

ACT 5

Act 5, Prologue

Enter Discord.

Discord:

The baleful harvest of my joy, thy woe,
'Gins ripen, Brutus. Heavens command it so.
Pale sad Avernus¹ opes his yawning jaws
Seeking to swallow up thy murderous soul. 5
The furies have proclaimed a festival
And mean today to banquet with thy blood.
Now, heavens, array you in your cloudy weeds,
(Wrap up the beauty of your glorious lamp)²
And dreadful chaos, of sad dreary night. 10
Thou sun, that climb'st up to the eastern hill
And in thy chariot rides with swift steeds drawn
In thy proud jollity and radiant glory,
Go back again and hide thee in the sea.
Darkness today shall cover all the world.
Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike 15
From out their steely helms and fiery shields:
Furies and ghosts, with your blue-burning lamps,
In mazing terror ride through Roman ranks:
With dread affrighting those stout champions' hearts,
All Stygian fiends now leave whereas you dwell, 20
And come into the world and make it hell.

[Exit Discord.]

Act 5, Scene 1

Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinius, Cato Junior, with an army marching.

Cassius:

Thus far we march with unresisted arms,
Subduing all that did our powers withstand:
Làodicia³ whose high reared walls
Fair Lycus⁴ washeth with her silver wave;
And that brave monument of Perseus' fame 5
With Tursos⁵ vailed to us her vaunting pride;⁶

¹ Line 3, Prologue: *Avernus* - see note 23, Act 2.

² Line 8: *glorious lamp* - the sun.

³ Line 3, Scene 1: *Làodicia* - An ancient city located in Turkey near the present day village of Eskihisar. Located in Phrygia, it has also been cited as belonging to Caria and Lydia.

⁴ Line 4: *Lycus* - Original text has "Lyeas". Laodicia was built on the banks of the River Lycus, so I have altered this.

Fair Rhodes, I weep to think upon thy fall:
 Thou wert too stubborn, else thou still hadst stood
 Inviolatè of Cassius' hurtless hand;
 That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew 10
 The flowing milk of Greekish eloquence.⁷
 Proud Cappadocia saw her king captived
 (And Dolabella vaunting in the spoils:
 Of slain Trebonius)⁸ fall⁹ as springing tree
 Seated in lovely Tempe's¹⁰ pleasant shades 15
 Whom beauteous spring with blossoms brave hath decked:
 And sweet Favonia¹¹ mantled all in green,
 By winter's rage doth lose his flowery pride,
 And hath each twig barèd by northern winds.
 Thus from the conquest of proud Palestine 20
 Hither in triumph have we marched along,
 Making our force-commanding rule to stretch
 From fair Euphrates' crystal flowing waves
 Unto the sea which yet weeps Io's death,
 Slain by great Hercules' repenting hand.¹² 25

Brutus:

Of all the places by my sword subdued
 Pity of thee, poor Xanthos,¹³ moves me most.
 Thrice hast thou been besieged by thy foe,
 And thrice to save thy liberty hast felt
 The fatal flames of thine own cruel hand: 30
 First, being besieged by Harpalus the Mede,
 The stern performer of proud Cyrus' wrath;¹⁴
 Next, when the Macedonian Phillip's son
 Did raise his engines 'gainst thy battered walls,

⁵ Line 6: *Tarsus* - Original text reads "Tursos". Tarsus, now a quiet modern city in the Mersin province of Turkey, has many founding myths, one of which features Perseus.

⁶ Lines 5-6: *brave monument...pride* - When Aemilius Paulus defeated King Perseus of Macedon at the battle of Pydna, he re-sited the king's monument from Tarsos to Delphi and redesigned it as a sign of his complete mastery over the Macedonian people (Flower, 2006: pp 61-62).

⁷ Lines 7-11: *Rhodes...eloquence* - Cassius was brought up and educated in Rhodes. However, Rhodes ended up supporting Dolabella against Cassius during the civil war. After Caesar's assassination, Cassius took revenge upon Rhodes demanding a huge financial settlement. His old tutor, Archelaos, led the delegation which tried to ameliorate the situation. Cassius besieged Rhodes and utterly destroyed it confiscating all public and private wealth.

⁸ Line 13-14: *Dolabella...Trebonius* - Dolabella besieged Smyrna. When it fell, he captured Trebonius and executed him.

⁹ Line 12-14: *king...fall* - Cassius had Ariobarzanes III Eusebes Philoromaos, King of Cappadocia executed in 42BC because he would not allow more Roman interference in his country.

¹⁰ Line 15: *Tempe* - The Vale of Tempe in Greece is a gorge which poets describe as a favourite haunt of Apollo and the Muses. It is situated between Olympus and Ossa, and the Pineios River runs through it.

¹¹ Line 17: *Favonia* - Probably Favonius, the Roman god of the gentle western wind, the herald of spring. Zephyrus is his Greek equivalent.

¹² Lines 24-25: *sea...hand* - The Ionian Sea is named for Io's wandering around it, not for her death. She is an ancestor of Hercules, and was not killed by him.

¹³ Lines 27-30: *Xanthos...hand* - Original text has "Zanthus" with the Roman ending. The largest city of Lycia, its citizens are renowned for (at least twice) returning to their city after a defeat, killing their families, setting the city on fire and committing suicide.

¹⁴ Lines 31-32: *Harpalus...wrath* - In 540 BC when its army was defeated by the Persians (led by Harpagus for Cyrus the Great - Harpalus was Alexander the Great's treasurer), the remainder went into the city, killed all their families, set the city on fire and killed themselves.

Proud Zanthus that did scorn to bear the yoke, 35
 That all the world was forced to sustain;¹⁵
 Last, when that I myself did girt thy walls,
 With troops of high resolved Roman hearts,
 Rather than thou would'st yield to Brutus' sword,¹⁶
 Or stain the maiden honour of thy town 40
 Did'st sadly fall as proud Numantia
 Scorning to yield to conquering Scipio's power.¹⁷

Cassius:

And now to thee, Phillipi, are we come,
 Whose fields must twice feel Roman cruelty
 And flowing blood, like to Dircaean plains,¹⁸ 45
 When proud Eteocles¹⁹ on his foaming steed
 Rides in his fury through the Argean troops,²⁰
 Now making great Adrastus²¹ give him way,
 Now beating back Tydaeus²² puissant might.
 The ground, not dried from sad Pharsalian blood, 50
 Will now be turned to a purple lake,
 And bleeding heaps and mangled bodies slain,
 Shall make such hills as shall surpass in height
 The snowy Alps and airy Appenines.

Titinius:

A scout brought word but now that he descried 55
 Warlike Anthonius and young Caesar's troops
 Marching in fury o'er Thessalian plains.
 As great Gradivus²³ when in angry mood
 He drives his chariot down from heaven's top,
 And in his wheels whirleth revenge and death. 60
 Here by Phillippi they will pitch their tents
 And in these fields (fatal to Roman lives)
 Hazard the fortune of the doubtful fight.

¹⁵ Lines 33-36: *Macedonian...sustain* - There are differing accounts of Alexander the Great's appropriation of the city during the lower 330s BC, Arrian claiming peaceful surrender whilst Appian claimed the city was sacked with no proof either way. However, there is archaeological evidence supporting a second destruction (perhaps by natural causes) around 475-470 BC.

¹⁶ Line 39: *Brutus' sword* - Sources are in accord that it was Brutus that destroyed Xanthos.

¹⁷ Lines 41-42: *Numantia...Scipio* - Numantia was besieged by Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus in 134BC for eight months. When the town fell, the population committed suicide.

¹⁸ Line 45: *Dircaean* - Original text is "Daercean". This refers to the founding myth of Thebes, Greece. Cadmus slew Mars' dragon Dirke. He planted some of her teeth on the plain, which instantly sprouted into fully formed soldiers (Spartoi). He threw a rock amongst them, which set them to fighting amongst themselves. The five survivors helped Cadmus found Thebes.

