

JULIUS CAESAR*A line-by-line translation***Act 1, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter on one side of the stage, as do a CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners from the other end of the stage.

FLAVIUS

Hence! Home, you idle creatures get you home!
Is this a holiday? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
5 Of your profession? —Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER

Why, sir, a carpenter.

MURELLUS

Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
—You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER

10 Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as
you would say, a cobbler.

MURELLUS

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

COBBLER

A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience, which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad
soles.

15

MURELLUS

What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me. Yet, if
you be out, sir, I can mend you.

20

MURELLUS

What mean'st thou by that? “Mend” me, thou saucy
fellow?

COBBLER

Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I
meddle with no tradesman's matters nor women's matters,
but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.
When they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper
men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my
handiwork.

Shakescleare Translation

FLAVIUS and MURELLUS enter on one side of the stage. A CARPENTER, a COBBLER, and some other commoners enter from the other end of the stage.

FLAVIUS

Go away! Go home, you lazy creatures. Go home! Is today a holiday? Don't you know that, as working-class men, you shouldn't walk around on a workday without wearing your work clothes?

[To CARPENTER] Tell me, what's your profession?

CARPENTER

Why, I'm a carpenter, sir.

MURELLUS

Where are your leather apron and ruler? Why are you wearing your finest clothes?

[To COBBLER] And you, sir, what's your job?

COBBLER

Well, sir, compared to a skilled workman, I'm just a cobbler, as you would put it.

MURELLUS

But what's your trade? Answer me straightforwardly.

COBBLER

I work a trade, sir, that I hope I can practice with a clear conscience. I am a mender of worn soles.

MURELLUS

What trade, fool? You good-for-nothing fool, what trade?

COBBLER

Sir, I beg you, don't be angry. Yet, if your soles are worn out, I can mend you.

MURELLUS

What do you mean by that? “Mend” me, you rude man?

COBBLER

Well, cobble you, sir.

FLAVIUS

You're a cobbler, are you?

COBBLER

Yes, sir, I make my living through use of an awl. I don't meddle in politics or in the affairs of women. I'm just a surgeon for old shoes. When they're in bad shape, I fix them. The most noble men who have ever walked on leather have walked on my handiwork.

FLAVIUS

But wherefore art not in thy shop today?
 30 Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.

MURELLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
 35 What tributaries follow him to Rome
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things,
 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 40 Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The livelong day with patient expectation
 45 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 50 Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 55 Be gone!
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,
 60 Assemble all the poor men of your sort,
 Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all of the commoners exit.

FLAVIUS

See whether their basest metal be not moved.
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol.
 This way will I. Disrobe the images
 If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MURELLUS

May we do so?
 70 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS

It is no matter. Let no images
 Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets.
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 75 These growing feathers plucked from Caesar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

They exit in different directions.

FLAVIUS

But why aren't you in your shop today? Why are you leading these men through the streets?

COBBLER

Well, sir, to wear out their shoes and get myself more work. But actually, sir, we took the day off to see Caesar and celebrate his triumph 1.

1 Here the Cobbler refers to the ancient Roman tradition of the triumphal procession—a parade usually reserved for generals who conquered in foreign wars, though Caesar has won a domestic victory.

MURELLUS

Why celebrate it? What foreign lands has he conquered for Rome to rule? What foreign princes are chained to his chariot wheels and will earn Rome ransom money? You blockheads, you unfeeling men, you worse than stupid things! Oh, you with hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome! didn't you know Pompey 2? Many a time you climbed up on walls and battlements, towers and windows—yes, even chimney tops, with your babies in your arms—and sat there all day just waiting to see great Pompey ride through the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot, didn't all of you shout all at once so loudly that the Tiber River shook from the sound echoing within its banks? And now you put on your finest clothes? And now you choose to celebrate a holiday? And now you toss flowers in the path of the man who comes in triumph having defeated Pompey's sons? Get out of here! Run to your houses, fall on your knees, and pray to the gods to spare you from the terrible punishment that is certain to come down upon you for such ingratitude.

2 Pompey was a co-ruler of Rome with Caesar and Crassus, during the First Triumvirate. Pompey and Caesar became enemies, and at this point in the play, Caesar has just defeated the remainder of Pompey's faction after his murder.

FLAVIUS

Go, go, good countrymen. And to atone for this error in judgment, gather together all the poor men like you. Lead them to the banks of the Tiber River, and weep into the water until it overflows.

The CARPENTER, COBBLER, and all of the commoners exit.

FLAVIUS

That should move even these coarse and unrefined men. They're leaving, and feel so guilty they can't speak. You go that way towards the Capitol 3, and I'll go this way. Undress any statues you see that have been decorated in honor of Caesar.

3 Flavius refers here to the Capitoline Hill, the heart of Roman political life.

MURELLUS

Can we do that? You know it's the feast of Lupercal 4.

4 The Lupercalia was an ancient Roman purification and fertility festival, held every year on February 15.

FLAVIUS

It doesn't matter. None of the statues should be decorated in honor to Caesar. I'll make sure the commoners get off the streets, and you do the same wherever you see a bunch of them together. If we can pluck the feathers of Caesar's growing support among the commoners now, he'll have to fly at a normal height. If we don't, he'll soar to such heights of power that all of us will live in fear and be his servants.

They exit in different directions.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR enters, along with ANTONY who is dressed for a traditional foot race, as well as CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, followed by great crowd of commoners, including a SOOTHSAYER. MURELLUS and FLAVIUS follow after.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CASCA

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA

Here, my lord.

CAESAR

5 Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. —Antonius!

ANTONY

Caesar, my lord.

CAESAR

Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia, for our elders say
10 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY

I shall remember.
When Caesar says, "do this," it is performed.

CAESAR

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

*Music plays.***SOOTHSAYER**

15 Caesar!

CAESAR

Ha! Who calls?

CASCA

Bid every noise be still. Peace yet again.

*The music stops.***CAESAR**

Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
20 Cry "Caesar!" —Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

What man is that?

Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, ANTONY (who is dressed for a traditional foot race), CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA enter, followed by great crowd of commoners, including a SOOTHSAYER. MURELLUS and FLAVIUS follow after them.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CASCA

Hey, quiet down! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR

Calphurnia!

CALPHURNIA

Here I am, my lord.

CAESAR

Stand directly in Antonius' path as he runs the race.

*[To ANTONY] Antonius!***ANTONY**

Yes, my lord Caesar?

CAESAR

Antonius, while you're running don't forget to touch Calphurnia. As our elders say, if an infertile woman is touched during this holy race, she'll escape the curse of sterility.

ANTONY

I will remember. When Caesar says "do this," it is done.

CAESAR

Go on, then, and don't leave out any of the proper rituals.

*Music plays.***SOOTHSAYER**

Caesar!

CAESAR

Hey! Who's calling me?

CASCA

Everyone, be quiet! Again, quiet!

*The music stops.***CAESAR**

Who is it in the crowd that's calling me? I hear a voice that's shriller than any of this music, calling out "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is listening.

SOOTHSAYERBeware March 15th .

 In the ancient Roman calendar, the "ides" represented the middle of any given month.

CAESAR

Who is saying that?

BRUTUS

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

Set him before me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS

25 Fellow, come from the throng. Look upon Caesar.

The SOOTHSAYER approaches.

CAESAR

What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR

He is a dreamer. Let us leave him. Pass!

Trumpets play. Everyone exits, except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS

30 Not I.

CASSIUS

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS

I am not gamesome. I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires.
35 I'll leave you.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I do observe you now of late
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
40 Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS

Cassius,
Be not deceived. If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am
45 Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors.
But let not therefore, my good friends, be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
50 Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
55 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS

'Tis just.
60 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

BRUTUS

A soothsayer tells you to beware March 15th.

CAESAR

Bring him to me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS

Man, step out of the crowd. Stand before Caesar.

The SOOTHSAYER approaches.

CAESAR

What are you saying to me now? Say it again.

SOOTHSAYER

Beware March 15th.

CAESAR

He's crazy. Let's leave him. Continue on!

Trumpets play. Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.

CASSIUS

Are you going to come watch the race?

BRUTUS

Not me.

CASSIUS

Please, come and watch it.

BRUTUS

I'm not feeling festive. I lack some of Antony's lively,
competitive spirit. But don't let me stop you from doing
what you want, Cassius. I'll leave you alone.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I've been watching you recently. I've noticed that
you seem less friendly toward me than I'm used to. You've
been rough and unfriendly to me, your friend who loves
you.

BRUTUS

Cassius, don't be fooled. If I seem unfriendly, it's because
my troubled looks are actually directed at myself. Lately I've
been overwhelmed with private thoughts and conflicting
emotions, which must have affected my behavior. But my
good friends should not be troubled—and I count you as a
good friend, Cassius. And they should not see anything
more in my distant behavior than that poor Brutus—who is
at war with himself—has forgotten to show affection to
others.

CASSIUS

Brutus, I misunderstood your feelings. And for that reason, I
kept to myself a number of important thoughts. Good
Brutus, tell me, can you see your face?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, because the eye can't see itself, except in
reflections on other surfaces.

CASSIUS

That's a fact. But it's a shame that you don't have any
mirrors in which to view your own worthiness, Brutus. I've

That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye
That you might see your shadow . I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear.
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester, if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And, after, scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Trumpets play, and then a shout sounds.

BRUTUS

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS

Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS

I would not, Cassius. Yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar. So were you.
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man

heard many of the most respected Romans—with the exception of immortal Caesar—mention you while complaining of the burden of our current government, and wish that your eyes were working better.

BRUTUS

Cassius, what dangers do you want to lead me into, by asking me to look inside myself for something that isn't in me?

CASSIUS

Be prepared to listen, good Brutus. And since you know the best way to see yourself is by reflection, I'll act as your mirror and show to you the parts of yourself of which you are unaware, without exaggerating. Don't be suspicious of what I say, noble Brutus. If I were some frivolous fool; or made the same stale vows of friendship to every new friend I met; or if you knew that I flatter men to their faces only to slander them once they're gone; or if you learn that I make declarations of friendship to all the mobs of people while at a feast, then, of course, don't believe me.

Trumpets play, and then a shout sounds.

BRUTUS

What is the meaning of this shouting? I fear the people have made Caesar their king.

CASSIUS

Really, do you fear that? Then I must guess that you don't want that to happen.

BRUTUS

I don't, Cassius, even though I love Caesar dearly. But why do you keep me here so long? What is it that you want to tell me? If it's for the general good of Rome, I'd do anything, even if it meant my death. May the gods grant me good favor only so long as I love honor more than I fear death.

CASSIUS

I see that good quality in you, Brutus. It's as familiar to me as your appearance. In fact, honor is what I want to discuss with you. I don't know what you and other men think of this life. But, as for me, I'd rather not live at all than stand in awe of a man no better than myself. I was born as free as Caesar. So were you. We both have eaten as well, and we can both endure the winter's cold as well as he. Once, on a harsh and windy day, as the Tiber River swelled against its banks, Caesar said to me, "Cassius, would you dare to jump with me into this rough water and swim to that distant point?" The moment he said that—though I was still in my clothes—I jumped in and told him to follow. He did. The water roared, and we fought against it with all our strength, inspired to overcome it by our competitive natures. But before we could reach our destination, Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I'll sink!" Just like Aeneas² carried on his shoulders his elderly father Anchises from the fires of Troy, I carry the tired Caesar from the waves of the Tiber. And this man has now become a god, while I am a wretched creature who must bow down if Caesar carelessly nods my way. When he was in Spain, Caesar had a fever. And when he was in its grip, I noticed how he shook. It's true, this "god" was shaking! His cowardly lips lost their color, and that same eye whose gaze now terrifies the world lost its gleam. Yes, I heard him groan. And that tongue of his that ordered the Romans to listen to him and transcribe his speeches in their

² The legendary Aeneas was a Trojan soldier who went on to found ancient Rome.

Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
125 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake!
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
130 Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan,
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books—
“Alas,” it cried, “give me some drink, Titinius,”
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
135 A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

A shout offstage. Trumpets play.

BRUTUS

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
140 For some new honors that are heaped on Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
145 Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Caesar—what should be in that “Caesar?”
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
150 Write them together, yours is as fair a name.
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy. Conjure with 'em,
“Brutus” will start a spirit as soon as “Caesar.”
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
155 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
160 When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
165 There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRUTUS

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous.
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
170 How I have thought of this and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider, what you have to say
175 I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
180 Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS

I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

books cried like a sick girl, “Oh, get me a drink, Titinius.”
Oh, by the gods, it amazes me that a man of such weak
constitution could get an advantage over the entire world
and carry the prize of victory alone.

A shout offstage. Trumpets play.

BRUTUS

More shouting from the crowd! I think this applause is for
some new honor given to Caesar.

CASSIUS

Why, sir, he straddles the narrow world like a giant, and we
petty men walk under his huge legs and peek out just to
find our graves, as if we were slaves. Men can be masters of
their fate. Brutus, our problem is not destiny, but ourselves.
“Brutus” and “Caesar”—what's special about “Caesar?”
Why should that name be shouted more than yours? Write
them together—yours looks just as good. Say them—yours
is just as pleasant to say. Weigh them—it's just as heavy. Do
magic with them, and “Brutus” will call up a spirit just as
well as “Caesar.” Now, in the name of all the gods, I ask you
what meat Caesar has eaten that has made him grow to be
so great? The people of our time should be ashamed! Rome
has lost the ability to raise noble men! When was there an
age, since the great flood 3, that didn't contain more than
one famous man? When could anyone speaking of Rome
say, before now, that just one man ruled the entire city?
Indeed, now Rome only has room for one man. Oh, you and
I have heard our fathers say that once there was a
Brutus—your ancestor—who would have let the devil reign
in the Roman Republic before he would allow a king.

3 Here, Cassius refers to a
mythological flood that wiped out all
of humanity except for one married
couple.

BRUTUS

I do not doubt that you love me. I'm starting to understand
what you would like me to do. I'll tell you what I think about
this and about what's happening in Rome later. For the
moment—in the name of our friendship—I would prefer that
you not try to do any more persuading. I'll think over what
you've said; I'll listen patiently to whatever else you have to
say; and I'll find an appropriate time for us to consider and
make a decision about such weighty matters. Until then, my
noble friend, think about this: I would rather be some
villager than call myself a citizen of Rome during the
difficult situation these times are likely to put us through.

CASSIUS

I'm glad that my weak words have forced even this small
show of passion from you.

CAESAR enters with his followers, including CASCA.

BRUTUS

The games are done and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

185 As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

BRUTUS

I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
190 And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS

195 Casca will tell us what the matter is.

As CAESAR and ANTONY talk, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.

CAESAR

Antonio.

ANTONY

Caesar.

CAESAR

[aside to ANTONY] Let me have men about me that are fat,
200 Sleek-headed men and such as sleep a-nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

ANTONY

[aside to CAESAR] Fear him not, Caesar. He's not dangerous.
205 He is a noble Roman and well given.

CAESAR

[aside to ANTONY] Would he were fatter! But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
210 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much.
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony. He hears no music.
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
215 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
220 I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

Trumpets play. CAESAR exits with all his followers except CASCA.

CASCA

[to BRUTUS]
225 You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak with me?

BRUTUS

Ay, Casca. Tell us what hath chanced today
That Caesar looks so sad.

BRUTUS

The games are finished, and Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS

As they pass by, grab Casca by the sleeve. In his sour way,
he'll tell you if anything important happened today.

BRUTUS

I'll do so. But look there, Cassius. Caesar's face is full of anger while everyone with him look like they've been scolded. Calphurnia's face is pale, and Cicero's eyes are darting and angry, just as they get when senators argue with him during sessions at the Capitol.

CASSIUS

Casca will tell us what's happened.

As CAESAR and ANTONY talk, BRUTUS pulls CASCA by the sleeve.

CAESAR

Antonio.

ANTONY

Caesar.

CAESAR

[To ANTONY so that only he can hear] I want the men around me to be fat, well-groomed men who sleep soundly through the night. Cassius over there has a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Men like that are dangerous.

ANTONY

[To CAESAR so that only he can hear] Don't be afraid of him, Caesar. He's not dangerous. He's a noble Roman with an honorable character.

CAESAR

[To ANTONY so that only he can hear] If only he were fatter! But I'm not afraid of him. Yet, if I myself were capable of fear, I don't know of any man I would avoid more than skinny Cassius. He reads a lot. He's a skilled observer, and he sees the hidden motives behind men's actions. He doesn't enjoy plays like you do, Antony. He never listens to music. He almost never smiles. Though when he does smile, he does it as if he's mocking the part of himself that could be inspired to smile by anything. Men like him can never be content as long as they know that there is someone better and more powerful than they are. And therefore they're very dangerous. I'm telling you what should be feared rather than what I fear, because, after all, I am Caesar. Step over to my right side, because my left ear is deaf, and tell me honestly what you think of Cassius.

Trumpets play. CAESAR and all his followers except CASCA exit.

CASCA

[To BRUTUS] You pulled on my cloak. Do you want to speak with me?

BRUTUS

Yes, Casca. Tell us what happened today that made Caesar seem so unhappy.

CASCA

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS

I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA

230 Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS

235 They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

CASCA

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS

Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA

Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest 240 neighbors shouted.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it. It 245 was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown (yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets) and, as I told you, he put it by once—but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again, then he put it by again—but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time. He put it the third time by. And still, as 250 he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar—for he swooned and fell down at it. And for mine own part, I durst not laugh for fear of opening my lips and 255 receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS

260 But soft, I pray you. What, did Caesar swoon?

CASCA

He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS

'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS

No, Caesar hath it not. But you and I 265 And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA

Well, weren't you with him?

BRUTUS

If I were with him, I wouldn't be asking what happened.

CASCA

Well, a crown was offered to him, and, when it was offered, he pushed it away with the back of his hand, like this—and then the people started shouting.

BRUTUS

What was the second noise for?

CASCA

For that same thing.

CASSIUS

They shouted three times. What was the last cry for?

CASCA

For the same thing.

BRUTUS

The crown was offered to him three times?

CASCA

Yes, that's right, it was. And he pushed it away three times, but each time more gently than the last. And each time he pushed it away, my noble countrymen cheered.

CASSIUS

Who offered him the crown?

CASCA

Antony.

BRUTUS

Tell us what it was like, noble Casca.

CASCA

I'd just as soon be hanged than describe it! It was all foolishness. I paid no attention. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—though it wasn't a real crown, it was more like a wreath—and, as I told you, Caesar refused it once. Although, in my opinion, he would've gladly taken it. Then Antony offered it to him again, and Caesar refused it again—though, in my opinion, he didn't want to take his hand off it. Then Antony offered it the third time, and Caesar refused it the third time. Yet even as he refused it, the masses hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty hats, and roared out such a load of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it nearly choked Caesar, who fainted and fell down. As for me, I didn't dare laugh because I feared opening my lips and inhaling the stinking air.

CASSIUS

Stop for a moment, please. What, did Caesar faint?

CASCA

He fell down in the marketplace and foamed at the mouth and couldn't speak.

BRUTUS

That's very likely. He has epilepsy, the falling sickness.

CASSIUS

No, Caesar doesn't have it. But you and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA

I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

270

BRUTUS

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An 275 I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. 280 Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them. If Caesar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

BRUTUS

And after that he came thus sad away?

CASCA

285 Ay.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS

To what effect?

CASCA

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' 290 face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too. Murellus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was 295 more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA

Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner 300 worth the eating.

CASSIUS

Good. I will expect you.

CASCA

Do so. Farewell both.

CASCA exits.

CASCA

I don't know what you mean by that. But I'm sure Caesar fell down. If the masses didn't clap for him or hiss at him based on whether he pleased or displeased them--just as they do for actors in the theater--then I'm a liar.

BRUTUS

What did he say when he woke up?

CASCA

Well, before he fell down--when he realized the commoners were glad he refused the crown--he pulled open his jacket and offered them his throat to cut. If I were a common laborer and didn't take him at his word and cut his throat, then to hell with me. Then he fainted. When he came to, he said to the crowd that if he'd done or said anything wrong, he wanted them to know that it was caused by his sickness. Three or four women standing near me cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But don't pay any attention to them—if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have said the same thing.

BRUTUS

And after all that he came this way looking so serious?

CASCA

Yes.

CASSIUS

Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA

Yes, he said something in Greek.

CASSIUS

What did he say?

CASCA

No, if I told you I understood what he was saying, I wouldn't be able to look you in the eye. But those who did understand him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But, speaking for myself, it was Greek to me. But I have more news to tell you. Murellus and Flavius have been punished for pulling scarves off of statues of Caesar. Goodbye. There was more foolishness, too, but I can't remember it.

CASSIUS

Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

CASCA

No, I have another commitment.

CASSIUS

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

CASCA

Yes, if I'm still alive, and you're still sane, and your dinner is worth eating.

CASSIUS

Good. I'll expect you.

CASCA

Do that. Farewell to both of you.

CASCA exits.

BRUTUS

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS

305 So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
310 With better appetite.

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you. Or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS

315 I will do so. Till then, think of the world.

BRUTUS exits.

CASSIUS

Well, Brutus, thou art noble. Yet I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed. Therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes,
320 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
325 As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glancèd at.
And after this let Caesar seat him sure,
330 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

CASSIUS exits.

BRUTUS

What a dull man he's become! He was so quick-witted when he was in school.

CASSIUS

And he's quick-witted now when it comes to carrying out any bold or noble enterprise, despite this show of being dull. The crudeness of his words is a kind of tasty sauce for the wisdom of what he says, which makes other people more likely to listen to him.

BRUTUS

That's it exactly. For now, I'll leave you. Tomorrow, if you'd like to speak with me, I'll come to your house. Or, if you want, come to my house, and I'll wait for you.

CASSIUS

I'll do that. Until then, think of what's best for the world.

BRUTUS exits.

CASSIUS

Well, Brutus, you're noble. Yet I see that your honorable nature can be turned from its usual inclination. Therefore, it's better for noble men to spend time only with other noble men, because who is so firm that he can't be seduced? Caesar doesn't like me, but he loves Brutus. If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius, I wouldn't have let him persuade me. Tonight I'll throw a few letters through his window—each written with different handwriting, as if they came from different citizens—all saying how great his reputation is throughout all of Rome, while also hinting at Caesar's ambition. And after this, Caesar won't be able to sit comfortably in his power, because we'll either overthrow him, or suffer worse than we do now.

CASSIUS exits.

Act 1, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.

CICERO

Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?

CASCA

Are not you moved when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
5 I have seen tempests when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds,
But never till tonight, never till now,
10 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO

Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Shakescleare Translation

Thunder and lightning. CASCA and CICERO enter.

CICERO

Good evening, Casca. Did you walk Caesar home? Why are you breathless? And why are you looking around like that?

CASCA

Aren't you disturbed when the entire earth shakes as if it were unsteady? Oh, Cicero, I've seen storms with gusting winds that have split ancient oak trees. And I've seen the ocean swell, rage, and foam, as if it wanted to rise all the way to the dark clouds above. But not until tonight—not until now—have I ever seen a storm that drops fire. Either there is a civil war in heaven, or the world—too disrespectful toward the gods—angers them so much that they send destruction.

CICERO

Why, did you see anything else that made it seem like it came from the gods?

CASCA

15 A common slave—you know him well by sight—
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
 Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
 20 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glaz'd upon me and went surly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
 25 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the marketplace,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 30 “These are their reasons; they are natural.”
 For I believe they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO

Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time.
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 35 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes
 Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

He doth, for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there tomorrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca. This disturbèd sky
 40 Is not to walk in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero.

CICERO exits.

CASSIUS enters.

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, by your voice.

CASCA

45 Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

CASSIUS

A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

CASSIUS

Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
 For my part, I have walked about the streets,
 50 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
 Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone.
 And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 55 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA

But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send

CASCA

A common slave—you'd recognize him—held up his left hand, which flamed and burned with the strength of twenty torches. And yet his hand did not feel the fire and was not scorched. In addition—I haven't sheathed my sword since seeing this—across from the Capitol I saw a lion who stared at me and then walked by without harming me. And there were a hundred frightened women all clustered together, who swore they saw men covered in fire walk up and down the streets. And yesterday the owl sat hooting and shrieking in the marketplace at noon. When all these strange things happen at the same time, men should not say, “Here are the reasons why this is happening; it's all natural and normal.” I believe these are omens regarding what will happen in the place where they occur, right here in Rome.

CICERO

Yes, these are strange times. But men often interpret things for their own purposes, and misunderstand the actual meaning of the things themselves. Is Caesar coming to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA

He is. He told Antonius to tell you he'd be there tomorrow.

CICERO

Good night then, Casca. This angry weather isn't something to walk around in.

CASCA

Farewell, Cicero

CICERO exits.

CASSIUS enters.

CASSIUS

Who's there?

CASCA

A Roman.

CASSIUS

Casca, I recognize your voice.

CASCA

Your ear is good. Cassius, what a night this is!

CASSIUS

It's a very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA

Who's ever seen the heavens seem so threatening as this?

CASSIUS

Those who have known how bad things are here on earth. I have walked around the streets, exposing myself to the perilous night, with my jacket unbuttoned like this, baring my chest to the thunderbolt, as you see, Casca. When the forked blue lightning seemed to break open the sky, I put myself right where I thought it would hit.

CASCA

But why would you tempt the heavens that way? Men are supposed to be afraid and tremble when the mightiest gods send such dreadful signs to warn and shock us.

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS

60 You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
65 But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
70 Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
75 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
80 In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA

'Tis Caesar that you mean. Is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Let it be who it is. For Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
85 But—woe the while!—our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits.
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA

Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king,
90 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land
In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I will wear this dagger then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong.
95 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
100 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder sounds again.

CASCA

So can I.
105 So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.
110 He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

CASSIUS

You are dull, Casca. And you lack the sparks of liveliness
that a Roman should have—or else you just don't show
them. You look pale, you stare, and you give yourself over to
fear and wonder at the strange uproar in the heavens. But if
you think about the true cause of all these fires, all these
floating ghosts; or the reason why birds and animals are
acting differently from how they normally behave; why old
men, fools, and children make prophecies; why all these
things have transformed from their natural qualities and
become monstrous, then you'd see that heaven put such
evil spirits in them so as to give a terrifying warning of an
unnatural government that is coming. Right now, Casca, I
could name a man who's just like this dreadful night. He
thunders, shoots lightning, opens up graves, and roars just
like the lion in the Capitol. He is a man no mightier in his
abilities than you or me. Yet he has grown as tremendous
and frightening as tonight's shocking sights.

CASCA

It's Caesar you're talking about. Isn't it, Cassius?

CASSIUS

Don't worry about who it is. Romans today may have the
same strong bodies as our ancestors. But—curse this
time!—we don't have the will of our fathers. It's like we have
inherited only the spirits of our mothers  instead. Our
willingness to be enslaved shows that we are weak, like
women.

 In ancient Roman society, women
were seen as weak. On the other
hand, men in ancient Roman families
had the power of life and death over
their relatives.

CASCA

Indeed, they say that the senators plan to make Caesar a
king tomorrow. And he'll wear his crown at sea and on land
everywhere except here in Italy.

CASSIUS

I know where I'll wear this dagger if that happens. I'll free
myself from slavery by killing myself. Oh, you gods, through
suicide you make weak become strong. Through suicide,
you gods, you can defeat tyrants. No stony tower, no brass
walls, no airless dungeon, no iron chains can imprison a
strong spirit. Though held by such prisons, life never loses
the power to destroy itself. I know—and may all the world
know—that I can overthrow the tyranny I currently suffer I
whenever I want by killing myself.

Thunder sounds again.

CASCA

So can I. Every imprisoned man holds in his own hand the
ability to escape his captivity.

CASSIUS

So then how can Caesar have become a tyrant? Poor man! I
know he wouldn't be a wolf if he didn't see that the Romans
were such sheep. He would not be a lion if the Romans
weren't deer. Someone who wants to make a big fire
quickly starts with little twigs. Rome is trash—just rubbish
and garbage to be burned--when it allows itself to light up
the ambitions of a thing as worthless as Caesar. But, oh,
grief! What have you made me say? I might be saying this to

So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman. Then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA

120 You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleeting tattletale. Hold, my hand.
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS

125 There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence.
130 And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
135 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CINNA enters.

CASCA

Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS

'Tis Cinna. I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA

To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

140 No, it is Casca, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CINNA

I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

CINNA

145 Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS

Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair
150 Where Brutus may but find it. And throw this
In at his window. Set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

155 All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS

That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

someone who wants to be a slave, and then I'll have to face the consequences of my words. But I'm armed, and danger is unimportant to me.

CASCA

You're speaking to Casca, not some smirking tattletale. Take my hand. If you're forming a faction that will right all of these wrongs, I'll go just as far as the one of you who will go the farthest.

CASSIUS

You've got a deal. Now you should know, Casca, that I've already persuaded some of the noblest Romans to join me in an effort that is at once honorable and dangerous. And I know that by now they're waiting for me in the lobby of Pompey's theater, because no one is out walking in the streets right now. And the sky is as bloody, fiery, and terrible as the work we are planning to do.

CINNA enters.

CASCA

Hide for a bit—someone is rushing toward us.

CASSIUS

It's Cinna. I recognize him by the way he walks. He is a friend.

[To CINNA] Cinna, where are you rushing to?

CINNA

To find you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS

No, it's Casca, who is an ally in our efforts. Are the others waiting for me, Cinna?

CINNA

I'm glad to hear it. What a frightening night this is! There are two or three of us who have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS

Are the others waiting for me? Tell me.

CINNA

Yes, they are. Oh, Cassius, if you could just persuade noble Brutus to join us—

CASSIUS

Don't worry. Good Cinna, take this paper and put it in the judge's chair where Brutus sits so he will find it. And throw this one in through his window. Attach this one with wax to the statue of Brutus' ancestor, Old Brutus. When all this is done, return to the lobby of Pompey's theater, where you will find us. Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA

Everyone but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone to look for you at your house. Well, I'll get going, and do what you've asked me to do with these papers.

CASSIUS

When you're done, return to Pompey's theater.

*CINNA exits.***CASSIUS**

160 Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA

165 Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS

Him and his worth and our great need of him
170 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

*They exit.**CINNA exits.***CASSIUS**

Come on, Casca. Before the daylight comes, you and I will
go see Brutus at his house. He is already three-quarters on
our side, and this next meeting will bring him to us
completely.

CASCA

Oh, he is loved and admired by the people. Just like an
alchemist who transforms lead into gold, Brutus' natural
nobility would make actions look virtuous and good that
would look bad if we did them alone.

CASSIUS

You're completely right about both Brutus' nobility and our
need for him. Let's go, because it's already after midnight,
and before it's day we must wake him and make sure he's
with us.

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare*BRUTUS enters in his orchard.***BRUTUS**

What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. —Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
5 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.***LUCIUS**

Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

*LUCIUS exits.***BRUTUS**

10 It must be by his death, and for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crowned.
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder
15 And that craves wary walking. Crown him that,
And then I grant we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar,
20 I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.
But when he once attains the upmost round,
25 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

Shakescleare Translation*BRUTUS enters in his orchard.***BRUTUS**

Hello, Lucius, where are you? I can't tell by the position of
the stars how near it is to dawn. Lucius, where are you? I
wish I had the weakness of sleeping too deeply. Come,
Lucius, come! Wake up, I say! Lucius!

*LUCIUS enters.***LUCIUS**

You called, my lord?

BRUTUS

Put a candle in my study, Lucius. When it's lit, come here
and get me.

LUCIUS

I will, my lord.

*LUCIUS exits.***BRUTUS**

Killing Caesar is the only way. As for me, I have no personal
reason to harm him other than the common good of the
people. He wants to be crowned king. The question is, how
might being king change him? Just as sunny days cause
poisonous snakes to come outside, bad things can come
from what looks good—and so we must step carefully. If we
crown him king, then—I admit—we'd be giving him a power
that he could use to do evil things, if he wanted. The abuse
of power comes when power gets separated from
compassion. And, to be honest about Caesar, I've never
seen his emotions get the better of his reason. But it's a
basic truth that an ambitious young man uses humility as a
tool to move up the ladder. And then, when he gets to the
top rung, he turns his back on those beneath him and
shoots for the skies, while scorning what he did to get to the
top. Caesar might do the same. Therefore, because he
might, we must stop him. And since our argument has
nothing to do with who he is right now, I must think of it
this way: if he got more power, his character as it is now

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 30 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities.
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg—
 Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous—
 And kill him in the shell.

LUCIUS enters.

LUCIUS

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus sealed up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[gives him a letter]

BRUTUS

Get you to bed again. It is not day.
 Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS

Look in the calendar and bring me word.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them.
[opens the letter and reads]
 “Brutus, thou sleep’st. Awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!”
 50 “Brutus, thou sleep’st. Awake.”
 Such instigations have been often dropped
 Where I have took them up.
 —“Shall Rome, etc.” Thus must I piece it out:
 “Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe?” What, Rome?
 55 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive when he was called a king.
 —“Speak, strike, redress!” Am I entreated
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 60 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

LUCIUS enters.

LUCIUS

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

A knock sounds offstage.

BRUTUS

'Tis good. Go to the gate. Somebody knocks.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
 I have not slept.
 65 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council, and the state of man,
 70 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

LUCIUS enters.

would be transformed into the extreme one I've described.
 Therefore, we should think of him as a serpent's
 egg—which, once it's hatched, grows dangerous, just as all
 serpents do. So we must kill him while he's still in the shell.

LUCIUS enters.

LUCIUS

The candle is lit in your study, sir. While I was searching on
 the window sill for a flint, I found this paper, sealed up like
 this. And I'm sure it wasn't lying there when I went to bed.
[He gives BRUTUS the letter]

BRUTUS

Go back to bed again. It's not daytime yet. Boy ,isn't
 tomorrow March 15th?

LUCIUS

I don't know, sir.

BRUTUS

Check the calendar and let me know.

LUCIUS

I will, sir.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

The meteors  whizzing in the sky give so much light that I
 can read by them. *[He opens the letter and reads]* “Brutus,
 you’re sleeping. Wake up and see yourself for who you are.
 Will Rome ... et cetera. Speak, strike, right the wrongs!”
 “Brutus, you’re sleeping. Wake up.” I’ve come upon many
 other encouragements like these, left in places where I
 would find them. “Is Rome going to ... et cetera.” And so I
 must complete the thought. Will Rome stand in awe of one
 single man? Really, Rome? My ancestors drove Tarquin  from the streets of Rome when he was pronounced a king.
 “Speak, strike, right the wrongs!” Is this letter asking me to
 speak and strike? Oh, Rome, I promise you, if a strike would
 result in the restoration of the Republic, then I would give
 you everything you’re asking for from my very own hands!

 In the ancient world, and even up through Shakespeare's own time, meteors were thought to be omens.

 Known as Tarquin the Proud, this king was famous for his cruelty. After his expulsion from Rome, the Republic was founded.

LUCIUS enters.

LUCIUS

Sir, fifteen days of March have passed.

A knock sounds offstage.

BRUTUS

That's good. Go to the gate. Somebody's knocking.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

I haven't slept since Cassius began to turn me against Caesar. The time spent waiting between the moment when you decide to do something great and terrible, and the instant when you actually do it, feels unreal or like an awful dream. The man who waits becomes like a little kingdom, in which the unconscious and the body join together in a conspiracy to overthrow the conscious mind.

LUCIUS enters.

LUCIUS

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

75 No, sir, there are more with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir. Their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
80 By any mark of favor.

BRUTUS

Let 'em enter.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night
When evils are most free? O, then by day
85 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy.
Hide it in smiles and affability.
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
90 To hide thee from prevention.

The conspirators enter: CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS

I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

BRUTUS

I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS

95 Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honors you, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS

100 He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS

This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS

This, Casca. This, Cinna. And this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome.
105 What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS

Shall I entreat a word?

LUCIUS

Sir, it's your brother-in-law Cassius at the door. He wants to see you.

BRUTUS

Is he alone?

LUCIUS

No, sir. There are others with him.

BRUTUS

Do you know them?

LUCIUS

No, sir. Their hats are pulled down over their ears and their faces are half-hidden behind their cloaks, so I can't make out any features to identify them.

BRUTUS

Let them come in.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

It's the faction that wants to kill Caesar. Oh, conspiracy, are you ashamed to show your face even at night, when evil things are most at liberty? If so, when it's day, where are you going to find a cave dark enough to hide your monstrous face? No, don't bother to find a cave, conspiracy. Instead, hide your true face behind smiles and friendliness. If you went ahead and exposed your true face, hell itself wouldn't be dark enough to keep you from being found and stopped.

The conspirators--CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS--enter.

CASSIUS

I think we may be interrupting your sleep. Good morning, Brutus. Are we bothering you?

BRUTUS

I was up. I've been awake all night. Do I know these men who've come with you?

CASSIUS

Yes, every one of them. And every one of them admires you, and wishes you had as high an opinion of yourself as every noble Roman has of you. This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS

He's welcome here.

CASSIUS

This is Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS

He's welcome too.

CASSIUS

This is Casca. This is Cinna. And this is Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS

They are all welcome. What nagging worries have stopped you from sleeping tonight?

CASSIUS

May I have a private word with you?

BRUTUS and CASSIUS step aside and whisper together.

DECIUS

Here lies the east. Doth not the day break here?

CASCA

No.

CINNA

110 O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA

You shall confess that you are both deceived.
[points his sword]
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
115 Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS

120 [comes forward with CASSIUS]
Give me your hands all over, one by one.
[shakes their hands]

CASSIUS

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS

No, not an oath. If not the face of men,
125 The suffering of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed.
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these—
130 As I am sure they do—bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
135 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word
And will not palter? And what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,
140 Old feeble carriions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs. Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt. But do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
145 To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears—and nobly bears—
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
150 Of any promise that hath passed from him.

CASSIUS

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS

155 O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

BRUTUS and CASSIUS step aside and whisper together.

DECIUS

Here's the east. Is that the break of day I see?

CASCA

No.

CINNA

Oh, pardon me, sir, it is. Those gray lines that adorn the
clouds are the messengers of coming dawn.

CASCA

You'll both soon admit that you are mistaken. [He points his sword] Here, where I point my sword, the sun rises—way over toward the south, since it's still so early in the year. Two months from now, the light of dawn will break a good deal further to the north. Due east is where the Capitol stands, right there.

BRUTUS

[Coming forward with CASSIUS] Give me your hands, all of you, one by one. [He shakes their hands]

CASSIUS

Now we should swear to our resolve.

BRUTUS

No, no swearing. If the unhappy faces of the men around us, the suffering of our own souls, and the corruption of our current time aren't motivation enough, then we should break it off now and each one of us go back and rest in bed. Then we'll just let the ambitious tyrant rule and kill each one of us when the whim takes him. But if these reasons are powerful enough—and I'm sure they are—to spark cowards to act and to strengthen with courage the failing spirits of our women, then, countrymen, what else do we need other than our cause to spur us to make things right? What bond do we need other than being Romans who have given their word to act and not back down? And what oath do we need other than that we have all said to each other honestly that either we will make this happen or die trying? Swearing is for priests and cowards and cautious men; for people who are old and feeble; and for those weak people who like to be mistreated. Oaths are only necessary for men you wouldn't trust, who are engaged in causes that are bad. Don't stain our justified efforts or the indomitable core of our spirits by thinking that either our cause or performance requires an oath, when every drop of blood in every noble Roman would be nothing more than bastard's blood if he broke the smallest part of any promise he had made.

CASSIUS

But what about Cicero? Should we get a sense of his thoughts? I think he will strongly support us.

CASCA

Let's not leave him out.

CINNA

No, by no means.

METELLUS

Yes, we should bring him in. His age and renown will ensure that people see us in a good light and speak in praise of our actions. It will be said that that Cicero's good judgment

It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands.
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

160

BRUTUS

O, name him not. Let us not break with him,
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

CASSIUS

Then leave him out.

CASCA

165

Indeed he is not fit.

DECIUS

Shall no man else be touched but only Caesar?

CASSIUS

Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him
170 A shrewd contriver. And, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
175 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards,
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
180 And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
Oh, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly but not wrathfully.
185 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
190 Our purpose necessary and not envious,
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
195 When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS

Yet I fear him.
For in the engrafted love he bears to Caesar—

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
200 Is to himself: take thought and die for Caesar.
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREBONIUS

There is no fear in him. Let him not die,
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

A clock strikes.

BRUTUS

205

Peace! Count the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock hath stricken three.

directed our plans. Our relative youth and recklessness will be obscured by his sober seriousness.

BRUTUS

No, don't bring him up. We shouldn't speak with him,
because he'll never follow anything that other men have started.

CASSIUS

Then leave him out.

CASCA

Indeed, he's not a good fit for this.

DECIUS

Should Caesar be the only one we target?

CASSIUS

Good point, Decius. I think it would be a bad idea to allow Mark Antony to outlive Caesar, since Caesar loves Antony so dearly. We'll find that he is a cunning schemer. And, as you know, if he took advantage of his wealth and reputation, he could hurt us all. To prevent this, let Antony die along with Caesar.

BRUTUS

Caius Cassius, it will seem too bloody if we cut off Caesar's head and then also hack off his arms and legs—because Mark Antony is just one of Caesar's arms. We want to be sacrificers of Caesar out of necessity, not butchers who are just out for blood. We are standing up against Caesar's spirit, what he stands for, and there's no blood in that. Oh, if only we could overcome Caesar's spirit without having to cut up Caesar himself! But, sadly, our only option is to kill Caesar. Noble friends, let's kill him boldly—but not with anger. Let's carve him up like a dish fit for the gods, not hack him up like a carcass fit for dogs. Like subtle masters do, let's make our bodies—as our servants—act in obedience to the anger in our hearts. And then, afterward, we will seem to disapprove of our bodies' bloody deeds. This will make our actions seem necessary and not driven by envy, ensuring that commoners will see us as surgeons instead of murderers. As for Mark Antony—don't think about him. He'll be able to do nothing more as Caesar's right-hand man once Caesar's head is cut off.

CASSIUS

But I still fear Antony, because of the depth of his love for Caesar—

BRUTUS

Alas, good Cassius, don't think about him. If Antony loves Caesar, then he can only hurt himself—by falling into despair and dying for Caesar. And he's not likely to do even that, because he enjoys sports, excitement, and parties too much.

TREBONIUS

There's nothing to fear from him. Let him not die. He'll live and laugh at this later on.

A clock strikes.

BRUTUS

Quiet! Count the chimes of the clock.

CASSIUS

The clock struck three.

TREBONIUS

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS

But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no.
210 For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
215 And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIUS

Never fear that. If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him. For he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
220 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatterèd.
Let me work.
225 For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS

By the eighth hour. Is that the uttermost?

CINNA

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS

230 Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey.
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS

Now, good Metellus, go along by him.
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
235 Send him but hither and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS

The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus.
—And, friends, disperse yourselves. But all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
240 Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy.
And so good morrow to you every one.

Everyone exits except BRUTUS.

BRUTUS

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
245 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

PORTIA enters.

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord.

TREBONIUS

It's time for us to go.

CASSIUS

But it's still not certain that Caesar will leave his house today. He's become superstitious lately--a total shift from the opinions he used to hold about fortune-tellers, dream interpreters, and rites meant to tell the future. It might be that these strange omens, the unusual terror of this night, and the advice of his fortune-tellers will stop him from coming to the Capitol today.

DECIUS

Don't worry about that. If that's what he's planning, I can persuade him otherwise. He loves to hear me tell him how unicorns can be captured with trickery around trees, bears with glasses, elephants in holes, and lions with nets--just as men can be tricked by flatterers. When I tell him he hates flatterers, he agrees--even though that is the instant when I'm flattering him the most. Let me work on him. I can shape his mood in the right direction, and I'll bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS

No, we'll all go there to bring him.

BRUTUS

By eight o'clock. Is that the latest we can do it?

CINNA

Let's make that the latest, but be sure not to arrive any later.

METELLUS

Caius Ligarius doesn't like Caesar, who berated him for saying nice things about Pompey. I'm surprised that none of you thought about including him.

BRUTUS

Good Metellus, go to see him. He likes me very much, as I've always been good to him. Send him here and I'll persuade him.

CASSIUS

The morning comes. We'll leave you, Brutus. And friends, go your separate ways. But all of you: remember what you've said and prove yourselves to be true Romans.

BRUTUS

Good gentlemen, look happy and well-rested. Let's not allow our faces betray our plans. Instead, let's carry ourselves as our Roman actors do—with bright spirits and calm faces. And so, good morning to every one of you.

Everyone except BRUTUS exits.

BRUTUS

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? No matter. Enjoy the sweet nectar of sleep. You don't suffer from the phantoms or fantasies which the cares of the world bring to all men. That's why you sleep so soundly.

PORTIA enters.

PORTIA

Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS

250 Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw, cold morning.

PORȚIA

Nor for yours neither. Y' have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed. And yesternight, at supper,
255 You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
I urged you further, then you scratched your head
260 And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
Yet I insisted; yet you answered not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
265 Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
270 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORȚIA

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
275 He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORȚIA

Is Brutus sick? And is it physical
To walk unbraçed and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
280 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus.
You have some sick offense within your mind,
285 Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of.
[kneels] And upon my knees
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
290 Which did incorporate and make us one
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had to resort to you. For here have been
Some six or seven who did hide their faces
295 Even from darkness.

BRUTUS

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORȚIA

[rising] I should not need if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
300 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes?
Dwell I but in the suburbs
305 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS

Portia, why are you here? Why have you woken up so early?
It's not good for your health to expose your weak body to
the raw, cold morning.

PORȚIA

It's not good for yours, either. You rudely snuck out of our
bed, Brutus. And last night, at dinner, you suddenly got up
and paced around with your arms crossed, worrying and
sighing. And when I asked you what was wrong, you stared
at me with a rude look. I repeated my question, and you
scratched your head and stamped your foot impatiently. I
insisted, but you did not answer. Instead, with an angry
wave of your hand, you signaled that I should leave you
alone. So I did, because I didn't want to further strengthen
your anger, which was already inflamed. Yet I hoped that it
was just the result of a bad mood, which can from time to
time affect anyone. Your bad mood won't let you eat or talk
or sleep. If it could affect your appearance as much as it has
affected the way you are acting, I wouldn't even recognize
you, Brutus. My dear lord, tell me about what is making you
upset.

BRUTUS

I'm not feeling well, that's all.

PORȚIA

No. Since you're wise, if you were feeling sick, you'd do the
right thing to make yourself better.

BRUTUS

And that's what I'm doing. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORȚIA

Are you sick? And is it good for your health to walk outside
with an open jacket and breathe in the dampness of the
morning? Really, Brutus? You're not feeling well, but you
sneak out of your warm bed, letting the humid and dirty air
make you even sicker? No, my Brutus. You have some
sickness within your mind. According to my rights as your
wife, I deserve to know about it. *[He kneels]* On my knees, I
beg--by my once-praised beauty, by all your vows of love,
and by that great marriage vow which brought the two of us
together and made us into one person--that you reveal it to
me. As I am one-half of yourself, tell me why you're
unhappy and what men felt the need to visit you tonight.
For there were six or seven men who came, and who hid
their faces even in the darkness.

BRUTUS

Don't kneel, noble Portia.

PORȚIA

[Standing up] I wouldn't need to kneel if you were acting
nobly, Brutus. Tell me, Brutus, don't the bonds of our
marriage mean that I am supposed to know all the secrets
that concern you? Am I part of you only in a limited
sense--getting to eat meals with you, sleep with you, and
talk to you sometimes? Do I exist only on the borders of
your happiness? If it's only that, then I'm your whore, not
your wife.

BRUTUS

You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA

310 If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
315 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
320 Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

A knock sounds offstage.

BRUTUS

Hark, hark! One knocks. Portia, go in awhile.
325 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.

PORTIA exits.

BRUTUS

330 Lucius, who's that knocking?

LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter. Ligarius wears a handkerchief wrapped around his head.

LUCIUS

He is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside. —Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

335 O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIGARIUS

I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS

Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
340 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS

[removes his kerchief]
By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome,
Brave son derived from honorable loins,
345 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

BRUTUS

You're my true and honorable wife, as precious to me as the blood that runs through my sad heart.

PORTIA

If that were true, then I'd know your secret. I admit that I'm just a woman. But, even so, I'm the woman that Lord Brutus took for his wife. I admit that I'm just a woman. But, even so, I'm a woman with a noble reputation, and Cato's daughter. Do you think I'm no stronger than the rest of my sex, having such a father and such a husband? Tell me your secrets. I won't tell them to anyone else. I've proved my trustworthiness by giving myself a voluntary wound here in my thigh. If I can bear that pain, can't I bear my husband's secrets?

 **Cato** was a statesman famous for his oratory and adherence to Stoic philosophy, not to be confused with his son, also named Cato, who appears later in the play.

BRUTUS

Oh, gods, make me worthy of this noble wife!

A knock sounds offstage.

BRUTUS

Listen, listen! Someone knocks. Portia, go inside for a while, and soon you'll know the secrets of my heart. I'll explain all my plans to you, and all the reasons behind the sad expression on my face. Leave me quickly.

PORTIA exits.

BRUTUS

Lucius, who's that knocking?

LUCIUS and LIGARIUS enter. Ligarius wears a handkerchief wrapped around his head.

LUCIUS

Here's a sick man who'd like to speak with you.

BRUTUS

Caius Ligarius, whom Metellus spoke of.

[To LUCIUS] Boy, stand aside.

[To LIGARIUS] Caius Ligarius, what is going on?

LIGARIUS

Please accept this greeting of “good morning” from a sick man.

BRUTUS

Oh, what a time you've chosen to get ill, brave Caius! I wish you were not sick!

LIGARIUS

Brutus, I'm not sick if you have something for me to do—something that is worthy of being called honorable.

BRUTUS

Ligarius, I do have just such a thing for you to do, if you are feeling well enough to hear about it.

LIGARIUS

[He takes off his handkerchief] By all the gods that Romans worship, I now throw away my sickness! Soul of Rome! Brave son of honorable ancestors! Like an exorcist, you have raised up my dead spirit. Now just tell me what to do,

My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRUTUS

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS

350 But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS

That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS

355 Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what. But it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder sounds.

BRUTUS

Follow me, then.

They exit.

and I will take on the impossible task, and succeed. What is there to do?

BRUTUS

A bit of work that will make sick men healthy.

LIGARIUS

But aren't there some healthy men whom we'll have to make sick?

BRUTUS

We must also do that. My dear Caius, I'll explain what we have to do as we walk toward the one to whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS

Start walking, and I'll follow you, with my heart newly full of fire. I don't know what we will be doing, but it is enough that Brutus leads me.

Thunder sounds.

BRUTUS

Follow me, then.

They all exit.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Thunder and lightning. CAESAR enters, wearing a nightgown.

CAESAR

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight.
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" —Who's within?

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

My lord.

CAESAR

5 Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT

I will, my lord.

The SERVANT exits.

CALPHURNIA enters.

CALPHURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR

10 Caesar shall forth. The things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back. When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

Shakescleare Translation

Thunder and lightning. CAESAR enters, wearing a nightgown.

CAESAR

Neither the sky nor the earth have been at peace tonight.
Three times Calphurnia cried out in her sleep, "Help, help!
They're murdering Caesar!" [He hears a noise] Who's there?

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

My lord?

CAESAR

Go tell the priests to sacrifice an animal to the gods, and bring me their interpretation of the results.

SERVANT

I will, my lord.

The SERVANT exits.

CALPHURNIA enters.

CALPHURNIA

What is this, Caesar? Do you think you're going to go outside? You're not leaving this house today.

CAESAR

I will go out. The things that threaten me have never seen anything but my back. When they see Caesar's face, they will disappear.

CALPHURNIA

Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
15 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And graves have yawned and yelded up their dead.
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds
20 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air.
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
25 O Caesar! These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CAESAR

What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these predictions
30 Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPHURNIA

When beggars die there are no comets seen.
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths.
35 The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

The SERVANT enters.

CAESAR

40 What say the augurers?

SERVANT

They would not have you to stir forth today.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR

The gods do this in shame of cowardice.
45 Caesar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home today for fear.
No, Caesar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
50 And I the elder and more terrible.
And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPHURNIA

Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
55 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house,
And he shall say you are not well today.
[Kneels] Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
60 And for thy humor I will stay at home.

CALPHURNIA stands.

DECIUS enters.

CALPHURNIA

Caesar, I never paid attention to omens, but now they frighten me. One of our servants told me that--in addition to the things that we have heard and seen--the night-watchmen have also seen horrid things. A lioness gave birth in the streets, and graves opened wide and let out their dead. Fierce, fiery warriors fought in the clouds in ranks and squadrons--the usual military formations--until blood drizzled down from the sky onto the Capitol. The noise of battle clashed in the air, and horses neighed, and dying men groaned, and ghosts shrieked and squealed in the streets. Oh, Caesar! These things are beyond all normal experience, and I fear them.

CAESAR

Who can avoid what the gods want to happen? Still, Caesar will go out. These omens have to do with the world in general as much as they have to do with Caesar.

CALPHURNIA

When beggars die, no comets appear in the sky. The heavens only light up to announce the deaths of princes.

CAESAR

Cowards die many times before their deaths. The brave only die once. Of all the incredible things I've ever heard about, man's fear of death is the strangest. Death--which can't be avoided--will come when it wishes to come.

The SERVANT enters.

CAESAR

What do the priests say?

SERVANT

They don't want you to go out today. When they pulled out the insides of the holy sacrifice, they found no heart within the animal.

CAESAR

The gods do this to teach me to be ashamed of my cowardice. They're saying I would be an animal without a heart if I stayed home today out of fear. So, Caesar won't stay home, then. Danger knows very well that Caesar is more dangerous than he is. Danger and I are two lions born from the same mother on the same day, and I'm the older and fiercer one. Caesar will go out.

CALPHURNIA

Alas, my lord, your arrogance is overwhelming your wisdom. Don't go out today. Say that it's my fear that keeps you inside, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate, and he'll say that you're not feeling well today. *[She kneels]* Here on my knees, let me convince you.

CAESAR

Mark Antony will say I'm not well, and I will stay at home for your sake.

CALPHURNIA stands up.

DECIUS enters.

CAESAR

Here's Decius Brutus. He shall tell them so.

DECIUS

Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar.
I come to fetch you to the senate house.

CAESAR

And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today.
"Cannot" is false, and that I dare not, falser.
I will not come today. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPHURNIA

Say he is sick.

CAESAR

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth? Decius, go
tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS

Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR

The cause is in my will. I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood. And many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home today.

DECIUS

This dream is all amiss interpreted.
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, reliques, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR

And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS

I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered for someone to say,
"Break up the senate till another time
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Caesar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Caesar. For my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

CAESAR

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

CAESAR

Here's Decius Brutus. He'll tell them that I'll stay home.

DECIUS

Hail, Caesar! Good morning, noble Caesar. I've come to
escort you to the Senate.

CAESAR

And you've come at just the right time, so you can carry my
greetings to the senators and tell them I won't come today.
It would be false to say that I can't--and even more false to
say I don't dare to come. I simply won't come today. Tell
them that, Decius.

CALPHURNIA

Say he's sick.

CAESAR

Would Caesar send a lie? Have I been so victorious in battle,
but am now afraid to tell the truth to some old men?
Decius, go tell them that Caesar won't come.

DECIUS

Most mighty Caesar, tell me some reason, so I won't be
laughed at when I tell them.

CAESAR

The reason is that's what I want to do. I'm not coming.
That's enough to satisfy the senators. But because I like
you, I'll tell you for your personal satisfaction. My wife
Calphurnia has asked me to stay home. She dreamed last
night that she saw a statue of me, that was streaming pure
blood, like a fountain with a hundred spouts. And many
happy Romans came smiling and washed their hands in it.
Calphurnia thinks the dreams are warnings and omens of
approaching evil, and she begged me on her knees to stay
home today.

