

Julius Caesar

By William Shakespeare

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with Susan Ruddick - Sarah Blackstone - Charles Darlington

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Characters in the Play

JULIUS CAESAR
CALPHURNIA, his wife
Servant to them

MARCUS BRUTUS
PORTIA, his wife
LUCIUS, their servant

Patricians who, with Brutus, conspire against Caesar:

CAIUS CASSIUS
CASCA
CINNA
DECIUS BRUTUS
CAIUS LIGARIUS
METELLUS CIMBER
TREBONIUS

Senators:

CICERO
PUBLIUS
POPILIUS LENA

Tribunes:

FLAVIUS
MARULLUS

Rulers of Rome in Acts 4 and 5:

MARK ANTONY
LEPIDUS
OCTAVIUS

Servant to Antony
Servant to Octavius

Officers and soldiers in the armies of Brutus and Cassius:

LUCILIUS
TITINIUS
MESSALA

VARRO
CLAUDIUS
YOUNG CATO
STRATO
VOLUMNIUS
LABEO (nonspeaking)
FLAVIUS (nonspeaking)
DARDANUS
CLITUS

A Carpenter
A Cobbler
A Soothsayer
ARTEMIDORUS
First, Second, Third, and Fourth Plebeians
CINNA the poet
PINDARUS, slave to Cassius, freed upon Cassius's death
First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldiers in Brutus's army
Another Poet
A Messenger
First and Second Soldiers in Antony's army
Citizens, Senators, Petitioners, Plebeians, Soldiers

ACT 1

Scene 1

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners,
including a Carpenter and a Cobbler, over 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
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 5

CARPENTER Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS

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

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

MARULLUS

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

FLAVIUS

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.

MARULLUS

What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow? 20

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 25
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.

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. 35

MARULLUS

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things! 40

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 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 45
 The livelong day, with patient expectation,
 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 50
 To hear the replication of your sounds
 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 55
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 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. 60
 FLAVIUS
 Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault
 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. 65
All the Commoners exit.
 See whe'er their basest mettle 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. 70
 MARULLUS May we do so?
 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; 75
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 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. 80
They exit in different directions.

Scene 2

*Enter Caesar, Antony for the course, Calphurnia, Portia,
 Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer;
 after them Marullus and Flavius and Commoners.*

CAESAR

Calphurnia.

CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR Calphurnia.

CALPHURNIA Here, my lord.

CAESAR
 Stand you directly in Antonius' way 5
 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
 The barren, touchèd in this holy chase, 10
 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. *Sennet.*
 SOOTHSAYER Caesar. 15
 CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA
 Bid every noise be still. Peace, yet again!

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

SOOTHSAYER
 Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS
 A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR
 Set him before me. Let me see his face.

CASSIUS
 Fellow, come from the throng. 25
The Soothsayer comes forward.
 Look upon Caesar.

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.
Sennet. All but Brutus and Cassius exit.

CASSIUS
 Will you go see the order of the course? 30

BRUTUS 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,	
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,	65
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	70
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	75
That of yourself which you yet know not of.	
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.	
Were I a common laughter, or did use	
To stale with ordinary oaths my love	
To every new protester; if you know	80
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.	
	<i>Flourish and shout.</i>
BRUTUS	
What means this shouting? I do fear the people	85
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?	90
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 95
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 100
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 105
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 "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood 110
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside 115
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 120
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
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. You 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.

Shout. Flourish.

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"?	150
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?	
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."	155
Now, in the names of all the gods at once, 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!	160
When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? 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.	165
O, you and I have heard our fathers say There was a Brutus once that would have brooked Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king.	170
BRUTUS	
That you do love me, I am nothing jealous. What you would work me to, I have some aim. 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 I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.	175
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.	180
CASSIUS I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.	185

Enter Caesar and his train.

BRUTUS	
The games are done, and Caesar is returning.	
CASSIUS	
As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve, And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note today.	190
BRUTUS	
I will do so. But look you, Cassius, The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow, And all the rest look like a chidden train. Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero	195

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS
Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR Antonius. 200

ANTONY Caesar.

CAESAR
Let me have men about me that are fat,
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. 205

ANTONY
Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

CAESAR
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.

*Sennet. Caesar and his train exit
but Casca remains behind.*

CASCA You pulled me by the cloak. Would you speak 225
with me?

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

CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS
I should not then ask Casca what had chanced. 230

CASCA 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. 235

CASSIUS
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, 240
mine honest 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. 245

It 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 250

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 he refused it the rabblement
hooted and clapped their chopped hands and 255
threw up their sweaty nightcaps 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 260
receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS

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. 265

CASSIUS

No, Caesar hath it not; 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 270
displeased them, as they use to do the players in the
theater, I am no true man.

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, 275

he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his
throat to cut. An 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 280
had done or said anything amiss, he desired their
Worships to think it was his infirmity. 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 285
their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS

And, after that, he came thus sad away?

CASCA Ay.

CASSIUS Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek. 290

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'

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 295
 news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarves
 off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you
 well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember
 it.

CASSIUS Will you sup with me tonight, Casca? 300

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 worth the eating.

CASSIUS Good. I will expect you. 305

CASCA Do so. Farewell both. *He exits.*

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

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

BRUTUS

And so it is. For this time I will leave you. 315
 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

I will do so. Till then, think of the world. *Brutus exits.*

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

He exits.

Scene 3

Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca and Cicero.

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,
 I have seen tempests when the scolding winds 5
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
 But never till tonight, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 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?

CASCA
 A common slave (you know him well by sight) 15
 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),
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glazed 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
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noonday upon the marketplace,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 "These are their reasons, they are natural," 30
 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,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35
 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
 Is not to walk in. 40

CASCA Farewell, Cicero *Cicero exits.*

Enter Cassius.

CASSIUS
 Who's there?

CASCA A Roman.

CASSIUS Casca, by your voice.

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

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,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night, 50
 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
 Even in the aim and very flash of it. 55

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
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS
 You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life 60
 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.
 But if you would consider the true cause 65
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures, and preformèd faculties, 70
 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.
 Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man 75
 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
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown, 80
 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.
 But, woe the while, our fathers' minds are dead, 85
 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,
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land 90
 In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS
 I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 Therein, you gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, you gods, you tyrants do defeat. 95
 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,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself. 100
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*
 CASCA So can I.
 So every bondman in his own hand bears 105
 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;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds. 110
 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
 So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, 115
 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
 You speak to Casca, and to such a man 120
 That is no fleering telltale. Hold. My hand.
They shake hands.
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far
 As who goes farthest.
 CASSIUS There's a bargain made. 125
 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.
 And I do know by this they stay for me 130
 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,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 135

Enter Cinna.
 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
 No, it is Casca, one incorporate 140

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

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

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

CASSIUS
 That done, repair to Pompey's Theater.

Cinna exits.

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 160
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA
 O, 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. 165

CASSIUS
 Him and his worth and our great need of him
 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.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Brutus 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.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius! 5

Enter Lucius.

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.

He exits.

BRUTUS

It must be by his death. And for my part 10
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 20
Remorse from power. And, to speak truth of Caesar,
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 30
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities.

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, 35
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow
mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

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. 40
Gives him the 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. *He exits.* 45

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!*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st. Awake." 50

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.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. *Knock within.*

BRUTUS

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. *Lucius exits.*

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.

Enter Lucius.

LUCIUS

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

BRUTUS Is he alone? 75

LUCIUS

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, 80
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

BRUTUS Let 'em enter. *Lucius exits.*

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

*Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus, and Trebonius.*

CASSIUS

I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you? 95

BRUTUS

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

CASSIUS

Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you, and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself 100
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS

This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS He is welcome too. 105

CASSIUS

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word? 110

Brutus and Cassius whisper.

DECIUS

Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

CASCA No.

CINNA

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. 115
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
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 120

He first presents his fire, and the high east
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
 BRUTUS, *coming forward with Cassius*
 Give me your hands all over, one by one.
 CASSIUS
 And let us swear our resolution.
 BRUTUS
 No, not an oath. If not the face of men, 125
 The sufferance 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 cautelous, 140
 Old feeble carrions, 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. 155
 METELLUS
 O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
 It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands.
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, 160
 But all be buried in his gravity.
 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. 165
 CASCA 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's 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.
O, 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. 205

Clock strikes.

BRUTUS
Peace, count the clock.

CASSIUS The clock hath stricken
three.

