The Tragedy of Iulius Caesar from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true original copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

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Sprint for Shakespeare

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Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford

11 September 2014
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Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke:

1623 (entered)

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; 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>


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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$ $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi g^6 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2 [para.-]2[para.]}^6 3[para]1 aa-ff^6$ $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)\pi A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$ $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3') [para.-]2[para.]}^6 3[para]1 2a-2f^6 2g^2 2G^6 2h^6$ $x^6 2y-3b^6$.

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

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

Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".

Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

Predominantly printed in double columns. Text within simple lined frame. Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials. With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpsit. London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

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></p></additions>


<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>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 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 catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer</p>

<p>Third Folio (1664). There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of</p>
"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 (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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Both (Marcus Brutus)
Brutus.
Brut.
Brut.
Brutus.
Caesar, (Julius Caesar)
Caes.
Cæs.
Cæs.
Cæsar.
Ghost.
Ligarius, a conspirator against Caesar
Cai.
Cals.
Cæs.
Cæsar.
Casca, a conspirator against Caesar
Cask.
Caska.
Cassius, a conspirator against Caesar
Cas.
Cass.
Cassi.
Cassius.
Casca, a conspirator against Caesar
Cask.
Caska.
Young Cato, friend to Brutus
<persName type="form">Cato.</persName>

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  <persName type="form">Deci.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Decius.</persName>
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Lepidus, (Marcus Antonius Lepidus)

Lucius, servant to Brutus

Lucilius, friend to Brutus

Messenger

Messala, friend to Brutus

Metellus Cimber, a conspirator against Caesar

Marullus, a tribune

Pindarus, servant to Cassius

Commoners

Poet

Commoners
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      <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
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      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Flaius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners over the Stage.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ja-fla">
        <speaker rend="italic center">Flaius.</speaker>
        <l>
          HENCE: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
        </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ja-car">
        <speaker rend="italic">Car.</speaker>
        <l>Why Sir, a Carpenter.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ja-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-ja-cob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cobl.</speaker>
        <p>Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ja-mar">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mur.</speaker>
        <l>But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ja-cob">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cobl.</speaker>
        <p>A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.</p>
      </sp>
    </div>
  </div>
</body>
What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade? 

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

What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou sawcy Fellow?

Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proposer per men as euer trod vp on Neats Leather, haue gone vp on my handy-worke.

But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day? Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-day to see Caesar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheelers?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senselssse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey 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,
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made a 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 Pompeyes blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vnpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

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.
Exeunt all the Commoners.

May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
It is no matter, let no Images be hung with Cæsars. Ile about, and drive away the Vulgar from the streets; so do you too, where you perceive them thick. These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing, will make him flye an ordinary pitch, who else would soare aboue the view of men, and keepe vs all in seruile fearefulness.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]
Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.


Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonio's way, when he doth run his course. Antonio, Cæsar, my Lord.
The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterrile curse.

I shall remember,
When Cæsar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.

Cæsar is turn'd to heare.

Cæsar is turn'd to heare.
A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar: Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassius: Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.

Cæsar: What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth: Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar: He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Passe.

Sennet.

Exeunt. Manet Brutus.

Cassius: Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus: Not I.

Cassius: I pray you do.

Brutus: I am not Gamesom: I do lack some part of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony: Let me not hinder your desires; Isle leaue you.
"#F-jc-cas"

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cassi.</speaker>
</sp>

<br>

I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue: You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

Ouer your Friend, that loues you.

<br>

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

Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,

Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behauoirs:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd (Among whic one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

<br>

Then I haue much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face?

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brutus.</speaker>
</sp>

No Cassius:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

<br>

'Tis iust,

That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortall Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,

And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,

Haue wish'd, that Noble Brutus had his eyes.

Into what dangers, would you Leade me Cassius?

That which is not in me?

Therefore good Brutus, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe

So well as by Reflection: I your Glasse,

That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.

And be not iealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common Laughter, or did vse to stale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To euery 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.

What meanes this Showting? I do feare, the People choose Cæsar.

For their King.

I do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.
Bru.</br>I would not Cassius, yet I love him well: </br>But wherefore do you hold me here so long? </br>What is it, that you would impart to me? </br>If it be ought toward the general good, </br>Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other, </br>And I will look on both indifferently: </br>For let the Gods so speed me, as I love </br>The name of Honor, more then I fear death.</br>Cassi.</br>I know that virtue to be in you Brutus, </br>As well as I do know your outward favor. </br>Well, Honor is the subject of my story: </br>I cannot tell, what you and other men </br>Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe, </br>I had as lief not be, as lieue to be </br>In awe of such a thing, as I my selfe. </br>I was borne free as Caesar, so were you, </br>We both have fed as well, and we can both </br>Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee. </br>For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day, </br>The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores, </br>Leape in with me into this angry Flood, </br>And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word, </br>Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, </br>And bad him follow: so indeed he did. </br>The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it </br>With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside, </br>And stemming it with hearts of Controversie. </br>But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd, </br>Caesar said to me, Dar'st thou Caesar now </br>Leape in with me into this angry Flood, </br>And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word, </br>Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, </br>And bad him follow: so indeed he did. </br>The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it </br>With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside, </br>And stemming it with hearts of Controversie. </br>But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd, </br>Caesar crie, Helpe me Caesar, or I sink</br>I (as æneas, our great Ancestor, </br>Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder </br>The old Anchyses beare) so, from the waues of Tyber </br>Did I the tyred Caesar: And this Man </br>Is now become a God, and Cassius is </br>A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake.