DECIUS

This dream has been interpreted all wrong. It was a
wonderful, lucky vision. Your statue spouting fountains of
blood, in which so many smiling Romans bathed, means
that you will give great Rome the blood that will keep it
alive. And it means that great men will beg you to give your
blood to them as signs of your approval. This is what
Calphurnia's dream means.

CAESAR

This is a very good interpretation.

DECIUS

I will have interpreted it well, after you have heard the rest
of what I have to say. The Senate has decided to give
mighty Caesar a crown today. If you send them word that
you won't come, they may change their minds. Also,
someone's likely to joke, "Postpone the Senate until some
other time, when Caesar's wife has had better dreams." If
you hide yourself, won't they whisper, "See, Caesar is
afraid?" Excuse me, Caesar. My love and high hopes for your
advancement makes me tell you this. My manners are less
powerful than my love for you.

CAESAR

How foolish your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I'm ashamed
that I gave in to them. Give me my robe. I'm going.

BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS enter.

CAESAR

And look, where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS

Good morrow, Caesar.

CAESAR

115 Welcome, Publius.

—What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?

—Good morrow, Casca. —Caius Ligarius,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that sameague which hath made you lean.

120 —What is 't o'clock?

BRUTUS

Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

ANTONY enters.

CAESAR

See, Antony, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. —Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY

125 So to most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

—Now, Cinna. —Now, Metellus. —What, Trebonius,

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

130 Remember that you call on me today.

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS

Caesar, I will. *[aside]* And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR

Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me.

135 And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS

[aside] That every "like" is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus earns to think upon.

All exit.

BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, CINNA, and PUBLIUS enter.

CAESAR

And look, here's Publius, coming to get me.

PUBLIUS

Good morning, Caesar.

CAESAR

[To PUBLIUS] Welcome, Publius.

[To BRUTUS] What, Brutus? Are you awake this early too?

[To CASCA] Good morning, Casca.

[To LIGARIUS] Caius Ligarius, I was never your enemy as
much as the disease that has made you so thin. What time
is it?

BRUTUS

Caesar, the clock has struck eight.

CAESAR

I thank you for your trouble and courtesy.

ANTONY enters.

CAESAR

Even Antony--who parties all night long--is awake.

[To ANTONY] Good morning, Antony.

ANTONY

The same to you, most noble Caesar.

CAESAR

Tell them to set up the other room for guests. It's my fault
you all must wait for me.

[To CINNA] Now, Cinna.

[To METELLUS] Now, Metellus.

[To TREBONIUS] Well, Trebonius, I need an hour to discuss
something with you. Remember to come see me today. Stay
near me so I'll remember.

TREBONIUS

Caesar, I will.

[To himself] I'll be so near that your best friends will wish I'd
been further away.

CAESAR

Good friends, come in and have some wine with me. And
we will leave together right after that, like friends.

BRUTUS

[To himself] Oh Caesar, that we are only "like" friends
makes my heart grieve when I think of it.

They all exit.

Act 2, Scene 3

Shakespeare

ARTEMIDORUS enters, reading a letter.

Shakescleare Translation

ARTEMIDORUS enters, reading a letter.

ARTEMIDORUS*[reads aloud]*

"Caesar, beware of Brutus. Take heed of Cassius. Come not near Casca. Have an eye to Cinna. Trust not Trebonius. Mark well Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus loves thee not. Thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!"

5
10

Thy lover,

Artemidorus"

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

15

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst live.

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

*He exits.***ARTEMIDORUS***[Reading aloud from the letter]*

"Caesar, beware of Brutus. Pay attention to Cassius. Stay away from Casca. Keep an eye on Cinna. Don't trust Trebonius. Take note of Metellus Cimber. Decius Brutus doesn't love you. You've wronged Caius Ligarius. All these men share just one thought, and it's aimed against Caesar. If you are not immortal, look around you. A sense of security makes you vulnerable to conspiracy. May the mighty gods protect you!"

Your friend,

Artemidorus."

I'll stand here until Caesar passes by, and I'll give him this as if I'm asking for a favor. My heart is sad that good men aren't safe from the bite of bitter jealousy. Caesar, if you read this, you will live. If not, the Fates are on the side of the traitors.

He exits.

Act 2, Scene 4

Shakespeare*PORTIA and LUCIUS enter.***PORTRIA**

I prithee, boy, run to the senate house.
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS

To know my errand, madam.

PORTRIA

5 I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
—O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'twixen my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind but a woman's might.
10 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
—Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS

Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

PORTRIA

15 Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth. And take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! What noise is that?

LUCIUS

I hear none, madam.

PORTRIA

20 Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumor like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS

Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*The SOOTHSAYER enters.***Shakescleare Translation***PORTIA and LUCIUS enter.***PORTRIA**

Boy, I beg you to run to the Senate House. Don't stand there to respond—get going. Why are you still here?

LUCIUS

To find out what I'm supposed to do, madam.

PORTRIA

I want you there and back again before I can even tell you what you should do there.

[To herself] Oh, willpower, support me so that I do not say what I know in my heart! I have a man's mind, but only a woman's strength. How hard it is for women to keep secrets!

[To LUCIUS] Are you still here?**LUCIUS**

Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol and nothing else? And then return to you, and nothing else?

PORTRIA

Yes, boy: bring me news of whether your master looks well, because he looked sick when he left. And pay attention to what Caesar does and who is standing close to him. Listen, boy! What's that noise?

LUCIUS

I hear nothing, madam.

PORTRIA

I beg you, listen well. I heard a clamor like some kind of brawl. It seemed to come on the wind from the Capitol.

LUCIUS

Truly, madam, I don't hear anything.

The SOOTHSAYER enters.

PORIA

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

SOOTHSAYER

25 At mine own house, good lady.

PORIA

What is 't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER

About the ninth hour, lady.

PORIA

Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTHSAYER

Madam, not yet. I go to take my stand
30 To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORIA

Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER

That I have, lady. If it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORIA

35 Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTHSAYER

None that I know will be; much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow.
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
40 Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

He exits.

PORIA

I must go in. *[aside]* Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
45 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. *[to LUCIUS]* Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant.—Oh, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and command me to my lord.
Say I am merry. Come to me again,
50 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

They exit in opposite directions.

PORIA

Come here, man. Where are you coming from?

SOOTHSAYER

From my own house, good lady.

PORIA

What time is it?

SOOTHSAYER

Around nine o'clock, lady.

PORIA

Has Caesar gone to the Capitol yet?

SOOTHSAYER

Not yet, madam. I'm going to find a place to stand so I can
see him pass on his way to the Capitol.

PORIA

You have some request for Caesar, don't you?

SOOTHSAYER

I do, lady. If it pleases Caesar to do himself the favor of
listening to me, I'll beg him to do what's good for him.

PORIA

Why, do you know of any harm intended toward him?

SOOTHSAYER

Nothing that I know for sure, but there's a lot that I fear may
happen. Good morning to you. The street is narrow here.
The mob that follows after Caesar—senators, judges,
commoners asking for favors—will squeeze a feeble man
almost to death. I'll find a place that is less crowded and
speak to great Caesar there as he walks past.

He exits.

PORIA

I must go inside.

[To herself] Oh my, a woman's heart is such a weak thing!
Oh Brutus, may the gods help you in your efforts! Surely,
the boy heard me.

[To LUCIUS] Brutus has a claim that Caesar won't grant. Oh,
I'm getting faint. Run, Lucius, and give my greetings to my
lord. Say that I'm happy. Then return to me and tell me
what he says to you.

They exit in opposite directions.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILLIUS, and PUBLIUS enter, along with a crowd that includes ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER.

CAESAR

[to the SOOTHSAYER] The ides of March are come.

Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet sounds. CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILLIUS, and PUBLIUS enter, along with a crowd that includes ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER.

CAESAR

[To the SOOTHSAYER] March 15th has come.

SOOTHSAYER

Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS

[offering his letter] Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS

[offering CAESAR another paper]

5 Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS

O Caesar, read mine first, for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS

10 Delay not, Caesar. Read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS

[to ARTEMIDORUS] Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

[to ARTEMIDORUS]

What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

15

CAESAR and the crowd with him go up to the senate house.

POPILLIUS

[to CASSIUS] I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS

What enterprise, Popillius?

POPILLIUS

Fare you well.

POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.

BRUTUS

[to CASSIUS] What said Popillius Lena?

CASSIUS

20 *[aside to BRUTUS]*

He wished today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

CASSIUS

25 Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention
—Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be constant.

Popillius Lena speaks not of our purposes.

30 For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

SOOTHSAYER

Yes, Caesar, but the day is not over.

ARTEMIDORUS

[Offering his letter] Hail, Caesar! Read this letter.

DECIUS

[Offering CAESAR another paper] Trebonius would like you to read his humble request for help, when you have the time.

ARTEMIDORUS

Oh, Caesar, read mine first, for my letter actually pertains to you. Read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR

I will leave whatever pertains to me for last.

ARTEMIDORUS

Don't delay, Caesar. Read it immediately.

CAESAR

What, is this man crazy?

PUBLIUS

[To ARTEMIDORUS] Sir  , stand aside.

 In the original text, Shakespeare uses the word "sirrah," a familiar form of "sir" sometimes used to address men of inferior social rank.

CASSIUS

[To ARTEMIDORUS] What? Are you trying to give Caesar your letter in the street? Do it at the Capitol.

CAESAR and the crowd go up to the senate house.

POPILLIUS

[To CASSIUS] I hope your efforts succeed today.

CASSIUS

What efforts, Popillius?

POPILLIUS

Good luck.

POPILLIUS approaches CAESAR.

BRUTUS

[To CASSIUS] What did Popillius Lena say?

CASSIUS

[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear] He wished that our efforts would succeed today. I'm afraid our plans have been discovered.

BRUTUS

Look, he's approaching Caesar. Watch him.

CASSIUS

Be quick, Casca, because we're afraid our plans might be stopped.

[To BRUTUS] Brutus, what will we do? If our plan is known, either Caesar or I will die, because I'll kill myself if I can't kill him.

BRUTUS

Cassius, be calm. Popillius Lena isn't telling Caesar about our plot. Look, he's smiling, and Caesar's expression hasn't changed.

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows his time. For, look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

TREBONIUS and ANTONY exit.

DECIUS

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS

35 He is addressed. Press near and second him.

CINNA

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS

[*kneeling*] 40 Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart—

CAESAR

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
45 Might fire the blood of ordinary men
And turn preordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
50 With that which melteth fools—I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookedèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished.
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
55 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS

Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?

BRUTUS

60 [*kneeling*] I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Caesar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR

What, Brutus?

CASSIUS

65 [*kneeling*] Pardon, Caesar. Caesar, pardon.
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR

I could be well moved if I were as you.
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
70 But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks.
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
75 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world. 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,

CASSIUS

Trebonius knows what he should do. Look, Brutus, he's
guiding Mark Antony out of the way.

TREBONIUS and ANTONY exit.

DECIUS

Where's Metellus Cimber? He should go now to present his
petition to Caesar.

BRUTUS

They're speaking to him. Move up close and second his
petition.

CINNA

Casca, you raise your hand first.

CAESAR

Are we all ready? What are the problems that Caesar and his
senate should deal with?

METELLUS

[*Kneeling*] Most high, most mighty, and most powerful
Caesar, Metellus Cimber kneels before you with a humble
heart—

CAESAR

I must stop you, Cimber. Your kneeling and overly humble
courtesies might flatter ordinary men to turn Roman law
into some kind of child's game. But don't be so foolish as to
think that you can influence Caesar to do something that is
not right through the tricks that persuade fools—flattery,
low bows, and pathetic dog-like fawning. Your brother was
banished by decree. If you kneel and beg and flatter for
him, I'll kick you like a dog out of my way. Know that Caesar
does not punish him without good reason, and will not give
him what he wants without good reason.

METELLUS

Is there no voice worthier than my own to sweetly ask the
great Caesar to repeal the banishment of my brother?

BRUTUS

[*Kneeling*] Caesar, I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, as I
also want you to repeal Publius Cimber's banishment
immediately.

CAESAR

What, Brutus?

CASSIUS

[*Kneeling*] Caesar, pardon Publius. Caesar, pardon him. I
throw myself down at your feet to beg that Publius Cimber
regain his citizenship.

CAESAR

I could be influenced if I were like you. If I could beg others
to change their minds, begging would convince me, too.
But I'm as steady as the northern star, whose stable and
immobile quality has no equal in the sky. The skies are
filled with countless stars. They are all made of fire, and
every single one shines. But there's just one out of all of
them that holds its central place. The world is the same
way. It's full of men--and men are flesh and blood, and
capable of understanding. Yet of them all, I know just one
who is beyond questioning and immovable, who never

Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaken of motion. And that I am he
Let me a little show it even in this:
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA
[kneeling] O Caesar—

CAESAR
85 Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS
[kneeling] Great Caesar—

CAESAR
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA
Speak, hands, for me!

CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.

CAESAR
Et tu, Bruté? —Then fall, Caesar.
90 [dies]

CINNA
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS
Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.

BRUTUS
95 People and senators, be not affrighted.
Fly not. Stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS
And Cassius too.

BRUTUS
Where's Publius?

CINNA
100 Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

BRUTUS
Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer.
There is no harm intended to your person,
105 Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS
And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

shifts from his position. I am that man, and I will show you in this way: I was resolved that Cimber should be banished, and I am resolved that he should remain banished.

CINNA
[Kneeling] Oh, Caesar—

CAESAR
Enough! Would you try to lift up Mount Olympus?

 *Mount Olympus was home to the gods in ancient Greek and Roman mythology.*

DECIUS
[Kneeling] Great Caesar—

CAESAR
Why are you kneeling, when even Brutus' kneeling is in vain?

CASCA
Hands, speak for me!

CASCA and the other conspirators stab CAESAR. BRUTUS stabs him last.

CAESAR
And you too, Brutus?

[To himself] Then die, Caesar. [He dies]

CINNA
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run and shout it out in the streets.

CASSIUS
Some of us should go to the public platforms, and cry out, “Liberty, freedom, and full citizenship to all!”

Confusion. Some citizens and senators exit.

BRUTUS
People and Senators, don't be afraid. Don't leave. Stay here. Caesar alone had to die for his ambition.

CASCA
Go to the platform, Brutus.

DECIUS
And Cassius too.

BRUTUS
Where's Publius?

CINNA
Here, shocked by this rebellion.

METELLUS
Stand close together, in case some friend of Caesar tries—

BRUTUS
Don't talk about standing together.

[To PUBLIUS] Publius, cheer up. We don't mean any harm to you, or to any other Roman. Tell the people this, Publius.

CASSIUS
And leave us, Publius, in case the people should rush at us and harm you.

BRUTUS

Do so. And let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

PUBLIUS exits.

TREBONIUS enters.

CASSIUS

110 Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS

Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

Fates, we will know your pleasures.
115 That we shall die, we know. 'Tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS

Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
120 So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords.
Then walk we forth, even to the marketplace,
125 And waving our red weapons o'er our heads
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Stoop, then, and wash.

The conspirators smear their hands and swords with CAESAR's blood.

CASSIUS

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
130 In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS

How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS

135 So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
"The men that gave their country liberty."

DECIUS

What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS

Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
140 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.

BRUTUS

Soft! Who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

BRUTUS

Leave us. Let no man suffer the consequences of deed
except we who did it.

PUBLIUS exits.

TREBONIUS enters.

CASSIUS

Where's Antony?

TREBONIUS

He ran to his house, stunned. Men, wives, and children
stare, cry out, and run around as if it were doomsday.

BRUTUS

We'll soon discover what the Fates want to happen to us.
We already know that we'll all die one day. It's just a matter
of when. Men try to control that by prolonging the time they
have left to live as long as possible.

CASSIUS

Why, he who shortens his own life by twenty years also cuts
off twenty years of worrying about death.

BRUTUS

If you look at it that way, then death becomes a gift. This
makes us Caesar's friends, since we've shortened the time
he would have spent fearing death. Kneel, Romans, kneel.
And let's wash our hands up to the elbows in Caesar's
blood, and smear our swords with it. Then we'll walk
outside, even to the public marketplace. And, waving our
bloody swords over our heads, we'll cry, "Peace, freedom,
and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Kneel, then, and wash.

*The conspirators smear their hands and swords with
CAESAR's blood.*

CASSIUS

How many years from now will this epic scene be reenacted
in countries that don't yet exist, and in languages not yet
known?!

BRUTUS

How many times will Caesar bleed in plays about this
moment, just as he now lies beneath Pompey's statue as
worthless as dust?!

CASSIUS

And every time that the play is shown, the group of us will
be acclaimed as "the men who gave their country liberty."

DECIUS

Well, should we go out?

CASSIUS

Yes, every man should go. Brutus will lead the way, and
we'll follow him with the boldest and best hearts of Rome.

ANTONY'S SERVANT enters.

BRUTUS

Wait! Who's coming? A friend of Antony's.

ANTONY'S SERVANT

[kneeling] Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.
 [falls prostrate] Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
 145 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest.
 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
 Say I love Brutus, and I honor him.
 Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and loved him.
 150 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him and be resolved
 How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow
 155 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untried state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.
 I never thought him worse.
 160 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
 Depart untouched.

ANTONY'S SERVANT

[rising] I'll fetch him presently.

ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS

165 I wish we may. But yet have I a mind
 That fears him much, and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

ANTONY enters.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lie so low?
 170 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
 —I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 175 As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 180 Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die.
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS

185 O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel—
 As by our hands and this our present act
 You see we do —yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done.
 190 Our hearts you see not. They are pitiful.
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

ANTONY'S SERVANT

[Kneeling] Brutus, my master told me to kneel just like this.
 [He lays down with his head down to the floor] And like this.
 He told me to prostrate myself, and, being on the ground
 like this, he told me to say: "Brutus is noble, wise, brave,
 and honest. Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
 Antony loves Brutus and honors him. Antony feared Caesar,
 honored him, and loved him. If Brutus will promise that
 Antony would be safe to come to him and hear and
 explanation why Caesar deserved to be killed, Mark Antony
 will not love dead Caesar as much as living Brutus. And he
 will follow noble Brutus through the hard times of this
 unprecedented state of affairs." So says my master, Antony.

BRUTUS

Your master is a wise and brave Roman. I never thought
 otherwise. Tell him that if he wants to come here, he'll get a
 full explanation, and he'll leave unharmed. I swear it on my
 honor.

ANTONY'S SERVANT

[Standing up] I'll get him now.

ANTONY'S SERVANT exits.