¹⁹ Line 46: *Eteocles* - One of the sons of Oedipus. He and his brother, Polynices, agreed to share the throne taking alternate years. However, because they neglected their father, he cursed them to kill one another fighting. At the end of the first year Eteocles refused to step down from the throne. Polynices found allies and attacked Thebes. Both brothers were killed in the ensuing fracas.

²⁰ Line 47: *Argean troops* - Polynices found allies in the city of Argos, Thebes' enemy.

²¹ Line 48: *Adrastus* - The original text gives "Erastus". Adrastus was a mythical king of Argos who fought with Polynices to win back Thebes.

²² Line 49: *Tydaeus* - Exiled from Calydon, Tydaeus had travelled to Argos and married Adrastus' daughter. Adrastus had agreed to help him win back Calydon, but he was killed in the struggle with Eteocles.

²³ Line 58: *Gradivus* - see note 36, Act 4.

Cato Junior:

O welcome thou this long expected day,
On which dependeth Roman liberty. 65
Now Rome, thy freedom hangeth in suspense,
And this the day that must assure thy hopes.

Cassius:

Great Jove, and thou Trytonian warlike queen,²⁴
Armed with thy 'mazing deadly gorgon's head,²⁵
Strengthen our arms that fight for Roman wealth. 70
And thou stern Mars, and Romulus thy son,
Defend that city which yourself begun.
All heavenly powers assist our rightful arms,
And send down silver wingèd victory,
To crown with laurels our triumphant crests. 75

Brutus:

My mind that's troubled in my vexèd soul
(Oppressed with sorrow and with sad dismay)
Misgives me this will be a heavy day.

Cassius:

Why, faint not now in these our last extremes!
This time craves courage not despairing fear. 80

Titinius:

Fie! 'Twill distain thy former valiant acts
To say thou faintest now in this last act.

Brutus:

My mind is heavy and I know not why,
But cruel fate doth summon me to die.

Cato Junior:

Sweet Brute, let not thy words be ominous signs 85
Of so misfortunate and sad event.
Heaven and our valour shall us conquerors make.

Cassius:

What bastard fear hath taunted our dead hearts?
Or what unglorious unwanted thought
Hath changed the valour of our daunted minds? 90
What? Are our arms grown weaker than they were?
Cannot this hand, that was proud Caesar's death,

²⁴ Line 68: *Trytonian warlike queen* - Athene (Minerva) the goddess of wisdom who sprang fully-formed from the head of Zeus was given the epithet "Tritogeneia". Its meaning is unclear, but may relate to the story of her friend and sparring partner Pallas, daughter of Triton. In a fit of temper during a sparring match, Athene wounded her friend who then died. Athene was also called Pallas sometimes, meaning "maiden".

²⁵ Line 69: *gorgon's head* - Athene helped Perseus to kill the gorgon Medusa with information and magical devices. Afterwards, the gorgon's head, which had the power to turn people to stone, was fixed to her shield.

Send all Caesarians²⁶ headlong that same path?
 Look how our troops in sun-bright arms do shine
 With vaunting plumes and dreadful bravery. 95
 The wrathful steeds do check their iron bits
 And, with a well-graced terror, strike the ground
 And keeping times in war's sad harmony.
 And then hath Brutus any cause to fear?
 Myself, like valiant Peleus' worthy son²⁷ 100
 (The noblest wight that ever Troy beheld)
 Shall of the adverse troops such havoc make
 As sad Phillipi shall in blood bewail
 The cruel massacre of Cassius' sword.
 And then hath Brutus any cause to fear? 105

Brutus:

No outward shows of puissance or of strength
 Can help a mind dismayèd inwardly.
 Leave me, sweet Lords, a while unto myself.

