Greenock Library: Watt Monument, GREENOCK.
20th June, 1891.

Dear Sir,

I only received your note of the 25th April last and 6 (Vol. VIII) of the Adam Edition of Shakespeare (Julius Caesar, Coriolanus) I regret that they were not sent by the publishers.

Yours,

[Signature]

Mr. Leander: The Detroit Library
THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE,
EDITED BY ALLAN PARK PATON.

The following Parts have now been published:—
I. THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Price 2s 6d.
II. THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. Price 3s.
III. THE TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE. Price 3s.
IV. THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS. Price 2s 6d.
V. THE WINTER’S TALE. Price 3s.
(Completing Volume I., which may be had bound).
VI. THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS. Price 3s 6d.
VII. THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR. Price 2s 6d.

Antony and Cleopatra and Love’s Labour’s Lost Will form Parts VIII., and IX.

Opinions of the Press.

"The Fifth Part of Mr Allan Park Paton’s ‘Hamnet Shakspeare,’ completing the first volume of what, when it is finished, will be one of the most remarkable and valuable editions of our great dramatist ever published, is 'The Winter’s Tale.' That several months have elapsed since the appearance of the last preceding part is not surprising, in view of the enormous labour which Mr Paton expends upon each play. His introduction to 'The Winter’s Tale' is in itself a comprehensive essay on the circumstances in which Shakspere wrote his Plays, and on the advantages which Heminge and Condell enjoyed, and the obstacles and difficulties with which they had to contend, in the preparation of the immortal First Folio. Incidentally, Mr Paton furnishes a brief biography of Shakspere, and a description of the theatre in which most of his Plays were acted. He has also some valuable remarks on the tendency of the commentators to substitute a new reading for the original, in many cases in which the First Folio text might with perfect safety be left untouched. He furnishes an excellent illustration of this in the now accepted practice of making Hamlet say—'I know a hawk from a heron'; but, instead of 'a handsaw.' Against this emendation—which, by the way, has been adopted by so profound a student of Shakspere as Mr Henry Irving—Mr Paton opposes proof that in Shakspere’s time there was a common proverb—'he does not know a hawk from a handsaw'; and the evidence of this fact which he adduces illustrates very forcibly the industry he has brought to bear on his task, and the wide area of his researches. His introduction as usual contains lists of all the Emphasis-Capitals which were dropped and introduced in the editions of 'The Winter’s Tale' subsequent to the First Folio, while the text is a faithful reproduction of that edition, with the spelling modernised, except in a few cases where he is of opinion that the retention of the old form of particular words helps to preserve better the true spirit and colour of the passage."—Scottsman.
"With praiseworthy but surprising expedition Mr Paton has successfully reached another stage in what is evidently a labour of hope as well as love. His theory grows swiftly, if also with wonderful minuteness, into a substance that must claim a large space in any future textual criticism of Shakspere... The lists imply great labour of a true and thorough kind, the results of which will be appreciated by Shakspere scholars of every opinion."—Daily Review.

"Whether for private study or public reading Mr Paton's Reprints will be welcomed by every lover of Shakspere."—Book- Analyst.

"The Third Part of the 'Hamnet Shakspeare' gives us the fine Tragedy of 'Cymbeline,' according to the First Folio. The spelling, however, is wisely modernised. There are, too, lists given of the Emphasis-Capitals of Shakspere in this Play, and a mass of information of the deepest interest to all Shaksperean students."—Brief.

"Mr Allan Park Paton continues to display an enormous amount of industry in dealing with his theory of the important part played by Emphasis-Capitals in Shakspere's Plays. Some of those Capitals certainly afford powerful arguments in favour of Mr Paton's view."—Daily Chronicle.

"Apart from his theory, Mr Paton has shewn great and commendable industry in collating the Four Folios, and his work is an admirably printed and very handsome edition of the poet."—Manchester News.

"Mr Paton's Edition is a beautiful one, and shews a studious and scholarlike research in many ways."—Manchester City News.

"The Editor of the 'Hamnet Shakspere' pursues his ingenious theory of the Emphasis-Capitals, to which we have already called attention. This Play, like those which have preceded it, is a model of clear printing and careful editing."—Bookseller.

"The whole subject is one of great interest, and Mr Paton pursues it with unabated ardour. His examinations and corrections of the text are as interesting as ever, while the beauty of the typography and the care in editing are as pronounced in this number as in its predecessors. Mr Paton has taken on himself a prodigious labour, which he seems to have both the industry and the ability to complete. The 'Hamnet Edition' promises to be a work of immense value... Loving and most painstaking care is everywhere evident, while the paper and typography are such as to satisfy the most fastidious of book epicures. We must admit that Mr Paton makes out a fair case, and he certainly opens up a question of rare interest to the student of Shakspere. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on his theory, there can be none on the merits of his Modernised Reprint."—Glasgow Herald.

"With praiseworthy industry Mr Allan Park Paton continues the publication of his 'Hamnet Shakspere,' which is designed to supply an edition of the great dramatist, according to the First Folio, with the spelling modernised. The speciality of this edition, however, is the prominence given to the Emphasis-Capitals used by Shakspere. The text is printed with great care on thick paper with broad margins."—Edinburgh Courant.
"We said last week that the introduction to Mr Allan Park Paton’s new edition of 'The Winter's Tale' was full of varied interest, and so it is. Not only have we an incidental sketch of the life of Shakspere, but several valuable miscellaneous notes on particular passages and expressions. One of the most suggestive of the latter is that on the phrase used by Hamlet, 'I know a hawk from a handsaw.' . . . Passages of this sort make one regret that Mr Paton has not enriched his edition of Shakspere with more such excellent suggestions. No one is better qualified than he to publish a fully annotated series of the Plays."—Nottingham Daily Guardian.

"When the amount of labour expended by Mr Allan Park Paton on each Play is taken into account, there is no cause for surprise at the length of the interval between the issue of the parts of his 'Hamnet Shakspere.' He subjects the text to an examination even more minute than has ever been given to it by the Commentators who are the glory of the New Shakspere Society, but, happily, for a very different purpose. In his introduction to 'Julius Caesar,' which constitutes the seventh part of his edition, Mr Paton maintains as resolutely as ever his attitude as the champion of the First Folio text, and fortifies his position, while at the same time extending it, by some exceedingly interesting observations on the punctuation of the First Folio, and on the fashion in which it has been departed from by modern editors. Mr Paton boldly contends that the result of these deviations has been, in many cases, to pervert and extinguish Shakspere's meaning, to check the natural flow of the language, and to rob the student of a punctuation carefully adopted and regulated by Shakspere himself. In the Introduction before us, Mr Paton only advances evidence in support of the first of these propositions; that evidence, however, strikingly illustrates not only the minuteness of his critical investigation, but his acuteness in grasping the meaning of the text; and no impartial reader can doubt that he has made out a very strong case. He promises, in his remarks on subsequent Plays, to pursue the subject still further. It is to be hoped that he will redeem his pledge; for there seems to be no reason for doubt that in this way he will furnish another strong proof of the value of the much-abused First Folio text. Mr Paton gives the usual lists of Emphasis-Capitals omitted and introduced in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, and his text is a most exact reproduction of that of the First Folio, with spelling modernised. Whatever may be thought of his theories—and in our view they are of very great value—his labours deserve grateful recognition from all schools of Shaksperean students, as a unique effort in the way of conservative criticism and comment."—Scotsman.
THE HAMNET SHAKSPERE: PART VII.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH

RELATIVE LISTS OF EMPHASIS-CAPITALS,

AND

INTRODUCTION, INCLUDING REMARKS ON THE DEVIATION OF MODERN
EDITORS FROM SHAKSPERE'S PUNCTUATION, AS IT IS SHEWN IN
THE ORIGINAL EDITION (1623).

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

LONDON: LONGMANS & COMPANY.

MDCCCLXXI.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.
(Hamnet filii William & Shakese)
Et Tu Brute?

So stands this famous exclamation in the First Folio, (where the query is similarly used in thousands of cases, as in this Tragedy, with Portia's words,

How weak a thing
The heart of woman is?!)—

so it stood, we believe, in Shakspere's scarcely blotted manuscript:—but so it is not printed in any Modern Edition with which we are acquainted. Yet this, its original form, seems worthy of being reproduced beyond the Province of Reprints and Fac-similes, valuable though they be, and valued as they are by some of our best, as such words as these of Thomas Carlyle bear evidence: "I give and bequeath to my dear friend David Masson my photographically printed Folio of Shakespeare's Works, in memory of me."

A special interest attaching to this historical-looking phrase, now so familiar as to be almost proverbial, forms one reason, we think, why it should be preserved exactly as we first find it. There is, as Merivale repeats, "no classical authority for it," everything is in favour of its being regarded as Shakspere's own invention, and, indeed, we seem to see the Poet's mind "settling" at its adoption in the "Brute—Brutus" written opposite the account of the assassination upon the margin of that particular copy, described on and after page 26 of our last Introduction, of Plutarch's Lives, which Work he so religiously adhered to in his Roman Plays, but where we, strangely enough, find no words whatever addressed to Brutus by the dying Caesar. Another good reason for its resuscitation, consists in its presenting us with such an eminent example of Shakspere's use of the Capital Letter, in suggesting the right Meaning, and guiding Emphasis. Had he introduced the exclamation in English, it would, in harmony with the surrounding text, have been set down by him "And Thou Brutus?" but this rule of his he here carries into Latin, where, in ordinary printing and writing, the words would certainly
appear as, Et tu Brute? If Shakspere found, or wrote them, Et Tu Bruté? it could only be for the purpose of making the “Tu” emphatic or shewing the local importance of the word, and this would be the very reason given by a Latin Editor for printing “Et Tu” instead of “Et tu.”

In “The Imperiall History From the first foundation of the Roman Mōarchy to this present tyme. By Ed. Grymestone, Sariant-at-Armes. London Printed by Mathew Lownes 1623” we have the story of Cæsar’s murder thus told:

“Being come to the Temple where the Senate was to sit that day, he cam down from his Litter, and entred therein; and, having first done sacrifice (as then was the custome) which all, according to their superstitious ceremonies of that time, presaged to be fatall and infortunate, he sate down in the Senate in his chair: and Brutus Albinus, entertaining Marcus Antonius at the door of the Temple, or (after some others) Trebonius; as it was decreed, one of the conspirators (whose name was Celer) came to Cæsar under colour to intreat him to be pleased to release a brother of his from banishment, and presently all the rest of the conspirators drew neer to his chair. Which when Cæsar perceived, thinking that they had all come for the same purpose, it is written that he said unto them, What force is this? And at that Instant one of them, whose name was Casca, beginning, they all drew their poiniards and swords, which they had brought in secret for that purpose under their gowns, and began to wound him. The first blowe he received, they say, Casca gave him in the throat: at which wound Cæsar spake aloud, saying, What dost thou, Traitor Casca? and, wresting the poiniard out of his hands, he arose and stabbed Casca through the arm: and beeing about to strike him the second time, he was prevented by the other wounds which they gave him; with great force and courage leaping from one side to the other to defend himself. But, when hee saw Marcus Brutus (whose authority and reputation was great) with his sword drawn in his hand, wherewith he had already wounded him in the thigh, they write, that he was much amazed thereat, and said in the Greek Tongue (which the Romans did then understand and usually speak) Why how now, sonne Brutus? and thou also? And having said so, and seeing so many weapons bent against him, and that no body came to his rescue (for, there was so great a tumult in the Senate, as
they all thought to have died; and, being in despair, none durst attempt to defend him) he remembred to keep the honour of his person, and with his right hand covered his head with part of his robe, and with his left hand hee girt himself, and settled his clothes about him; and, being so covered, he fell dead to the ground, wounded with three and twenty wounds."

We have quoted this particular narrative of Caesar’s death, out of a number, for special reasons; to only one or two of which we are here able to call the attention of our readers. First: this Imperial History by Grimestone was printed in the very same year with the First Shakspere Folio (1623), and yet scarcely such a thing is to be found in it, from end to end of its 867 pages, as what we have titled an Emphasis-Capital. Then, Edward Blount, one of the Printers of the First Folio, was the printer of Grimestone’s History of the Siege of Ostend (referred to by us on page 9 of our Introduction to Coriolanus), and the exclamation of “the mightiest Julius” on his fall, while printed in the Shakspere Folio, “Et Tu Brutè,” is, as we have just seen, boldly printed in the Imperial History, “And thou, my son?” Again, Mathew Lownes, the Printer of Grimestone’s work, was also the Printer of the Folio Edition of the divine Spenser’s “Faerie Queene,” published in 1609 (a copy of which lies beside us while we write), and there, likewise, to search for any other Word distinguished by a Capital Letter, other than a proper name or allegorical subject, would be almost like “seeking for a needle in a haystack.” Even from these few remarks, our readers may see, that the wide difference, in this respect, between these Works and the Shakspere Folio, bears importantly on the questions: Was there a prevailing Printer-fashion of that time, and if so, what was it? We have been asked by more than one of our Reviewers, if we are aware, how abundantly and indiscriminately, Capital Letters were inserted in Works printed about the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, to which our answer is, that we are perfectly familiar with dozens of such Works, which are, we may say, infested with Capital Letters, and that we know quite as many altogether or nearly bare of them, like the two we have just referred to. But we really cannot see what this has to do, in the very slightest, with our present undertaking. More or fewer Words so distinguished in other Works than Shaksper’s is a question that we have no need or desire to meddle with, and that cannot possibly affect our
position, which is, as laid down in the six opening lines of our first
Introduction (to Macbeth), that "It must have occurred to many who
have studied his Works in the First Folio (1623) that Shakspere had a
rule of distinguishing in his Manuscripts, by a Capital Letter, any
Word which ought to be emphasised, in order to the bringing out of
his full meaning, the system having been originally adopted, no doubt,
for the guidance of Players in the delivery of their Parts." Although
it were the fact, that all Works of that period were furnished with
Capitals to as great an extent as the First Shakspere Folio, it would
remain with those who differed from us in opinion to shew that these
as abundant Capital Letters in other Works were valueless, and that
these in the Shakspere Folio were equally valueless. If, on the other
hand, any one could establish that such found in other Works, were as
intelligent and precious, as we have already, we think, proved those in
the First Edition of Shakspere to be, none would rejoice more in that
revelation than ourselves, or hope more fervently that if they were
really great and world-prized Works they should appear in Reprints
like the present, where the Authors' accredited Guides to their true
and full Meaning would be placed at the service of their lovers and
students.

Julius Caesar, which was first printed in the Edition of 1623, is the
shortest of Shakspere's Tragedies: Macbeth coming next to it, in point
of brevity. Its number of lines is 2,381, and, as may be seen in the
Tables we gave in our Introduction to Timon of Athens, it is well
endowed with Emphasis-Capitals, having, as it stands in the First Folio,
1,286. Of these, the Original Emphasis-Capitals, the three After Folios,
in their course of sixty odd years, dropped among them, 516, and, on
the other hand, jointly contributed 177 New ones, only 23 of which are
to be found in the Second and Third. Altogether, of such, Original
and Added, Julius Caesar possesses 1,463.

Our readers will, in using the following Reprint, find that very many
of these Meaning-Guides are quite as striking as that with which we
opened this Preface, and to give them some idea of the valuable help
towards the proper understanding, reading, or recitation of the Text,
which is awaiting them in its pages, we here insert a few examples:

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my self.
And this Man,  
Is now become a God, and Cassius is  
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,  
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.  

The fault (dear Brutus) is not in our Stars,  
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.  

No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,  
And honest Caska, we have the Falling sickness.  

When these Prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:  

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,  
And we are govern’d with our Mothers spirits,  
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.  

Th’ abuse of Greatness, is, when it dis-joins  
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of Caesar,  
I have not known, when his Affections sway’d  
More than his Reason.  

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the Head off and then hack the Limbs:  
Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:  
For Antony, is but a Limb of Caesar.  
Let’s be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:  
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,  
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:  
O that we then could come by Caesar’s Spirit,  
And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)  
Cesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,  
Let’s kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:  
Let’s carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,  
Not hew him as a Carcase fit for Hounds:  
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,  
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,  
And after seem to chide ’em. This shall make  
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk 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.

Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Say he is sick.
Shall Cesar send a Lie?

The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in th' Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are all Fire, and every 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 apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion:

Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge.

Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cesar's Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

What? Shall one of Us,
That struck the Foremost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers:
Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waspish.

You wrong me Brutus:

I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?

The Original Text of this Tragedy seems to us to have been printed
with marvellous correctness. So far as we can see, of what are, beyond
question, typographical errors, there are only nineteen; these being as
follows:—

Condition for condition, Brntus for Brutus, hit for his, tho for the,
horses do for horses did, we heare two Lions for we are, First for First,
Lethee for Lethe, from mine eyes instead of for mine eyes, course for
course, Blutus for Brutus, Brn for Bru, ill remper'd for ill temper'd,
gurgd for grudgd, I will it not for I will not, slumber for slumber,
Lucus for Lucius, tenure for tenor, and Sword Hlts for Swords Hilt.

In a Work of over 2000 lines, only nineteen words imperfect, and, of
these all save six, right except in a single letter, is surely strong evidence
of "pious care" on the part of the Editors. But even of this number
there are six for which we would not hold them responsible, for these
are found within the same 140 lines, whole pages upon either side of
them being innocent of faults, and they evidently were the result of "a
spill" or other accident in the Printing Room, happening after the final
authoritative revision, and where the disturbed Case or Cases were, for
concealment, hurriedly put together in the best way possible. Of what
may only perhaps be typographical errors in the Julius Caesar of the First
Folio, there are five; viz.: Is favors, if thou path, eight hour, lane of
children, and neither writ; with regard to some of which, and of the
Lethee above quoted, we shall, by and by, have a few remarks to
offer.

The Second Folio (1632) has been held by several Editors to be much
more correct than the First, of which Craik, for instance, says, "It is
very far from what would now be called even a tolerably well printed
book. There is probably not a page in it which is not disfigured by
many minute inaccuracies and irregularities, such as never appear in
modern printing." But "Facts are Chiels that winna ding," and the
following List of Errata in the Julius Cæsar of the Second Folio will
prove that it has twice the number that is in the First:—on Images for
no Images, the Cæsar's trophies for Cæsar's trophies, Calpurnia for
Calphurnia, Antoni for Antonio, not himself for not itself, profess in
Banquetting for profess myself in Banquetting, But my single self for
But for my single self, says for said, a Feaher for a Feaver, accounted
for accoutred, have though for have thought, Mary before for Marry
before, Cæsar's Imgs for Images,.writings for writings, went surely by
for surly by, Instrument for Instruments, tears for roars, these staghe
for these strange, redress for redress, what a fearful Night for what a
fearful night is this, Spirits of men for Spirit of men, bear Cæsar hatred
for bear Cæsar hard, dark morning for dank morning, to-nigh for
to-night, Do not Brutus for Doth not Brutus, State unborn for States
unborn, mourh for mouth, to them for to him, to Decius Houses for to
Decius House, print the way for point the way, forgetfulls for forgetfull,
Be which for By which, The Son of Rome for the Sun of Rome, that yet
all for that yet in all, How died my Strato for How died my Master
Strato. And to this long list of Errata come to be added two of a
ridiculous character, and with a mysterious history attached to them.

In the passage where Decius, returning from the Games, meets
Casca, Brutus, and the others, and tells them, in his blunt way, of
Antony's having offered the Crown, and of Cæsar's having,—through
agitation caused by his desire for it, and disappointment on seeing the
multitude's pleasure at his pretended apathy about the matter,—been
seized with an epileptic fit, we have this:—

"When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said
anything amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his infirmity.
Three or four Wenches where I stood, cried, Alas good Soul, and forgave
him with all their hearts; But there's no heed to be taken of them; if
Cæsar had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no less."

The Second Folio makes it "stabl'd their Mothers:" and in the
Scene in Brutus' house, before Cæsar's Spirit appeared, when he wishes
his young attendant Lucius, to play or sing a little to him, we have
the lines:—
"Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two,"

which this Second Folio—of which we are told by the Author of "The English of Shakespeare Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Caesar," that "it is the only one the new readings introduced into which have ever been regarded as of any authority. But nothing is known of the source from which they have been derived"—changes into:

"Can'st thou hold up thy Instrument a strain or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while,"

which two absurd transformations, wonderful to say, are not only religiously reproduced in the Third Folio (1664), but in the Fourth (1685), with our favourable opinion of which our readers must be familiar. Verily, a circumstance like this, gives one something to "chew upon."

