

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [Exit. 250

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; 255
[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sol. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

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

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord. 260

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. 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! 265
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have 270
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. 275

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers.