy nature semblance on, Not Erebos is selfe were damne enough, To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspiraters, Caesar, Caius, Decius, Cicero, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Caif. I thinke we are too bold upon your Reft: Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you? Brut. I haue bene vp this hower, awake all Night: Know I the man that come along with you? Caif. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honours you; and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of your selfe, Which every Noble Roman beares of you. This is Trebonius. Brut. He is welcome hither. Caif. This, Decius Brutus. Brut. He is welcome too. Caif. Thus, Caius; this, Cicero; and this, Metellus Cypser. Brut. They are all welcome. What watchfull Care doe interpose themselves Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? Caif. Shall I entertaine a word? They whisper. Decius. Here lies the Eaft: doth not the Day break here? Caif. No. Cic. O pardone, Sir, it doth; and you grey Linces, That fre the Clouds, are Melanges of Day. Caius. You shall contesse, that you are both deceiv'd: Hereas, as I plight my Sword, the Sunne ariseth, Which is a great way growing on the South.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Weighing the youthful Season of the yeare, Some two months hence, vp higher toward the North He first presents his fire, and the high East Stands as the Capitol, directly heare. 

*Brum.* Give me your hands all over, one by one, *Caes.* And let us swear our Resolution. 

*Brum.* No, not an Oath; if not the Face of men, The presence of our Souls, the times Abate; If these be Motions weak, break off betimes, And every man hence, to his idle bed; So let high-sighted Irary range on, Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these (As I am sure they do) bear fire enough To kindle Cowards, and too feele with valour The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, What needs we any spice, but our owne cause. To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond, Then secret Romans, that have spolite the word, And will not pater? And what other Oath, Then Honestly to Honesty ingaged, That this shall be, or we will fall for it, Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Caulerous Old feeble Cartons, and such suffering Souls That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cautious, vnto such Creatures as men doute, but do not blame The even verge of our Enterprise, Nor thine suppresturie Mettle of our Spirits, To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears Is guilty of a feueral Battallie, The do break the final of Particile Of any promise that hath paid from him. *Caes.* But what of Caesar? Shall we find him? I think he will stand very strong with vs. *Caes.* Let vs not leave him out. 

*Com.* No, by no means. 

*Met.* O let us have him, for his Silver hairs Will purchase vs a good opinion: And buy men voyces, to commend our deeds: Shall he be fayd, his judgment rud'd our hands, Our youths, and wilde neffe, shall no white appear, But all be buried in his Gravity. 

*Brum.* O name him not; let vs not break with him, For he will never follow any thing That other men begin. 

*Caes.* Then leave him out. 

*Com.* Indeed, he is not fit. 

*Decius.* Shall no man else be touched, but only Caesar? *Caes.* Caesar well reg'd: I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belond of Caesar; Should our live Caesar, we shall finde of him A thenewd Contrie. And you know, his meanes If he improue them, may well stretch so farre As to annoy all vs: which to prevent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together. 

*Brum.* Our cause will seem too bloody, Cæsalus, To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes: Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards: For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar. Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Cæsaris: We all hand vp against thespire of Caesar, And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood: That we then could come by Caesar's Spirit, And not diu membe Caesar I Back (last) Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends, Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wraftfully: Let's carue him, as a Dinh fit for the Gods, Not hew him as a Carkeffe fit for Hounds: And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do, Stire vp their Servants to an acte of rage, And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make Our purpose Necessary, and not Enious. Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd Pungers, not Murderers, And for Mark Antony, thinke not of him: For he can do no more then Caesar Arme, When Caesar head is off. 

*Caes.* Yet I fear him; For in the ingrafted loue he beares to Caesar. 

*Brum.* Alas, good Cæsarius, do not thinke of him: If he lose Caesar, all that he can do Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar, And that were much he should: for he is guenes To sports, to wildefleece, and much company. 

*Trub.* There is no fear in him; let him not dye, For he will lye, and laugh at this hereafter. 

Clocks strikes. 

*Brum.* Peace, count the Clocke. 

*Caes.* The Clocke hath bricken three. 

*Trub.* The time is now as fit. 

*Caes.* But it is doubtfull yet, Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no: For he is Superstitious grown of late, Quite from the maine Opinion he held once, Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies: It may be, these apparant Prodigies, The vnaccountd Terror of this night, And the perverstion of his Augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to day. 

*Decius.* Neuer feare that: I should be so resolu'd, I can oare-fayw him: For he loves to heare, That Vincorres may be betrayd with Trees, And Beares with Glassies, Elephants with Holes, Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers, But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers, He fayre: he does: being then most flatterd, Let me worke: 

For I can giue his humour the true bent; And I will bring him to the Capitol. 

*Caes.* Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him, *Brum.* By the eight houre, is that the vsterme? *Com.* Be that the vstermoft, and faile not then, *Met.* Cæsarus, Laganus doth beare Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you have thought of him. 

*Brum.* Now good Metellus go along by him; He loues me well, and I have gien him Reasons, Send him but hither, and Ile fisicon him. 

*Caes.* The morrow comes vp's: 

We'll heare you Brumus, And friends discreet your felues; but all remember What you have said, and shew your selues true Romans. *Brum.* Good Gentlemen, look forth and merrily, Let not our looks put on our purposse, But beare it as our Roman Actores do, With vnry'd Spirit, and formall Contenance, And so good morrow to you ever one. 

*Metus Brumus.* 

Boy: Lucius: For I sleep not. It is no matter, Enjoy the hony-beau-Dew of Slumber: Thou hast not Figures, nor no Fataflies, Which
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Which buffet care drawes, in the brains of men: Therefore thou sleepe'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord, Brn. Portia: What means you? wherefore rife you now? It is not for your health, thus to commit Your weake condition, to the raw cold morrow. Por. Nor for your selfe. Whate vengeantly Brutus Stole from my bed, and yelded not at Supper You seldamly arose, and walk'd about, Musing, and fighing, with your armes a-swoone: And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You sat'd upon me, with vengeantle lookes, I wip'd you further, then you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stamp't with your foot: Yet I infected, yet you answer'd not, But with an angry wafer of your hand. Gane signes 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 Hume, Which sometime hath his houre with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleepe; And could it work so much upon your slape, As it hath much power? I see your Condition, I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Brn. I am not well in health, and that is all. Por. Brutus is wise, and were he no in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brn. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus tickle? And is it Physicall To walk embraced, and sticke up the humour Of the dankke Morning? What, is Brutus tickle? And will he sleeue out of his wholsome bed To dare the vile contagion of the Night? And tempt the Rheuma, and unpurg'd Ayre, To adde vno hit tickelle? No my Brutus, You haue some tickle Offence within your minde, Which by the Night and Vertue of my place I ought to know of: And upon my knees I charge you, by my owne commendation, By all your vowes of Love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make vs one, That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe. Why you are heare, and what men to night Have had resert to you: for here haue beene Some wise or seare, who did hide there faces Even from the darknesse.

Por. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus. Within this Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus, Is it expected, I should know no Secrets That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe, But as it were in fort, or limitation? To keepe with you at Meals, comfort your Bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs Of your good pleasure? If he be no more, Partia is Brutuses Harlot, not his Wife.

Brn. You are my true and honourable Wife, As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes That viswowy'd harte.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret. I grant I am a Woman; but withall, A Woman that Lord Brutus doole to Wife; I grant I am a Woman; but withall, A Woman well reputed: Let's Daughter. Think ye, I am no stronger then my Sex Being so father'd, and so Husbanded? Tell me your Counsell, I will not disclose: I have made strong prooves of my Constancie, Giving my selfe a voluntary wound Here, in the Thigh: Can I bee that with patience, And not my Husband's Secret?

Brn. O ye Gods! Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. Knocke, Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while, And by and by thy bosome shall partake The secrets of my Heart. All my engagements, I will confesse to thee, All the Characthry of my sad browes: Leave me with halfe.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Here is a fickle man that would speake with you.


Cat. You shall have good morrow from a freele tongue.

Brn. O what a time have you chose out brave Caisar, To weare a Kerchief? Would you were not fickle? Cat. I am not fickle, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brn. Such an exploit have I in hand Ligarius, Had you a healthfull ease to heare of it.

Cat. By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heare disdained my ticknelle. Soule of Rome, Brave Some, derived from Honourable Lointes, Thou like an Exercist, half contiu'd vp. My merittted Spirit, Now bid me numbe, And I will fittue with things impossible, Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Brn. A piece of worke, That will make fiche men whole.

Cat. But are not some whole, that we must make fickle?

Brn. That must we also. What is it my Caisar, I shall vnde to thee, as we are going, To whom it must be done.

Cat. Set on your pootes, And with a heart new-fird, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Brn. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth, Have beene at peace to night.

Thrice hath Calpurnia, in her sleepe cryed out, Help, ho! They marther Caesar. Who's within?

Srev. My Lord.

Caf. Go bid the Priestes do preffent Sacrifice, And bring me there opinions of Successe.

Srev. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not flie out of your house to day.

Caf. Caesar shall faynly the things that threaten me, Ne're look'd but on my backe. When they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanishe.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cæsar. Cæsar, I never flood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beside the things that we have heard and seen;
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the Watch.
A Lutnaffe hath witnessed in the streets,
And Caesar is as safe, and yelded up their dead:
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrongs, and right forme of Warre
Which dirz'd blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battell hurried in the Ayres:
Horifes do neigh, and dyeing men did groane,
And Ghosts did thriceke and squeale about the streets,
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all vie,
And I doe fear them.
Cæsar. What can be undoed
Wholes end is purposed by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cæsar. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes
Cæsar. Cowds dye many times before their death,
The vulgar never taste of death but once,
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard.
It feemes to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessarie end,
Will come, when will it come.

Enter a Segment.

What say the Augurers?
Ser. They would not have you to firre forth today.
Plucking the intrails of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the heart.
Cæsar. The Gods do this in shame of Cowd: Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If the shold stay at home to day for fear.
No Cæsar shall not, Danger knowes full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litten in one day,
And the elder and more terrible,
And Cæsar shall go foorth.
Cæsar. Alas my Lord,
Your wilde come is confound in confidence:
Donot go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, preussle in this.
Mark Antony shal say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Decius, all hail: Good morrow worthy Cæsar,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day.
Cannot, is failes: and that I dare not, failes:
I will not come to day, tell them to Decius.
Decius. Say he's sick.
Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a Eye?
Have I in Conquest freeth mine Arme to fare,
To be afeard to tell Gray-heards the truth:
Decius go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

The Dream's being by Cæsar let me know some cause,
Lift the laughe away when I tell them to
Cæsar. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

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

Exeunt


e

\textbf{Actus Tertius.}

\textbf{Furioso.}

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcina, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyma, Antony, Levitius, Atticinus, Publius, and the Southayler.

\textbf{Cæs.} The Idees of March are come.

\textbf{South.} I Cæsar, but not gone.

\textbf{Art.} Halie Cæsar: Read this Schedule.

\textbf{Deci.} Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read (At your beft leyture) this his humble suitte.

\textbf{Art.} O Cæsar, reade mine first: for mine s a suitte.

\textbf{Thiatus.} Cæsare neerer. Read it great Cæsar.

\textbf{Cæs.} What touchez vs our felfe, shall beft feru’d,

\textbf{Art.} Delay not Cæsar, read it infancy.

