*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.