

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar
by
William Shakespeare.

Dramatis Personae

Julius Caesar	Roman statesman and general
Octavius.....	Triumvir after Caesar's death, later Augustus Caesar, first emperor of Rome
Mark Antony.....	general and friend of Caesar, a Triumvir after his death
Lepidus.....	third member of the Triumvirate
Marcus Brutus.....	leader of the conspiracy against Caesar
Cassius.....	instigator of the conspiracy
Casca	conspirator against Caesar
Trebonius.....	conspirator against Caesar
Caius Ligarius.....	conspirator against Caesar
Decius Brutus.....	conspirator against Caesar
Metellus Cimber.....	conspirator against Caesar
Cinna	conspirator against Caesar
Calpurnia	wife of Caesar
Portia	wife of Brutus
Cicero	senator
Popilius.....	senator
Popilius lena.....	senator
Flavius	tribune
Marullus.....	tribune
Cato	supporter of Brutus
Lucilius.....	supporter of Brutus
Titinius	supporter of Brutus
Messala.....	supporter of Brutus
Volumnius	supporter of Brutus
Artemidorus	a teacher of rhetoric
Cinna	a poet
Varro	servant to Brutus
Clitus	servant to Brutus
Claudio	servant to Brutus
Strato.....	servant to Brutus
Lucius	servant to Brutus
Dardanius.....	servant to Brutus
Pindarus.....	servant to Cassius
The Ghost of Caesar	
A Soothsayer	
A Poet	
Senators, Citizens, Soldiers, Commoners, Messengers, and Servants	

SCENE: *Rome, the conspirators' camp near Sardis,
and the plains of Philippi.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Rome. A street. Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain
Commoners.*

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?

First Commoner.

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?

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

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

Second Commoner.

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!

Second Commoner.

Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius.

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner.

Truly, Sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle
with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,
but with awl. 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?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Second Commoner.

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.

Marullus.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome

Act I, Scene 1

A street in Rome

Flavius.

Get away from here! home, you lazy creatures, go home!
Is this a holiday? What, don't you know,
Since you are workers, you should not walk around
On a workday without carrying the tools
Of your trade? Speak, what is your trade?

First Commoner.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus.

Where is your leather apron and your ruler?
Why do you have your best clothes on? You,
Sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

But what trade are you? Give me a straight answer.

Second Commoner.

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

Marullus.

What trade, wise guy? You dirty trickster, what trade?

Second Commoner.

No, I beg you, sir, don't be out with me. But if you are out,
sir, I can fix you.

Marullus.

What do you mean by that? Fix me, you disrespectful
fellow?

Second Commoner.

Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius.

You are a cobbler, are you?

Second Commoner.

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I don't fool
with any worker's matters or women's matters, but with
all. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes. When they
are in great danger, I heal them. The most proper men
that ever walked on calfskin have walked on my
handiwork.

Flavius.

But why are you not in your shop today? Why do you lead
these people through the streets?

Second Commoner.

Really, sir, to wear out their shoes, so I will have more
work. But actually, sir, we are taking the day off to see
Caesar and to celebrate his victory.

Marullus.

Why rejoice? What conquest does he bring home?
What captured prisoners follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flavius.

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
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.

Exeunt all Commoners.

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

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;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd 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.

Exeunt.

Chained to the wheels of his chariot?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel people of Rome!
Didn't you know Pompey? Many times
You climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yes, to chimney tops,
Your babies in your arms, and there you sat
All day, patiently waiting,
To see great Pompey pass through the streets of Rome.
And when you barely saw his chariot appear,
Didn't everyone shout,
So that the Tiber shook under her banks
To hear the echo of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best clothes?
And do you now choose a holiday?
And do you now throw flowers in the path
Of the man who comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall on your knees,
Pray to the gods to hold back the deadly disease
That would be a fair punishment for your ingratitude.

Flavius.

Go, go, good countrymen, and for this weakness
Gather all the poor men like you;
Bring them to the banks of the Tiber, and weep your tears
Into the river, until the water overflows.

[Exit all the commoners]

We'll see if their poor characters are affected.
They feel so guilty that they leave without speaking.
You go down that way towards the Capitol;
I'll go this way. Strip the statues
Of any decorations you find on them.

Marullus.

Can we do that?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flavius.

It doesn't matter. Let no statues
Be decorated with Caesar's trophies.
I'll go around
And scatter the rest of the commoners.
Do the same yourself wherever they are forming a crowd.
These growing feathers that we pull from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly at an ordinary height,
When otherwise he would soar too high to be seen
and keep us all under him and afraid.

SCENE II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course;

*Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius,
and Casca; a great crowd follows, among them a
Soothsayer.*

Caesar.

Calpurnia!

Casca.

Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Music ceases.

Caesar.

Calpurnia!

Calpurnia.

Here, my lord.

Caesar.

Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his course. Antonio!

Antony.

Caesar, my lord?

Caesar.

Forget not in your speed, Antonio,
To touch Calpurnia, for our elders say
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony.

I shall remember.

When Caesar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Caesar.

Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Flourish.

Soothsayer.

Caesar!

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 turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer.

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

What man is that?

Brutus.

A soothsayer you beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

Set him before me let me see his face.

Cassius.

Act I, Scene 2

[A public place in Rome]

[A flourish of trumpets announces the approach of Caesar.

*A large crowd of Commoners has assembled; a
Soothsayer is among them. Enter Caesar; his wife,
Calpurnia; Portia; Decius; Cicero; Brutus; Cassius;
Casca; and Antony, who is stripped down in preparation
for running in the games.]*

Caesar.

Calpurnia.

Casca.

Be quiet! Caesar speaks.

Caesar.

Calpurnia

Calpurnia.

Here, my lord.

Caesar.

Stand in Antony's path

When he runs the race. Antonius.

Antonius.

Caesar, my lord?

Caesar.

In your hurry, don't forget, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for the old people say

That barren women, touched by someone running in this
holy race,

Lose the curse of sterility.

Antonius.

I shall remember.

When Caesar says "Do this," it is done.

Caesar.

Do what you need to do, and don't leave out any part of the
ritual.

[Flourish of trumpets. Caesar starts to leave.]

Soothsayer.

Caesar!

Caesar.

Ha! Who calls me?

Casca.

Tell everyone to be quiet. Silence again!

Caesar.

Who is in the crowd that calls on me?

I hear a voice shriller than all the music

Cry "Caesar!" Speak. Caesar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer.

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

Who is that?

Brutus.

A soothsayer tells you to beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

Put him in front of me; let me see his face.

Cassius.

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caesar.

What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer.

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius.

Will you go see the order of the course?

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;

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

Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus.

Cassius,

Be not deceived; if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

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-

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

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,

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,

Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Fellow, come out of the crowd; look at Caesar.

Caesar.

What do you say to me now? Say it one more time.

Soothsayer.

Beware the ides of March.

Caesar.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pass.

[Trumpets sound. Exit all but Brutus and Cassius.]

Cassius.

Are you going to watch the race?

Brutus.

Not I.

Cassius.

I wish you would.

Brutus.

I do not like sports. I am not

Athletic like Antony.

Don't let me spoil, Cassius, what you want to do.

I'll leave you.

Cassius.

Brutus, I have watched you lately;

I have not seen in your eyes the kindness

And friendliness I used to see.

You are being too stubborn and too distant

From your friend who cares about you.

Brutus.

Cassius,

Don't be deceived. If I have hidden my true feelings,

I have been frowning

Only at myself. I have been troubled

Lately by mixed emotions,

Personal matters that concern no one else,

Which are, perhaps, affecting the way I act.

But don't let my good friends be upset

(And you, Cassius, are counted as one of them)

Or interpret my neglect of them as anything more serious

Than that poor Brutus, at war with himself,

Forgets to be friendly to other men.

Cassius.

In that case, Brutus, I have misunderstood your feelings,

Because of which I have kept to myself

Certain important thoughts, worthy ideas.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus.

No, Cassius, for the eye cannot see itself

Except when it is reflected by something else.

Cassius.

That's true.

And it is too bad, Brutus, That you don't have any mirrors
that would show

Your inner qualities to you,

So that you could see their reflection. I have heard

That many of the most respected people in Rome

(Except immortal Caesar), speaking about Brutus

And suffering under the troubles of this time,

Have wished that noble Brutus could see himself the way

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Flourish and shout.

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow. So indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

they see him.

Brutus.

What danger are you leading me into, Cassius,
That you want me to search inside myself
For something that is not there?

Cassius.

In that case, good Brutus, listen;
Since you know you cannot see yourself
Without being reflected, I, your mirror,
Will without exaggerating show you
Things about yourself which you don't yet realize.
And don't be suspicious of me, gentle Brutus,
If you think I'm a fool, or someone
Who pretends to be the friend
Of everyone who promises friendship to me; if you believe
That I show friendship
And then gossip about my friends; or if you know
That I try to win the affections
Of the common people, then consider me dangerous.
[Flourish and shout.]

Brutus.

What does this shouting mean? I am afraid the people
Choose Caesar to be their king.

Cassius.

Ay, are you afraid of it?
Then I must believe that you don't want it to happen.

Brutus.

I don't want it, Cassius, but Caesar is my good friend.
But why do you keep me here so long?
What is it that you want to tell me?
If it is anything concerning the good of Rome,
Put honor on one side and death on the other,
And I will face either one;
For let the gods give me good fortune only if I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius.

I know that what you have just said is true about you,
Brutus,
Just as well as I know your outward appearance.
Well, honor is what I want to talk about.
I don't know what you and other people
Think about life, but just for myself,
I would rather die than live to be
In awe of someone no better than I am.
I was born as free as Caesar, so were you;
We eat the same foods, and we can both
Stand the winter's cold just as well as Caesar.
One time, on a cold and windy day,
When the Tiber River was rising in the storm,
Caesar said to me, "Cassius, I dare you
To leap with me into this angry flood
And swim to that spot way over there." As soon as he said
it,
Dressed like I was, I plunged in
And dared him to follow. That's exactly what he did.
The torrent roared, and we fought it

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
 I, as Aeneas our great ancestor
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 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
 Did lose his luster. I did hear him groan.
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! It doth amaze me
 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
 For some new honors that are heap'd 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.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that "Caesar"?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 "Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age since the great flood
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

With strong muscles, throwing it aside
 And conquering it with our spirit of competition.
 But before we could arrive at the designated spot,
 Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I will sink!"
 Just like Aeneas, our great ancestor,
 Carried the old Anchises from the flames of Troy
 On his shoulder, I from the waves of Tiber
 Carried the tired Caesar. And this man
 Is now considered a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bow down
 If Caesar even carelessly nods at him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when he was having fits, I saw clearly
 How he shook. It is true, this god shook.
 His lips turned pale,
 And that same eye whose glance awes the world
 Lost his shine. I heard him groan.
 Yes, and that tongue of his that persuaded the Romans
 To watch him closely and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, "Give me something to drink, Titinius,"
 Just like a sick girl! You gods! It amazes me
 That such a weak man should
 Get ahead of the rest of the world
 And appear as the victor all by himself.
[Shout. Flourish.]

Brutus.

The crowd shouts again?
 I think that all this applause is
 For some new honors that are given to Caesar.

Cassius.

Why, man, he stands with the puny world between his legs
 Like a Colossus, and we insignificant men
 Walk under his huge legs and look around
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some point in time are in charge of their own
 destinies.
 It is not the fault, dear Brutus, of our stars
 That we are inferiors, but it is our own fault.
 "Brutus" and "Caesar." What is so special about the name
 "Caesar"?
 Why should that name be spoken more than yours?
 Write them together: your name looks just as good.
 Say them, yours sounds as good.
 Weigh them, it is as heavy. Call up spirits with them:
 "Brutus" will call up a spirit as soon as "Caesar."
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 What does our Caesar eat
 To make him grow so large? It is a shameful time to be
 living!
 Rome, you have lost all your noble people!
 Since the great Flood, when was there a time
 That wasn't made famous by more than one man?
 When could people talking of Rome say (till now)
 That her wide walls contained only one man?
 Now it is Rome indeed, and plenty of room,
 When there is only one man in it! O, you and I have heard

As easily as a king.

Brutus.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim.
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.
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.

Cassius.

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

Re-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.

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:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cassius.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caesar.

Antonio!

Antony.

Caesar?

Caesar.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Antony.

Fear him not, Caesar; he's not dangerous;

our fathers say

That there was once a man named Brutus who would have
tolerated

The eternal devil ruling Rome

As easily as he would a king.

Brutus.

I am sure that you are my friend.

What you are trying to persuade me of, I can guess.

What I think about this, and about these times,

I will tell you later. For right now,

I ask you as a friend not

To try to convince me further. What you have said

I will think about; what you have to say

I will patiently hear, and I will find a time

Appropriate both to hear and to answer such important
things.

Until then, my noble friend, chew on this:

Brutus would rather be a villager

Than to represent himself as a son of Rome

Under the difficult conditions that this time in history

Is likely to put on us.

Cassius.

I am glad

That my weak words have provoked this much strong

Reaction from Brutus.

[Voices and music are heard approaching.]

Brutus.

The games are over, and Caesar is returning.

Cassius.

As they pass by, pull Casca's sleeve,

And he will (in his sour way) tell you

What of importance has happened today.

[Reenter Caesar and his train of followers.]

Brutus.

I'll do it. But look, Cassius!

There is an angry spot glowing on Caesar's face,

And everyone else looks like a group of followers who
have been scolded.

Calpurnia's cheeks are pale, and Cicero

Has fiery eyes like an angry ferret,

The look he gets in the Capitol,

When other senators disagree with him.

Cassius.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[Caesar looks at Cassius and turns to Antony.]

Caesar.

Antonius.

Antonius.

Caesar?

Caesar.

Let me have men around me who are fat,

Sleek-headed men, and men that sleep at night.

Cassius, over there, has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Antonius.

Don't be afraid of him, 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
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
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd 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.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
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. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train but Casca.

Casca.

You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak 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.

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 ashouting.

Brutus.

What was the second noise for?

Casca.

Why, for that too.

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, wast, and he put it by thrice, every time
gentler than other, and at every putting by mine
honest neighbors shouted.

Cassius.

Who offered him the crown?

Casca.

Why, Antony.

He is a noble Roman, and your supporter.

Caesar.

I wish he were fatter! But I am not afraid of him.
Still, if I were the sort of person who became afraid,
I do not know the man I would avoid
As soon as that spare Cassius. He reads too much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through men's actions into their hearts. He does not
enjoy plays
Like you do, Antony; he does not listen to music.
He seldom smiles, and when he does, he smiles in such a
way
That it's like he made fun of himself and looked down on
his spirit
Because something could make it smile.
Men like him are never able to enjoy life
While they see someone greater than themselves,
And for that reason they are very dangerous.
I am telling you what there is to be afraid of,
Not what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come to my right side, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truthfully what you think of him.
*[Trumpets sound. Exit Caesar and all his train except
Casca, who stays behind.]*

Casca.

You pulled me by the cloak. Do you wish to speak with
me?

Brutus.

Yes, Casca. Tell us what has happened today
To make Caesar look so sad.

Casca.

Why, you were with him, weren't you?

Brutus.

If I were, I wouldn't ask Casca what had happened.

Casca.

Why, there was a crown offered to him; and when it was
offered to him, he pushed it aside with the back of his
hand, like this. And then the people started shouting.

Brutus.

What was the second noise for?

Casca.

Why, for the same reason.

Brutus.

Was the crown offered to him three times?

Casca.

Yes, indeed, it was! and he pushed it away three times,
each time more gently than the others; and every time he
pushed it away my 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 hang'd as tell the manner of it. 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 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 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 receiving the bad air.

Cassius.

But, soft, I pray you, what, did Caesars wound?

Casca.

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

Brutus.

'Tis very like. He hath the falling sickness.

Cassius.

No, Caesar hath it not, but you, and I, 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 tagrag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Brutus.

What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca.

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

Brutus.

And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca.

Ay.

Brutus.

Tell us how it happened, gentle Casca.

Casca.

I could as easily be hanged as tell how it happened. It was mere foolery; I did not pay attention to it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown--but it was not a crown either, it was one of these coronets--and, as I told you, he pushed it away once. But for all that, to my thinking, he would gladly have taken it. Then he offered it to him again; then he pushed it away again; but to my thinking, he was very reluctant to take his fingers off of it. And then he offered it the third time. He pushed it away the third time; and still while he refused it, the unruly crowd hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and let out so much stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it, almost, choked Caesar; for he fainted and fell down because of it. And for my own part, I didn't dare laugh, for fear of opening my lips and breathing the bad air.

Cassius.

But wait a minute, I beg you.

What, did Caesar faint?

Casca.

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

Brutus.

That sounds like him. He has the falling sickness.

Cassius.

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

Casca.

I don't know what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap at him and hiss at him, according to how he pleased and displeased them, like they are used to doing with the actors in the theater, I am no true man.

Brutus.

What did he say when he came to himself?

Casca.

Indeed, before he fell down, when he saw that the crowd was glad that he refused the crown, he pulled open his jacket and offered them his throat to cut. If I had been a worker with a proper tool, may I go to hell with the sinners if I would not have done as he asked. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything wrong, he desired their worships to think that it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches where I stood cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But you can't pay any attention to them. If Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done the same thing.

Brutus.

And after that, he came away upset?

Casca.

Yes.

Cassius.

Did Cicero say anything?

Casca.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius.

To what effect?

Casca.

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

Cassius.

Will you sup with me tonight, Casca?

Casca.

No, I am promised forth.

Cassius.

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca.

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

Cassius.

Good, I will expect you.

Casca.

Do so, farewell, both.

Exit

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,
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.
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.

Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed; therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,

Cassius.

Did Cicero say anything?

Casca.

Yes, he spoke Greek.

Cassius.

What did he say?

Casca.

No, if I tell you that, I'll never look you in the face again.
But those who understood him smiled at each other and shook their heads; but as far as I was concerned, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too. Marullus and Flavius, for pulling decorations off Caesar's statues, are put to silence. Good day to you. There was even more foolishness, if I could remember it.

Cassius.

Will you have dinner with me tonight, Casca?

Casca.

No, I have made other plans.

Cassius.

Will you dine with me tomorrow?

Casca.

Yes, if I am alive, and your mind does not change, and your dinner is worth eating.

Cassius.

Good, I will expect you.

Casca.

Do so. Farewell to both of you.

[Exit.]

Brutus.

What a dull fellow he has grown to be!
He was clever when he went to school.

Cassius.

He still is now when he's carrying out
Any daring or important project,
Even though he pretends to be slow.
This rudeness of his is a sauce to his intelligence,
Which makes people more willing
To accept the things he says.

Brutus.

And so it is. For now I will leave you.
Tomorrow, if you want to speak with me,
I will come to your house; or if you want,
Come to mine, and I will wait for you.

Cassius.

I will do so. Until then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, you are noble; but I see
Your honorable nature can be manipulated
Into something not quite so honorable. That's why it is
proper
That noble people associate with others like them;
For who is so firm that cannot be seduced?
Caesar holds a grudge against me, but he is a friend to
Brutus.
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He would not fool me. I will tonight

Writings, all tending to the great opinion
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.

Exit.

Throw through his window notes
In different handwriting, as if they came from several
people,
All pointing out the great respect
That Rome has for him; in these
Caesar's ambition will be hinted at.
And after this let Caesar establish himself securely,
For we will shake him down from his position or suffer the
consequences.

SCENE III.

A street.

Thunder and lightning Enter, from opposite sides,

Casca, with his sword drawn, 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
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To be exalted with the threatening clouds,
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero.

Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca.

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

Cicero.

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

Casca.

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

Cicero.

Good then, Casca. This disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

Act I, Scene 3

[Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,

Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.]

Cicero.

Good evening, Casca. Did you take Caesar home?
Why are you out of breath? And why are you staring like
that?

Casca.

Doesn't it disturb you when the natural order of things
Shakes like something that is unstable? O, Cicero,
I have seen storms when the scolding winds
Have torn the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam
To raise itself to the level of the threatening clouds;
But never till tonight, never till now,
Did I go through a storm dropping fire.
Either there is a civil war in heaven,
Or else the world, too disrespectful of the gods,
Makes them angry enough to destroy it.

Cicero.

Why, did you see anything that was strange?

Casca.

A common slave--you know him well by sight--
Held up his left hand, which gave off flames and burned
Like twenty torches put together; but his hand,
Not feeling the fire, remained unscorched.
Also--I haven't put my sword away since this happened--
At the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared at me, and walked by in a bad temper
Without bothering me. And there were huddled together
In a heap a hundred pale women,
Changed by their fear, who swore they saw
Men, covered with fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the owl, a night bird, sat
At noon in the marketplace,
Hooting and shrieking. When strange events like these
Happen at the same time, no one should say,
"There are explanations, these are natural events,"
For I believe they are bad omens
For the place where they happen.

Cicero.

Indeed, the times are strange.
But people can interpret events the way they want to,
No matter what actually causes the events.
Is Caesar coming to the Capitol tomorrow?

Casca.

He is, because he asked Antonius
To give you the message that he would be there tomorrow.

Cicero.

Goodnight then, Casca. It is not a good idea to walk
Under this disturbed sky.

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

Exit Cicero.
Enter Cassius.

Cassius.
Who's there?

Casca.
A Roman.

Cassius.
Casca, by your voice.

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

Cassius.
A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca.
Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius.
Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunderstone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca.
But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

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

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

Cassius.
Let it be who it is, for Romans now

[Exit Cicero.]
[Enter Cassius.]

Cassius.
Who's there?

Casca.
A Roman.

Cassius.
You must be Casca, by your voice.

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

Cassius.
A very pleasant night for honest men.

Casca.
Who has ever seen the heavens threaten like this?

Cassius.
Those who have known that the earth is full of faults.
As far as I'm concerned, I have walked around the streets,
Offering myself to the dangerous night,
And, with my coat open, Casca, as you see,
Have exposed my chest to the thunder and lightning;
And when the zigzag blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I presented myself
Right where it aimed and flashed.

Casca.
But why did you tempt the heavens so much?
Men are supposed to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods use signs to send
Such frightening messengers to scare us.

Cassius.
You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That every Roman should have you either lack,
Or else you don't use. You look pale, and stare,
And show fear, and are amazed,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens.
But if you would consider the true cause
Of all these fires, of all these gliding ghosts,
Of birds and animals that change their natures;
Of foolish old men and children who can predict the
future;
Of all these things that change from their regular behavior,
Their natures, and established function,
To unnatural behavior, why, you will discover
That heaven has given them these supernatural powers
To make them bring fear and a warning
Of some evil condition.
Now I could, Casca, give you the name of one man
Who is very much like this dreadful night
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
Like the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than you or I
In his personal actions, but who has become enormous
And threatening, just like these strange happenings are.

Casca.
It is Caesar that you mean. Isn't it, Cassius?

Cassius.
Let it be whoever it is. Modern Romans

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors.
But, woe the while! Our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd 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
In every place save here in Italy.

Cassius.

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

Thunder still.

Casca.

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

Cassius.

And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep.
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca.

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

Cassius.

There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's Porch. For now, this fearful night,

Have muscles and limbs like our ancestors.
But alas for the times! we have the minds of our mothers,
Not of our fathers;
Our acceptance of a dictator shows us to be like women,
not men.

Casca.

Indeed, they say that the senators
Plan to make Caesar king tomorrow,
And he will rule over sea and land
Everywhere except here in Italy.

Cassius.

I know where I will wear this dagger then;
I will free myself from slavery.
In this way, you gods, you make the weak strong;
In this way, you gods, you defeat tyrants.
Neither a stone tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor an airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can imprison a strong spirit;
Life, when it is tired of these worldly bars,
Always has the power to allow itself to leave.
If I know this, the rest of the world knows,
The part of tyranny that I endure
I can shake off when I choose to.

[Thunder still.]

Casca.

So can I.
So every slave in his own hand holds
The power to end his captivity.

Cassius.

So why is Caesar a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
If he didn't see that the Romans are only sheep;
He would not be a lion if the Romans were not hinds.
People who want to quickly build a huge fire
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what garbage, when it acts
As the kindling to light up
Such a disgusting thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where have you led me? I, perhaps, am saying this
In front of a willing slave. In that case I know
I will have to answer for my words. But I am armed,
And dangers don't matter to me.

Casca.

You are speaking to Casca, and to the sort of man
Who is not a tattle-tale. Stop, my hand.
Form a group to correct all these wrongs,
And I will go as far
As anyone else.

Cassius.

You have a deal.
Now you should know, Casca, that I have already
persuaded
A certain few of the noblest-minded Romans
To attempt with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous importance;
And I know, right now they are waiting for me

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.

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
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd 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 stay'd for? Tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party-

Cassius.

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

Cinna.

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

Cassius.

That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

Exit Cinna.

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

Casca.

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.

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

At the entrance to Pompey's Theater; because now, on this
frightening night,

No one is stirring or walking in the streets,
And the condition of the sky
Looks like the work we have ahead of us,
Bloody, full of fire, and terrible.

[Enter Cinna.]

Casca.

Stand hidden for awhile, for here comes someone in a
hurry.

Cassius.

It's Cinna. I know the way he walks.
He is a friend. Cinna, where are you going in such a
hurry?

Cinna.

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

Cassius.

No, it is Casca, who is now part
Of our plan. Are they waiting for me?

Cinna.

I am glad of it. What a frightening night this is!
Two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cassius.

Are they waiting for me? Tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, they are.

O Cassius, if you could

Only persuade the noble Brutus to join us--

Cassius.

Be satisfied. Good Cinna, take this note
And put it in the judge's seat,
Where Brutus will find it, and throw this one
Through his window. Stick this one with wax
On old Brutus' statue. When you've done all of that,
Go to Pompey's Porch, where you will find us.
Are Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna.

Everyone except Metellus Cimber, and he went
To look for you at your house. Well, I'll hurry
To place these papers where you told me.

Cassius.

When you finish, go to Pompey's Theater.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will still before morning
See Brutus at his house. Three-fourths of him
Belongs to us already, and the whole man
Will be ours after we next meet him.

Casca.

O, the people love him,
And something which would seem offensive if we did it,
His face like magic,
Will change so it becomes good and worthy.

Cassius.

Him and his importance and the reason we need him
You have figured out. Let's go,
For it is past midnight, and before day comes

We will awake him and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

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We will wake him up and make sure he is ours.

ACT II. SCENE I.

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!

Enter Lucius

Lucius.

Call'd 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.

Exit.

Brutus.

It must be by his death, and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder
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.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power, and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
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,
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
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
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found

Act II, Scene 1

Brutus' orchard in Rome

Brutus.

Lucius!
There are no stars in the sky
To tell me how close it is to morning. Lucius, I say!
I wish I could sleep that soundly.
When are you coming, Lucius, when? Wake up, I say!
Lucius!

[Enter Lucius from the house.]

Lucius.

Did you call, my lord?

Brutus.

Get a candle and put it in my study, Lucius.
When it is lit, come and find me here.

Lucius.

I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

[Brutus returns to his brooding.]

Brutus.

It can only be solved by Caesar's death; for my part,
I have no personal grudge against him;
I'm thinking only of the general welfare. He wants to be
crowned.
The question is, how would that change his personality?
It is the sunshine that brings out the snake,
So walk carefully. Give him a crown,
And then we have put a poisonous bite in him
That he can cause trouble with whenever he wants.
Greatness is abused when it separates
Pity from power. And to tell the truth about Caesar,
I have never known him to be controlled by his heart
Instead of his head. But people often say
That humility is a ladder for young ambition,
Which the person climbing up looks toward;
But once he reaches the top rung,
He then turns his back to the ladder,
And looks into the clouds, scorning the lower levels
Which he climbed upon to reach this high position. This is
what Caesar may do.
Then rather than let him do that, we must prevent it. And
since the case against Caesar
Can't be proved from what he is like now,
We must shape our argument in this way: That Caesar's
true nature, if allowed to develop
Would reach terrible extremes;
So we must think of him as a serpent's egg,
Which, if it hatched, would like all serpents grow
dangerous,
And kill him before he hatches.
[Re-enter Lucius with a letter.]
Lucius.
The candle is burning in your private room, sir.
While I was searching the window for a match, I found

This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
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.

Exit.

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!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
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?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd 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

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

Knocking within.

Brutus.

'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks.

Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.

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,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Lucius.

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus.

Is he alone?

Lucius.

This paper, sealed up, and I am sure
It wasn't there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Brutus.

Go back to bed; the sun isn't even up.
Isn't tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius.

I don't know, sir.

Brutus.

Look in the calendar and come tell me.

Lucius.

I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Brutus.

The meteors, falling through the air,

Give off so much light that I can read by them.

[Opens the letter and reads.]

"Brutus, you are asleep. Wake up, and see yourself!"

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, right a wrong!

Brutus, you are asleep. Wake up!"

Suggestions like this have often been dropped

Where I have picked them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." I must guess the rest of the sentence:

Should Rome have such fear and respect for just one man?

What, Rome?

My ancestors drove the Tarquin

From the streets of Rome when he was called a king.

"Speak, strike, right a wrong!" Am I encouraged

To speak and strike? O Rome, I promise you,

If a solution for our troubles will come from my action,

you will get

Everything you ask for from Brutus!

