

The Tragedy of Iulius Caesar from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. — Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies — Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

This text was downloaded from <http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/>, where you can also find digital images of the Bodleian First Folio. It is published by the Bodleian Libraries, University of Oxford, under a [CC BY 3.0](#) licence.

The first phase of the Bodleian First Folio project, to conserve the book, photograph it, and publish the images freely online, was funded, with [grateful thanks](#), by donations from the public.

The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.

Find out more about this book's [remarkable history](#), [the campaign](#), and [the work that led to its digitization](#).

**THE TRAGEDIE OF
IVLIVS CÆSAR**
[\[Page 109\]](#)

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.
[Act 1, Scene 1]

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:

Is this a Holiday? What, know you not

(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke

Vpon a labouring day, without the signe

Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car.

Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur.

Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?

What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?

You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl.

Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur.

But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob.

A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla.

What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

Cobl.

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

Mur.

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

Cob.

Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla.

Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob.

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

Fla.

But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?

Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob.

Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy
day to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur.

Wherefore reioyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *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 an Vniuersall shout,

That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes

To heare the replication of your sounds,

Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.
Fla.

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.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.
Mur.

May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.
Fla.

It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* T [...]ophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare about the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt.

[Act 1, Scene 2]

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius.

Cæs.

Calphurnia.

Cask.

Peace ho, *Cæsar* speakes.

Cæs.

Calphurnia.

Calp.

Heere my Lord.

Cæs.

Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,

When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant.

Cæsar, my Lord.

Cæs.

Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,

To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

The Barren touched in this holy chace,

Shake off their sterre curse.

Ant.

I shall remember,

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

Cæs.

Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Sooth.

Cæsar.

Cæs.

Ha? Who calles?

Cask.

Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.

Cæs.

Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke

Cry, *Cæsar*. Speake, *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth.

Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Br.

A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæs.

Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi.

Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæsar*.

Cæs.

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,

Sooth.

Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs.

He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Sennet.

Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

Cassi.

Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut.

Not I.

Cassi.

I pray you do.

Brut.

I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part

Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

He leaue you.

Cassi.

Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:
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.

Bru.

Cassius,

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 Behaiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

Cassi.

Then *Brutus*, 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?

Brutus.

No *Cassius*:

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

Cassius.

'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:

I haue heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru.

Into what dangers, would you

Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Cas.

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,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.

And be not ieaalous 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.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru.

What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cassi.

I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.

Bru.

I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi.

I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as lief not be, as liue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
I (as *aneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber

Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelesly 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 cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As [\[Page 111\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
 As a sicke Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

Shout.

Flou [...]ish.

Bru.

Another generall shout?

I do beleue, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.
 Cassi.

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 dishonourable 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.

Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *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 heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Cæsar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæsar* feede,
 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
 When there is in it but one onely man.

O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
 Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,

As easily as a King.

Bru.

That you do loue me, I am nothing ieaious:
What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,
I will consider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cassi.

I am glad that my weake words
Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*
Enter Cæsar and his Traine.

Bru.

The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.

Cassi.

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

Bru.

I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
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.

Cassi.

Caska will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæs.

Antonio.

Ant.

Cæsar.

Cæs.

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.

Ant.

Feare him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cæs.

Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should auoyd
So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obseruer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
A [...]d tell me truely, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt Cæsar and his Traine.

Cask.

You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?

Bru.

I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæsar* lookes so sad.

Cask.

Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru.

I should not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask.

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.

Bru.

What was the second noyse for?

Cask.

Why for that too.

Cassi.

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask.

Why for that too.

Bru.

Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask.

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

Cassi.

Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask.

Why *Antony*.

Bru.

Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

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 *Cæsar*: 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 [...].

kk2*Cassi*.

[\[Page 112\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Cassi.

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

Cask.

He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut.

'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cassi.

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

Cask.

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 Thea tre, I am no true man.

Brut.

What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cask.

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 would 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 forgaue him with
all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;
if *Casars* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse.

Brut.

And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask.

I.

Cassi.

Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask.

I, he spoke Greeke.

Cassi.

To what effect?

Cask.

Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you
i'th'face againe. But those that vnderstood 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
newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes
off *Casars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remem
ber it.

Cassi.

Will you suppe with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask.

No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi.

Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask.

I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi.

Good, I will expect you.

Cask.

Doe so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut.

What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

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.

Brut.

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.

Cassi.

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

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,
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?
Cæsar doth beare me hard, but he loues [...] *utus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
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.

