*Side 14*

*Trebonius comes to parley with Octavius and Antony.*

*OCTAVIUS \ ANTONY \ TREBONIUS*

*Enter OCTAVIUS and ANTONY*

**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;  
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

**ANTONY**

Octavius, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

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?

**OCTAVIUS**

I do not cross you.

*(Smiles; sotto voce.)*

But I will do so.

*Enter TREBONIUS.*

**TREBONIUS**

Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

**OCTAVIUS**

Not that we love words better, as you do.

**TREBONIUS**

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

**ANTONY**

In your bad strokes, you give good words:  
Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

**TREBONIUS**

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

**ANTONY**

Not stingless too.

**TREBONIUS**

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  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 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  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

**TREBONIUS**

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

**OCTAVIUS**

Come, Antony, away!  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.