

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## J U L I U S C A E S A R

Edited for 2018 by KittyCat Thompson

### **DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

Julius Caesar...

Calpurnia...

Mark Antony...

Octavius Caesar...

Brutus...

Portia...

Cassius...

Casca...

Metellus...

Cinna...

Ligarius...

Trebonius...

Flavius...

Marullus...

Messala...

Soothsayer...

Lucius...

Titinius...

Pindarus...

Strato...

**ACT I. SCENE I.** Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners

FLAVIUS

Hence! home, you idle creatures get you home:  
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Commoner

A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe  
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS

What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Commoner

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

MARULLUS

What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Commoner

Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Commoner

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I  
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon  
to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I  
recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Commoner

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself  
into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday,  
to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

*Exeunt all the Commoners*

See whether their basest metal be not moved;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt*

**SCENE II.** A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS  
BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following,  
among them a Soothsayer

SOOTHSAYER  
Caesar!

CAESAR  
Ha! who calls?

CASCA  
Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR  
Who is it in the press that calls on me?  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER  
Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

*Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

CASSIUS

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

CASSIUS

'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Flourish, and shout*

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.  
What is it that you would impart to me?

CASSIUS

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

*Shout. Flourish*

BRUTUS

Another general shout!  
I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
The games are done and Caesar is returning.

*Re-enter CAESAR and his Train*

CAESAR

Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR

Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:

*Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA*

CASCA

You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA

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

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every  
time gentler than other, and at every putting-by  
mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS

But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

CASCA

He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at  
mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS

'Tis very like: he hath the failing sickness.

CASSIUS

No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA

I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure,  
Caesar fell down.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA

Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner  
worth the eating.

CASSIUS

Good: I will expect you.

CASCA

Do so. Farewell, both. *Exit*

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS

So is he now in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you. *Exit BRUTUS*

CASSIUS

I will do so: till then, think of the world.  
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?  
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. *Exit*

**SCENE III.** The same. A street. Thunder and lightning.

Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

CICERO

Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA

He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero. *Exit CICERO*

*Enter CASSIUS*

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.



CASSIUS

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night,  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol,  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?  
Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow  
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

*Thunder still*

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:

CASCA

You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA*

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

CINNA

Yes, you are.  
O Cassius, if you could  
But win the noble Brutus to our party--

CASSIUS

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, *Exit*

CASSIUS

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already, and the man entire  
Upon the next encounter yields him ours. *Exeunt*

**ACT II. SCENE I.** Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.

BRUTUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The Genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Enter LUCIUS*

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter. *Exit LUCIUS*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, METELLUS  
LIGARIUS and TREBONIUS*

CASSIUS

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS

I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS

Yes, every man of them, and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome.  
Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: Swear priests and cowards, but do not stain our enterprise

To think that our cause did need an oath.

LIGARIUS

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

BRUTUS

O name him not, he will never follow any thing that other men begin.

METELLUS

Then leave him out.

LIGARIUS

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Ligarius, well urged: I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,  
Should outlive Caesar: Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs...

CASCA

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:

BRUTUS

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers Cassius. Let us kill him boldly,  
Not wrathfully. We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

TREBONIUS

But it is doubtful yet, whether Caesar will come forth today or no, for  
He is superstitious grown of late.

METELLUS

Never fear that, I can o'ersway him. Let me work. I will bring him to the capitol today.

*Clock strikes*

CINNA

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes,  
And so good morrow to you every one.

*Exeunt all but BRUTUS Enter PORTIA*

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA

You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one, *Kneels*

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.  
You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,

BRUTUS

O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows: *Exeunt*

**SCENE II.** CAESAR's house.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown*

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?

*Enter CALPURNIA*

CALPURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR

Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them.

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter METELLUS*

Here's Metellus, he shall tell them so.

METELLUS

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Metellus

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

METELLUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

DECIUS BRUTUS

Hear what I can say,

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. If Caesar hide himself

Shall they not whisper, "Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear love bids me tell you this.

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA*

And look where Trebonius is come to fetch me.

TREBONIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

Welcome, Trebonius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Ligarius,

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

So too most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS

Caesar, I will:

*Aside*

and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.



CAESAR

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS

[Aside] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! *Exeunt*

**SCENE III.** Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

*Enter Portia and then the Soothsayer*

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer

Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Soothsayer

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. *Exeunt*

**ACT III. SCENE I.** Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

*A crowd of people; among them the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter  
CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,  
and others*

CAESAR

[To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

*CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following*

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS*

BRUTUS

He is address'd: press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart,--

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings and these lowly courtesies  
Thy brother by decree is banished:  
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own  
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;  
Desiring thee that his banished brother may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for his brother.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

METELLUS

Great Caesar,--

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

*CASCA first, then the other Conspirators stab CAESAR*

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar. *Dies*

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

Some to the common pulpits, and cry out  
'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS

People and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

METELLUS

And Cassius too.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS*

CASSIUS

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed:  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were doomsday.

CASCA

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant*

BRUTUS

Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolved  
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead  
So well as Brutus living;

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

Servant

I'll fetch him presently. *Exit*

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose. *Re-enter ANTONY*

BRUTUS

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

Only be patient till we have appeased  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.  
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so;  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Friends am I with you all and love you all,  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
Our reasons are so full of good regard  
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek:  
And am moreover suitor that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.

*Aside*

You know not what you do: do not consent  
Know you how much the people may be moved  
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:

CASSIUS

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,  
And say you do't by our permission;

ANTONY

Be it so. I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
*Exeunt all but ANTONY*

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

*Enter a Servant*

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Servant

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant

He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth--  
O Caesar!-- *Seeing the body*

ANTONY

Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:  
*Exeunt with Caesar's body*

**SCENE II.** The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.  
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent, that you may hear why  
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:  
--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved  
Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and  
die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live  
all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;  
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I  
slew him.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body*

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make. *Exit*

First Citizen

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen

Let him go up into the public chair;  
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

*Goes into the pulpit*

Fourth Citizen

What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen

This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen

Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen

Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred 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 grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

For Brutus is an honourable man;

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

First Citizen

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.



Third Citizen

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen

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

Second Citizen

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Citizen

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament--

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--

Fourth Citizen

We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All

The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

Fourth Citizen

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen

They were traitors: honourable men!

Second Citizen

They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

Second Citizen

We will be revenged.

All

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

Stay, countrymen.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

All

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen  
O royal Caesar!

ANTONY  
Hear me with patience.

All  
Peace, ho!

ANTONY  
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen  
Never, never. Come, away, away!     *Exeunt Citizens*

ANTONY  
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a Servant*  
How now, fellow!

Servant  
Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY  
Where is he?

Servant  
He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY  
And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Servant  
I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY  
Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.     *Exeunt*

**ACT IV SCENE I.** A house in Rome.

*Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS*

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

OCTAVIUS

You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender:  
--Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd  
And let us presently go sit in council,

OCTAVIUS

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

**SCENE II.** Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS*

*Enter CASSIUS, PINDARUS and his powers*

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them--

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. *Exeunt*

**SCENE III.** Brutus's tent.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember:  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

CASSIUS

Brutus, bay not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is awearied of the world;

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Cheque'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger:  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

BRUTUS

Lucius, a bowl of wine! *Exit LUCIUS*

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS

Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS  
She is dead.

CASSIUS  
How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS  
Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong:--for with her death  
That tidings came;--with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS  
O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper*

BRUTUS  
Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

CASSIUS  
My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

BRUTUS  
Come in, Titinius!

*Exit LUCIUS Re-enter with MESSALA*

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

MESSALA  
Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS  
Cicero one!

MESSALA  
Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.

BRUTUS



Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on;  
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

*Exeunt all but BRUTUS Enter the Ghost of CAESAR*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi. *Exit Ghost*

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

**ACT V SCENE I.** The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY

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

*Enter a Messenger*

Messenger

Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, *Exit*

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others*

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS

Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS

Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:  
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. Look;  
I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS

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

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony, away!  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*

CASSIUS

Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS

To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

CASSIUS

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! *Exeunt*

**SCENE II.** The same. The field of battle.

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA*

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side.

*Loud alarum*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. *Exeunt*

**SCENE III.** Another part of the field.

*Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS*

TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;  
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assured  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

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

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill*

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

PINDARUS

[Above] O my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

[Above] Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.  
He's ta'en.

CASSIUS

Come down, behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!  
Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;  
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,  
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.

*PINDARUS stabs him*

Caesar, thou art revenged,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *Dies*

PINDARUS

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit*

*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA*

MESSALA

It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

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

MESSALA

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS

Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *Exit MESSALA*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!  
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods!--this is a Roman's part  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *Kills himself*

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS*

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

MESSALA

He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.  
*Low alarums*

MESSALA

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS

It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt*

**SCENE IV.** Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, STRATO

*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.  
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato. *Runs on his sword*  
Caesar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and the army*

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?



MESSALA

My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.  
So call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.  
*Exeunt*