[Act 1, Scene 3]

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska,
and Cicero.*

Cic.

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

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

Cic.

Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask.

A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torch'es 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 belecue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic.

Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask.

He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic.

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

Cask.

Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi.

Who's there?

Cask.

A Romane.

Cassi.

Caska, by your Voyce.

Cask.

Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi.

A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask.

Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi.

Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
faults.

For [\[Page 113\]](#) 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.

Cask.

But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea
(uens?)

It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish vs.

Cassi.

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.

Cask.

'Tis *Cæsar* that you meane:

Is it not, Cassius?

Cassi.

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.

Cask.

Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow

Meane to establish *Cæsar* as a King:

And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,

In euery place, saue here in Italy.

Cassi.

I know where I will weare this Dagger then;

Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassius:

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;

Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,

Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,

Can be retentiuie to the strength of spirit:

But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask.

So can I:

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

Cassi.

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 Offfall? 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-goe, 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 Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska.

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

Cassi.

'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?
Cinna.

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

Cassi.

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

I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.

Cassi.

Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*

To our party□

Cassi.

Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna.

All, but *Metellus Cymber*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cassi.

That done, repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

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

Cask.

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

Cassi.

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.

Exeunt.

kk3 *Actus*

[\[Page 114\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Actus Secundus.

[Act 2, Scene 1]

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut.

What *Lucius*, hoe?

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.

When *Lucius*, when? awake, I say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

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.

Brut.

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 *Cæsar*,

I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd

More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,

That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,

Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:

But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,

He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,

Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* 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 mischieuous;

And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc.

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.

Brut.

Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:

Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc.

I know not, Sir.

Brut.

Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc.

I will, Sir.

Exit.

Brut.

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

Opens the Letter, and reads.

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 vnder one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest

Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc.

Sir, March is wasted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut.

'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,

I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,

And the first motion, all the *Interim* is

Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dreame:

The *Genius*, and the mortall Instruments

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

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc.

Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Doore,

Who doth desire to see you.

Brut.

Is he alone?

Luc.

No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut.

Doe you know them?

Luc.

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

Brut.

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 Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

*Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

Cass.

I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut.

I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass.

Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

Brut.

He is welcome hither.

Cass.

This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut.

He is welcome too.

Cass.

This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus
Cymber*.

Brut.

They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass.

Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius.

Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask.

No.

Cin.

O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Cask.

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,
Weigh—[\[Page 115\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar.
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.

Bru.

Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Cas.

And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brut.

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 Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The euen 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.

Cas.

But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cask.

Let vs not leaue him out.

Cyn.

No, by no meanes.

Metel.

O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire
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.

Bru.

O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas.

Then leaue him out.

Cask.

Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius.

Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Cæsar*?

Cas.

Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belou'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-lie *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.

Bru.

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 *Caius*:
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)
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:
For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arme,
When *Cæsars* head is off.

Cas.

Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæsar*.

Bru.

Alas, good *Cassius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Cæsar*,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.
Treb.

There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru.

Peace, count the Clocke.

Cas.

The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb.

'Tis time to part.

Cass.

But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
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?

Cin.

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.

Bru.

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.

Cas.

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.

Bru.

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.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which [\[Page 116\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por.

Brutus, my Lord.

Bru.

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.

Por.

Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
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 vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gae signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your [Condition],
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Bru.

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

Por.

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

Bru.

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

Por.

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 [his] 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 charme 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 heauy: 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*.

Por.

I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within [the] 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.

Bru.

You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart.

Por.

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 Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke 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,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I be [...]e that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru.

O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leaue me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc.

Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.

Bru.

Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai.

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru.

O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai.

I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Bru.

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

Cai.

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

Bru.

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

Cai.

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

Bru.

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

Cai.

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.

Thunder.

Bru.
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.

Ser.
My Lord.

Cæs.
Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

Ser.
I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal.
What mean you *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Cæs.
Cæsar shall 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.

Calp.

[\[Page 117\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Calp.

Cæsar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all vse,
And I do feare them.

Cæs.

What can be auoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?

Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp.

When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes
Caes.

Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser.

They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Cæs.

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 feare:
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 go foorth.

Calp.

Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keeps 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, preuaile in this.

Cæs.

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.

Deci.

Cæsar, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs.

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*.

Calp.

Say he is sicke.

Cæs.

Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?

Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Deci.

Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs.

The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,

Because I loue you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:

She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,

Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts

Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,

And euils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci.

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

Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse

For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Cæs.

And this way haue you well expounded it.

Deci.

I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:

And know it now, the Senate haue concluded

To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *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 *Cæsar*, for my deere deere loue

To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:

And reason to my loue is liable.

Cæs

How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*?

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.

Pub.

Good morrow *Caesar*.

Cæs.

Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?

Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you leane.

What is't a Clocke?

Bru.

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs.

I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights

Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*

Ant.

So to most Noble *Caesar*

Cæs.

Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,

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.

Treb.

Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,

That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further.

Cæs.

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

And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru.

That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,

The heart of *Brutus* eames to thinke vpon.

Exeunt

[Act 2, Scene 3]

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of *Brutus*, take beede of *Cassius*; come not neere [\[Page 118\]](#) *The Tragedie of Iulius Caesar*.

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 *Caesar*: 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 *Cæsar*, thou mayest liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.
Exit.

[Act 2, Scene 4]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por.
I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?
Luc.
To know my errand Madam.
Por.
I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?
Luc.
Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?
Por.
Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?
Luc.
I heare none Madam
Por.
Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc.
Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por.
Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
Sooth.
At mine owne house, good Lady.
Por.
What is't a clocke?
Sooth.
About the ninth houre Lady.

Por.

Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth.

Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por.

Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth.

That I haue Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good [...] *Cæsar*, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por.

Why know'st thou any harme's intended to
wards [...]

Sooth.

None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng [...] followes *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more vo [...]d, and there
Speake to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

Exit

Por.

I m [...]t; go [...]:

Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O B [...],
The Heauens speede thee [...] enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: [...] hath a suite
That *Cæsar* 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.

[Act 3, Scene 1]

Flourish.

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

Cæs.

The Ides of March are come.

Sooth.

I *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 *Cæsar*.
Cæs.
What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.
Art.
Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.
Cæs.
What, is the fellow mad?
Pub.
Sirra, giue place.
Cassi.
What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll.
Popil.
I wish your enterprize to day may thriue.
Cassi.
What enterprize *Popillius*?
Popil.
Fare you well.
Bru.
What said *Popillius Lena*?
Cassi.
He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered.
Bru.
Looke how he makes to *Cæsar*: marke him.
Cassi.
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:
Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.
Cassi.
Trebonius knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Deci.
Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to *Cæsar*.
Bru.
He is addrest: presse neere, and second him.
Cin.
Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.
Cæs.
Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redresse?
Metel.

Most high, most mighty, and most puisant *Cæsar*
Metellus Cymber 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 *Cæsar* beares such Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
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, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel.

Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To [\[Page 119\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru.

I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar*:
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Cæs.

What *Brutus*?

Cassi.

Pardon *Cæsar*: *Cæsar* pardon:

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

Cæs.

I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue 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 sparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this:

That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna.

O *Cæsar*.

Cæs.

Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?

Decius.

Great *Cæsar*.

Cæs.

Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Cask.

Speake hands for me.

They stab Cæsar.

Cæs.

Et Tu Brutè? Then fall *Cæsar*.

Dyes

Cin.

Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,

Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cassi.

Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out

Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Bru.

People and Senators, be not affrighted:

Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask.

Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec.

And *Cassius* too.

Bru.

Where's *Publius*?

Cin.

Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met.

Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Cæsars*

Should chance

Bru.

Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,

There is no harme intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them *Publius*.

Cassi.

And leaue vs *Publius*, least that the people

Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru.

Do so, and let no man abide this deede,

But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi.

Where is *Antony*?

Treb.

Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were Doomesday.

Bru.

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

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

Bru.

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.

Cassi.

Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bru.

How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cassi.

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

Dec.

What, shall we forth?

Cassi.

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.

Bru.

Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser.

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 *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How *Cæsar* hath deseru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; 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 *Antony*.

Bru.

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.

Ser.

Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Seruant.

Bru.

I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

Cassi.

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.

Bru.

But heere comes *Antony*:

Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant.

O mighty *Cæsar*! 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 *Cæsars* 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 reeke 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 *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru.

O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs:
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 [\[Page 120\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,

With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Cassi.

Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru.

Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Cæsar* when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant.

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 *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
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 Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi.

Mark Antony.

Ant.

Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassi.

I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* 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?

Ant.

Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru.

Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant.

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.

Bru.

You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassi.

Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

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

Bru.

Mark Antony, heere take you *Cæsars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Cæsar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant.

Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Bru.

Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *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 aboute the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You serue *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser.

I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant.

Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser.

He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth□

O *Cæsar*!

Ant.

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 comming?

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 *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
Thou [\[Page 121\]](#) The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
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 *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

[Act 3, Scene 2]

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

Ple.

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.

2.

I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,

When seuerally we heare them rendred.

3.

The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru.

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 Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe 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 haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All.

None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus.

Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Casars*, 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 enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Casars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the (Cōmonwealth) Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All.

Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1.

Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.

2.

Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3.

Let him be *Casars*.

4.

Casars better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1.

Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru.

My Country-men.

2.

Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1.

Peace ho.

Bru.

Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Casars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Casars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

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

Exit

1

Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3

Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant.

For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4

What does he say of *Brutus*?

3

He sayes, for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4

'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1

This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3

Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2

Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant.

You gentle Romans.

All.

Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

An.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, 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 *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,

And greeuously hath *Cæsar* 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 *Cæsars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did loue him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

1

Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong.

3

Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in
(his place.

II4 Marke

[\[Page 122\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

4.

Mark'd ye his words? he would not take (y^e) the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1.

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

2.

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

3.

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

4.

Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant.

But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reuerence.

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 Closset, '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 *Cæsars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4

Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All.

The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæsars* Will.

Ant.

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?

4

Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You shall reade vs the Will, *Cæsars* Will.

Ant.

Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

4

They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All.

The Will, the Testament.

2

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

Ant.

You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

All.

Come downe.

2

Descend.

3

You shall haue leaue.

4

A Ring, stand round.

1

Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2

Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant.

Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off.

All.

Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant.

If you haue 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 Euening in his Tent,

That day he ouercame the *Neruij*.

Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the enuious *Cæsar* 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 *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Iudge, 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 weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1.

O pitteous spectacle!

2.

O Noble *Cæsar*!

3.

O wofull day!

4.

O Traitors, Villaines!

1.

O most bloody sight!

2.

We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant.

Stay Country-men.

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 *Cæsars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæsar*, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All.

Wee'l Mutiny.

1

Wee'l burne the house of *Brutus*.

3

Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators.

Ant.

Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All.

Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant.

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

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deseru'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I must tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All.

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

Ant.

Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæsars* Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery seuerall man, seuenty fye Drachmaes.

2. *Ple.*

[\[Page 123\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

2 *Ple.*

Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3 *Ple.*

O Royall *Cæsar*.

Ant.

Heare me with patience.

All.

Peace hoe

Ant.

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 *Cesar*: when comes such another?

1. Ple.

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.

2. Ple.

Go fetch fire.

3. Ple.

Plucke downe Benches.

4. Ple.

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.

Ser.

Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant.

Where is hee?

Ser.

He and *Lepidus* are at *Casars* house.

Ant.

And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser.

I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant.

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

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 3]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna.

I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cesar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.

1.

What is your name?

2.

Whether are you going?

3.

Wh [...]re do you dwell?

4.

Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2.

Answer euery man directly.

1.

I, and breefely.

4.

I, and wisely.

3.

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.

2

That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie: you'll beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.

Cinna.

Directly I am going to *Casars* Funerall.

1.

As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna.

As a friend.

2.

That matter is answered directly.

4.

For your dwelling: breefely.

Cinna.

Briefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3.

Your name sir, truly.

Cinna.

Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1.

Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna.

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

4.

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

Cin.

I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4.

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

3.

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

Actus Quartus.

[Act 4, Scene 1]

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant.

These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Octa.

Your Brother too must dye: consent you *Lepidus*?

Lep.

I do consent.

Octa.

Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep.

Vpon condition *Publius* shall not liue,

Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke *Antony*.

Ant.

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

But *Lepidus*, go you to *Casars* house:

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep.

What? shall I finde you heere?

Octa.

Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

Ant.

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?

Octa.

So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye

In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant.

Octavius, 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,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,

And graze in Commons.

Octa.

You may do your will:
 But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
 Ant.
 So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
 I do appoint him store of Prouender.
 It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
 To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
 His corporall Motion, 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.
 Octa.
 Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,
 II2And[Page 124]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

[Act 4, Scene 2]

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.*

Bru.
 Stand ho.
 Lucil.
 Giue the word ho, and Stand.
 Bru.
 What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?
 Lucil.
 He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
 To do you salutation from his Master.
 Bru.
 He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
 In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
 Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
 I shall be satisfied.
 Pin.
 I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Bru.

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

Lucil.

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

Bru.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
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.

Bru.

Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassi.

Stand ho.

Bru.

Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cassi.

Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them□

Brut.

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.

Cassi.

Pindarus,

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

Bru.

Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exeunt

[Act 4, Scene 3]

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi.

That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

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

Bru.

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.

Cassi.

I, an itching Palme?

You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

Chastisement?

Bru.

Remember March, the Ides of March (remēber)remember:

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.

Bru.

Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassi.

I am.

Bru.

I say, you are not.

Cassi.

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

Bru.

Away slight man.

Cassi.

Is't possible?

Bru.

Heare me, for I will speake.

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

Cassi.

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

Bru.

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.

Cassi.

Is it come to this?

Bru.

You say, you are a better Souldier:

Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cass.

You wrong me euery way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:

I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Bru.

If you did, I care not.

Cass.

When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd
(me.

Brut.

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

Cass.

[\[Page 125\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Cassi.

I durst not.

Bru.

No.

Cassi.

What? durst not tempt him?

Bru.

For your life you durst not.

Cassi.

Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru.

You haue 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 Couetous,

To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to peeces.

Cassi.

I deny'd you not.

Bru.

You did.

Cassi.

I did not. He was but a Foole

That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:

A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;

But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru.

I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassi.

You loue me not.

Bru.

I do not like your faults.

Cassi.

A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

Come *Antony*, and yong Octavius come,

Reuenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,

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 *Cesar*: For I know,

When thou did'st hate him worst, (y^e)thou loued'st him better

Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.

Bru.

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 strait is cold agen.

Cassi.

Hath *Cassius* liu'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,

When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru.

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

Cassi.

Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Bru.

And my heart too.

Cassi.

O *Brutus*!

Bru.

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*,

Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet.

Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil.

You shall not come to them.

Poet.

Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas.

How now? What's the matter?

Poet.

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.

Cas.

Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru.

Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cas.

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

Brut.

Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Cas.

Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru.

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

Cas.

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

Bru.

Lucius, a bowle of Wine.

Cas.

I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Bru.

O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas.

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

Bru.

No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas.

Ha? *Portia*?

Bru.

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 *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas.

And dy'd so?

Bru.

Euen so.

Cas.

O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru.

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

Drinckes

Cas.

My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus.

Come in *Titinius*:

Welcome good *Messala*:

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass.

Portia, art thou gone?

Bru.

No more I pray you.

Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

||3*Mess.*

[\[Page 126\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Mess.

My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru.

With what Addition

Mess.

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

Bru.

Therein our Letters do not well agree:

Mine speake of seuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi.

Cicero one?

Messa.

Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru.

No *Messala*.

Messa.

Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru.

Nothing *Messala*.

Messa.

That me thinkes is strange.

Bru.

Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Messa.

No my Lord.

Bru.

Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Messa.

Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru.

Why farewell *Portia*. We must die *Messala*:

With meditating that she must dye once,

I haue the patience to endure it now.

Messa.

Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi.

I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

I do not thinke it good.

Bru.

Your reason?

Cassi.

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.

Bru.

Good reasons must of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grug'd 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 aduantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our backe.

Cassi.

Heare me good Brother.

Bru.

Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,
That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:
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 Shallowes, 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.

Cassi.

Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our selues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru.

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.

Cassi.

No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru.

Lucius my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

Cassi.

O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru.

Euery thing is well.

Cassi.

Good night my Lord.

Bru.

Good night good Brother.

Tit.

Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru.

Farwell euery one.

Exeunt.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc.

Heere in the Tent.

Bru.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc.

Varrus, and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var.

Cals my Lord?

Bru.

I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var.

So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru.

I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc.

I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Bru.

Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heaue eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc.

I my Lord, an't please you.

Bru.

It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc.

It is my duty Sir.

Brut.

I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc.

I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru.

It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

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

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

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

Ghost.

Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru.

Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

[\[Page 127\]](#)

The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

Ghost.

To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut.

Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost.

I, at *Philippi*.

Brut.

Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc.

The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru.

He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc.

My Lord.

Bru.

Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst
out?

Luc.

My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru.

Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc.

Nothing my Lord.
Bru.
Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var.
My Lord.
Clau.
My Lord.
Bru.
Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?
Both.
Did we my Lord?
Bru.
I: saw you any thing?
Var.
No my Lord, I saw nothing.
Clau.
Nor I my Lord.
Bru.
Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both.
It shall be done my Lord.
Exeunt

Actus Quintus.
[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa.
Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant.
Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.

Octa.

Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant.

Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa.

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

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Bru.

They stand, and would haue parley.

Cassi.

Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa.

Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

Ant.

No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Oct.

Stirre not vntill the Signall.

Bru.

Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa.

Not that we loue words better, as you do.

Bru.

Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.

An.

In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words

Witnesse the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,

Crying long liue, Haile *Cæsar*.

Cassi.

Antony,

The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;

But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,

And leaue them Hony-lesse.

Ant.

Not stinglesse too.

Bru.

O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant.

Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feete;

Whil'st damned *Cæsa*, like a Curre, behinde

Strooke *Cæsar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi.

Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day.
If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.

Octa.

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,
The prooffe 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 *Cæsars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut.

Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa.

So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru.

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

Cassi.

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

Ant.

Old *Cassius* still.

Octa.

Come *Antony*: away:

Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomackes.

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.

Luc.

My Lord.

Cassi.

Messala.

Messa.

What sayes my Generall?

Cassi.

Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very day
Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
[...][\[Page 128\]](#)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
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.
Messa.

Beleeue not so.

Cassi.

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

Bru.

Euen so *Lucillius*.

Cassi.

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?

Bru.

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.

Cassi.

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

Bru.

No *Cassius*, no:

Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares 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, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi.

For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru.

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.

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru.

Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauius's* wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe.

Exeunt

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi.

O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin.

O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing some aduantage on *Octauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind.

Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi.

This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit.

They are, my Lord.

Cassi.

Titinius, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spures in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit.

I will be heere againe, euen with a thought.

Exit.

Cassi.

Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: 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 compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind.

Aboue. O my Lord.

Cassi.

What newes?

Pind.

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

Showt.

And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi.

Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue 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, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Casars* bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword \square *Cesar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin.

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

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa.

It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*

Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin.

These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa.

Where did you leaue him.

Titin.

All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa.

Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Titin.

He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa.

Is not that hee?

Titin.

No, this was he *Messala*,

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;

So [\[Page 129\]](#)The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.

The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,

Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:

Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa.

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 conceyu'd,

Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,

But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit.

What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa.

Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet

The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report

Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:

For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,

As tydings of this sight.

Tit.

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.

(showts?)

Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.

But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,

Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart.
Dies

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

Bru.
Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Messa.
Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru.
Titinius face is vpward.
Cato.
He is slaine.
Bru.
O *Iulius CÆsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes.
Low Alarums.
Cato.
Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.
Bru.
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.

[Act 5, Scene 4]

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius
and Flauius.*

Bru.
Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
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.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc.

O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.
Sold.

Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc.

Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold.

We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2. Sold.

Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. Sold.

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

Ant.

Where is hee?

Luc.

Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:
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 himselfe.

Ant.

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 *Octavius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

[Act 5, Scene 5]

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato
and Voluminius.*

Brut.

Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit.

Statillius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Brut.

Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
 It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.
 Clit.
 What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
 Brut.
 Peace then, no words.
 Clit.
 Ile rather kill my selfe.
 Brut.
 Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
 Dard.
 Shall I doe such a deed?
 Clit.
 O *Dardanius*.
 Dard.
 O *Clitus*
 Clit.
 What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
 Dard.
 To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
 Clit.
 Now is that Noble Vessell full of grieffe, That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes
 Brut.
 Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
 Volum.
 What sayes my Lord?
 Brut.
 Why this, *Volumnius*
 The Ghost of *CÆsar* hath appear'd to me
 Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
 And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
 I know my houre is come.
 Volum.
 Not so, my Lord.
 Brut.
 Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
 Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
 Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:
Low Alarums.
 It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,
 Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,
 Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
 Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
 Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I runne on it.
 Vol.
 That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.
 Clit. Fly,
[\[Page 130\]](#)
 The Tragedie of Iulius Cæsar.
 Cly.

Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.

Bru.

Farewell to you, and you, and *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:

Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:

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

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

I shall haue glory by this loosing day

More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath almost ended his liues History:

Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,

That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly.

Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru.

Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:

Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,

Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,

While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra.

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

Bru.

Farewell good *Strato*. □ *CÆsar*, now be still,

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

Dyes.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the Army.*

Octa.

What man is that?

Messa.

My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra.

Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,

And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil.

So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*

That thou hast prou'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Octa.

All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra.

I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octa.

Do so, good *Messala*.

Messa.

How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Stra.

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

Messa.

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest seruice to my Master.

Ant.

This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæsar*.
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa.

According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS.