ACT ONE

SCENE II. A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

CASCA
Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR
Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA
Here, my lord.

CAESAR
Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY
Caesar, my lord?

CAESAR
Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY
I shall remember: When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

CAESAR
Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Flourish

At this moment, a man cries "Caesar!" from the crowd.

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? I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music, Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer
Beware the ides of March.

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.

Senet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS
Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS
Not I.

CASSIUS
I pray you, do.

BRUTUS
I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony. Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.

CASSIUS
Brutus, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have: You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS
Cassius, Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, But let not therefore my good friends be grieved-- Among which number, Cassius, be you one-- Nor construe any further my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion; Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS
No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius...

CASSIUS
Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear: And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Flourish, and shout
BRUTUS
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.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
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:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

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: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but CASCA
CASCA  
...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 offered him: and being 
offered 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 offered him thrice?

CASCA  
Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every 
time gentler than other, and at every putting-by 
mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS  
Who offered him the crown?

CASCA  
Why, Antony.

BRUTUS  
Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA  
I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;--yet 'twas not a 
crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told 
you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my 
thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he 
offered it to him again; then he put it by again: 
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his 
fingers off it. And then he offered it the third 
time; he put it the third time by: and still as he 
refused it, the rabblemment hooted and clapped their 
chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps 
and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because 
Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swooned and fell down at it…

CASSIUS  
But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swoon?

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

BRUTUS  
'Tis very like: he hath the failing sickness.

CASSIUS  
No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I, 
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA  
I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, 
Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not 
clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and 
displeased them, as they use to do the players in 
the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS  
What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA  
Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the 
common herd was glad he refused the crown, he 
plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his 
throat to cut…. When he came to himself again, he said, 
If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired 
their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three 
or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good 
soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but 
there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had 
stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

CASSIUS  
Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA  
Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS  
To what effect?

CASCA  
…but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.

CASSIUS  
Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA  
No, I am promised forth.

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.

BRUTUS  
What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS  
So is he now in execution 
Of any bold or noble enterprise, 
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, 
Which gives men stomach to digest his words 
With better appetite.

BRUTUS  
And so it is. For this time I will leave you: 
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 
I will come home to you; or, if you will, 
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
CASSIUS
I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit BRUTUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Exit

ACT TWO

SCENE II. CAESAR's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his night-gown

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

Enter a Servant

Servant
My lord?

CAESAR
Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant
I will, my lord.

Exit

Enter CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA
What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk forth?
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. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR
What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

Servant
They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find 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 fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA
Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
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 DECIUS BRUTUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
DECIUS BRUTUS
Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR
And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA
Say he is sick.

CAESAR
Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS
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;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
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:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS
This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR
And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS
I have, when you have heard 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. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid?'
DECIUS BRUTUS
Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS
O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR
What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS
Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR
What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS
Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS
What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

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

POPILIUS
I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS
What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS
Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

BRUTUS
What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS
He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS
Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS
Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

BRUTUS
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS
Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS

DECIUS BRUTUS
Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS
He is address'd: press near and second him.

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

Kneeling

CAESAR
I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
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 CIMBER
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 kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber 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 enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CASSIUS
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,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA
O Caesar.--

CAESAR
Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS
Great Caesar,--

CAESAR
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA
Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab

CAESAR
Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

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

CASSIUS
Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
‘Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!’

BRUTUS
People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS
And Cassius too.

BRUTUS
Where's Publius?

CINNA
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance--

BRUTUS
Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS
And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS
Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS
Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS
Fled to his house amazed:

BRUTUS
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty'!

CASSIUS
Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

…So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS BRUTUS
What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS
Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

BRUTUS

Servant
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS
Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Servant
I'll fetch him presently.

Exit

BRUTUS
I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS
I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS
But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY
O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
…No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

**BRUTUS**
O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony…

**CASSIUS**
Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

**BRUTUS**
Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
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.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
…Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

**CASSIUS**
Mark Antony,--

**ANTONY**
Pardon me, Caius Cassi:u:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

**CASSIUS**
I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or 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 am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

**BRUTUS**
You shall, Mark Antony.

**CASSIUS**
Brutus, a word with you.

*Aside to BRUTUS*

**CASSIUS**
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

**BRUTUS**
By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
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 u
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
After my speech is ended.

**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,--
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war…
SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and a throng of Citizens

BRUTUS
Romans, countrymen, and lovers!
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar
was no less than his. If then that friend demand
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. Who is here so base that would be a
bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile that will not love his country?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All
None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS
Then none have I offended.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony:
With this I depart,--that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

All
Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen
Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen
Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen
Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen
We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS
My countrymen,--

Second Citizen
Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen
Peace, ho!

BRUTUS
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

First Citizen
Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY
For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen
What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen
He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen
This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen
Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen
Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY
You gentle Romans,--

Citizens
Peace, ho! let us hear 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 interred 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 grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

First Citizen
What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen
He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen
This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen
Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen
Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY
You gentle Romans,--

Citizens
Peace, ho! let us hear 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 interred 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 grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men--
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
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.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he 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?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Fourth Citizen
Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

Fourth Citizen
Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY
But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there.
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
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--
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--

Fourth Citizen
We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All
The will! the testament!

Second Citizen
They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY
You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens
Come down.

Second Citizen
Descend.

Third Citizen
You shall have leave.

ANTONY comes down

Fourth Citizen
A ring; stand round.

Several Citizens
Stand back; room; bear back.

ANTONY
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen
O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen
O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen
O woful day!

Fourth Citizen
O traitors, villains!

First Citizen
O most bloody sight!
Second Citizen
We will be revenged.
All
Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!
ANTONY
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
I am no orator, as Brutus is; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All
We'll mutiny.
First Citizen
We'll burn the house of Brutus.
ANTONY
Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All
Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!
ANTONY
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All
Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.
ANTONY
Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Citizen
Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen
O royal Caesar!
ANTONY
Hear me with patience.
All
Peace, ho!
ANTONY
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures…
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?
First Citizen
Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen
Go fetch fire.
Third Citizen
Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen
Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
Exit Citizens with the body

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

Enter a Servant

How now, fellow!
Servant
Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
ANTONY
Where is he?
Servant
He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.
ANTONY
And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Servant
I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
ANTONY
Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt

ACT FOUR

SCENE I. A house in Rome.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table
ANTONY
These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
OCTAVIUS
Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
LEPIDUS
I do consent—
OCTAVIUS
Prick him down, Antony.
LEPIDUS
Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
ANTONY
He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
LEPIDUS
What, shall I find you here?
OCTAVIUS
Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit LEPIDUS
ANTONY
This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS
So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
ANTONY
Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold…
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS
You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
ANTONY
So is my horse, Octavius…
And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—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,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

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 III. Brutus's tent.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS
CASSIUS
That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
BRUTUS
You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
CASSIUS
In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
BRUTUS
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?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? …shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes…
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
CASSIUS
Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practise, 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
Is't possible?
BRUTUS
Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
CASSIUS
O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
BRUTUS
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
CASSIUS
Is it come to this?
BRUTUS
You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
CASSIUS
You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say 'better'?
BRUTUS
If you did, I care not.
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.
I did send to you for certain sums of gold,
which you denied me: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
CASSIUS
I denied you not.
BRUTUS
You did.
CASSIUS
I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRUTUS
I do not, till you practise them on me.
CASSIUS
You love me not.
BRUTUS
I do not like your faults.
CASSIUS
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
O, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!
There is my dagger, and here my naked breast;
within, a heart…take it forth;
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
BRUTUS
Sheathe your dagger:
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced
shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
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
O Brutus!
BRUTUS
What's the matter?
CASSIUS
Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRUTUS
Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
BRUTUS
Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Exit LUCIUS

CASSIUS
I did not think you could have been so angry.
BRUTUS
O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
CASSIUS
Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
BRUTUS
No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
CASSIUS
Ha! Portia!
BRUTUS
She is dead.
CASSIUS
How 'scape 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:
--for with her death
That tidings came;
--with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
CASSIUS
And died so?
BRUTUS
Even so.
CASSIUS
O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

BRUTUS
Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Exit LUCIUS

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

BRUTUS
Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
...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
With what addition?

MESSALA
That by proscription and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS
Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators that died By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS
Cicero one!

MESSALA
Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription. Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

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
'Tis better that the enemy seek us: So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS
Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground Do stand but in a forced affection; The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

CASSIUS
Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS
There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries. 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
The deep of night is crept upon our talk, There is no more to say.

CASSIUS
No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS

My gown.

Exit LUCIUS

Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS
O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night: Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS
Every thing is well.

CASSIUS
Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS
Good night, good brother.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others

BRUTUS
Words before blows: is it so, countrypeople?

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,

OCTAVIUS
Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat, The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 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 avenged; or till another Caesar 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.
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:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their 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.

BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart

CASSIUS
Messala!
MESSALA
[Standing forth] What says my general?
CASSIUS
Messala,
This is my birth-day; 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
Upon one battle all our liberties.
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
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;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
BRUTUS
Even so, Lucilius.
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:

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;
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.
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!
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

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS
CASSIUS
O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
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.

Enter PINDARUS
PINDARUS
Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
CASSIUS
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,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
TITINIUS
I will be here again, even with a thought.
CASSIUS
Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
CASSIUS
What news?
PINDARUS
[Above] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
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,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
PINDARUS descends
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,
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,
Guide thou the sword.
PINDARUS stabs him
Caesar, thou art revenged,
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,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

Exit

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?

TITINIUS
All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
MESSALA
Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS
What, Pindarus! where art thou,
PINDARUS
Hi, you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Exit MESSALA
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!
BRUTUS
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.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

Kills himself

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS

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

Low alarums

CATO
Brave Titinius!
Look, whether 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!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
And come...set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

SCENE V. Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

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

CLITUS
Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS
Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

Whispers

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

DARDANUS
Shall I do such a deed?
Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
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
Farewell, good Strato.

Runs on his sword

BRUTUS
Caesar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, 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:
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

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; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt