



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 Coblér.

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

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

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

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

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

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Coblér, art thou?

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

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

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-
day to see

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 senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not

Pompey many a time and oft?

Haue you clim'b'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, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after 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 sterreile 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? Speake 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 Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be green'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 yoake,

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 disconer to your selfe

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

And be not ielalous on me, gentle

Brutus: Were I a common Laughter, or did vse

To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To euery new Protester: if you know,

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

And after scandall them: Or if you know,

That I professe my selfe in Banquetting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What means this Showting?

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.

Bru. I would not

Cassius, yet I loue him well:

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

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

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you

Brutus, As well as I do know your outward fauour.

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,

I had as lief not be, as liue to be

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

I was borne free as

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,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.

But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,

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 sicke 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 beleeeue, 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 ielalous:

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 mou'd: What you haue said,

I will consider: what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:

Brutus had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from

Brutus, *Enter Caesar and his Traine.*

Bru. The Games are done,

And

Caesar is returning.

Cassi. As they passe by,

Plucke

Caska by the Sleene,

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,

Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:

Yond

Cassius has a leane and hungry looke,

He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not

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 themselves,

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 shouted.

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 think-

ing, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to

him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-

ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then

he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by,

and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and

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 swoond?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd

at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Bru. '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 dis-
pleas'd

them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Thea-

tre, I am no true man.

Bru. 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 bene 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 Worships to thinke it was his infirmitee. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *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

Flautius, 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 aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Doe so: farewell both.

Exit.

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

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

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

Cic. 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 threatning Clouds:

But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,

Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.

Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,

Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,

Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne

Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnschor'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 shreeking. When these Prodigies

Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,

These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:

For I beleeeue, 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 Heraulds, to astonish vs.

Cassi. You are dull,

Caska: And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,

You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,

And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,

That Heauen hath 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 yooke, 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 retentiu 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

Pompey's Porch: for now this fearefull Night,

There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;

And the Complexion of the Element

Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,

Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close
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 find out you: Who's that,

Metellus Cymber?

Cassi. No, it is

Caska, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for,
Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue scene strange sights.

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

Cinna. Yes, you are. O

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

Cassi. Be you content. Good

Cinna, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where

Brutus may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old

Brutus Statue: all this done,

Repaire to

Pompeyes Porch, where you shall finde vs.

Is

Decius Brutus and

Trebonius there?

Cinna. All, but

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

Cassi. That done, repayre to
Pompeyes Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come

Caska, you and I will yet, ere day,

See

Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:

And that which would appeare Offence in vs,

His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,

Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,

For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.