TREBONIUS
'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS But it is doubtful yet 210
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no,
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, 215
The unaccustomed terror of this night,

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 220
 That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
 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. 225
 Let me work,
 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? 230

CINNA
 Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS
 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. 235
 He loves me well, and I have given him reasons.
 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 240
 What you have said, and show yourselves true
 Romans.

BRUTUS
 Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
 Let not our looks put on our purposes,
 But bear it, as our Roman actors do, 245
 With untired spirits and formal constancy.
 And so good morrow to you every one.

All but Brutus exit.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter.
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies 250
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

PORTIA Brutus, my lord.

BRUTUS
 Portia! What mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
 It is not for your health thus to commit 255
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA
 Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed. And yesternight at supper

<p>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 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 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 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.</p> <p>BRUTUS I am not well in health, and that is all.</p> <p>PORTIA Brutus is wise and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.</p> <p>BRUTUS Why so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.</p> <p>PORTIA Is Brutus sick? And is it physical To walk unbracèd and suck up the humors Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed To dare the vile contagion of the night And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus, You have some sick offense within your mind, Which by the right and virtue of my place I ought to know of. <i>She kneels.</i> And upon my knees I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow 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 resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven who did hide their faces Even from darkness.</p> <p>BRUTUS Kneel not, gentle Portia.</p> <p>PORTIA 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 That appertain to you? Am I your self 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</p>	<p>260</p> <p>265</p> <p>270</p> <p>275</p> <p>280</p> <p>285</p> <p>290</p> <p>295</p> <p>300</p> <p>305</p>
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He lifts her up.

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. 310

BRUTUS

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

PORTIA

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal 315

A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded? 320

Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets? 325

BRUTUS O you gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! *Knock.*

Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart. 330

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. *Portia exits.*

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

LUCIUS

Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 335

BRUTUS

Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.—

Boy, stand aside. *Lucius exits.*

Caius Ligarius, how?

LIGARIUS

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS

O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick! 340

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,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 345

LIGARIUS

By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness.

He takes off his kerchief.

Soul of Rome,
Brave son derived from honorable loins,
Thou like an exorcist hast conjured up
My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run, 350

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
 But are not some whole that we must make sick? 355

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 Set on your foot,
 And with a heart new-fired I follow you 360
 To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
 That Brutus leads me on. *Thunder.*

BRUTUS Follow me then. *They exit.*

Scene 2
*Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Caesar in his
 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?

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT My lord.

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

SERVANT I will, my lord. *He exits.*

Enter Calphurnia.

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

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

CALPHURNIA
 Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets,
 And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead.
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
 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.

O Caesar, these things are beyond all use, 25
 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
 Are to the world in general as to Caesar. 30
 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;
 The valiant never taste of death but once. 35
 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.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers? 40
 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.
 Caesar should be a beast without a heart 45
 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,
 And I the elder and more terrible. 50
 And Caesar shall go forth.
 CALPHURNIA Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
 Do not go forth today. Call it my fear
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own. 55
 We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
 And he shall say you are not well today.
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. *She kneels.*
 CAESAR
 Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
 And for thy humor I will stay at home. 60
He lifts her up.

Enter Decius.

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 65
 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? 70
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard 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. 75

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. 80
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 85
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, 90
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, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 95

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, 100
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 105
"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! 110
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
Cinna, and Publius.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
PUBLIUS
Good morrow, Caesar.
CAESAR Welcome, Publius.— 115
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock? 120
BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.
CAESAR
I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that revels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
ANTONY So to most noble Caesar. 125
CAESAR, *to Servant* Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for. *Servant exits.*
Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius,
I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me today; 130
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,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together. 135
BRUTUS, *aside*
That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus earns to think upon.
They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

ARTEMIDORUS *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 5
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!*
*Thy lover,
Artemidorus*
10Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayest live; 15
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
He exits.

Scene 4
Enter Portia and Lucius.

PORTIA

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.

PORTIA

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

PORTIA

Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well, 15
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.

PORTIA Prithee, listen well. 20

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

LUCIUS Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

PORTIA

Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been? 25
SOOTHSAYER At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA What is 't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA

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.

PORTIA

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.