\textbf{Cæs.} What is the wight of mad Cæsar?

\textbf{Pub.} Sirs, give place.

\textbf{Cæs.} What, urge you her Petitions in the ftrict?

\textbf{Come to the Capitoll.}

\textbf{Popul.} I with your exprience to day may thrive.

\textbf{Cæs. What} exprience Poppamin?

\textbf{Popul.} Fare you well.

\textbf{Brut.} What faid Poppamin Legion?

\textbf{Cæs.} He wills to day our exprience might thrive.

\textbf{Brut.} I feare our purpose is discovered.

\textbf{Brut.} Looke how he makes to Cæsar: marke him.

\textbf{Cæs.} Cæsars be fondaine, for we are reprsentation.

\textbf{Brut.} What shall be done? If this be knowne, Cæsars or Cæsars neyther shall turne backe.

\textbf{Por} I will fay my leyfe.

\textbf{Brut.} Cæsars be callante.

\textbf{Poppamin} speaks not of our purposes.

\textbf{Cæs.} I will make you B兵nus.

\textbf{Por.} I drawe Mark Antony out of the way.

\textbf{Dea.} Where is Cæsar? Bring him go, And presently preferre his fute to Cæsar.

\textbf{Brut.} He is addrest: preferre me, and confer him.

\textbf{Cæs.} Cæsars you are the first that reares your hand.

\textbf{Cæs.} Are we all ready? What is now smille, That Cæsar and his Senate must reprehire?

\textbf{M.} Moft high, moft mighty, and moft puifant Cæsare.

\textbf{Metellus Cymber} throwes before thy Seyne.

An humble heart.

\textbf{Cæs.} I muft prevent thy Cymber:

These coucheding, and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turne pre-Ordinance, and ftift Decree,

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.

To thinke that Cæsare beares feich Rebell blood That will be hau’d from the true quality.

With that which mets the Fools, I mean sweet words, Low- crooked efthetics, and base Sampell fawing.

Thy Brother by decree be benefici’d.

If thou dost Bend, and pray, and fave for him, I fume thee like a Cure out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cefce.

Will be fatisfied.

Metellis there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To found more sweetly in great Caesar's care,
for the repeating of my banish'd brother's
PRISONERS with bare hand, but not in flattery Caesar:
Denying then, that Pobini Cymbel may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. WhatBru-uis?
Cæs. Pardon Cæsar: Cæsar pardon
As lowe as to your innate death Cæsars fall,
To beggar imprisonment for Pobinia Cymbel.
Cæs. I would be well mow'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moose, Prayers would moue me;
But I am confant as the Northern Starce,
Of whose true fix, and telling quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbered sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold hisplace.
So, in the World; Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensize;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That was as visible holds on his Ranke,
Vishal'd of Motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little show, even in this that
That I was confant Cymbel should be banish'd,
And confant do remaine to keepe him fo.
Cæs. O Cæsar.
Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou live vp Olympus?
Cæs. Great Cæsar.
Cæs. Doth not Brutus boodles kneele?
Cæs. Speake hands for me.

They flak Cæsar,
Cæs. Et tu Brute?—Then fall Cæsar.
Dyes
Cæs. Liberty,Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Rome hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets,
Cæs. Some to the common Pulpis, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchiment.

Cæs. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.
Cæs. Go to the Pulpit Brutus.
Cæs. And Cæsars too.

Cæs. Where's Pobini?
Cæs. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Cæs. Stand fast: The world, and friend some of Cæsars
Should chance—
Cæs. Tell us not of flanding, Pubinis good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to our Roman else: to tell them Pobini.
Cæs. And issue vs Pubinis, leaft that the people
Ruthing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.
Cæs. Do so, and let no man abuse this deede,
But we the Doers.

Cæs. Where is Antoys?

Cæs. Fled to his Houfe smax'd:
Men, Wives, and Children,fare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doome day.
Cæs. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men standapon.
Cæs. Why be he that cuts off twenty yeares oflife,
Cuts off to many yeares of fearing death.
Cæs. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefite:
So are we Cæsars Friends, that haue abrig'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, loope,
And let vs bathe our hands in Cæsar blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beineare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waiting our rich Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and cut off.
Cæs. Scoop then, and wash: How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In State vnborn, and Accents yet unknowne?

Brn. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompyre Basl yee along,
No worther then the ditt?
Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be cut,
The Men that gaine their Country liberty.
Cæs. What, shall we forth?
Cæs. Every man a way,
Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heele.
With the most boldfete, and best hearts of Rome.
Enter a Servant.


Cæs. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being profirate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honeste;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Joyall, and Louting:
Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lout'd him.
I Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be refolu'd
How Cæsar hath defeard to dye in death,

Mark Antony, shall not loue Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus;
Thorough the hazards of this vturnd State,
With all true faith. So sayes my Master Antony.

Brn. Thy Master is a Wife and Valiant Rome,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, to please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntruth'd.

Cæs. He feach him prefently.
Exit Servant.

