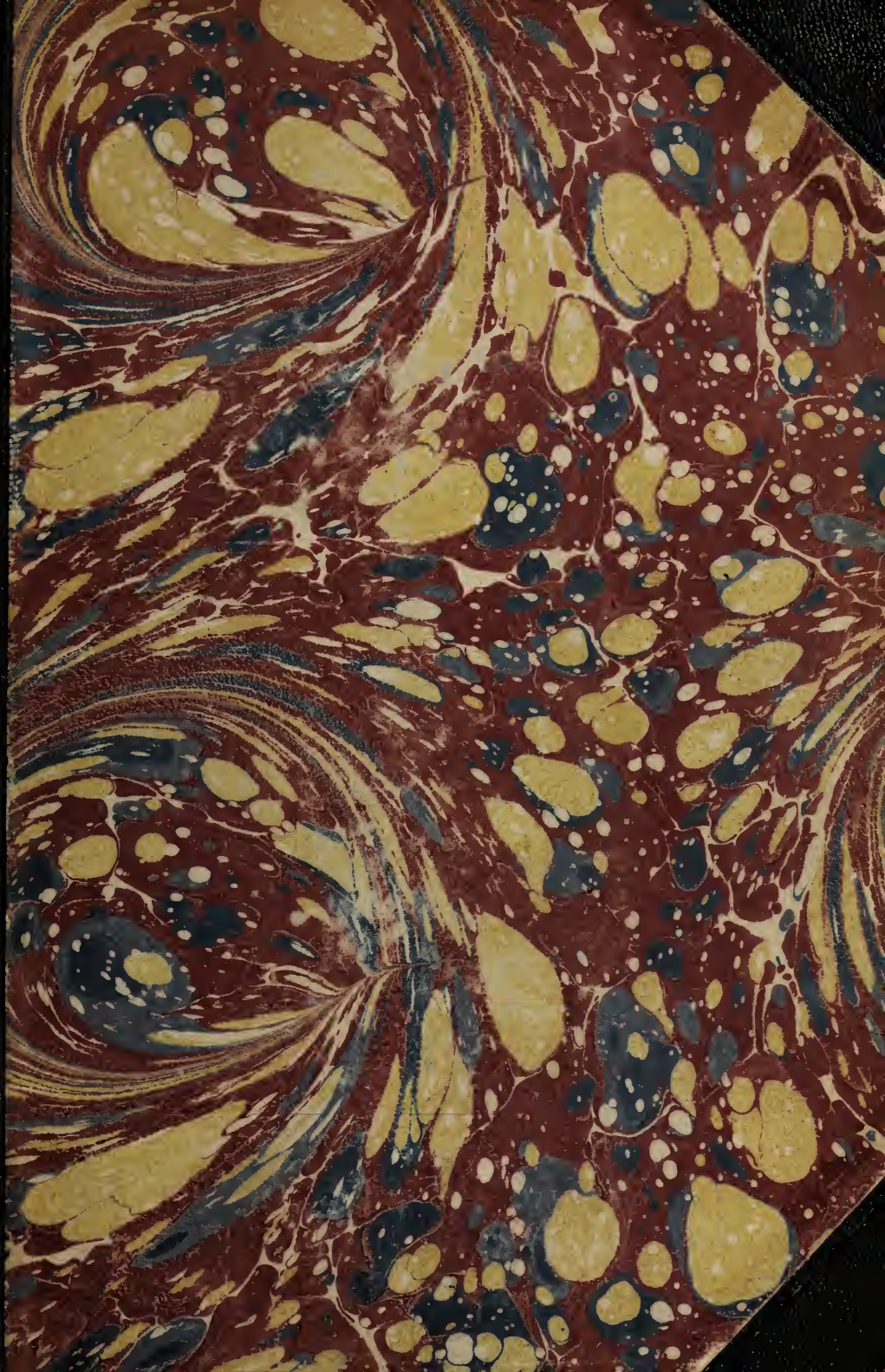

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Julius Cæſar.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Now ACTED

AT THE

Theatre Royal.