Cassius:

In the meantime, take order for the fight.
 Drums, let your fearful mazing thunder play, 110
 And with their sound pierce heaven's brazen towers,
 And all the earth fill with like fearful noise
 As when that Boreas from his iron cave,²⁸
 With boisterous furies striving in the waves,
 Comes swelling forth to meet his blustering foe. 115
 They both do run with fierce tempestuous rage
 And heaves up mountains of the watery waves:
 The god Oceanus²⁹ trembles at the stroke.

[Exit Cassius, Titinius and Cato Junior.]

Brutus:

What hateful furies vex my tortured mind?
 What hideous sights appall my grievèd soul? 120
 As when Orestes,³⁰ after mother slain
 (Not being yet at Scythians' altars purged),³¹
 Beheld the grisly visages of fiends
 And ghastly furies which did haunt his steps,

²⁶ Line 93: *Caesarians* - Supporters of Caesar.

²⁷ Line 100: *Peleus' worthy son* - Achilles.

²⁸ Line 113: *Boreas...cave* - Boreas is the Greek God of the north wind, the bringer of cold (Aquilo or Septentrio in Latin). He lives in a cave in Mount Haemus.

²⁹ Line 118: *Oceanus* - A Titan and god of the River Oceanus. He was the only Titan who didn't fight against the Olympians. He is sometimes thought to be a huge serpent encircling the world.

³⁰ Line 121: *Orestes* - His mother, Clytemnestra, murdered his father, Agamemnon, upon his return from the Trojan War. Pushed on by his sister Electra, Orestes was compelled to avenge his father even though he would then be tormented by the Furies for murdering his mother.

³¹ Line 122: *Scythians' altars purged* - Euripides' version of the Oresteia does not finish with his acquittal in Athens. He is then charged to go to Tauris, Scythia and to carry off the statue of Artemis which had fallen from heaven, transferring it to Athens. In the process he is reunited with his sister, Iphigenia.

Caesar upbraids³² my sad ingratitude. 125
 He saved my life in sad Pharsalian fields
 That I, in Senate house, might work his death.
 O this remembrance now doth wound my soul
 More than my poniard did his bleeding heart.

Enter Caesar's Ghost.

Caesar's Ghost:

Brutus, ungrateful Brutus, seest thou me? 130
 Anon in field again thou shalt me see.

Brutus:

Stay, what so e'er thou art; or fiend below
 Raised from the deep by enchanter's bloody call;
 Or fury sent from Phlegethontic³³ flames;
 Or from Cocytus³⁴ for to end my life. 135
 Be then Megaera or Tisiphone,³⁵
 Or of Eumenides' ill-boding crew.
 Fly me not now, but end my wretched life.
 Come grisly messenger of sad mishap:
 Trample in blood of him that hates to live 140
 And end my life and sorrow all at once.

Caesar's Ghost:

Accursèd traitor! Damnèd homicide!
 Knowest thou not me to whom, for forty honours,
 Thou three and twenty ghastly wounds didst give? 145
 Now dare no more for to behold the heavens,
 For they today have destinèd thine end;
 Nor lift thy eyes unto the rising sun,
 That ne'er shall live for to behold it set;
 Nor look not down unto the hellish shades -
 There stand the furies thirsting for thy blood. 150
 Fly to the field, but if thou thither go'st,
 There Anthony's sword will pierce thy traitorous heart.
 Brutus, today my blood shall be revenged,
 And for my wrong and undeservèd death
 Thy life to thee a torture shall become; 155
 And thou shalt oft amongst the dying groans
 Of slaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth
 Wish that like baleful cheer might thee befall,
 And seek for death that flies so wretched wight,
 Until, to shun the honour of the fight 160
 And dreadful vengeance of supernal ire,

³² Line 125: *upbraids* - Original text gives "upbraves". Replaced with "upbraids" in the sense of "to reproach, reprove, censure (a person, etc.)" (OED: v l. 2.).

³³ Line 134: *Phlegethontic* - Of, relating to, or resembling the mythical fiery river Phlegethon (OED: adj.).

³⁴ Line 135: *Cocytus* - A river of the underworld. This is the "river of wailing". Souls of the dead who cannot afford the ferryman's fee wander its banks for one hundred years.

³⁵ Line 136: *Tisiphone* - One of the furies. See note 16, Act 1.

Thine own right hand shall work my wished revenge.
And so, fare ill, hated of heaven and men.

[Exit Caesar.]

Brutus:

Stay, Caesar, stay! Protract my grief no longer.
Rip up my bowels! Glut thy thirsting throat 165
With pleasing blood of Caesar's guilty heart -
But see he's gone, and yonder murder stands.
See how he points his knife unto my heart.³⁶
Althea raveth for her murdered son,
And weeps the deed that she herself hath done;³⁷ 170
And Meleager would thou livèdst again,
But death must expiate Althea's crime.³⁸
Aye, death the guerdon³⁹ that my deeds deserve:
The drums do thunder forth dismay and fear
And dismal triumphs sound my fatal knell. 175
Furies, I come to meet you all in hell.

[Exit Brutus.]

Enter Cato [Junior] wounded.

Cato Junior:

Bloodless and faint, Cato yield up thy breath.
While strength and vigour in these arms remained
And made me able for to wield my sword,
So long I fought and, sweet Rome, for thy sake 180
Feared not effusion of my blood to make.
But now my strength and life doth fail at once.
My vigour leaves my cold and feeble joints,
And I my sad soul must pour forth in blood.
O virtue, whom philosophy extols, 185
Thou art no essence but a naked name,
Bond-slave to fortune, weak, and of no power
To succour them which always honoured thee:
Witness my father's and mine own sad death
Who for our country spent our latest breath. 190
But oh, the chains of death do hold my tongue;

³⁶ Lines 167-8: *murder...heart* - This may be a silent part, someone dressed as Murder doing a dumb show, or simply an opportunity for the person playing Anthony to display his acting skills.

³⁷ Lines 169-170: *Althea...Meleager* - Althea's son Meleager has his life tied to a piece of wood in the fire. She extinguishes the flame so that the wood will not be consumed. Meleager grows up and goes hunting a fierce boar. He presents the choice bits to the only woman on the hunt. His uncle gets into an altercation with him, and Meleager kills him. Althea dithers between vengeance for a brother and mother-love, finally coming down on the side of vengeance. She re-ignites the brand and Meleager burns to death. Wracked with guilt she goes mad and the whole family grieves. They are finally relieved of their grief by Diana taking pity on them and turning them into birds.

³⁸ Line 172: *crime* - Original text gives "come", but "crime" seems more likely.

³⁹ Line 173: *guerdon* - Reward (OED: n).

Mine eyes wax dim; I faint, I faint, I die.
O heavens help Rome in this extremity!

[Cato Junior dies]

[Enter Cassius]

Cassius:

Where shall I go to tell the saddest tale
That e'er the Roman tongue was forced to speak? 195
Rome is overthrown, and all that for her fought:
This sun that now hath seen so many deaths,
When from the sea he heaved his cloudy head,
Then both the armies, full of hope and fear,
Did wait the dreadful trumpets' fatal sound 200
And straight revenge, from Stygian bands let loose,
Possessed had all hearts, and banishèd thence
Fear of their children, wife and little home,
Country's remembrance, and had quite expelled,
With last departed, care of life itself. 205
Anger did sparkle from our beauteous eyes.
Our trembling fear did make our helms to shake.
The horse had now put on the rider's wrath
And with his hooves did strike the trembling earth.
When each alarum⁴⁰ sounds then both 'gin meet: 210
Both like enraged, and now the dust 'gins rise
And earth doth emulate the heaven's clouds.
Then yet beauteous was the face of cruel war,
And goodly terror it might seem to be:
Fair shields, gay swords, and golden crests did shine; 215
Their spangled plumes did dance for jolity
As nothing privy to their masters' fear.
But quickly rage and cruel Mars had stained
This shining glory with a sadder hue;
A cloud of darts that darkened heaven's light. 220
Horror instead of beauty did succeed
And her bright arms with dust and blood were foiled.
Now Lucius falls, here Drusus takes his end,
Here lies Hortensius, weltering in his gore:
Here, there, and everywhere men fall and die. 225
Yet, Cassius, show not that thy heart doth faint,
But to the last gasp for Romans' freedom fight,
And, when sad death shall be thy labours end,
Yet boast thy life thou didst for country spend.