His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,

And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,

Alas, it crie,

Titinius,

As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get t

he start of the Maiesticke world,

And beare the Palme alone.

Shout.

Flou

ish.

Bru.

Another generall shout?

I do beleeue, that these applauses are

For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about

to finde our selues dishonourabl Graues.

Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,

But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

What should be in that Cæsar and Cæsar:

Why should that name be sounded more then yours

Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
Weigh them, it is as heavie: Conjure with 'em,

*Brutus* will start a Spirit as soone as

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Vpon what meate doth this our

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 incompeate 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,

That would brooke'd

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 hereafter. For this present,

I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)

Be any further mou'd: What you haue said,

I will consider: what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meeete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vp this:

*Brutus* had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Roome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vp on vs.

I am glad that my weake words

Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from

*Brutus* once, that would

Th'etemall Diuell to keepe his State in Roome,

As easely as a King.

*Bru.*

That do you 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 hereafter. For this present,

I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)

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I will consider: what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meeete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vp this:

*Brutus* had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Roome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vp on vs.

*Bru.*

I am glad that my weake words

Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from

*Brutus* once, that would
The Games are done,
And Caesar is returning.

As they passe by,
Plucke Caska by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his sowe fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

I will do so: but looke you Caesius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsars brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;

Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and Cicero
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Caska will tell vs what the matter is.

Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond Cassius has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker><br>

Feare him not <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, he's not dangerous.<br>

He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.<br>

Cæs.<br>

Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:<br>

Yet if my name were lyable to feare,<br>

I do not know the man I should auoyd.<br>

So soone as that spare <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>. He reades much,<br>

He is a great Obseruer, and he looks.<br>

Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,<br>

As thou dost <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>: he heares no Musicke;<br>

Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,<br>

As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit,<br>

That could be mou'd to smile at any thing,<br>

Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,<br>

Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,<br>

And therefore are they very dangerous.<br>

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,<br>

Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Cæsar.<br>

Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,<br>

A <gap extent="1"
unit="chars"
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resp="#LMC"/>d tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.<br>

Sennit.<br>

Exeunt Cæsar and his Traine.<br>

Caska, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day<br>

That <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> lookes so sad.<br>

You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake <lb/>with me?<br>

Bru. <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day<br>

Why you were with him, were you not?</p>
Bru.

I should not then aske Caska what had chane'd.

Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Why for that too.

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Why for that too.

Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showted.

Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caska.
I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe Marke Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thin-king, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-ing, he 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 refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, fo.

re of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad

Of my Lippes, and receyuing the bad

But soft I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?
He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I, And honest Cassa, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-pleas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forguaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse.
I.

Did Cicero say anything?

Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er looke you in'th'face againe. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more: Murrellus and Flamius, for pulling Scarffes off Caesar's Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem-ber it.

Will you suppe with me to Night, Caska?

No, I am promis'd forth.

Will you Dine with me to morrow?

I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.
Good, I will expect you.</p>

Cask.

Doe so: farewell both.</p>

Exit.</p>

Brut.</p>

What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.</p>

Brut.</p>

What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.</p>

Cassi.

So is he now, in execution

Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,

How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:

This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,

Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words

With better Appetite.</p>

Brut.</p>

And so it is:

For this time I will leaue 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.</p>

Cassi.

I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,

That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:

For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?

Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues

Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues
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

Cæsars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Enter

Caska, and Cicero.

Good euen, Caska/: brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicero,
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 threatening Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciull strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?
Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O

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

Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the pu
Caesar to the Capitoll to morrow?

Good-night then, Caska:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Who's there?
A Romane.

Who's there?
A Romane.
Caska, by your Voyce.

Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For the Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;

And thus vnbraced, Caska, as you see,

Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:

And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open

The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe

Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it.

You are dull, Caska:

And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,

You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,

And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:

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, 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 (Caska) 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.

'Tis Caesar that you meane:
Is it not, Cassius?

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.

I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassi
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 retentiue 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,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure.

That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Cask. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe;
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) 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.

Cask. You speake to Caska, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, Caska, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-go, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In Pompeyes Porch: for now this fearefull
Night,

There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;

And the Complexion of the Element

Is Favors, like the Worke we haue in hand,

Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Stand close a while, for heere comes one in haste.

'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,

He is a friend.

To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus?

No, it is Caska, one incorporate To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for,

Yes, you are. O Cassius,

If you could but winne the Noble Brutus To our party

Be you content. Good Cinna, take this
Paper,

And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,

Where <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> may but finde it: and throw this

In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe

Vpon old <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> Statue: all this done,

Repaire to <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> Porch, where you shall finde vs.

Is <hi rend="italic">Decius Brutus</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Trebonius</hi> there?
</sp>

Cinna.

All, but <hi rend="italic">Metellus Cymber</hi>, and hee's gone

To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.
</sp>

Cinna.

That done, repayre to <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi>

Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come <hi rend="italic">Caska</hi>, you and I will yet, ere day,

See <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> at his house: three parts of him

Is ours alreadie, and the man entire

Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
</sp>

Cinna.

