

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

J U L I U S C A E S A R

Edited for 12 actors, 2018 by KittyCat Thompson

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Julius Caesar

Calpurnia

Soothsayer

Mark Antony

Mark Antony

Brutus

Brutus

Brutus

Portia

Cassius

Cassius

Cassius

Casca

Metellus

Cinna

Ligarius

Trebonius

Octavius Caesar

Messala

Titinius

ENSEMBLE SPEECH:

1. It must be by his death:
2. and for my part, I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
3. But for the general.
4. He would be crown'd:
5. How that might change his nature, there's the question.
6. Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
7. I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason.
8. But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
9. And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
10. Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,
11. grow mischievous,
12. And kill him in the shell.

ALL:

A dish fit for the gods.

JULIUS CAESAR!

ACT I. SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Flourish. Enter SOOTHSAYER; CAESAR; ANTONY, and ALL.

SOOTHSAYER

Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR

Who is it in the press that calls on me? ' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR

What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS]

CASSIUS

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

CASSIUS

I have heard, where many of the best respect in Rome have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes...

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

[Flourish, and shout]

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well. What is it that you would impart to me?

CASSIUS

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

[Shout. Flourish]

BRUTUS

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

CASSIUS

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 ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar: Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
The games are done and Caesar is returning.

[Re-enter CAESAR and his Train]

CAESAR

Mark Antony!

ANTONY

Caesar?

CAESAR

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

[Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA]

CASCA

You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

CASCA

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.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every
time gentler than other..

CASSIUS

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

CASCA

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

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA

Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS

Good: I will expect you!

CASCA

Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit*]

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

CASSIUS

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

SCENE II. The same. A street. Thunder and lightning.

Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO

CICERO

Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA

O, Cicero, I have seen tempests, but never till tonight, never till now, did I go through a
tempest dropping FIRE. Against the Capitol, I met a lion who glared upon me and went
surlily by... a group of a hundred ghastly peasants swore they saw men all in fire walk up
and down the streets...
And I believe

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA

He doth; for he did bid Mark Antony
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.
[Exit CICERO]

ACT II. SCENE I. Rome. BRUTUS's orchard.

BRUTUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept. Who's there?

*[Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, CINNA, METELLUS
LIGARIUS and TREBONIUS]*

CASSIUS

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Yes, every man of them, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath: Swear priests and cowards, but do not stain our enterprise
To think that our cause did need an oath.

LIGARIUS

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

BRUTUS

O name him not, he will never follow any thing that other men begin.

METELLUS

Then leave him out.

LIGARIUS

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Ligarius, well urged: I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Cassius, To cut the head off and then hack the limbs...

CASCA

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar:

BRUTUS

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers Cassius. Let us kill him boldly,
Not wrathfully. We shall be called purgers, not murderers.

TREBONIUS

But it is doubtful yet, whether Caesar will come forth today or no, for
He is superstitious grown of late.

METELLUS

Never fear that, I can o'ersway him. Let me work. I will bring him to the capitol today.

Clock/drum strikes

CINNA

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, Let not our looks put on our purposes,
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but BRUTUS Enter PORTIA]

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS

Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

PORTIA

Yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.
Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia. You are my true and honourable wife.

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.

BRUTUS

The secrets of my heart. All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows: Come, gentle Portia. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. CAESAR's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR.

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!'

[*Enter CALPURNIA*]

CALPURNIA

What mean you, Caesar?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR

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

CALPURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once.

CALPURNIA

Alas, my lord, your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

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

[Enter METELLUS]

Here's Metellus, he shall tell them so.

METELLUS

Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Metellus

CALPURNIA

Say he is sick.

METELLUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will: I will not come; Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

METELLUS

Here is what I can say,
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. If Caesar hide himself
Shall they not whisper, "Lo, Caesar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear love bids me tell you this.

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, ----Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go. *[Exit]*

SCENE III. Another part of the same street, before the house of BRUTUS.

Enter Portia and then the Soothsayer

PORTIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Soothsayer

Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer

That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Soothsayer

None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. *Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter

CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, and others

CAESAR

[To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer

Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

CASSIUS

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. Brutus, what shall be done?

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant:

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time;
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS]

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus throws before thy seat an humble heart,--

CAESAR

I must prevent thee: Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

I have thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that his banished brother may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS

Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg for his brother.

