

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR
By
William Shakespeare

Act V, Scene III



SCENE III. Another part of the field.

[Alarum. 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.

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.

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

TITINIUS.

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS.

Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
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.

[Exit.]

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 goes up.]

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?

PINDARUS.

[Above.] O my lord!

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.—
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,
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.—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 would 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.

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA.

Is not that he?

TITINIUS.

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—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!
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 conceived,
Thou never comest 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
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.]

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!
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:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

[Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young 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.—

Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body:

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 Flavius, set our battles on:—

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

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.]