WRITTEN

By *William Shakeſpeare.*

LONDON,

Printed by *H. H.* Jun. for *Hen. Heringman* and *R. Bentley* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*, and ſold by *Joſeph Knight* and *Francis Saunders* at the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand.* 1684.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JUlius Cæſar	*By*	Mr. *Goodman.*
Octavius Cæſar		Mr. *Perin.*
Antony		Mr. *Kynnaſton.*
Conſpirators: Brutus		Mr. *Betterton.*
Conſpirators: Caſſius		Mr. *Smith.*
Conſpirators: Caska		Mr. *Griffin.*
Conſpirators: Trebonius		Mr. *Saunders.*
Conſpirators: Ligarius		Mr. *Bowman.*
Conſpirators: Decius Brutus		Mr. *Williams.*
Conſpirators: Metellus Cimber		Mr. *Montfort.*
Conſpirators: Cinna		Mr. *Carlile.*
Artimedorus		Mr. *Percival.*
Meſſala *And* Titinius		Mr. *Wiltſhire.* And Mr. *Gillo.*
Cinna *the Poet*		Mr. *Jevon.*
Flavius		Mr. *Norris.*
Plebeians		Mr. *Underhill.* Mr. *Lee.* Mr. *Bright.*

Women.

Calphurnia.	Madam *Slingsby.*
Portia	Mrs. *Cook.*

Guards and Attendants.

Scene ROME.

149.941
May 1873

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Caska, *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.

Cas. 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.

Cas. But what Trade art thou ? Anſwer me directly.

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

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.

Cas. What mean'ſt thou by that ? Mend me, thou ſawcy Fellow ?

Cob. Why Sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou ?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by is with the Aul : I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a

Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I 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 ſhooes, to get my ſelf into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holyday to ſee *Caſar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Cas. Wherefore rejoyce?
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 then ſenſleſs 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 Towers 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 *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way?
That comes in Triumph 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 Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt *all the Commoners.*

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mov'd,
They vaniſh tongue-tyed 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.

Cas. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of *Lupercal.*

Fla. It

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæsars* Trophies: I'le about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluck't from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye 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.
Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia.
Calph. 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 noyse be still: peace yet again.
Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue shriller then all the Musick
Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak, *Cæsar* 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.
Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar.*
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the *Ides* of *March.*
Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.
Sennet. Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.
Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brut. Not I.
Cassi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

I'le leave you.

Cassi. 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.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,
Which give ſome ſoyl (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,
Then that poor *Brutus* with himſelf at War,
Forgets the ſhews of Love to other men.

Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I have much miſtook your paſſion,
By means whereof, this Breſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you ſee your face?

Brutus. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not it 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 *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Ages yoak,
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

To every new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hugg them hard,
And after scandal them: Or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What means this Shouting?
I do fear, the People choose *Cæsar*
For their King.
Cassi, I, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
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 then I fear death.
Cassi. I know that vertue 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 *Cæsar*, 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 *Tyber*, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar 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 Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,

Is now

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver 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 flye,
And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed, 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 Majestick World,
And bear the Palm alone.

Shout. *Flowrish.*

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

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 some time, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?
Why should that name be sounded more then yours?
Write them together: Yours, is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
Now, in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* 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 then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walks incompast but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and *Rome* 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.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, 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 intreat 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,
Then to repute himſelf a Son of *Rome*
Under theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Caſſi. 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.
Caſſi. 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. *Caska* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonio.*
Ant. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. 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 *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were lyable 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 Muſick;

Seldom

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 then themſelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I fear: for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'ſt of him. *Sennit.*

Exeunt Cæſar *and his Train.*

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

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

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caska* 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 noyſe for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice, what was the laſt cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler then 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 meer 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 howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their ſweaty Night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: For he ſwounded, and fell down at it: And for my own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiveing the bad Air.

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what, did *Cæſar* 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, *Cæſar* hath it not: but you, and I,
And honeſt *Caska*, we have the Falling-ſickneſs.

Cask

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* 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 Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſs 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.

Bru. And after that, he came thus ſad away.

Cask. I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're 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 *Cæſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſupp with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be 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 he is now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This Rudeneſs is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives men ſtomack to diſgeſt 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.