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,

For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.
</sp>

Exit Cinna.

Caska,

you and I will yet, ere day,

See <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> at his house: three parts of him

Is ours alreadie, and the man entire

Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.
</sp>

Cinna.

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,

For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.
</sp>

Exeunt.
Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoew? I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres, giue guesse how neere to day—— Lucius, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.

Luc. Call’d you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Exit. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cause, to spurne 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 Adder, And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that, And then I graunt we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th’abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,

I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prove, That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder, Whereto the Climber vpward turns his Face: But when he once attaines the vpmost Round, He then vnto the Ladder turns his Backe, Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend: so Caesar may; Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell Will beare no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would runne to these, and these extremities: And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge, Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous; And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir: Searching the Window for a Flint, I found This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Get you to Bed againe, it is not day: Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

I know not, Sir.

Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

I will, Sir.

Exit.

The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giuе so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe.

Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.

Such instigations haue beene often dropt.

Where I haue tooke them vp:

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome:

Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome:

This must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome:

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing:

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:

Are then in councell; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then:

The nature of an Insurrection.
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,

Who doth desire to see you.

Is he alone?

No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Doe you know them?

No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discouer them,
By any marke of fauour.

Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauern darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natuie semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough.

To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius,
Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.
I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?
I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
He is welcome hither.
He is welcome too.
They are all welcome.
Shall I entreat a word?
They whisper.
Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake here?
O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Giue me your hands al ouer, one by one.

And let vs sweare our Resolution.

No, not an Oa: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
to kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.
Let vs not leaue him out.
No, by no meanes.
O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will never follow any thing
The n leaue him out.
Indeed, he is not fit.

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

<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 Caesar.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
   <l>Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:</l>
   <l>If he loue Caesar, all that he can do</l>
   <l>Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar.</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 Caesar 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 apperant Prodigies,</l>
</sp>
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius.

Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,
I can ore‑sway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cass.
Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Bru.
By the eight houre, is that the vttermost?
Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

Met.
Caius Ligarius doth beare Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cin.
The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you Brutus,
And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.</sp>

Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily.

Let not our lookes put on our purposes,

But beare it as our Roman Actors do,

With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,

And so good morrow to you euery one.

Exeunt.

Boy: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,

Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:

Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Brutus, my Lord.

Portia: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Nor for yours neither. Y'haue ungentlly Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper You sodainly arose, and walk'd about, Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You star'd vpon me, with ungentele lookes. I vrg'd you further, then yo you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stampt with your foote.
Yet I insisted, yet you answer’d not,
But with an angry waft of your hand
Gaue 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,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.
I am not well in health, and that is all.
Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.
Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.
Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus 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 sicknesse? No my Brutus,
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 charmee you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,

That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe

Why you are heavie: and what men to night

Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene

Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces

Euen from darknesse.

Bru.

Kneele not gentle Portia.

I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus.

Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,

But as it were in sort, or limitation?

To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,

And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife.

If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to thine Wife:

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger then my Sex

Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:

I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,
Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I be
extent = "2"
unit = "chars"
reason = "illegible"
agent = "stain"
resp = "/LMC" e that with
patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

O ye Gods!

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 construe to thee,
Leave me with hast.

Exit Portia.
Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Boy, stand aside. Ligarius, that
Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius,
how?

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

O what a time haue you chose out braue
To weare a Kerchief? Would you were not sicke.
I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand Any exploit worthy the name of Honor. 

Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it. 

By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heere discard my sickness. Soule of Rome, Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines, Thou like an Exorcist, hast couniur'd vp My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne, Yea get the better of them. What's to do? 

A peece of worke, That will make sicke men whole. 

But are not some whole, that we must make sicke? 

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

Set on your foote, And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on. 

Follow me then.
Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 2]

Thunder & Lightning,

Enter Iulius Cæsar in his Night-gowne.

Cæsar.

Nor Heauen, nor Earth, Haue beene at peace to night: Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,

Helpe, ho: They murther Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

I will my Lord.

I will bid the Priests do present Sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of Successe.

I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

What mean you Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæsar Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are
vanished.</sp>
</fw>
<hi rend="italic">Calp.</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axe0727-0.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>Recounds 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 Warrior's fight uppon the Clouds</l>
  <l>In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre</l>
  <l>Which drizel'd blood uppon 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 shrike 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>
  <l>And I do feare them.</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>
What say the Augurers?

They would not have you to stirre forth to day.

Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,

They could not finde a heart within the beast.

They would not have you to stirre forth to day.

Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,

They could not finde a heart within the beast.

The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:

Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart.

If he should 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 litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible,

And Cæsar shall goe forth.

Alas my Lord,

Your wisedom is consum'd in confidence:

Do not goe forth to day: Call it my fear,

That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'l send Mark Antony to the Senate house,

And he shall say, you are not well to day:

Let me vpon my knee, prevail in this.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.
Caes. 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 false: and that I dare not, falser: I will not come to day, tell them so Decius. Say he is sicke. Caesar send a Lyee? Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre, To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth: Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laught at when I tell them so. But for your priuate satisfaction, Because I loue you, I will let you know. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted, It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiving bloo
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's Dreame is signified.

And this way haue you well expounded it.
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Cæsar.
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 Cæsars wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If Cæsar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper?
Loe Cæsar is affraid?
Pardon me, for my deere deere loue
And reason to my loue is liable.

How foolish do your fears seeme now
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.
And looke where Publius is come to fetch me.

Good morrow Cæsar.

Welcome <hi rend="italic">Publius</hi>.

What <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>, are you stirr'd so earely too?

Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Caska: Caius Ligarius, Caesar</hi> was ne're so much your enemy.

As that same Ague which hath made you leane.

What is't a Clocke?

Bru.

Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

I thank you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, that Reuels long a-nights

Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>

So to most Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>

Bid them prepare within:

Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>

So to most Noble <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>

I haue an houres talke in store for you:

Remember that you call on me to day:

Be neere me, that I may remember you.

I will: and so neer e will I be, That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me.

And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.
That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus earnes to thinke vpon.

Exeunt.

Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber. Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Heere will I stand, till Cæsar passe along.

And as a Sutor will I giue him this: My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue Out of the teeth of Emulation. If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest liue; If not, the Fa
tes with Traitors do contriue.

Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house. Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why doest thou stay?
<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 'tweene my Heart and Tongue.</l>
  <l>I haue a mans minde, but a womens 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 Cæsar 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>
Sooth.

At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por.

What is't a clocke?

Sooth.

About the ninth houre Lady.

Por.

Is <hi>Cæsar</hi> yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth.

Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,

To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Thou hast some suite to <hi>Cæsar</hi>, hast thou not?

That I haue Lady, if it will please <hi>Cæsar</hi>, as to heare me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-<lb/>wards

None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:

Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:
The throng follows Caesar at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
I'll get me to a place more vo
d, and there

Speake to great Caesar as he comes along.

Exit

I m
At; go t;

Aye me! How weake a thing

The heart of woman is? O

Sure the Boy heard me:

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow
faint:

Run "Lucius", and commend me to my Lord.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs.
The Ides of March are come.

Sooth.

Cæsar, but not gone.

Art.
Haile Cæsar: Read this scedule.

Deci.
Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read (At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art.
O Cæsar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite.

That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great.

Cæs.
What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art.
Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.

What, is the fellow mad?

Sirra, giue place.

What, urge you your Petitions in the street? Come to the Capitoll.

I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.

What enterprize Popillius?

Fare you well.

What said Popillius Lena?

He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue: I feare our purpose is discouered.

Looke how he makes to Cæsar: marke him.

Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne, Cassius or Cæsar neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe.

Bru. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Bru. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Bru. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.

Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.

Cæsar doth not change.
<hi rend="italic">Metellus Cymber</hi> throwes before thy Seate

An humble heart.

Cæs.

I must preuent thee Cymber:

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree

Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,

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

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I mean sweet words,

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou doest bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

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

For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0729-0.jpg" n="119"/>
/fw>
The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsars.<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsars.</fw>

To the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

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

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

Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

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

Pardon <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>: <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> doth not wrong, nor without cause.

Will he be satisfied.

As lowe as to thy foote doth fall.
To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber.

I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparke,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Great Cæsar.

Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

They stab Cæsar.

They stab Cæsar.
Et Tu Bruté? Then fall Caesar.

Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead.

Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

People and Senators, be not affrighted: Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

And Cassius too.

Where's Publius?

Stand fast together, least some Friend of Cæsars should chance.

Talke not of standing. Publius? good cheere.

There is no harme intended to your person.

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them.
And leaue vs Publius, least that the people Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Do so, and let no man abide this deede, But we the Doers.

Fled to his House amaz'd: Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomesday.

Fates, we will know your pleasures: That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

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

Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: So are we Cæsars Friends, that haue abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope, And let vs bathe our hands in Cæsars blood Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place, And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

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

Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: So are we Cæsars Friends, that haue abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope, And let vs bathe our hands in Cæsars blood Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place, And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence shall this our lofty Scene be acted over, In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompeyes Basis lye along,

So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of vs be call'd, The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

I, euery man away. Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonies. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe, And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest; Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing: Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lou'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that 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 vntrod State, With all true Faith. So sayes my Master.

Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane, I neuer thought him worse: Tell him, so please him come vnto this place. He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor Depart vntouch'd.

Ile fetch him presently.

I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde That feares him much: and my misgiuing still Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

But heere comes Mark Antony: Welcome Mark Antony.

Antony.
O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe?

Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles, Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.

I know not Gentlemen what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke: If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit

As Caesar deaths houre; nor no Instrument

Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich

With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,

Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeeke and smoake,

Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,

I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.

No place will please me so, no meane of death,

As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,

As by our hands, and this our present Acte

You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:

And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,

As fire driues out fire, so pitty, pitty

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you, our Swords haue leaden points

Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,

In the disposing of new Dignities.

Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,

In the disposing of new Dignities.

Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause.
Why I, that did loue Caesar when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you;
Next Caius Cassius do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus;
Yours yours; now yours Cinna; and my valiant Caska,
Though last, not least in loue, yours good Trebonius.

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 Cæsar, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy Antony 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 Iulius, heere was't thou bay'd braue
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?
Ant.
Pardon me Caius Cassius:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.
I blame you not for praising Caesar so.
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.
You shall Marke Antony.
That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.
You shall Marke Antony.

<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">
<bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>By your pardon:</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>And shew the reason of our <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> death.</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>What <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> shall speake, I will protest</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>He speaks by leaue, and by permission:</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>And that we are contented <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> shall</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-cas">
<cer>
<bru>Cassi.</bru>
</cer>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>I know not what may fall, I like it not.</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>Mark Antony</bru>, heere take you <bru>Cæsars</bru> body:</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>But speake all good you can deuise of <bru>Cæsar</bru>,
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>And say you doo't by our permission:</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>Else shall you not haue any hand at all</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>About his Funerall. And you shall speake</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>In the same Pulpit whereto I am going</bru>,</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>After my speech is ended.</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
<cer>
<bru>Ant.</bru>
</cer>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
<bru>Be it so:</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-ant">
<bru>I do desire no more.</bru>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
<bru>Prepare the body then, and follow vs.</bru>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Antony.</stage>
O pardon me, thou bleeding piece 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 Prophesie,
Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips.
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue.
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domestick Fury, and fierce Civill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And Cæsars Spirit ranging for Reuenge.
With Ate 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 aboue the earth with Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.
Enter Octauio's Servant.
You serue Octauius Cæsar, do you not?
Thy heart is bigge: get thee a part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine, 
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. 
He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. 
Post backe with speede, 
And tell him what hath chanc'd: 
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, 
No Rome of safety for Octaius yet,

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong Octaius, of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.

Bru. 
Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends. 
Cassius go you into the other streete, 
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of Cæsars death.
1. Ple.

I will heare Brutus speake.

When seuerally we heare them rendred.

The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Be patient till the last. Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesar, to him I say, that Brutus, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Caesar rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were lying, and dye all Slaues; then that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him I haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him I offended. I pause for a Reply.
Brutus, none.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

We'll bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

My Country-men.

Peace, silence, Brutus speakes.

Peace ho.

Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, and (for my sake) stay heere with Antony:

I do intreat you, not a man depart, Saue I alone, till Antony haue spoke.

(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

Do grace to Cæsars Corpes, and grace his Speech:

Tending to Cæsars Glories, which Mark Antony:

(B) For sake, I am beholding to you.

What does he say of Brutus?
He sayes, for Brutus sake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.
'Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus here?
This Caesar was a Tyrant.
Nay that's certaine: We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say.
You gentle Romans.
Peace hoe, let vs heare him.
Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Caesars
Funerall.<l>
He was my Friend, faithfull, and just to me;</l>
But <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious,<l>
And <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> is an Honourable man.<l>
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,<l>
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:<l>
Did this in <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> seeme Ambitious?<l>
When that the poore haue cry'de, <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> hath wept:<l>
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,<l>
Yet <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious:<l>
And <hi rend="italic">Bru</hi>tus is an Honourable man.<l>
I speake not to disprooue what <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> spoke,<l>
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;<l>
You all did loue him once, not without cause,<l>
What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?<l>
O Judgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,<l>
And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,<l>
My heart is in the Coffin there with <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, and I m<u>ust</u> pawse, till it come backe to me.<l>
It thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,<l>
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?<l>
Yet <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious:<l>
And sure he is an Honourable man.<l>
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Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> sayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown, therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

If it be found so, some will deere abide it.

Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might have stood against the World: Now lies he there, and none so poore to do him reverence.

O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny 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 heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of Cæsar, I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will.

Let but the Commons heare this Testament: (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade, And they would go and kisse dead 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 unto their issue.

We'll hear the Will, read it Mark Antony.

The Will, the Will; we will hear Cæsar.

Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it. It is not meete you know how Cæsar lou'd you:

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the Will of Cæsar, 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?

They were Traitors: Honourable men?

They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the
Will.

You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corpus of Cæsar,

And let me shew you him that made the Will:

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Come downe.

Descend.

You shall have leave.

A Ring, stand round.

Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

If you have teares, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember the first time euer Cæsar put it on, 'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Nerius. Looke, in this place ran Cassius Dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Caska made:

Through this, the wel-beloued Brutus stabb'd.

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd

If Brutus so vnkindely knock'd, or no:

For, as you know, was Cæsars Angel.

Judge, O you Gods, how deerely Cæsar lou'd him:

This was the most vnkindest cut of all.

For when the Noble Cæsar 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 Pompeyes Statue (Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar 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 weep, and I perceiue you feele

The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

Our Vesture wounded? Looke you you heere,

Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

O pitteous spectacle!

O Noble Cæsar!

O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O most bloody sight!

2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge about, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay, Let not a Traitor liue.


1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre (you vp to such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny: They that haue done this Deede, are honourable. What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not, That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable, And will no doubt with Reasons answer you. I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts, I am no Orator, as Brutus is: But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man That loue my Friend, and that they know full well, That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him: For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth, Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech, To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on: I tell you that, which you your selues do know, Shew you sweet Caesar wounds, poor dum mouths And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
And <hi rend="italic">Brutus Antony</hi>, there were an <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>

Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue in euery Wound of <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, that should moue

The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

Wee'l Mutiny.

Wee'l burne the house of <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>.

Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

Peace hoe, heare <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>, most Noble <hi rend="italic">Antony</hi>.

Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> thus deseru'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil.

Heere is the Will, and vnder <hi rend="italic">Cæsars</hi> Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery seuerall man, seuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2. <hi rend="italic">Ple.</hi>
The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Most Noble Cæsar, wee'l reuenge his death.