BRUTUS

I know that we'll soon have Antony as a good friend to us.

CASSIUS

I hope we do. But still, I fear him greatly, and my misgivings
 usually end up coming painfully true.

ANTONY enters.

BRUTUS

But here comes Antony.

[To *ANTONY*] Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

[To CAESAR's body] Oh, mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low?
 Are all of your conquests, glories, triumphs, and successes
 now shrunk to such little value? Farewell.

[To the conspirators] Gentlemen, I don't know what you
 plan to do; who else you must kill; who else you think is
 corrupt. If it's me, there's no time as fitting as this hour of
 Caesar's death, and no weapons even half as worthy as
 your swords-- which have been made rich by being covered
 in the noblest blood in the whole world. I beg you, if you
 have a grudge against me, do what you want to do right
 now while your stained hands still smell of blood. Even if
 were I to live a thousand years, I would never find another
 moment when I would be as ready to die as I am now.
 There's no place I'd rather die than next to Caesar, and no
 manner of death I'd prefer than being stabbed by you, the
 leaders of this new era.

BRUTUS

Oh, Antony, don't beg us to kill you. Though we must seem
 to be bloody and cruel right now to you—with our bloody
 hands and what we've just done—you're only seeing our
 hands and the bloody work they've done. You have not
 seen into our hearts. They are full of pity for Caesar. But,
 just as fire drives out fire, our pity for the wrongs committed
 against Rome overcame our pity for Caesar and made us do
 what we did to Caesar. As for you, our swords have soft
 points that will not harm you, Mark Antony. Our arms--with

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.
 195 Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS

200 Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY

205 I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand.
[shakes hands with the conspirators]
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.
 —Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.
 210 —Now, Decius Brutus, yours. —Now yours, Metellus.
 —Yours, Cinna. —And, my valiant Casca, yours.
 —Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 —Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground
 215 That one of two bad ways you must concite me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer
 —That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true.
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
 220 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—
 Most noble!—in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 225 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
 230 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY

235 Pardon me, Caius Cassius.
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS

I blame you not for praising Caesar so.
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 240 Will you be pricked in number of our friends?
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
 Swayed from the point by looking down on Caesar.
 Friends am I with you all and love you all

the same strength they had in striking Caesar--and our
 hearts--filled with brotherly love--embrace you with kind
 love, good thoughts, and admiration.

CASSIUS

Your influence will be as strong as anyone's in the selection
 of new government officials.

BRUTUS

Just be patient until we've calmed the masses, who are
 beside themselves with fear. And then we'll explain to you
 why I—who loved Caesar even while I stabbed him—have
 done this.

ANTONY

I don't doubt your wisdom. May each of you give me his
 bloody hand. *[He shakes hands with the conspirators]*

[To BRUTUS] First, Marcus Brutus, I will shake your hand.

[To CASSIUS] Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand.

[To DECIUS] Now, Decius Brutus, yours.

[To METELLUS] Now yours, Metellus.

[To CINNA] Yours, Cinna.

[To CASCA] And, my valiant Casca, yours.

[To TREBONIUS] Though I shake your hand last, I do not
 love you the least, good Trebonius.

[To the conspirators] All of you gentlemen, alas, what can I
 say? Now that we've shaken hands, my credibility stands on
 such slippery ground that you must think me either a
 coward or a flatterer.

[To CAESAR's body] It is true that I loved you, Caesar. If your
 spirit is looking down upon us now, would it grieve you
 more than even your death to see your Antony making
 peace, and shaking the bloody hands of your
 enemies—most noble enemies!—in the presence of your
 corpse? If I had as many eyes as you have wounds, and they
 wept tears as fast as your wounds stream blood, even that
 would be more becoming than joining your enemies in
 friendship. Forgive me, Julius! Here is where you were
 brought down, like a brave deer surrounded by hunting
 dogs. Here is where you fell, and here your hunters still
 stand, stained and reddened by your blood. Oh, world, you
 were the forest to this deer. And this deer, oh world, was
 your dear. Now you lie here, so much like a deer, stabbed by
 many princes!

CASSIUS

Mark Antony—

ANTONY

Pardon me, Caius Cassius. Even the enemies of Caesar
 would say the same. So, when said by a friend, it's just a
 plain unemotional truth.

CASSIUS

I don't blame you for praising Caesar as you do. But what
 agreement do you plan to make with us? Will you be
 marked down as one of our friends, or should we move on
 without depending on you?

ANTONY

Because I wanted to be your friend, I shook your hands.
 But, indeed, I was distracted when I looked down at Caesar.
 I am friends with you all and love you all, on one

Upon this hope: that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

Or else were this a savage spectacle!
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
250 You should be satisfied.

ANTONY

That's all I seek.
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the marketplace,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
255 Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, a word with you.
[aside to BRUTUS] You know not what you do.
Do not consent
260 That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS

[aside to CASSIUS] By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first,
265 And show the reason of our Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest,
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
270 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS

[aside to BRUTUS] I know not what may fall. I like it not.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
275 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do 't by our permission.
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
280 After my speech is ended.

ANTONY

Be it so.
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Everyone exits except ANTONY.

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
285 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
290 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.
295 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

condition—that you will give me the reasons how and why
Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS

If we couldn't, killing him would have been just some
savage act! Antony, our reasons are so well thought-out
that even if you were Caesar's son, you would be satisfied
by them.

ANTONY

That's all I ask—and would also ask the favor that I be
allowed to bring his body to the marketplace and stand on
the platform and speak during his funeral ceremony, as a
friend ought to do.

BRUTUS

You may, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS

Brutus, may I speak with you?

[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear] You don't know what
you're doing. Don't agree to let Antony speak at his funeral.
Do you know how much the people could be stirred up by
what he says?

BRUTUS

[To CASSIUS so that only he can hear] If you'll agree, I
myself will stand on the platform first and explain the
reason for Caesar's death. I will announce that Antony
speaks with our permission, and I will say that we believe
Caesar should be honored with all the usual and lawful
ceremonies. It will help us more than it will do us harm.

CASSIUS

[To BRUTUS so that only he can hear] Anything could
happen. I don't like this.

BRUTUS

Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body. You will not blame
us in your funeral speech, but will say all the good you can
think of about Caesar. And you will also say that you do all
this with our permission. Otherwise, you won't take any
part in his funeral. And you'll speak on the same platform
that I do, after I've finished my own speech.

ANTONY

So be it. I want nothing more than that.

BRUTUS

Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

Everyone except ANTONY exits.

ANTONY

Oh, pardon me, you bleeding corpse, for being quiet and
friendly with these butchers! You are the remains of the
noblest man that ever lived. May disaster strike the hand
that shed this priceless blood. Over your wounds—which,
like speechless mouths, open their red lips as if to beg me
to speak—I predict that a curse will come down on us.
Anger between brothers and fierce civil war will burden all
of Italy. Blood and destruction will be so common and
dreadful events so familiar, that mothers will just smile
when they watch their babies cut to pieces by the hands of
war. The sheer volume of evil deeds will choke people's
compassion. And Caesar's ghost—searching for revenge

 Here, Antony invokes Atë, the ancient Greek goddess of destruction and folly.

And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
300 And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
305 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.

ANTONY

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He did receive his letters and is coming.
310 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
[sees CAESAR's body] O Caesar!—

ANTONY

Thy heart is big. Get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
315

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY

Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
320 Hie hence, and tell him so.—Yet, stay awhile.
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this curse
Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men.
325 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

They exit with CAESAR's body.

with Atē  by his side--will rush up from hell and cry in the voice of a king, "Havoc!" His ghost will unleash the dogs of war, so that this foul murder will cover the earth with men's corpses, begging to be buried.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.

ANTONY

You serve Octavius Caesar, right?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

Caesar wrote to him that he should come to Rome.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He received Caesar's letters and is coming. He told me to say to you personally—[*Seeing CAESAR's body*] Oh, Caesar!—

ANTONY

Your heart swells with sadness. Go find some privacy and weep. I see that grief is contagious. Seeing the tears of sorrow in your eyes makes my eyes begin to water. Is your master coming?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He is resting tonight within twenty miles of Rome.

ANTONY

Ride quickly back to him, and tell him what has happened. This is now a Rome in mourning, a dangerous Rome. A Rome that is not safe for Octavius yet. Get going and tell him so. No, actually, stay a while. You shouldn't go back until I've carried the corpse into the marketplace. There I'll figure out, through my speech, what the people think of the cruel deeds of these bloody men. Based on how the people respond, you'll report back to young Octavius about the state of things. Help me with the body.

They exit with CAESAR's body.

Act 3, Scene 2

Shakespeare

BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a crowd of PLEBEIANS.

PLEBEIANS

We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

BRUTUS

Then follow me and give me audience, friends.
—Cassius, go you into the other street
And part the numbers.
5 —Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here.
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,
And public reasons shall be renderèd

Shakescpeare Translation

BRUTUS and CASSIUS enter with a crowd of PLEBEIANS .

 Plebeians were members of ancient Rome's lower social class.

PLEBEIANS

We demand answers! Give us answers!

BRUTUS

Then follow me and listen to what I say, friends.

[*To CASSIUS*] Cassius, go on to the next street. Split up the crowd.

[*To PLEBEIANS*] Let those who want to hear me speak stay

Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I will hear Brutus speak.

ANOTHER PLEBEIAN

10 I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons
When severally we hear them renderèd.

CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS gets up on the platform.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and
lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may
15 hear. Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to
mine honor that you may believe. Censure me in your
wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better
judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar
20 was no less than his. If then that friend demand why
Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that
I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that
Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved
25 me, I weep for him. As he was fortunate, I rejoice at
it. As he was valiant, I honor him. But, as he was
ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy
for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his
ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman?
30 If any, speak—for him have I offended. Who is here so
rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak—for him
have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love
his country? If any, speak—for him have I offended. I
pause for a reply.

ALL

35 None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to
Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his
death is enrolled in the Capitol. His glory not
extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses
40 enforced for which he suffered death.

ANTONY enters with CAESAR's body.

BRUTUS

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the
benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth—as
which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I
45 slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same
dagger for myself when it shall please my country to
need my death.

ALL

Live, Brutus! Live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Bring him with triumph home unto his house!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

50 Give him a statue with his ancestors!

here. Those who want to hear from Cassius, go with him.
We'll explain the reasons behind Caesar's death publicly.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I'll listen to Brutus.

ANOTHER PLEBEIAN

I'll listen to Cassius, and later we'll compare what they've
said.

CASSIUS exits with some of the PLEBEIANS. BRUTUS gets up on the platform.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Noble Brutus has walked up to the platform. Quiet!

BRUTUS

Please be calm until I finish. Romans, countrymen, and
friends! Listen to the reasons for my actions, and be silent
so you can hear. Do me the honor of believing me, and
know that, upon my honor, you can believe me. Be wise in
your judgment of me, and keep your minds alert so that you
can judge me wisely. If there's anyone in this assembly, any
dear friend of Caesar's, I say to him that my love for Caesar
was no less than his. If, then, that friend demands to know
why I rose up against Caesar, this is my answer: it's not that
I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Would you
prefer that Caesar were living, and we would all one day die
as slaves? Or would you prefer that Caesar were dead and
we all lived as free men? Because Caesar was my friend, I
weep for him. Because he had so much good fortune, I am
so happy for him. Because he was brave, I honor him. But
because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for
his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his bravery, and death
for his ambition. Who standing here is so wretched that he
wants to be a slave? If there are any, let them speak—
because they are the ones that I have offended. Who here is
so uncivilized that he does not want to be a Roman? If there
are any, let them speak—because they are the ones that I
have offended. Who here is so despicable that he does not
love his country? If there are any, let them speak—because
they are the ones that I have offended. I will wait for a reply.

ALL

No one, Brutus, no one.

BRUTUS

Then I have offended no one. I've done no more to Caesar
than you would do to me. The reasons for his death are on
record in the Capitol. His glory has not been reduced where
he earned it, nor have the offenses for which he was killed
been exaggerated.

ANTONY enters with CAESAR's body.

BRUTUS

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
though he had no part in killing Caesar, will benefit from his
death—full citizenship in the commonwealth. And which of
you won't benefit from that? I will depart with these final
words: just as I killed my best friend for the good of Rome, I
will still keep the same dagger, so that I can kill myself
when my country requires my death.

ALL

Live, Brutus! Live, live!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Let's carry him in triumph to his house!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Let's build a statue of him, near those of his ancestors!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him be Caesar!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Caesar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS

55 My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Peace, ho!

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart alone.
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
60 Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

BRUTUS exits.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

65 Stay, ho! And let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him go up into the public chair.
We'll hear him. —Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[ascends the pulpit]

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

70 What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

He says for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

75 Nay, that's certain.
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY

You gentle Romans—

ALL

Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

80 Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him become Caesar!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We will crown Brutus, who has all of Caesar's better qualities.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll carry him to his house with shouts and celebration!

BRUTUS

My countrymen—

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Quiet! Silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Hey, quiet!

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me leave on my own. And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. Give honor to Caesar's corpse, as well as to Antony's speech about Caesar's glories--which we have given him our permission to make. I beg that none of you leave until Antony has spoken, except for me.

BRUTUS exits.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll stay! Let us listen to Mark Antony.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let him walk up to the platform. We'll listen to him.

[To ANTONY] Noble Antony, mount the platform.

ANTONY

For Brutus' sake, I am indebted to you.
[He steps up onto the platform]

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

What does he say about Brutus?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

He says that for Brutus' sake he finds himself indebted to us all.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

He'd better not say anything bad about Brutus here.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

That's for sure. We're lucky that Rome is rid of him.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Quiet! Let's hear what Antony has to say.

ANTONY

You noble Romans—

ALL

Hey, quiet! Let us hear him.

ANTONY

Friends, Romans, countrymen: give me a moment of your attention. I've come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
85 Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
90 So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
95 He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
100 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
105 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
110 What cause withdraws you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. [weeps]

FIRST PLEBEIAN

115 Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

120 Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown.
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Poor soul! His eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

125 Now mark him. He begins again to speak.

ANTONY

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
130 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong—
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
135 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar.

The evil that men do is remembered after they die, but the good is often buried with their bones. May it be that way with Caesar. The noble Brutus told you that Caesar was ambitious. If that's true, it's a terrible fault—and Caesar has paid terribly for it. Now, with the permission of Brutus and the others—because Brutus is an honorable man, as all the others are honorable men—I have come to speak at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend. He was loyal and fair to me. But Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. He brought many captives home to Rome whose filled the public treasury. Did Caesar seem ambitious when he did this? When the poor cried, Caesar cried. Ambition shouldn't be so tender-hearted. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an honorable man. You all saw that on the feast day of Lupercal, I offered Caesar a king's crown three times. And all three times he refused it. Was that ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious. And, of course, Brutus is an honorable man. I do not say this to disprove what Brutus has said, but to speak about what I know. You all loved Caesar once, and not without reason. So what reason stops you from mourning him? Oh, gods! You have become brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason! Apologies for that outburst. My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause until it returns to me.
[He weeps]

FIRST PLEBEIAN

I think that a lot of what he's saying makes sense.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

If you think about it the right way, Caesar has been badly wronged.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Has he, good sirs? I worry that someone worse than Caesar will come to replace him.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Did you listen to Antony's words? Caesar wouldn't take the crown. Therefore it's certain that he wasn't ambitious.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

If it can be proven that he wasn't, certain people will pay dearly for all this.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Poor man! Antony's eyes are fiery red from weeping.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

There's not a nobler man than Antony in Rome.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Now pay attention to him. He's starting to speak again.

ANTONY

Just yesterday, no one in the world would have stood against Caesar's commands. Now he lies there dead, and no one is so humble as to show him respect. Oh, sirs, if I were trying to stir your hearts and minds to rage and rebellion, I would be doing wrong to Brutus and Cassius—who, as you all know, are honorable men. I will not do them wrong. I choose rather to wrong the dead, and wrong myself and you, than wrong such honorable men. But here's a paper with Caesar's seal on it. I found it in his room. It's his will. If the public were to know what was in this will—which, excuse me, I don't plan on reading to you—they would go

I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
140 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
145 Unto their issue.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!

ALL

The will, the will! We will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, gentle friends. I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
150 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.
And, being men, bearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs.
For, if you should—Oh, what would come of it!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

155 Read the will. We'll hear it, Antony.
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
160 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

They were traitors! "Honorable men"!

ALL

The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

ANTONY

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
165 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL

Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

170 You shall have leave.

ANTONY comes down from the platform.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

A ring!
Stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Room for Antony, most noble Antony!

and kiss dead Caesar's wounds, dip their handkerchiefs in his blessed blood, and even beg for a lock of his hair to remember him by. And when they died, they would include the handkerchief or the hair in their wills, passing it on to their own heirs as a treasured inheritance.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

We want to hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony!

ALL

The will, the will! We want to hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Have patience, noble friends. I must not read it. It's not right for you to know how much Caesar loved you. You're not wood, you're not stones. You're men. And, being men, if you knew what was in Caesar's will, it would anger you. It will drive you crazy. It's better that you not know that you are his heirs. Because, if you did know—oh, what would happen!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Read the will. We want to hear it, Antony. You must read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY

Will you be patient? Will you wait a while? I've said too much in telling you about it. I'm afraid that I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I really fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

They were traitors, these so-called "honorable men"!

ALL

The will! The testament!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

ANTONY

So you'll force me to read the will? Then form a circle around Caesar's corpse, and let me show you the man who made this will. Shall I come down? Will you allow me to?

ALL

Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Come down.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

We'll allow you.

ANTONY comes down from the platform.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

A circle! Form a circle!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Stand back from the hearse. Stand back from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

175 Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

ALL

Stand back. Room! Bear back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on.

180 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed.
185 And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
190 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
195 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
200 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep, and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
205 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
[lifts up CAESAR's mantle]

FIRST PLEBEIAN

O piteous spectacle!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

O noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

O woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

210 O traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

O most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We will be revenged.

ALL

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY

215 Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We'll hear him. We'll follow him. We'll die with him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

220 They that have done this deed are honorable.

ANTONY

No, don't press up against me. Stand further away.

ALL

Stand back. Give him room. Move back.

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all know this cloak. I remember the first time Caesar ever put it on. It was a summer evening in his tent, on the day he defeated the Nervii  warriors. Look, this is the place where Cassius's dagger cut through it. See the rip that the envious Casca made. The much beloved Brutus stabbed him through this hole. And when Brutus yanked out his cursed dagger, see how Caesar's blood followed after it--as if rushing out a door to see for sure if it was Brutus knocking so rudely. For Brutus was Caesar's angel, as you know. Oh gods, how dearly Caesar loved him! This was the cruellest cut of all. When the noble Caesar saw him stab, it was Brutus' ingratitude more than the traitors' weapons that overwhelmed him. Then his mighty heart burst. And with his face covered by his cloak--which was dripping with blood--great Caesar fell at the base of Pompey's statue. Oh, what a fall it was, my countrymen! Then I, and you, all of us fell down, while bloody treason celebrated its victory over us. Oh, now you weep, and I see you feel the pain of pity. These tears are honorable. Good men, do you weep when all you're looking at is Caesar's wounded cloak? Look right here, here is the man himself, battered by traitors, as you can see. *[He lifts up CAESAR's cloak]*

 The "Nervii," or Nervians, were a Belgian tribe whom Caesar defeated in battle in 57 BCE.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Oh, what a heartbreakin sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Oh, noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Oh, what a sad day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Oh, traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Oh, most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We will get revenge.

ALL

Revenge! Look around. Find them! Burn! Set fire! Kill! Slay!
Leave no traitors alive!

ANTONY

Wait, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

We'll listen to him. We'll follow him. We'll die with him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends: don't let me stir you up to such a sudden surge of revolt. Those who have done this deed are honorable. I don't know what personal grudges they

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

225 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
That love my friend. And that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit nor words nor worth,

230 Action nor utterance nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

235 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

240 We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen. Yet hear me speak.

ALL

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONYWhy, friends, you go to do you know not what.
245 Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.**ALL**

Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONYHere is the will, and under Caesar's seal
250 To every Roman citizen he gives—
To every several man—seventy-five drachmas.**SECOND PLEBEIAN**

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

O royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

ALL

255 Peace, ho!

ANTONYMoreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you
260 And to your heirs forever—common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?**FIRST PLEBEIAN**Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

265 Take up the body.

had that made them do it. They are wise and honorable, and will give you reasons for their actions, without a doubt. I am not here to steal your loyalty, friends. I'm no orator like Brutus. As you all know, I'm just a plain, blunt man who loved his friend. And those who gave me permission to speak know this very well. I don't have the cleverness, vocabulary, reputation, body language, or eloquence to stir men to passion. I just say what I really think. I tell you what you already know. I show you sweet Caesar's wounds—those poor, poor, speechless mouths—and ask them to speak for me. But if I were Brutus--and Brutus were me--then that would be an Antony who would fill your spirits with rage, and put in each of Caesar's wounds a voice that would inspire even the stones in Rome to rise up and rebel.

ALL

We'll revolt.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

We'll burn Brutus' house.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Let's go, then! Come, find the conspirators!

ANTONY

Wait, and listen to me, countrymen.

ALL

Quiet! Wait! Listen to Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you don't know what you're doing. What has Caesar done to deserve your love? Alas, you don't know. I must tell you then. You've forgotten the will I told you about.

ALL

That's true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will!

ANTONY

Here's the will, marked by Caesar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives—to every single man—seventy-five silver coins.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Oh, royal Caesar!

ANTONY

Listen to me with patience.

ALL

Quiet!

ANTONY

In addition, he's left you all of his walkways, his private gardens, and newly planted orchards, on this side of the Tiber River. He has left them to you and to your heirs forever—public parks where you can wander and relax. Here was a Caesar! When will there be another like him?

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Never, never. Come, let's go! We'll burn his body in the holy place, and use the torches to set fire to the traitors' houses. Lift up the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Go fetch fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Pluck down benches.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

PLEBEIANS exit with CAESAR's body.

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot.

270 Take thou what course thou wilt!

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.

ANTONY

How now, fellow?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

275 And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

280 Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

They exit.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Go get some fire.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Go get some benches for wood.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Rip down doors, windowsills, anything.

PLEBEIANS exit with CAESAR's body.

ANTONY

Now let it work. Mischief, you are on the loose. Follow
whatever path you want!

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT enters.

ANTONY

What's going on?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

ANTONY

Where is he?

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

ANTONY

I'll go straight there to visit him. He comes just when I
hoped he would. Fortune is happy and will give us anything
in this mood.

OCTAVIUS' SERVANT

I heard Octavius say that Brutus and Cassius rode their
horses like madmen to escape through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY

They probably got some warning of how much I stirred up
the people. Bring me to Octavius.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.

CINNA THE POET

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

5 What is your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Shakescleare Translation

CINNA THE POET enters, followed by PLEBEIANS.

CINNA THE POET

I dreamed last night that I was feasting with Caesar, and
ominous signs filled my mind. I have no desire to walk
around outdoors, yet something leads me out.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

What's your name?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Where are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Where do you live?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Are you married or single?

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Answer every man directly.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

10 Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA THE POET

What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell?
Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every
15 man directly and briefly, wisely and truly—wisely I say,
I am a bachelor.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry.
You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed,
directly.

CINNA THE POET

20 Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA THE POET

25 Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET

Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

30 Tear him for his bad verses! Tear him for his bad
verses!

CINNA THE POET

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

It is no matter. His name's Cinna. Pluck but his name
out of his heart and turn him going.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

35 Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! Firebrands: to
Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house
and some to Casca's. Some to Ligarius'. Away, go!

SECOND PLEBEIAN

Answer each one of us right now.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Yes, and quickly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Yes, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Yes, and be truthful, or else.

CINNA THE POET

What's my name? Where am I going? Where do I live? Am I
married or single? Then, to answer every man quickly,
wisely, and truthfully—wisely, I say, I am single.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

That's like saying that anyone who marries is a fool. I'm
afraid you'll get a beating from me for that. Continue, right
now.

CINNA THE POET

Right now, I'm going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET

As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN

He answered that question straightforwardly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

And where do you live—quickly.

CINNA THE POET

Quickly, I live near the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tell us your name, sir, truthfully.

CINNA THE POET

Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN

Tear him to pieces. He's a conspirator.

CINNA THE POET

I am Cinna the poet. I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

Tear him apart for his bad poetry. Tear him apart for his bad
poetry.

CINNA THE POET

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN

It doesn't matter. His name's Cinna. Rip only his name out
of his heart, and send him away.

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Tear him apart, tear him apart! Come, firebrands: let's go to
Brutus' house; then to Cassius' house; let's burn them all.
Some of you go to Decius's house, and some to Casca's.
Some to Ligarius'. Get going. Go!

The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.

The PLEBEIANS exit, dragging CINNA THE POET.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die. Their names are pricked.

OCTAVIUS

[to LEPIDUS]

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent—

OCTAVIUS

5 Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

He shall not live. Look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house.
10 Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS

What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS

Or here, or at the Capitol.

LEPIDUS exits.

ANTONY

This is a slight, unmeritable man,
15 Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS

So you thought him.
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
20 In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you.
And though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
25 To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way.
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
30 And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS

You may do your will,
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
35 It is a creature that I teach to fight,

Shakescleare Translation

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS enter.

ANTONY

These are the ones who will be killed. Their names are marked.

OCTAVIUS

[To LEPIDUS] Your brother must die, too. Do you agree, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I agree—

OCTAVIUS

Mark him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS

On the condition that your sister's son, Publius, also must not be allowed to live, Mark Antony.

ANTONY

He will not live. See—with this mark I've sentenced him to death. But, Lepidus, go now to Caesar's house. Bring his will here, and we'll figure out a way to reduce his gifts to the people.

LEPIDUS

Will you be here when I get back?

OCTAVIUS

We'll either be here or at the Capitol.

LEPIDUS exits.

ANTONY

He's an insignificant, and unworthy man—only fit to be sent on errands. When we've split rulership of the world into three parts !, is it proper that he should be one of the three men to share it?

! *Antony hints at the formation of the Second Triumvirate—a formal political alliance among Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus—which would rule over Rome from 43 BCE to 33 BCE.*

OCTAVIUS

You thought so. Besides, you listened to his opinion about who we should mark for death.

ANTONY

Octavius, I've lived longer than you have. And though we're giving these honors to this man so that he carries the blame for the wrongs we're going to do, he'll carry these honors like a jackass carries gold—groaning and sweating under the load, either led or pushed, as we direct the way he should go. And once he's brought our treasure where we want, we'll relieve him of the load and put him out to pasture, like a jackass, to shake his ears and graze.

OCTAVIUS

You can do whatever you want, but he's an experienced and brave soldier.

ANTONY

So is my horse, Octavius, and for that reason I give him a supply of food. My horse is a creature that I direct during a fight—to turn, to stop, to run straight ahead. I control his

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion governed by my spirit,
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so.
 He must be taught and trained and bid go forth,
 40 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations,
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 45 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers. We must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretched.
 50 And let us presently go sit in council
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS

Let us do so. For we are at the stake
 And bayed about with many enemies.
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 55 Millions of mischiefs.

They exit.

movements. And, to some degree, Lepidus is nothing more than that. He has to be taught and trained and told what to do. He's an empty sort of man, and he considers the trends and tastes that went out of fashion with other men long ago to be the utmost in style. Don't think of Lepidus as anything other than a tool for us to use. And now, Octavius, listen to more important things. Brutus and Cassius are building armies. We must immediately do the same. Therefore, we should combine our strength, confirm the support of our allies, and stretch our connections to their fullest reach. Let's now go discuss how we can find out what hidden dangers face us, and how to respond to those dangers we already know about.

OCTAVIUS

Let's do that, because we're surrounded by many enemies, like a bear chained to a stake ² and circled by howling dogs. And I fear that some of the people who smile at us actually mean to harm us.

They exit.

² In Shakespeare's time, bears were chained to stakes and made to fight other animals in a popular form of entertainment called bear-baiting.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare

A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and soldiers enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

BRUTUS

Stand, ho!

LUCILLIUS

Give the word, ho, and stand.

BRUTUS

What now, Lucilius? Is Cassius near?

LUCILLIUS

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutary from his master.

5

BRUTUS

He greets me well. —Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change or by ill officers
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone. But if he be at hand
 10 I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS

I do not doubt
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

BRUTUS

He is not doubted. —A word, Lucilius.
 [takes LUCILLIUS aside]

How he received you, let me be resolved.

20

Shakescleare Translation

A drum plays. BRUTUS, LUCIUS, LUCILLIUS, and soldiers enter. TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

BRUTUS

Halt!

LUCILLIUS

Hey, pass on the command to halt.

BRUTUS

What's going on, Lucilius? Is Cassius nearby?

LUCILLIUS

He's close by, and Pindarus has come to greet you on his master's behalf.

BRUTUS

He has sent a noble man to greet me.

[To PINDARUS] Your master, Pindarus--either because his feelings for me have changed or because he's been influenced by bad advice--has made me wish we could undo some of the things we've done. But if he is nearby, I'll get an explanation.

PINDARUS

I don't doubt that my noble master will prove himself to be what he is: respectful and honorable.

BRUTUS

I don't doubt him.

[To LUCILLIUS] Lucilius, can I speak with you? [He takes LUCILLIUS aside] Please tell me, how did Cassius greet you?

LUCILLIUS

With suitable courtesy and respect, but not with real friendship or with the same open and friendly conversation that he used to greet me before.

As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS

Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
25 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.

Faint drumbeats sound.

BRUTUS

But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
30 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS

They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS

Hark! He is arrived.
35 March gently on to meet him.

CASSIUS enters with his army.

CASSIUS

Stand, ho!

BRUTUS

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER

Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER

Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER

40 Stand!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs.
45 And when you do them—

BRUTUS

Cassius, be content.
Speak your griefs softly. I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away.
50 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
55 A little from this ground.

BRUTUS

You've described a formerly good friend who's now cooling off. Note this, Lucilius: when a love starts to fade and wither, what remains is strained formality. There are no tricks hiding behind plain and simple friendship. But insincere men make a big show of their courage, like horses who are too spirited when a rider first takes the reins.

Faint drumbeats sound.

BRUTUS

But when the going gets tough, they drop their necks and fail the test, like the poor horse they truly are. Is Cassius' army approaching?

LUCILIUS

They plan to spend the night in [Sardis](#). The larger part, including all the cavalry, are coming with Cassius.

 [Sardis was an ancient city in Asia Minor \(present-day Turkey\). Brutus and Cassius maintained territory there before clashing with Caesar's supporters.](#)

BRUTUS

Look! He's arrived. March to meet him slowly, without hostility.

CASSIUS enters with his army.

CASSIUS

Halt!

BRUTUS

Halt! Pass along the order.

FIRST SOLDIER

Halt!

SECOND SOLDIER

Halt!

THIRD SOLDIER

Halt!

CASSIUS

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS

May the gods judge me, then! Do I mistreat my enemies?
No. So why would I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS

Brutus, this dignified manner of yours hides the fact that you've wronged me. And when you do these wrongs—

BRUTUS

Cassius, keep calm. We know each other well, so you don't have to shout your grievances. Let's not argue in front of our armies, which should see nothing but love between us. Tell them to move away. Then, in my tent, you can fully explain your grievances, and I'll listen.

CASSIUS

Pindarus, tell our commanders to lead their soldiers a little ways away from this spot.

BRUTUS

Lucilius, do you the like. And let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Everyone exits except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

BRUTUS

Lucilius, you do the same. And don't let any man come
near our tent until we've finished our conversation. Have
Let Lucius and Titinius guard the door.

Everyone except BRUTUS and CASSIUS exits.

Act 4, Scene 3

Shakespeare

BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage, now in Brutus' tent.

CASSIUS

That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
5 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
10 Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS

I "an itching palm!"
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
15 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS

The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS

Chastisement!

BRUTUS

Remember March, the ides of March remember.
20 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
25 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS

30 Brutus, bait not me.
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS

35 Go to. You are not, Cassius.

Shakescleare Translation

BRUTUS and CASSIUS remain onstage, now in Brutus' tent.

CASSIUS

This is how you have wronged me: you condemned and
publicly disgraced Lucius Pella for taking bribes from the
Sardinians. Then you ignored my letters, in which I asked
you to be lenient with him because I know the man.

BRUTUS

You wronged yourself to write in support of such a man.

CASSIUS

In a time like this, it is not appropriate to focus on every
little offense.

BRUTUS

Let me tell you, Cassius, that you yourself are often accused
of being corrupt, of selling positions in your army to
undeserving men.

CASSIUS

Me, "corrupt!" You know that if you were not Brutus, then I
swear by the gods, that speech would have been your last.

BRUTUS

Cassius, your honorable reputation masks this corruption,
and so it is not condemned.

CASSIUS

Condemned!

BRUTUS

Remember March. March 15th. Remember. Didn't great
Caesar die for the sake of justice? Any man who stabbed
him for reasons other than justice is a villain. What? Did we
strike down the most powerful man in the world in part
because he allowed tax-collectors to act corruptly, only to
dirty our own hands with immoral bribes now? And sell our
reputations for as much money as we can grab? I'd rather
be a dog, howling at the moon, than be that kind of Roman.

CASSIUS

Brutus, don't hassle me. I won't take it. You're forgetting
yourself if you think you can limit my authority. I'm a
soldier, more experienced than you, and better able to
decide how to manage things.

BRUTUS

You must be kidding! You are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you are not.

CASSIUS

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS

40 Away, slight man!

CASSIUS

Is 't possible?

BRUTUS

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS

45 O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?

BRUTUS

"All this?" Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.
Go show your slaves how choleric you are
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
50 Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS

55 Is it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say you are a better soldier.
Let it appear so. Make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS

60 You wrong me every way. You wrong me, Brutus.
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better?"

BRUTUS

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS

When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS

65 Peace, peace! You durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS

I durst not!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What, durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS

For your life you durst not!

CASSIUS

I am.

BRUTUS

I say you're not.

CASSIUS

Stop pushing me, or I might forget to control myself. Think
about your health. Provoke me no more.

BRUTUS

Go away, you little man.

CASSIUS

Is this possible?

BRUTUS

Listen to me, because I have something to say. Must I give in
to your impulsive anger? Should I be frightened when a
madman stares wildly around?

CASSIUS

Oh you gods, oh you gods! Must I tolerate all this?

BRUTUS

"All this?" Yes, and more. Rage until your proud heart
breaks. Go show your slaves how angry you are, and make
your servants tremble. But must I give way? Must I watch
out for you? Must I hide in fear when you're in a bad mood?
By the gods, before I'll respond to you, you'll have to
swallow the poison of your bad temper until it makes you
burst. From this day on, you'll only make me laugh when
you get hotheaded.

CASSIUS

Has it come to this?

BRUTUS

You say that you're a better soldier. Prove it. Make your
boasting come true, and I'll be delighted. I'm always happy
to learn from noble men.

CASSIUS

You wrong me in every way. You wrong me, Brutus. I said an
older soldier, not a better one. Did I say "better?"

BRUTUS

If you did, I don't care.

CASSIUS

When Caesar was alive, even he didn't dare to anger me this
way.

BRUTUS

Enough, enough! You would not have dared to tempt him
like this.

CASSIUS

I wouldn't have dared!

BRUTUS

No.

CASSIUS

What? Not dared to tempt him?

BRUTUS

Not on your life!

CASSIUS

70 Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am armed so strong in honesty
75 That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart
80 And drop my blood for drachmas than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
85 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts.
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS

90 I denied you not.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not. He was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
95 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS

I do not, till you practice them on me.

CASSIUS

You love me not.

BRUTUS

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS

100 A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world—
105 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman, all his faults observed,
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.
110 [offers BRUTUS his bared dagger] There is my dagger.
And here my naked breast. Within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
115 Strike, as thou didst at Caesar. For I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS

Sheathe your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.

CASSIUS

Don't count too much on my love for you. I might do
something that I'll regret.

BRUTUS

You've already done the thing you should regret. Cassius,
your threats don't frighten me, because I'm so sure that I
am in the right that they pass me by like an insignificant
breeze that I barely even notice. I sent you a message
asking for a certain amount of gold, which you refused to
give me. It's against my nature to raise money in immoral
ways. By god, I'd rather turn my heart into money--spilling
my blood in exchange for coins--than to wring from the
calloused hands of peasants what little they have through
dishonesty or trickery. I asked you for gold to pay my
soldiers, and you refused. Is that how Caius Cassius acts?
Would I have ever responded in such a way to you? If I ever
grow so greedy that I hoard such a measly amount of
money from my friends, then, gods, crush me to pieces with
your thunderbolts!

CASSIUS

I did not refuse you.

BRUTUS

You did.

CASSIUS

I did not. The man who brought my answer back to you was
a fool. Brutus, you've broken my heart. A friend should put
up with his friend's weaknesses, but you make mine seem
larger than they are.

BRUTUS

I don't, until you practice them on me.

CASSIUS

You do not love me.

BRUTUS

I don't like your faults.

CASSIUS

A friend would never see those faults.

BRUTUS

No, a flatterer wouldn't, even though they are as huge as
towering Mount Olympus.

CASSIUS

Come, Antony and young Octavius, come. Take your
revenge on Cassius alone, because Cassius has grown tired
of the world. Hated by someone he loves; defied by his
brother; scolded like a servant; and all his faults noted,
written down in a notebook, studied, and memorized so
that they can be thrown back in his face. Oh, I could weep
my soul right out of my eyes. [He offers BRUTUS his
unsheathed dagger] There's my dagger, and here's my bare
chest. Inside it is a heart more valuable than Pluto's  silver mine, and richer than gold. If you are a Roman, take
out my heart. I, who refused to give you gold, will give you
my heart. Strike at me just as you did at Caesar. Because I
know that even when you hated him the most, you still
loved him better than you ever loved me.

 Pluto was the ancient Roman god
of the underworld, known for his
wealth.

BRUTUS

No, put away your dagger. Be angry whenever you like, I
won't try to stop you. Do whatever you want, and I'll look

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforçèd, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS

125 Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

BRUTUS

When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

130 And my heart too.

CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.

CASSIUS

O Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
135 Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS

Yes, Cassius. And from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides and leave you so.

POET

[within] Let me go in to see the generals.
140 There is some grudge between 'em. 'Tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS

[within] You shall not come to them.

POET

[within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.

CASSIUS

How now? What's the matter?

POET

145 For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends as two such men should be.
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS

Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS

[to POET] Get you hence, sirrah. Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS

150 Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.

BRUTUS

I'll know his humor when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
—Companion, hence!

upon your insults as just the product of a bad mood. Oh, Cassius, you are partners with a quiet lamb that gets angry in the same way that a flint makes fire—a brief spark when struck, and then immediately I'm cold again.

CASSIUS

Have I lived this long only to be mocked by Brutus when grief and anger get the best of me?

BRUTUS

When I said that, I was angry too.

CASSIUS

You admit that? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS

And my heart too.

CASSIUS and BRUTUS shake hands.

CASSIUS

Oh, Brutus!

BRUTUS

What's the matter?

CASSIUS

Do you have enough love for me to patiently bear with me
when the bad temper I inherited from my mother makes me
forget how I should act?

BRUTUS

Yes, Cassius. And from now on, when you get angry with
me, I'll assume it's your mother scolding me, and leave it at
that.

POET

[Offstage] Let me in to see the generals. There's a grudge
between them. It isn't good for them to be alone.

LUCILIUS

[Offstage] You can't go in to see them.

POET

[Offstage] Only death will stop me.

A POET enters, followed by LUCILLIUS and TITINIUS.

CASSIUS

What's going on? What's the matter?

POET

Shame on you, generals! What do you do?
Love each other and be friends, as men like you two should.
Listen to me, because I'm older than you.

CASSIUS

Ha ha! How badly this rude man rhymes!

BRUTUS

[To POET] Get out of here, sir! Rude man, get gone!

CASSIUS

Go easy on him, Brutus. That's just how he is.

BRUTUS

I'll humor his behavior when he learns the right time for it.
What should we do with all these rhyming fools that follow
our armies?

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone.

The POET exits.

BRUTUS

155 Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight.

CASSIUS

And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.

LUCILIUS and TITINIUS exit.

BRUTUS

[calls off] Lucius, a bowl of wine!

CASSIUS

160 I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS

Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

165 Ha, Portia?

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS

170 Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CASSIUS

175 And died so?

BRUTUS

Even so.

CASSIUS

O ye immortal gods!

LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.

BRUTUS

Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

180 [drinks]

[To the POET] Get out of here, buddy.

CASSIUS

Away, away, be gone.

The POET exits.

BRUTUS

Lucilius and Titinius, tell the commanders to prepare to
camp for the night.

CASSIUS

Then come back, immediately, and bring Messala with you.

LUCILIUS and TITINIUS exit.

BRUTUS

[Calling offstage] Lucius, bring a bowl of wine.

CASSIUS

I didn't think you could get so angry.

BRUTUS

Oh, Cassius, I'm worn out by many sorrows.

CASSIUS

You're not using your Stoic  philosophy if you let bad luck
upset you.

 Stoicism was an ancient Greek school of philosophy to which Cassius adhered. Stoicism emphasized reason and knowledge, and called for accepting things as they come—not giving in to feelings of pleasure or pain.

BRUTUS

No one bears sorrow better than I do. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS

What, Portia?

BRUTUS

She is dead.

CASSIUS

How did I escape getting killed when I argued with you just
now? What an unbearable and pitiful loss! What sickness
killed her?

BRUTUS

Unable to bear my absence, and worried that young
Octavius and Mark Antony have become so strong—which I
learned about along with the news of her death—she fell
into despair. And, when her attendants were away, she
swallowed burning coals.

CASSIUS

That's how she died?

BRUTUS

Like that.

CASSIUS

Oh, you immortal gods!

LUCIUS enters with wine and candles.

BRUTUS

Speak no more about her. Give me a bowl of wine. I bury all
our previous anger with this drink, Cassius. [He drinks]

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup.
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
[drunks]

LUCIUS exits.

TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.

BRUTUS

185 Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala!
Now sit we close about this taper here
And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS

No more, I pray you.
—Messala, I have here receivèd letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS

195 With what addition?

MESSALA

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS

Therein our letters do not well agree.
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero one?

MESSALA

Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
205 [to BRUTUS] Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS

No, Messala.

MESSALA

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA

210 That methinks is strange.

BRUTUS

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

CASSIUS

My heart is thirsty for that noble promise. Pour, Lucius, until the wine overflows my cup. I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [He drinks]

LUCIUS exits.

TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius! Welcome, good Messala. Now let's sit around this candle and consider our situation.

CASSIUS

Portia, are you really gone?

BRUTUS

No more on that, please. Messala, I have here some letters saying that young Octavius and Mark Antony are marching fast toward Philippi ³ and bearing down upon us with a mighty power.

³ *Philippi was an ancient Macedonian city, and the site of the final battle between the conspirators and Caesar's followers.*

MESSALA

I have gotten letters that say the same thing.

BRUTUS

Do they say anything else?

MESSALA

They say that Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus have put to death a hundred senators through legal proclamations declaring men to be unprotected by the law.

BRUTUS

There, our letters don't agree. My letters mention only seventy senators that were killed, with Cicero being one.

CASSIUS

Cicero too?

MESSALA

Cicero is dead, by that same proclamation.

[to BRUTUS] Have you gotten letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS

No, Messala.

MESSALA

And the letters you have received say nothing about her?

BRUTUS

Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA

I think that's strange.

BRUTUS

Why do you ask? Have you heard something about her in your letters?

MESSALA

No, my lord.

BRUTUS

Now, as you're a Roman, tell me the truth.

MESSALA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell.
215 For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA

Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art as you,
220 But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS

225 Your reason?

CASSIUS

This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us.
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still,
230 Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS

Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution.
235 The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged,
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
240 These people at our back.

CASSIUS

Hear me, good brother—

BRUTUS

Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe.
245 The enemy increaseth every day.
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
250 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS

Then, with your will, go on.
255 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

MESSALA

Then like a Roman you must bear the truth. It's certain that
she is dead, and she died in a strange way.

BRUTUS

Well, goodbye, Portia. We all must die, Messala. Knowing
that she would have to die sometime, I can endure her
death now.

MESSALA

That's exactly the way that great men should endure great
losses.

CASSIUS

I know the philosophy of Stoicism as well as you, but I still
couldn't bear this news as you do.

BRUTUS

Well, now for our work concerning the living. Should we
march to Philippi immediately?

CASSIUS

I don't think that's a good idea.

BRUTUS

Your reasons?

CASSIUS

Here it is: it's better if the enemy has to come to us. In doing
so, he'll waste his supplies and tire out his soldiers--
reducing his own strength. Meanwhile we will be rested,
strong, and nimble by staying here.

BRUTUS

Those are good reasons, but they must give way to better
ones. The people who live between here and Philippi are
only loyal to us out of fear of our force. They only gave us
men and money for our army because they felt they had to.
The enemy, marching past them, will be able to grow by
recruiting them. Then, they'll come at us refreshed, newly
reinforced, and confident. We can block this advantage if
we face the enemy at Philippi, because these people will
then be behind us.

CASSIUS

Listen to me, good brother--

BRUTUS

Allow me to finish. You must also recognize that we've
gotten as much as we can from those who support us. Our
regiments are full, and our cause is ready. While the enemy
gets larger each day, we--now at our largest--can only
decrease. There's a kind of tidal movement, a back-and-
forth, in the affairs of men. Acting when you are at high tide
leads to success. But if you miss high tide, all the rest of the
voyage of your life will be mired in the shallows of misery.
We now float on such a high tide. And we must ride the
current now, or lose out.

CASSIUS

Then, if that's your desire, proceed. We two will go as well,
and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Night has snuck up on us while we were talking. Our bodies
must obey the requirement of nature and sleep. But we'll
satisfy that requirement with as little rest as possible. Is
there anything else to discuss?

CASSIUS

260 No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS

Lucius!

LUCIUS enters.

BRUTUS

My gown.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

265 Farewell, good Messala.—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night and good repose.

CASSIUS

O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls.

270 Let it not, Brutus.

LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.

BRUTUS

Everything is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

275 Farewell, everyone.

CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.

BRUTUS

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not. Thou art o'erwatched.
280 Call Claudio and some other of my men.
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS

Varrus and Claudio!

VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.

VARRUS

Calls my lord?

BRUTUS

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.
285 It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

CASSIUS

Nothing else. Good night. Early tomorrow, we will get up
and get moving.

BRUTUS

Lucius!

LUCIUS enters.

BRUTUS

My nightgown.

LUCIUS exits.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Messala. Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble
Cassius, good night, and sleep well.

CASSIUS

Oh, my dear brother! This was a poor start to the night. May
we never again have such a disagreement. Let's not, Brutus.

LUCIUS enters with the nightgown.

BRUTUS

All is well.

CASSIUS

Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS

Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS, MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS

Farewell, everyone.

CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA exit.

BRUTUS

Give me the nightgown. Where's your lute?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS

What, you speak as if you are tired? Poor fool, I don't blame
you. You've stayed awake too long, watching over me. Call
Claudio and some of my other men. I'll have them sleep on
cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS

Varrus and Claudio!

VARRUS and CLAUDIO enter.

VARRUS

You called us, my lord?

BRUTUS

Sirs, I ask you to sleep in my tent. I might wake you up at
some point to send you on business to my brother Cassius.

VARRUS

So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

BRUTUS

I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
—Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

290

VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.

LUCIUS

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

295

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an' t' please you.

BRUTUS

It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS

It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

300 I should not urge thy duty past thy might.
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

300

LUCIUS

I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
305 I will be good to thee.

305

LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.

BRUTUS

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Layst thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music? —Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
310 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
I'll take it from thee. And, good boy, good night.
—Let me see, let me see. Is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

310

The GHOST of Caesar enters.

BRUTUS

How ill this taper burns!—Ha, who comes here?
315 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
320 Speak to me what thou art.

320

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

VARRUS

If you'd like, we'll stand by and be ready to do what
whatever you need.

BRUTUS

I refuse to let you stay up. Lie down, good sirs. I might
decide not to send you. Look, Lucius, here's the book I was
searching for. I put it in the pocket of my nightgown.

VARRUS and CLAUDIO lie down.

LUCIUS

I was sure that you hadn't given it to me.

BRUTUS

Bear with me, good boy. I'm very forgetful. Can you stay
awake a while longer and play a song or two on your lute?

LUCIUS

Yes, if it would make you happy, my lord.

BRUTUS

It would, my boy. I ask too much of you, but you're willing.

LUCIUS

It's my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I shouldn't make you perform your duty beyond what
you're able to do. I know that the young need rest.

LUCIUS

I've slept already, my lord.

BRUTUS

That was smart, and you'll sleep some more. I won't keep
you very long. If I survive, I'll be good to you.

LUCIUS plays music and sings a song, then falls asleep.

BRUTUS

This is a sleepy tune. Oh, deadening sleep, have you
touched your staff to my boy who plays music for you?

[To LUCIUS] Dear boy, good night. I won't trouble you so
much as to wake you. If your head were to nod down, you'd
break your instrument, so I'll take it from you. Good boy,
good night.

[To himself] Let me see, let me see. Didn't I turn down the
corner of the page where I stopped reading? Here it is, I
think.

The GHOST of Caesar enters.

BRUTUS

This candle is so dim. Hey! Who comes here? I think the
weakness in my eyes is making me see this awful ghost. It's
coming toward me. Are you real? Are you some god, some
angel, or some devil, that you make my blood turn cold and
my hair stand up? Tell me what you are.

GHOST

Your evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS

Why comest thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Well, then I shall see thee again?

GHOST

325 Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

The GHOST exits.

BRUTUS

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
I'll spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
—Boy, Lucius!—Varrus!—Claudio!—Sirs, awake!
—Claudio!

330

LUCIUS

The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

335 Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudio!
340 [to VARRUS]
Fellow thou, awake!

VARRUS

My lord?

CLAUDIO

My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

345 Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRUS

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIO

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

Why did you come here?

GHOST

To tell you that you'll see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Then I will see you again?

GHOST

Yes, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

I guess I will see you at Philippi, then.

The GHOST exits.

BRUTUS

Just as I get the courage to talk to you, you disappear. Evil spirit, I'd like to talk with you some more. Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Sirs, awake! Claudio!

LUCIUS

The strings are out of tune, my lord.

BRUTUS

He thinks he's still playing his instrument. Lucius, wake up!

LUCIUS

My lord?

BRUTUS

Were you dreaming, Lucius? Is that why you cried out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I don't know if I did cry out.

BRUTUS

Yes, you did. Did you see anything?

LUCIUS

Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go back to sleep, Lucius. Sir Claudio!

[To VARRUS] You there, wake up!

VARRUS

My lord?

CLAUDIO

My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you cry out in your sleep?

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

345 Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS

Yes. Did you see anything?

VARRUS

No, my lord, I didn't see anything.

CLAUDIO

Me neither, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.
350 Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

It shall be done, my lord.

Everyone exits in different directions.

BRUTUS

Go and bring my greetings to my brother Cassius. Ask him
to get his soldiers marching first, and we will follow.

VARRUS, CLAUDIO

It will be done, my lord.

They all exit in different directions.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

OCTAVIUS and ANTONY enter, along with 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.

A MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show.
15 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
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

20 Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS

I do not cross you. But I will do so.

The sound of drums and soldiers. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army enter, including LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

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

25 No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth. The generals would have some words.

Shakescleare Translation

OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army enter.

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our prayers have been answered. You said the
enemy wouldn't come down, but would keep to the hills
and high ground instead. They have not. Their forces are
nearby. They mean to attack us here on the plains of
Philippi, fighting us before we've forced them to.

ANTONY

No, I know their secret thoughts, and I understand why
they're doing this. They'd be happier if they were
somewhere else. They come here with a false show of
bravery, to convince us that they have courage. But they
don't.

A MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

Prepare yourselves, generals. The enemy approaches with a
great display. They've raised their battle standards as if they
are about to attack.

ANTONY

Octavius, lead your forces out slowly, to the left side of the
flat field.

OCTAVIUS

I'll go to the right side. You take the left.

ANTONY

Why do you defy me at this critical moment?

OCTAVIUS

I'm not defying you. But this is what I'm going to do.

The sound of drums and soldiers. BRUTUS, CASSIUS, their army, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA enter.

BRUTUS

They haven't advanced, and want to talk.

CASSIUS

Stay here, Titinius. We must go and talk to them.

OCTAVIUS

Mark Antony, should we give the signal to attack?

ANTONY

No, Octavius Caesar. We'll only respond once they attack.
Step forward. The generals want to speak with us.

OCTAVIUS

[to his army] Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS

30 Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

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,
35 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?

BRUTUS

Oh, yes, and soundless too.
40 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
Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar.
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
45 hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet,
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself.
50 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.
[draws his sword] Look, I draw a sword against
55 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.

BRUTUS

60 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

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
65 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

CASSIUS

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveler!

OCTAVIUS

[To his army] Don't move until we give the signal.

BRUTUS

Words before fighting. Is that it, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we prefer words to fighting, as you do.

BRUTUS

Good words are better than worthless fighting, Octavius.

ANTONY

Brutus, along with your treacherous strokes you say "good" words. For instance, the hole you made in Caesar's heart while you cried, "Long live Caesar! Hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS

Antony, we don't know the effectiveness of your blows yet. But your words are so sweet, it's as if you've stolen from the bees of Hybla  and left them without honey.

 Hybla was an area in ancient Sicily, famous for its bees and honey.

ANTONY

Didn't I take the bees' stingers too?

BRUTUS

Oh, yes, and their sounds, because you stole their buzzing. Antony, you seem to do a lot of warning about how you are going to sting.

ANTONY

Scoundrels, you did not give any warning before your vile daggers clashed, hacking away at Caesar's sides. You smiled like apes and fawned like dogs and bowed like servants, kissing Caesar's feet. Then damned Casca, like a mangy dog, struck Caesar on the neck from behind. Oh, you flatterers!

CASSIUS

Flatterers? Now, Brutus, you have only yourself to thank. Antony's tongue would not be offending us today if I'd had my way.

OCTAVIUS

Come, come, back to the point. Arguing makes us sweat, but the real trial will produce blood. *[He draws his sword]* Look: I draw my sword against conspirators. When do you think I'll put this sword away again? Never, until Caesar's thirty-three wounds are well avenged, or until you traitors have killed me too.

BRUTUS

Octavius Caesar, the only way you will die by a traitor's hands is if you have some mutinous soldiers in your army.

OCTAVIUS

I hope you're right. I wasn't born to die on your sword.

BRUTUS

Oh, young man, if you were the noblest of your family you couldn't die more honorably.

CASSIUS

A cranky schoolboy, unworthy of such an honor, partnered with a masquerader and a partier!

ANTONY

Old Cassius still.

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony, away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight today, come to the field.
If not, when you have stomachs.

OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.

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

[stands forth]
My lord?

BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse to the side.

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

[stands forth]
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
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
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
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,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS

[returning with LUCILIUS] 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.
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

ANTONY

The same old Cassius.

OCTAVIUS

Come, Antony, let's go.

[To CASSIUS and BRUTUS] Traitors, we throw our defiance
at your teeth. If you dare to fight today, come to the field. If
not, come when you have the courage.

OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army exit.

CASSIUS

Blow wind, swell waves, and may the ship float where it
will! The storm has risen and everything is at stake.

BRUTUS

Hey, Lucilius! I'd like a word with you.

LUCILIUS

[Stepping forward] My lord?

BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse to the side.

CASSIUS

Messala!

MESSALA

[Coming forward] What is it, my general?

CASSIUS

Messala, today is my birthday. On this very day, I was born.
Give me your hand, Messala. Be my witness that I've been
forced against my desire, as Pompey was, to bet all of our
freedoms on one battle. You know that I used to believe in
Epicurus [2] position that the gods did not send omens.
Now I've changed my mind, and partly believe in signs that
foretell what is to come. As we traveled from Sardis, two
mighty eagles landed and perched on our front flag, and ate
from the hands of the soldiers who marched with us to
Philippi. This morning, they've flown away and in their
place are ravens, crows, and kites, flying over our heads and
looking down on us, as though we were their sickly prey.
Their shadows are like a deadly canopy, under which our
army lies, ready to die.

[2] Epicurus was an ancient Greek philosopher who argued that people should pursue pleasure and deemphasized the role of the gods.

MESSALA

Don't believe it.

CASSIUS

I believe it only partly, for I'm hopeful and determined to
meet all dangers without flinching.

BRUTUS

[Returning with LUCILIUS] Right, Lucilius.

CASSIUS

Now, most noble Brutus, may the gods be friendly with us
today so that we, who love peace, can live on to old age.
But since the affairs of men are always uncertain, let's think
about the worst that may happen. If we lose this battle,
then this will be the last time we speak to each other. What
do you plan to do if we do lose?

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
The time of life — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
115 That govern us below.

115

120

CASSIUS

Then if we lose this battle
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
125 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.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
130 Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile.
If not, why then this parting was well made.

125

130

CASSIUS

Forever and forever farewell, Brutus.
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed.
135 If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS

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

*They all exit.***BRUTUS**

By the same Stoic philosophy that made me condemn Cato
for committing suicide, I will be patient and await whatever
outcome the gods have in store for us. I don't know why,
but I find it cowardly and vile to cut off your life early by
suicide, in order to prevent possible suffering later on.

CASSIUS

Then if we lose this battle, you'd be willing to be led in
chains by those who defeated you through the streets of
Rome?

BRUTUS

No, Cassius, no. Don't imagine, you noble Roman, that I will
ever return to Rome in chains. I am too great for that. But
today will be the end of the work that we began on March
15th. I don't know if we will ever meet again. Therefore,
accept my everlasting farewell. Forever and forever,
farewell, Cassius. If we meet again, why, then we'll smile. If
not, then this parting was well done.

CASSIUS

Forever and forever, farewell, Brutus. If we meet again, we'll
smile indeed. If not, it's true this parting was well done.

BRUTUS

Then, lead on. Oh, if only I could know the outcome of
today's business before it happens! But it's enough to know
that the day will end, and then the end will be known.
Come! Let's go!

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.

BRUTUS

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

Sounds of battle.

BRUTUS

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.

They exit in opposite directions.

Shakescleare Translation

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS and MESSALA enter.

BRUTUS

Ride, ride, Messala! Ride, and give these written orders to
Cassius' forces on the other side.

Sounds of battle.

BRUTUS

They should attack right now, because Octavius' forces
seem demoralized. A sudden push would defeat them
entirely. Ride, ride, Messala. All Cassius' men should
commit to the attack.

They exit in opposite directions.

Act 5, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.

Shakescleare Translation

Sounds of battle. CASSIUS and TITINIUS enter.

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 [indicates his standard]

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.

PINDARUS enters.

PINDARUS

10 Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
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

15 They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if thou lovest me,
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
20 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS

I will be here again, even with a thought.

TITINIUS exits.

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou noteſt about the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill.

CASSIUS

25 This day I breathed first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end.
My life is run his compass.
[to PINDARUS] Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS

[above] O my lord!

CASSIUS

30 What news?

PINDARUS

[above] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur.
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius. Now some light. Oh, he lights too.
35 He's ta'en.

A shout offstage.

PINDARUS

And, hark! They shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Oh, look, Titinius, look! My soldiers, those scoundrels, are running away! I have become an enemy to my own soldiers! This flag-bearer of mine was running away, so I killed the coward and took the flag from him. [Points to the flag he's holding]

TITINIUS

Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the orders too soon. Having an advantage on Octavius, he took his chance too early. His soldiers began looting, while we were surrounded by Antony's men.

PINDARUS enters.

PINDARUS

Retreat further, my lord, retreat further. Mark Antony has over-run your camp, my lord. Run, noble Cassius, run far away.

CASSIUS

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius. Are those my tents on fire?

TITINIUS

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS

Titinius, if you love me, get on your horse and spur him on as fast as you can until he's brought you near to those troops and back again. That way, I can learn whether those troops are friends or enemies.

TITINIUS

I'll be there and back again, as quick as a thought.

TITINIUS exits.

CASSIUS

Go, Pindarus. Climb a little higher up that hill. My eyesight was always bad. Watch Titinius and tell me what you see in the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill.

CASSIUS

Today was the day I breathed my first breath. Time has come around, and I'll end where I began--on my birthday. My life has run its circle.

[to PINDARUS] What can you see, boy?

PINDARUS

[From above the stage] Oh, my lord!

CASSIUS

What news?

PINDARUS

[From above the stage] Titinius is surrounded by horsemen who are riding rapidly toward him. Yet he rides onward. Now they're almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some men are dismounting from their horses. Oh, he's getting down too. He's been taken captive.

A shout offstage.

PINDARUS

And listen! They shout for joy.

CASSIUS

Come down, behold no more.
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS returns.

CASSIUS

40 Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner.
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldest attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.
45 [gives his sword to PINDARUS]
Now be a free man, and with this good sword
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here take thou the hilts
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
50 Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

Caesar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee.
[dies]

PINDARUS

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

PINDARUS exits.

TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.

MESSALA

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

TITINIUS

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman on this hill.

MESSALA

65 Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA

Is not that he?

TITINIUS

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
70 As in thy red rays thou dost sink tonight,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone.
Clouds, dews, and dangers come! Our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

CASSIUS

Come down. Don't look anymore. Oh, what a coward I am
to live long enough to see my best friend taken before my
eyes!

PINDARUS returns.

CASSIUS

Come here, boy. I took you prisoner in Parthia , and at that time, I spared your life and made you swear to attempt to do whatever I ordered you to. Come now, keep your oath. [He gives his sword to PINDARUS] Now you'll be a free man. Take this good sword, which ran through Caesar's guts, and thrust it into my chest. Don't pause to ask questions. Here, take the handle, and when my face is covered as it is now, thrust the sword.

 The ancient kingdom of Parthia was located in present-day Iran.

PINDARUS stabs CASSIUS.

CASSIUS

Caesar, you are revenged, with the same sword that killed you. [He dies]

PINDARUS

So I'm free. But if I had dared to follow my own desires, I wouldn't be free. Oh, Cassius, I'll run far from this country to where no Romans can find me.

PINDARUS exits.

TITINIUS and MESSALA enter.

MESSALA

Titinius, it's a meaningless change. Noble Brutus' forces
overcame Octavius' troops at the same time Antony
overcame Cassius' legions.

TITINIUS

This news will comfort Cassius.

MESSALA

Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS

In despair, with his slave Pindarus on this hill.

MESSALA

Isn't that him lying on the ground?

TITINIUS

He lies there as if he isn't alive. Oh, my heart!

MESSALA

Isn't that him?

TITINIUS

It was him, Messala. But Cassius is no more. Oh, setting sun, just as you sink into your red rays to end the day, so has Cassius' life ended in his own red blood. The sun of Rome has set! Our day is over. Clouds, dew, and dangers approach. We're finished! His doubts about the successful outcome of my mission drove him to kill himself.

MESSALA

75 Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth
80 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

TITINIUS

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say "thrusting" it,
85 For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS

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

MESSALA exits.

TITINIUS

90 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?
95 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.
[lays wreath on CASSIUS' head] Brutus, come apace,
100 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
—By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies]

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO enter.

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

105 Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

CATO

He is slain.

BRUTUS

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

Faint sounds of battle.

CATO

Brave Titinius!—
Look whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.

MESSALA

His uncertainty of any positive outcome drove him to do this. Despair, why do you make men believe things that are false, so that they act in error? And error, as soon as you come into being, you kill the person that created you, instead of bringing joy to that person!

TITINIUS

Pindarus! Where are you, Pindarus?

MESSALA

Titinius, look for Pindarus while I go to meet the noble Brutus and thrust this news into his ears. I say "thrust" because Brutus would prefer to have sharp blades and poisoned darts in his ears than to hear of this.

TITINIUS

Get going, Messala, and I'll look for Pindarus in the meantime.

MESSALA exits.

TITINIUS

Why did you send me out, brave Cassius? Didn't I meet up with your allies? And didn't they place the wreath of victory on my forehead and ask me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their shouts? Alas, you misunderstood everything! But, wait, I'll place this wreath on your head. Your Brutus asked me to give it to you, and I'll do as he asks. *[He lays a wreath on CASSIUS' head]* Brutus, come quickly, and see how much I loved Caius Cassius. With your permission, gods, this is a Roman's duty. Come, Cassius's sword, and find Titinius's heart. *[He stabs himself with CASSIUS's sword and dies.]*

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILIUS, LABIO, and FLAVIO enter.

 *Young Cato is the brother of Portia, Brutus's lately deceased wife.*

BRUTUS

Where, where is his body lying, Messala?

MESSALA

Look, over there, where Titinius mourns it.

BRUTUS

Titinius is lying face-up.

CATO

He is dead.

BRUTUS

Oh, Julius Caesar, you are still mighty. Your ghost walks among us, and turns our swords toward our own stomachs.

Faint sounds of battle.

CATO

Brave Titinius! Look, he even placed a wreath on dead Cassius!

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
—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.
—Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.
115 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. —Lucilius, come. —
And come, young Cato. Let us to the field.
—Labio and Flavio, set our battles on.
—'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night
120 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

125

*They all exit.***BRUTUS**

Are there two Romans left who are as good as these men?
[To CASSIUS and TITINIUS' bodies] Goodbye, the last of all
the Romans. It is impossible that Rome will ever produce
your equal.

[To the others] Friends, I owe more tears to this dead man
than you will see me shed.

[To CASSIUS' body] I will find the time to cry for you,
Cassius, I will find the time.

[To the others] Come, now, and send his body to Thasos ³.
His funeral won't be held at our camp, because it may make
us too demoralized to fight. Lucilius, come. And come,
young Cato. Let's go to the field. Labio and Flavio, send our
armies forward. It is three o'clock. And, Romans, before
night, we will test our luck in a second battle.

³ Thasos is a Greek island near Philippi.

They all exit.

Act 5, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.

BRUTUS

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

BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.

CATO

What bastard 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!

ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.

LUCILLIUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, ho!
Brutus, my country's friend. Know me for Brutus!

SOLDIERS kill Young CATO.

LUCILLIUS

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

[to LUCILLIUS] Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILLIUS

Only I yield to die.
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.
15 Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. A noble prisoner!

ANTONY enters.

Shakescleare Translation

Sounds of battle. BRUTUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, LUCILLIUS, and FLAVIO enter.

BRUTUS

Fight on, countrymen. Oh, keep holding your heads up
high!

BRUTUS, MESSALA, and FLAVIO exit.

CATO

Who would be such a bastard as to give up? Who will fight
on with me? I will proclaim my name around the field. I am
the son of Marcus Cato! An enemy to tyrants and a friend to
my country. Hey, I am the son of Marcus Cato!

ANTONY and OCTAVIUS' SOLDIERS enter and fight.

LUCILLIUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus. Brutus, my country's
friend. Know that I am Brutus!

SOLDIERS kill Young CATO.

LUCILLIUS

Oh, young and noble Cato, are you killed? Why, you die now
as bravely as Titinius did. And you will be honored as Cato's
son.

FIRST SOLDIER

[to LUCILLIUS] Surrender, or you die.

LUCILLIUS

I'll surrender only to death. Here's enough money for you to
kill me immediately. Kill Brutus, and be honored by the
killing.

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. He's a noble prisoner!

ANTONY enters.

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

20 Where is he?

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!

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

ANTONY

[to SOLDIERS] This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure
you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe.
30 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
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.

They exit in opposite directions.

SECOND SOLDIER

Hey, make room! Tell Antony that Brutus has been taken.

FIRST SOLDIER

I'll tell him the news. Here comes the general.

[To ANTONY] Brutus is captured, Brutus is captured, my
lord.

ANTONY

Where is he?

LUCILIUS

Safe, Antony. Brutus is safe enough. I assure you that no
enemy will ever take the noble Brutus alive. The gods
protect him from so great a shame! When you do find him,
alive or dead, he'll be found as Brutus, on his own terms.

ANTONY

[To SOLDIERS] Friend, this isn't Brutus. But, I assure you, he
is as valuable a prize. Keep this man safe. Be gentle with
him. I would rather have such men as my friends than as my
enemies. Keep going, and see if Brutus is alive or dead.
Then return to Octavius' tent to bring us word of how
things have turned out.

They exit in opposite directions.

Act 5, Scene 5

Shakespeare

BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS enter.

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.

BRUTUS

Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word.
5 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[whispers to CLITUS]

CLITUS

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Peace then! No words.

CLITUS

I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

10 Hark thee, Dardanius.
[whispers to DARDANIUS]

DARDANIUS

Shall I do such a deed?

Shakescleare Translation

BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS
enter.

BRUTUS

Come, my few last remaining friends, and rest on this rock.

CLITUS

Statilius waved the torchlight at us, but he hasn't come
back. He's been captured or killed.

BRUTUS

Sit down, Clitus. Killed, probably. It's in fashion, apparently.
Listen, Clitus. *[He whispers to CLITUS]*

CLITUS

Who, me, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS

Silence, then! Don't say anything.

CLITUS

I'd rather kill myself.

BRUTUS

Listen, Dardanius. *[He whispers to DARDANIUS]*

DARDANIUS

Me, do something like that?

CLITUS

O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

O Clitus!

CLITUS

15 *[aside to DARDANIUS]* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS

[aside to CLITUS] To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

20 *[aside to DARDANIUS]* Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS

Come hither, good Volumnius. List a word.

VOLUMNIUS

What says my lord?

BRUTUS

Why this, Volumnius:
25 The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me Two several times by night. At Sardis once, And this last night here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS

30 Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes. Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

Faint sounds of battle.

BRUTUS

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
35 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.

Sounds of battle.

CLITUS

Fly, fly, my lord. There is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

40 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 I found no man but he was true to me.
45 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 Hath almost ended his life's history.
50 Night hangs upon mine eyes. My bones would rest, That have but labored to attain this hour.

CLITUS

Oh, Dardanius!

DARDANIUS

Oh, Clitus!

CLITUS

[To DARDANIUS so that only he can hear] What awful request did Brutus ask of you?

DARDANIUS

[To CLITUS so that only he can hear] To kill him, Clitus. Look, he's thinking about what to do.

CLITUS

[To DARDANIUS so that only he can hear] Now that noble man is so full of grief that it spills from his eyes.

BRUTUS

Come here, good Volumnius. Listen for a minute.

VOLUMNIUS

What is it, my lord?

BRUTUS

Well, this, Volumnius. The ghost of Caesar has appeared to me two times at night. Once at Sardis, and then last night, here in the fields of Philippi. I know that my hour has come.

VOLUMNIUS

No it hasn't, my lord.

BRUTUS

No, I'm sure it has, Volumnius. You understand the world and how it works, Volumnius. Our enemies have driven us to the edge of the grave.

Faint sounds of battle.

BRUTUS

It's nobler to leap in ourselves than wait until they push us. Good Volumnius, you know that we went to school together. In the name of our old friendship, I beg you, hold my the handle of my sword while I impale myself on it.

VOLUMNIUS

That's not a job for a friend, my lord.

Sounds of battle.

CLITUS

Run, run, my lord. We can't wait here.

BRUTUS

[To CLITUS] Farewell to you.

[To DARDANIUS] And you.

[To VOLUMNIUS] And you, Volumnius.

[To STRATO] Strato, you've slept all this while. Farewell to you too, Strato.

[To all of his soldiers] Countrymen, my heart rejoices that, throughout my life, I've only known men who were true to me. I'll have glory in defeat this day—more than Octavius and Mark Antony will gain by their foul victory. So farewell, without further ado, for my tongue has almost finished

Sounds of battle. Offstage, someone cries, “Run, run, run!”

CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS

Hence. I will follow.

CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS exit.

BRUTUS

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
55 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.
60 [holds BRUTUS' sword] Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.
[runs on his sword] Caesar, now be still.
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[dies]

Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.

OCTAVIUS

65 What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.
The conquerors can but make a fire of him.
For Brutus only overcame himself,
70 And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILLIUS

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

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO

75 Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How died my master, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword and he did run on it.

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
80 That did the latest service to my master.

speaking. I see only darkness before my eyes. My bones, which have worked to hold me up until this time, now want to rest.

Sounds of battle. Offstage, someone cries, “Run, run, run!”

CLITUS

Run, my lord, run.

BRUTUS

Go on! I'll follow.

CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS exit.

BRUTUS

I beg you, Strato, stay by me, your lord. You're a man with a good reputation. Your life has had some taste of honor in it. So hold my sword, and turn your face away while I run myself onto it. Will you, Strato?

STRATO

Shake my hand, first. [He holds BRUTUS' sword] Farewell, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato. [He runs onto his sword] Caesar, now rest. I killed you half as willingly as I kill myself. [He dies]

Sounds of battle. Trumpets sound a retreat. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, and LUCILLIUS enter with the army.

OCTAVIUS

What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man. Strato, where's your master?

STRATO

He's free from the captivity you are in, Messala. The conquerors can do nothing but make a fire of him, because Brutus alone defeated himself. And no other man can gain honor from his death.

LUCILLIUS

This is how Brutus should be found. Thank you, Brutus, for proving my prediction true.

OCTAVIUS

I will gladly take anyone who served Brutus into my own service.

[To STRATO] Will you serve me, man?

STRATO

Yes, if Messala recommends me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA

How did my master die, Strato?

STRATO

I held the sword and he impaled himself on it.

MESSALA

Then take this man into your service, Octavius, for he did the final service to my master.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.
He only in a general honest thought
85 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
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue let us use him,
90 With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.

All exit.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all. All the conspirators except for Brutus did what they did because they were jealous of great Caesar. He alone acted from high ideals, and for the general good. His life was noble, and the elements were so perfectly balanced in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."

OCTAVIUS

We will treat him according to his virtue, with the highest respect and all the proper burial rites. His body will rest tonight in my tent with all the honorable ceremony owed to a soldier. So order the armies in the fields to rest, and let's go share the glories of this happy day.

They all exit.

How to Cite

To cite this Shakescleare translation:

MLA

Florman, Ben. "*Julius Caesar: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, 11 May 2014. Web. 14 Sep 2017.

Chicago Manual

Florman, Ben. "*Julius Caesar: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, May 11, 2014. Retrieved September 14, 2017. <http://www.litcharts.com/lit/julius-caesar>.