[Reenter Lucius.]

Lucius.

Sir, we are fifteen days into March.

[Knocking within.]

Brutus.

That's good. Go to the door; somebody is knocking.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first aroused my suspicions concerning
Caesar,

I have not slept.

The time between the earliest thought of a terrible act

And the actual performance of it is

Like a nightmare or a hideous dream.

The heart and mind

Debate the subject, while the man himself,

Like a small country, undergoes

A civil war.

[Reenter Lucius.]

Lucius.

Sir, it's your friend Cassius at the door,

Who wants to see you.

Brutus.

Is he alone?

Lucius.

No, sir, there are more with him.

Brutus.

Do you know them?

Lucius.

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

Brutus.

Let 'em enter.

Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
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;
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 Cimber, and Trebonius.*

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

He is welcome hither.

Cassius.

This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome too.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius.

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

Casca.

No.

No, sir, there are more people with him.

Brutus.

Do you know them?

Lucius.

No, sir. Their hats are pulled down around their ears
And half their faces are buried in their cloaks,
So that there is no way I can tell who they are.

Brutus.

Let them in.

conspiracy

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O consiracy,
Are you afraid to show your dangerous face at night,
When evil things are mostly left alone? O, then during the
day,

Where will you find a cave dark enough
To hide your horrible face? Don't look for one,
conspiracy;

Hide your plans in smiles and friendliness!

If you go out showing your true natures,
Even the gateway to hell is not dark enough
To hide you and keep your plans from being discovered.

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

Cassius.

I think we may have come too early.
Good morning, Brutus. Are we disturbing you?

Brutus.

I was already up, awake all night.
Do I know these men who have come with you?

Cassius.

Yes, every one of them; and there is no man here
Who doesn't honor you; and every one wishes
You had the same opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman has of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus.

He is welcome here.

Cassius.

This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus.

He is welcome too.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

They are all welcome.
What trouble keep you
Awake at night?

Cassius.

Could I speak with you privately?

[They whisper.]

Decius.

Here is the east. Doesn't the sun rise here?

Casca.

No.

Cinna.

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

Casca.

You shall confess that you are both deceived.
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
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus.

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,
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,
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
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,
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 the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
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
Of any promise that hath pass'd 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.

Excuse me, sir, but it does; and those grey lines
That stripe the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca.

You must admit that you are both wrong.
Here, where I point my sword, the sun rises,
From a southerly direction,
Since it is still early in the year.
Two months from now, the sun will rise
Up higher toward the north; and the true east
Is where the Capitol is, right here.

[Brutus and Cassius rejoin the others.]

Brutus.

Give me your hands, one at a time.

Cassius.

And let us swear our loyalty.

Brutus.

No, we do not need to swear. The sadness of people's
faces,
Our own suffering, and the awful time we live in--
If these aren't strong enough reasons to hold us together,
then let's quit early
And all go home to bed.
In that case, let arrogant tyranny live,
While we die off, one at a time, by chance. But if these
reasons
(As I am sure they do) are strong enough
To motivate cowards and to give courage to
The weak spirits of women, then, countrymen,
Why do we need any incentive other than our own cause
To encourage us to correct these evils?
Why do we need any bond
Other than that of Romans who secretly made an
agreement
And will not go back on our word? and
Why do we need any oath other
Than personal honor promised
That this will be done, or we will die for it?
Swearing oaths is for priests, cowards, and crafty men,
Old dying men, and unhappy people who enjoy lying.
creatures like these that men don't trust swear to bad
causes; don't disgrace
The steady virtue of our enterprise
Nor the unflinching courage of our spirits
To think that either what we believe or what we are about
to do
Needs an oath when every drop of blood
In every Roman, and every noble,
Is not truly Roman
If he breaks even the smallest part
Of any promise he has made.

Cassius.

But what about Cicero? Shall we see what he thinks?
I think he will support us.

Casca.

Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

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 judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
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.

Casca.

Indeed he is not fit.

Decius.

Shall no man else be touch'd 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
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,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
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;
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
Our purpose necessary and not envious,
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

Cassius.

Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrated love he bears to Caesar--

Brutus.

Cinna.

Yes, by all means.

Metellus.

O, let us get Cicero to join us! His age
Will get us popular support
And people to praise what we do.
People will say that his sound judgement controlled us;
Our youth and wildness will not be noticed
but will be hidden in his seriousness.

Brutus.

Don't mention him! Let us not confide in him,
For he will never follow anything
That is started by anyone but himself.

Cassius.

Then leave him out.

Casca.

Indeed, he is not suitable.

Decius.

Shall we kill only Caesar?

Cassius.

Decius, good point. I think it is not proper
That Mark Antony, Caesar's good friend,
Should outlive Caesar. We will find that he is
A schemer, and you know,
If he had more power, he could be
Trouble for us; To prevent this,
Let Antony and Caesar die together.

Brutus.

Our actions will seem too violent, Caius Cassius,
If we cut the head off and then hack at the limbs,
Like we were killing in anger with hatred afterwards;
Antony is only a limb of Caesar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
If only we could remove Caesar's soul
Without destroying his body! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, good friends,
Let's kill him boldly but not angrily;
Let's carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
Not chop him up like the body of an animal to be fed to
dogs.
Let our hearts treat our hands the way sly masters do;
We will provoke our hands to do our dirty work in anger,
Then later scold them for what they have done. This will
make
Our purpose necessary and not the result of jealousy.
When the public sees this,
We will be called healer, not murderers.
As far as Mark Antony's concerned, forget about him;
He cannot do any more damage than Caesar's arm can do
When Caesar's head is removed.

Cassius.

Still I'm afraid of him,
For in his deep-rooted friendship to Caesar--

Brutus.

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
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.
Clock strikes.

Brutus.

Peace, count the clock.

Cassius.

The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius.

'Tis time to part.

Cassius.

But it is doubtful yet
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,
The unaccustom'd 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
That unicorns may be betray'd 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 flattered.
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 utter most?

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.
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
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

Alas, good Cassius, don't think about him!
If he cares for Caesar, the only thing he can do
Is to himself--Become depressed, and die for Caesar.
Mark Antony isn't likely to kill himself; he loves
Sports, wildness, and socializing too much to do such a
thing.

Trebonius.

We have nothing to fear from him. Let's not kill him,
For he will live and laugh at this later.
[Clock strikes.]

Brutus.

Quiet! Count the chimes of the clock.

Cassius.

The clock struck three.

Trebonius.

It's time to go.

Cassius.

But we still don't know
Whether Caesar will leave his house today or not;
He has become superstitious lately,
In contrast to the strong views he once had
Of fantasies, dreams, and omens.
These strange events,
The unusual terrors tonight,
And the arguments of his fortune-tellers
May keep him away from the Capitol today.

Decius.

Don't be afraid of that. If he decides to stay home,
I can change his mind; he loves to hear
That unicorns can be trapped with trees
And bears with mirrors, elephants with pitfalls,
Lions with nets, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him that he hates flatterers,
He says he does, although at that moment he is flattered.
Let me work,
For I can get him into the right mood,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius.

No, all of us will be there to bring him.

Brutus.

By eight o'clock. Do we all agree that eight is the latest
we'll be there?

Cinna.

That's the latest, and don't fail then.

Metellus.

Caius Ligarius has a grudge against Caesar,
Who criticized him for supporting Pompey.
I'm surprised none of you thought of him.

Brutus.

Now, good Metellus, go get him.
He is my friend, for good reason.
Send him to me, and I'll persuade him.

Cassius.

Morning is coming. We'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, scatter yourselves; but everyone remember
What you have said and prove 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,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy.
 And so, good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter.
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber;
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
 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
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Portia.

Nor for yours neither. have ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks.
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry waiver of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd 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 prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus.

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

Portia.

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

Brutus.

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

Portia.

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced 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 unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,

Brutus.

Good gentlemen, look rested and happy.
 Let's not let our appearances reveal what we are planning
 to do,

But carry it off like our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and consistent dignity,
 And so good day to each of you.

[Exit all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It doesn't matter.
 Enjoy your rest.

You have no dreams
 Which busy worry puts in the brains of men;
 That's why you sleep so soundly.

[Enter Portia, Brutus' wife.]

Portia.

Brutus, my lord!

Brutus.

Portia! What are you doing? Why are you up at this hour?
 It is not healthy for you to expose
 Your weak body to the raw cold morning.

Portia.

It is not good for you, either. You have unkindly, Brutus,
 Sneaked out of my bed. And last night at supper
 You suddenly got up and walked around,
 thinking and sighing with your arms crossed;
 And when I asked you what the matter was,
 You stared at me with unfriendly expressions.
 I asked again, then you scratched your head
 And too impatiently stamped with your foot.
 Still I insisted, and still you would not answer,
 But with an angry gesture of your hand
 You motioned for me to leave you. So I did,
 Because I was afraid of making your impatience even
 greater, and also

I hoped it was only an effect of your mood,
 Which affects every man at some time.

It will not let you eat or talk or sleep,
 And if it could change your appearance
 The way it has changed your personality,
 I would not recognize you, Brutus. Dear husband,
 Tell me what is upsetting you.

Brutus.

I am not feeling well, and that is all.

Portia.

Brutus is wise, and, if he were sick,
 He would do what was necessary to get well.

Brutus.

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

Portia.

Do you expect me to believe that you're sick? Is it healthy
 To walk without a coat and breathe the air
 Of a damp morning? Is Brutus sick,
 And he will sneak out of his wholesome bed
 To risk the terrible diseases of the night,
 And tempt the unhealthy air that is not yet cleansed by the
 sun,

You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of; 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, yourself, 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.

Brutus.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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 yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

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

Brutus.

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

Knocking within.

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

[Exit Portia.]

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Lucius.

Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

To make him even sicker? No, my Brutus,
You have a sickness of the mind,
Which, because I am your wife,
I ought to know about; and on my knees
I beg you, by my once-praised beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
That joined us and made us one,
That you tell me, yourself, your half,
Why you are sad, and what men tonight
Have met with you; for six or seven men
Have been here, who hid their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus.

Don't kneel, gentle Portia.

Portia.

I would not need to if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it accepted that I shouldn't know any secrets
That relate to you? Am I yourself
Only partially or in a limited way?
To keep you company at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Do I live only on the outskirts
Of your life? If that's all,
Portia is Brutus' prostitute, not his wife.

Brutus.

You are my true and honorable wife,
As important to me as the blood
That visits my sad heart.

Portia.

If this were true, then I would know this secret.
I admit that I am a woman, but also
A woman that Lord Brutus chose as his wife.
I admit that I am a woman, but also
A well-respected woman, Cato's daughter.
Do you think I am no stronger than my gender,
With such a father and such a husband?
Tell me your secret; I will not disclose it.
I have proved my strength
By wounding myself
Here, in the thigh. Can I stand that pain,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus.

O you gods,
Make me worthy of this noble wife.

[Knocking within.]

Listen! Someone's knocking. Portia, go inside for awhile,
And soon you shall hear
The secrets of my heart.
I will explain all my dealings
And the reason for my sad looks.
Leave me quickly.

[Exit Portia.]

Lucius, who's knocking?

[Re-enter Lucius with Caius-Ligarius.]

Lucius.

Here is a sick man who wishes to speak with you.

Brutus.

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

Ligarius.

Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus.

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

Ligarius.

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

Brutus.

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

Ligarius.

By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Brutus.

A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Ligarius.

But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Brutus.

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

Ligarius.

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

Brutus.

Follow me then.

Exeunt.

Brutus.

Caius Ligarius, the man Metellus spoke about.
Boy, step aside. Caius Ligarius, how are you?

Caius.

Accept a good morning from a sick man.

Brutus.

O, what a time you have chosen, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! I wish you were not sick!

Caius.

I am not sick if Brutus is planning
Any honorable action.

Brutus.

I am planning such an action, Ligarius,
If you had a healthy ear to hear about it.

Caius.

By all the gods that Romans bow to,
I declare myself cured! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, descended from noble Romans!
You are like an exorcist who has conjured up
My dead spirit. Now ask me to run,
And I will struggle with impossible things;
Yes, I will defeat them. What must be done?

Brutus.

A piece of work that will make sick men well.

Caius.

But aren't some men well whom we need to make sick?

Brutus.

We must do that too. I will tell you the plan, Caius,
While we go
To see the person to whom it must be done.

Caius.

Lead the way,
And with a newly enthusiastic heart I will follow,
Although I don't know what we are going to do; it is
enough
That Brutus is leading me.

[Thunder.]

Brutus.

Follow me, then.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Caesar's house. Thunder and lightning.
Enter Caesar, in his nightgown.*

Caesar.

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight.
Thrice hath Calpurnia 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,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant.

I will, my lord.

Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Calpurnia.

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 threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia.

Caesar, I I stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Caesar.

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

Calpurnia.

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.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

Act II, Scene 2

*Caesar's house in Rome
[Enter Caesar in his nightgown.]*

Caesar

Heaven and earth have not been at peace tonight.
Three times Calpurnia has cried out in her sleep,
"Help! They are murdering Caesar!" Who's there?
[Enter a servant.]

Servant

My lord?

Caesar

Go and ask the priests to make a sacrifice right away,
Then come and tell me the results.

Servant

I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

[Enter Caesar's wife, Calpurnia, alarmed.]

Calpurnia

What are you doing, Caesar? Are you planning to go out?
You are not going to set foot out of the house today.

Caesar

Caesar shall go forth. The things that have threatened me
Have never looked at anything but my back. When they
see

The face of Caesar, they will vanish.

Calpurnia

Caesar, I have never believed in omens,
But now they frighten me. There is a man inside,
Who tells of horrible sights seen by the watch,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen.
A lioness has given birth in the streets,
And graves have opened and given up their dead.
Fierce fiery warriors fought in the clouds
In ranks and squadrons and proper military formation,
Which rained blood on the Capitol.
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses neighed, and dying men groaned,
And ghosts shrieked and squeaked through the streets.
O Caesar, these things are not like anything we are used
to,

And I am afraid of them!

Caesar

How can anyone avoid
Something that is planned by the mighty gods?
But Caesar will go forth, since these predictions
Apply to the world in general, not just to Caesar.

Calpurnia

When beggars die no one sees comets;
The heavens themselves proclaim with meteors and
comets the death of princes.

Caesar

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant taste death only once.
Of all the strange things I have heard so far,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant.

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

Caesar.

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

Calpurnia.

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.
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.

Caesar.

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

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
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.

Calpurnia.

Say he is sick.

Caesar.

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius.

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

Caesar.

The cause is in my will: I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home;

It seems to me the most strange that men are afraid,
Since death, the unavoidable end,
Will come when it will come.

[Reenter servant.]

What do the fortune tellers say?

Servant

They don't want you to go out today.
Pulling the insides of an offering out,
They could not find a heart inside the animal.

Caesar

The gods do this in order to shame cowardice.
Caesar will be a beast without a heart
If he stays home today because of fear.
No, Caesar will not. Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he is.
We are two lions born at the same time,
And I am the oldest and most frightening of the two,
And Caesar will go forth.

Calpurnia

Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth today. Say that it is my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate House,
And he will say that you are not well today.
Let me on my knee have this request.

Caesar

Mark Antony will say I am not well,
And because of your mood I will stay at home.

[Enter Decius.]

Here's Decius Brutus. He will take the message.

Decius

Caesar, all hail! Good morning, worthy Caesar!
I have come to bring you to the Senate House.

Caesar

And you have come at the right time
To take my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come today.
Cannot is a lie; and that I am afraid to is a bigger lie.
I will not come today. Tell them that, Decius.

Calpurnia

Say that he is sick.

Caesar

Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I stretched my arm so far in conquest
And now I'm afraid to tell old men the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

Decius

Most mighty Caesar, tell me some reason,
Or else I will be laughed at when I tell them this.

Caesar

The reason is in my will; I will not come.
That is enough to satisfy the Senate;
But for your own peace of mind,
Because I am your friend, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, keeps me at home.

She dreamt tonight she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home today.

Decius.

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

Caesar.

And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius.

I have, when you have heard what I can say.
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for someone to say
"Break up the Senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
"Lo, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Caesar.

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.
*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebinius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius.

Good morrow, Caesar.

Caesar.

Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd 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?

Brutus.

Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.

Caesar.

I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Antony.

She dreamed tonight that she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Poured out pure blood, and many vigorous Romans
Came smiling and washed their hands in it.
And she interprets these as warnings and signs
Of evils to come, and on her knee
She begged that I would stay at home today.

Decius

This dream is interpreted all wrong;
It was a positive and fortunate vision.
Your statue spouting blood from many pipes
Means that great Rome will suck
Life-giving blood from you, and that great men will come
to you
For honors and souvenirs to remember you by.
This is what Calpurnia's dream means.

Caesar

And you have explained it well.

Decius

I have, when you hear what I have to say.
You should know that the Senate has decided
To give a crown to mighty Caesar today.
If you send a message that you will not come,
Their minds might change. Besides, it's likely
That someone will make a sarcastic comment and say,
"Break up the Senate until another day,
When Caesar's wife will have better dreams."
If Caesar hides himself, won't they whisper,
"Look, Caesar is afraid"?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my sincere interest
In your career makes me tell you this,
And my judgment is overcome by my friendship for you.

Caesar

Now your fears seem foolish, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed that I gave in to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.
*[Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
Cinna, and Publius.]*

And look, Publius has come to get me.

Publius

Good morning, Caesar.

Caesar

Welcome, Publius.
Brutus, are you up so early too?
Good morning, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was never as much your enemy
As the sickness which made you lean.
What time is it?

Brutus

Caesar, it has struck eight.

Caesar

I thank you all for your trouble and courtesy.

[Enter Antony.]

See! Antony, who parties late into the night,
Is up early despite that. Good morning, Antony.

Antony

So to most noble Caesar.

Caesar.

Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius,

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

Remember that you call on me today;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius.

Caesar, I will. *[Aside.]* And so near will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Caesar.

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

And we like friends will straightway go together.

Brutus.

[Aside.] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt

And to you, most noble Caesar.

Caesar

Ask them to set out refreshments inside.

It is my fault that everyone is waiting for me.

Now, Cinna, now, Metellus. What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk waiting for you;

Remember that you call on me today;

Stay close to me, so that I will remember you.

Trebonius

Caesar, I will. *[Aside.]* And I will be so close

That your best friends will wish that I had been further
away.

Caesar

Good friends, go in and have some wine with me,

And we (like friends) will go together right away.

Brutus

[Aside.] That everyone who seems to be a friend is not
necessarily one, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus grieves to think about.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading 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 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."

Here 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;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

Exit.

Act II, Scene 3

A street in Rome near the Capitol, close to Brutus' house

[Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.]

Artemidorus.

"Caesar, beware of Brutus; watch out for Cassius; stay away from Casca; keep an eye on Cinna; don't trust Trebonius; observe Metellus Cimber carefully; Decius Brutus does not like you; you have offended Caius Ligarius. All these men have the same goal, and it is against Caesar. If you are not immortal, look around you. Overconfidence allows a conspiracy to succeed. The mighty gods defend you!

"Your devoted Friend,

"Artemidorus."

I will stand here until Caesar passes by
And like a suitor I will give him this.
My heart grieves that greatness cannot avoid
The sharp teeth of envy.
If you read this, O Caesar, you might live;
If not, the Fates plot with traitors.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

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,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
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!
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,
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.
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?

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
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

Act II, Scene 4

In front of Brutus' house

[Enter Portia and Lucius.]

Portia

I beg you, boy, run to the Senate House.
Don't wait to answer me, but get going!
Why are you waiting?

Lucius

To find out what you want me to do, madam.

Portia

I would have had you run there and back again
Before I told you what you should do there.
O firmness of purpose, be strong beside me;
Put a huge mountain between my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's strength.
How hard it is for women to keep secrets!
Are you still here?

Lucius

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

Portia

Yes, let me know, boy, if your master looks well,
For he was sickly when he left; and notice
What Caesar does, what suitors stand near him.
Listen, boy! What is that noise?

Lucius

I don't hear anything, madam.

Portia

I ask you, listen well.
I heard a commotion like a battle,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius

Truthfully, madam, I hear nothing.

[Enter the Soothsayer.]

Portia

Come here, fellow. Where have you been?

Soothsayer

At my own house, good lady.

Portia

What time is it?

Soothsayer

About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia

Has Caesar gone to the Capitol yet?

Soothsayer

Madam, not yet. I am going to take my place,
To see him go to the Capitol.

Portia

You have some favor to ask of Caesar, don't you?

Soothsayer

Yes, I do, 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 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,
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.

Exit.

Portia.

I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow 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.

Exeunt severally.

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To do himself a favor and listen to me,
I shall beg him to act as his own friend.

Portia

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

Soothsayer

None that I am certain of, much that I am afraid may
happen.

Good day to you. Here the street is narrow.
The crowd that follows at Caesar's heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
I'll move to a more open place and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit.]

Portia

I must go in. Ay, me, how weak
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens help you in your enterprise--
Surely the boy heard me. Brutus has a request
That Caesar will not grant.--O, I grow faint.--
Run, Lucius, and give my husband my good wishes;
Say I am happy. Come back to me
And tell me what he says to you.

[Exit in different directions.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above. A crowd of people, among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

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'er read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus.

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

Caesar.

What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Artemidorus.

Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caesar.

What, is the fellow mad?

Publius.

Sirrah, give place.

Cassius.

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

Caesar goes up to the Senate House, the rest follow.

Popilius.

I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

Cassius.

What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius.

Fare you well.

Advances to Caesar.

Brutus.

What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius.

He wish'd today our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Brutus.

Look, how he makes to Caesar. Mark him.

Cassius.

Act III, Scene 1

[The senate sits on a higher level, waiting for Caesar to appear. Artemidorus and the Soothsayer are among the crowd. A flourish of trumpets. Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and others. Caesar stops in front of the Soothsayer.]

Caesar

The ides of March have arrived.

Soothsayer

Yes, Caesar, but not left.

[Artemidorus steps up to Caesar with his warning.]

Artemidorus

Hail, Caesar! Read this document.

[Decius steps up quickly with another paper.]

Decius

Trebonius would like you to read over
(When you have time) this his humble request.

Artemidorus

O Caesar, read mine first, because mine's a request
That is more personally important to Caesar. Read it, great
Caesar!

Caesar

What is important to us personally shall be dealt with last.
[Caesar pushes the paper aside and turns away.]

Artemidorus

Don't wait, Caesar. Read it right now!

Caesar

What, is this man crazy?

Publius

Boy, get out of the way!

[Publius and the other conspirators force Artemidorus away from Caesar.]

Cassius

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

*[Caesar goes into the Senate House, the rest following.
Popilius speaks to Cassius in a low voice.]*

Popilius

I hope that your enterprise today is successful.

Cassius

What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius

Good luck.

[Advances to Caesar.]

Brutus

What did Popilius Lena say?

Cassius

He hoped that our enterprise today would be successful.
I am afraid our plot has been discovered.

Brutus

Look how he approaches Caesar. Watch him.

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.
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.
Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

Decius.

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

Brutus.

He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cinna.

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Caesar.

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

Metellus.

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.

Kneels.

Caesar.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
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 thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools- I mean sweet words,
Low-crook'd court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished.
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus.

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

Brutus.

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

Caesar.

What, Brutus?

Casca, be quick, for we are afraid of being stopped.
Brutus, what shall we do? If our plot is revealed,
Either Cassius or Caesar will not return alive,
Because I will kill myself.

Brutus

Cassius, stay calm.
Popilius Lena is not talking about our plans,
For look, he smiles, and Caesar's expression does not
change.

Cassius

Trebonius has good timing, for see, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[Exit Antony and Trebonius.]

Decius

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And immediately present his petition to Caesar.

Brutus

He is ready. Get near him and back him up.

Cinna

Casca, you will be the first that raises your hand.
[Caesar seats himself in his high Senate chair.]

Caesar

Are we all ready? What is now wrong
That Caesar and his Senate must make right?

Metellus

Most high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before your seat
A humble heart.

[Kneeling.]

Caesar

I must stop you, Cimber.
This bowing and scraping
Might excite ordinary men
And change what has already been decided
Like children change their minds.
Do not be foolish
And think that Caesar's heart has such weak blood
That it will be thawed from its firmness
By things which melt fools--I mean, sweet words, low
bows, and behavior fit for a dog.
Your brother is banished by law.
If you bow and beg and grovel for him,
I will kick you like a mangy dog out of my way.
You must know that Caesar does not make mistakes, nor
will he be satisfied
Without a good reason.

Metellus

Isn't there a voice any better than mine
To speak more successfully to Caesar
For the return of my banished brother?

Brutus

I kiss your hand, but not in flattery, Caesar,
Asking that Publius Cimber may
Immediately have the right to return to Rome.

Caesar

What, Brutus?

Cassius.

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;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world, 'tis furnish'd 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,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna.

O Caesar-

Caesar.

Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius.

Great Caesar-

Caesar.

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca.

Speak, hands, for me!

*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus
Brutus stab Caesar.*

Caesar.

Et tu, Brute?-- Then fall, Caesar!

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,
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.

Cassius

Pardon me, Caesar! Caesar, pardon me!

Cassius falls as low as your foot

To beg for freedom for Publius Cimber.

Caesar

I could be well moved, if I were like you;

If I could beg others to be moved, then begging would
move me;

But I am as steady as the Northern Star,

Which has no equal in the sky

Of its true and immovable nature.

The skies are painted with uncounted sparks;

They are all fire, and every one shines;

But there's only one that stays in the same place.

It's the same way in the world: it is well supplied with
men.

And men are flesh and blood, and intelligent,

Yet out of all of them I know only one

That, unable to be attacked, holds his position,

Unmoved; and that I am that man,

Let me show you, even in this example,

That I was firm that Cimber should be banished.

And I am still firm to keep him that way.

Cinna

O Caesar!

Caesar

Get away! Will you lift up Mt. Olympus?

Decius

Great Caesar!

Caesar

Can't you see that even Brutus' kneeling doesn't influence
me?

Casca

My hands will speak for me!

*[They stab Caesar. Casca, the others in turn, then
Brutus.]*

Caesar

Et tu, Brute?--Then fall Caesar!

[Dies.]

Cinna

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run from here, tell the news, shout it on the streets!

Cassius

Some of you go to the speakers' platforms and call out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Brutus

People and Senators, do not be afraid.

Don't run away; stand still. Ambition's debt has been paid.

Casca

Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius

And Cassius, too.

Brutus

Where's Publius?

Cinna

He's here, very confused by this rebellion.

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.

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.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cassius.

Where is Antony?

Trebonius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
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,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cassius.

Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
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,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
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
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus.**Metellus**

Stand close together, in case one of Caesar's friends
Should happen--

Brutus

Don't talk about standing! Publius, be cheerful.
We do not intend to harm you
Nor any other Roman. Tell them that, Publius.

Cassius

And leave us, Publius, or else the people,
Rushing on us, might harm you, an old man.

Brutus

Do that, and don't let any man suffer for what happened
But we, the men who did it.

[Reenter Trebonius.]

Cassius

Where is Antony?

Trebonius

He ran to his house, astonished.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As if it were the end of the world.

Brutus

Fates, we will know what you plan for us.
We know that we will die; it is only when,
And increasing their allotted days, that men care about.

Casca

Why the person who removes twenty years of life
Removes that many years of fearing death.

Brutus

If you accept that, then death is a benefit.
So we are Caesar's friends, who have shortened
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let's bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows and smear our swords.
Then we will walk forth, as far as the marketplace,
And waving our red weapons over our heads,
Let's all shout, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cassius

Stoop then and wash. How many years from now
Will this lofty scene of ours be acted out
In countries not yet created and languages not yet spoken!

Brutus

How many times will Caesar bleed in plays,
Who now lies on Pompey's base
No more important than the dust.

Cassius

As often as that,
The group of us will be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Decius

What, shall we go out?

Cassius

Yes, we'll all go.
Brutus will lead, and we will honor him by following
With the boldest and the best hearts of Rome.

[Enter a Servant.]

Brutus

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

Servant.

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel,
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honor'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
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,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant.

I'll fetch him presently.

Exit.

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.

Re-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,
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
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no means 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!

Quiet! Who's here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant

Like this, Brutus, my master told me to kneel;
Like this Mark Antony told me to fall down;
And lying face down, he told me to say this:
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 promise that Antony
May safely come to him and be given an explanation
Why Caesar deserved to die,
Mark Antony will not love Caesar, who is dead,
As well as Brutus, who is alive, but he will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this new, untried government
Faithfully. This is what my master Antony says.

Brutus

Your master is a wise and valiant Roman.
I never thought of him as anything worse than that.
Tell him, if he chooses to come here,
He shall receive a satisfactory explanation and, by my
honor,
Leave here without being touched.

Servant

I'll get him immediately.

[Exit.]

Brutus

I know that we will convince him to be our friend.

Cassius

I hope so. But still I am
Afraid of him; and my misgivings are usually accurate.

[Reenter Antony.]

Brutus

But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony

O mighty Caesar! Do you lie so low?
Are all your conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
shrunk to this small amount? Fare you well.
I don't know, gentlemen, what your plans are,
Who else must have his blood let, who else is diseased.
If I myself, there is no better time
Than the time of Caesar's death; nor any instrument
Half as worthy as your swords, which have been made
rich
With the most noble blood in the whole world.
I beg you, if you have a grudge against me,
Now, while your blood-stained hands stink and smoke,
Do what you want. If I live a thousand years,
I will not find myself as ready to die;
No place will please me as much, no method of death,
As next to Caesar, and by you killed,
The greatest men of this time.

Brutus

O Antony, do not beg us to kill you!

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;
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
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
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.
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;
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,
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
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,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd 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!

Cassius.

Mark Antony-

Although right now we must seem bloody and cruel,
Because of our hands and this recent action
Which you can see we did, still you only see our hand
And this bleeding business that they have done.
You do not see our heart. They are pitiful;
And pity for the troubles of Rome
(As one fire consumes another, so our pity for Rome
consumed our pity for Caesar)
Has done this thing to Caesar. As far as you are
concerned,
Our swords are harmless to you, Mark Antony.
Our arms, strong in hate, and our hearts,
Full of brotherly feelings, welcome you
With all kinds of love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius

You will have as much to say as anyone
In handing out honors from the new government.

Brutus

Just be patient until we have calmed
The crowds, who are beside themselves with fear,
And then we will explain to you the reason
Why I, who was Caesar's friend when I struck him,
Acted the way I did.

Antony

I do not doubt your wisdom.
Let each of you give me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, I will shake hands with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours.
Although you are last, you are not the least in friendship,
yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all of you--Alas, what shall I say?
My reputation now stands on such slippery ground
That you must think of me in one of two bad ways,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I was your friend, Caesar, O, it's true!
If your spirit looks in on us now,
Won't it grieve you more terribly than your death
To see Antony making his piece,
Shaking the bloody hands of your enemies,
Most noble! in the presence of your corpse?
If I had as many eyes as you have wounds,
Weeping as fast as they bleed,
It would be more appropriate than to reach an agreement
In friendship with your enemies.
Forgive me, Julius! Here is the place where you were
trapped, brave hart;
Here you fell; and here your hunters stand,
Marked with your blood, and red in your death.
O world, you were the forest for his hart;
And he was truly, O world, your heart!
Just like a deer, struck down by many princes,
Do you lie here!

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;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony.

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
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
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,
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 not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Brutus.

By your pardon,
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
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius.

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,
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,

Antony

Forgive me, Caius Cassius.

Even the enemies of Caesar will say these things,

So, from a friend, it is calm, reasonable speech.

Cassius

I do not blame you for praising Caesar like that;
But what agreement do you intend to have with us?
Will you be counted as one of our friends,
Or shall we go on, and not depend on you?

Antony

That is why I shook your hands; but I was truly
Distracted by looking down at Caesar.
I am friends with you all, and friendly to you all,
With this hope, that you will give me reasons
Why and how Caesar was dangerous.

Brutus

Otherwise this would be a savage display.
Our reasons are so carefully considered
That if you were, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You would be satisfied.

Antony

That's all I seek;
And I am also a suitor that I may
Display his body to the marketplace
And in the pulpit, as is appropriate for a friend,
Speak during the course of the funeral.

Brutus

You shall, Antony.

Cassius

Brutus, I'd like a word with you.

[Aside to Brutus.]

You don't know what you're doing. Do not let
Antony speak in his funeral.
Do you know how much the people may be moved
By the things he will say?

Brutus

Excuse me,
[Aside to Cassius.]
I will myself go to the pulpit first
And show the reason for Caesar's death.
What Antony says, I will explain
He says on our authority and by our permission,
And that we want Caesar to
Have a proper funeral.
His speech will do us more good than harm.

Cassius

[Aside to Brutus.]

I don't know what will happen. I don't like it.

Brutus

Mark Antony, here, take Caesar's body.
In your funeral speech you may not say bad things about
us,
But say anything good that you can think of about Caesar,
And say you do it with our permission.
Otherwise you shall not participate
In his funeral. And you shall speak

After my speech is ended.

Antony.

Be it so,
I do desire no more.

Brutus.

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but Antony.

Antony.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
(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;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds,
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
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a 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,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth--
O Caesar!

Sees the body.

Antony.

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

Servant.

He lies tonight within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony.

Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanced.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile,

In the same pulpit to which I am going,
After my speech is over.

Antony

So be it.

That's all I want.

Brutus

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exit all but Antony, who looks down at Caesar's body.]

Antony

O, forgive me, you bleeding piece of earth,
For cooperating with these butchers!
You are the ruins of the noblest man
Who ever lived in all of history.
Woe to the hand that shed this expensive blood!
Over your wounds now I predict the future
(Which, like silent mouths, open their red lips
To beg my tongue to speak for them),
A curse will fall on the arms and legs of men;
A terrible civil war
Will burden all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction will be so common
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers will only smile when they see
Their children torn into pieces during the fighting,
All pity disappearing because cruelty is so common;
And Caesar's ghost, roaming about in search of revenge,
With Ate at his side still hot from hell,
Will in these boundaries with a ruler's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of war,
So that this terrible action will smell above the earth
With rotting corpses, begging to be buried.

[Enter Octavius' Servant.]

You serve Octavius Caesar, don't you?

Servant

I do, Mark Antony.

Antony

Caesar did write and ask him to come to Rome.

Servant

He received his letters and is on his way,
And asked me to say to you--
O Caesar!

Antony

Your heart is swollen up with grief.
Go off by yourself and weep.
Strong feeling, I see, is catching, for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in yours,
Began to water. Is your master coming?

Servant

He has set up camp about twenty-one miles outside Rome.

Antony

Hurry back and tell him what has happened.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
Not a safe Rome for Octavius yet.
Leave here and tell him that. But wait awhile.

Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the marketplace. There shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
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.
Exeunt with Caesar's body.

Don't go back until I have taken this corpse
Into the marketplace. There I will find out
In my speech how the people react
To the cruel action of these bloody men,
Depending on which you shall tell
Young Octavius how things stand.
Give me a hand.
[Exit with Caesar's body.]

SCENE II.

The Forum. Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens.

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;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Caesar's death.

First Citizen.

I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen.

I will hear Cassius and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

Exit Cassius, with some Citizens.

Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Citizen.

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 for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe.

Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar 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.

All.

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

Act III, Scene 2

[Enter Brutus and Cassius and a throng of Citizens, disturbed by the death of Caesar.]

Citizens

We want an explanation! Give us an explanation!

Brutus

Then follow me and listen to me, friends.

Cassius, you go into the other street

And divide the crowd.

Let those who want to hear me speak stay here;

Let those who want to follow Cassius go with him;

And we will tell the people of our reasons

For killing Caesar.

First Citizen

I will listen to Brutus.

Second Citizen

I will listen to Cassius, and compare their reasons when we've heard them explained separately.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]

Third Citizen

The noble Brutus has reached the pulpit. Silence!

Brutus

Be patient until the end. Romans, countrymen, and dear friends, hear me for my cause, and be silent, so that you can hear. Believe me because of my honor, and respect my honor, so that you may believe. Judge me in your wisdom, and pay attention so that you may be a better judge. If there is anyone in this crowd, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus was as concerned about Caesar as he was. If that friend then demands to know why Brutus turned against Caesar, this is my answer: Not because I cared for Caesar less, but because I cared for Rome more. Would you rather Caesar were living, and you all die slaves, than that Caesar were dead, and you all live as freemen?

Because Caesar was my dear friend, I weep for him; because he was fortunate, I rejoice at his good fortune; because he was valiant, I honor him; but--because he was ambitious, I killed him. There are tears for his friendship; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Which of you is so low that you would prefer to be a slave? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. Which of you is so uncivilized that you would prefer not to be a Roman? If any of you is, speak, for I have offended that person. I pause for a reply.

All

None, Brutus, none!

Brutus

Then I have offended none. I have done no more to Caesar than you will do to Brutus. The reasons for his death are on record in the Capitol; we have not belittled his accomplishments or overemphasized the failings for

offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.
Enter 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.

All.

Live, Brutus, live, live!

First Citizen.

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen.

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen.

Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen.

Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen.

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

Brutus.

My countrymen-

Second Citizen.

Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen.

Peace, ho!

Brutus.

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Caesar's corse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit.

First Citizen.

Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen.

Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony.

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Citizen.

What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen.

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen.

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen.

This Caesar was a tyrant.

which he was killed.

[Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who,
although he did not participate in Caesar's death, will
receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the
commonwealth, just like all the rest of you. With this I
leave, that, as I killed my best friend for the good of
Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when my
country decides it needs my death.

All

Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen

Bring him with triumph home to his house.

Second Citizen

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen

Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen

The best qualities of Caesar

Will be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen

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

Brutus

My countrymen--

Second Citizen

Peace! Silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen

Quiet down!

Brutus

Good countrymen, let me leave alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Give your respects to Caesar's corpse, and listen

respectfully to the speech

About Caesar's accomplishments which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I beg you, not one of you leave,

Except for me, until Antony has spoken.

[Exit.]

First Citizen

Stay here! and let us listen to Mark Antony.

Third Citizen

Let him go up into the speaker's platform.

We'll listen to him. Noble Antony, go up.

Antony

For Brutus' sake I am indebted to you.

[Goes into the pulpit.]

Fourth Citizen

What does he say about Brutus?

Third Citizen

He says that for Brutus' sake

He finds himself indebted to us all.

Fourth Citizen

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

First Citizen

Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen.

Nay, that's certain.

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen.

Peace! Let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony.

You gentle Romans--

All.

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 interred with their bones;

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 answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

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,

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;

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,

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.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen.

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen.

Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen.

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

Third Citizen

No, that's for sure.

It's a good thing that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen

Quiet! Let us listen to what Antony says.

Antony

You gentle Romans--

All

Quiet! Let us hear him.

Antony

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil things that men do live on after them;

The good things are often buried with their bones.

Let it be this way with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Has told you that Caesar was ambitious.

If that were true, it was a terrible fault,

And Caesar has paid for it terribly.

Here, with the permission of Brutus and the rest

(For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men),

I come to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He has brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms filled the government treasury.

Did this seem ambitious in Caesar?

Whenever the poor have cried, Caesar has wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all saw that on the Lupercal

I offered him a kingly crown three times,

Which he refused three times. Was this ambition?

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And surely he is an honorable man.

I am speaking not to disprove what Brutus said,

But I am here to say what I do know.

You all loved him once, for good reasons.

What reason keeps you from mourning for him, then?

O judgement, you have run away to dumb animals,

And men have lost their intelligence! Bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause until it comes back to me.

First Citizen

It seems that what he says makes sense.

Second Citizen

If you think about this correctly, Caesar has been treated
very badly.

Third Citizen

Has he, gentlemen?

I am afraid someone worse will come in his place.

Fourth Citizen

Did you notice what he said? He would not take the
crown;

First Citizen.

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

Second Citizen.

Poor soul, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen.

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

Fourth Citizen.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Antony.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament-
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read-
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen.

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

All.

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

Antony.

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

Fourth Citizen.

Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.

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

Antony.

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

Fourth Citizen.

They were traitors. Honorable men!

All.

The will! The testament!

Second Citizen.

Therefore it is certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen

If that is found to be true, some will pay dearly for it.

Second Citizen

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

Third Citizen

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

Fourth Citizen

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

Antony

Only yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world. Now he lies there,
And no one will stoop so low as to pay him respect.
O gentlemen! If I wanted to stir up
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I would be doing Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. Instead, I choose
To wrong the dead to wrong myself and you,
Rather than wronging such honorable men.
But here's a document with Caesar's seal.
I found it in his closet; it's his will.
Just let the public hear this testament,
Which (pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds
And dip their handkerchiefs in his sacred blood;
Yes, beg a hair from him to remember him by,
And when they are dying, mention it in their wills,
Bequeathing it as a valuable inheritance
To their children.

Fourth Citizen

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

All

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

Antony

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it.
It is not proper that you know how much Caesar loved
you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And since you are men, if you hear Caesar's will,
It will excite you, it will make you mad.
It's good that you don't know that you are his heirs,
Because if you did, O, what would happen?

Fourth Citizen

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

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will!

Antony

Will you be patient? Will you wait awhile?
I have gone too far in even mentioning it to you.
I am afraid that I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I am afraid of it.

Fourth Citizen

They were traitors. Honorable men!

All

The will! the testament!

Second Citizen

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,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All.

Come down.

Second Citizen.

Descend.

He comes down from the pulpit

Third Citizen.

You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen.

A ring, stand round.

First Citizen.

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Second Citizen.

Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony.

Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All.

Stand back; room, bear back!

Antony.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, 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;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

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

Antony

You will force me then to read the will?
Then make a circle around Caesar's body
And let me show you the person who made the will.
Shall I come down? and will you give me permission?

All

Come down.

Second Citizen

Descend.

Third Citizen

You have permission.

[Antony comes down.]

Fourth Citizen

A circle! Stand round.

First Citizen

Stand back from the hearse! Stand back from the body!

Second Citizen

Make room for Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony

No, do not crowd me so much. Stand far back.

All

Stand back! Room! Move back!

Antony

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all recognize this toga. I remember
The first time Caesar ever put it on.
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place Cassius' dagger ran through.
See what a hole the envious Casca made.
Through this one the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he pulled his cursed steel away,
Notice how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As if it was rushing outside to find out
If it was Brutus who so unkindly knocked or not;
Because 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;
Because when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, stronger than traitors' arms,
Totally defeated him. Then his mighty heart burst;
And hiding his face in his toga,
Right at the bottom of Pompey's statue
(Which ran blood the whole time) great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall that was, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason grew over us.
O, now you weep, and I can tell that you feel
The beginnings of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, do you weep when you look only
At our Caesar's wounded clothing? Look at this!
Here is his body, damaged, as you see, with traitors.
[Pulls the cloak off Caesar's body.]

First Citizen.

O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen.

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen.

O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen.

O traitors villains!

First Citizen.

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen.

We will be revenged.

All.

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

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony.

Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen.

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen.

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

Antony.

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

They that have done this deed are honorable.

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

That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

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

That love my friend, and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

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

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All.

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen.

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen.

Away, then! Come, seek the conspirators.

Antony.

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All.

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

First Citizen

O horrible sight!

Second Citizen

O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen

O sad day!

Fourth Citizen

O traitors, villains!

First Citizen

O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen

We will get revenge.

All

Revenge! Look around! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Don't let a traitor live!

Antony

Wait, countrymen.

First Citizen

Quiet there! Listen to the noble Antony.

Second Citizen

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him!

Antony

Good friends, sweet friends, don't let me stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

The men who have done this are honorable.

Alas, I don't know what private concerns they have

That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,

And no doubt will answer you with reasons.

I do not come, friends, to steal away your hearts.

I am no orator, like Brutus is,

But (as all of you know me) a plain blunt man

That loves my friend; and that is known very well by the
men

Who publicly gave me permission to speak of him.

Because I don't have intelligence, or words, or worthiness,

Action, or voice, or the power of speech

To stir up men's emotions. I only speak right on.

I tell you what you yourselves know,

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor speechless
mouths,

And ask them to speak for me. But if I were Brutus,

And Brutus were Antony, then there would be an Antony

Who would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that would persuade

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All

We'll mutiny.

First Citizen

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen

Let's go then! Come, look for the conspirators.

Antony

Listen to me still, countrymen. Still listen to me speak.

All

Be quiet! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Antony.

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

All.

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

Antony.

Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen.

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen.

O royal Caesar!

Antony.

Hear me with patience.

All.

Peace, ho!

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.
Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?

First Citizen.

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.

Second Citizen.

Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen.

Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen.

Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Antony.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
Enter a 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.

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

Antony

Why, friends, you don't know what you are leaving to do.
How has Caesar deserved so much of your love?
Alas, you don't know! Then I have to tell you.
You have forgotten the will I told you about.

All

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

Antony

Here is the will, under Caesar's seal.
He gives to every Roman citizen,
To each and every man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen

Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death!

Third Citizen

O royal Caesar!

Antony

Listen to me patiently.

All

Be quiet!

Antony

In addition, he has left you all his paths,
His private gardens, and newly-planted orchards,
On this side of the Tiber; he has left them to you,
And to your heirs forever--common pleasures,
To walk outside and enjoy yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! When will another one come along?

First Citizen

Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place
And with the burning pieces of wood burn the traitors'
houses.

Pick up the body.

Second Citizen

Go get fire!

Third Citizen

Pull down the benches!

Fourth Citizen

Pull down the benches, windows, anything!
[Exit citizens with the body.]

Antony

Now let it work. Mischief, you are loose,
Take whatever path you want.
[Enter a servant.]

What do you want, fellow?

Servant

Sir, Octavius has already arrived in Rome.

Antony

Where is he?

Servant

He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Antony

I will go right there to see him.
He comes just as I had hoped. Fortune is favorable,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Servant

I heard him say that Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony.

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

Exeunt.

Have ridden like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Antony

Probably they had some warning of the people,
The way I excited them. Take me to Octavius.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A street. Enter Cinna the poet.

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.

Enter Citizens.

First Citizen.

What is your name?

Second Citizen.

Whither are you going?

Third Citizen.

Where do you dwell?

Fourth Citizen.

Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Second Citizen.

Answer every man directly.

First Citizen.

Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen.

Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen.

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? Then, to
answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and
truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen.

That's as much as to say they are fools that marry.

You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed directly.

Cinna.

Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen.

As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna.

As a friend.

Second Citizen.

That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen.

For your dwelling, briefly.

Cinna.

Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen.

Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna.

Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen.

Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cinna.

Act III, Scene 3

*[Enter Cinna, the poet, and after him the Citizens, armed
with sticks, spears, and swords.]*

Cinna

I dreamed tonight that I feasted with Caesar,
And recent events have caused me to imagine awful
things.

I have no desire to wander outside,
But something compels me to go out.

First Citizen

What is your name?

Second Citizen

Where are you going?

Third Citizen

Where do you live?

Fourth Citizen

Are you married or single?

Second Citizen

Answer every man directly.

First Citizen

Yes, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen

Yes, and wisely.

Third Citizen

Yes, and truthfully, you'd better.

Cinna

What is my name? Where am I going? Where do I live?
Am I married or single?

Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely
and truthfully: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Second Citizen

That's just like saying that only fools get married. You'll
get a punch from me for that, I fear. Go on -- directly.

Cinna

Directly I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen

As a friend or an enemy?

Cinna

As a friend.

Second Citizen

You answered that question directly.

Fourth Citizen

For where you live--briefly.

Cinna

Briefly, I live by the Capitol.

Third Citizen

Your name, sire, truthfully.

Cinna

Truthfully, my name is Cinna.

First Citizen

Tear him to pieces! He's a conspirator.

Cinna

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

Fourth Citizen.

Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna.

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen.

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

Third Citizen.

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!

Exeunt.

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I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

Fourth Citizen

Tear him for his bad poetry! Tear him for his bad poetry!

Cinna

I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Citizen

It doesn't matter; his name's Cinna!

Let's just tear the name out of his heart, and send him
away.

Third Citizen

Tear him, tear him!

[They attack Cinna.]

Come, instigators! To Brutus' house, to Cassius' house!
Burn all!

Some go to Decius' house and some to Casca's; some to
Ligarius'! Away, go!

[Exit all the citizens.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A house in Rome. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Antony.

These many then shall die, their names are prick'd.

Octavius.

Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus.

I do consent-

Octavius.

Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus.

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

Antony.

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

Lepidus.

What, shall I find you here?

Octavius.

Or here, or at the Capitol.

Exit Lepidus.

Antony.

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

Octavius.

So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony.

Octavius, I have seen more days than you,
And though we lay these honors on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
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.

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,

Act IV, Scene 1

[Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.]

Antony

Then all these people will die, because their names are on
our list.

Octavius

Your brother must die too; do you agree, Lepidus?

Lepidus

I agree--

Octavius

Mark his name, Antony.

Lepidus

On the condition that Publius will not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony

He will not live; look, with a mark I condemn him.
But, Lepidus, go to Caesar's house; Bring the will here,
and we will decide

How to cut down the amount that must be paid out.

Lepidus

What? Will you still be here when I return?

Octavius

Either here or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.]

Antony

This is a small unexceptional man,
Suitable to be sent on errands; is it appropriate,
With the world divided in three parts, that he should be
One of the three to share it?

Octavius

That's what you thought of him,
But you still accepted his vote as to who should be marked
for death

In our dark sentencing and listing of the condemned.

Antony

Octavius, I have been alive longer than you,
And even though we give these honors to this man
To keep ourselves from carrying many burdens of slander,
He will only carry them the way a donkey carries gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, while we point the way;
And after bringing our treasure where we want it to be,
Then we take down his load, and send him off
(Like the unloaded donkey) to shake his ears
And graze in the field.

Octavius

You can do what you want;
But he's an experienced and brave soldier.

Antony

So is my horse, Octavius, and because of that
I give him food.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To turn, to stop, to run straight ahead,

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

Octavius.

Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

Exeunt.

His physical motion controlled by my spirit;
And to some degree Lepidus is like that:
He must be taught, and trained, and told to go forward;
An empty-spirited fellow; one who feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, when they are out of date and put away by other
men,
He then makes his own fashion. Do not talk about him
Except as a tool. And now, Octavius,
Listen to great news. Brutus and Cassius
Are gathering forces; we must immediately raise an army;
Therefore let's add to our allies,
Bring our good friends in, stretch our supplies,
And let's immediately have a meeting,
To discuss how secret matters may best be uncovered,
And open dangers most successfully dealt with.

Octavius

Let us do so; for we are like a bear tied to a post,
Surrounded by many enemies like barking dogs,
And I am afraid that some people who smile have in their
hearts
Millions of mischiefs.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent. Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; 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.

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.

Pindarus.

I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Brutus.

He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
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.

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;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

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

Lucilius.

They meant his night in Sard is to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Low march within.

Brutus.

Hark, he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him.
Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Cassius.

Act IV, Scene 2

Camp near Sardis, in front of Brutus' tent. A drum plays. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and the army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brutus

Stand ho!

Lucilius

Give the word ho! and stand.

Brutus

What is it now, Lucilius? Is Cassius nearby?

Lucilius

He is here, and Pindarus has come

To bring you a greeting from his master.

Brutus

He sends a good man to greet me. Your master, Pindarus,
In the way he himself has changed, or because of bad
officers,

Has given me good reason to wish
Things that are done to be undone; but if he is here
I will get a satisfactory explanation.

Pindarus

I do not doubt

That my noble master will appear
The way that he is, full of concern and honor.

Brutus

He is not doubted. A word with you, Lucilius,
About how he received you; let me be informed.

Lucilius

With courtesy and respect enough,
But not with such friendly gestures,
Or with such an open and friendly discussion,
As he had before.

Brutus

You have described
A hot friend cooling. Always notice, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It has a formal manner.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But insincere men, like horses excited at first,
Make a show and promise of their bravery.

[Low march music plays backstage.]

But when they have to put up with the bloody spur,
Their crests fall, and like dishonest inferior horses
They fail in the test. Is his army coming?

Lucilius

They intend to stay tonight in Sardis.
Most of them, all of the cavalry,
Have come with Cassius.

[Enter Cassius and his soldiers.]

Brutus

Look, he has arrived.
Walk slowly forward to meet him.

Cassius

Stand, ho!

Brutus.

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Soldier.

Stand!

Second Soldier.

Stand!

Third Soldier.

Stand!

Cassius.

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus.

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cassius.

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,

And when you do them--

Brutus.

Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;

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.

Brutus.

Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man

Come to our tent till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt.

Stand ho!

Brutus

Stand ho! Pass it down.

First Soldier

Stand!

Second Soldier

Stand!

Third Soldier

Stand!

Cassius

Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Brutus

Judge me, you gods! Would I do wrong to my enemies?

And if I would not do that, how could I wrong a brother?

Cassius

Brutus, this serious manner of yours hides wrongs,

And when you do them --

Brutus

Cassius, be calm,

Speak about your complaints quietly; I do know you well.

In plain sight of both our armies here

(Which should see nothing but love from us)

Let us not argue. Ask them to move back;

Then in my tent, Cassius, explain your complaints,

And I will listen to you.

Cassius

Pindarus,

Ask our commanders to lead their soldiers back

A little from this spot.

Brutus

Lucius, you do the same, and let no one

Come to our tent until we have had our meeting.

Let Lucilius and Titinius guard our door.

*[Exit. Brutus and Cassius withdraw into Brutus' tent,
while Lucilius and Titinius mount guard outside.]*

SCENE III.

Brutus' tent. Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius.

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and not'd Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus.

You wrong'd 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 condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Chastisement?

Brutus.

Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd 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
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Go to, you are not, Cassius.

Cassius.

I am.

Brutus.

I say you are not.

Act IV, Scene 3

Cassius

Here is the evidence that you have done something wrong
to me:

You have condemned and disgraced Lucius Pella
For taking bribes from the Sardians here;
But the letter I sent, arguing his side,
Because I knew him, was ignored.

Brutus

You did something wrong to yourself by writing in
circumstances like that.

Cassius

At a time like this it is not appropriate
For every trivial offense to be looked at closely.

Brutus

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are severely criticized for having an itching palm,
Selling and marketing your positions for money
To people who don't deserve the position.

Cassius

Me, an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus saying this,
Because if you were anyone else
I swear by the gods that this speech would be your last.

Brutus

The name Cassius makes this corruption seem honorable,
And as a result punishment hides his head.

Cassius

Punishment?

Brutus

Remember March, remember the Ides of March:
Didn't great Julius bleed for the sake of justice?
What villain touched his body, who stabbed him
For a reason other than justice? What? should one of us,
Who struck the most powerful man in the whole world
Only because he supported robbers, should we now
Contaminate our fingers with dishonorable bribes?
And sell the vastness of our good reputations
For just the amount of trash that can be gained this way?
I would rather be a dog, and howl at the moon,
Than be a Roman like that.

Cassius

Brutus, do not provoke me,
I will not put up with it. You forget who you are
When you try to put restrictions on me. I am a soldier, I,
More experienced, better able than you
To make decisions about how things should be managed.

Brutus

Give it up; you are not, Cassius.

Cassius

I am.

Brutus

I say that 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!

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 gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Is it come to this?

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

If you did, I care not.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

I durst not?

Brutus.

No.

Cassius.

What, durst not tempt him?

Brutus.

For your life you durst not.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Cassius

Don't push me, or I shall forget myself;
Think about your health; don't provoke me anymore.

Brutus

Get away, little man!

Cassius

Is it possible?

Brutus

Listen to me, for I have something to say.
Must I give leeway to your sudden anger?
Should I be frightened when a madman glares?

Cassius

O you gods, you gods, must I put up with all this?

Brutus

All this? yes, more. Rant and rave until your proud heart
breaks;

Go show your slaves how temperamental you are,
And make your servants tremble. Do I have to budge?
Do I have to defer to you? Do I have to stand and duck
Under your testy moods? By the gods,
You will swallow the poison of your bad temper
Even if it makes you split; because, from now on,
I will make you a joke, yes, a subject of laughter,
When you are irritable.

Cassius

Has it come to this?

Brutus

You say that you are a better soldier than I am:
Let it appear to be true; make your boasting true,
And that would make me happy. For my part,
I will be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius

You do me wrong in every way; you do me wrong,
Brutus:

I said an older soldier, not a better one.
Did I say "better"?

Brutus

If you did, I don't care.

Cassius

When Caesar lived, he did not dare to make me angry like
this.

Brutus

Be calm, be calm, you did not dare to have tempted him
like this.

Cassius

I did not dare?

Brutus

No.

Cassius

What? Dare not tempt him?

Brutus

For fear of your life you did not dare.

Cassius

Do not presume too much on my good will,
I may do something that I will be sorry for.

Brutus

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd 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.
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,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius.

I denied you not.

Brutus.

You did.

Cassius.

I did not. He was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus.

I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cassius.

You love me not.

Brutus.

I do not like your faults.

Cassius.

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is 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, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold.
If that thou best a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

You have done something you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am so strongly protected by honesty
That they pass by me like a gentle breeze,
Which I do not notice. I sent a message to you asking
For certain amounts of gold, which you denied me;
For I cannot raise any money through evil means.
By heaven, I would rather make coins out of my heart
And give my blood for money than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their pittance
Through dishonest means. I sent
To you for gold to pay my soldiers,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Would I have answered Caius Cassius like that?
When Marcus Brutus becomes so covetous
That he locks such worthless disks away from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cassius

I did not deny you.

Brutus

You did.

Cassius

I did not. The man was a fool who brought
My answer back. Brutus has broken my heart.
A friend should tolerate his friend's weaknesses;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus

I do not, until you inflict them on me.

Cassius

You do not love me.

Brutus

I do not like your faults.

Cassius

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus

A flatterer's eye would not see them, even though they
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Take revenge only on Cassius,
For Cassius is tired of the world;
Hated by someone he loves, defied by his brother,
Criticized like a criminal, all his faults observed,
Written in a notebook, learned, and memorized,
To throw into my face. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
And here is my bare chest; inside, a heart
More precious than Pluto's mine, more valuable than gold:
If you are really a Roman, take it.
I, who denied you gold, will give my heart:
Strike like you struck Caesar; for I know,
When you hated him the most, you loved him better
Than you ever loved Cassius.

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Brutus.

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, 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-temper'd vexeth him?

Brutus.

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cassius.

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus.

And my heart too.

Cassius.

O Brutus!

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Cassius.

Have not you love enough to bear with me

When that rash humor which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Brutus.

Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,

When you are overearnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet.

[Within.] Let me go in to see the generals.

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet

They be alone.

Lucilius.

[Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet.

[Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

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

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;

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!

Brutus

Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry whenever you want, it will have free reign;

Do what you want, your insults will be disregarded as
caused by your bad temper.

Oh Cassius, you are partnered with a lamb

That withstands anger like a flint withstands fire,

Which, under stress, shows a quick spark,

And immediately is cold again.

Cassius

Has Cassius lived

To be nothing but a joke to his Brutus,

When unhappiness and a bad mood bothers him?

Brutus

When I said that, I was in a bad mood too.

Cassius

You will admit that much? Give me your hand.

Brutus

And my heart too.

Cassius

Oh Brutus!

Brutus

What's the matter?

Cassius

Do you have enough love to bear with me,

When that irritable temper which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

Brutus

Yes, Cassius, and from now on,

When you are too serious with your Brutus,

He'll think that your mother is scolding you, and leave it at
that.

*[Enter a Poet (speaking to Lucilius and Titinius as they
stand guard).]*

Poet

Let me go in to see the generals.

There is some disagreement between them; it is not good
for them to be alone.

Lucilius

You will not go in to see them.

Poet

Nothing but death will stop me.

[Brutus and Cassius step out of the tent.]

Cassius

What's going on? What's the matter?

Poet

Shame on you, you generals! What are you trying to do?

Get along and be friends, the way two men like you
should be,

For I'm sure I am older than you.

Cassius

Ha, ha! This cynic rhymes very badly!

Cassius.

Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

Away, away, be gone!

Exit Poet.

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

And come yourselves and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us.

Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Brutus.

Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Exit Lucius.

Cassius.

I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus.

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cassius.

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus.

No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius.

Ha? Portia?

Brutus.

She is dead.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong- for with her death
That tidings came- with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cassius.

And died so?

Brutus.

Even so.

Cassius.

O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Brutus.

Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
Drinks.

Brutus

I'll pay attention to his whims, when he recognizes the
appropriate time for them.

What should the wars do with these poetic fools?

Fellow, get away!

Cassius

Away, away, be gone!

[Exit Poet.]

Brutus

Lucilius and Titinius, instruct the commanders
To get ready to make camp with their men tonight.

Cassius

And come back to us, and bring Messala with you.
Right away.

[Exit Lucilius and Titinius.]

Brutus.

[To Lucius within.] Lucius, bring a bowl of wine!
[Brutus and Cassius go back into the tent.]

Cassius

I did not think that you would be so angry.

Brutus

Oh Cassius, I have many reasons to be upset.

Cassius

You do not make use of your philosophy,
If you allow yourself to be bothered by bad luck.

Brutus

No man handles sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cassius

What? Portia?

Brutus

She is dead.

Cassius

How did I escape being killed when I angered you so
much?

Oh insupportable and touching loss!

From what sickness did she die?

Brutus

Impatience that I was away,
And grief that young Octavius and Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong--for along with the news
of her death

That news came. With this she became distracted,
And while her attendants were away she swallowed coals.

Cassius

And died that way?

Brutus

Just like that.

Cassius

Oh you immortal gods!

[Enter Lucius with wine and candles.]

Brutus

Don't talk about her anymore. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unhappiness, Cassius.

[Brutus drinks.]

Cassius.

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

Drinks.

Brutus.

Come in, Titinius!

Exit Lucius. Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius.

Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus.

No more, I pray you.

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

Messala.

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenure.

Brutus.

With what addition?

Messala.

That by proscription and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Brutus.

There in our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassius.

Cicero one!

Messala.

Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus.

No, Messala.

Messala.

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus.

Nothing, Messala.

Messala.

That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus.

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Messala.

No, my lord.

Brutus.

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Cassius

My heart is thirsty for that noble promise.
Fill, Lucius, until the wine overfills the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Cassius drinks. Exit Lucius. Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Brutus

Come in, Titinius. Welcome, good Messala.

Now we sit close together around this candle here,
And discuss our vital needs.

Cassius

Portia, are you gone?

Brutus

No more, I ask you.

Messala, I have received letters
Saying that young Octavius and Mark Antony
Are coming down on us with a mighty army,
Turning their path quickly toward Philippi.

Messala

I also have letters that say basically the same thing.

Brutus

With what additional information?

Messala

That with lists of the condemned and sentences of
criminal status

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have killed one hundred senators.

Brutus

In that area our letters do not agree;

Mine mention seventy senators that died

With their lists of the condemned, one of them being
Cicero.

Cassius

Cicero was one?

Messala

Cicero is dead,

And it's because of that list of the condemned.

Did you receive your letters from your wife, my lord?

Brutus

No, Messala.

Messala

And none of your letters wrote about her?

Brutus

None, Messala.

Messala

That, I think, is strange.

Brutus

Why do you ask? Have you heard anything about her in
yours?

Messala

No, my lord.

Brutus

Now because you are a Roman tell me the truth.

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.

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?

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,
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,
For they have grudged us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
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 beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
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;
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.

Cassius.

Messala

Then like a Roman take the truth I tell:
For it is certain that she is dead, and she died in a strange
way.

Brutus

Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala.
Because I've thought about the fact that she would die
someday,
I have the strength to endure her death now.

Messala

That is how great men should handle great losses.

Cassius

I have as much of this in theory as you,
But still my nature could not take it so well.

Brutus

Well, back to our current work. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi immediately?

Cassius

I do not think it's a good idea.

Brutus

Your reason?

Cassius

It is this:

It is better that the enemy look for us;
That way he will waste his supplies, wear out his soldiers,
Harming himself, while we, staying put,
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

Brutus

Good reasons must necessarily give way to better ones:
The people between Philippi and this place
Have only a forced friendliness,
Because they have been unwilling to contribute to us.
The enemy, marching past them,
Will add reinforcements with them,
And come at us refreshed, newly reinforced, and
encouraged;
We will cut him off from this advantage
If we face him at Philippi,
With these people behind us.

Cassius

Listen to me, good friend.

Brutus

Please forgive me. You must also notice
That we have used up all of our favors from friends,
Our armies are full, our cause is ready:
The enemy grows every day;
We, at the top, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the business of men,
Which if it's jumped into at the high point, leads on to
success;
If it is missed, the whole journey of their life
Is stuck in shallows and in unhappiness.
We are now floating on a high tide like that,
And we must take the current when it is ready,
Or lose our investments.

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.
There is no more to say?

Cassius.

No more. Good night.
Early tomorrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus.

Lucius!

Re-enter Lucius.

My gown.

Exit Lucius.

Farewell, good Messala;
Good night, Titinius; noble, noble Cassius,
Good night and good repose.

Cassius.

O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Brutus.

Everything is well.

Cassius.

Good night, my lord.

Brutus.

Good night, good brother.

Titinius, Messala.

Good night, Lord Brutus.

Brutus.

Farewell, everyone.

Exeunt all but Brutus. Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius.

Here in the tent.

Brutus.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudio and some other of my men,
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius.

Varro and Claudio!

Enter Varro and Claudio.

Varro.

Calls my lord?

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.

Then as you wish go ahead;

We'll go along also, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus

The middle of the night has crept up while we were
talking,

And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will satisfy with a little rest.

There is nothing else to say?

Cassius

Nothing else. Good night. Early tomorrow we will get up,
and leave.

Brutus

Lucius!

[Enter Lucius.]

My gown.

[Exit Lucius.]

Farewell, good Messala.
Goodnight, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Goodnight, and pleasant sleep.

Cassius

Oh my dear brother!
Tonight had a bad beginning.
Never again let us be divided like that!
Let us not, Brutus.

[Enter Lucius with the gown.]

Brutus

Everything is fine now.

Cassius

Goodnight, my lord.

Brutus

Goodnight, good brother.

Titinius, Messala

Goodnight, Lord Brutus.

Brutus

Farewell each of you.

[Exit all but Brutus and Lucius.]

Give me the gown. Where is your musical instrument?

Lucius

Here in the tent.

Brutus

What, you sound sleepy?

Poor boy. I don't blame you, you've been kept up too long.
Call Claudio and another one of my men,
I'll have them sleep here on cushions in my tent.

Lucius

Varrus and Claudio!

[Enter Varrus and Claudio.]

Varrus

Does my lord call us?

Brutus

I ask you, gentlemen, lie in my tent and sleep.

I may wake you after awhile

To send you on an errand to my brother Cassius.

Varrus

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

Brutus.

I would not have it so. Lie down, good sirs.
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
Varro and Claudio lie down.

Lucius.

I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus.

Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lucius.

Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Brutus.

It does, my boy.
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius.

It is my duty, sir.

Brutus.

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.

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.

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night.
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Sits down. Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha, who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art

Ghost.

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus.

Why comest thou?

Ghost.

If you want us to, we will stand and wait until you need
us.

Brutus

I will not permit that. Lie down, good gentlemen,
I might change my mind.

[Varrus and Claudio lie down.]

Look, Lucius, here's the book I looked so hard for;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Lucius

I was sure that you did not give it to me, your lordship.

Brutus

Bear with me, good boy, I am very forgetful.
Can you keep your sleepy eyes open for awhile,
And play a strain or two on your musical instrument?

Lucius

Yes, my lord, if you would like that.

Brutus

I would, my boy.
I bother you too much, but you are willing.

Lucius

It is my duty, sir.

Brutus

I should not force you out of duty to do more than you
have strength for;

I know young people need a time of rest.

Lucius

I have already slept, my lord.

Brutus

It is good that you did, and you will sleep again;
I won't keep you long. If I live,
I will be good to you.

[Music, and a song.]

This is a sleepy tune. Oh murderous sleep!
Do you use your heavy rod on my boy,
Who plays you music? Good boy, goodnight;
I will not go so far as to wake you.
If you nod, you'll break your musical instrument.
I'll take it from you; and, good boy, goodnight.
Let me see, let me see; isn't the page folded
Where I stopped reading? Here it is, I think.

[Enter the Ghost of Caesar.]

How poorly this candle burns! Ha! Who is it?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That creates this terrible apparition.
It is coming up to me. Are you any thing?
Are you a god, an angel, or a devil,
You who makes my blood cold, and my hair stand on
end?

Tell me what you are.

Ghost

Your evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus

Why have you come?

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.

Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudio! Sirs, awake!

Claudio!

Lucius.

The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus.

He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Lucius.

My lord?

Brutus.

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

Lucius.

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

Brutus.

Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Lucius.

Nothing, my lord.

Brutus.

Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudio!

[To Varro.] Fellow thou, awake!

Varro.

My lord?

Claudio.

My lord?

Brutus.

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

Varro.

Claudio.

Did we, my lord?

Brutus.

Ay, saw you anything?

Varro.

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudio.

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.

Varro.

Claudio.

It shall be done, my lord.

Exeunt.

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To tell you that you will see me at Philippi.

Brutus

Well; then I will see you again?

Ghost

Yes, at Philippi.

Brutus

Then I will see you at Philippi.

[Exit Ghost.]

Now that I have found my courage you disappear.

Evil spirit, I want to have more conversation with you.

Boy, Lucius! Varrus! Claudio! Gentlemen, wake up!

Claudio!

Lucius

The strings are out of tune, my lord.

Brutus

He thinks he is still playing his musical instrument.

Lucius, wake up!

Lucius

My lord?

Brutus

Lucius, did you have a dream that made you shout like that?

Lucius

My lord, I didn't know that I shouted.

Brutus

Yes, you certainly did. Did you see anything?

Lucius

Nothing, my lord.

Brutus

Go back to sleep, Lucius. Mister Claudio!

[To Varrus.] You man, wake up!

Varrus

My lord?

Claudio

My lord?

Brutus

Gentlemen, why did you shout in your sleep?

Both

Did we, my lord?

Brutus

Yes. Did you see anything?

Varrus

No, my lord. I did not see anything.

Claudio

Neither did I, my lord.

Brutus

Go and bring a message from me to my brother Cassius;

Ask him to set out with his troops before I do,

And we will follow.

Both

It will be done, my lord.

[Exit.]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

The plains of Philippi. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octavius.

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so. Their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Antony.

Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
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,
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?

Octavius.

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

March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

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.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octavius.

Stir not until the signal not until the signal.

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.

Antony.

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

Act V, Scene 1

[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.]

Octavius

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But instead would stay on the hills and high places.
That turns out not to be the case: their forces are here;
They intend to challenge us at Philippi here,
Answering before we even demand of them.

Antony

Tut, I know their secrets, and I know
Why they are doing this. They would be happy
To be somewhere else, and they come down to Philippi
With fearful bravery, thinking that with this show
They will make us think that they have courage;
But that's not the case.

[Enter a messenger.]

Messenger

Prepare yourselves, generals.
The enemy approaches with a brave show;
Their bloody flag of battle is hung out,
And something will happen right away.

Antony

Octavius, lead your force slowly on
Up to the left side of the battlefield.

Octavius

Up to the right side for me, you stay to the left.

Antony

Why do you oppose me in the middle of this crisis?

Octavius

I do not oppose you; but I will do so.

[March.]

[Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.]

Brutus

They are waiting, and want to talk.

Cassius

Stay here, Titinius; we must go out and talk.

Octavius

Mark Antony, should we give the signal for battle?

Antony

No, Caesar, we will respond to their attack.
Go out, the generals want to talk.

Octavius

Don't move until the signal.

Brutus

Words before blows; is that right, countrymen?

Octavius

Not because we love words better, like you do.

Brutus

Good words are better than bad blows, Octavius.

Antony

In your bad blows, 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;
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 stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony.

Villains! You did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar.

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Strooke Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cassius.

Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself.
This tongue had not offended so today,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Octavius.

Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brutus.

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

Octavius.

So I hope,

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus.

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

Cassius.

A peevish school boy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd 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;
If not, when you have stomachs.

Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Cassius.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Shouting, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Cassius

Antony,
The quality of your blows is still unknown;
But your words rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Antony

Not stingless too?

Brutus

Oh yes, and soundless too;
Because you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And you very wisely threaten before you sting.

Antony

Villains! you did not do that, when your vile daggers
Hacked each other in the sides of Caesar.

You grinned like apes, and fawned like dogs,
And bowed like slaves, kissing Caesar's feet;
While damned Casca, like a worthless dog, from behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. Oh you flatterers!

Cassius

Flatterers? Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue would not have been offensive like this today,
If Cassius had gotten his way.

Octavius

Come, come, the business at hand. If arguing makes us
sweat,

The proving of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When do you think that the sword will be put away again?
Never, until Caesar's thirty-three wounds
Are completely avenged; or until another Caesar
Has been slaughtered by the sword of traitors.

Brutus

Caesar, you cannot die by traitors' hands,
Unless you bring them with you.

Octavius

That's what I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brutus

Oh, even if you were the most noble of your family,
Young man, you could not die more honorably.

Cassius

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Partnered with a faker and a party-goer!

Antony

Same old Cassius still!

Octavius

Come, Antony; away!

We throw defiance in your face, traitors.

If you dare to fight today, come to the battlefield;
If not, then come when you have the stomach for it.

[Exit Octavius, Antony, and army.]

Cassius

Why, now, blow and, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brutus.

Ho, Lucilius! Hark, a word with you.

Lucilius.

[Stands forth.] My lord?

Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.

Cassius.

Messala!

Messala.

[Stands forth.] What says my general?

Cassius.

Messala,

This is my birthday, as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion. Now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us.
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala.

Believe not so.

Cassius.

I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brutus.

Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius.

Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods today stand friendly that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together.
What are you then determined to do?

Brutus.

Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself- I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,

Well now, let the wind blow, the waves swell, and the
ship sail!

The storm is here, and everything is at stake.

Brutus

Ho, Lucilius, listen, a word with you.

[Lucilius and then Messala step forward.]

Lucilius

My lord.

[Brutus and Lucilius talk separately.]

Cassius

Messala!

Messala

What does my general say?

Cassius

Messala,

This is my birthday; on this very day
Cassius was born. Give me your hand, Messala.
Be my witness that against my will
(Like Pompey was) I am compelled to risk
All our liberties on one battle.
You know that I believed strongly in Epicurus,
And in his opinions; now I change my mind,
And give some credit to things that foretell.
Coming from Sardis, on our banner out front
Two mighty eagles swooped down, and there they
perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Accompanying us here to Philippi.
This morning they have fled away and are gone,
And in their place ravens, crows, and kites
Fly over our heads, and look down on us
As if we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem like
A deadly canopy, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Messala

Don't believe that.

Cassius

I only partly believe it,
Because I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all our perils very steadfastly.

Brutus

Just like that, Lucilius.

Cassius

Now, most noble Brutus,
May the gods today be friendly, so we may,
Friends in peace, live on to old age!
But since the business of men is still uncertain,
Let's consider the worst that may happen.
If we do lose this battle, then this is
The very last time we shall speak together:
What have you decided to do if that happens?

Brutus

Even by the rules of that philosophy
Which I used to blame Cato for the death
He gave himself--I don't know how,
But I do think it is cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life- arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cassius.

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

Brutus.

No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
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!
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,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! Away!
Exeunt.

Because of fear of what might happen, to shorten
The time of your life--arming myself with patience
To wait for the providence of some higher powers
That govern us down below.

Cassius

Then, if we lose this battle,
You are content to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Brutus

No, Cassius, no. Don't think, you noble Roman,
That Brutus will ever go to Rome in chains.
He has too great a mind. But this very day
Must end the work that the ides of March began.
And I don't know whether we will meet again;
For that reason accept this final farewell:
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we will smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassius

Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, why, we will smile;
If not, it's true that this parting was well made.

Brutus

Why then lead on. Oh that a man might know
The end of this day's business before it comes!
But it's enough that the day will end,
And then the end will be known. Come ho, away!
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The field of battle. Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Brutus.

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

Loud alarum.

Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavia's wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala. Let them all come down.

Exeunt.

Act V, Scene 2

[Call to arms sounds. Enter Brutus and Messala.]

Brutus

Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these written orders
To the forces on the other side.

[Loud call to arms.]

Let them attack at once; because I see
A lack of enthusiasm in Octavio's wing,
And a sudden push will overthrow them.
Ride, ride, Messala, let them all come down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassius.

O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd 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,
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;
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,
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.

Exit.

Cassius.

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

Pindarus ascends the hill.

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus.

[Above.] O my lord!

Cassius.

What news?

Pindarus.

[Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en *[Shout.]* And, hark! They shout for joy.

Cassius.

Come down; behold no more.

Act V, Scene 3

[Call to arms sounds. Enter Cassius and Titinius.]

Cassius

Oh, look, Titinius, look, the villains run!
My own people have become their own enemy.
This standard-bearer of mine was turning back;
I killed the coward, and took the flag from him.

Titinius

Oh Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
And, with an advantage over Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers started looting,
While we are surrounded by Antony.

[Enter Pindarus.]

Pindarus

Run further away, my lord, run further away;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Therefore run, noble Cassius, run far away.

Cassius

This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,
Are those my tents where I see the fire?

Titinius

They are, my lord.

Cassius

Titinius, if you are my friend,
Mount your horse, and hide your spurs in him
Until he has brought you up to those troops
And back here again, so that I may rest assured
Whether those troops are friend or foe.

Titinius

I will be back here again, as quickly as a thought.

[Exit.]

Cassius

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was always dim; watch Titinius,
And tell me what you see on the field.

[Pindarus goes up.]

This is the day I first breathed: time has come round,
And where I began, there I shall end;
My life has run his course. Sirrah, what news?

Pindarus

[above] Oh my lord!

Cassius

What news?

Pindarus

Titinius is surrounded
With horsemen, that ride quickly toward him,
But he races on. Now they are almost up to him.
Now, Titinius! Now some dismount. Oh, he dismounts
too.

He's captured. *[Shout.]* And listen, they shout for joy.

Cassius

Come down, look no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Pindarus descends.
Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou 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 bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Caesar,
 thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

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. *Exit.*
Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Messala.

It is but change, Titinius, for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Titinius.

These tidings would well comfort Cassius.

Messala.

Where did you leave him?

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?

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;
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,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Titinius.

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend captured in front of my face!
[Pindarus descends.]
Come here, sir.
In Parthia I took you prisoner,
And then I made you promise, to save your life,
That whatever I asked you to do,
You would try to do it. Come now, keep your promise;
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, pierce this heart.
Don't wait to answer; here, take the hilts,
And when my face is covered, as it is now,
Guide the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Caesar, you have
 your revenge,
Even with the sword that killed you.

Pindarus

So, I am free; but I would not have been,
If I had dared to do what I wanted. Oh Cassius,
Pindarus will run far from this country,
Where a Roman will never notice him. [*Exit.*]
[Enter Titinius and Messala.]

Messala

It is only an exchange, Titinius; for Octavius
Has been defeated by noble Brutus' army,
Just as Cassius' legions have been by Antony.

Titinius

This news will comfort Cassius.

Messala

Where did you leave him?

Titinius

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his slave, on this hill.

Messala

Isn't that he lying on the ground?

Titinius

He does not lie like the living. Oh my heart!

Messala

Is that not he?

Titinius

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. Oh setting sun,
Just as you sink tonight in your red rays,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set!
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of the success of my mission has done this deed.

Messala

Mistrust of good success has done this deed.
Oh hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why do you show to the willing thoughts of men
The things that are not? Oh error, quickly conceived,
You never had a fortunate birth,
But killed the mother that gave birth to you!

Titinius

What, Pindarus? Where are you, Pindarus?

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 envenomed
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As tidings of this sight.

Titinius.

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

Exit Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? And did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. 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.

Kills himself.

*Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,
 and others.*

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!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails.

Low alarums.

Cato.

Brave Titinius!
 Look whe'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus.

Are yet two Romans living such as these?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
 Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
 Labio and Flavio, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock, and Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Messala

Look for him, Titinius, while I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears; I may say "thrusting" it;
 For piercing steel, and poisoned darts,
 Will be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As news of this sight.

Titinius

Hurry, Messala,
 And I will look for Pindarus in the meantime.

[Exit Messala.]

Why did you send me out, brave Cassius?
 Didn't I meet your friends? and didn't they
 Put on my head this wreath of victory,
 And ask me to give it to you? Didn't you hear their
 shouts?

Alas, you have misconstrued everything.
 But wait, take this garland on your head;
 Your Brutus asked me to give it to you, and I
 Will do what he asks. Brutus, come quickly,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 With your permission, gods!--this is a Roman's part.
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.]

*[Call to arms sounds. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato,
 Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.]*

Brutus

Where, where, Messala, does his body lie?

Messala

See over there, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus

Titinius' face is upward.

Cato

He is dead.

Brutus

Oh Julius Caesar, you are mighty still!
 Your spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In on our own selves.

[Low calls to arms.]

Cato

Brave Titinius!
 See how he has crowned dead Cassius!

Brutus

Are there still two living Romans like these two?
 The last of all the Romans, farewell!
 It is impossible that Rome will ever
 Bring up anyone like you. Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man than you will see me pay.
 I will find time, Cassius; I will find time.
 Come then, and send his body to Thasos;
 His funerals will not be held in our camp,
 In case it would unsettle us. Lucilius, come,
 And come, young Cato, let us go to the field,
 Labio and Flavio wage our battles on.
 It's three o'clock, and, Romans, still before night
 We shall tempt fate in a second fight.

Exeunt.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter, fighting,
Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato,
Lucilius, and others.*

Brutus.

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

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.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Brutus.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

Exit.

Lucilius.

O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Soldier.

Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius.

Only I yield to die.

[Offers money.] There is so much that thou wilt kill me
straight:

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Soldier.

We must not. A noble prisoner!

Second Soldier.

Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Soldier.

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Antony.

Where is he?

Lucilius.

Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

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 wheer Brutus be alive or dead,

Act V, Scene 4

*[Call to arms. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato,
Lucilius, and Flavius.]*

Brutus

Still, countrymen! Oh still, hold up your heads!

[Exit.]

Cato

What bastard does not? Who will go with me?

I will shout my name all around the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Enter soldiers and fight.]

Brutus.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,

Brutus, my country's friend; know that I am Brutus!

[Young Cato is killed.]

Lucilius

Oh young and noble Cato, are you down?

Why, now you die as bravely as Titinius,

And you may be honored, being Cato's son.

First Soldier

Surrender, or you die.

Lucilius

I surrender only in order to die;

Here is much information that will make you kill me at
once:

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

First Soldier

We must not. A noble prisoner!

[Enter Antony.]

Second Soldier

Room ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is captured.

First Soldier

I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is captured, Brutus is captured, my lord!

Antony

Where is he?

Lucilius

Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure you that no enemy

Shall ever capture the noble Brutus alive;

May the gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, either alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony

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

A prize no less valuable. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness; I would rather have

Such men as my friends than my enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus is alive or dead,

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.
Exeunt.

And bring for us a message to Octavius' tent
Telling how everything turned out.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field. Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brutus.

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

Clitus.

Statilius show'd 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.

Whispers.

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, Dardanius.

Whispers.

Dardanius.

Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus.

O Dardanius!

Dardanius.

O Clitus!

Clitus.

What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius.

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus.

Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus.

Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Volumnius.

What says my lord?

Brutus.

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Volumnius.

Not so, my lord.

Brutus.

Nay I am sure it is, Volumnius.

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;

Act V, Scene 5

[Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.]

Brutus

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

Clitus

Statilius signalled with the torchlight, but, my lord,
He did not come back. He is captured or killed.

Brutus

Sit down, Clitus; killing is the word,
It is an action when it is practiced. Listen, Clitus.

[Whispering.]

Clitus

What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus

Quiet then, no words.

Clitus

I'd rather kill myself.

Brutus

Listen, Dardanius.

[Whispering.]

Dardanius

Should I do such a thing?

Clitus

Oh Dardanius!

Dardanius

Oh Clitus!

Clitus

What harmful request did Brutus make to you?

Dardanius

To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus

Now that noble vessel is full of grief,
So that it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus

Come here, good Volumnius; listen to a word.

Volumnius

What says my lord?

Brutus

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Caesar has appeared to me
Two different times at night, here in the Philippi fields.
I know my time has come.

Volumnius

Not so, my lord.

Brutus

No, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

You see the world, Volumnius, the way it goes;
Our enemies have driven us to the pit.

[Low calls to arms.]

It is more worthy to jump in ourselves
Than to wait till they push us. Good Volumnius,
You know that the two of us went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Volumnius.

That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Alarum still.

Clitus.

Fly, fly, my lord, there is no tarrying here.

Brutus.

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest

That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

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

Clitus.

Fly, my lord, fly.

Brutus.

Hence! I will follow.

Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato.

Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Brutus.

Farewell, good Strato.

Runs on his sword.

Caesar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Dies.

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, 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:

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.

Octavius.

All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

If only because of that old friendship, I ask you
To hold my sword hilts, while I run on it.

Volumnius

That's not a job for a friend, my lord.

[Calls to arms continue.]

Clitus

Run, run, my lord, there is no waiting here.

Brutus

Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, you have been asleep all this time;

Farewell to you too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart rejoices that still in all my life

I met no man who wasn't true to me.

I shall have glory from this losing day

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

Will gain from this evil victory.

So fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue

Has almost ended his life's history.

Night hangs on my eyes, my bones want to rest,

They have only worked to reach this hour.

[Call to arms. Cry within, "Run, run, run!"]

Clitus

Run, my lord, run.

Brutus

Go! I will follow.

[Exit Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I ask you, Strato, stay by your lord.

You are a fellow with a good reputation;

Your life has some taste of honor in it.

Hold my sword, and turn away your face,

While I run upon it. Will you, Strato?

Strato

Give me your hand first. Farewell, my lord.

Brutus

Farewell, good Strato.

[Runs on his sword.]

Caesar, now be still,

I did not kill you with half as much resolve.

[Dies.]

*[Call to arms. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the army.]*

Octavius

What man is that?

Messala

My master's man. Strato, where is your master?

Strato

Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can only make a fire out of him;

For Brutus only conquered himself,

And no other man has honor from his death.

Lucilius

Just like that Brutus should be found. I thank you, Brutus,

Because you have proved Lucilius' words true.

Octavius

I will take into my service everyone who served Brutus.

Fellow, will you employ your time with me?

Strato.

Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius.

Do so, good Messala.

Messala.

How died my master, Strato?

Strato.

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

Messala.

Octavius, then take him to follow thee
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius.

According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt.

THE END

Strato

Yes, if Messala will recommend me to you.

Octavius

Do so, good Messala.

Messala

How did my master die, Strato?

Strato

I held the sword, and he ran onto it.

Messala

Octavius, then take him to follow you,
Who performed the last service to my master.

Antony

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, except only him,
Did what they did because of envy of great Caesar;
He alone, out of a generally honest thought
And the common good of all, joined them.
His life was noble, and the elements
Were so balanced in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Octavius

Let us treat him in accordance with his virtue,
With all respect and rites of burial.
His bones shall lie within my tent tonight,
Just like a soldier, treated honorably,
So call the army to rest and let's go,
To share the glories of this fortunate day.

[Exit all.]