O Royall Cæsar.

Heare me with patience.

Peace howe

Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes, His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards, On this side Tyber, he hath left them you, And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.

Heere was a Cæsar: when comes such another?

Neuer, neuer: come, away, away: Wee'l burne his body in the holy place, And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses. Take vp the body.

Go fetch fire.

Plucke downe Benches.

Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.

Ant.

Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a foot, Take thou what course thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Sir, Octaius is already come to Rome.

Where is hee?

He and Lepidus are at Cæsars house.

Belike they had some notice of the people How I had moued them. Bring me to Octaius.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 3]Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.
Cæsar,

And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:

I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,

Yet something leads me foorth.

What is your name?

Whether are you going?

Wh do yo you dwell?

Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

I, and breefely.

I, and wisely.

I, and truly, you were best.

Cin.

What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer euery man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.
That's as much as to say, they are fools that mistake: you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Directly I am going to Caesar's Funerall.

As a friend.

That matter is answered directly.

For your dwelling: briefly.

I dwell by the Capitoll.

Truly, my name is Cinna the Poet.

Teare him to peeces, he's a Conspirator.

I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet.

Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad
Verses.

I am not Cinna the Conspirator.  

It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.

Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius House, and some to Caska's; some to Ligarius: Away, go.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Your Brother too must dye: consent you Lepidus?

I do consent.

Pricke him downe Antony.

Pricke him downe Antony.
Vpon condition Publius shall not liue, <hi rend="italic">Marke</hi>

Who is your Sisters sonne, <hi rend="italic">Mark Antony</hi>.

He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.

But <hi rend="italic">Lepidus</hi>, go you to <hi rend="italic">Caesar's</hi> house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

What? shall I finde you heere?

Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

This is a slight vnmeritable man, Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit The three-fold World diuided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

So you thought him, And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Octauius, I haue seene more dayes then you, And though we lay these Honours on this man, To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,

He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,

To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,

Either led or driuen, as we point the way:

And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,

( LIKE TO THE EMPTY ASSE) TO SHAKE HIS EARES,
And graze in Commons.

You may do your will:

But he's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

You may do your will:

So is my Horse Octavius, and for that

I do appoint him store of Prouender.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,

And in some taste, is Lepidus but so:

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds

On 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 Octavius,

Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius

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.

Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,

They have my store.

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

And bayed about with many Enemies,

And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare

Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt.
the Army. Titinius <lb/>and Pindarus meete them.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Stand ho.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-lcl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
  <l>Giue the word ho, and Stand.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>What now <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi>, is <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi> neere?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-lcl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
  <l>He is at hand, and <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi> is come</l>
  <l>To do you salutation from his Master.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>He greets me well. Your Master <hi rend="italic">Pindarus</hi> in his owne change, or by ill Officers,</l>
  <l>Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish</l>
  <l>Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand</l>
  <l>I shall be satisfied.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-pin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pin.</speaker>
  <l>I do not doubt</l>
  <l>But that my Noble Master will appeare</l>
  <l>Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>He is not doubted. A word <hi rend="italic">Lucillius</hi> how he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-lcl">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lucil.</speaker>
  <l>With courtesie, and with respect enough,</l>
  <l>But not with such familiar instances,</l>
  <l>Nor with such free and friendly Conference</l>
  <l>As he hath vs'd of old.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Thou hast describ'd</l>
</sp>
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucilius

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:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,

They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades

Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil.

They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:

The greater part, the Horse in generall

Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Hearke, he is arriu'd:

March gently on to meete him.

Stand ho.

Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs.

And when you do them

Cassius, be content. Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere (Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away: Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Greefes,

And I will giue you Audience.

Cassius, be content. Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere (Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away: Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Greefes,

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And I will giue you Audience.

Cassius, be content. Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies heere (Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away: Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Greefes,
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.

Let me tell you Cassius, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are Brutus that speakes
this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

The name of Cassius Honors this corruption,
And Chasticement doth therefore hide his head.

Remember March, the Ides of March
Did not great Iulius bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cassi.

Brutus, baite not me, Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I, Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Go too: you are not
Cassius.

I say, you are not.

Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Away slight man.

Is't possible?

Must I giue away, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,

And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?

Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch

Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene

Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,

Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter

When you are Waspish.

Is it come to this?

You wrong me euery way:

I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

If you did, I care not.

When Cæsar liu'd, he durst not thus have mou'd

( me.

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

Cæsar

liu'd, he durst not thus have mou'd

( me.

Cass.

When Cæsar liu'd, he durst not thus have mou'd

( me.

Cass.

When Cæsar liu'd, he durst not thus have mou'd

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

You did.

I did not. He was but a Foole That brought my answer back. Brutus makes mine greater then they are.

I do not, till you practice them on me.

You loue me not.

I do not like your faults.

A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare As huge as high Olympus.

Come Antony, and yong Octausius come,

Reuenge your selues alone on Cassius, and yong Octausius

For Cassius is a-weary of the World:

Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,

Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate

To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe

My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at Cæsar: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loued'st him better
Then euer thou loued'st Cassius.

Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O Cassius, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straite is cold agen.

Hath Cassius liu'd To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.
And my heart too.

O Cassius! Brutus!
What's the matter?
Cassi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me, When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me Makes me forgetfull.

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

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

For shame you Generals; what do you meane? Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee, For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cas.
Beare with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:

What should the Warres do with these ligging Fooles?

Companion, hence.

Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Lucillius and Titinius bid the Commanders Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

And come your selues, & bring Messala with you Immediately to vs.

Lucius, a bowle of Wine.

I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Of your Philosophy you make no vse, If you giue place to accidentall euils.

O Cassius, I am sicke of many greefes.
No man beares sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha? Portia?

She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so? O insupportable, and touching losse! Vpon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, And greefe, that yong Octauius with Mark Antony with

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine, In this I bury all vnkindnesse Cassius.

Drinkes

Drinkes
My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.

Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of Brutus!

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Come in Titinius:

Welcome good Messala:

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Portia, art thou gone?

No more I pray you.

Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,

That yong Octauius, and Marke Antony.

Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.

II3

My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, habe put to death, an hundred Senators.

Therein our Letters do not well agree: Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cicero one?

Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription

Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

No Messala.

Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Nothing Messala.

That me thinkes is strange.

Why aske you? Heare you ought of her, in yours?

No my Lord.
"Now as you are a Roman tell me true."

"Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,"

"For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner."

"Why farewell Portia: We must die Messala:"

"With meditating that she must dye once,"

"I haue the patience to endure it now."

"Euen so great men, great losses shold indure."

"I haue as much of this in Art as you,"

"But yet my Nature could not beare it so."

"Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke Of marching to Philippi presently."

"I do not thinke it good."

"Your reason?"

"This it is:"

"Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,"

"So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,"

"Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,"

"Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse."

"Good reasons must of force giue place to better:"
ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grug'd vs vs Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp.

Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:

From which advantange shall we cut him off.

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

</sp>

Heare me good Brother.

Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the vtmost of our Frie

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encreaseth euery day,

We at the height, are readie to decline.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shal
dowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now a
float,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Then with your will go on: wee'l along

Our selues, and meet them at Philippi.

The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will niggard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

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

\[\text{Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.}\]

\[\text{Varrus, and Claudio}.\]

\[\text{Enter Varrus and Claudio.}\]

\[\text{Cals my Lord?}\]

\[\text{I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,}\]

\[\text{I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.}\]

\[\text{I am much forgetfull.}\]

\[\text{Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,}\]

\[\text{And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.}\]

\[\text{I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.}\]

\[\text{I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.}\]

\[\text{I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,}\]

\[\text{It may be I shall raise you by and by}\]

\[\text{On businesse to my Brother}\]

\[\text{Lucius, heere's the booke I sought for}\]

\[\text{I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.}\]
<speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
<l>It does my Boy: \</l>
<l>I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.</l></sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>It is my duty Sir.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>
  <l>I should not urge thy duty past thy might, \</l>
  <l>I know yon bloods looke for a time of rest.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>I haue slept my Lord already.</l>
</sp>

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

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke, and a Song.</stage>
<l>This is a sleepy 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>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Ghost of Caesar.</stage>
<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>

<sp who="#F-jc-cae">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
  <l>Thy euill Spirit <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi>?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jc-bru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bru.</speaker>
  <l>Why com'st thou?</l>
</sp>
To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Why I will see thee at Philippi then:

He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Did'st thou dreame that thou so cryedst out?

The strings my Lord, are false.
<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</l> <hi rend="italic">Lucius</hi>: Sirra <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, Fellow,</sp>
  <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</l> <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>:</l>
  <l>Bid him set on his Powres betimes before.</l>
  <l>And we will follow.</l>
Exeunt

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.

Prepare you Generals, The Enemy comes on in gallant shew: Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

I do not crosse you: but I will do so.

March. Enter Brutus, Cassius, &

their Army.

They stand, and would haue parley.

Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke.

Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Stirre not vntill the Signall.

Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Good words are better then bad strokes Octavius.

In your bad strokes Brutus, you giue good words.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying long lieue, Haile Caesar.

The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;

But for your words, they rob the Hibla Bees,

And leaue them Hony-lesse.

Not stinglesse too.

For you haue stolne their buzzing Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of Caesar:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Caesar's feete;

Whil'st damned Caska, like a Curre, behind.

Strooke Caesar on the necke. O you Flatterers.

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Caesar's feete;

Whil'st damned Caska, like a Curre, behind.

Strooke Caesar on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Flatterers? Now Brutus thanke your selfe,

This tongue had not offended so to day.

If Cassius might haue rul'd.

Come, come, the cause. I if arguing make vs swet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till Caesar three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another Caesar
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Octavius: So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.

O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Old Cassius still.

Come: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomaches.
Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow, And swimme Barke: The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho Lucillius, hearke, a word with you.

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very day Was Cassius borne. Giue me thy hand, Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very day Was Cassius borne. Giue me thy hand, Messala:

Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>

Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>

Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>

Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>

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Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>

Messala</hi>, this is my Birth-day: at this very day</l>
The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Who to Philippi heere consorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Beleeue not so.

I but beleue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Euen so Lucillius.