The Julius Caesar of the Third Folio has 21 typographical errors, among which are 11 which appeared in the Second. The new errors are these:

Conjure with 'em man for conjure with 'em, up the Capitol for to the Capitol, Sinews and Limbs for Thews and Limbs, I did not for it did not, state of man for state of a man, lest speak for lest he speak, fire all for fire the, that Ides for the Ides, bring us unto Octavius Tent instead of bring us word unto Octavius Tent, How died my Lord, Strato for How died my Master Strato.

The Caesar of the Fourth Folio has 16 typographical errors, of which only 4 are new. These are:

Have you stir for have you to stir, not his for nor his, the evil Field for the even Field, get thither on that hill for higher on that hill.

We have some Remarks to offer to our readers upon several nebulous bits of this Tragedy, by which many of the Commentators have been sorely exercised; and two or three of which are included in the foregoing Lists of indubitable and possible Errata; such as, "crimson'd in thy Lethe," "If thou path thy native semblance on," "Into the lane of children," "who glaz'd upon me," &c. We have also to say something about the substitution by modern Editors, of other words, for those in the original Text which were unknown to them, but which a little patient study and research would, generally, we think have made clear;
and of their altering the form of even familiar Words, as Objects into
Abjents, Arts into Orts, and Statue into Statua (it here occurs to us,
to remind our readers, that £200, being two-thirds of the cost of the
Monument to Shakspere in Westminster Abbey, was contributed by a
performance of Julius Caesar in Drury Lane Theatre, on the 28th of
April, 1738). And we have likewise to give our usual explanations
connected with the Words, which, while modernising the Original
Spelling, we have retained in their old form, such as earne, battailes,
aswel, &c., and regarding which we find ourselves possessed of a large
number of curious facts. But our present available space obliges us to
reserve these to be inserted in the Introduction to Antony and Cleopatra,
our next Play, in the printing of the Text of which some progress has
already been made, and which we hope to publish within the next few
months. When we come to deal with similar debateable Passages and
rare Words to be found in that Tragedy, we shall gather and treat them
together. Meantime, we proceed to a new, interesting, and most valu-
able branch of our editorial duty, upon which we are eager to enter.

In our Preface to Coriolanus we said: "It is our purpose to take up,
in a future Introduction, the subject of the punctuation of the First
Folio, and we have no doubt whatever, that, on giving, side by side,
passages as printed in the First Folio and in the Modern Editions, we
shall succeed in dispelling the notion apt to be created through the
exceptional misty sentences, and get our readers to acknowledge the
immense superiority of what we believe to be Shakspere's own well-
weighed Pointing, as fastidiously set down in the Manuscripts used by
Heminge and Condell." To this agreeable task we now apply ourselves,
and shall take our examples from Julius Caesar, and rest our Case upon
what we find there.

From over a score of Editions of Shakspere which are ranged about
us while we write, we have taken (without selection, save as regards the
first two) Seven: viz., Rowe's, Theobald's, Boydell's, Knight's, Craik's,
Cassell's Illustrated, and that of The Clarendon Press: we have carefully
compared the Punctuation of the Julius Caesar in each of these, with
the Punctuation of the same Tragedy in the First Folio, and the follow-
ing is the result:—
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Edition</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Number of Deviations from Punctuation of First Folio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rowe’s,</td>
<td>1709</td>
<td>865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theobald’s,</td>
<td>1753</td>
<td>1,326</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boydell’s,</td>
<td>1802</td>
<td>1,655</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knight’s,</td>
<td>1838</td>
<td>1,781</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craik’s,</td>
<td>1857</td>
<td>1,621</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassell’s Illustrated.</td>
<td>No date</td>
<td>1,876</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clarendon Press. (W. Aldis Wright)</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>1,947</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Now, on first glancing at this Table, the natural thoughts arise, How defective must Shakspeare’s Manuscript of this Play have been, although, published in the Folio of 1623 for the first time, it must have been comparatively unworn and fresh, and more likely than some of them to support the words of the Editors, “we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.” Or, if such really were the case, and the copy of this Play was clearly-legible and unstained, how careless in their editing must these, his so-called “pious fellows,” have been, notwithstanding what they say at the conclusion of their Dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery:—“that the reputation may be his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pair so careful to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead.”

As the Table suggests, there is no small amount of labour connected with these hundreds and thousands of Rejected and Added Points in this one Play, particularly to the Compositors; for it is an easy enough business, with an old printed Text before one, to go along ticking out and ticking in points, without thinking of each as a kind of living creature, which it is; and if this multitude of Deviations was required in Julius Cæsar,—which is no exception, and is only one work out of thirty-five,—what a mass of typographical negligence and want in this department, must the whole of the First Folio contain within its covers! It looks, indeed, as if what is said of the First Folio in the Prolegomena to “The English of Shakespeare” were well deserved: “The punctuation is throughout rude and negligent, even where it is not palpably blunder-
ing,” and that the writer of a Notice of one of the Parts of this Edition in the Daily News in 1877 had truth on his side, when he eloquently expatiated on the wretched condition of the First Folio, and spoke of its errors as “being so numerous as actually to count by thousands.”

Yet we hold all such opinions to be wrong, and that the alteration made on the Original Punctuation of Julius Caesar by the Seven Editions named in our Table, was not only “profane,” but utterly “unprofitable.” The Original has a flaw in it here and there, which, as we well know, it is impossible to avoid, and in a large number of instances, the period or other point is not at the end of a line through the matter coming up close to the measure, (occasionally a Word is curtailed of one of its letters to let the line in,) but allowing for these, we regard the Original Punctuation as generally carefully considered and appropriately placed; as, in hundreds of cases, even startlingly intelligent and suggestive; and as, upon the whole, printed with amazing accuracy.

It will be well for Robert Browning, the other Shakspere of a hundred years after this, if the editing of his Collected Works falls into the hands of men as painstaking as Heminge and Condell were, and that “without ambition of self profit or fame.” He has, indeed, already begun to suffer, and, from what we know of his writings since 1841, when we commenced to have the “Bells and Pomegranates,” as they were published, he must wince not a little, to observe the changes his scrupulously-finished work occasionally undergoes. In the brief extracts in two of the reviews of La Saisiaz, there were not a few of what some might too harshly call “evidences of careless, haphazard printing;”—stimulated thunderclaps for simulated thunderclaps; here fame stopped for there fame stopped; with my lyre lowest, highest, instead of at lowest, highest, and so on, beside many departures from the minute and absolutely necessary punctuation.

The Three Facts which we hope to establish are these:—

First. That by deviating from the Punctuation of the First Folio, the Modern Editors (generally) have, in hundreds of Passages, extinguished Shakspere’s Meaning.

Second. That by dismissing a large number of Points found in the First Folio, stationed often, and evidently after the maturest consideration, in unusual places, and for special and most valu-
able purposes, they have deprived the Lovers and Students of Shakspere, of Punctuation chosen and regulated by himself, and without which, there is wanting one of the chief keys towards the full understanding, and proper reading or delivery, of his Works; and

Third. That by besprinkling the Text, as from a pepperish, with a multitude of New Points which no man can number, (and which wholesale inundation can only have had its source in a desire to "get in" as many Points as possible, so as to exhibit an apparently vast amount of editorial revision and labour,) they have checked the naturally-flowing language, changing it into a stilted, staccato kind of stuff, and have transformed a Society, of comparatively few members it may be, but all watchful and intelligent, and many of them even inspired, into a Level Army of useless Automata.

Here, we can only overtake the First of these Articles of our Belief; but, from Part to Part of the Edition, we shall keep by this interesting and wealthy vein, working it out until it is exhausted; long before which time, we hope and believe, we shall have succeeded in bringing many of our readers to agree with us.

Our opening example we take from that part of the Play where Casca, returning from the Capitol after the Games, is intercepted by Cassius, Brutus, and the others, and in answer to their enquiries about the meaning of the shouting they had heard, tells them in his abrupt, brusque style, how Antony had offered Cæsar a Crown, and how, probably induced by agitation between his eager desire to have it, and his observation of the Plebeians' satisfaction at his feint of declining it, he had fallen down in a swoon. The Passage is as follows: (we print it as it stands in Knight's Edition):

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

_Cas._ But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?
(xvi)

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

Bru. Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Cascæ, we have the falling sickness.

Cascæ. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down.

The line we wish to draw attention to, is that assigned to Brutus, which in all the Seven Editions named in our Table is pointed at the same place, either with a colon or a semicolon. (It is also so pointed in the copies of Schlegel’s Translation circulated at the Performances of this Tragedy by the Meiningen Court Company in Drury Lane Theatre in July last,—when we had the comfort of hearing Cæsar, pierced with 23 mortal wounds, shout, “Brutus, auch du?” loud enough to be heard by one or two thousand people,

Das mag wol sein: er hat die fallende Sucht.)

‘Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Here Brutus deals with a known fact. “It is very probable,” he says, “that all this happened, that he fell in this way, frothed at the mouth, and lost the power of speech, because he has the falling sickness.”

But if it were known that Cæsar was subject to epilepsy, how comes it that Cascæ describes its characteristics so minutely? Would he not have said, “And that brought one of his fits on,” or, “then he took one of his fits.” How, again, would Cassius, as if it were quite a strange circumstance, ask

But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Would he not rather have asked, “What, had he one of these, then?” and a moment after, following Brutus’ words, would he have denied it, and said:

“No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Cascæ, we have the falling sickness?”

Would he not rather have said, “Yes, he has his kind of falling sickness, but you, and I, and honest Cascæ, have ours: in the present state of matters we are going down.” And once more, would Cascæ have simply said, in connection with Cassius’ remark, “I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down”?
Now, with this discrepancy before us, let us look at the First Folio. How stands the line there?

'Tis very like he hath the Falling sickness.

That is: "It looks very like as if he had the Falling sickness." "These are the features of Epilepsy." Brutus is now merely advancing an opinion or supposition, not stating a fact, and the whole passage, to our mind, becomes plain, and all its parts cohere. Whatever the real facts might be, we have no doubt that Shakspere here introduced the Falling Fit, as a new thing. He, by no means, as we know, bound himself strictly to History; on the contrary, he, in numerous instances, has bent it to suit his purpose where he could increase the poetic effect by so doing. Here, by making the convulsion a novel event, he not only gets bringing in its description, but has the dramatic advantage of a variety of sentiments arising from the hearing about it. We may mention that the line, unbroken by a point, was continued in its original form by the Three After Folios.