Caſſi. 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
Cæsars 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* Trebonius.

Treb. 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 thy knotty Oaks, & I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning 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 sawcy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Treb. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches joyn'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 Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without anoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gastly Women,
Transform'd 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,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjoyntly meet, let not men say,

These

Theſe are their Reaſons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate that they point upon.
Treb. Indeed, it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe of the things themſelves.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitol to morrow?
Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Treb. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This diſturbed Sky is not to walk in.
Cask. Farewell *Trebonius.* Exit *Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?
Cask. A *Roman.*
Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.
Cask. Your Ear is good.
Caſſius, what Night is this?
Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.
Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace ſo?
Caſſi. 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 blew 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 Heraulds, 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 Lyon in the Capitol:
A man no mightier then thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearfull, 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;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our yoak, and ſufferance ſhew us Womaniſh.
Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* 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 Barrs,
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 cancell his Captivity.
Caſſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* 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 Lyon, 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 *Cæſar*. 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.

Cask. You ſpeak to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe Griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.
Caſſ. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Nobleſt minded *Romans*
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous conſequence;
And I do know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Rompeys* Porch: for now this fearful Night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favour, like the Work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. 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 *Caska*, 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——
Caſſi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Pretors 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

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 *Alchymie*,
Will change to Vertue, 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.

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 Taper 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?
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-joyns
Remorſe from Power: And to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known, when his Affections ſway'd
More then 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

By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leaſt 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 lye 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 ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelf:*
Shall Rome, *&c. ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs,*
Brutus, *thou ſleep'ſt: 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 mans 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 *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is

Like

Like a *Phantaſma*, or a hideous Dream:
The *Genius*, and the mortal Inſtruments
Are then in councell; 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 Cymber*.
Brut. They are all wellcome.
What watchful Cares do interpoſe themſelves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Caſſ. Shall I intreat a word? *They whiſper.*
Decius. Here lyes 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,
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.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Caſ. And let us ſwear our Reſolution.
Bru. 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 ſteal 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,
Then ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the Word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath
Than Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'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 vertue of our Enterprize,
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.
Cin. No, by no means.
Metel. O let us have him! for his Silver Hairs
Will purchaſe us a good opinion:

And buy Mens Voyces, to commend our Deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his Judgment rul'd our Hands,
Our Youths, and Wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other Men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no Man elſe be touch'd, but only *Cæſar*?

Caſ. *Decius* well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-live *Cæſar*, we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd Contriver. And you know, his means
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.

Bru. 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 *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caius*:
We all ſtand up againſt the Spirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of Men there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſar*'s Spirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas!)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſs 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 ſo 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 *Cæſar*'s arm,
When *Cæſar*'s Head is off.

Caſ. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæſar*.

Bru. Alas! good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; take thought, and dye for *Cæſar*;
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 dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

Clock ſtrikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.
Caſ. The Clock hath ſtricken Three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſ. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd Terror of this Night,
And the Perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.
Decius. Never fear that: if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o're-ſway him: For he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyls, 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 eighth 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 untyr'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 busie 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 ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry Wafter of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you; So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; 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 wholsome Bed
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the rheumy, and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which by the Right and Vertue 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

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 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.

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 withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
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 Husband's Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. *Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy 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 haste. *Exit. Portia.*

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?

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.
Brut. 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. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt.*

Thunder and 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 cryed 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. *Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*, think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtirr out of your houſe to day.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my Back: When they ſhall ſee
The Face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.
Calp. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,

Recounts

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 Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizel'd Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurtled in the Air;
Horses do neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cæsar*, 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 *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cæsar*.

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

Cæs. Cowards dye 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?

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

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear;
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We hear two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* 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.

Cæs. *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. *Cæsar*, all hail: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.
Cæs. 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, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius.*
Calp. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretch'd mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the Truth;
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.
Deci. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia, here my Wife stays me at home:
She dream'd 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 bath 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 that 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 *Cæsar*'s Wife shall meet with better Dreams.
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper
Loe *Cæsar* is afraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my dear, dear Love
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:

And

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're ſo much your Enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?
Bru. *Cæſar*, 'tis ſtrucken Eight.
Cæſ. I thank you for your Pains and Courteſie.

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 to 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 ſtraightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The Heart of *Brutus* earns 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 is bent againſt* Cæſar: *If thou beeſt not Immortal, look about you. Security gives way to Conſpiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.* Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.
Here will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſs along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:

My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæſar*, thou mayeſt live,
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prethee Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doeſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.
Por. I would have had thee there and here agen
'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 *Cæſar* doth, what Sutors preſs to him.
Hark Boy, what Noiſe is that?
Luc. I hear none, Madam.
Por. Prithee 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 been?
Sooth. At mine own Houſe, good Lady,
Por. What is't a Clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* 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 *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I have, Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, 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

Good morrow to you; here the ſtreet is narrow;
The throng that follows *Cæſar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoſt) to Death;
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæſar* 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 enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a ſuit
That *Cæſar* 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.

Flowriſh.

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

Cæſ. The *Ides* of *March* are come.
Sooth. I *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail *Cæſar*: Read this Scedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth deſire you to o're-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. Sirrah, give place.
Caſſi. What, urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.
Popil. I wiſh your Enterprize to day may thrive.
Caſſi. What Enterprize, *Popillius*?
Popil. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popillius Lena*?
Caſſi. He wiſht to day our Enterprize 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.
Caſſi. *Trebonius* knows his time: for look you *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Deci. Where is *Metellus Cymber*, let him go,
And preſently prefer his ſuit to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt: preſs near, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caska*, you are the firſt that rears your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſs,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſs?
Metel. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſſant *Cæſar*,
Metellus Cymber throws before thy Seat
An humble Heart.
Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee *Cymber*:
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 *Cæſar* bears ſuch Rebel-blood
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality
With that which melteth Fools, I mean ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curteſies, and baſe Spaniel Fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is baniſhed:
If thou doeſt bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I ſpurn thee like a Curr out of my way:
Know, *Cæſar* 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 *Cæſars* ear,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Brut. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæſar*:
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What *Brutus*?
Caſſi. Pardon *Cæſar*: *Cæſar* pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth *Caſſius* fall,
To beg infranchiſement for *Publius Cymber*.
Cæſ. 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

There is no fellow in the 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 unaſſaylable 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 *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Hence: Wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Decius. Great *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſs kneel?

Cask. Speak hands for me.

They ſtab Cæſar.

Cæſ. Et tu Brute?——Then fall *Cæſar.* *Dyes.*

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets.

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

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

Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*

Dec. And *Caſſius* too.

Brut. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand faſt together, leſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars* Should chance——

Brut. Talk not of ſtanding. *Publius*, good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your perſon,
Nor to no *Roman* elſe: ſo tell them *Publius.*

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

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

Enter Trebonius.

Caſſi. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. 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 dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men ſtand upon.

Cask.

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 bath 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're 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 lye along,
No worthyer then the dust?
Cass. 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?
Cass. I, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome.*

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antonys.*
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 lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Through 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. Ile 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 lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I my self, there is no hour so fit.
As *Cæsars* 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 yee, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reek and smoak,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a Thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, 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 pittifull.
And pitty to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, so pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. 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.
Cass. Your voyce 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 *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.

First

First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in 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 conceit me,
Either a Coward or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood.
It would become me better, then to close
In terms of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, here wast 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 Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye?
Cass. Mark Antony,
Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.
Cass. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* 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 *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why and wherein, *Cæsar* was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle,
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
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

Speak in the Order of his Funerall.
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 Funerall:
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 *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies,
It ſhall advantage more, then do us wrong.
Caſſi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you do't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his Funerall. 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 Ruines 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 Prophéſie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their Ruby lips,
To beg the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick Fury, and fierce Civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadfull Objects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of War:
All pitty choak'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 Monarks voyce,

Cry havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of War,
That this foul deed, ſhall ſmell above the Earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavio'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.*
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 *Octavius* yet,
Hye hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have born this coarſe
Into the Market place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius*, of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt.*

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

Ple. We will be ſatisfied: let us be ſatisfied,
Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
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 *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publick Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæſars* death.
1. *Ple.* I will hear *Brutus* ſpeak:
2. I will hear *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeverally we hear them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.
Bru. Be patient till the laſt.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cauſe, and be ſilent,

that

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 *Cæsars*, to him I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was no less then his. If then that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce 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 *Brutus*, none.

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

Enter Mark Antony, *with* Cæsars *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 Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, Silence, *Brutus* speaks.
1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat 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 publick 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 *Cæſar* 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.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your ears,
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him :
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious :
If it were ſo it was a grievous Fault.
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* 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 *Cæſars* Funerall.
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 cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept :
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff,
Yet *Brutus* ſays, he was Ambitious :
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
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 bruiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon. Bear with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,

And

And I muſt pauſe, till it come back to me.
1 Methinks there is much reaſon in his ſayings.
2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.
3 Has 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 deer abide it.
2. Poor ſoul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in *Rome* then *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,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæſar*,
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 *Cæſars* 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 *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you ſhould, O what will come of it?
4. Read the Will, we'll hear it *Antony*:
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o're-ſhot my ſelf to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtab'd *Cæſar*: I do fear it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All.

All. The Will, the Teſtament.

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

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæſar*,
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 *Cæſar* 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* ſtab'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steel away:
Mark how the blood of *Cæſar* 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 *Cæſars* Angel.
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly *Cæſar* lov'd him.
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then 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 *Cæſar* 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 pitty: Theſe are gracious drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himſelf, mar'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1 O pittyous ſpectacle!

2 O Noble *Cæſar*!

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.
Ant. Stay Countrymen.
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 publick 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 Will.
Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seal:
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five *Drachmaes*.
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 Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this ſide *Tyber*, 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.
3. *Ple.* Pluck down Benches.
4. *Ple.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing. *Exeunt* Plebians.
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 *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes upon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the 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 *Cæſar*.
And things unluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.
1. What is your yame?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married Man or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer every man directly.
1. I, and briefly.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, 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 Batchellour? Then to anſwer every Man, directly and briefly, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
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.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæsar's* 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 dye, their Names are prick'd.

Octa. Your Brother too must dye; 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 *Cæsar's* 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 prick'd to dye
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 divers ſtand'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 tryed, and valiant Souldier.

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 ſtretch'd,
And let us preſently go ſit in Councel,
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, Lucillius, *and the Army.* Titinius *and* Pindarus *meet them.*

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the Word ho, and ſtand.

Bru. What now *Lucillius*, 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 *Lucillius*
How he receiv'd you: let me be reſolv'd.
Lucil. With Courteſie, 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 *Lucillius*,
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:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Creſts, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Tryal. 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.
Caſſi. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, ſpeak the Word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Caſſi. 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?
Caſſi. *Brutus*, this ſober Form of yours hides Wrongs,
And when you do them———
Brut. *Caſſius*, be content.
Speak your griefs ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here
(Which ſhould perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Caſſi. *Pindarus*,
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.

Cassi. 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.

Cassi. 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.

Cassi. 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* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cassi. 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 fore-most 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 Honours
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*, bait not me,
I'll not indure it: you forget your self
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go too: 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

Muſt I give way and room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted when a Mad-man ſtares?
Caſſi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud Heart break.
Go ſhew your Slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I bow?
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 Souldier:
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:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I ſaid, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Brut. Peace, Peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſſi. I durſt not?
Brut. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your Life you durſt not.
Caſſi. Do not preſume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. 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 for Drachmaes, 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 anſwer'd *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.

Bru. You did.

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my Answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart:
A Friend should bear his Friends Infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice 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,
Cheek'd like a Bond-man, all his Faults observ'd;
Set in a Note-Book, learn'd, and con'd by roat
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 bee'st a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou did'st at *Cæsar*; For I know,
When thou didst 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 yoaked with a Lamb
That carries Anger, as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And strait is cold agen.

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 temper'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

When you are over-earneſt 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.
Caſſi. 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 vilely doth this *Cynick* rhyme?
Bru. Get you hence Sirrah: Saucy Fellow, hence.
Caſ. Bear with him *Brutus*, 'tis his Faſhion.
Bru. 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. *Lucillius* 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 Tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd 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're-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius *and* Messala.

Brut. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*;
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.
Cassi. 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 Outlary,
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 dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cassi. Cicero one?
Messa. Cicero is dead, and by that order of Proscription
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Messala.*
Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala.*
Messa. That methinks 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 farewel *Portia*: We must dye *Messala*:
With meditating that she must dye 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

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 Souldiers,
Doing himſelf offence, whilſt 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 refreſh'd, 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 try'd 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: farewel 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.
Caſſ. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus.*
Bru. Farewel every one. *Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily;
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o're-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, lye 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 not have it ſo: Lye 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. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does, my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.
Brut. I ſhould not 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.

Muſick

Muſick and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O murd'rous Slumber!
Layeſt thou thy leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Muſick? 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 Cæſar.

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.*
Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee again?
Ghoſt. I, 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 cryed'ſt out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou didſt: Didſt 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?
Bru. I: ſaw you any thing?
Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:

Bid him set on his Powers 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 Battles 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 Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battail 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 *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.
Octa. Stir not untill 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.*
An. In your bad Strokes *Brutus*, you give good Words,

Witness

Witness the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long live, Hail *Cæsar*.
Cass. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees
And leave them Hony-less.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O yes, and soundless too.
For you have stoln their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teeths like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feet;
Whil'st damned *Caska*, like a Curr, behind
Strook *Cæsar* on the neck. O you Flatterers.
Cass. Flaterers? 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 *Cæsars* three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not born to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of the Strain,
Young-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.
Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour,
Joyn'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 stomacks.
Exit Octavius, Antony, *and Army.*
Cass. Why now blow wind, swell Billow,
And swim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hark, a word with you.
Lucillius *and* Messala *stand forth.*
Luc. My Lord.

Caſſ. Meſſala.

Meſſa. What ſays my General?

Caſſ. 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 Battel 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.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Enſign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd;
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers 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're our heads, and downward look on us
As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
A Canopy moſt fatall, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghoſt.

Meſſa. Believe not ſo.

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

Bru. Even ſo *Lucillius*.

Caſſ. 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 affayrs of men reſt ſtill incertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this Battail, 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.

Caſſ. Then, if we loſe this Battail,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the Streets of *Rome*.

Bru. No *Caſsius*, no:
Think not, thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,

He

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*,
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, e're 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.

Lowd Alarum.

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

Alarums. *Enter* Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cass. O look *Titinius*, look the Villains flye:
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.

Titi. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly: his Souldiers fell to spoil,
Whil'st we by *Antony* are all inclos'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,

Cass. This Hill is far enough. Look, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cass. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he hav ebrought thee up to yonder Troops

And

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.*
Cass. 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. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. Above. O my Lord.
Cassi. What news?
Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the Spurr,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too;
Hee's tane. *Shout.*
And hark, they shout for joy.
Cass. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——— *Cæsar*, 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*,
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*.
Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Messa. Where did you leave him.
Titin. All disconsolate,

With

With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Messa. Is not that he that lyes upon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!
Messa. Is not that he?
Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun:
As in thy red Rays thou doest sink to night;
So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clowds, 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, Melancholies Child:
Why do'st 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 kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Messa. Seek him *Titinius*, whil'st 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 tydings of this sight.
Tit. Hye 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 showts?
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* heart. *Dies.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Messala, *young* Cato, Srato, Volumnius, *aud* Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?
Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, 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 own 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 Battails on,
'Tis three a clock, and *Romans* yet e're night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

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

Bru. 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 Countrys Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Souldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countrys Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dyest, 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 tane.
1. *Sold.* I'le tell the news. Here comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane 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, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead;

And

And bring us word, unto *Octavius* Tent:
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

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

Bru. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this Rock.
Clit. *Statillius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord,
He came not back: he is or tane, or slain.
Bru. 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'le 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.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Volum. What says my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghost of *Cæsar* 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 see'st 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,
Then 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 prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I run on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.
Cli. 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 losing day
More then *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue

Hath

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.

Cli. Fly my Lord, fly.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prethee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honour in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt. Fare you well my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*.—— *Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with half ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Meſſala, Lucillius, *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?

Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will prefer me to you.

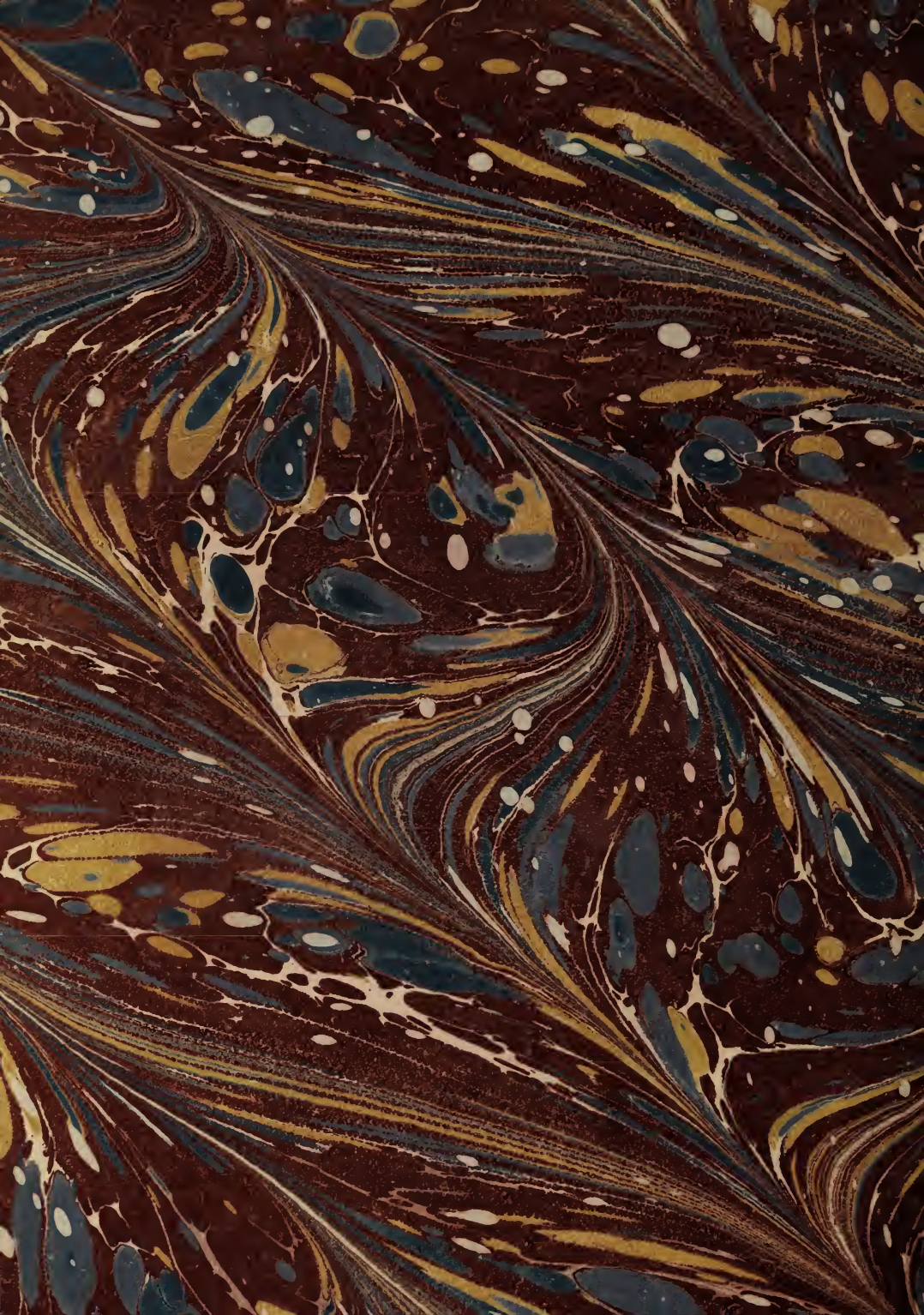
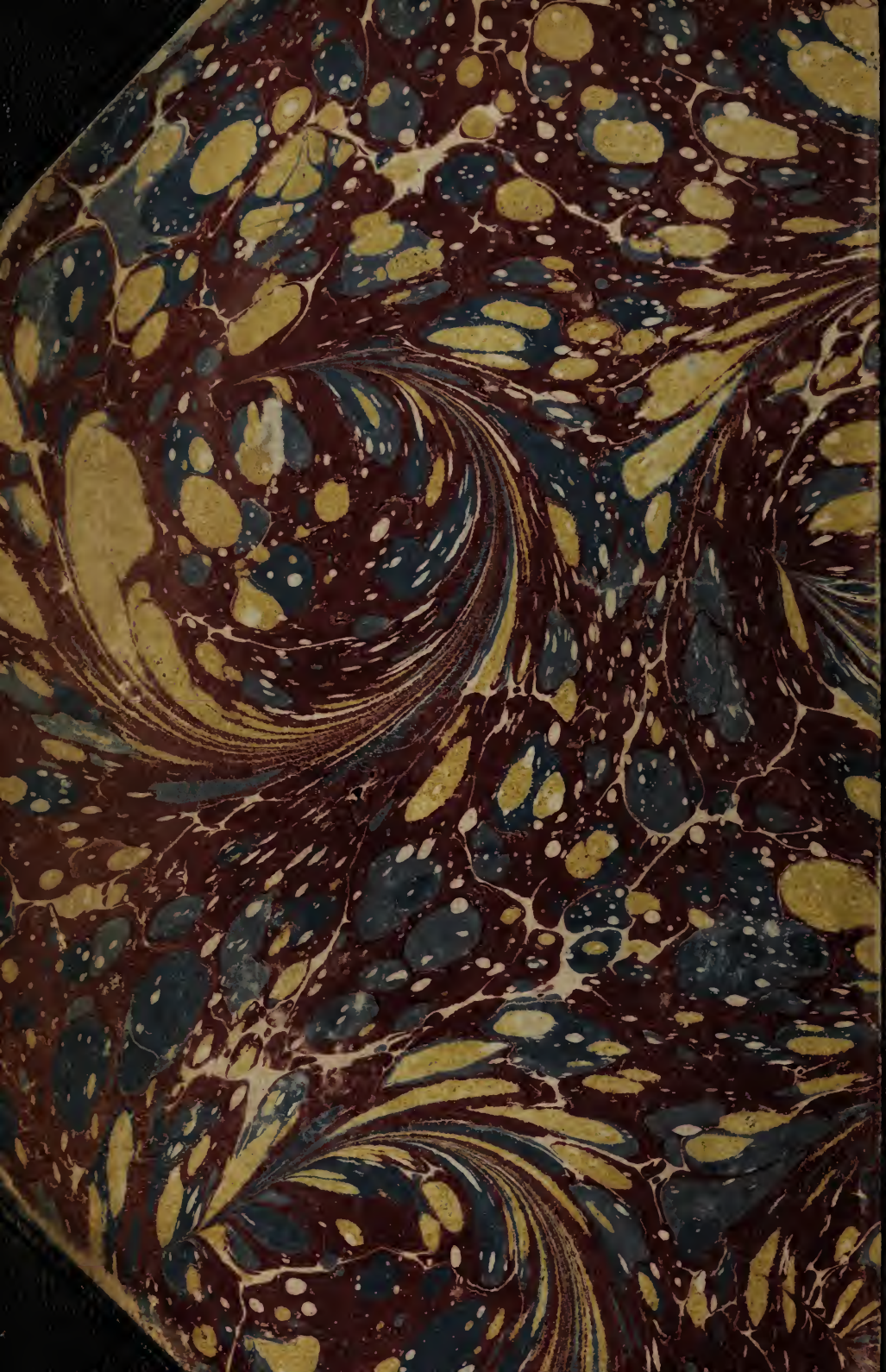
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala*.

Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?

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

Meſſa. Octavius then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt 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 *Cæſar*:
He, only in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the World; This was a man.

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

FINIS.