

Act Five

Scene 1 The plains of Philippi in Greece.

Antony and Octavius enter the battlefield with their army. Brutus and Cassius enter with their forces. The four leaders meet, but they only exchange insults and taunts. Antony and Octavius leave to prepare for battle. Cassius expresses his fears to Messala. Finally, Brutus and Cassius say their final farewells, in case they should die in battle.

[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.]

Octavius. Now Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down

But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so, their battles are at hand.

5 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony. Tut! I am in their bosoms and I know

Wherefore they do it. They could be content

To visit other places, and come down

10 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.

But 'tis not so.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Messenger. Prepare you, generals,

The enemy comes on in gallant show;

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

15 And something to be done immediately.

Antony. Octavius, lead your battle softly on

Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octavius. Upon the right hand I. Keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

20 **Octavius.** I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.]

[Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius,

Messala, and others.]

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius. We must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

25 Make forth. The generals would have some words.

3 keep . . . regions: stay in the higher areas (where they could defend themselves more easily).

5 warn: challenge.

7–11 I am . . . courage: I know their secrets (**am in their bosoms**) and why they have done this. They would rather be in other places, but they come down with a show of bravery, thinking they will convince us they have courage.

14 sign of battle: a red flag symbolizing readiness for battle.

19 exigent: moment of crisis.

21 They . . . parley: They are standing and waiting for a conference.

24 answer on their charge: respond to their attack.

Antony speaks over the body of Brutus in the Globe Theatre's 1999 production.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

[Brutus, Cassius, Octavius, and Antony meet in the center of the stage.]

Brutus. Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

Octavius. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

30 **Antony.** In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail, Caesar!"

Cassius. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

35 And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.

Brutus. O yes, and soundless too!
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
40 Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

45 **Cassius.** Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself!
This tongue had not offended so today
If Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius. Come, come, the cause! If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

50 Look,
I draw a sword against conspirators.
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
55 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope.
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
60 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller!

Antony. Old Cassius still.

33–35 The posture . . . honeyless: We don't know yet how effective you'll be as a soldier, but your words are sweeter than honey. (Hybla is a mountain in Sicily known for its sweet honey.)

39–44 you did not so . . . neck: You didn't give warning before you killed Caesar. Instead, you acted like loving pets and slaves while Casca, like a dog (*cur*), stabbed Caesar in the neck.

45–47 Cassius angrily tells Brutus that they wouldn't be listening to these insults if he had gotten his way (*ruled*) when arguing that Antony should be killed.

48 cause: business at hand.

49 proof of it: testing of the argument in battle.

54–55 or till . . . traitors: or until a second Caesar (that is, Octavius himself—Caesar's grandnephew and adopted son) has been killed by the traitors.

59 strain: family line.

62–63 Cassius insults Antony by calling him a partygoer and a playboy. Same old Cassius (*Old Cassius still*), Antony replies.

Octavius. Come, Antony. Away!
 Defiance, traitor, hurl we in your teeth.
 65 If you dare fight today, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.
 [*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cassius. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
 The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you.
 [*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Lucilius. My lord?
 [*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

70 **Cassius.** Messala.
Messala What says my general?
Cassius. Messala,
 This is my birthday; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
 Be thou my witness that against my will
 (As Pompey was) am I compelled to set
 75 Upon one battle all our liberties.
 You know that I held Epicurus strong
 And his opinion. Now I change my mind
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 80 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consorted us.
 This morning are they fled away and gone,
 And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
 85 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us
 As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Messala. Believe not so.
Cassius. I but believe it partly,
 90 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.
Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.
Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods today stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 95 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

66 **stomachs:** enough nerve.

68 **all . . . hazard:** Everything is at stake.

74–75 **to set . . . liberties:** to gamble our freedom in one battle.

76–88 Epicurus was a philosopher who did not believe omens. Cassius says that he once was a follower of this philosophy, but now he sometimes believes in things that predict the future (**credit things that do presage**). Cassius then tells Messala of two eagles that accompanied the army from Sardis to Philippi. The eagles have been replaced by ravens, crows, and hawks (**kites**)—birds that symbolize death.

79 **former ensign:** the flag that was carried at the head of the army's march.

91 **constantly:** with determination.

96 **Let's . . . befall:** Let's think about the worst that might happen to us.



Cassius carrying laurel wreath and banner in the Globe Theatre's 1999 production

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

- 100 **Brutus.** Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
105 The time of life—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome.

- 110 **Brutus.** No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome.
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun,
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
115 Therefore our everlasting farewell take.

100–107 Even . . . govern us below:

According to the Stoic philosophy that Brutus follows, people should endure their troubles. Brutus therefore finds suicide to be dishonorable (**cowardly and vile**). He mentions Cato, a famous Roman who killed himself after Pompey lost to Caesar.

108 in triumph: as a captive in a victory parade.

115 our . . . take: Let's make a final farewell to each other.

For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made. **A**

Cassius. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
120 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Brutus. Why then, lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
125 And then the end is known. Come, ho! Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2 *The battlefield.*

Brutus sends Messala with orders for the forces across the field.

[*Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.*]

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
5 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala! Let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3 *Another part of the battlefield.*

Cassius retreats, losing the battle to Antony's forces. He sends Titinius to see if nearby forces are friend or enemy. From a hill, Pindarus believes he sees Titinius killed. Completely discouraged, Cassius asks Pindarus to kill him. Titinius returns to find Cassius' body and kills himself. Brutus and others arrive, having defeated Octavius' army. Messala has brought them to see the body of Cassius. Now they see that Titinius is also dead. Brutus mourns the two, but also looks to a second battle with his enemies.

[*Enter Cassius and Titinius.*]

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look! The villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward and did take it from him.

5 **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.*]

A TRAGIC HERO

Reread lines 110–112. What **character trait** would lead Brutus to overlook his philosophical objection to suicide if he were captured?

4 cold demeanor: lack of courage.
How does Brutus feel about the battle at this point?

1–4 Dismayed that his troops are fleeing from the battle, Cassius says that when he saw his flag-bearer (**ensign**) start to retreat, he killed him and took his flag.

7 His . . . spoil: Brutus' soldiers began looting (instead of fighting the enemy).

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord! fly further off!

10 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,
15 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.*]

20 **Cassius.** Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end.

25 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.

30 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.

35 O coward that I am to live so long
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

[*Enter Pindarus from above.*]

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

15–18 Mount . . . enemy: Ride my horse to those troops over there, and come back to tell me if they are friend or enemy.

19 even with a thought: as fast as you can think of it.

25 is run his compass: has come full circle.

29 make to . . . spur: ride to him at top speed.

32 light: dismount; **ta'en:** taken prisoner.

38–46 In Parthia . . . the sword: When I saved your life in Parthia (an ancient Asian land), you swore to do whatever I asked. Now keep your oath and become a free man. I'll cover my face as you stab me (**search this bosom**) with the same sword that killed Caesar. Don't argue (**Stand not to answer**). *Why does Cassius finally decide to kill himself?*

40 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,
45 And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.

[Pindarus *stabs him.*]

—Caesar, thou are revenged
Even with the sword that killed thee.

[*Dies.*]

Pindarus. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
50 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

[*Reenter Titinius with Messala.*]

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

55 **Titinius.** These tidings will 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!

60 **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 does sink to night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set!
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
65 Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. **B**

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
70 The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engend'ed thee!

Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

48–49 So . . . will: I am free, but I wouldn't have been if I had done what I wanted (that is, refused to kill Cassius).

52–54 It is . . . Antony: It's an even exchange. Just as Antony has defeated Cassius, Brutus has defeated Octavius.

56 disconsolate: extremely sad.

B TRAGEDY

Titinius says that Cassius killed himself because he believed that Titinius had failed in his mission. How might Cassius' decision to commit suicide affect the final outcome of the **plot**?

68–72 Messala says that depression can lead people to misperceive events; such errors end up killing the minds that gave birth to them.

75 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.

77 darts envenomed: poisoned darts.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala,
80 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

79 Hie you: Hurry.

[*Exit* Messala.]

[Titinius *looks at* Cassius.]

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?

85 Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
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.

88 apace: quickly.

90 By your leave, gods. This is a Roman’s part.
Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart.

90 This . . . part: This (killing myself) is the proper thing for a brave Roman to do.

[*Dies.*]

[*Alarum. Enter* Brutus, Messala, 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.

95 **Brutus.** O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. **C**

C TRAGEDY

What **theme** is expressed in Brutus’ remark about Caesar’s spirit?

[*Low alarums.*]

98 whe’r: whether.

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look whe’r he have not crowned dead Cassius.

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
100 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.

102 fellow: equal.

105 Come therefore, and to Thasos 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.

105 Thasos (thā’sōs’): an island near Philippi.

107 discomfort us: discourage our troops.

Labeo and Flavius set our battles on.
110 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 4 *Another part of the battlefield.*

During the battle, Young Cato is killed, and Lucilius is taken prisoner. Brought to Antony, Lucilius insists that Brutus will never be taken alive.

[*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Young Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.*]

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What fellow doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

5 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Enter Soldiers and fight.*]

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus I!

Brutus, my country's friend! Know me for Brutus!

[*Exit.*]

[*Young Cato falls.*]

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

10 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

First Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die.

[*Offering money.*]

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

15 **First Soldier.** We must not. A noble prisoner!

[*Enter Antony.*]

Second Soldier. Room ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

First Soldier. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en! Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

Antony. Where is he?

20 **Lucilius.** Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

25 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

4 Marcus Cato: Portia's father, a greatly respected Roman.

12 Yield: surrender.

13–14 Pretending to be Brutus, Lucilius offers the soldier money to kill him immediately. *Why would Lucilius want the enemy to think he is Brutus?*

24 or alive or dead: either alive or dead. *How do you interpret Lucilius' remark that Brutus will be found "like Brutus, like himself"?*

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
30 And see wher Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 5 *Another part of the battlefield.*

Facing defeat, Brutus' forces rest. Brutus feels that all is lost. He asks three men to kill him, but each refuses. Finally, Strato agrees to hold the sword as Brutus kills himself on it. Antony, Octavius, and others arrive. Antony mourns Brutus, calling him the "noblest Roman." Octavius promises him a noble funeral as the play ends.

[*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*]

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

Clitus. Statilius showed the torchlight but, my lord,
He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

2–3 Statilius . . . slain: Statilius (**our scout**) signaled with his torch that all was well at our camp. But since he hasn't come back, he has been either captured or killed.

4–5 Brutus says that it has become fashionable to kill, not to capture.

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word.
5 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispers.*]

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.*]

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

10 **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.

15 **Brutus.** Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

15 List: listen to.

Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why this, Volumnius.
The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night—at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.

18 Two several times: twice.

20 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

25 **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 prithee
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

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

[*Alarum still.*]

30 **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

35 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

40 Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour. **D**

[*Alarum. Cry within: Fly, fly, fly!*]

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

45 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch 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.

50 **Brutus.** Farewell, good Strato. Caesar, now be still.
I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

[*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius,
and the 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.

23 pit: a hole into which hunted animals are forced.

25 tarry: wait.

27–28 I prithee . . . on it: I beg you to hold my sword while I run into it.

29 That's . . . friend: That's no duty for a friend to perform.

41–42 my bones . . . hour: My tired bones have worked to reach this final hour.

D TRAGIC HERO

Reread lines 31–42. Which details in Brutus' farewell speech show his courage and dignity in defeat?

46 smatch: little bit.

51 I killed . . . will: I didn't kill you (Caesar) half as willingly as I kill myself.

52 man: servant.

55 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

60 **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?

65 **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

70 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 mixed in him that Nature might stand up

75 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 tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

58–59 So Brutus . . . true: That is just how Brutus should be found. Thank you, Brutus, for proving me correct (in saying you would never be taken alive).

60 All . . . them: All those who served Brutus will now be welcome in my army.

62 prefer: recommend.

66–67 Octavius . . . master: Octavius, I recommend him for your army; he performed the last favor for Brutus (**my master**).

69 save: except.

72 made one of them: joined the conspirators.

76 According . . . him: Let us treat him as he deserves.

81 part: divide up.