[Exit Cassius.]

Enter Anthony.

⁴⁰ Line 210: *each alarum* - Original text gives "Echalarian". G C Moore Smith in *Notes and Queries* (12 S.II.Oct.21, 1916) suggests that it should read "ech alarum".

Anthony:

Queen of revenge, imperious Nemesis, 230
That in the wrinkles of thine angry brows
Wrapst dreadful vengeance and pale frightful death,
Rain down the bloody showers of thy revenge
And make our swords the fatal instruments
To execute thy furious baleful ire. 235
Let grim death seat her on my lance's point
Which, piercing the weak armour of my foes,
Shall lodge her there within their coward breasts:
Dread, horror, vengeance, death, and bloody hate,
In this sad fight, my murdering sword await. 240

Exit [Anthony].

Enter Titinius.

Titinius:

Where may I fly from this accursèd soil
Or shun the horror of this dismal day?
The heavens are coloured in mourning sable weeds.
The sun doth hide his face and fears to see
This bloody conflict, sad catastrophe. 245
Nothing but groans of dying men are heard:
Nothing but blood and slaughter may be seen
And death, the same in sundry shapes arrayed.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius:

In vain, in vain, O Cassius all in vain!
'Tis heaven and destiny thou strivest against. 250

Titinius:

What better hope or more accepted tidings
Is't noble Cassius from the battle bring?

Cassius:

This hapless hope that fates decreèd have:
Philippi field must be our hapless grave.

Titinius:

And then, must this accursed and fatal day 255
End both our lives and Roman liberty?
Must now the name of freedom be forgot
And all Rome's glory in Thessalia end?

Cassius:

As those that lost in boisterous troublous seas

Beaten with rage of billows' stormy strife, 260
 And without stars do sail 'gainst stars and wind
 In dreary darkness and in cheerless night,
 Without or hope or comfort endless are,
 So are my thoughts dejected with dismay,
 Which can nought look for but poor Rome's decay. 265
 But yet did Brutus live, did he but breathe,
 Or lay not slumbering in eternal night,
 His welfare might infuse some hope, or life:
 Or, at the least, bring death with more content.
 Wearied I am through labour of the fight: 270
 Then, sweet Titinius, range thou through the field,
 And either glad me with my friend's success,
 Or quickly tell me what my care doth fear;
 How breathless he upon the ground doth lie:
 That at thy words, I may fall down and die. 275

Titinius:

Cassius, I go to seek thy noble friend.
 Heaven grant my goings have a prosperous end.

Cassius:

O go, Titinius, and till thy return,
 Here will I sit disconsolate alone,
 Rome's sad mishap and mine own woes to moan. 280
 O ten times treble fortunate were you
 Which in Pharsalia's bloody conflict died
 With those brave lords, now laid in bed of fame,
 Which ne'er protected their most blessed days
 To see the horror of this dismal fight. 285
 Why died I not in those Emathian plains
 Where great Domitius⁴¹ fell by Caesar's hand,
 And swift Eurypus down his bloody stream
 Bore shields and helms and trains of slaughtered men?
 But heavens reserved me to this luckless day 290
 To see my country's fall and friends' decay.
 But why doth not Titinius yet return?
 My trembling heart misgives me what's befallen.
 Brutus is dead. Aye: hark how willingly
 The echo iterates those deadly words. 295
 The whistling winds with their mourning sound
 Do fill mine ears with noise of Brutus' death.
 The birds now chanting a more cheerless lay
 In doleful notes record my friend's decay:
 And Philomela⁴² now forgets old wrongs 300

⁴¹ Line 287: *Domitius* - Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus was the only consul who died on Pompey's side at the battle of Pharsalus. There are two versions of the story: he was either killed by Caesar nobly on the battlefield, or alternatively he ran away and was hunted down and killed ignominiously.

⁴² Line 300: *Philomela* - Philomela was raped by her sister Procne's husband, Tereus the King of Thrace. To conceal his crime he cut out her tongue. She wove her story into a tapestry which was smuggled to Procne. Understanding what had happened, Procne cooked Tereus his (and her) own son as a meal. Tereus chased

And only Brutus waileth in her songs.
 I hear some noise - O 'tis Titinius!
 No 'tis not he, for he doth fear to wound
 My grievèd ears with that hearts-thrilling sound.
 Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope? 305
 Why dost thou then prolong my life in vain?
 Tell me my sentence and so end my pain.
 He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all -
 Linger not Cassius for to hear reply:
 What if he come and tells me he is slain? 310
 That only will increase my dying pain.
 Brutus, I come to company thy soul
 Which by Cocytus wandreth all alone.
 Brutus, I come. Prepare to meet thy friend:
 Thy brother's fall procures this baleful end. 315

[Cassius stabs himself.]

Enter Titinius.

Titinius:

Brutus doth live, and like a second Mars
 Rageth in heat of fury 'mongst his foes.
 Then cheer thee Cassius. Lo, I bring relief,
 And news of power to ease thy stormy grief -
 But see where Cassius weltereth in his blood, 320
 Doth beat the earth - and yet not fully dead.
 O Cassius speak! O speak to me sweet friend.
 Brutus doth live; open thy dying eyes,
 And look on him that hope and comfort brings.⁴³
 O no, he will not look on me, but cries 325
 That by my long delays he hapless dies.
 Accursèd villain, murderer of thy friend,
 Why hath thy lingering thus wrought Cassius' end?
 How cold thy care was to prevent this deed:
 How slow thy love that made no greater speed. 330
 Care wingèd is, and burning love can fly:
 My care was fearless, love but flattery.
 But sithence in my life my love was never shown,
 Now in my death I'll make it to be known.
 Accursèd weapon that such blood could spill. 335
 Nay, cursèd then the author of this deed.
 Yet both offended, both shall punished be:
 I'll take revenge of the knife, the knife of me.
 It shall make a passage for my life to pass

the two women seeking vengeance. Before the race could end all three were turned into birds: Tereus into a hoopoe, Procne into a swallow and Philomela into a nightingale.

⁴³ Line 324: *brings* - The original text has a lacuna here. One version contains a gap and then what appears to be several letters on top of each other. Another contains what appears to be a gap followed by "rigs." "brings" seems the most appropriate word in this case.

'Cause through my life his master murdered was; 340
 And I on it again will vengèd be
 'Cause it did work my Cassius' tragedy.
 Then this revenge shall be to end my life;
 Mine to distain with baser blood the knife.

[Stabs himself and dies.]

Enter Brutus[, Caesar's] Ghost following him.

Brutus:
 What, dost thou still pursue me ugly fiend? 345
 Is this it that thou thirsted for so much?
 Come with thy tearing claws and rend it out.
 Would thy appeaseless rage be slaked with blood,
 This sword today hath crimson channels made;
 But here's the blood that thou wouldst drink so fain. 350
 Then take this piercer, broach this traitorous heart,
 Or if thou thinkest death too small a pain,
 Drag down this body to proud Erebus,
 Through black Cocytus and infernal Styx,
 Lethean waves, and fires of Phlegeton. 355
 Boil me or burn, tear my hateful flesh,
 Devour, consume, pull, pinch, plague, pain this heart.
 Hell craves her right, and here the furies stand,
 And all the hell-hounds compass me around
 Each seeking for a part of this same prey. 360
 Alas this body is lean, thin, pale and wan,
 Nor can it all your hungry mouths suffice -
 O! 'Tis the soul that they stand gaping for
 And endless matter for to prey upon,
 Renewed still as Tityus' prickèd heart.⁴⁴ 365
 Then clap your hands, let hell with joy resound:
 Here it comes flying through this airy round.

[Stabs himself]

Caesar's Ghost:
 Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed have done
 And vengeance follow till they be o'ercome:
 Nor live t' applaud the justice of this deed. 370
 Murder by her own guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Discord.

⁴⁴ Line 365: *Tityus' prickèd heart* - Tityus was a Phokian giant who assaulted Leto (Latona) the Greek goddess of motherhood, as she travelled to Delphi. Her son Apollo came to her rescue and killed Tityus. His extra punishment was to be bound in hell, eternally having his liver pecked out by a vulture. For the Elizabethans, the heart had replaced the liver as the seat of the passions; therefore in this version, it is his heart that is pricked and renewed.

Discord:

Aye, now my longing hopes have their desire.⁴⁵

The world is nothing but a massy heap
Of bodies slain, the sea a lake of blood;

The furies that for slaughter only thirst 375

Are with these massacres and slaughters cloyed;

Tisiphone's pale, and Megaera's thin face,

Is now puffed up, and swollen with quaffing blood;

Charon,⁴⁶ that used but an old rotten boat,

Must now a navy rig for to transport 380

The howling souls unto the Stygian strand.

Hell and Elysium must be dug in one,

And both will be too little to contain

Numberless numbers of afflicted ghosts

That I myself have tumbling thither sent. 385

Caesar's Ghost:

Now night's pale daughter, since thy bloody joys

And my revengeful thirst fulfillèd are,

Do thou applaud what justly heavens have wrought,

While murder on the murderer's head is brought.

Discord:

Caesar, I pitied not thy tragic end: 390

Nor tyrant's daggers sticking in thy heart,

Nor do I that thy death's with like repaid;

But that thy death so many deaths hath made!

Now cloyed with blood, I'll hie me down below

And laugh to think I caused such endless woe. 395

Caesar's Ghost:

Sith my revenge is full accomplished,

And my death's causers by themselves are slain,

I will descend to mine eternal home,

Where everlastingly my quiet soul

The sweet Elysium pleasure shall enjoy: 400

And walk those fragrant flowery fields at rest

To which nor fair Adonis' bower so rare,

Nor old Alcinous' gardens may compare.

⁴⁵ Lines 372-4: This line is very close to that delivered by the ghost, Andrea, in Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* when all the plot has come right: "Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,/When blood and sorrow finish my desires" (IV.v.1-2). There is a certain familiarity about some of the other lines in this section that remind reviewers of *The Spanish Tragedy*, such as the description of the Elysian Fields, or the enthusiasm with which Discord fulfils her role and returns glutted with blood to the Underworld. However, perhaps more interesting is the difference in treatments. Both have a ghost seeking revenge and a personification of an idea, yet it is clear that Revenge has been sent and instructed on Andrea's behalf, whilst Caesar merely assumes that Discord is there for his benefit, unaware that Discord has been there since the beginning of the play. The wild justice of Andrea's personal revenge is controlled and specific, whilst Discord is a law unto herself, an agent of chaos who answers to no-one. Andrea's revenge is more personal and results in a very moral sorting of souls, and a happy ever after for those he cares about, whilst Caesar's is almost incidental to the action, and he departs alone caring for no-one.

⁴⁶ Line 379: *Charon* - The ferryman who takes the souls of the dead across the river to the underworld - for a price.

There, that same gentle father of the spring,
Mild Zephyrus, doth odours breathe divine,
Clothing the earth in painted bravery
The which nor winter's rage, nor scorching heat,
Or summer's sun can make it fall or fade;
There, with the mighty champions of old time
And great heroes of the golden age,
My dateless hours I'll spend in lasting joy.

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