

## ACT 4

### Act 4, Prologue

*Enter Discord.*

*Discord:*

Brutus, thou hast what long desire hath sought:  
Caesar lies weltering in his purple gore;  
Thou art the author of Rome's liberty,  
Proud in thy murdering hand and bloody knife.  
Yet think. Octavian and stern Anthony 5  
Cannot let pass this murder unrevenged.  
Thessalia once again must see your blood  
And Roman drums must strike up new alarms.<sup>1</sup>  
Hark how Bellona<sup>2</sup> shakes her angry lance  
And envy, clothèd in her crimson weed.<sup>3</sup> 10  
Methinks I see the fiery shields to clash:  
Eagle 'gainst Eagle, Rome 'gainst Rome to fight.  
Phillipi, Caesar, quittance<sup>4</sup> must thy wrongs,  
Whereas that hand shall stab that traitorous heart  
That durst encourage it to work thy death. 15  
Thus from thine ashes, Caesar, doth arise,  
As from Medea's hapless scattered teeth,<sup>5</sup>  
New flames of wars and new outrageous brawls.  
Now smile Aemathia<sup>6</sup> that, e'en in thy top,  
Rome's victory and pride shall be entombed, 20  
And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth  
Shall with their swords come there to dig their graves.

*[Exit Discord.]*

### Act 4, Scene 1

*Enter Octavian.*

*Octavian:*

Mourn, gentle heavens, for you have lost your joy.

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<sup>1</sup> Line 8: *alarms* - This was "alarums" in the original text, but "alarms" fits in better with the metre.

<sup>2</sup> Line 9: *Bellona* - Probably originally an Etruscan war goddess, she was absorbed into the Roman mythos as either Mars' wife or daughter.

<sup>3</sup> Line 10: there is no verb here. Rather than the text missing a line, I suspect that Discord is introducing characters to the audience: listen to Bellona, isn't she cross - ooh look and there's envy all dressed in red.

<sup>4</sup> Line 13: *quittance* - To repay, requite (a person, service, injury, etc.)(OED: v 3.).

<sup>5</sup> Line 17: *Medea's hapless scattered teeth* - in his quest for the golden fleece, Jason was set quests by King Aeetes of Colchis, one of which was to sow and reap the dragon's teeth. Each tooth instantly produced a fully grown, armoured and battle-ready warrior (the Spartoi or "the sown men"). Fortunately for Jason, the king's daughter Medea had fallen in love with him and taught him the way to defeat this army. He threw a rock in their midst, which set them fighting one another, which they did till they were all dead.

<sup>6</sup> Line 19: *Aemathia* - A name for part of Macedonia, but is sometimes used for Macedonia or Thessaly.

Mourn, grievèd earth, thy ornament is gone.  
 Mourn Rome in great, thy father is deceased.  
 Mourn thou Octavian, thou it is must mourn:  
 Mourn for thy uncle who is dead and gone; 5  
 Mourn for thy father too ungently slain;  
 Mourn for thy friend whom thy mishap hath lost;  
 For father, uncle, friend, go make thy moan,  
 Who all did live, who all did die in one.  
 But here, I vow these black and sable weeds, 10  
 The outward signs of inward heaviness,  
 Shall changèd be ere long to crimson hue  
 And this soft raiment to a coat of steel.  
 Caesar - no more. I hear the mournful songs,  
 The tragic pomp of his sad exequies, 15  
 And deadly burning torches are at hand.  
 I must accompany the mournful troop  
 And sacrifice my tears to the gods below.

*Exit.*

*Enter Caesar's Hearse, Calphurnia, Octavian, Anthony, Cicero, Dolabella, two Romans, mourners.*

*Calphurnia:*

Set down the hearse and let Calphurnia weep;  
 Weep for her Lord and bathe his wounds in tears. 20  
 Fear of the world and only hope of Rome,  
 Thou, whilst thou livedst, was Calphurnia's joy,  
 And, being dead, my joys are dead with thee.  
 Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:  
 Let them accompany thy mournful hearse. 25

*Cicero:*

This is the hearse of virtue and renown.  
 Here strew red roses and sweet violets,  
 And laurel garlands for to crown his fame,  
 The princely meed<sup>7</sup> of mighty conquerors:  
 These worthless obsequies poor Rome bestows 30  
 Upon thy sacred ashes and dear hearse.

*First Roman:*

And, as a token of thy living praise  
 And fame immortal, take this laurel wreath  
 Which witnesseth thy name shall never die:  
 And with this take the love and tears of Rome, 35  
 For on thy tomb shall still engraven be  
 Thy loss, her grief, thy deaths, her pitying thee.

<sup>7</sup> Line 29: *meed* was originally "weed" but this appears to be a typesetting error. It means "a prize for excellence, achievement, a reward or guerdon" (OED: 1.), and is possibly copied from Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*: "The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours" (l.i.9).

*Dolabella:*

Unwilling do I come to pay this debt,  
Though not unwilling for to crown desert.<sup>8</sup>  
O! how much rather had I this bestowed 40  
On thee returning from foes' overthrow,  
When living virtue did require such meed<sup>9</sup>  
Than for to crown thy virtue being dead.

*Lord:*

Those wreaths, that in thy life our conquests crowned  
And our fair triumphs' beauty glorified, 45  
Now in thy death do serve thy hearse to adorn  
For Caesar's living virtues to be crowned,  
Not to be wept as buried underground.

*Second Roman:*

Thou, whilst thou livèdst, wast fair virtue's flower  
Crowned with eternal honour and renown. 50  
To thee, being dead, Flora<sup>10</sup> both crowns and flowers  
(The chiefest virtues of our mother earth)  
Doth give to gratulate thy noble hearse.  
Let then thy soul divine vouchsafe to take  
These worthless obsequies our love doth make. 55

*Calphurnia:*

All that I am is but despair and grief;  
This all I give to celebrate thy death.  
What funeral pomp of riches and of pelf<sup>11</sup>  
Do you expect? Calphurnia gives herself.

*Anthony:*

You (that to Caesar justly did decree 60  
Honours divine and sacred reverence,  
And oft him graced with titles well deserved  
Of "country's father", "stay of commonwealth".  
And that which never any bore before,  
"Inviolatè, holy, consecrate, untouched") 65  
Do see this friend of Rome, this country's father,  
This son of lasting fame and endless praise,  
And in a mortal trunk, immortal virtue,  
Slaughtered, profaned, and butchered like a beast  
By traitorous hands and damnèd parricides.<sup>12</sup> 70  
Recount those deeds and see what he hath done;

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<sup>8</sup> Line 39: *desert* - Meritoriousness, excellence, worth (OED: n<sup>1</sup> 1.b.).

<sup>9</sup> Line 42: *meed* - a reward or prize given for excellence or achievement; a person's deserved share of (praise, honour, etc.)(OED: n 1.a.).

<sup>10</sup> Line 51: *Flora* - Roman goddess of flowers, youthful pleasures and spring. Sacred to prostitutes.

<sup>11</sup> Line 58: *pelf* - Property, material possessions; objects of value (OED: n 2.).

<sup>12</sup> Line 70: *parricides* - "paracides" in original text. A person who kills a near relative (now usually a father). Also fig.: a person who kills the ruler of or betrays his or her country (OED: n<sup>1</sup>), a variant of patricides.

Subdued those nations which three hundred years  
 Remained unconquered, still afflicting Rome,  
 And recompensed the fiery Capitol  
 With many cities unto ashes burnt: 75  
 And this reward, these thanks you render him.  
 Here lies he dead to whom you owe your lives.  
 By you this slaughtered body bleeds again,  
 Which oft for you hath bled in fearful fight:  
 Sweet wounds, in which I see distressèd Rome 80  
 From her pierced sides to pour forth streams of blood,  
 Be you a witness of my sad soul's grief,  
 And of my tears, which wounded heart doth bleed,  
 Not such as use from womanish eyes proceed.

