

「Scene 5」

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2571

Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

「He sits down.」

CLITUS

FTLN 2572

Statilius showed the torchlight, but, my lord,

FTLN 2573

He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2574

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;

FTLN 2575

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

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「He whispers to Clitus.」

CLITUS

FTLN 2576

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2577

Peace, then, no words.

FTLN 2578

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

FTLN 2579

Hark thee, Dardanus.

「He whispers to Dardanus.」

FTLN 2580

DARDANUS

Shall I do such a deed?

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FTLN 2581

CLITUS O Dardanus!

FTLN 2582

DARDANUS O Clitus!

「Dardanus and Clitus step aside.」

CLITUS

FTLN 2583

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANUS

FTLN 2584

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

FTLN 2585

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

FTLN 2586

That it runs over even at his eyes.

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BRUTUS

FTLN 2587

Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

VOLUMNIUS

FTLN 2588

What says my lord?

FTLN 2589

BRUTUS

Why this, Volumnius:

FTLN 2590	The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me	20
FTLN 2591	Two several times by night—at Sardis once	
FTLN 2592	And this last night here in Philippi fields.	
FTLN 2593	I know my hour is come.	
FTLN 2594	VOLUMNIUS Not so, my lord.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2595	Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.	25
FTLN 2596	Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.	
FTLN 2597	Our enemies have beat us to the pit. <i>Low alarums.</i>	
FTLN 2598	It is more worthy to leap in ourselves	
FTLN 2599	Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,	
FTLN 2600	Thou know'st that we two went to school together;	30
FTLN 2601	Even for that our love of old, I prithee,	
FTLN 2602	Hold thou my sword hilts whilst I run on it.	
	VOLUMNIUS	
FTLN 2603	That's not an office for a friend, my lord.	
	<i>Alarum</i> 「continues.」	
	CLITUS	
FTLN 2604	Fly, fly, my lord! There is no tarrying here.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2605	Farewell to you—and you—and you, Volumnius.—	35
FTLN 2606	Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep.	
FTLN 2607	Farewell to thee, too, Strato.—Countrymen,	
FTLN 2608	My heart doth joy that yet in all my life	
FTLN 2609	I found no man but he was true to me.	
FTLN 2610	I shall have glory by this losing day	40
FTLN 2611	More than Octavius and Mark Antony	
FTLN 2612	By this vile conquest shall attain unto.	
FTLN 2613	So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue	
FTLN 2614	Hath almost ended his life's history.	
FTLN 2615	Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,	45
FTLN 2616	That have but labored to attain this hour.	
	<i>Alarum. Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"</i>	
	CLITUS	
FTLN 2617	Fly, my lord, fly!	
FTLN 2618	BRUTUS Hence. I will follow.	
	<i>「All exit but Brutus and Strato.」</i>	

FTLN 2619	I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.	
FTLN 2620	Thou art a fellow of a good respect;	50
FTLN 2621	Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.	
FTLN 2622	Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face	
FTLN 2623	While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2624	Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.	
	BRUTUS	
FTLN 2625	Farewell, good Strato.	55
	<i>「Brutus runs on his sword.」</i>	
FTLN 2626	Caesar, now be still.	
FTLN 2627	I killed not thee with half so good a will. <i>「He」 dies.</i>	
	<i>Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.</i>	
FTLN 2628	OCTAVIUS What man is that?	
	MESSALA	
FTLN 2629	My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2630	Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.	60
FTLN 2631	The conquerors can but make a fire of him,	
FTLN 2632	For Brutus only overcame himself,	
FTLN 2633	And no man else hath honor by his death.	
	LUCILIUS	
FTLN 2634	So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,	
FTLN 2635	That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.	65
	OCTAVIUS	
FTLN 2636	All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—	
FTLN 2637	Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?	
	STRATO	
FTLN 2638	Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.	
	OCTAVIUS	
FTLN 2639	Do so, good Messala.	
FTLN 2640	MESSALA How died my master, Strato?	70
	STRATO	
FTLN 2641	I held the sword, and he did run on it.	

They all exit.