



THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

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

Flavius.

HENCE: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Coblter, art thou?

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

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

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

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?

What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?

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

O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her banks
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?

And do you now put on your best attyre?

And do you now cull out a Holyday?

And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompey*'s blood?

Be gone,

Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,

Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

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

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

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

Exeunt

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calpurnia, Portia, De-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-
ter them Murellus and Flavius.*

Caes. Calphurnia.

Cask. Peace ho, *Caesar* speakes.

Caes. Calphurnia.

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,

When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caes. 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 *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Caesar.

Caes. Ha? Who calles?

Cask. Bid euery noyse be still; peace yet againe.

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

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke

Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Caesar.*

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

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

Sennet .

Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.

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

Brut. Not I.

Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part

Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leaue you.

Cassi. *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late:

I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse

And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:

You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

ouer your Friend, that loues you.

Brut. Cassius,

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

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,

Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

Cassi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,

That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I haue heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,

And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,

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

Brut. Into what dangers, would you

Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

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

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe

So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,

Will modestly discouer to your selfe

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

And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:

Were I a common Laughter, or did vse

To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To euery new Protester: if you know,

That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,

And after scandall them: Or if you know,

That I professe my selfe in Banquetting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Brut. What meanes this Showing?

I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*

For their King.

Cassi. , do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward fauour.

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,

I had as liefie not be, as liue to be

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.

I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,

We both haue fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.

For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,

Accountred as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roa'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
 But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Caesar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
 I (as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
 The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber
 Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Caesar* carelesly but nod on him.
 He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
 , and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,
 As a sickle Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout?
 I do beleuee, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.
Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
 The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
 But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?
 Why should that name be sounded more then yours
 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
 Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.
 Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,
 That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
 When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
 When there is in it but one onely man.
 O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
 Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
 What you would worke me, I haue some ayme:
 How I haue thought of this, and of these times
 I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
 I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
 Be any further moun'd: What you haue said,

I will consider: what you haue to say
 I will with patience heare, and finde a time
 Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
 Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
 Haue stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*,
Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
 And *Caesar* is returning.
Cassi. As they passe by,
 Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,
 And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,
 The angry spot doth glow on *Caesars* brow,
 And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
 Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
 As we haue seene him in the Capitoll
 Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cassi. *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.

Caes. Antonio.

Ant. Caesar.

Caes. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
 Slecke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
 Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

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

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

Exeunt Caesar and his Traine.

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too.

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

Cask. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

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

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why *Antony*.

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

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked *Caesar*: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* swoound?

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

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

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

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

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

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

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

Cask. .

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. , he spoke Greeke.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you

i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

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

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

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

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both.

Exit.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, How-euer he puts on this tardie forme: This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which giues men stomacke to digest his words With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leaue you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

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

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see, Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet, That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes: For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd? *Caesar* doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*. If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*, He should not humor me. I will this Night, In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw, As if they came from seuerall Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely *Caesars* Ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let *Caesar* seat him sure, For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Gc. Good euen, *Caska*: brought you *Caesar* home?

Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*, I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds Haue riud the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatening Clouds: But neuer till to Night, neuer till now, Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen, Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Gc. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
 Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
 Like twentie Torch'es ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
 Besides, I 'not since put vp my Sword,
 Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
 Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawne
 Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
 Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.
 And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
 Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
 Howting, and shrieking. When these Prodigies
 Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,
 These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
 For I beleue, they are portentous things
 Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

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

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

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

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.
Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Cassi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.

Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
 And thus vnbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
 Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
 And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
 The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
 Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
 It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
 When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
 Such dreadfull Heralds, to astonish vs.

Cassi. You are dull, *Caska*:
 And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
 You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
 And cast your selfe in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
 Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
 Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
 Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
 That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
 To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
 Vnto some monstrous State.
 Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
 Most like this dreadfull Night,
 That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
 As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
 A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
 In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
 And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

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

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
 But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,
 Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
 Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
 And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
 In euery place, saue here in Italy.

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:
 Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
 Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
 Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
 Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
 But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
 Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
 If I know this, know all the World besides,
 That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:

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

Cassi. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
 Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
 But that he sees the Romans are but Sheep:
 He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
 Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
 Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
 What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
 For the base matter, to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
 Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
 Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
 My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
 Now know you, *Caska*, I haue mou'd already
 Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
 To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
 Of Honorable dangerous consequence;

And I doe know by this, they stay for me
 In *Pompeys* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
 There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
 And the Complexion of the Element
 Is Fauours, like the Worke we haue in hand,
 Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

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

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

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *MetellusGymber*?

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

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?

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

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

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Cassius*,

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
 To our party——

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

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

Cassi. That done, repayre to *Pompeys* Theater.

Exit Cinna.

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

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

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

Exeunt.