Our second Example we take from that part of the Tragedy where Mark Antony, beside Caesar's dead body, clustered with wounds, apostrophizes the Spirit of his dear friend. (We quote the Passage as it stands in the Clarendon Press Edition.)

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

As here, the other Six Editions in our Table, end one sentence with a mark of interrogation after "of thy corse," and commence another sentence with "Had I as many eyes," &c.

But it is not so in the First Folio. There we have:—
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?

And then, commencing a new sentence:—
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Corse,
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies.

Here the changing of the sign of interrogation from one line to another has made a decided difference, and we have, what must be to the most of people a New Reading,—strangely enough, because it is the Old one and sacredly preserved by the Three After Folios,—but we believe that a little brow-holding will result in our Readers thinking it is the right Reading, and that the two New Sentences are better than the Old ones.

The second may be viewed thus:—

"Most noble, standing beside your dead body, there, with all these, its numerous wounds, streaming fast; if I had eyes, as many as these gashes, and if they ran tears, as rapidly as these are streaming blood, it would be liker what ought to be, than that I should be entering into a friendly bond with your assassins."

This seems a fair paraphrase of the Second sentence, as it stands in the Original Edition, and the wounds beheld by Antony on the corse before him, appear naturally to suggest the language used by him; while, on the other side, the First loses nothing by the change, for surely the act of shaking the Murderers' bloody hands, is horrid enough in itself, and such an act, besides, from its nature, could only be in the presence or neighbourhood of the corse.

The Third Example we take from that Scene in the Tragedy where Cassius, in the house of Brutus, subtly and successfully influences him in the direction of joining the League of Conspirators. (We quote the Passage as it appears in Boydell's Edition.)

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd.

It is to the last two of these Lines, which are similarly printed in Six out of the Seven before-named Editions, that we would ask our readers' attention:—

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Now, has "so with love I might entreat you," any meaning? Do our readers find aught of sense in it? If so, we fail to do it. True, there have been learned explanations and instances of the use of the Word "so" in strange connection, but, if we may be permitted a poor witticism, these have all appeared very "so so" to us. How then stands the line in the First Folio?

I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd.

That is: "With love I beg that I may not, at this time, be any further influenced or excited, in this manner, or in that direction." Surely that is clear to anybody, and a guarantee for its being the right arrangement of the line exists in the fact, that this, its Original Form, remained undisturbed for 110 years, till Theobald, in his Edition, threw it into the shape which has since been prevalent.

A Fourth Example of the effect which the deviating from the Original Punctuation by modern Editors has had on Shakspere's Meaning, we take from Antony's eulogium of Brutus over his dead Body, near the conclusion of the Tragedy. (We quote the Passage as we find it in Craik's Edition.)

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cesar:
He, only, in a generous honest thought
(An error: it should be "general.")
Of common good to all, made one of them.

But He, only, in, &c., does not correspond with the Original Edition, where we find:—

He, only in a general honest thought, &c.
Not that he was the only one who did so, but that he was the one who only did it in that way. The Three After Folios and Rowe's Edition were faithful here, and Theobald (a frequent transgressor) has again the merit of introducing a New comma; a small enough creature indeed, but quite powerful enough to lead the mind aside from the Master's real thought.

We could multiply examples of this class, in which Deviations from the Original Punctuation changing the Meaning of the Text, are common to all, or nearly all the Seven Editions in our Table; but space is becoming rare with us, and we shall, therefore, leave this branch of our subject in the meantime, with this Remark: that, beside joining their companions in Errors of that kind, each of these Editions exhibits mischievous Deviations of its own. For instance, in Boydell's, we have "Hold my hand," instead of "hold, my hand,"—the one being just "catch my hand" as one would anything else, and the other being "stay, there's my hand," in honour, or as a pledge: as it is often used in Shakspere: "hold, sirrah," "hold, there's expences for thee," or "hold, sir, heres my purse." In the Clarendon Press Edition we have:

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

The omission of the comma in the First Folio after "sacrifice" making the Priests do both the Altar and Message business. In Craik's we have:

A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

instead of:

A word Lucilius
How he received you: let me be resolv'd.

In Knight's we have:

Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief, and blood ill tempered, vexeth him.

instead of:

When grief and blood ill tempered, vexeth him.

And Cassells has:
Now could I Cassa, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
As doth the lion, in the Capitol:

But this with the comma after "lion," which is not in the First Folio,
makes Caesar roar in the Capitol, like the lion.

We have received a number of communications, from London and elsewhere, drawing attention to the fact, that not one of the Plays already published in this Edition is prefaced by a List of the Characters represented in it,—which is a mistake, for two of them, as we are about to shew, contain such a list,—and it is urged that "even if the First Folio, which it is such a boon to have faithfully reproduced, is innocent of such Dramatis Personae, yet that it would be wiser to depart from the integrity of the Text so far only as to supply this defect, and supplement each Play with a List of the Characters represented in it." Were this done, it is said, "the Hamnet Edition of Shakspere would not be liable to the charge of its present incompleteness." One of our most eminent Shaksperean Actresses and Public Readers, whose personification of two of his great characters, has never, to our knowledge, been equalled, writes: "It is quite a loss to your valuable Edition of Shakspere,—the most valuable I know,—that the Dramatis Personae has not a page devoted to them. I do believe that that omission will stand in the way of a grand and useful success."

We cannot, of course, but regret that favourable opinions like this, kindly transmitted to us by Actors, Teachers of Elocution, &c., shewing that the work is gradually finding its way into the proper hands, should be thought to require qualification to any degree. But the course laid down for the Edition, being to give the Plays, "According to the First Folio (Spelling Modernised)," we cannot depart from it, and think that the omission of the Dramatis Personae referred to, can be so readily added to any of the Parts with the pen, that its not being printed can scarcely cause any serious inconvenience to parties using the Edition. Besides, the omission is not universal in the original. In connection with two of the Plays contained in it, The Winter's Tale and Timon of Athens, the First Folio gives "The Names of the Actors" (we would say, of the Characters, or Persons represented), and, accordingly, in our Reprints of that Comedy and Tragedy this will be found to have
been included; and in the 1623 Volume the following five works are similarly furnished: The Tempest, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, Henry the Fifth and Othello, and if we live to publish them, these will likewise be so accompanied.

With our extreme anxiety and best care to produce each Play, identically as it was printed by "Isaac Jaggard, and Ed. Blount," faults included,—and more than a dozen successive proofs of some portions have been eagerly scrutinised, and much use made of the magnifying glass,—there still turn up deficiencies, the discovery of which is to us nothing less than startling. In the present Part, there are, so far as we can discover, eight differences. In the fourth last line of page 9, after "Crown offer'd him" there should be a semicolon instead of a colon. In the 19th line of page 55, after "such a case" there is a comma instead of a full-point. On page 73, in the line, "Ant. Where is he?" there has been missed the period after the name.

It requires unusual watchfulness to reproduce errors correctly, and on page 64, 5th line from the foot, "Sleep again Lucius" should be "Sleep again Lucus," and in the 4th line of page 67 "sign of Battle" should be "sign of Battaille." The only important faults, however, as they touch the sense, are the following: In the 18th line of page 30 "and the great men shall press," should be "and that great men shall press";—in the 21st line of page 57, "and drop my blood to Drachmas," should be, "and drop my blood for Drachmas";—and at the foot of page 63, "Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy," should be "Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy." If our readers will correct these eight differences with the pen, they will have, we believe, a reliable copy of this great Tragedy in its original form.

GREENOCK LIBRARY:

WATT MONUMENT.
Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Second Folio (1632). (The page referred to in this and the following Lists applies to the present Edition, and Italic-Capitals distinguish what had been omitted, or added.)

I (as Æneas, our great Ancestor) . . . . . . Page 6
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World . . . . . . 7
He is a great Observer, and he looks . . . . . . 9
And honest Caska, we have the Falling sickness . . . . . . 10
he desir'd their Worships to think it was . . . . . . 11
Will you sup with me to-Night, Caska . . . . . . 11
I will do so: till then, think of the World . . . . . . 12
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought . . . . . . 12
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw . . . . . . 12
Held up his left Hand . . . . . . 13
and yet his Hand . . . . . . 13
For he loves to hear . . . . . . 23
And Friends disperse your selves . . . . . . 24
Which like a Fountain . . . . . . 30
Unshak'd of Motion . . . . . . 36
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War . . . . . . 42
Into the Market place . . . . . . 43
as he was Ambitious, I slew him . . . . . . 44
and Death, for his Ambition . . . . . . 44
Will you stay a-while? . . . . . . 47
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty . . . . . . 57
By Heaven, I had rather Coin my Heart . . . . . . 57
To look such Rascal Counters from his Friends . . . . . . 57
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts . . . . . . 57
A Friend should bear his Friends infirmities . . . . . . 57
A Flatterer's would not . . . . . . 58
brav'd by his Brother . . . . . . 58
Within, a Heart . . . . . . 58
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart . . . . . . 58
For I know . . . . . . 58
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour . . . . . . 58
shews a hasty Spark
Love, and be Friends
Saucy Fellow, hence
these Jigging Fools
O ye immortal Gods
That we have tried the utmost of our Friends
Good night good Brother
Where is thy Instrument
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two
thou break'st thy Instrument
Art thou some God
He thinks he still is at his Instrument
Sirra Claudio, Fellow
Go, and commend me to my Brother Cessius
But keep the Hills and upper Regions
Upon the left hand of the even Field
Make forth, the Generals would have some words
Crying long live, Hail Caesar
And fawn'd like Hounds
O you Flatterers
A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field
Why now blow wind, swell Billow
What says my General
And his Opinion
The Gods to day stand friendly
This Hill is far enough
Whether yond Troops, are Friend or Enemy
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field
This day I breathed first, Time is come round
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur
To see my best Friend ta'en before my face
Now be a Free-man
With Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory
By your leave Gods
Thy Spirit walks abroad
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp
We shall try Fortune in a second fight . . . Page 72
A foe to Tyrants, and my Country’s Friend . . . . 73
Brutus my Country’s Friend . . . . 73
Such men my Friends, than Enemies . . . . 73
Thou see’st the World, Volumnius, how it goes . . . . 74
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect . . . . 75
Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it . . . . 75
And no man else hath Honor by his death . . . . 75
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial . . . . 76
Most like a Soldier ordered Honorably . . . . 76
So call the Field to rest . . . . 76

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Second Folio (1632).