CAESAR

I could be well moved, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

CINNA

O Caesar,--

CAESAR

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

METELLUS

Great Caesar,--

CASCA

Speak, hands for me!

[CASCA first, then the other Conspirators stab CAESAR]

CAESAR

Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar. *[Dies]*

CINNA

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS

To the common pulpits, and cry out 'Liberty, freedom!'

BRUTUS

Ambition's debt is paid!

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

METELLUS

And Cassius too.

[Enter MARK ANTONY]

BRUTUS

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low? I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood...

BRUTUS

O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
We do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear.

BRUTUS

And then we will deliver you the cause, why I that did love Caesar when I struck him,
have thus proceeded.

ANTONY

I doubt not of your wisdom.
,--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.
Pardon me Julius!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY
Pardon me Cassius!

CASSIUS
I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us? Shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY
Friends am I with you all and love you all, Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS
Our reasons are so full of good regard that were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY
That's all I seek: And as becomes a friend speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS
You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS
Brutus, a word with you!
[*Aside*]
You know not what you do: do not consent!
Know you how much the people may be moved by that which he will utter?

BRUTUS
I will myself into the pulpit first, it shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS
I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS
Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar, and say you do't by our permission;

ANTONY
Be it so. I do desire no more.

BRUTUS
Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but ANTONY*]

ANTONY
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
And cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens

We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear why
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:
--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and
die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live
all free men?

As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it;
as he was valiant, I honour him: but,
as he was ambitious, I slew him.

Good countrymen, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories.

[Exit]

1 Citizen

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

2 Citizen

Noble Antony, speak!

1 Citizen

This Caesar was a tyrant.

2 Citizen

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The noble Brutus hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
For Brutus is an honourable man;

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus 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 withholds you then, to mourn for him?

1 Citizen
Poor soul!

2 Citizen
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

ANTONY
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament--

All
The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

1 Citizen
Noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

2 Citizen
O royal Caesar!

ANTONY
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
he hath left them you, to walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

1 Citizen
Come, we'll burn the house of Brutus! [*Exeunt Citizens*]

ANTONY
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! Octavius?

OCTAVIUS
Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Octavius, --Brutus and Cassius are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined, And let us presently go sit in council.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS,

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold to undeservers.

CASSIUS

I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

CASSIUS

Brutus, bay not me; I'll not endure it: I am a soldier, I, older in practice, abler than
yourself to make conditions.

BRUTUS

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

All this! Must I budge? Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?

CASSIUS

Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

No, I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

There is my dagger, and here within, a heart richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth!

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger: O Cassiuss...

CASSIUS

Hath Cassius lived to be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs...Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

Portia!

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

Impatient of my absence, and grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:-- And, her attendants absent, **swallow'd fire.**

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

BRUTUS

Come in, Messala!

[-enter MESSALA]

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.

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

Mine speak of seventy senators that died, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one!

MESSALA

Cicero is dead.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is: 'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

BRUTUS

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Farewell, every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

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?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

Ay, at Philippi. [*Exeunt*]

ACT V SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.
Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down.

ANTONY

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know wherefore they do it:
Octavius, lead your battle softly on.

[*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS*]

BRUTUS

They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS
Stand fast.

BRUTUS
Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

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

BRUTUS
Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY
In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

OCTAVIUS
Come, come, the cause: Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS
O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS
A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY
Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS
Come, Antony, away! If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*]

CASSIUS
Now, most noble Brutus, Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS
Then, if we lose this battle, You are contented to be led in triumph

Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
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 farewell, Cassius!

CASSIUS

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! *Exeunt*

SCENE II. The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

Loud alarum

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

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

TITINIUS

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit*

CASSIUS

Here, Cassius shall fall where never Roman shall take note of him.

Caesar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*]

[*Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA*]

MESSALA

It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears.

TITINIUS

Hie you, Messala,

[*Exit MESSALA*]

Why didst 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? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!

By your leave, gods!--this is a Roman's part

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself*]

. [*Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS*]

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

MESSALA

He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails.

I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, MESSALA

Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

BRUTUS

Hence! I will follow.

I prithee, Messala,

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou?

STRATO

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Messala. [*Runs on his sword*]

Caesar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dies*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and the army

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

My master Brutus, great Caesar. I held my sword and he did run upon it.

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

MESSALA

Octavius, I shall take my leave to follow thee,

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest!