

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 220 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Kills himself.]

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

225 *Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails.

[Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

I look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

230 *Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?

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.

235 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

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.

240 *Labeo and Flavius,* set our battles on:

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting; Soldiers of both armies; then
 BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

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

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

245 I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

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

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!