Over your Friend, that Loves you . . . . Page 4
Therein, ye Gods, you make the Weak most strong . . . . 15

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Third Folio (1664).

Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule . . . . Page 1
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on . . . . 1
Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman . . . . 1
Answer me directly . . . . 1
a Mender of bad souls . . . . 1
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels . . . . 2
That needs must light on this Ingratitude . . . . 2
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev’d . . . . 4
Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face . . . . 5
And groaning underneath this Ages yoke . . . . 5
Or if you know . . . . 5
I do fear, the People choose Caesar . . . . 5
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i’ th’other . . . . 6
In awe of such a Thing, as I my self . . . . 6
Dar’st thou Cassius now . . . . 6
Ay, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans . . . . 7
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods . . . . 7
That her wide Walks incompast but one man . . . . 7
And all the rest, look like a chidden Train
'Tis very like he hath the Falling sickness
Will you Dine with me to morrow
and your Dinner worth the eating
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise
This Rudeness is a Sauce to his good Wit
I will this Night.
in at his Windows throw
Caesar's Ambition shall be glanced at
when the scolding Winds
But never till to Night
Either there is a Civil strife in Heaven
Or else the World
Upon a heap, a hundred gaily Women
Cassia, by your Voice
Cassius, what Night is this
A very pleasing Night to honest men
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us Womanish
Cassius from Bondage will deliver Cassius
If I know this, know all the World besides
Hold, my Hand.
To under-go, with me, an Enterprise
Is Favors, like the Work we have in hand
Good Cinna, take this Paper
set this up with Wax
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me
O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts
And that which would appear Offence in us
And then I grant we put a Sting in him
Remorse from Power
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
Whereeto the Climber upward turns his Face
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back
And since the Quarrel
Searching the Window for a Flint
It did not lie there when I went to Bed
Get you to Bed again
The *Genius*, and the mortal *Instruments* . . . . . . Page 19
The nature of an *Insurrection* . . . . . . " 19
Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the *Door* . . . . . . " 19
No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their *Ears* . . . . . . " 19
Here lies the *East*: doth not the *Day* break here . . . . . . " 20
And let us swear our *Resolution* . . . . . . " 21
The sufferance of our *Souls*, the time's *Abuse* . . . . . . " 21
Swear Priests and Cowards, and men *Cautelous* . . . . . . " 21
Old feeble *Carrions*, and such suffering *Souls* . . . . . . " 21
But all be buried in his *Gravity* . . . . . . " 22
Like *Wrath* in death, and *Envy* afterwards . . . . . . " 22
Let's kill him *Boldly*, but not *Wrathfully* . . . . . . " 22
And let our *Hearts*, as subtle Masters do . . . . . . " 22
Stir up their *Servants* to an *act of Rage* . . . . . . " 22
Our purpose *Necessary*, and not *Envious* . . . . . . " 22
For he is *Superstitious* grown of late . . . . . . " 23
The unaccustom'd *Terror* of this night . . . . . . " 23
That *Unicorns* may be betray'd with *Trees* . . . . . . " 23
With untir'd *Spirits*, and formal *Constancy* . . . . . . " 24
Enjoy the honey-heavy-*Dew* of *Slumber* . . . . . . " 24
You have some sick *Offence* within your mind . . . . . . " 25
Within the *Bond* of *Marriage* . . . . . . " 26
Am I your *Self* . . . . . . " 26
To keep with you at *Meals* . . . . . . " 26
*Portia* is *Brutus* Harlot, not his *Wife* . . . . . . " 26
You are my true and honourable *Wife* . . . . . . " 26
I grant I am a *Woman*; but withal . . . . . . " 26
A *Woman* that Lord *Brutus* took to *Wife* . . . . . . " 26
I grant I am a *Woman*; but withal . . . . . . " 26
A *Woman* well reputed . . . . . . " 26
Render me worthy of this *Noble Wife* . . . . . . " 26
The secrets of my *Heart* . . . . . . " 26
Brave Son, deriv'd from *Honourable Loins* . . . . . . " 27
Fierce fiery *Warriors* fight upon the *Clouds* . . . . . . " 28
In *Ranks* and *Squadrons*, and right form of *War* . . . . . . " 28
Of all the *Wonders* that I yet have heard . . . . . . " 28
The cause is in my *Will*, I will not come . . . . . . " 30
This *Dream* is all amiss interpreted . . . . . . " 30
This by *Calphurnia's Dream* is signified . . . . . . " 30
There is no fellow in the Firmament
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine
So, in the World; 'Tis furnished well with Men
And Men are Flesh and Blood.
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank.
Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus
Et Tu Brute
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid
Fled to his House amaz'd
Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit
So are we Cæsar's Friends
And waving our red Weapons o'er our heads
and by my Honour
nor no Instrument
With the most Noble blood of all this World
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age
Yet see you but our hands
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear
I doubt not of your Wisdom
Also, what shall I say
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes.
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies
how wast thou bay'd brave Hart
Squid in thy Spoil
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart
And thus indeed, O World, the Hart of thee
The Enemies of Cæsar, shall say this
Then, in a Word, it is cold Majesty.
Will you be pack'd in number of our Friends.
Or else were this a savage Spectacle.
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend.
Speak in the Order of his Funeral!
You know not what you do; So not consent.
Was to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
O'er thy wounds, now do I Prophecy.
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips . . . Page 42
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue . . . " 42
Domestic Fury, and fierce Civil strife . . . " 42
And dreadful Objects so familiar . . . " 42
In my Oration, how the People take . . . " 43
Believe me for mine Honour . . . " 43
that you may the better Judge . . . " 43
any dear Friend of Cæsars . . . " 43
as he was Valiant, I honour him . . . " 44
Here comes his Body, mourn'd by Mark Antony . . . " 44
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault . . . " 45
(For Brutus is an Honourable man . . . " 45
So are they all; all Honourable men) . . . " 45
Come I to speak in Cæsar's Funeral . . . " 45
Have stood against the World . . . " 46
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage . . . " 46
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood . . . " 47
And let me shew you him that made the Will . . . " 47
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent . . . " 48
They are Wise, and Honourable . . . " 49
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you . . . " 49
That love my Friend . . . " 49
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech . . . " 49
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny . . . " 49
Are you a married man, or a Bachelor . . . " 51
Am I a married man, or a Bachelor . . . " 51
wisely I say, I am a Bachelor . . . " 51
Some to Decius Houses . . . " 51
The three-fold World divided, he should stand . . . " 52
And though we lay these Honours on this man . . . " 52
And having brought our Treasure . . . " 52
Then take we down his Load . . . " 52
A hot Friend, cooling . . . " 54
And I will give you Audience . . . " 55
For taking Bribes here of the Sardians . . . " 55
The name of Cassius Honours . . . " 55
What? Shall one of Us . . . " 55
That struck the Foremost man of all this World . . . " 55
Older in practice, Abler than yourself . . . " 56
Under your Testy Humour
the Venom of your Spleen
Though it do Split you
When you are Waspish
Do not presume too much upon my Love
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty
By Heaven, I had rather Coin my Heart
When Marcus Brutus grows so Covetous
For Cassius is a-weary of the World
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears fire
these Jigging Fools
Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi
My self have Letters of the self-same Tenure
Why farewell Portia; We must die Messala
'Tis better that the Enemy seek us
Hear me good Brother
Or lose our Ventures
O my dear Brother
On business to my Brother Cassius
I will it not have it so: Lie down good sirs
Bear with me good Boy, I am much forgetful
O Murd'rous slumber
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy
and (good Boy) good night
Thou: Awake
Bid him set on his Powers betimes before
But keep the Hills and upper Regions
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Cæsars feet
Upon one Battle all our Liberties
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Friends I owe no tears
And come young Cato, let us to the Field
I will proclaim my name about the Field
Here comes the General
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
The Gods defend him from so great a shame
Such men my Friends, than Enemies
What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World
Two several times by Night
And this last Night
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together
That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord
my Bones would rest

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Third Folio (1664).

I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old Shoes
Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
You pull'd me by the Cloak
When the most Mighty Gods, by tokens send
The power to Cancel his Captivity
How that might change his Nature
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to Caesar
The unaccustom'd Terror of this Night.
The Morning comes upon's
Stole from my Bed
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this Coarse
when it shall please my Country to need my Death
See what a Rent the envious Caska made
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable
Tear him for his bad Verses
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traitors
Caesar, Thou canst not die by Traitors hands
Look where he have not Crown'd dead Cassius

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words whose Emphasis-Capitals escaped the Editors and Printers of the Fourth Folio (1685).

Mend me, thou saucy Fellow.
You Blocks, you stones.
The Barren touched in this holy chase.
I hear a Tongue shriller than all the Music
Be not deceived: If I have veild my look
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
So well as by Reflection
If the tag-rag people did not clap him
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass
But oh Grief
for now this fearful Night
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves
No, not an Oath; if not the Face of men
If these be Motives weak
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears
O let us have him, for his Silver hairs
Quite from the main Opinion he held once
Boy: Lucius: Fast asleep
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
Cesar should be a Beast without a heart
Have I in Conquest strecht mine Arm so far
See, Antony that Revels long a-nights
So to most Noble Cesar
Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been
Stand fast together, lest some Friend of Cesar
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief
Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit
Stoop Romans, stoop
How many Ages hence
The Men that gave their Country liberty
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest
Our Reasons are so full of good regard
And Cesar's Spirit ranging for Revenge.
With Carrion men, groaning for Burial.
Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Censure me in your Wisdom
as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it
I pause for a Reply
Shall be Crown'd in Brutus
We'll bring him to his House
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious
So are they all; all Honourable men
But Brutus says, he was Ambitious
( xxxiii )

Did this in Caesar seem Ambitious
Yet Brutus says, he was Ambitious
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious
There's not a Nobler man in Rome than Antony
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus

Lines in Julius Caesar containing Words shewing New Emphasis-Capitals which appear in the Fourth Folio (1685).

What Trade thou Knave? Thou naughty Knave
Truly Sir, to wear out their Shoes
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels
Run to your Houses
Than that poor Brutus with himself at War
The name of Honour more than I fear Death
so, from the Waves of Tiber
So get the start of the Majestic World
Why man, he doth bestride the narrow World
Walk under his huge Legs
But in our Selves, that we are Underlings
Why should that name be sounded more than Yours
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes
Come on my right hand, for this Ear is deaf
he was very loath to lay his Fingers off it
threw up their sweaty Night-Caps
So is he now, in Execution
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit
But Life being weary of these Worldly Bars
He is a Friend. Ciana, where haste you so
To seek you at your House
See Brutus at his House
And therefore think him as a Serpents Egg
Is not to Morrow (Boy) the first of March
We all stand up against the Spirit of Caesar
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers
Which busy care draws, in the Brains of men
Your weak condition, to the raw cold Morning
Why so I do: good Portia go to Bed
And will he steal out of his wholesome Bed
Had you a healthful Ear to hear of it
Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-Gown
Yet Caesar shall go forth: For these Predictions
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this
Caesar was ne'er so much your Enemy
Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine with me
To know my Errand Madam
What is't a Clock
The heart of Woman is
I wish your Enterprise to day may thrive
What Enterprise Popilius
He wish to day our Enterprise might thrive
To think that Caesar bears such Rebel Blood
Thy Brother by Decree is banished
To sound more sweetly in great Caesars Ear
There is no harm intended to your Person
And leave us Publius, lest that the People
Then walk we forth, even to the Market Place
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies
Produce his Body to the Market-place
Prepare the Body then, and follow us
Cassius go you into the other Street
hear me for my Cause
I say, That Brutus love to Caesar
this is my Answer
a Place in the Commonwealth
With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover
Let him go up into the Public Chair
The Good is oft interred with their Bones
But Brutus says He was Ambitious
Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff
O Judgment! thou art fled to Brutish Beasts
Methinks there is much reason in his Sayings
Poor Soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping
And they would go and kiss dead Caesars Wounds
As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd
O piteous Spectacle
For I have neither Wit

Shew you sweet Cesars Wounds

We'll burn the House of Brutus

Most Noble Caesar, we'll revenge his Death

And to your Heirs for ever

And with the Brands fire the Traitors Houses

He and Lepidus are at Cesars House

I dreamt to Night, that I did feast with Caesar

I have no will to wander forth of Doors

What is your Name

Are you a Married Man, or a Bachelor

they are Fools that Marry

As a Friend

For your Dwelling: briefly

Your Name Sir, truly

Truly, my Name is Cinna

It is no matter, his Name's Cinna

These many then shall die, their Names are prickt

Who is your Sisters Son, Mark Antony.

But Lepidus, go you to Cesars House

And took his Voice who should be prickt to die

(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his Ears

They mean this Night in Sardis to be quarter'd

Before the Eyes of both our Armies here

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our Door

What Villain touch'd his Body.

Contaminate our Fingers

A Friendly Eye could never see such faults

Check'd like a Bondman

Set in a Note-Book

My Spirit from mine Eyes

Nothing but Death shall stay me

Get you hence Sirrah

Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night

Lucius, a Bowl of Wine.

That by Proscription, and Bills of Outlawry

Have put to Death, an hundred Senators

Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord

Under your Pardon
| Omitted, all the Voyage of their life | Page 62 |
| Early to Morrow will we rise, and hence | " 62 |
| This was an ill beginning of the Night | " 62 |
| Never come such division 'tween our Souls | " 62 |
| Good Night my Lord | " 62 |
| Good Night good Brother | " 62 |
| Good Night Lord Brutus | " 62 |
| Poor Knave I blame thee not | " 63 |
| Look Lucius, here's the Book I sought for so | " 63 |
| I put it in the Pocket of my Gown | " 63 |
| Gentle Knave good night | " 63 |
| I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes | " 64 |
| Why did you so cry out sirs, in your Sleep | " 64 |
| their Battails are at hand | " 65 |
| you did not so, when your vile Daggers | " 66 |
| Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him | " 70 |
| Go Pindarus, get higher on that Hill | " 70 |
| To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face | " 70 |
| Come hither Sirrah | " 70 |
| Come now, keep thine Oath | " 70 |
| That ran through Caesar's Bowels, search this Bosom | " 70 |
| Stand not to Answer | " 70 |
| Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth | " 71 |
| Into his Ears | " 71 |
| Shall be as welcome to the Ears of Brutus | " 71 |
| Where, where Messala, doth his Body lie | " 72 |
| Should breed thy Fellow | " 72 |
| 'Tis three a Clock | " 72 |
| Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his Death | " 73 |
| This is not Brutus Friend | " 73 |
| Come poor remains of Friends | " 74 |
| Shall I do such a Deed | " 74 |
| That it runs over even at his Eyes | " 74 |
| That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord | " 75 |
| Night hangs upon mine Eyes | " 75 |
| And no man else hath honour by his Death | " 75 |
| And say to all the World | " 76 |
| Within my Tent his Bones to night shall lie | " 76 |
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

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


Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use, with a safe Con-
science, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad souls.

Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, 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 me, thou saucy
Fellow?

Cobl. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cobl. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Awl: I meddle
with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal
I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoes: when they are in
great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon
Neats Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.
Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their shoes, to get my self into
more work. But indeed sir, we make Holiday to see Caesar,
and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Tow'rs and Windows? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a Holiday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone,
Run to your houses, fall upon 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 poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all.

Execunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness:
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.
   *Mur.* May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.
   *Fla.* It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Caesars* Trophies: I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Caesars* wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.     

*Exeunt*

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

*Cæs.* *Calphurnia*.
*Cæs.* *Calphurnia*.
*Calp.* Here 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 Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.
   *Ant.* I shall remember,
When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.
*Cæs.* Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
*Sooth.* *Cæsar*.
*Cæs.* Ha? Who calls?
*Cask.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.
*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue shriller than all the Music
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Cry, Caesar: Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear.
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.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.

Cæs. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.


Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cass. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder Cassius your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

Brut. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Merely upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some soil (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd
(Among which number Cassius be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of Love to other men.

Cass. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,

By means whereof, this Breast 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 self but by reflection,
By some other things.

*Cassius. 'Tis just,*

And it is very much lamented *Brutus,*
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,

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

*Bru. Into what dangers, would you*

Lead me *Cassius?*

That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

*Cas. Therefore good *Brutus,* be prepar'd to hear:*

And since you know, you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus:*
Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and Shout.*

*Bru. What means this Shouting?*

I do fear, the People choose *Caesar*
For their King.

*Cassi. Ay, do you fear it?*

Then must I think you would not have it so.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

_Bru._ I would not _Cassius_, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death _i'th_ other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear death.

_Cassi._ I know that virtue to be in you _Brutus_,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: But for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my self.
I was born free as _Caesar_, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a Raw and Gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with her Shores,
_Caesar_ said to me, Dar'st thou _Cassius_ now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon 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 Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controversy.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
_Caesar_ cried, Help me _Cassius_, or I sink.
I (as _Aeneas_, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old _Anchises_ bear) so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired _Caesar_: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and _Cassius_ is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If _Caesar_ carelessly but nod on him.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

He had a Fever when he was in Spain,
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cried, Give me some drink Titinius,
As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majestic world,
And bear the Palm alone. Shout. Flourish.

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

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (dear Brutus) is not in our Stars,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours
Write them together: Yours, is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Caesar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown 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 than with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walks encompass but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himself a Son of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.

Cass. As they pass by
Pluck Caska by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sour fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: but look you Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsars brow,
And all the rest, look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.
Cassi. Cassa will tell us what the matter is.
Cos. Antonio.
Ant. Caesar.
Cos. Let me have men about me, that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not Caesar, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well given.
Cos. Would he were fatter; But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost Antony: he hears no Music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear: for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him. Senecio

Exeunt Caesar and his Train.

Cask. You pull'd me by the cloak, would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay Cassa, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That Caesar looks so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask Cassa what had chanc'd.

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

Bru. What was the second noise for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crown offer’d him thrice?
Cask. Ay marry was’t, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.
Cassi. Who offer’d him the Crown?
Cask. Why Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Caska.
Caska. I can as well be hang’d as tell the manner of it: It was mere Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a Crown, yet ’twas not a Crown neither, ’twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by, and still as he refus’d it, the rabblement hooted and clapp’d their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Caesar refus’d the Crown, that it had (almost) choked Caesar: for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.
Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?
Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam’d at mouth, and was speechless.
Bru. ’Tis very like he hath the Falling sickness.
Cassi. No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Caska, we have the Falling sickness.
Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas’d, and displeas’d them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.
Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?
Cask Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv’d the common Herd was glad he refus’d the Crown, he pluckt me
ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had
been a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him
at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues, and
so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had
done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think
it was his infirmity. Three or four Wench's where I stood,
cried, Alas good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts:
But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stab'd
their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.
Cask. Ay.
Cassi. Did Cicero say any thing?
Cask. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cassi. To what effect?
Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th'face
again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another,
and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to
me. I could tell you more news too: Murrellus and Flavius,
for pulling Scarfs off Caesars Images, are put to silence. Fare
you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Cassi. Will you sup with me to Night, Caska?
Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.
Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?
Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating.
Cassi. Good, I will expect you.
Cask. Do so: farewell both. Exit.

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

He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.
Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprise,
How-ever he puts on this tardy form:
This Rudeness is a Sauce to his good Wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better Appetite.
Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leave you:
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

_Cass._ I will do so: till then, think of the World.

_Exit Brutus._

Well _Brutus_, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
_Cæsar_ doth bear me hard, but he loves _Brutus_.
If I were _Brutus_ now, and he were _Cassius_,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
_Cæsar's_ Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let _Cæsar_ seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

_Exit._

_Thunder, and Lightning._ _Enter_ Caska, _and_ Cicero.

_Cic._ Good even, _Caska_: brought you _Cæsar_ home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

_Cask._ Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? _O_ _Cicero_,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil strife in Heaven,
Or else the World, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

_Cic._ Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

_Cask._ A common slave, you know him well by sight,
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gaily women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, they are natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Caesar to the Capitol 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 sky is not to walk in.


Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?
Cask. A Roman.

Cass. Caska, by your voice.

Cask. Your ear is good.

Cassius, what night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus unbraced, Caska, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heaven, I did present my self
Even in the aim, and very flash of it.

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

Cassi. You are dull, Caska:
And those sparks of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You do want, or else you use not.
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why you shall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous State.
Now could I (Caska) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean:
Is it not, Cassius?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have Thewes, and Limbs, like to their Ancestors;
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and sufferance, shew us Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor air-less Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss it self.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.           Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.

Cassi. And why should Caesar be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
He were no Lion, were not Romans Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar. But oh Grief,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speak to Caska, and to such a man,
That is no fleeing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Grieves,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cassi. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, Cassa, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Noblest minded Romans
To under-go, with me, an Enterprise,
Of Honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompeys Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favors, like the Work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cassa. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

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

Cinna. To find out you: Who's that; Metellus Cymber?
Cass. No, it is Cassa, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

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

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cassius,
If you could but win the Noble Brutus
To our party——

Cass. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompeys Porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

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

*Cassi.* That done, repair to Pompeys Theatre. — *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
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Cask.* O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Virtue, and to Worthiness.

*Cassi.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *Exeunt.*

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**Actus Secundus.**

*Enter Brutus in his Orchard.*

*Brut.* What Lucius, ho?

I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to day—**Lucius,** I say?
I would it were my fault to sleep 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 personal cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown’d:
How that might change his nature, there’s the question?
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatness, is, when it dis-joins
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpents egg,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
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 up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

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

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy self:
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Shall Rome, &c. speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleepest: awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:

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

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak, strike, redress. Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knock within.

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

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you?

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

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every Noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This, Decius Brutus.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cymb.
Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchful Cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

Decius. Here lies the East: doth not the Day break here?

Cask. No.

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

Cask. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

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

Brut. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Souls, the times Abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every 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) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our Enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and Nobly bears
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cyn. No, by no means.
Mark Antony, so well below it a Caesar

Shall we live Caesar, we shall find it at him

And you shall, his means

If be improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all, which to prevent

Let Antony and Caesar fall together

Brut. Our cause will seem too heavy. Loose Cassius,

To cut the heads off, and then hack the Limbs.

Like Wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:

For Antony, is but a Limb of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caesar.

We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,

And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:

O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar. But alas

Cassar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wastefully:

Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods.

Not hew him as a Carcass fit for Hounds:

And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,

Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.

Which we appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him:
For he can do no more than Caesars Arm,
When Caesars head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar.
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

_Bru._ Peace, count the Clock.
_Cas._ The Clock hath stricken three.
_Treb._ 'Tis time to part.
_Cass._ But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasy, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

_Decius._ Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
_Cas._ Nay, we will all of us, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you Brutus,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy,
And so good morrow to you every one. Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busy care draws, in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentele looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waft of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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 means to come by it.

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

Por. Is Brutus sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurg'd Air,
To add unto his sickness? No my Brutus,
You have some sick Offence within your mind,
Which by the Right and Virtue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self; your half
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your Self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, comfort your Bed,
And talk 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 dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord Brutus took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

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

Hark, hark, one knocks: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thos bosom shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with hast.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave Caius
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome,
Brave Son, deriv’d from Honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur’d up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What’s to do?

Bru. A piece of work,
That will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

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

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

Bru. Follow me then.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho: They murther Cæsar. Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.
Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.

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

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

Calp. Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War
Which drizzl’d blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battle hurtled in the Air:
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty Gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Calp. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes

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

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Caesar. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear:
No Caesar shall not; Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We heare two Lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And Caesar shall go forth.

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

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

Enter Decius.

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

Deci. Caesar, all hail: Good morrow worthy Caesar,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falsoer:
I will not come to day, tell them so Decius.

Calp. Say he is sick.

Caesar. Shall Caesar send a Lie?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afeard to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Deci. Most mighty Caesar 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 satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here my wife, stays me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath’d,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and the great men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by Calphurnia’s Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render’d, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time:
When Cæsars wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow Caska: Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. Cesar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow Antony.

Ant. So to most Noble Cæsar

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now Cynna, now Metellus: what Trebonius,
I have an hours talk in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar I will: and so near will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus earnes to think upon.

Exeunt

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius; come not near Caska, have an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

is bent against Caesar: If thou be'st not Immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return 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 Caesar doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy, what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.
Por. What is't a clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour Lady.
Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have Lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.  Exit
Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.  Exeunt
Actus Tertius.

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. Ay Cæsar, but not gone.
Art. Hail Cæsar: Read this Schedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, give place.
Cassi. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
Popil. I wish your enterprise to day may thrive.
Cassi. What enterprise Popilius?
Popil. Fare you well.
Bru. What said Popillius Lena?
Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprise might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cassi. Caska be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.
Bru. Cassius be constant:
Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For look he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cass. Trebonius knows his time: for look you Brutus
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that rears your hand.

Ces. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Caesar and his Senate must redress?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puisant Caesar
Metellus Cymer throws before thy Seat
An humble heart.

Ces. I must prevent thee Cymer:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such Rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesars ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:
Desiring thee, that Publius Cymer may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Ces. What Brutus?

Cassi. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg infranchisement for Publius Cymer.

Ces. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all Fire, and every 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 apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassailable holds on his Rank,
Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Caesar.
Cæs. Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Decius. Great Cæsar.
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Cask. Speak hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Cæs. Et Tu Brute?—Then fall Cæsar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets.
Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedom, 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. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of Cæsars
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them Publius.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Cassi. And leave us Publius, lest that the people Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.

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

Enter Trebonius.

Cassi. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures: That we shall die we know, 'tis but the time And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit: So are we Cæsars Friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death. Stoop Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Cæsars blood Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords: Then walk we forth, even to the Market place, And waving our red Weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over, In State unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, That now on Pompeys Basis lie along, No worthier than the dust?

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

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.
Enter a Servant.


Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony, shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master Antony.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently.

Exit Servant.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony:
Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunken to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I my self, there is no hour so fit
As Caesars deaths hour; nor no Instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O Antony! Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful:
And pity to the general wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points Mark Antony:
Our Arms in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas’d
The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom:
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 Cassa, yours;  
Though last, not least in love, yours good Trebonius,  
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceive me,  
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.  
That I did love thee Caesar, O 'tis true:  
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than 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 stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies.  
Pardon me Julius, here was't thou bay'd brave Hart,  
Here did'st thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand  
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and Crimson'd in thy Lethe.  
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart;  
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.  
How like a Deer, stroken by many Princes,  
Dost thou here lie?  

Cassi. Mark Antony.  

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius:  
The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this:  
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.  

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

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

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you Antony, the Son of Caesar,  
You should be satisfied.  

Ant. That’s all I seek,  
And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the Market-place,  
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,  
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.  

Bru. You shall Mark Antony.  

Cassi. Brutus, a word with you:  
You know not what you do; Do not consent  
That Antony speak in his Funeral:  
Know you how much the people may be mov’d  
By that which he will utter.  

Bru. By your pardon:  
I will my self into the Pulpit first,  
And shew the reason of our Caesar’s death.  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave, and by permission:  
And that we are contented Caesar shall  
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.  

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

Bru. Mark Antony, here take you Caesar’s body:  
You shall not in your Funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,  
And say you do’t by our permission:  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his Funeral. And you shall speak  
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 us.  

Exeunt.
Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the Noblest man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesy,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic Fury, and fierce Civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War:
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds,
And Cæsars Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarchs voice,
Cry havoc, and let slip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Burial.

Enter Octavia's Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Ser. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O Cæsar!

Ant. Thy heart is big: get thee a-part and weep:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

\textit{Ant.} Post back with speed,  
And tell him what hath chanc'd:  
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for \textit{Octavius} yet,  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this course  
Into the Market place: There shall I try  
In my Oration, how the People take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men,  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young \textit{Octavius}, of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.  

\textit{Exeunt}

Enter \textit{Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the}  
\textit{Plebeians.}

\textit{Plé.} We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied,  
\textit{Bru.} Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

\textit{Cassius} go you into the other street,  
And part the Numbers:  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
Those that will follow \textit{Cassius}, go with him,  
And public Reasons shall be rendred  
Of \textit{Cæsar's} death.  
1. \textit{Plé.} I will hear \textit{Brutus} speak.  
2. I will hear \textit{Cassius}, and compare their Reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendred.  
3. The Noble \textit{Brutus} is ascended: Silence.  
\textit{Bru.} Be patient till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and  
be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour,  
and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe.  
Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you  
may the better Judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any  
dear Friend of \textit{Cæsar}, to him I say, that \textit{Brutus} love to \textit{Cæsar},  
was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why \textit{Brutus}  
rose against \textit{Cæsar}, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd \textit{Cæsar}  
less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather \textit{Cæsar} were
living, and die all Slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None Status, none.

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

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's body.

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

All. Live Brutus, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house.
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be Cæsar.
4. Cæsars better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

1. We'll bring him to his House,

With Shouts and Clamours.


2. Peace, silence, Brutus speaks.
1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

And (for my sake) stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesars Corpse, and grace his Speech
Tending to Caesars Glories, which Mark Antony
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Let him go up into the public Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble Antony go up.

Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you.
4 What does he say of Brutus?
3 He says, for Brutus sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here?
1 This Caesar was a Tyrant.
3 Nay that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
2 Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace ho, let us hear him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,
So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speak in Caesars Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
Whose Ransoms, did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seem Ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sternest stuff,
Yet *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* says, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1. Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
*Cæsar* ha's had great wrong.
3. Ha's he Masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2. Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome than *Antony*.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant*. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Than I will wrong such Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of Caesar,
I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead Cesars wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their issue.

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

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear Cesars Will.

Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 Read the Will, we'll hear it Antony:
You shall read us the Will, Cesars Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it.

4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villains, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpse of Caesar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Descend.

3 You shall have leave.
4 A Ring, stand round.
1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2 Room for Antony, most Noble Antony.
Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.
All. Stand back: room, bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius Dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Caska made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away:
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesars Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the Base of Pompeys Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesars Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O piteous spectacle!
2. O Noble Caesar!
3. O woful day!
4. O Traitors, Villains!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.

1. Peace there, hear the Noble Antony.
2. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steal away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is;
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Utterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stir mens Blood. I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsars wounds, poor poor dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.

All. We'll Mutiny.
1. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3. Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me Countrymen, yet hear me speak

All. Peace ho, hear Antony, most Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.
   All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and hear the Wil.
   Ant. Here is the Will, and under Cæsar's Seal:
To every Roman Citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five Drachmas.
   2 Ple. Most Noble Cæsar, we'll revenge his death.
   3 Ple. O Royal Cæsar.
   Ant. Hear me with patience.
   All. Peace ho.
   Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tiber, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever: common pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?
   1. Ple. Never, never: come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take up the body.
   2. Ple. Go fetch fire.
   Exit Plebeians.

   Ant. Now let it work: Mischief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

   Enter Servant.

   Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
   Ant. Where is he?
   Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
   Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.
   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 moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
   Exeunt
Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar,  
And things unluckily charge my Fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1. What is your name?  
2. Whither are you going?  
3. Where do you dwell?  
4. Are you a married man, or a Bachelor?  
2. Answer every man directly.

1. Ay, and briefly.  
4. Ay, and wisely.  
3. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name?  Whither am I going?  Where do I dwell?  Am I a married man, or a Bachelor?  Then to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a Bachelor.

2 That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that I fear: proceed directly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to Cæsars Funeral.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

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

4. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. Tear him, tear him; Come Brands ho, Firebrands: to Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius House, and some to Caska's; some to Ligarius: Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.
Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too must die: consent you Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Octa. Prick him down Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your Sisters son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I dam him.
But Lepidus, go you to Cæsars house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? shall I find you here?
Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. Exit Lepidus
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prickt to die
In our black Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selves of diverse sland’rous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his ears,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But he’s a tried, and valiant Soldier,
Ant. So is my Horse Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'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 Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'd by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property: and now Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our means stretcht,
And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.
Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear
Millions of Mischiefs. Exeunt

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius and
Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now Lucilius, is Cassius near?
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 own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

_Bru._ He is not doubted. A word _Lucilius_
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.

_Lucil._ With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.

_Bru._ Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Ever note _Lucilius,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks, in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

_Thou March within._

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

_Lucil._ They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with _Cassius._

_Enter Cassius and his Powers._

_Bru._ Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

_Cass._ Stand ho.

_Bru._ Stand ho, pass the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

_Cass._ Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong.

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

_Cass._ _Brutus_, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——

_Brut._ Cassius, be content.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Grieves,
And I will give you Audience.

Cass. Pindarous,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. Exeunt

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

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

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case,
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you Cassius, you your self,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cass. I, an itching Palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks 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.

Cass. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What? Shall one of Us,
That struck the Foremost 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 Dog, and bay the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

_Cassi_._ Brutus, be not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget your self
To hedge me in. I am a Soldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler than your self
To make Conditions.

_Bru._ Go to: you are not _Cassius._
_Cassi._ I am.

_Bru._ I say, you are not.

_Cassi._ Urge me no more, I shall forget my self:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.

_Bru._ Away slight man.

_Cassi._ Is't possible?

_Bru._ Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

_Cassi._ O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

_Bru._ All this? Ay more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaves how Choleric you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your Testy Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use 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 Soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.

_Cass._ You wrong me every way:
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

You wrong me Brutus:
I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.
Did I say Better?
   Bru. If you did, I care not.
   Cass. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
   Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
   Cassi. I durst not.
   Bru. No.
   Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?
   Brut. For your life you durst not.
   Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
   Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror Cassius in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather Coin my Heart,
And drop my blood to Drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of Peasants, 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 have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so Covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces.
   Cassi. I deny'd you not.
   Brut. You did.
   Cassi. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my hart:
A Friend should bear his Friends infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
   Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassi. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassi. Come Antony, and young Octavius come,
Revenge your selves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Dearer than Pluto's Mine, Richer than Gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at Caesar: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou loved'st him better
Than ever thou loved'st Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, Dishonour, shall be Humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a Lamb
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears fire,
Who much enforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And strait is cold again.
Cassi. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill remper'd too.
Cassi. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cassi. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cassi. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful.

Bru. Yes Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-eearnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet.
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 mean?

Love, and be Friends, as two such men should be,

For I have seen more years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynic rhyme?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Saucy Fellow, hence.

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

Brut. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the Wars do with these Jigging Fools?

Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone. Exit Poet

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears 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 loss!

Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tidings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
 Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness Cassius. Drinks
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of Brutus love.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Messala:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
 Cass. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.
 Mess. My self have Letters of the self-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
 Mess. That by proscription, and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death, an hundred Senators.
 Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
 Cassi. Cicero one?
Mess. 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 thinks is strange.

Bru. Why ask you?

Hear 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, bear the truth I tell,

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell Portia: We must die Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Messa. Even so great men, great losses should endure.

Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently.

Cassi I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,

So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better

The people 'twixt Philippi, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cassi. Hear me good Brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our Friends:  
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,  
The Enemy encreaseth every day,  
We at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a Tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.  
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our Ventures.  
Cassi. Then with your will go on: we'll along  
Our selves, and meet them at Philippi.  
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And Nature must obey Necessity,  
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 Gown: farewell good Messala,  
Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.  
Cassi. O my dear Brother:  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls:  
Let it not Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.  
Cassi. Good night my Lord.  
Bru. Good night good Brother.  
Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus.  
Bru. Farwell every one.  

Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudio, and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my Brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not have it so: Lie down good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me good Boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a strain or two.

Luc. Ay 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 urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!
Layest thou thy Laden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Music? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit Brutus?
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why I will see thee at Philippi then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'st thou dream 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. Sleep again Lucius: Sirra Claudio, Fellow,

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleep?
Both. Did we my Lord?
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Bru. Ay: 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 Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

Ant. Octavius, lead your Battaile softly on
Upon the left hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not cross you: but I will do so.
March.
Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cassi. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of Battle?

Ant. No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes Brutus, you give good words

Witness the hole you made in Caesars heart,

Crying long live, Hail Caesar.

Cassi. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla Bees,

And leave them Honey-less.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:

For you have stol'n 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 Caesar:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Caesars feet;

Whil'st damned Caska, like a Cur, behind

Strook Caesar on the neck. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now Brutus thank your self,

This tongue had not offended so to day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops:

Look, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When think you that the Sword goes up again?

Never till Caesars three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
   Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by Traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
   Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus Sword.
   Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Strain,
Young-man, thou could'st not die more honourable.
   Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honor
Join'd with a Masker, and a Reveller.
   Ant. Old Cassius still.
   Octa. Come Antony: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
   Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
   Cassi. Why now blow wind, swell Billow,
And swim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
   Bru. Ho Lucilius, hark, a word with you.
     Lucilius and Messala stand forth.
   Luc. My Lord.
     Cassi Messala.
   Messa. What says my General?
     Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand Messala:
Be thou my witness, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battle all our Liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from Sardis, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Messa. Believe not so.

Cassi. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even so Lucilius.

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

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how:
But I do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battle,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome.

Bru. No Cassius, no:
Think not thou Noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell Cassius,
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

_Cass._ For ever, and for ever, farewell _Brutus:_
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

_Bru._ Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this days business, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away.       _Exeunt._

_Alarum._ _Enter Brutus and Messala._

_Bru._ Ride, ride _Messala_, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side.          _Loud Alarum._
Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanor in _Octavius's_ wing:
And sudden push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride _Messala_, let them all come down.   _Exeunt._

_Alarums._ _Enter Cassius and Titinius._

_Cassi._ O look _Titinius_, look, the Villains fly:
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy:
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

_Titin._ O _Cassius_, _Brutus_ gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on _Octavius_,
Took it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoil,
Whil'st we by _Antony_ are all enclos'd.

_Enter Pindarus._

_Pind._ Fly further off my Lord: fly further off,
_Mark Antony_ is in your Tents my Lord:
Fly therefore Noble _Cassius_, fly far off.

_Cassi._ This Hill is far enough. Look, look _Titinius_.
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

_Tit._ They are, my Lord.

_Cassi._ _Titinius_, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troops, are Friend or Enemy.

_Tit._ I will be here again, even with a thought.       _Exit._

_Cassi._ Go _Pindarus_, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick: regard _Titinius_,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compass. _Sirra_, what news?

_Pind._ _Above._ O my Lord.

_Cassi._ What news?

_Pind._ _Titinius_ is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now _Titinius._ Now some light: O he lights too.
He's ta'en.                  _Shout._
And hark, they shout for joy.

_Cassi._ Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend ta'en before my face.

_Enter Pindarus._

Come hither sirrah: In _Parthia_ did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good _Sword_
That ran through _Caesars_ bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword. — _Caesar_, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee.

_Pin._ So, I am free,
Yet would not so have been
Durst I have done my will.     _O Cassius,_
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Far from this Country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is overthrown by Noble Brutus power,
As Cassius Legions are by Antony.

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Messa. Where did you leave him.

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

Messa. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!
Messa. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting Sun:
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to night;
So in his red blood Cassius day is set.
The Sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful Error, Melancholy’s Child:
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv’d,
Thou never com’st unto a happy birth,
But kill’st the Mother that engendred thee.

Titinius. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?

Messa. Seek him Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while:
Why did’st thou send me forth brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius:
By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come Cassius Sword, and find Titinius hart. Dies

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

Bru. Where, where Messala, doth his body lie?
Mess. Lo yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. Low Alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius,
Look where he have not crown'd dead Cassius.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, far thee well.
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius: I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Tharsus send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucillius come,
And come young Cato, let us to the Field,
Labio and Flavio set our Battalies on:
'Tis three a clock, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

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

Brut. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the Field.
I am the Son of Marcus Cato, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of Marcus Cato, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus my Country's Friend: Know me for Brutus.
Luc. O young and Noble Cato, art thou down?
Why now thou diest, as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
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. Room ho: tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1. Sold. I'll tell thee news. Here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame
When you do find him, or alive, or dead
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word, unto Octavius Tent:
How every thing is chanc'd. Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this Rock.
Clit. Statilius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.
Brut. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. I'll rather kill my self.
Brut. Hark thee, Dardanius.
Dard. Shall I do such a deed?
Clit. O Dardanius.
Dard. O Clitus.
Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, Clitus: look he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.
Volum. What says my Lord?
Brut. Why this, Volumnius:
The Ghost of Cesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour 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 have beat us to the Pit: Low Alarums.
It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to School together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilst I run on it.
   Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
   
   Alarum still.

   Cly. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
   Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you Volumnius.

   Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
   Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen:
   My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
   I found no man, but he was true to me.
   I shall have glory by this loosing day
   More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
   By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
   So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue
   Hath almost ended his lives History:
   Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
   That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.
   
   Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

   Cly. Fly, fly my Lord, fly.
   Bru. Hence: I will follow:
   I prithee Strato, stay thou by thy Lord,
   Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
   Thy life hath had some smash of Honour in it,
   Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,
   While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strato?
   
   Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.
   Bru. Farewell good Strato.—Caesar, now be still
   I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
   
   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 only overcame himself,
   And no man else hath Honour by his death.
   
   Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus
That thou hast prov'd Lucillius saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my Master Strato?
Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

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

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Caesar:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octa. According to his Virtue, let us use him
With all Respect, and Rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lie,
Most like a Soldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.                Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.