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

Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

He bears too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell
Cassius,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

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

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

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

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

<l>And sodaine push giues them the overthrow:<l>
<l>Ride, ride <hi rend="italic">Messala</hi>, let them all come
downe.</l>

</sp>

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

<sp>

<sp rend="italic">Brutus</sp> gaue
the word too early,<l>
<cb n="2"/>
</sp>

<sp rend="italic">Octauius</sp>,<l>
<hi rend="italic">Antony</hi> are all inclos'd.</l>
</sp>

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

<sp rend="italic">Pind.</sp>

<l>Flye further off my Lord: flye further off.</l>

<l>Mark Antony</l> is in your Tents my Lord:<l>
<l>Flye therefore Noble <hi rend="italic">Cassius</hi>, flye farre
off.</l>

</sp>

<sp rend="italic">Titinius</sp>

<l>Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?</l>

</sp>
They are, my Lord.

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

And tell me what thou not'st about the Field. This day I breathed first, Time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end, My life is run his compass. Sirra, what news?

Titinius is enclosed round about With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre, Yet he spurrets on. Now they are almost on him: Now Titinius. Now some light: O he lights too.

And hearke, they shout for joy.
Come downe, behold no more: O Coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner, And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do, Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword That ran through Caesars bowels, search this bosome.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts, And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the Sword Cæsar, thou art reveng'd, Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

So, I am free, Yet would not so have beene Durst I have done my will. O Cassius, Farre from this Country Pindarus shall run, Where neuer Roma shall take note of him.

These tydings will well comfort Cassius. Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius

Is overthrown by Noble Brutus:

As Legions are by Antony

These tydings will well comfort Cassius.

Where did you leave him.
All disconsolate, With Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill.

Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground? He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Is not that hee? No, this was he Messala, but Cassius is no more. O setting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night; So in his red blood Cassius day is set.

The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone, Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done; Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed. O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe: Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men? The things that are not? O Error soone coneyu'd, Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth, But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

What Pindarus? Where art thou
Seeke him Titinius, whilst I go to meet The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report.

As tydings of this sight.

Hye you Messala, And I will seeke for Pindarus the while:

Why did'st thou send me forth braue Cassius?

Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,

And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their.

But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow, Brutus bid me giue it thee, and I Will do his bidding.

And see how I regarded Cassius:

By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,

Come Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

And do his body lye?

Loe yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, yong Cato Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Where, where Messala, doth his body lye?
Titinius’ face is vpward.

He is slaine.

He is slaine.

O Iuliu CÆsar, thou art mighty yet,

Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords in our owne proper Entrailes.

Low Alarums.

Braue Titinius, looke where he haue not crown’d dead Cassius.

Are yet two Romans liuing such as these? The last of all the Romans, far thee well: It is impossible, that euer Rome should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares to this dead man, then you shall see me pay. I shall finde time, Cassius: I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to Tharsus send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Campe, Least it discomfort vs. Lucillius come,

And come yong Cato, let vs to the Field.

Labio and Flauio set our Battailes on:

’Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala,
Cato, Lucilius and Flavius.


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

I will proclaime my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus.

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius,

And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne.

Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so muc, that thou wilt kill me straight:

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

We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.
2. Sold.

Roome hoe: tell Antony, Antony is tane.

Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall, Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.

Where is hee? Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough: I dare assure thee, that no Enemy Shall euer take aliue the Noble:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame, When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like him selfe.

This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you, A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe, Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on, And see where Brutus be aliue or dead, And bring vs word, vnto Octauius Octauius Tent:

How euery thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this <lb/>Rocke.<l />

<sp who="#F-je-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>

Statillius <hi rend="italic">shew'd the Torch-light, but<br />
my Lord</hi><l />

He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

Sit thee downe, <hi rend="italic">Clitus</hi>: slaying is the word,<l />

It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, <hi rend="italic">Clitus</hi>.

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>

What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

Peace then, no words.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>

Ile rather kill my selfe.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-bru">
<speaker rend="italic">Brut.</speaker>

Hearke thee, <hi rend="italic">Dardanius</hi>.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-dar">
<speaker rend="italic">Dard.</speaker>

Shall I doe such a deed?<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>

O <hi rend="italic">Dardanius</hi>.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-dar">
<speaker rend="italic">Dard.</speaker>

O <hi rend="italic">Clitus</hi>.<l />

</sp>

<sp who="#F-je-cli">
<speaker rend="italic">Clit.</speaker>

What ill request did <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> make to <br />
thee?<l />
To kill him, Clitus: look he meditates.

Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe, That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Not so, my Lord.

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the World, Volumnius, how it goes.

Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,

Then tarry till they push vs. Good Volumnius.

Thou know'许, that we two went to Schoole together:

Euen for that our loue of old, I prethlee

Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.
That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Clit. Flye, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Farewell to you, and you, and Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen:

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

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

I shall have glory by this losing day

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for Brutus

tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That haue but labour'd, to attain this hour.

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

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So fare you well at once, for Brutus

tongue

Hath almost ended his lives History:

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou Strato?

Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Farewell good Strato. CÆsar, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dyes. Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony,
Octauius, Messala, Lucillius, and the Army.

What man is that?
My Masters man. Strato, where is thy Master?
Free from the Bondage you are in Messala,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus onely ouercame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death.

So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus should be found. I thank thee
That thou hast prou'd Lucillius saying true.
All that seru'd Brutus, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
<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">Octauius</hi>, then take him to follow thee,</l>
  <l>That did the latest service 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 envy 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 use 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>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>