*Octavian:*  
 And were the deed most worthy and unblamed, 85  
 Yet you unworthily did do the same:  
 Who, being partakers with his enemies,  
 By Caesar all were saved from death and harm;  
 And for the punishment you should have had,  
 You were preferred to princely dignities; 90  
 Rulers and lords of provinces were you made.  
 Thus thankless men he did prefer of nought  
 That by their hands his murder might be wrought.

*All at once except Anthony and Octavian.*  
*Omnes:*  
 Revenge! Revenge upon the murderers!

*Anthony:*  
 Brave Lords this worthy resolution shows 95  
 Your dearest love, and great affection  
 Which to this slaughtered Prince you always bear,  
 And may like bloody chance befall my life  
 If I be slack for to revenge his death.

*Octavian:*  
 Now on my Lords, this body let's inter 100  
 Amongst the monuments of Roman kings,  
 And build a temple to his memory  
 Honouring therein his sacred deity.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## **Act 4, Scene 2**

*Enter Cassius, and Brutus with an army.*

*Cassius:*

Now Romans' proud foe, world's common enemy  
 In his greatest height and chiefest jollity  
 In the sacred Senate-house is done to death:  
 Even as the consecrated ox which sounds  
 At horny altars in his dying pride, 5  
 With flowery leaves and garlands all bedight,  
 Stands proudly waiting for the hasted stroke;  
 'Till he, amazed with the dismal sound,  
 Falls to the earth and stains the holy ground.  
 The spoils and riches of the conquered world 10  
 Are now but idle trophies of his tomb:  
 His laurel garlands do but crown his chair;  
 His sling, his shield, and fatal bloody spear,  
 Which he in battle oft 'gainst Rome did bear,  
 Now serve for nought but rusty monuments. 15

*Brutus:*

So Romulus, when proud ambition,  
 His former virtue and renown had stained,  
 Did by the Senators receive his end -<sup>13</sup>  
 But soft, what bodes Titinius' hasting speed?

*Enter Titinius.*

*Titinius:*

The frantic people and impatient, 20  
 By Anthony's exhorting to revenge,  
 Run madding through the bloody streets of Rome  
 Crying "Revenge", and murdering they go  
 All those that caused Caesar's overthrow.

*Cassius:*

The wavering people, pitying Caesar's death, 25  
 Do rage at us, who, for to win their weal,  
 Spare not the danger of our dearest lives.  
 But since no safety Rome for us affords,  
 Brutus, we'll haste us to our provinces:  
 I into Syre,<sup>14</sup> thou into Macedon, 30  
 Where we will muster up such martial bands  
 As shall affright our following enemies.

*Brutus:*

In Thessaly we'll meet the enemy,  
 And, in that ground destined with Pompey's blood  
 And fruitful made with Roman massacre, 35

<sup>13</sup> Line 18: *Romulus...receive his end* - After being king for a while, Romulus grew proud and cruel. One day when the Romans went onto the plains outside the citadel there arose a mighty storm that scared everyone but Romulus and the Senators away. When the people returned Romulus was gone and it was claimed that he had ascended to the heavens to live with the gods. A temple was built and he was worshipped under the name of Quirinus. Later, more sophisticated Romans believe that the Senators had assassinated him.

<sup>14</sup> Line 30: *Syre* - Syria. To update the spelling would disrupt the metre.

We'll either sacrifice our guilty foe  
 (To appease the furies of these howling ghosts,  
 That wander restless through the slimy ground)  
 Or else that Thessaly be a common tomb  
 To bury those that fight to enfranchise Rome. 40

*Titinius:*

Bravely resolved. I see young Brutus' mind,  
 Strengthened with force of virtue's sacred rule,  
 Contemneth death and holds proud chance in scorn.

*Brutus:*

I, that before feared not to do the deed,  
 Shall never now repent it being done. 45  
 No, more I fortun'd like the Roman Lord  
 Whose faith brought death yet with immortal fame.<sup>15</sup>  
 I kiss the hand for doing such a deed,  
 And thank my heart for this so noble thought,  
 And bless the heavens for favouring my attempts 50  
 For noble Rome; and if thou beest not free,  
 Yet I have done whatever lay in me.  
 And, worthy friend, as both our thoughts conspired  
 And joined in union to perform this deed,  
 This acceptable deed to heavens and Rome, 55  
 So let's continue in our high resolve:  
 And, as we have with honour thus begun,  
 So let's persist until our lives be done.

*Cassius:*

Then let us go and, with our warlike troops  
 Collected from our several provinces, 60  
 Make Asia subject to our conquering arms.  
 Brutus, thou hast commanded the Illyrian bands,  
 The feared Celts and Lusitanian horse,  
 Parthenians<sup>16</sup> proud, and Thracians born in war,  
 And Macedon yet proud with our old acts 65  
 With all the flower of lovely Thessaly.  
 Under my warlike colours there shall march,  
 New come from Syria and from Babylon,  
 The warlike Mede, and the Arabian bow,  
 The Parthian fighting when he seems to fly,<sup>17</sup> 70  
 Those conquering Gauls that built their seats in Greece,<sup>18</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Lines 46-47: *Roman Lord...immortal fame* - This may refer to Horatius Cocles (the one-eyed), who single-handed held the bridge across the Tiber against the Etruscans. He commanded the other defenders to leave him (or in some versions, they fled), and held back the Etruscans buying time for the Romans to destroy the bridge behind him so that the Etruscans could not cross and Rome was saved. His death bought him immortal fame (although in other versions of the story he lives and is rewarded with as much land as he could plough in a single day).

<sup>16</sup> Line 64: *Parthenians* - Parthenius is a river in Paphlagonia, Anatolia (modern Turkey).

<sup>17</sup> Line 70: *Parthian...fly* - see note 74, Act 3.

And all the Costers on the Mirapont.<sup>19</sup>

### Act 4, Scene 3

*Enter Caesar's Ghost.*

*Caesar's Ghost:*

Out of the horror of those shady vaults  
(Where centaurs, harpies, pains and furies fell,  
And gods and ghosts and ugly gorgons dwell)  
My restless soul comes here to tell his wrongs.  
Hail to thy walls, thou pride of all the world. 5  
Thou art the place where whilom in my life  
My seat of mounting honour was erected,  
And my proud throne that seemed to check the heavens.  
But now my pomp and I are laid more low  
With these associates of my overthrow: 10  
Here ancient Assur<sup>20</sup> and proud Belus<sup>21</sup> lies,  
Ninus<sup>22</sup> the first that sought a monarch's name,  
Atrides<sup>23</sup> fierce with the Eacides,<sup>24</sup>  
The Greek heroes and the Trojan flower,  
Blood-thirsting Cyrus,<sup>25</sup> and the conquering youth 15  
That sought to fetch his pedigree from heaven,<sup>26</sup>  
Stern Romulus and proud Tarquinius,  
The mighty Syrians and the Pontick kings,

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<sup>18</sup> Line 71: *conquering Gauls...Greece* - In the third century BC three tribes Gauls from Thrace (the Trocmi, Tolistobogii and Tectosages) split off from the main Celtic invasion of Macedon and headed into Thrace. They moved on into Asia Minor at the invitation of Nicomedes I of Bithynia. Although defeated by Antiochus I, rather than being broken, they established a long-lived Celtic territory in Anatolia called Galatia.

<sup>19</sup> Line 72: *Costers on the Mirapont* - "Costers" might be "coasters", being people who live on the coast (OED: n 3.a.) first noted by OED in 1612, but possibly in common parlance before then. G C Moore Smith suggests two possibilities for "Mirapont": either a corruption of "Melapont/Mizopont" being drawn from "all bordering on the Mare-maior sea" (Tamburlaine, Act III, Sc 1) meaning the Black Sea coast, or the author coining a word "Mesopont" meaning the "midland seas". He also notes that the Iberians are missing from Appian's listing of Cassius' forces and that this may be them. Both the Roman word "mare" and the Greek word "pontus" mean "sea". Pontus was also the name of a Roman province on the Black Sea next to Iberia; Roman authors used this convenient label when writing about the area's pre-Roman history.

<sup>20</sup> Line 11: *Assur* - An Assyrian city situated on the western bank of the river Tigris. Assur is also the deity of the city and is the equivalent of the Babylonian god Marduk, see below.

<sup>21</sup> Line 11: *Belus* - An ancient Babylonian king who walled Babylon and is connected with the building of the Ziggurat. In Babylonian contexts the name is connected to Bel-Marduk who is recognized and worshipped as the god of war.

<sup>22</sup> Line 12: *Ninus* - The son of Bel or Belus, founder of Ninevah (and thus the personification of that city), he is credited with many feats of invention: the first man to tame horses, train hunting dogs, etc. His tomb is the place where Pyramus and Thisbe arrange to meet for their tragic tryst.

<sup>23</sup> Line 13: *Atrides* - Descendants of the house of Atreus, usually applied to Agamemnon and Menelaus.

<sup>24</sup> Line 13: *Eacides* - Meaning "son of Aeacus", applied to Achilles, the grandson of Aeacus throughout Statius' *Achilleid*.

<sup>25</sup> Line 15: *Cyrus* - Cyrus the Great founded the Persian Empire.

<sup>26</sup> Line 15-16: *conquering youth...heaven* - Phaeton confronted his mother Cyrene about who his father was. She tells him it was Phoebus Apollo, and Phaeton travelled to the ends of the earth to meet him. To prove his affection, Phoebus promised him anything he wanted. Phaeton demanded to drive the chariot of the sun and would not be dissuaded; he lost control causing havoc on earth and his own death.

Alcides and the stout<sup>27</sup> Carthagian lord,  
 The fatal enemy to the Roman name,<sup>28</sup> 20  
 Ambitious Sylla<sup>29</sup> and fierce Marius,<sup>30</sup>  
 And both the Pompeys by me done to death:  
 I am the last not least of the same crew.  
 Look on my deeds and say what Caesar was.  
 Thessalia, Egypt, Pontus, Africa, 25  
 Spain, Britain, Almany and France  
 Saw many a bloody trial of my worth.  
 But why do I my glory thus restrain,  
 When all the world was but a chariot  
 Wherein I rode triumphing in my pride? 30  
 But what avails this tale of what I was  
 Since, in my chiefest height, Brutus' base<sup>31</sup> hand  
 With three and twenty wounds my heart did gore?  
 Give me my sword and shield, I'll be revenged;  
 My mortal wounding spear and golden crest. 35  
 I will dishorse my foemen in the field.  
 Alas poor Caesar thou a shadow art,  
 An airy substance wanting force and might:  
 Then will I go and cry upon the world,  
 Exclaim on Anthony and Octavian, 40  
 Which seek through discord and dissentious brawls,  
 T'imbrue their weapons in each other's blood,  
 And leave to execute my just revenge.  
 I hear the drums and bloody trumpets sound,  
 O how this sight my grievèd soul doth wound, 45

*Enter Anthony, at one door, Octavian at another with soldiers.*

*Anthony:*

Now, martial friends, competitors in arms,  
 You that will follow Anthony to fight;  
 Whom stately Rome hath oft her consul seen  
 Graced with eternal trophies of renown,  
 With Libyan triumphs and Liberian spoils; 50  
 Who scorns to have his honour now distained  
 Or credit blemished by a boy's disgrace,  
 Prepare your dauntless stomachs to the fight  
 Where, without striking, you shall overcome.

*Octavian:*

<sup>27</sup> Line19: *stout* - Proud, fierce, brave, resolute (OED: a A.adj.I).

<sup>28</sup> Lines19-20: *Carthagian lord...Roman name* - Hannibal. *Carthagian* should be Carthaginian but it would damage the metre.

<sup>29</sup> Line 21: *Sylla* - Lucius Cornelius Sulla Felix was a talented and effective general. He marched his armies on Rome twice, and enjoyed the absolute power of a dictator.

<sup>30</sup> Line 21: *Marius* - Gaius Marius (see note 15, Act 2). He and Sulla were rivals and enemies.

<sup>31</sup> Line 32: *base hand* - This could be a reference to the suggestion that Brutus was a bastard son of Caesar (OED: base a 2.7. as in "base-born"). Brutus was next in line after Octavian as the beneficiary of Caesar's will.

Fellows in warfare which have often served 55  
 Under great Caesar, my deceased sire,  
 And have returned the conquerors of the world  
 Clad in the spoils of all the Orient;  
 That will not brook that any Roman lord  
 Should injure mighty Julius Caesar's son 60  
 Recall your wonted valour and these hearts  
 That never entertained ignoble thoughts,  
 And make my first war fair and fortunate.

*Anthony:*  
 Strike up drums, and let your banners fly:  
 Thus will we set upon the enemy. 65

*Caesar's Ghost:*  
 Cease drums to strike and fold your banners up:  
 Wake not Bellona with your trumpets' clang  
 Nor call unwilling Mars unto the field.  
 See, Romans, see my wounds not yet closed up,  
 The bleeding monuments of Caesar's wrongs. 70  
 Have you so soon forgot my life and death?  
 My life wherein I reared your fortunes up,  
 My death wherein my reared fortune fell;  
 My life admired and wondered at of men:  
 My death which seemed unworthy to the gods; 75  
 My life which heaped on you rewards and gifts:  
 My death now begs one gift, a just revenge.

*Anthony:*  
 A chilly cold possesseth all my joints,  
 And pale wan fear doth seize my fainting heart.

*Octavian:*  
 O see how terrible my father's looks! 80  
 My hair stands stiff to see his grisly hue!  
 Alas, I dare not look him in the face,  
 And words do cleave to my benumbed jaws.

*Caesar's Ghost:*  
 For shame, weak Anthony, throw thy weapons down.  
 Son, sheathe thy sword, not now for to be drawn: 85  
 Brutus must feel the heavy stroke thereof.  
 But, if that needs you will into the field  
 And that war's envy pricks your forward hate  
 To slake your fury with each other's blood,  
 Then forward on to your prepared deaths. 90  
 Let sad Alecto<sup>32</sup> sound her fearful trump.  
 Revenge arise in loathsome sable weeds,

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<sup>32</sup> Line 91: *Alecto* - one of the Furies. See note 16.

Light-shining treasons and unquenchèd hates,  
 Horror and ugly murder (night's black child).  
 Let stern Maegera<sup>33</sup> on her thundering drum 95  
 Play ghastly music to comfort your deaths.  
 Banner to banner, foot 'gainst foot opposed,  
 Sword 'gainst sword, shield 'gainst shield, and life to life:  
 Let death go raging through your armèd ranks  
 And load himself with heaps of murdered men, 100  
 And let heaven's justice send you all to hell,

*Anthony:*

Sham'st thou not, Anthony, to draw thy sword  
 On Caesar's son for rude rash youthful brawls,  
 And dost let pass their treason unrevenge'd  
 That Caesar's life and glory both did end? 105

*Octavian:*

Shame of myself and this intended fight  
 Doth make me fear t' approach his dreadful sight.  
 Forgive my slackness to revenge thy wrongs.  
 Pardon my youth that rashly was misled  
 Through vain ambition for to do this deed. 110

*Caesar's Ghost:*

Then join your hands and here let battle cease.  
 Change fear to joy, and war to smooth-faced peace.

*Octavian:*

Then, father, here in sight of heaven and thee  
 I give my hand and heart to Anthony.

*Anthony:*

Take likewise mine, the hand that once was vowed 115  
 To be imbruèd in thy lukewarm blood,  
 Which now shall strike in young Octavian's rights.

*Caesar's Ghost:*

Now swear by all the deities of heaven,  
 All gods and powers you do adore and serve,  
 For to return my murder on their cruel head 120  
 Whose traitorous hands my guiltless blood have shed.

*Anthony:*

Then, by the gods that through the raging waves  
 Brought thee, brave Trojan,<sup>34</sup> to old Latium,  
 And great Quirinus,<sup>35</sup> (placèd now in heaven

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<sup>33</sup> Line 95: *Maegera* - one of the Furies. See note 16.

<sup>34</sup> Line 123: *Trojan* - The kingdom of Latium is where Aeneas finally settles with the remaining Trojans saved from the sacking of Troy. In the *Aeneid* Virgil is keen to link the line of Jupiter to that of Romulus and eventually on to the Julii line, of which his emperor Augustus (the Octavian of this play) is the descendant.

By the Gradivus)<sup>36</sup> that with shield of brass 125  
 Defendest Rome,<sup>37</sup> by the everburning flames  
 Of Vesta<sup>38</sup> and Carpeian Towers of Jove  
 Vows Anthony to quite<sup>39</sup> thy worthy death,  
 Or in performance lose his vital breath.

*Octavian:*

The like Octavian vows to heaven and thee. 130

*Caesar's Ghost:*

Then go brave warriors with successful hap.  
 Fortune shall wait upon your rightful arms,  
 And courage sparkle from your princely eyes  
 Darts of revenge to daunt your enemies.

*Anthony:*

Now with our armies both conjoined in one, 135  
 We'll meet the enemy in Macedon.

Aemathian fields shall change her flowery green  
 And dye proud Flora in a sadder hue.

Silver Stremonia,<sup>40</sup> whose fair crystal waves  
 Once sounded great Alcides' echoing fame 140

(When as he slew that fruitful headed snake,  
 Which Lerna long-time fostered in her womb)

Shall in more tragic accents and sad tunes  
 Echo the terror of thy dismal sight.

Haemus<sup>41</sup> shall fat his barren fields with blood, 145  
 And yellow Ceres<sup>42</sup> spring from wounds of men.

The toiling husband-men, in time to come,  
 Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helms

And find, and wonder, at our swords and spears, 150  
 And with his plough dig up brave Romans' graves.

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<sup>35</sup> Line 124: *Quirinus* - Romulus, but also a form of Mars, specifically the guardian of the state.

<sup>36</sup> Line 125: *Gradivus* - Original text has "Gradinus"; the letter "n" is an inverted "u". Gradivus is another name for Mars who has a warlike stride (from the Latin "gradus" - "a step") on the battlefield where he marches beside the forces of Rome as an invisible protector.

<sup>37</sup> Lines 125-6: *shield...Rome* - When Numa Pompilius prayed to Jupiter for protection for the newly founded city of Rome, an oblong brazen shield fell at his feet from thin air. A mysterious voice announced that the future well-being of Rome depended on preservation of the shield. Numa had eleven more identical shields made to lower the chances of it being successfully stolen, and these shields, the Anciliae, were cared for by the twelve Priests of Mars, the Salii.

<sup>38</sup> Line 127: *Vesta* - Vesta or Hestia was the goddess of fire as a tool for mankind. Her shrine contained a sacred flame which never went out and was attended by the Vestal Virgins. As the "hearth of the nation" it was an extremely important temple.

<sup>39</sup> Line 128: *quite* - As in "requite" meaning "avenge" (OED: v 1.b.).

<sup>40</sup> Line 139: *Stremonia* - the river Strymon in Greece.

<sup>41</sup> Line 145: *Haemus* - Mount Haemus is the home of Mars. Haemus and his wife Rhodope were also a king and queen who were turned into mountains for comparing themselves to Zeus and Hera. Mount Haemus will be fertilized by the blood of the Romans in the ensuing battle.

<sup>42</sup> Line 146: *Ceres* - Ceres is the Roman goddess of agriculture and harvest. She is particularly connected to corn, hence she presides over the process of turning men into manure into harvest.