

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR
By
William Shakespeare

Act V, Scene V



SCENE V. 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 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.

[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 him.]

DARDANIUS.

Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS.

O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS.

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.

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:
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
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS.

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

[Alarums still.]

CLITUS.

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
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
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.

[Alarums. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"]

CLITUS.

Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS.

Hence! I will follow. —

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honor 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.

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

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

[Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and
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:
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 proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS.

All that served 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.

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,
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 honorably.—

So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt.]

THE END