

# *THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR*

## ACT 5

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PERIOD \_\_\_\_\_

# ACT 5

\_\_\_\_\_ Antony – loyal friend and supporter of Caesar; he will eventually become one of the triumvirs who will rule Rome.

\_\_\_\_\_ Octavius – one of Caesar's allies (he was like an adopted son to Caesar), he was travelling abroad when Caesar was killed; he is now allied with Antony. Octavius will eventually become one of the triumvirs who will rule Rome with two other men.

\_\_\_\_\_ Messenger

\_\_\_\_\_ Brutus – one of the main conspirators but also a strong supporter of the Roman republic, currently allied with Cassius in a battle against Antony and Octavius

\_\_\_\_\_ Cassius - one of the main conspirators, currently allied with Brutus in a battle against Antony and Octavius

\_\_\_\_\_ Messala – a soldier in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Pindarus – a soldier in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Titinius – an officer in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ Cato – The son of Marcus Cato (Portia's brother) and a soldier in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius.

\_\_\_\_\_ Lucilius – an officer in the army commanded by Brutus and Cassius

\_\_\_\_\_ First Soldier

\_\_\_\_\_ Second Soldier

\_\_\_\_\_ Clitus – a servant of Brutus

\_\_\_\_\_ Dardanius – a servant of Brutus

\_\_\_\_\_ Volumnius – a friend of Brutus and a soldier under his command

\_\_\_\_\_ Strato – a loyal servant of Brutus

## ACT 5

### Act 5 Scene 1

Brief confrontation; then both sides prepare for battle. Cassius has seen omens; he will die rather than surrender, and says farewell to Brutus.

### SCENE 1

*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  
But keep the hills and upper regions.  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand,  
5 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

#### Antony

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it. They could be content  
To visit other places and come down  
10 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger*

#### Messenger

Prepare you, generals,  
The enemy comes on in gallant show,  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
15 And something to be done immediately.

#### Antony

Octavius, lead your battle softly on  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

#### Octavius

Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

#### Antony

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

#### Octavius

20 I do not cross you, but I will do so.

- 1 *answered*: answered; fulfilled  
(Octavius is being ironic; the opposite  
of what they hoped for has happened).  
3 *keep*: remain in.  
4 *battles*: troops in battle formation.  
5 *warn*: resist.  
6 *Answering . . . them*: responding to  
our challenge before it is made.  
7 *Tut, I am . . . bosoms*: don't worry; I  
know what is in their minds.  
8-9 *They . . . places*: they would prefer  
to approach from different directions.  
9 *come down*: make a surprise attack.  
10 *fearful*: frightened; frightening. The  
word is capable of both, or either, of  
these senses.  
*bravery*: defiance.  
*face*: appearance.

- 14 *bloody . . . battle*: Plutarch refers to  
the 'signal of battle' as 'an arming  
scarlet coat'—i.e. a vest of rich  
material embroidered with heraldic  
devices, worn over the armour.  
15 *something . . . done*: some action will  
have to be taken.  
19 *cross*: oppose.  
*exigent*: critical occasion.

*March*

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army;  
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others*

**Brutus**

They stand and would have parley.

**Cassius**

Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

**Octavius**

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

**Antony**

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

25 Make forth, the generals would have some words.

**Octavius**

Stir not until the signal.

**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**

30 In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying, 'Long live, hail, Caesar!'

**Cassius**

**Antony,**

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees

35 And leave them honeyless.

**Antony**

Not stingless too?

**Brutus**

O yes, and soundless too,  
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

**Antony**

~~Villains!~~ You did not so when your vile daggers

40 Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar.

You show'd your teeth like apes and fawn'd like hounds,

21 *parley*: conference.

22 *Stand fast*: halt.

24 *charge*: attack.

25 *Make forth*: go forward.

31 *Witness*: as can be seen from.

33 *posture . . . unknown*: we don't know  
what kind of blows you strike;  
'posture' = the position of a weapon in  
warfare.

34 *Hybla*: A town in Sicily famous for  
honey.

38 *threat*: threaten.

39 *so*: i.e. threaten before they stabbed  
Caesar.

41 *show'd your teeth*: grinned.

43 *damned*: *damned*.

45 *thank yourself*: you have only yourself to thank (for this insult).

47 *rul'd*: had his way.

48 *cause*: come to the point.

49 *proof*: deciding the argument in battle.  
*redder drops*: drops of blood.

52 *goes up*: is sheathed.

54 *another Caesar*: i.e. himself.

55 *Have . . . traitors*: has increased the slaughter done by traitors.

57 *Unless . . . thee*: unless they are in your army; Brutus insists that the rebels are still loyal to Rome.

59 *strain*: family.

60 *honourable*: i.e. honourably.

61 *peevish*: silly, foolish.  
*schoolboy*: Octavius was only eighteen when Julius Caesar was assassinated.  
*worthless*: unworthy.

62 *masker*: one who takes part in masked entertainments.

66 *stomachs*: appetites for fighting.

67 *swim bark*: let the ship sail (i.e. whatever happens we must fight).

68 *on the hazard*: at risk.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet,  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cassius

45 Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself.  
This tongue had not offended so today  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octavius

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
50 Look,

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd, or till another Caesar  
55 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus

Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius

So 'I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
60 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!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.  
65 If you dare fight today, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army]

Cassius

Why now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus

Ho, Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth

Lucilius

My lord.

Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius

Cassius

70 Messala!

Messala

What says my general?

Cassius

Messala,

This is my birthday, as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.  
Be thou my witness that against my will  
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set

75 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong  
And his opinion. Now I change my mind  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
80 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,  
Who to Philippi here consorted us.  
This morning are they fled away and gone,  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

85 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us  
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala

Believe not so.

Cassius

I but believe it partly,

90 For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus

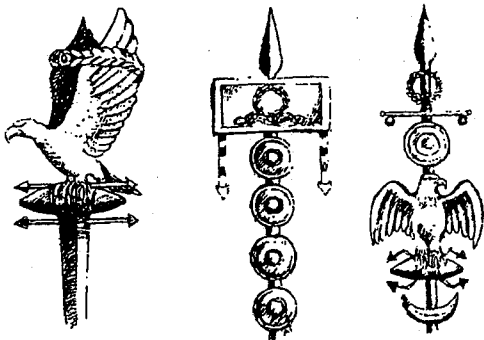
Even so, Lucilius. [*Advancing*]

74 *Pompey*: At the battle of Pharsalia Pompey was compelled to fight against his better judgement; he was defeated.  
*set*: risk.

76-7 *I held . . . opinion*: I once believed firmly in the teaching of Epicurus (a Greek philosopher who thought that belief in omens was mere superstition); see 'Shakespeare's Plutarch', p.109.

78 *credit . . . presage*: believe in things that foretell the future.

79 *former*: foremost.  
*ensign*: standard.



80 *fell*: alighted.

82 *consorted*: accompanied.

84 *steads*: places.

86 *As . . . prey*: as though we would soon be prey for them.

87 *fatal*: foreboding, signifying death (like the canopy over a bier).

88 *give . . . ghost*: die.

89 *but . . . partly*: only half believe it.

90 *fresh of spirit*: hopeful in my mind.

91 *constantly*: with courage.

92 *Even so*: Brutus gives an instruction to Lucilius before coming to the front of the stage.

## Cassius

- 93 *The . . . friendly*: may the gods be on our side.  
 94 *Lovers*: good friends.  
*lead . . . age*: live to old age.  
 95 *rests*: remain.  
*still*: always.  
 96 *reason . . . befall*: decide what to do if the worst happens.  
 99 *determined*: determinèd.

- 100–2 *Even . . . himself*: I shall act in accordance with the same philosophy that made me censure Cato (Portia's father) for killing himself (see 2, 1, 295). Brutus himself explains the main tenet of Stoicism in lines 103–7.  
 104–5 *For . . . life*: to forestall ('prevent') the natural course of life because one is afraid of what might befall ('fall').  
 105 *arming*: fortifying.  
 106 *stay*: wait.  
*high powers*: the gods.

- 108–9 *led . . . Rome*: Roman commanders celebrated their achievements by leading their prisoners in procession through the streets of Rome.

- 111 *bound*: in bondage.

- 115 *everlasting*: eternal, final.

Now, most noble Brutus,

- The gods today stand friendly that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
 95 But since the affairs of men rests still incertain,  
 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

- 100 Even by the rule of that philosophy  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself—I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 105 The time of life—arming myself with patience  
 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  
 Through the streets of Rome?

## Brutus

- 110 No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,  
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:  
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
 Must end that work the Ides of March begun.  
 And whether we shall meet again I know not,  
 115 Therefore our everlasting farewell take:  
 For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

## Cassius

- For ever and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
 120 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

## Brutus

Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know  
 The end of this day's business ere it come!  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known. Come ho, away! [Exeunt]

**Act 5 Scene 2**

Battle has commenced—and Brutus is hopeful.

Os.d. *Alarum*: trumpet signal for attack.

- 1 *bills*: written orders.
- 2 *other side*: i.e. the troops led by Cassius.

- 3 *set on*: charge.
- 4 *cold demeanour*: faint courage.  
*wing*: troops.
- 5 *push*: attack.  
*overthrow*: defeat.

**Act 5 Scene 3**

Cassius orders his slave to kill him, and Titinius finds his body. Brutus fights on.

- 1 *the villains*: i.e. his own men.
- 2 *Myself . . . enemy*: I have become the enemy to my own men.
- 3 *ensign*: standard bearer.
- 4 *it*: i.e. the standard.

- 6 *on*: over.
- 7 *fell to spoil*: started to plunder.
- 8 *all enclos'd*: quite surrounded.

- 10 *tents*: camp.

**SCENE 2**

*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 demeanour in Octavio's wing,
- 5 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala, let them all come down. [Exeunt

**SCENE 3**

*Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius*

**Cassius**

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward and did take it from him.

**Titinius**

- 5 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 enclos'd.

*Enter Pindarus*

**Pindarus**

- Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
- 10 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord,  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

12 *far*: further.

15 *hide thy spurs*: dig your spurs in deeply.

17 *rest assur'd*: know.

18 *yond*: yonder.

19 *even . . . thought*: as quick as a thought.

21 *My . . . thick*: I have always been short-sighted.  
*regard*: watch.

22 *not'st*: see.

23 *breathed*: breathèd.

25 *is run his compass*: has come full circle.

28 *enclosed*: enclosèd; surrounded.

29 *on the spur*: spurring their horses.

31 *light*: alight; dismount.

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,

15 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
And here again that I may rest assur'd  
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius

I will be here again even with a thought.

[Exit

Cassius

20 Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,  
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

Pindarus *goes up*

This day I breathed first, time is come 'round  
And where I did begin there shall I end:

25 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus

[Above] O my lord!

Cassius

What news?

Pindarus

Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen that make to him on the spur,

30 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.

Now Titinius—Now some light; O, he lights too.

He's ta'en. [Shout] And hark, they shout for joy.

Cassius

Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am to live so long

35 To see my best friend ta'en before my face.

Pindarus *descends*

- 37 *In Parthia . . . prisoner*: Cassius had been fighting under the command of Crassus in 53 bc (see 'About the Play' p.v).  
 38 *I swore . . . life*: I made you swear, in return for saving your life.  
 41 *be a freeman*: set yourself free from slavery.  
 42 *search*: probe down into.  
 43 *hilts*: handle of the sword.

- 48 *Durst . . . will*: if I had dared to do what I wanted.  
 50 *note*: notice.

- 51 *but change*: only exchange.

- 54 *tidings*: news.

Come hither, sirrah.  
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,  
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do  
 40 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.  
 Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,  
 That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.  
 Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts  
 And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
 45 Guide thou the sword.

*Pindarus stabs him*

Caesar, thou art reveng'd  
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies]

*Pindarus*  
 So I am free, yet would not so have been  
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,  
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
 50 Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit]

*Enter Titinius and 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*  
 55 Where did you leave him?

*Titinius*  
 All disconsolate  
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Messala*  
 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,

- 60 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.  
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone,  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come. Our deeds are done.  
65 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Messala

Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
70 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Titinius

What, Pindarus? Where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala

- Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
75 Into his ears. I may say 'thrusting' it,  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

Titinius

Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala]

- 80 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 everything.

- 85 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods!—This is a Roman's part.  
90 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies]

64 *dews*: the dew of evening.

65 *Mistrust*: doubt.

67–71 *O hateful error... thee*:

Messala's exaggerated rhetoric shows  
his outrage at the *unnecessary* death  
of Cassius.

67 *melancholy's child*: the offspring of  
depression.

68 *apt*: ready (to believe the worst).

69 *soon conceiv'd*: quickly imagined.

70–1 *Thou... thee*: nothing good ever  
comes from a mistake; it's more likely  
to ruin the person who makes it.

71 *engender'd*: gave birth to.

76 *darts envenomed*: envenomed;  
poisoned arrows.

78 *Hie*: hasten.

80 *brave*: noble.

82 *wreath of victory*: wreath of oak leaves  
given a victorious warrior.

84 *misconstrued*: misinterpreted.

85 *hold thee*: wait.

88 *how*: how highly.

89 *By... gods*: Titinius asks pardon from  
the gods for ending his life  
prematurely.  
*a Roman's part*: what is expected of a  
Roman.

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius, Labeo, and Flavius*

Brutus

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala

Lo yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus

Titinius' face is upward.

Cato

He is slain.

Brutus

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,

95 Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

95 *abroad*: at large.

96 *own proper*: very own.

96s.d. *Low alarums*: subdued trumpet-calls, signalling defeat or surrender.

*Low alarums*

Cato

Brave Titinius!

Look whe'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius.

Brutus

Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

100 It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe mo tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore and to Thasos send his body;

105 His funerals shall not be in our camp  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,  
And come, young Cato, let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavio, set our battles on.

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

110 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt*]

97 *whe'er*: whether, if he hasn't (the tone is admiring).

98 *yet*: still.

99 *The . . . Romans*: the last man worthy to be called a Roman.

101 *thy fellow*: your equal, a man like you.  
*mo*: more.

104 *Thasos*: An island in the Aegean Sea, not far from Philippi.

105 *funerals*: funeral ceremonies.

106 *discomfort*: dishearten.

107 *field*: battlefield.

108 *set . . . on*: set our troops in battle array.

109 *ere*: before.

110 *try fortune*: try our luck.

## Act 5 Scene 4

Lucilius, pretending to be Brutus, is captured by Antony's soldiers.

## SCENE 4

*Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Young Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius; Labeo*

Brutus

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*[Exit with Messala, Flavius, and Labeo]*

Cato

What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

5 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Enter Soldiers and fight*

Lucilius

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!

*Young Cato is slain*

O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

10 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Soldier

Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius

Only I yield to die.

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

*Giving him money*

Kill Brutus and be honour'd in his death.

First Soldier

15 We must not. A noble prisoner!

1 *yet . . . heads:* still be courageous.

2 *What . . . not:* Every true-born Roman will fight bravely.

4 *Marcus Cato:* See 2, 1, 295 note.

12 *Only I yield:* I yield only.

13 *straight:* immediately.

14 *in his death:* for killing him.

16 *Room ho: make way.*

24 *or . . . or: either . . . or.*

25 *like himself: true to his own nature.*

30 *wh'e'r: whether.*

32 *is chanc'd: has turned out.*

# Act 5 Scene 5

The rebels are defeated and Brutus kills himself. Antony speaks his obituary.

1 *remains: survivors.*

2 *Statilius . . . light: This should have been a signal that all was well in another part of the battlefield.*

3 *or . . . or: either . . . or.*

4 *the word: the right word.*

5 *in fashion: that is popular now.*

*Enter Antony*

**Second Soldier**

Room ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

**First Soldier**

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

**Antony**

Where is he?

**Lucilius**

20 Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

25 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

**Antony**

This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

30 And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How everything is chanc'd.

[*Exeu*

# SCENE 5

*Another part of the field. Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius*

**Brutus**

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

**Clitus**

Statilius show'd the torchlight but, my lord,

He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

**Brutus**

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word,

5 ~~It~~ is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering*]

**Clitus**

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus

Peace then, no words.

Clitus

I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus

Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers*]

Dardanius

Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus

O Dardanius!

Dardanius

10 O Clitus!

Clitus

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus

15 Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Volumnius

What says my lord?

Brutus

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night, at Sardis once

And this last night here in Philippi fields.

20 I know my hour is come.

Volumnius

Not so, my lord.

Brutus

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes:

Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

*Low alarums*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves

25 Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

11 *ill*: bad.

13 *vessel*: body, person.

14 *it . . . eyes*: his eyes are overflowing with tears.

15 *list*: listen.

18 *several*: separate.

20 *hour*: time to die.

22 *the world . . . goes*: how things have turned out.

23 *pit*: hole in which hunted animals are trapped: grave.

24 *worthy*: honourable.

25 *tarry*: wait.

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- 27 *Even . . . love:* for the sake of that old  
friendship.  
28 *sword-hilts:* sword-handle.

36 *this losing day:* today's defeat.

38 *vile:* dishonourable.

39 *at once:* all together; once and for all.

40 *his:* its.

41-2 *Night . . . hour:* my eyes are heavy  
with sleep, and my body needs rest,  
having fought on only to achieve this  
hour (of death).

45 *respect:* reputation.

46 *smatch:* touch.

Even for that our love of old, I prithee  
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Volumnius

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

*Alarum still*

Clitus

30 Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.

Brutus

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

35 I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue

40 Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

Clitus

Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus

Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

45 Thou art a fellow of a good respect,

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.

Hold then my sword and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato

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

Brutus

~~50~~ Farewell, good Strato.

*Runs on his sword*

51 *with . . . will*: half as willingly.

51s.d. *Retreat*: The trumpet signal to recall soldiers pursuing the enemy.

55 *make . . . him*: burn his body on a funeral pyre.

56 *only*: alone.

59 *Lucilius' saying*: See 5, 4; 21-2.

60 *entertain them*: take them into my service.

61 *bestow*: spend.

62 *prefer*: recommend.

67 *latest*: last.

69 *save*: except.

71-2 *He only . . . them*: he joined the conspirators only because he honestly believed that this was for the general good of all the people; see 'Shakespeare's Plutarch', p.110.

73 *gentle*: noble.

73-4 *the elements . . . man*: Elizabethan physiology taught that there were four elements (earth, water, fire, air), present in the human body, and that their combination would determine the individual personality: the mixture in Brutus produced the perfect man.

Caesar, now be still,  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [Dies]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army*

Octavius

What man is that?

Messala

My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Strato

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

55 The conquerors can but make a fire of him:  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius

So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius

60 All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them.  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius

Do so, good Messala.

Messala

How died my master, Strato?

Strato

65 I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Messala

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,

70 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

75 And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

- 76 *According . . . him*: let us treat him with the honour he deserves.  
*virtue*: inherent worth; the Latin *virtus* encompassed masculine (especially military) excellence, fortitude, discipline, and self-restraint.  
 79 *Most . . . soldier*: with full military honours.  
*order'd*: treated.  
 80 *field*: army.  
 81 *part*: share.

Octavius

- According to his virtue let us use him,  
 With all respect and rites of burial.  
 Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,  
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably:  
 80 So call the field to rest, and let's away  
 To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt*]



'This was the noblest Roman of them all.' (5, 5, 68). David Schofield as Mark Antony. Royal Shakespeare Company, 1984.