PORTIA

Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards 35
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.*

PORTIA

I must go in. *Aside.* Ay me, how weak a thing 45
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure the boy heard me. *To Lucius.* Brutus hath a
suit

That Caesar will not grant. *Aside.* O, I grow 50
faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord.
Say I am merry. Come to me again
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

They exit separately.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Flourish. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus; Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna; Publius, Popilius, Artemidorus, the Soothsayer, and other Senators and Petitioners.

CAESAR The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER Ay, Caesar, but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar. Read this schedule.

DECIUS

Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

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

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR

What, is the fellow mad? 10

PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS

What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

Caesar goes forward, the rest following.

POPILIUS, to Cassius

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS What enterprise, Popilius? 15

POPILIUS Fare you well. *He walks away.*

BRUTUS What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS

He wished today our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

BRUTUS

Look how he makes to Caesar. Mark him. 20

CASSIUS

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. 25

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,

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

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 30

And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS
 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? 35

METELLUS, *kneeling*
 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 40
 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 45
 With that which melteth fools—I mean sweet
 words,
 Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banishèd.
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 50
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 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 55
 For the repealing of my banished brother?

BRUTUS, *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? 60

CASSIUS, *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. 65
 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. 70
 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.
 Yet in the number I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank, 75
 Unshaked 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— 80

CAESAR Hence. Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS, *kneeling*

Great Caesar—

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak, hands, for me!

As Casca strikes, the others rise up and stab Caesar.

CAESAR *Et tu, Bruté?*—Then fall, Caesar. 85

He 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."

BRUTUS

People and Senators, be not affrighted. 90

Fly not; stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS And Cassius too.

BRUTUS Where's Publius?

CINNA

Here, quite confounded with this mutiny. 95

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,

Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius. 100

CASSIUS

And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS

Do so, and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

All but the Conspirators exit.

Enter Trebonius.

CASSIUS Where is Antony? 105

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. 110

That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASCA

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. 115

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, 120
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

CASSIUS

Stoop then, and wash.

They smear their hands and swords with Caesar's blood.

How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over 125

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 So oft as that shall be, 130

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 135

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRUTUS

Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVANT, *kneeling*

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: 140

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.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 145

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

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 150

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 155

He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,

Depart untouched.

SERVANT I'll fetch him presently.

Servant exits.

BRUTUS

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS
I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose. 160

Enter Antony.

BRUTUS
But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony!

ANTONY
O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils 165
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
As Caesar's death's hour, nor no instrument 170
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 175
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
O Antony, beg not your death of us! 180
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.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 185
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,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts 190
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
Only be patient till we have appeased 195
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 I doubt not of your wisdom. 200
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you.—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand.—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours,
Metellus;— 205
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good
 Trebonius.—
 Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground 210
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit 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 215
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes—
 Most noble!—in the presence of thy corpse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood, 220
 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 225
 Signed in thy spoil and crimsoned in thy Lethe.
 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! 230

CASSIUS
 Mark Antony—

ANTONY 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. 235
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 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. 240
 Friends am I with you all and love you all,
 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 245
 That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
 You should be satisfied.

ANTONY That's all I seek;
 And am, moreover, suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the marketplace, 250
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 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 255
 not consent
 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, 260
 I will myself into the pulpit first
 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 265
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 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 270
 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, 275
 After my speech is ended.

ANTONY Be it so.
 I do desire no more.

BRUTUS
 Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

All but Antony exit.

ANTONY
 O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 280
 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 285
 (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; 290
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 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; 295
 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 300
 With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius' Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
 SERVANT I do, Mark Antony.
 ANTONY
 Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT
 He did receive his letters and is coming, 305
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
 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, 310
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

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, 315
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.
 Hie hence and tell him so.—Yet stay awhile;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take 320
 The cruel issue of these bloody men,
 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.

Scene 2
Enter Brutus and Cassius with the 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.—
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; 5
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Caesar's death.

FIRST PLEBEIAN I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons 10
 When severally we hear them rendered.
Cassius exits with some of the Plebeians.
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

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 hear. Believe me 15
 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 20
 to Caesar 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 freemen? As Caesar loved 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? 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.	25
PLEBEIANS 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 enforced for which he suffered death.	30 35 40

Enter Mark Antony and others with Caesar's body.

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 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.	45
PLEBEIANS Live, Brutus, live, live!	50
FIRST PLEBEIAN Bring him with triumph home unto his house.	
SECOND PLEBEIAN Give him a statue with his ancestors.	
THIRD PLEBEIAN Let him be Caesar.	
FOURTH PLEBEIAN Caesar's better parts Shall be crowned in Brutus.	55
FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.	
BRUTUS My countrymen—	
SECOND PLEBEIAN Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.	
FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace, ho!	60
BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. 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.	65

He descends and exits.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony!

THIRD PLEBEIAN
 Let him go up into the public chair.

PLEBEIANS
 We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up. 70

ANTONY
 For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
He goes into the pulpit.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN 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. 75

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 This Caesar was a tyrant.

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

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY
 You gentle Romans— 80

PLEBEIANS Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

ANTONY
 Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
 I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them;
 The good is oft interrèd with their bones. 85
 So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
 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 90
 (For Brutus is an honorable man;
 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, 95
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 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; 100
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 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, 105
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 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. 110
 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for
 him?—

[illegible]

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

PLEBEIANS
 You shall read us the will, Caesar's will. 160

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
 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN They were traitors. Honorable men? 165

PLEBEIANS 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?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar, 170
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

PLEBEIANS Come down.

SECOND PLEBEIAN Descend.

THIRD PLEBEIAN You shall have leave. 175

Antony descends.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN A ring; stand round.

FIRST PLEBEIAN
 Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

SECOND PLEBEIAN
 Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

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

PLEBEIANS Stand back! Room! Bear back! 180

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.
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii. 185

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
 See what a rent the envious Casca made.
 Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, 190
 As rushing out of doors to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all. 195

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart,
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue 200
 (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,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel 205

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,
Antony lifts Caesar's cloak.

Here is himself, marred as you see with traitors.

FIRST PLEBEIAN O piteous spectacle! 210

SECOND PLEBEIAN O noble Caesar!

THIRD PLEBEIAN O woeful day!

FOURTH PLEBEIAN O traitors, villains!

FIRST PLEBEIAN O most bloody sight!

SECOND PLEBEIAN We will be revenged. 215

PLEBEIANS Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND PLEBEIAN We'll hear him, we'll follow him, 220
we'll die with him.

ANTONY

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not, 225

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.

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man 230

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,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech

To stir men's blood. I only speak right on. 235

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,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony 240

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.

PLEBEIANS

We'll mutiny.

FIRST PLEBEIAN We'll burn the house of Brutus. 245

THIRD PLEBEIAN

Away then. Come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

PLEBEIANS

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? 250

Alas, you know not. I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

PLEBEIANS

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

ANTONY
Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal:
To every Roman citizen he gives, 255
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.

PLEBEIANS Peace, ho! 260

ANTONY

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever—common pleasures
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves. 265
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.
Take up the body. 270

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; 275
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter Servant.

How now, fellow?

SERVANT

Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

SERVANT

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house. 280

ANTONY

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

SERVANT

I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. 285

ANTONY

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

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Cinna the poet and after him the Plebeians.

CINNA

I dreamt tonight that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

FIRST PLEBEIAN What is your name? 5

SECOND PLEBEIAN Whither are you going?

THIRD PLEBEIAN Where do you dwell?

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Are you a married man or a
 bachelor?

SECOND PLEBEIAN Answer every man directly. 10

FIRST PLEBEIAN Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Ay, and wisely.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA What is my name? Whither am I going? Where
 do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? 15

Then to answer every 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. 20

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

FIRST PLEBEIAN As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA As a friend.

SECOND PLEBEIAN That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH PLEBEIAN For your dwelling—briefly. 25

CINNA Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD PLEBEIAN Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST PLEBEIAN Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

CINNA I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet! 30

FOURTH PLEBEIAN Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
 for his bad verses!

CINNA 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 35
 going.

THIRD PLEBEIAN 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! 40

All the Plebeians exit, carrying off Cinna.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY

These many, then, shall die; their names are
pricked.

OCTAVIUS

Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS

I do consent.

OCTAVIUS Prick him down, Antony.

5

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;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

10

LEPIDUS What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS Or here, or at the Capitol.

Lepidus exits.

ANTONY

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

15

OCTAVIUS So you thought him

And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

20

ANTONY

Octavius, I have seen more days than you,
And, though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of diverse sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
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
And graze in commons.

25

30

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.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
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—
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds

35

40

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,
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius 45
 Are levying powers. We must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretched;
 And let us presently go sit in council
 How covert matters may be best disclosed 50
 And open perils surest answerèd.
 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,
 Millions of mischiefs. 55
They exit.

Scene 2
*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and the Army.
 Titinius and Pindarus meet them.*

BRUTUS Stand ho!
 LUCILIUS Give the word, ho, and stand!
 BRUTUS
 What now, Lucilius, is Cassius near?
 LUCILIUS
 He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation 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
 I shall be satisfied. 10
 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. *Brutus and Lucilius walk aside.*
 A word, Lucilius, 15
 How he received you. Let me be resolved.
 LUCILIUS
 With courtesy and with respect enough,
 But not with such familiar instances
 Nor with such free and friendly conference
 As he hath used of old. 20
 BRUTUS Thou hast described
 A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
 When love begins to sicken and decay
 It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; 25
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
Low march within.
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,

They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? 30
LUCILIUS

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

Enter Cassius and his powers.

BRUTUS Hark, he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him. 35

CASSIUS Stand ho!

BRUTUS Stand ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER Stand! 40

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,

And when you do them— 45

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

A little from this ground. 55

BRUTUS

Lucius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

All but Brutus and Cassius exit.

Scene 3

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

Because I knew the man, was slighted off. 5

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

Are much condemned to have an itching palm, 10

To sell and mart your offices for gold

To undeservers.

CASSIUS I an itching palm?
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last. 15

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.
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake? 20
 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
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes 25
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors
 For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
 I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
 Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS Brutus, bait not me. 30
 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 Go to! You are not, Cassius. 35

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 farther.

BRUTUS Away, slight man! 40

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

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
 Under your testy humor? By the gods, 50
 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 Is it come to this? 55

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	
You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus.	60
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.	65
BRUTUS	
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	70
not.	
CASSIUS	
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,	75
For I am armed so strong in honesty	
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.	80
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart	
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,	85
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?	
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;	90
Dash him to pieces!	
CASSIUS 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.	95
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,	
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.	100
CASSIUS	
A friendly eye could never see such faults.	
BRUTUS	
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, 105
 For Cassius is awearied of the world—
 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. O, I could weep 110
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
Offering his dagger to Brutus.
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
 If that thou be'st 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 120
 dagger.
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 125
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
 When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him? 130

BRUTUS
 When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CASSIUS
 Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS
 And my heart too. *They clasp hands.*

CASSIUS O Brutus!

BRUTUS What's the matter? 135

CASSIUS
 Have not you love enough to bear with me
 When that rash humor which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS Yes, Cassius, and from
 henceforth 140
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

POET
 Let me go in to see the Generals.
 There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
 They be alone. 145

LUCILIUS You shall not come to them.

POET Nothing but death shall stay me.

CASSIUS How now, what's the matter?

POET
 For shame, you generals, what do you mean?
 Love and be friends as two such men should be, 150
 For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS
 Ha, ha, how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS
 Get you hence, sirrah! Saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS
 Bear with him, Brutus. 'Tis his fashion.

BRUTUS
 I'll know his humor when he knows his time. 155
 What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?—
 Companion, hence!

CASSIUS Away, away, be gone! *Poet exits.*

BRUTUS
 Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
 Prepare to lodge their companies tonight. 160

CASSIUS
 And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
 Immediately to us. *Lucilius and Titinius exit.*

BRUTUS Lucius, a bowl of wine. *Lucius exits.*

CASSIUS
 I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS
 O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs. 165

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 Ha? Portia?

BRUTUS She is dead. 170

CASSIUS
 How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?
 O insupportable and touching loss!
 Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS Impatient of my absence,
 And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony 175
 Have made themselves so strong—for with her
 death
 That tidings came—with this she fell distract
 And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CASSIUS And died so? 180

BRUTUS Even so.

CASSIUS O you immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with wine and tapers.

BRUTUS
 Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
 In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *He drinks.*

CASSIUS
 My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 185
 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
 I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *He drinks.*

Lucius exits.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

BRUTUS

Come in, Titinius. Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

They sit. 190

CASSIUS

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 195

MESSALA

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS With what addition?

MESSALA

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus 200
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? 205

MESSALA Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS No, Messala.

MESSALA

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her? 210

BRUTUS Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA 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. 215

MESSALA

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell,
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. 220

MESSALA

Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS

I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently? 225

CASSIUS I do not think it good.
 BRUTUS Your reason?
 CASSIUS This it is:
 'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 230
 Doing himself offense, whilst we, lying still,
 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, 235
 For they have grudged us contribution.
 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 240
 If at Philippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

CASSIUS Hear me, good brother—
 BRUTUS
 Under your pardon. You must note besides
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends, 245
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe.
 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; 250
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 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. 255

CASSIUS Then, with your will, go on;
 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. 260
 There is no more to say.

CASSIUS No more. Good night.

They stand.

 Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS
 Lucius.

Enter Lucius.

 My gown. *Lucius exits.* 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. 270
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the gown.

BRUTUS Everything is well.

CASSIUS Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS Good night, good brother. 275

TITINIUS/MESSALA

Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS Farewell, everyone.

All but Brutus and Lucius exit.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS What, thou speak'st drowsily? 280

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS Varro and Claudius.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

VARRO Calls my lord? 285

BRUTUS

I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep.

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO

So please you, we will stand and watch your
pleasure. 290

BRUTUS

I will not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

They lie down.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

LUCIUS

I was sure your Lordship did not give it me. 295

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?

LUCIUS

Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

BRUTUS It does, my boy. 300

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS

I should not urge thy duty past thy might.

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS I have slept, my lord, already. 305

BRUTUS

It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again.

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

Music and a song. Lucius then falls asleep.

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous slumber,

Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, 310

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.
I'll take it from thee and, good boy, good night.

He moves the instrument.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down 315
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
How ill this taper burns.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

Ha, who comes here?—
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition. 320
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST

Thy evil spirit, Brutus. 325

BRUTUS Why com'st thou?

GHOST

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS Well, then I shall see thee again?

GHOST Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS

Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. *Ghost exits.* 330

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, Lucius!—Varro, Claudius, sirs, awake!

Claudius!

LUCIUS The strings, my lord, are false. 335

BRUTUS

He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS My lord?

BRUTUS

Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS

My lord, I do not know that I did cry. 340

BRUTUS

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS

Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!

To Varro. Fellow thou, awake!

They rise up.

VARRO My lord? 345

CLAUDIUS My lord?

BRUTUS

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

BOTH

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS Ay. Saw you anything?

VARRO No, my lord, I saw nothing. 350

CLAUDIUS Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS

Go and commend me to my brother Cassius.

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

BOTH It shall be done, my lord.

355

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

OCTAVIUS

Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd.
You said the enemy would not come down
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so; their battles are at hand.
They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5
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
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show.
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, 15
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

Why do you cross me in this exigent? 20

OCTAVIUS

I do not cross you, but I will do so. *March.*

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army 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

No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. 25

Make forth. The Generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS, *to his Officers* Stir not until the signal.

The Generals step forward.

BRUTUS

Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS
 Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius. 30

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,
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown, 35
 But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
 And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY Not stingless too.

BRUTUS O yes, and soundless too,
 For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony, 40
 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
 hounds 45
 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!
 This tongue had not offended so today 50
 If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS
 Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
 Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
He draws.
 When think you that the sword goes up again? 55
 Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
 Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS
 Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee. 60

OCTAVIUS So I hope.
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS
 O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

CASSIUS
 A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor, 65
 Joined with a masker and a reveler!

ANTONY
 Old Cassius still.

OCTAVIUS Come, Antony, away!—
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
 If you dare fight today, come to the field; 70
 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 and Messala stand forth.

LUCILIUS My lord? 75
Brutus and Lucilius step aside together.

CASSIUS
 Messala.
 MESSALA What says my general?
 CASSIUS Messala,
 This is my birthday, as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala. 80
 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 85
 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. 90
 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 95
 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. 100

BRUTUS
 Even so, Lucilius. *Brutus returns to Cassius.*

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 rests still incertain, 105
 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 determinèd to do?

BRUTUS
 Even by the rule of that philosophy 110
 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 115
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

CASSIUS Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome? 120

BRUTUS
 No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,

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. 125
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
Forever and forever farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS
Forever and forever farewell, Brutus. 130
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS
Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end, 135
And then the end is known.—Come ho, away!
They exit.

Scene 2
Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

BRUTUS
Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side!
He hands Messala papers.
Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5
Ride, ride, Messala! Let them all come down.
They exit.

Scene 3
Alarums. Enter Cassius carrying a standard and Titinius.

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.
TITINIUS
O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early, 5
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

PINDARUS
Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord. 10
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
They are, my lord.
CASSIUS Titinius, if thou lovest me, 15
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
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
TITINIUS
I will be here again even with a thought. *He exits.* 20
CASSIUS
Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill.
My sight was ever thick. Regard Titinius
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. *Pindarus goes up.*
This day I breathèd first. Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end; 25
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
PINDARUS, *above*. O my lord!
CASSIUS What news?
PINDARUS
Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur, 30
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. *Shout.*
And hark, they shout for joy.
CASSIUS Come down, behold no more.— 35
O, coward that I am to live so long
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Pindarus comes down.
Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, 40
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath.
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this 45
bosom.
Stand not to answer. Here, take thou the hilts,
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. *Pindarus stabs him.*
Caesar, thou art revenged 50
Even with the sword that killed thee. *He dies.*
PINDARUS
So I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!—
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 55
He exits.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

MESSALA
It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS
 These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA
 Where did you leave him? 60

TITINIUS All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA
 Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS
 He lies not like the living. O my heart!

MESSALA
 Is not that he? 65

TITINIUS No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set.
 The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone; 70
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come. Our deeds are
 done.
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA
 Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child, 75
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth
 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

TITINIUS
 What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? 80

MESSALA
 Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears. I may say "thrusting it,"
 For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus 85
 As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

Messala exits.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they 90
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts?
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow. 95
Laying the garland on Cassius' brow.
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods, this is a Roman's part.
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart! 100
He dies on Cassius' sword.

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius, Labeo, and Flavius.*

BRUTUS

Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA

Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS

Titinius' face is upward.

CATO He is slain.

BRUTUS

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet; 105

Thy spirit walks abroad and turns our swords

In our own proper entrails. *Low alarums.*

CATO Brave Titinius!—

Look whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius.

BRUTUS

Are yet two Romans living such as these?— 110

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.— 115

I shall find time, Cassius; I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body.

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come.—

And come, young Cato. Let us to the field.— 120

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock, and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

They exit.

Scene 4

*Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and
Flavius.*

BRUTUS

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

Brutus, Messala, and Flavius 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!

A foe to tyrants and my country's friend. 5

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

LUCILIUS

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I!

Brutus, my country's friend! Know me for Brutus.

Cato is killed.

O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius 10

And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOLDIER, *seizing Lucilius*

Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS Only I yield to die.

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

Offering money.

Kill Brutus and be honored in his death.

15

FIRST SOLDIER

We must not. A noble prisoner!

Enter Antony.

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 Where is he?

20

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!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

25

ANTONY

This is not Brutus, friend, but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe.

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How everything is chanced.

30

They exit in different directions.

Scene 5

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS

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

He sits down.

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;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

5

He 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

Hark thee, Dardanus.

He whispers to Dardanus.

DARDANUS Shall I do such a deed?

10

CLITUS O Dardanus!

DARDANUS O Clitus!

Dardanus and Clitus step aside.

CLITUS

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANUS

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS

Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 15
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:

The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me 20
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

Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. 25
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes.
Our enemies have beat us to the pit. *Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together; 30
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.

Alarum continues.

CLITUS

Fly, fly, my lord! There is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS

Farewell to you—and you—and you, Volumnius.— 35
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.
I shall have glory by this losing day 40
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.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, 45
That have but labored to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLITUS

Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS Hence. I will follow.

All exit but Brutus and Strato.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 50
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. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS

Farewell, good Strato.

55

Brutus runs on his sword.

Caesar, now be still.

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

He dies.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the army.*

OCTAVIUS What man is that?

MESSALA

My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.

60

The conquerors can but make a fire of him,

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCILIUS

So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

65

OCTAVIUS

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS

Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA How died my master, Strato?

70

STRATO

I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA

Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators save only he

75

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar.

He only in a general honest thought

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

80

And say to all the world "This was a man."

OCTAVIUS

According to his virtue, let us use him

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,

Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.

85

So call the field to rest, and let's away

To part the glories of this happy day.

They all exit.