

Opening

Brutus

What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose Caesar
For their King.

Cassius

I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not have it so.

Brutus

I would not Cassius, yet I love 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 love
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cassius

I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subject 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 live to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as Caesar, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee
For once, upon 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? 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 Sinewes, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
 Caesar cride, Helpe me Cassius, or I sinke.
 I (as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old Anchyses beare) so, from the waves 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 Feaver 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:
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Give 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 Majesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.
 [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Brutus

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

Cassius

Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selves dishonourable Graves.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

How do you un-ring the bell?
How far can the pendulum swing back?
If we could have back what's been lost and stolen,
how could we rebuild what's been lost and stolen?
Which/what/who's stores shall we draw from?
What will we look like in a different light
or will the light simply illuminate
the emptiness that can never be filled?

How do you hold that which has changed shape beyond recognition?
How do we yield to the unyielding power of nature?
To see ourselves as her children, to genuflect to her omnipotence will stir in
each of us the fear of knowing we are less than and can never be more than
we are.

How then, does one stand alone?
If we are all we have in the end then how can we defer to a decided
greatness that not all can agree to?
The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.

Caesar
Antonio.

Antony
Caesar.

Cassius
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 as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as Caesar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meate doth this our Caesar feede,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Caesar

Let me have 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.

Antony

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

Cassius

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, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternall Divell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Caesar

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 avoyd
So soone as that spare Cassius. He reades much,
He is a great Observer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves 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 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.

Brutus

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would worke me too, I have some ayme:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with love I might intreat you)
Be any further moov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

I am... Indian. Well mostly, partly anyway. Metis?
I guess. French and Ojibway... so okay, Ojibway then, yeah!
Ojibway! On my dad's side. It's weird to say it like that – just out loud, I mean. Something my old man would never say out loud. I barely know my dad and what I did know was that he was French. In fact, he passed with flying colours. He spoke French, he lived in Quebec, the land of the French. He definitely dressed French. Lots of pastels and tri-coloured wicker shoes that squeaked when he walked. French all the way to the gold fertility horn he wore around his neck. Not a feather or dreamcatcher to be seen, he even had ten kids... He passed and never looked back.

When I asked him about being Ojibway he said Why do you wanna know about that? It doesn't make you anything- it makes you less. One man's fear and one man's lie has affected so many people. It makes me cry to think of all the others of his generation that tried, got away with, or wanted to pass.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius

I am glad that my weake words
Have strucke but thus much shew of fire from Brutus,

Brutus

The Games are done,
And Caesar is returning.

Caesar

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 truely, what thou think'st of him.*[Exeunt Caesar and his traine.]*

Brutus

It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. 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 warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it disjoynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I have not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then least he may, prevent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Portia

Brutus, my Lord.

Brutus

Portia: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Portia

Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stampt with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave signe for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with every man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe.

Brutus

I am not well in health, and that is all.

Conspirators:

It must be by his death.

Portia

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Brutus

Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Portia

Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke unbraced, and sucke up the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and unpurged Ayre,
To adde unto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,
You have some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for heere have beene
Some sixe or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darknesse.

Cassius

I thinke we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brutus

I have beene up this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cassius

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

Brutus

He is welcome hither.

Cassius

This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus

He is welcome too.

Cassius

This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cymber.

Brutus

They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cassius

Shall I entreat a word?

Decius

Metellus

Caska

Cinna

Trebonious

Brutus

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cassius

And let us sweare our Resolution.

Brutus

No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
 The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
 If these be Motives weake, breake 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) beare fire enough
 To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
 The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
 What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
 To pricke us to redresse? What other Bond,
 Then secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,
 Then 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 Soules
 That welcome wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
 Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
 The even vertue of our Enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
 To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
 Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
 That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares
 Is guilty of a severall Bastardie,
 If he do breake the smallest Particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cassius

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

Caska

Let us not leave him out.

Cinna

No, by no meanes.

Metellus

O let us have him, for his Silver haire
 Will purchase us a good opinion:
 And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
 It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands,
 Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
 But all be buried in his Gravity.

Brutus

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

Cassius

Then leave him out.

Caska

Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius

Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cassius

Decius well urg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
 Marke Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
 Should out-live Caesar, we shall finde of him
 A shrew'd Contriver. And you know, his meanes
 If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brutus

Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
 Like Wrath in death, and Envy afterwards:
 For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.
 Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:
 We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
 And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
 O that we then could come by Caesars Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)
Caesar 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 Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre up their Servants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme 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 Marke Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesars Arme,
When Caesars head is off.

Cassius

Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted love he beares to Caesar.

Brutus

Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

Trebonious

There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will live, and laugh at this heereafter.

[*Clocke strikes.*]

Brutus

Peace, count the Clocke.

Cassius

The Clocke hath stricken three.

Trebonious

'Tis time to part.

Cassius

But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius

Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loves to heare,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Calphurnia

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

Caesar

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

Calphurnia.

Caesar, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood upon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do feare them.

Caesar

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

Calphurnia

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

Caesar

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 seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

What say the Augurers?

Conspirators:

Upon a heape a hundred ghastly women
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets

Calphurnia.

They would not have you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caesar

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

ALL

Calphurnia

Alas my Lord,
Your wisdome is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'l send Mark Antony to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee, prevaile in this.

Caesar

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

Brutus

Kneele not gentle Portia.

Portia

I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Conspirators:

Speake, strike, redress.

Brutus

O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. [*Knocke.*]

Conspirators:

Speake, strike, redress.

Speake, strike, redress.

Speake, strike, redress.

Brutus

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,

And by and by thy bosome shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will construe to thee,

All the Charractery of my sad browes:

Leave me with hast. [*Exit Portia.*]

Decius

Caesar, all haile: Good morrow worthy Caesar,

I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caesar

And you are come in very happy time,

To beare my greeting to the Senators,

And tell them that I will not come to day:

Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falsen:

I will not come to day, tell them so Decius.

Calphurnia

Say he is sicke.

Caesar

Shall Caesar send a Lye?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,

To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Decius

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Caesar

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

Decius

This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's Dreame is signified.

Caesar

And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar.

Brutus

And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.

Decius

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake up the Senate, till another time:
When Caesars wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If Caesar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe Caesar is affraid?

Conspirators

Caesar's afraid.

Decius

Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Conspirator (Cheri)

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The tarquin drive when he was called the king.

Caesar

How foolish do your fears seeme now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.

Conspirator (Michelle)

And this man is now become a God.

Caesar

Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Brutus

Th'abuse of greatnesse is
When it disjoynes remorse from power

Caesar

What Brutus?

Brutus

I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:

Cassius

Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth Cassius fall,
To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber.

Caesar

I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to moove, Prayers would moove me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with unnumberd sparkes,
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 unassayleable holds on his Ranke,
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 remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna

O Caesar.

Caesar

Hence: Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius

Great Caesar.

Caesar

Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

Caska

Speake hands for me.

[*They stab Caesar.*]

Caesar

Et Tu Brute? === Then fall Caesar. [*Dyes*]

Brutus

Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesars blood
Up to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, even to the Market place,
And waving our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cassius

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

Cinna

Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cassius

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

Brutus

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

Caska

Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Brutus

Where is Antony?

Caska

Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Brutus

But heere comes Antony:
Welcome Mark Antony.

Antony

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As Caesars deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brutus

O Antony! Begge not your death of us:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding businesse they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points Marke Antony:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Plebianes

We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Cassius

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

*Plebian*s

We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Brutus

Onely be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.

*Plebian*s

We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Brutus

Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.

1. Ple.

I will heare Brutus speake.

2.

The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Brutus

Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Believe me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Judge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesars, to him I say, that Brutus love to Caesar, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cae-sar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Caesar lesse, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all Slaves; then that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar lov'd mee, I weepe 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 Teares, for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, speake, 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 Caesar, 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 Caesars body.*]

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Marke Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the be-nefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my selfe, 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 Caesar.

4.

Caesars better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

1.

Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors.

Brutus

My Country-men.

2.

Peace, silence, Brutus speakes.

1.

Peace ho.

Brutus

Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with Antony:
Do grace to Caesars Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to Caesars Glories, which Marke 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 heare Mark Antony.

3

Let him go up into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble Antony go up.

Antony

For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you.

4.

What does he say of Brutus?

3

He sayes, for Brutus sake
He findes himselfe beholding to us all.

4

'Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus heere?

1

This Caesar was a Tyrant

3

Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2

Peace, let us heare what Antony can say.

Antony

You gentle Romans.

All.

Peace hoe, let us heare him.

Antony

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
 The evil that men do, lives after them,
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,
 So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,
 Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
 And greeuously hath Caesar answer'd it.
 Heere, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
 (For Brutus is an Honourable man,
 So are they all; all Honourable men)
 Come I to speake in Caesars Funerall.
 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
 But Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious,
 And Brutus is an Honourable man.
 He hath brought many Captives home to Rome,
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
 Did this in Caesar seeme Ambitious?
 When that the poore have cry'de, Caesar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
 Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And Brutus is an Honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercall,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:
 And sure he is an Honourable man.
 I speake not to disproove what Brutus spoke,
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
 You all did love him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
 O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason. Beare with me,
 My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

I

Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong.

3

Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in his place.

[*Manet Antony.*]

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke 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 Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light upon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Civill 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 Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And Caesars Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry havocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.