SCENE II. The same. The field of battle.

[Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.]

BRUTUS.
Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius’ wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[Exeunt.]