Cæs. I know that we shall have him well to Friend,
Cæs. I wish we may: But yet have I a minde
That heares him much: and my misgiving
Falleth throughly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Cæs. But heere comes Antony:
Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Do I thoye folowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shunke to this little Measure? Face thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Whoe else my life, who else is ranke:
If I my life, there is no home to fits.
As Cæsar deathes hour: no nech Instrument
Of halfe thing: as thoue thy Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech you, if you beare me hard,
Now, whilst your pursu'd hands do seek and smooke,
If still thy pleasure, Live a thousand yeares,
I shall not finde my felle to get to dye.
No place will pleae me to, no meane of death,
As heere by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Cæs. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and thin our present Ate
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful:
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you, our swords have leaped points Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of Broughton tempers, do receive you in,
With all kind heart, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caff. Your voyage shall be as strong as any man's,
In the dispersing of new Dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, abide themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the caufe,
Why I, that did loose Cæsar when I trooche him,
Hast thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedom:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus will I take with you;
Next Caius Cæfaran do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Muccius;
Yours Cinna; and my valiant Catullus yours;
Though not, not least in love, yours good Trebonius,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My dear now hands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loose thee Cæsar, O'tis true:
If then thy Spirit look on vs now,
Shall it not prove thee dearer then thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Poes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Courte,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they flame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tears of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Julius, here's what thou say'dst brave Hart,
Here's what thou say'dst, and here's thy Hunter's hand
Sign'd in thy Spoon, and Criminald in thy Lether.
O World, shew with the Forreth to this Hart,
And his indignant word, the Hart of thee,
How like a Deere, strokes by many Princes,
Doft thou here lie?

Caff. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cæfaran:
The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.
Caff. I blame you not for praizing Cæsar so,
But what compact meanest you to have with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Cæsar,
And with you all, and love you all.
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a strange Speculation:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were your Antony, the Sonne of Cæsar,
You should be satisfi'd.

Ant. That's all I lacke,
And an moreower friend, that I may
Produc'd his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall Mark Antony,
Caff. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not content
That Antony speake in his Funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moun'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsars death.
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.

Caff. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Ant. Mark Antony, here take you Cæsar's body:
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuile of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission:
Elie shal not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speake
In the fame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Enter Cæsar's Seruants.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meek 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 propheticke,
(Which like dumbe mouths do epe their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vetrance of my Tongue)
A Curte shall light uppon the limes of men:
Domehitke Fury, and fierce Ciulliffe,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in yle,
And dreadfull Objects to familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quarter'd with the hands of Warre:
All pitiful chak'd with cullum of tell deeds,
And Cæsar Spirit raving for Reuenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in their Confiner, with a Monarke voyce,
Cry bancke, and let slip the Duggage of Warre,
That this foule decease, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buttil.

Enter Cæsar's Servants.

You ferue Olatinian Cæsar, do you not?
Ser. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!

Ser. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a part and weep.
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow flouid in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Mafter comming?
Ser. He lies to night with seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Room of safety for Olatinian yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,

Thou
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Then shalt not take, till I have borne this coustie
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse.
To yong Germanus, of the rate of things,
Lend me your hand.

Enter Brutus and go into the Pulpit, and Caius,
with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied; let vs be satisfied.
Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Caius go you into the other Cortice,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speake, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Caius, go with him,
And publick Reafons shall be rendred
Of Cæsar death.

1. Plt. I will heare Brutus speake.
2. I will heare Caius, and compare their Reafons,
When feuerall we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.
Brut. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Creature me in your Wifedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there bee any in this Affembly, any deere Friend of Cæar, to him I say, that Brutus lone to Cæar, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rote against Cæar, this is my answere: Nor that I lou’d Cæar lesse, but that I lou’d Rome more. Had you rather Cæar were livung, and dye all Saanes; then that Cæar were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæar lou’d mee, I weeppe for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoische at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. Here is Tares, for his Loue: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere to safe, that would be a Bondman? If any speake, for him I offended. Who is heere to rule, that would not be a Roman? If any speake, for him I offended. Who is heere to hate, that will not love the Country? If any speake, for him I offended. I pauste for a Reply.

All. None Brutus, none.
Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is involvd in the Capitol: his Glory not extermned, wherein he was worthy: nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar body.

Here comes his Body, moun'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Comonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I drew my bell Lour for the good of Rome, I haue the fame Dagg for my life, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live Brutus, live, live.
1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Cæar.
4. Cæar better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

1. Wee'Il bring him to his House,
With Shows and Clamours.
2. Peace, silence, Brutus speake.
3. Peace.
Brut. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæar's Corpses, and grace his Speech
Tending to Cæar's Glories, which Mark Antony
(By our permision) is allow'd to make.
I do intrest you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spake.

Exit

1. Stay houe, and let vs heare Mark Antony.
2. I let him go vp into the publick Chaire,
We'll heare him:
3. Noble Antony go vp.
Ant. For Brutus sake, I am belonging to you.
4. What does he say of Brutus?
3. He speake for Brutus sake
He shdes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4. There beft he speake no harme of Brutus heere?

This Cæar was a Tyrant.

5. Nay that's certaine:
We are bleft that Rome is rid of him.
2. Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans.
All. Peace be to you, let vs hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, Country-men, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæar, not to praise him:
The cull that men do, lies after them,
The good is not entered with their bones,
So let it be with Cæar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Cæar was Ambitious:
If he was so, it was a greuous Fault,
And grossly hath Cæar answer'd it.
Here, vnder leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Cæar's Funerall,
He was my Friend, faithfull, and lofe to me;
But Brutus says, he was Ambitions,
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath bring'd many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Rantomes, did the generall Cæsars fill?
Did this in Cæar receive Ambition?
When thats the poore have cry'd, Cæar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet Brutus says, he was Ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
You all did fee, that on the Lopercal,
I thrice proferr'd him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disprize what Brutus spoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without caule,
What caule with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Indigem, thou art sad, wert thou not blest,
And Men have left their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Cofia there with Cæar,
And I must pawe, till it come backe to me.

1. Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæar's had great wrong.
3. Has hee Matters? Heere there will a worse come in

Mark.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take* Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious. 1. If it be found fo, some will desire abide it. 2. Poor soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 3. There's not a Noble man in Rome then Antony. 4. Now mark'em, he begins againe to speake. Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might: Have blood against the World: Now lies he there, And none to powre to do him reuaence. O Matteres! If I were dispis'd to thre Your hearts and minds to Murtiny and Rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong: Who (you all know) are Honourable men, I will not do them wrong: I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you, Then I will wrong such Honourable men. But here's a Parcellow, with the Scale of Caesar, I found it in his Cloffre, 'tis his Will: Let but the Commons heare this Testament: (Which pardon me,) I do not meane to read, And they would goe and keepe dead Caesar's wounds, And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood; Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory, And dying, mention it within their Willes, Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie Vnto their issue.

4. We'll heare the Will, reade it Mark Antony. All. The Will, the Will, we will heare Caesar's Will. Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it. It is not meete you know how Caesar lov'd you: You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men: And being men, hearing the Will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad: Tis good you know not that you are his Heires, For if you should, O what would come of it? 4. Read the Will, we'll heare it Antony: You shall reade vs the Will, Caesar's Will. Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while? I haue o're-shot my felle to tell you of it, I fear I wound the Honourable men, Whose Daggers haue stab'd Caesar: I do fear it. 4. They were Traitors: Honourable men. All. The Will, the Testament. 2. They were Villaines, Murderersthe Will, read the Will. Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will: Then make a Ring about the Corps of Caesar, And let me shew you him that made the Will: Shall I defend? And will you give me leve? All. Come downe. 2. Defend. 3. You shall have leve. 4. A Ring, stand round. 1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body. 2. Rooms for Antony, most Noble Antony. Ant. Nay preferre not to vpon me, stand farre off. All. Stand backe: room, haere backe. Ant. If you haue tares, prepare to fly them now. You all do know this Mantle, I remember: The first time ever Caesar put it on, 'twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent, That day he overcame the Norrie. Look, in this place ran Cassius Dagger through: See what a rent the enimous Cakes made: Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd, And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, As running out of doores, to be refus'd If Brutus to vnkindely knock'd, or no. For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's Angel. Inde, O you Gods, how deereely Caesar lov'd him! This was the moost vnkindcst cut of all. For when the Noble Caesar saw him stab, Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes, Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heare, And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face, Even at the Base of Pompess Statue (Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell. O what a fall was there, of our Countrymen? Then, and you, and all of vs fell downe, Whilfit bloody Treason flourished ofuer vs. O now you weep, and I perceive you feel The dint of pity: These are gracious droppes. Kinde Soules, what weep you when you but behold Our Caesar? Vther wounde woundes? Looke you heere, Heere is Hymelf, marst' as you see with Traitors. 1. O pitious spectacle! 2. O Noble Caesar! 3. O wofull day! 4. O Traitors, Villaines! 1. O most bloody fight! We will be aveng'd: Revenge About, secke, burne, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor live. Ant. Stay Country-men. 1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony. 2. We'll heare him, we'll follow him, we'll dy with him. (you vp) Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not strike To such a fondaine Blood of Mutiny; They that have done this Deede, are honourable, What private greeves they have, alas I know not, That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable, And will no doubt with Reasons anwser you. I come not (Friends) to Steele away your hearts, I am no Orator, as Brutus is; But (as you know me all) a plainsme mean man That loves my friend, and that they know full well, That gave me publicke lease to speake of him: For I have neither wrt nor words, nor worth, A Chon, nor Vitness, nor the power of Speech, To flte men Blood, I soloke speake right on: I tell you that, which you your selves do know, Shew you sweet Caezars wounds, poor poor dum mouths And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue In every Wound of Caesar, that should move The stones of Rome, to fire and Mutiny. All. We'll Mutiny. 1. We'll bume the house of Brutus. 3. Away then, come, secke the Conspirators. Ant. Yet hear mee Countrymen, yet hear mee speake. All. Put mee here, heare Antony, most Noble Antony. Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what: Wherein hath Caesar thus defayd your loves? Alas you know not, I must tell you then: You have forgot the Will I told you of. All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Will. Ant. Here is the Will, and vnto Caesar. To every Roman Citizen he gies, To every fourthman, feenity fue Drachemes.
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2. Ple. Most Noble Caesar, we'll revenge his death.
Ant. Hears me with patience.
All. Peace be to you.
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walkes, his private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards.
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever: common pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
There was a Caesar: when comes such another?
We'll burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brandes fire the traitors houses.
Take up the body.
2. Ple. Go fetch fire.

Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it be work'd: Mischeefe thou art 2-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.
Ser. Sir, Oltmanus is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like Madmen through the Gares of Rome.
Ant. Belike they have some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Oltmanus. Exeunt

Enter Cassius the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cass. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my Fantastie:
I have no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchelor?
5. Answer every man directly.
6. I, and brefely.
7. I, and wily.
8. I, and truly, you were best.
Cass. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchelor? Then to answer every man, directly and brefely, wilyly and truly: wilyly I say, I am Batchelor.
Cass. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mas-rile: you'heare me a bang for that I fear: proceede directly.

Cass. Directly I am going to Caesar's Funeral.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy.
2. As a friend.
3. That master is answered directly.
4. For your dwelling: brefely.
Cass. Brefely, I dwell by the Capitol.
5. Your name sir, truly.
Cass. Truly, my name is Cassius.
6. I, and brefely, he is a Conspirator.
Cass. I am Cassius the Poet, I am Cassius the Poet.
7. Thee harm for his bad verites, or thee harm for his bad verites.

Cass. I am not Cassius the Conspirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's Cassius, plucke but his name out of his head, and turne him going.
5. Take him, tear him; Come Brands hoo, Firebrandis to Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius Hooke, and some to Caius's home to Legarius: Away, go.

Exit all the Plebeians.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Antony, Oltmanus, and Lepidus.
Ant. Thee many then shall die, their names are pricke.
Olt. Your Brother too must dye: except you Lepidus?
Lep. I do content.
Olt. Prick him downe Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publica shall not live,
Who is your Sifters name, Marke Antony.
Ant. He shall not live, looke, with a spot I dam him,
but Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house:
Feth the Will heret, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge to Legatuss.
Lep. What shall I find you here?
Olt. Or here, or at the Capitol. Exit Lepidus
Ant. This is a flight vmblerable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand,
One of the three to share it?
Olt. So you thought him,
And took his voyage who should be prick to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Priscription.
Ant. Oltmanus, I have seene more days then you,
And though we lay their Honours on this man,
To safe our felues of divers landrous lands,
He shall but bear them, as the Afe bears Gold,
To greatne, and fett under the Butiffe.
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will;
Then take we downe his Leau, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Afe) to shake his cares,
And graze in Commons.
Olt. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horfe Oltmanus, and for that
I do appoint him flore of Prouender,
It is a Creature that I teach to fight;
To winde, to flap, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, governed by my Spiritt,
And in some case, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and tramm'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Objects, Acts, and Imitations.
Which out of vie, and flate by other men
Begin his fashions. Do not soke of him,
but as a property; and now Oltmanus;
Litten great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are leuing Powers; We must straightly make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our belte Friends made, our means upright,
And let vs presently go fit in Counsell,
How couer matters may be belte dill'd,
And open Perils finallly answered.
Olt. Let vs do so far we are at the flake,

And
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And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile hate in their hearts I fear.
Millions of Mifchees. 

Exeunt

Drum. Enter Brunus, Lucullus, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brunus. Stand ho.
Lucullus. Gue the word ho, and Stand.
Brunus. What now Lucullus, is Caiffus neere?
Lucullus. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come.

To do you salutation from his Master.
Brunus. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarbus
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Fin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear.
Such as he is, is full of regard, and Honour.
Brunus. He is not doubted. A word Lucullus.
How he receiveth you: let me be refered
Lucullus. With courteiue, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar affections,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us of old.
Brunus. Then haft describ'd
A hot Friend, coolung: Ever note Lucullus,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It with an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show, and prouide of their Mettle:
Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurce,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Laces
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucullus. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with Caiffus.

Enter Caiffus and his Powers.

Brunus. Hearkie, he is arriue:
March gently on to meete him.
Caiffus. Stand ho.
Brunus. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Caiffus. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong,
Brunus. Judge me you Gods, wrong I mine Enemies?
And if it be, how should I wrong a Brother.
Caiffus. Brother, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them.

Caiffus. Caiffus, be content,
Spake your greates softly, I do know you well,
Before the eyes of both our Armies here.
(Which should perceive nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent Caiffus enlargge your Greets,
And I will give you Audience.

Caiffus. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off.
A little from this ground.

Lucullus, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore.

Caiffus. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this
You have command'd, and noted Lucina Pella.
For taking Bibles here of the Sardians:
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was fliglett off.
Brunus. You wrong'd your zeale to write in such a cafe.
Caiffus. To such a one as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his Comment.
Brunus. Let me tell you Caiffus, you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to haue an icching Palme,
To fell, and Mart your Offices for Gold.
To Vendeiurers.

Caiffus. I am, an icching Palme?
You know that you are Brunus that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speeche were else your laff.
Brunus. The name of Caiffus Honours this corruption,
And Chasiephant doth therefore hide his head.

Caiffus. Chastisement?
Brunus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleede for Justice fake?
What Villain touch'd this body, that did this,
And not for Justice? What shall one of vs,
That rocke the heart of this innocent man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bibles?
And fell the mighty space of our large Honors.
For so much traffic, as may be graffed thus:
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moonne,
Then such a Roman.

Caiffus. Brunus, hate not me,
I nee neede a bed or you forget your felfe
To hedge me in. I am a Soullier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your felfe
To make Conditions.

Brunus. Go to: you are not Caiffus.
Caiffus. I am
Brunus. I say, you are not,
Caiffus. Virge me no more, I shall forget my felfe
Have mine eye upon your health. Tempt me no farther,

Brunus. Away flight man.
Caiffus. Is't possible?
Brunus. Hear me, for I will speake.

Muff I glasse way, and come to your saff Choller.
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman fares?

Caiffus. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muff I endure all this?
Brunus. All this! I more. Prit till your proud hart bak
Go dew your Slaues, how Chollerick ye are,
And make your Bondsman tremble. Muff I bange?
Muff I oblierte you? Muff I stand and crouch
Vnder you? The fhee Honours? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spicene.
Thought it do Sparate you. For, from this day forth,
I will ye for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter.
When you are Wafpih,
Caiffus. Is it come to this?
Brunus. You say, you are a good Soullier,
Let it appear for; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men,

Caiffus. You wrong me every way.

You wrong me Brunus:

Nay, an Elde Soullier, nee is a Beauty.
Did I say Better?

Brunus. If you did, I care not.
Caiffus. When Caiffus liad he durft not thus have tou'd me

Brunus. Peace, peace, you durft not to have tempted him.

Caiffus.
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Cai. I durst not.

Br. No.

Cai. What? durst not tempt him?

Br. For your life you durst not.

Cai. Do not proceed too much upon my Londe, I may do that I shall be forry for.

Br. You have done that you should be forry for.

There is no terror Cassius in your threats:

For I am Arm’d to strong in Honesty,
That they paffe by me, as the idle windes,
Which I respect not. I did tend to you
For certaine lumines of Gold, which you deny’d me,
For I can raile no money by vile meanes:

By Heauen. I had rather Come my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash
By any induction. I did tend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny’d me was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer’d Come Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus groves in Contemous,
To locke such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bootes,
Daft him to peeces.

Cai. I deny’d you not.

Br. You did.

Cai. I did not. He was but a Fool.

That brought my answer back, Brutus hath ri’d my hart:
A Friend should bear his Friends infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater then they are.

Br. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cai. You love me not.

Br. I do not like your faults.

Cai. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Br. A Flatterer would not, though they do appeare
As great as high Olympus,

Cai. Come Antony, and yong Ollianus come,
Rejoinse your feltes alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a weakie of the World:

Hated by one he loves, brad’ by his Brother,
Check’d like a bondman, all his faults obfurd,
Set in a Note-book, learen’d, and cond by rote
To call into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyees. This is my Dagger,
And beere my named Becket: Within a Heart
Deare then Plinie’s Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.

I that deny’d thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cassar: For I know,
When thou didst it hate him worth, I lodg’d it better
Then ever thou lodg’d it Cassius.

Br. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, Diuonor, shall be Humeour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a Lamb:
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inform’d, beaues a haffie Sparkle,
And fraste is cold agen.

Cai. Hath Cassius l’ard
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When greefe and blood ill temper’d, vexeth him?

Br. When I spake that, I was ill temper’d too.

Cai. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand,

Br. And my heart too.

Cai. O Brutus!

Br. What the matter?
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Enter Lucius.
LUC. Lucius my Gowne! farewell good Messala,
Good night Titinius! Noble Noble Cassius,
Good night, and good reposes.
Ca. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such dissonant tweeene our soules :
Let it not Bruatus.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.
LUC. Every thing is well.
Ca. Good night my Lord.
LUC. Good night good Brother.
Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Bruatus.
Ca. Farwell every one.
Exeunt.

Give me the Gowne, Where is thy Instrument ?
Luc. Here it is in the Tent.
Luc. What, thou speakest drowsily?
Poor base I blame the other, thou art once watch'd,
Call Claudius, and some other of my men,
He hath them fleape on Cusions in my Tent,
Luc. Vorenus, and Claudius.
Enter Vorenus and Claudius.
Var. Calls my Lord?
Luc. You may go, I am in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall persuade you by and by,
On businesse to my Brother Cassius,
Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.
Luc. I will it not have it so. Lye downe good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwife behincke me.
Looke Lucius, here's the bookke I bought for it,
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Luc. Bear me with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou holde vp thy heauen eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument a strange or two.
Luc. I say my Lord, an' please you,
Luc. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing,
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Br. I should be very daile thy duty patti thy might,
I know young bloods looke for a time of rest.
Luc. I have fleape my Lord already,
Br. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musick, and a Song.

[This is a Sleepy Tune. O Mordens humbter!]
Layeth thou thy Leauee Maunc upon my Boy,
That playes thee Musick? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee;
Thou dost not nod, thou keppit thy Instrument,
He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me fee, let me fee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe?
Where I left reading? Here it is it thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. He, Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakesse of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition,
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Diuell,
That maketh my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Gho. Thy will Spirit Brumus?
Br. Why com' ye thou?
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Gaius. To call thee thou shalt see me at Philippis.
Brut. Well; then I shall see thee againe?
Gaius. I at Philippis.
Brut. Why will I not see thee at Philippis then?
Now I have taken better, thou vaniﬁed.
If Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varro, Claudius, Sirs: Awake:
Lucius.
Luc. The things my Lord, are safe.
Brut. He thinke he stille is at his Instrument,
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Brut. Didst thou dreame Lucius, that thou sawest it out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know what I did cry.
Brut. Yes, thou didst, indeed didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Brut. Slepe stille, Lucius: Sirs Claudius, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Brut. Why didst thou cry out Sirs, in thy sleepe?
Var. Did we do my Lord?
Brut. I: I saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Luc. Nor my Lord.
Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius:
Bid him ﬁx on his Powres beuties before,
And we will follow.
Var. It shall be done my Lord.

Antonius Quintus.

Enter Othoianus, Antonius, and their Army.
Otho. Now Antonius, our hopes are answer’d,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keep the Hilles and upper Regions:
It proues not so: their battaile are at hand,
They mean to warne us at Philippis here;
Anwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Yes, I am in their bodega, I know Wherefore they do it: They do conceit
To visit other places, and come downe.
With fearefull braverie: thinking by this face
To fall in our thoughts that they have Courage;
But ’tis not so.

Enter a Mesenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signs of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Othoianus, lead your Battel boldly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.
Otho. Upon the right hand: I keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.
Otho. I do not crosse you: but I will do so.
March, Enter Brutus, Cassius & their Army.
Brut. They stand, and would have parley.
Cass. Stand fast Titinius, we must not and talke.
Otho. Mark Antonius, shall we give signe of Battale?
Ant. No Cassius, we will anwer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words,
Oth. Stirre not until the Signall.
Brut. Words before blowes: is it to Countrymen?
Otho. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Brut. Good was it: were better then had battaile Othoianus.
Ant. In your bad stokes Brutus, you glee good words
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar’s heart,
Crying long liue, Hail Cæsar.
Cass. Antonius,
The postures of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the Hhiba Bees,
And leave them Honey-lefe.
Ant. Not ﬂingle too too;
Brut. O yes, and soundlefe too;
For you have holte their buzzing Antonius,
And very wilde threat before you ﬂing.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when you vilest daggers
Hack another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew’d your teeths like Apes,
And favord like Hounds,
And bow’d like Bandmen, killing Cæsar’s feet;
Would it dammed Cacke, like a Curre, atchide
Strokes cæsar on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Cass. Flatterers! Now Brutus thakk your selfe,
This tongue had not offended to do,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Otho. Come, come, the caufe of Arguing make vs ﬁcer,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops.
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp against,
Never till Cassius three and thirtie wounds
Be well stound: or till another Cæsar
Hone added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Vileth thou bring it them with thee.
Otho. So I hope.
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.
Brut. Oft thou wer’t: the Noblest of thy Straine,
Young-man, thou could’st not dye more honourable.
Cass. A pious School-boy, worthies of such Honor
Joyed with a Masker, and a Reueler,
Ant. Old Cassius ﬁll.
Otho. Come Antonius: away:
Defiance Traitors, haste we in your teeths.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
I not, when you have ﬂowneckes.
Exit Othoianus, Antonius, and Army.
Cass. Why now blow winds, swell Billow,
And twinne Banke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Brut. Ho Lucilius, hearke, a word with you.
Lucilius and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cass. Messala.
Mess. What sayes my General?
Cass. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Cassius borne. Give me thy hand Messala:
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
(As Pompey was) I am compel’d to set
Vpon one battall all our Liberties.
You know, that I held Pompey strong;
And his Opinion: Now I change my mind, and partly credit things that do preface,
Coming from Sardis, on our former Enigne.
Two mighty Eagle fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philipp heere comforted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their Heads do Raunus, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sicke prey; their Shadowes feme
A Canopy most fastall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give vp the Ghost.
Coffe. Beleeue not so.

Coffe. But beleue it partly,
For I am firth of spirit, and refolt'd
To meete all perils, very constantly,
Brn. Even so Lucullus.

Coffe. Now most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day fand friendly, that we may
Lourses in peace, leade on our daies to age.
But since the affayres of men rest still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battail, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brn. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to present
The time of life, saving my felie with patience,
To play the proudest of some high Powres,
That govern vs below.

Coffe. Then, if we loose this Battail,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Throow the streets of Rome.

Brn. No Coffe, no:
Think not thou Noble Romane,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bares too great a minute. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our overlast shalwe fare well take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell Coffe.
If we do meete againe, why shal we smile?
If not, why then this passing was well made.
Coffe. For ever, and for ever, farewell Brutus:
If we do meete againe, we'll finde indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brn. Why then lesse on. O that a man might know
The end of this days businesse, ere it come:
But is sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Mefasta.

Brn. Ride, ride Mefasta, ride and give theses Bills.
Into the Legions, on the other side.

Loud Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius's wing:
And idaine pullus giues them the overthrow;
Ride, ride Mefasta, let them all come downe.

Enter Coffe, and Titinius.

Coffe. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My felle hau'e to mine owne turn'd Enemy;
This Ensigne here of mine was turning backe,
I knew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titinius. O Coffe, Brutus gave the word too early,)
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

So in his red blood Caesar's day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Danges come; our deeds are done;
Mirthfull of our faccette hath done this deed.

Mens. Mirthfull of good faccette hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholical Child,
Why doth thou shew to the unpnsought of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou never com'st into a happy byrth,
But kill'd the Mother that engendred thee.

Mens. Seekke him Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, shuffing this report
Into his ears; I may say shrutting it;
For piercing Steele, and Darts innumere,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As sydings of this fight.

Tit. Fly ye Menfals,
And I will secke for Pindarus the while:
Why didst thou send me forth brave Caesar?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreathe of Victorie,
Thy Brave, bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding, Brutus, come space,
And fee how I regarded Caesar:
By your Leuant Gods; This is a Romans part,
Come Caesar Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Menfals, yong Catu, Brato, Voluntinius, and Lucinius.

Bru. Where, where, where Mefals, doth his body lye?
Mefals. Lye yonder, and Titinius mourning in.

Brat. Titinius face is ypurward.

Catu. He is flaine.

Brat. O Pindarus, thou art mighty yet,
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our owne proper Entreaile.

Cato. Brave Titinius,
Looke where he hath his crown'd deed Caesar.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as thee?
The last of all the Romans, fit thee well:
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no more
to this dead man, than thou shall fee me pay.
I shall finde time, Caesar; I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to thee for his body,
His Funerall shall be in our Camp,
Let it discomfort vs. Lucillius come,
And come yong Catu, let vs to the Field,
Labus and Flanis set our Battles on:
This three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall Fortune be a second fight.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Mefals, Catu, Lucillius,
and Flanis.


Catu. What Basilard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Catu, hoe.
A foe to Tyrants, and my Countreys Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Catu, hoe.
Enter Scoldlers and fight.

Cato. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Brut. Farewell to you, and you, and you Volumnius.

Strat. thou hast bin all this while asleep.

Farewell to thee, to Stratoc, Countrymen.

My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this looking day.

More then Otho, and Mark Antony,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.

So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue

Hath almost ended his fues History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That haue but labou'rd, to attaine this house.

Aem. Cry within, flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Hence: I will follow:

I prytthee Stratoc, fly thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some fruict of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Stratoc?

Strat. Give me your hand first, Fare you well my Lord.

Brut. Farewell good Stratoc. — Caesar, now be still,

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

Dyes.

Aem. Retreat. Enter Antony, Otho, Mezentius, Mezentius, from the Army.

Otho. What man is that?

Mezentius. My Masters man. Stratoc, where is thy Master?

Stratoc. Free from the Bondage you are in Mezentius.

Mezentius. The Conquerors can but make a fire of him.

Stratoc. For Brutus only overcame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honour by his death.

Lucullus. So Brutus should be found, that thee Brutus

That thou hast prou'd Lucullus saying true.

Otho. All that er'd Brutus, I will entreate them,

Fellow, wilt thou beflow thy time with me?

Stratoc. I'll Mezentius will preferre me to you.

Otho. Do so, good Mezentius.

Mezentius. How dyed my Master Stratoc?

Stratoc. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mezentius, Otho, then take him to follow thee,

That did the lastest service to my Master.

Aem. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators faile onely he,

Did that they did, in envy of great Caesar:

He, onely in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,

And lay to all the world; This was a man.

Otho. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him

Wittall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,

Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

FINIS.